

VIRGIL, AENEID (EXCERPTS)

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The story so far:

Aeneas, a Trojan prince, has escaped the destruction of his city by the Greeks, and is leading the remainder of the survivors to a new land where he has been told by Jupiter that he must found a new city. On the way, he and his men encounter a storm and make landfall at Carthage, a new city that is becoming increasingly impressive under the guidance of its queen, Dido. She had escaped to Carthage with some loyal followers after her evil brother murdered her husband. She had never intended to fall in love again, but along came Aeneas

BkI:494-519 The Arrival of Queen Dido

While these wonderful sights [painted scenes of the trojan war] are viewed by Trojan Aeneas, while amazed he hangs there, rapt, with fixed gaze, Queen Dido, of loveliest form, reached the temple, with a great crowd of youths accompanying her. Just as Diana leads her dancing throng on Eurotas's banks, or along the ridges of Cynthus, and, following her, a thousand mountain-nymphs gather on either side: and she carries a quiver on her shoulder, and overtops all the other goddesses as she walks: and delight seizes her mother Latona's silent heart: such was Dido, so she carried herself, joyfully, amongst them, furthering the work, and her rising kingdom. Then, fenced with weapons, and resting on a high throne, she took her seat, at the goddess's doorway, under the central vault. She was giving out laws and statutes to the people, and sharing the workers labour out in fair proportions, or assigning it by lot ...

[Aeneas and his friend Achates see that some friends they thought lost in the are being brought to Dido as prisoneress. Concealed in a mist set by Aeneas' Mother Juno, they watch what follows. Ilioneus, the leader of the other Trojans, questions why Dido is treating them with hostility rather than kindness, tells who they are, and asks for kinder reception.]

[Ilioneus:] 'Allow us to beach our fleet, damaged by the storms, and cut planks from trees, and shape oars, so if our king's restored and our friends are found we can head for Italy, gladly seek Italy and Latium: and if our saviour's lost, and the Libyan seas hold you, Troy's most virtuous father, if no hope now remains from Iulus, let us seek the Sicilian straits, from which we were driven,

and the home prepared for us, and a king, Acestes.’
So Ilioneus spoke: and the Trojans all shouted with one voice.

BkI:561-585 Dido Welcomes the Trojans

Then, Dido, spoke briefly, with lowered eyes:
‘Trojans, free your hearts of fear: dispel your cares.
Harsh events and the newness of the kingdom force me to effect
such things, and protect my borders with guards on all sides.
Who doesn’t know of Aeneas’s race, and the city of Troy,
the bravery, the men, or so great a blaze of warfare,
indeed, we Phoenicians don’t possess unfeeling hearts,
the sun doesn’t harness his horses that far from this Tyrian city.
Whether you opt for mighty Hesperia, and Saturn’s fields,
or the summit of Eryx, and Acestes for king,
I’ll see you safely escorted, and help you with my wealth.
Or do you wish to settle here with me, as equals in my kingdom?
The city I build is yours: beach your ships:
Trojans and Tyrians will be treated by me without distinction.
I wish your king Aeneas himself were here, driven
by that same storm! Indeed, I’ll send reliable men
along the coast, and order them to travel the length of Libya,
in case he’s driven aground, and wandering the woods and towns.’

[Achates urges Aeneas to reveal their presence.]

BkI:586-612 Aeneas Makes Himself Known

He’d scarcely spoken when the mist surrounding them
suddenly parted, and vanished in the clear air.
Aeneas stood there, shining in the bright daylight,
like a god in shoulders and face: since his mother
had herself imparted to her son beauty to his hair,
a glow of youth, and a joyful charm to his eyes:
like the glory art can give to ivory, or as when silver,
or Parian marble, is surrounded by gold.
Then he addressed the queen, suddenly, surprising them all,
saying: ‘I am here in person, Aeneas the Trojan,
him whom you seek, saved from the Libyan waves.
O Dido, it is not in our power, nor those of our Trojan race,
wherever they may be, scattered through the wide world,
to pay you sufficient thanks, you who alone have pitied
Troy’s unspeakable miseries, and share your city and home
with us, the remnant left by the Greeks, wearied
by every mischance, on land and sea, and lacking everything.
May the gods, and the mind itself conscious of right,
bring you a just reward, if the gods respect the virtuous,
if there is justice anywhere....’

BkI:613-656 Dido Receives Aeneas

Sidonian Dido was first amazed at the hero's looks
then at his great misfortunes, and she spoke, saying:
'Son of a goddess, what fate pursues you through all
these dangers? What force drives you to these barbarous shores?
Are you truly that Aeneas whom kindly Venus bore
to Trojan Anchises, by the waters of Phrygian Simois?

...

So come, young lords, and enter our palace.
Fortune, pursuing me too, through many similar troubles,
willed that I would find peace at last in this land.
Not being unknown to evil, I've learned to aid the unhappy.'
So she speaks, and leads Aeneas into the royal house,
and proclaims, as well, offerings at the god's temples.
She sends no less than twenty bulls to his friends
on the shore, and a hundred of her largest pigs with
bristling backs, a hundred fat lambs with the ewes,
and joyful gifts of wine, but the interior of the palace
is laid out with royal luxury, and they prepare
a feast in the centre of the palace: covers worked
skilfully in princely purple, massive silverware
on the tables, and her forefathers' heroic deeds
engraved in gold, a long series of exploits traced
through many heroes, since the ancient origins of her people.
Aeneas quickly sends Achates to the ships
to carry the news to Ascanius (since a father's love
won't let his mind rest) and bring him to the city:
on Ascanius all the care of a fond parent is fixed.
He commands him to bring gifts too, snatched
from the ruins of Troy, a figured robe stiff with gold,
and a cloak fringed with yellow acanthus,
worn by Helen of Argos, brought from Mycenae
when she sailed to Troy and her unlawful marriage,
a wonderful gift from her mother Leda:
and the sceptre that Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter,
once carried, and a necklace of pearls, and a double-coronet
of jewels and gold. Achates, hastening to fulfil
these commands, took his way towards the ships.

BkI:657-694 Cupid Impersonates Ascanius

But Venus was planning new wiles and stratagems
in her heart: how Cupid, altered in looks, might arrive
in place of sweet Ascanius, and arouse the passionate queen
by his gifts, and entwine the fire in her bones: truly she fears
the unreliability of this house, and the duplicitous Tyrians:

unyielding Juno angers her, and her worries increase with nightfall.
So she speaks these words to winged Cupid:

'My son, you who alone are my great strength, my power,
a son who scorns mighty Jupiter's Typhoean thunderbolts,
I ask your help, and humbly call on your divine will.
It's known to you how Aeneas, your brother, is driven
over the sea, round all the shores, by bitter Juno's hatred,
and you have often grieved with my grief.
Phoenician Dido holds him there, delaying him with flattery,
and I fear what may come of Juno's hospitality:
at such a critical turn of events she'll not be idle.
So I intend to deceive the queen with guile, and encircle
her with passion, so that no divine will can rescue her,
but she'll be seized, with me, by deep love for Aeneas.
Now listen to my thoughts on how you can achieve this.
Summoned by his dear father, the royal child,
my greatest concern, prepares to go to the Sidonian city,
carrying gifts that survived the sea, and the flames of Troy.
I'll lull him to sleep and hide him in my sacred shrine
on the heights of Cythera or Idalium, so he can know
nothing of my deceptions, or interrupt them mid-way.
For no more than a single night imitate his looks by art,
and, a boy yourself, take on the known face of a boy,
so that when Dido takes you to her breast, joyfully,
amongst the royal feast, and the flowing wine,
when she embraces you, and plants sweet kisses on you,
you'll breathe hidden fire into her, deceive her with your poison.'
Cupid obeys his dear mother's words, sets aside his wings,
and laughingly trips along with Iulus's step.
But Venus pours gentle sleep over Ascanius's limbs,
and warming him in her breast, carries him, with divine power,
to Idalia's high groves, where soft marjoram smothers him
in flowers, and the breath of its sweet shade.

BkI:695-722 Cupid Deceives Dido

Now, obedient to her orders, delighting in Achetes as guide,
Cupid goes off carrying royal gifts for the Tyrians.
When he arrives the queen has already settled herself
in the centre, on her golden couch under royal canopies.
Now our forefather Aeneas and the youth of Troy
gather there, and recline on cloths of purple.
Servants pour water over their hands: serve bread
from baskets: and bring napkins of smooth cloth.
Inside there are fifty female servants, in a long line,
whose task it is to prepare the meal, and tend the hearth fires:
a hundred more, and as many pages of like age,
to load the tables with food, and fill the cups.

And the Tyrians too are gathered in crowds through the festive halls, summoned to recline on the embroidered couches. They marvel at Aeneas's gifts, marvel at Iulus, the god's brilliant appearance, and deceptive words, at the robe, and the cloak embroidered with yellow acanthus. The unfortunate Phoenician above all, doomed to future ruin, cannot pacify her feelings, and catches fire with gazing, stirred equally by the child and by the gifts. He, having hung in an embrace round Aeneas's neck, and sated the deceived father's great love, seeks out the queen. Dido, clings to him with her eyes and with her heart, taking him now and then on her lap, unaware how great a god is entering her, to her sorrow. But he, remembering his Cyprian mother's wishes, begins gradually to erase all thought of Sychaeus, and works at seducing her mind, so long unstirred, and her heart unused to love, with living passion.

BkI:723-756 Dido Asks for Aeneas's Story

[Dido treats the Trojans to a feast, where everyone gets along with remarkable fellowship, and a feeling of friendship arises between both of the peoples who attend. The Trojans tell what has befallen them.]

And unfortunate Dido, she too spent the night in conversation, and drank deep of her passion, asking endlessly about Priam and Hector: now about the armour that Memnon, son of the Dawn, came with to Troy, what kind were Diomed's horses, how great was Achilles. 'But come, my guest, tell us from the start all the Greek trickery, your men's mishaps, and your wanderings: since it's the seventh summer now that brings you here, in your journey, over every land and sea.'

[Dido prevails on Aeneas to tell about the fall of Troy, and he describes to her the Trojan Horse, and the slaughter that followed. Warned by the ghost of Hector, he gathers a group of men and tries to put together an effective resistance.]

BkII:254-297 The Greeks Take the City

See, in dream, before my eyes, Hector seemed to stand there, saddest of all and pouring out great tears, torn by the chariot, as once he was, black with bloody dust, and his swollen feet pierced by the thongs. Ah, how he looked! How changed he was from that Hector who returned wearing Achilles's armour, or who set Trojan flames to the Greek ships! His beard was ragged, his hair matted with blood, bearing those many wounds he received

dragged around the walls of his city.
And I seemed to weep myself, calling out to him,
and speaking to him in words of sorrow:
“Oh light of the Troad, surest hope of the Trojans,
what has so delayed you? What shore do you come from
Hector, the long-awaited? Weary from the many troubles
of our people and our city I see you, oh, after the death
of so many of your kin! What shameful events have marred
that clear face? And why do I see these wounds?”
He does not reply, nor does he wait on my idle questions,
but dragging heavy sighs from the depths of his heart, he says:
“Ah! Son of the goddess, fly, tear yourself from the flames.
The enemy has taken the walls: Troy falls from her high place.
Enough has been given to Priam and your country: if Pergama
could be saved by any hand, it would have been saved by this.
Troy entrusts her sacred relics and household gods to you:
take them as friends of your fate, seek mighty walls for them,
those you will found at last when you have wandered the seas.”
So he speaks, and brings the sacred headbands in his hands
from the innermost shrine, potent Vesta, and the undying flame.

BkII:298-354 Aeneas Gathers his Comrades

Meanwhile the city is confused with grief, on every side,
and though my father Anchises’s house is remote, secluded
and hidden by trees, the sounds grow clearer and clearer,
and the terror of war sweeps upon it.

...

Then the clamour of men and the blare of trumpets rises.
Frantically I seize weapons: not because there is much use
for weapons, but my spirit burns to gather men for battle
and race to the citadel with my friends: madness and anger
hurl my mind headlong, and I think it beautiful to die fighting.
...[Aeneas speaks] ‘When I saw them crowded there
eager for battle, I began as follows: “Warriors, bravest
of frustrated spirits, if your ardent desire is fixed
on following me to the end, you can see our cause’s fate.
All the gods by whom this empire was supported
have departed, leaving behind their temples and their altars:
you aid a burning city: let us die and rush into battle.
The beaten have one refuge, to have no hope of refuge.”

BkII:355-401 Aeneas and his Friends Resist

So their young spirits were roused to fury. Then, like ravaging
wolves in a dark mist, driven blindly by the cruel rage
of their bellies, leaving their young waiting with thirsty jaws,
we pass through our enemies, to certain death, and make our way

to the heart of the city: dark night envelops us in deep shadow.
Who could tell of that destruction in words, or equal our pain
with tears? The ancient city falls, she who ruled for so many years:
crowds of dead bodies lie here and there in the streets,
among the houses, and on the sacred thresholds of the gods.
Nor is it Trojans alone who pay the penalty with their blood:
courage returns at times to the hearts of the defeated
and the Greek conquerors die. Cruel mourning is everywhere,
everywhere there is panic, and many a form of death.

...

[They witness Priam's daughter Cassandra, who had uselessly warned about the dangers of the horse, seized by Greeks, and her fiance Coroebus tries to save her.]

“Ah, put no faith in anything the will of the gods opposes!
See, Priam's virgin daughter dragged, with streaming hair,
from the sanctuary and temple of Minerva,
lifting her burning eyes to heaven in vain:
her eyes, since cords restrained her gentle hands.
Coroebus could not stand the sight, maddened in mind,
and hurled himself among the ranks, seeking death.
We follow him, and, weapons locked, charge together.
Here, at first, we were overwhelmed by Trojan spears,
hurled from the high summit of the temple,
and wretched slaughter was caused by the look of our armour,
and the confusion arising from our Greek crests.
Then the Danaans, gathering from all sides, groaning with anger
at the girl being pulled away from them, rush us,
Ajax the fiercest, the two Atrides, all the Greek host:
just as, at the onset of a tempest, conflicting winds clash, the west,
the south, and the east that joys in the horses of dawn:
the forest roars, brine-wet Nereus rages with his trident,
and stirs the waters from their lowest depths.
Even those we have scattered by a ruse, in the dark of night,
and driven right through the city, re-appear: for the first time
they recognise our shields and deceitful weapons,
and realise our speech differs in sound to theirs.
In a moment we're overwhelmed by weight of numbers:
first Coroebus falls ...

[At the palace, Achilles' son Pyrrhus leads the slaughter of Trojans.]

Pyrrhus drives forward,
with his father Achilles's strength, no barricades nor the guards
themselves can stop him: the door collapses under the ram's blows,
and the posts collapse, wrenched from their sockets.
Strength makes a road: the Greeks, pour through, force a passage,
slaughter the front ranks, and fill the wide space with their men.

A foaming river is not so furious, when it floods,
bursting its banks, overwhelms the barriers against it,
and rages in a mass through the fields, sweeping cattle and stables
across the whole plain. I saw Pyrrhus myself, on the threshold,
mad with slaughter, and the two sons of Atreus:
I saw Hecuba, her hundred women, and Priam at the altars,
polluting with blood the flames that he himself had sanctified.
Those fifty chambers, the promise of so many offspring,
the doorposts, rich with spoils of barbarian gold,
crash down: the Greeks possess what the fire spares.
And maybe you ask, what was Priam's fate.
When he saw the end of the captive city, the palace doors
wrenched away, and the enemy among the inner rooms,
the aged man clasped his long-neglected armour
on his old, trembling shoulders, and fastened on his useless sword,
and hurried into the thick of the enemy seeking death.
In the centre of the halls, and under the sky's naked arch,
was a large altar, with an ancient laurel nearby, that leant
on the altar, and clothed the household gods with shade.

[While the Trojan royal family takes refuge at an altar, Pyrrhus pursues the young prince Polites and kills him in front of his parents:]

See, Polites, one of Priam's sons, escaping Pyrrhus's slaughter,
runs down the long hallways, through enemies and spears,
and, wounded, crosses the empty courts.
Pyrrhus chases after him, eager to strike him,
and grasps at him now, and now, with his hand, at spear-point.
When finally he reached the eyes and gaze of his parents,
he fell, and poured out his life in a river of blood.
Priam, though even now in death's clutches,
did not spare his voice at this, or hold back his anger:
"If there is any justice in heaven, that cares about such things,
may the gods repay you with fit thanks, and due reward
for your wickedness, for such acts, you who have
made me see my own son's death in front of my face,
and defiled a father's sight with murder.
Yet Achilles, whose son you falsely claim to be, was no
such enemy to Priam: he respected the suppliant's rights,
and honour, and returned Hector's bloodless corpse
to its sepulchre, and sent me home to my kingdom."
So the old man spoke, and threw his ineffectual spear
without strength, which immediately spun from the clanging bronze
and hung uselessly from the centre of the shield's boss.
Pyrrhus spoke to him: "Then you can be messenger, carry
the news to my father, to Peleus's son: remember to tell him
of degenerate Pyrrhus, and of my sad actions:
now die." Saying this he dragged him, trembling,
and slithering in the pool of his son's blood, to the very altar,

and twined his left hand in his hair, raised the glittering sword
in his right, and buried it to the hilt in his side.

This was the end of Priam's life: this was the death that fell to him
by lot, seeing Troy ablaze and its citadel toppled, he who was
once the magnificent ruler of so many Asian lands and peoples.

A once mighty body lies on the shore, the head
shorn from its shoulders, a corpse without a name.

BkII:559-587 Aeneas Sees Helen

Then for the first time a wild terror gripped me.

I stood amazed: my dear father's image rose before me
as I saw a king, of like age, with a cruel wound,
breathing his life away: and my Creusa, forlorn,
and the ransacked house, and the fate of little Iulus.

I looked back, and considered the troops that were round me.
They had all left me, wearied, and hurled their bodies to earth,
or sick with misery dropped into the flames.

So I was alone now, when I saw the daughter of Tyndareus,
Helen, close to Vesta's portal, hiding silently
in the secret shrine: the bright flames gave me light,
as I wandered, gazing everywhere, randomly.

Afraid of Trojans angered at the fall of Troy,
Greek vengeance, and the fury of a husband she deserted,
she, the mutual curse of Troy and her own country,
had concealed herself and crouched, a hated thing, by the altars.
Fire blazed in my spirit: anger rose to avenge my fallen land,
and to exact the punishment for her wickedness.

"Shall she, unharmed, see Sparta again and her native Mycenae,
and see her house and husband, parents and children,
and go in the triumphant role of a queen,
attended by a crowd of Trojan women and Phrygian servants?
When Priam has been put to the sword? Troy consumed with fire?
The Dardanian shore soaked again and again with blood?
No. Though there's no great glory in a woman's punishment,
and such a conquest wins no praise, still I will be praised
for extinguishing wickedness and exacting well-earned
punishment, and I'll delight in having filled my soul
with the flame of revenge, and appeased my people's ashes."

BkII:588-623 Aeneas is Visited by his Mother Venus

I blurted out these words, and was rushing on with raging mind,
when my dear mother came to my vision, never before so bright
to my eyes, shining with pure light in the night,
goddess for sure, such as she may be seen by the gods,
and taking me by the right hand, stopped me, and, then,
imparted these words to me from her rose-tinted lips:

“My son, what pain stirs such uncontrollable anger?
Why this rage? Where has your care for what is ours vanished?
First will you not see whether Creusa, your wife, and your child
Ascanius still live, and where you have left your father Anchises
worn-out with age? The Greek ranks surround them on all sides,
and if my love did not protect them, the flames would have caught
them before now, and the enemy swords drunk of their blood.
You do not hate the face of the Spartan daughter of Tyndareus,
nor is Paris to blame: the ruthlessness of the gods, of the gods,
brought down this power, and toppled Troy from its heights.
... Hurry your departure, son, and put an end
to your efforts. I will not leave you, and I will place you
safe at your father’s door.” She spoke, and hid herself
in the dense shadows of night. Dreadful shapes appeared,
and the vast powers of gods opposed to Troy.

BkII:624-670 Aeneas Finds his Family

Then in truth all Ilium seemed to me to sink in flames,
and Neptune’s Troy was toppled from her base:
just as when foresters on the mountain heights
compete to uproot an ancient ash tree, struck
time and again by axe and blade, it threatens continually
to fall, with trembling foliage and shivering crown,
till gradually vanquished by the blows it groans at last,
and torn from the ridge, crashes down in ruin.
I descend, and, led by a goddess, am freed from flames
and enemies: the spears give way, and the flames recede.
And now, when I reached the threshold of my father’s house,
and my former home, my father, whom it was my first desire
to carry into the high mountains, and whom I first sought out,
refused to extend his life or endure exile, since Troy had fallen.
“Oh, you,” he cried, “whose blood has the vigour of youth,
and whose power is unimpaired in its force, it’s for you
to take flight. As for me, if the gods had wished to lengthen
the thread of my life, they’d have spared my house. It is
more than enough that I saw one destruction, and survived
one taking of the city. Depart, saying farewell to my body
lying here so, yes so. I shall find death with my own hand:
the enemy will pity me, and look for plunder. The loss
of my burial is nothing. Clinging to old age for so long,
I am useless, and hated by the gods, ever since
the father of the gods and ruler of men breathed the winds
of his lightning-bolt onto me, and touched me with fire.”
So he persisted in saying, and remained adamant.
We, on our side, Creusa, my wife, and Ascanius, all our household,
weeping bitterly, determined that he should not destroy everything
along with himself, and crush us by urging our doom.

He refused and clung to his place and his purpose.
I hurried to my weapons again, and, miserably, longed for death,
since what tactic or opportunity was open to us now?
“ Did you think I could leave you, father, and depart?
Did such sinful words fall from your lips?
If it pleases the gods to leave nothing of our great city standing,
if this is set in your mind, if it delights you to add yourself
and all that’s yours to the ruins of Troy, the door is open
to that death: soon Pyrrhus comes, drenched in Priam’s blood,
he who butchers the son in front of the father, the father at the altar.
Kind mother, did you rescue me from fire and sword
for this, to see the enemy in the depths of my house,
and Ascanius, and my father, and Creusa, slaughtered,
thrown together in a heap, in one another’s blood?
Weapons men, bring weapons: the last day calls to the defeated.
Lead me to the Greeks again: let me revisit the battle anew.
This day we shall not all perish unavenged.”

BkII:671-704 The Omen

So, again, I fasten on my sword, slip my left arm
into the shield’s strap, adjust it, and rush from the house.
But see, my wife clings to the threshold, clasps my foot,
and holds little Iulus up towards his father:
“If you go to die, take us with you too, at all costs: but if
as you’ve proved you trust in the weapons you wear,
defend this house first. To whom do you abandon little Iulus,
and your father, and me, I who was once spoken of as your wife?”
Crying out like this she filled the whole house with her groans,
when suddenly a wonder, marvellous to speak of, occurred.
See, between the hands and faces of his grieving parents,
a gentle light seemed to shine from the crown
of Iulus’s head, and a soft flame, harmless in its touch,
licked at his hair, and grazed his forehead.
Trembling with fear, we hurry to flick away the blazing strands,
and extinguish the sacred fires with water.
But Anchises, my father, lifts his eyes to the heavens, in delight,
and raises his hands and voice to the sky:
“All-powerful Jupiter, if you’re moved by any prayers,
see us, and, grant but this: if we are worthy through our virtue,
show us a sign of it, Father, and confirm your omen.”
The old man had barely spoken when, with a sudden crash,
it thundered on the left, and a star, through the darkness,
slid from the sky, and flew, trailing fire, in a burst of light.
We watched it glide over the highest rooftops,
and bury its brightness, and the sign of its passage,
in the forests of Mount Ida: then the furrow of its long track
gave out a glow, and, all around, the place smoked with sulphur.

At this my father, truly overcome, raised himself towards the sky,
and spoke to the gods, and proclaimed the sacred star.
“Now no delay: I follow, and where you lead, there am I.
Gods of my fathers, save my line, save my grandson.
This omen is yours, and Troy is in your divine power.
I accept, my son, and I will not refuse to go with you.”

BkII:705-729 Aeneas and his Family Leave Troy

He speaks, and now the fire is more audible,
through the city, and the blaze rolls its tide nearer.
“Come then, dear father, clasp my neck: I will
carry you on my shoulders: that task won’t weigh on me.
Whatever may happen, it will be for us both, the same shared risk,
and the same salvation. Let little Iulus come with me,
and let my wife follow our footsteps at a distance.
You servants, give your attention to what I’m saying.
At the entrance to the city there’s a mound, an ancient temple
of forsaken Ceres, and a venerable cypress nearby,
protected through the years by the reverence of our fathers:
let’s head to that one place by diverse paths.
You, father, take the sacred objects, and our country’s gods,
in your hands: until I’ve washed in running water,
it would be a sin for me, coming from such fighting
and recent slaughter, to touch them.” So saying, bowing my neck,
I spread a cloak made of a tawny lion’s hide over my broad
shoulders, and bend to the task: little Iulus clasps his hand
in mine, and follows his father’s longer strides.
My wife walks behind. We walk on through the shadows
of places, and I whom till then no shower of spears,
nor crowd of Greeks in hostile array, could move,
now I’m terrified by every breeze, and startled by every noise,
anxious, and fearful equally for my companion and my burden.

BkII:730-795 The Loss of Creusa

And now I was near the gates, and thought I had completed
my journey, when suddenly the sound of approaching feet
filled my hearing, and, peering through the darkness,
my father cried: "My son, run my son, they are near us:
I see their glittering shields and gleaming bronze."
Some hostile power, at this, scattered my muddled wits.
for while I was following alleyways, and straying
from the region of streets we knew, did my wife Creusa halt,
snatched away from me by wretched fate?
Or did she wander from the path or collapse with weariness?
Who knows? She was never restored to our sight,
nor did I look back for my lost one, or cast a thought behind me,
until we came to the mound, and ancient Ceres's sacred place.
Here when all were gathered together at last, one was missing,
and had escaped the notice of friends, child and husband.
What man or god did I not accuse in my madness:
what did I know of in the city's fall crueller than this?
I place Ascanius, and my father Anchises, and the gods of Troy,
in my companions' care, and conceal them in a winding valley:
I myself seek the city once more, and take up my shining armour.
I'm determined to incur every risk again, and retrace
all Troy, and once more expose my life to danger.
First I look for the wall, and the dark threshold of the gate
from which my path led, and I retrace the landmarks
of my course in the night, scanning them with my eye.
Everywhere the terror in my heart, and the silence itself,
dismay me. Then I take myself homewards, in case
by chance, by some chance, she has made her way there.
The Greeks have invaded, and occupied, the whole house.
Suddenly eager fire, rolls over the rooftop, in the wind:
the flames take hold, the blaze rages to the heavens.
I pass by and see again Priam's palace and the citadel.
Now Phoenix, and fatal Ulysses, the chosen guards, watch over
the spoils, in the empty courts of Juno's sanctuary.
Here the Trojan treasures are gathered from every part,
ripped from the blazing shrines, tables of the gods,
solid gold bowls, and plundered robes.
Mothers and trembling sons stand round in long ranks.
I even dared to hurl my shouts through the shadows,
filling the streets with my clamour, and in my misery,
redoubling my useless cries, again and again.
Searching, and raging endlessly among the city roofs,
the unhappy ghost and true shadow of Creusa
appeared before my eyes, in a form greater than I'd known.
I was dumbfounded, my hair stood on end, and my voice

stuck in my throat. Then she spoke and with these words mitigated my distress: "Oh sweet husband, what use is it to indulge in such mad grief? This has not happened without the divine will: neither its laws nor the ruler of great Olympus let you take Creusa with you, away from here. Yours is long exile, you must plough a vast reach of sea: and you will come to Hesperia's land, where Lydian Tiber flows in gentle course among the farmers' rich fields. There, happiness, kingship and a royal wife will be yours. Banish these tears for your beloved Creusa. I, a Trojan woman, and daughter-in-law to divine Venus, shall never see the noble halls of the Dolopians, or Myrmidons, or go as slave to some Greek wife: instead the great mother of the gods keeps me on this shore. Now farewell, and preserve your love for the son we share." When she had spoken these words, leaving me weeping and wanting to say so many things, she faded into thin air. Three times I tried to throw my arms about her neck: three times her form fled my hands, clasped in vain, like the light breeze, most of all like a winged dream. So at last when night was done, I returned to my friends.

BkII:796-804 Aeneas Leaves Troy

And here, amazed, I found that a great number of new companions had streamed in, women and men, a crowd gathering for exile, a wretched throng. They had come from all sides, ready, with courage and wealth, for whatever land I wished to lead them to, across the seas. And now Lucifer was rising above the heights of Ida, bringing the dawn, and the Greeks held the barricaded entrances to the gates, nor was there any hope of rescue. I desisted, and, carrying my father, took to the hills.

End of Book II

Virgil : The Aeneid Book IV

[Home](#)

[Download](#)

[Previous Book](#)

[Next Book](#)

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Contents

[BkIV:1-53 Dido and Anna Discuss Aeneas](#)

[BkIV:54-89 Dido in Love](#)

[BkIV:90-128 Juno and Venus](#)

[BkIV:129-172 The Hunt and the Cave](#)

[BkIV:173-197 Rumour Reaches Iarbas](#)

[BkIV:198-218 Iarbas Prays to Jupiter](#)

[BkIV:219-278 Jupiter Sends Mercury to Aeneas](#)

[BkIV:279-330 Dido Accuses Aeneas](#)

[BkIV:331-361 Aeneas Justifies Himself](#)

[BkIV:362-392 Dido's Reply](#)

[BkIV:393-449 Aeneas Departs](#)

[BkIV:450-503 Dido Resolves to Die](#)

[BkIV:504-553 Dido Laments](#)

[BkIV:554-583 Mercury Visits Aeneas Again](#)

[BkIV:584-629 Dido's Curse](#)

[BkIV:630-705 The Death of Dido](#)

BkIV:1-53 Dido and Anna Discuss Aeneas

But the queen, wounded long since by intense love,
feeds the hurt with her life-blood, weakened by hidden fire.
The hero's courage often returns to mind, and the nobility
of his race: his features and his words cling fixedly to her heart,
and love will not grant restful calm to her body.
The new day's Dawn was lighting the earth with Phoebus's
brightness, and dispelling the dew-wet shadows from the sky,
when she spoke ecstatically to her sister, her kindred spirit:
"Anna, sister, how my dreams terrify me with anxieties!
Who is this strange guest who has entered our house,
with what boldness he speaks, how resolute in mind and warfare!
Truly I think – and it's no idle saying – that he's born of a goddess.
Fear reveals the ignoble spirit. Alas! What misfortunes test him!
What battles he spoke of, that he has undergone!
If my mind was not set, fixedly and immovably,
never to join myself with any man in the bonds of marriage,
because first-love betrayed me, cheated me through dying:
if I were not wearied by marriage and bridal-beds,
perhaps I might succumb to this one temptation.
Anna, yes I confess, since my poor husband Sychaeus's death
when the altars were blood-stained by my murderous brother,
he's the only man who's stirred my senses, troubled my
wavering mind. I know the traces of the ancient flame.
But I pray rather that earth might gape wide for me, to its depths,
or the all-powerful father hurl me with his lightning-bolt
down to the shadows, to the pale ghosts, and deepest night
of Erebus, before I violate you, Honour, or break your laws.
He who first took me to himself has stolen my love:
let him keep it with him, and guard it in his grave."
So saying her breast swelled with her rising tears.
Anna replied: "O you, who are more beloved to your sister
than the light, will you wear your whole youth away
in loneliness and grief, and not know Venus's sweet gifts
or her children? Do you think that ashes or sepulchral spirits care?
Granted that in Libya or Tyre before it, no suitor ever
dissuaded you from sorrowing: and Iarbas and the other lords
whom the African soil, rich in fame, bears, were scorned:
will you still struggle against a love that pleases?
Do you not recall to mind in whose fields you settled?
Here Gaetulian cities, a people unsurpassed in battle,
unbridled Numidians, and inhospitable Syrtis, surround you:
there, a region of dry desert, with Barcaeans raging around.
And what of your brother's threats, and war with Tyre imminent?
The Trojan ships made their way here with the wind,

with gods indeed helping them I think, and with Juno's favour.
What a city you'll see here, sister, what a kingdom rise,
with such a husband! With a Trojan army marching with us,
with what great actions Punic glory will soar!
Only ask the gods for their help, and, propitiating them
with sacrifice, indulge your guest, spin reasons for delay,
while winter, and stormy Orion, rage at sea,
while the ships are damaged, and the skies are hostile."

BkIV:54-89 Dido in Love

By saying this she inflames the queen's burning heart with love
and raises hopes in her anxious mind, and weakens her sense
of shame. First they visit the shrines and ask for grace at the altars:
they sacrifice chosen animals according to the rites,
to Ceres, the law-maker, and Phoebus, and father Lycaeus,
and to Juno above all, in whose care are the marriage ties:
Dido herself, supremely lovely, holding the cup in her hand,
pours the libation between the horns of a white heifer
or walks to the rich altars, before the face of the gods,
celebrates the day with gifts, and gazes into the opened
chests of victims, and reads the living entrails.
Ah, the unknowing minds of seers! What use are prayers
or shrines to the impassioned? Meanwhile her tender marrow
is aflame, and a silent wound is alive in her breast.
Wretched Dido burns, and wanders frenzied through the city,
like an unwary deer struck by an arrow, that a shepherd hunting
with his bow has fired at from a distance, in the Cretan woods,
leaving the winged steel in her, without knowing.
She runs through the woods and glades of Dicte:
the lethal shaft hangs in her side.
Now she leads Aeneas with her round the walls
showing her Sidonian wealth and the city she's built:
she begins to speak, and stops in mid-flow:
now she longs for the banquet again as day wanes,
yearning madly to hear about the Trojan adventures once more
and hangs once more on the speaker's lips.
Then when they have departed, and the moon in turn
has quenched her light and the setting constellations urge sleep,
she grieves, alone in the empty hall, and lies on the couch
he left. Absent she hears him absent, sees him,
or hugs Ascanius on her lap, taken with this image
of his father, so as to deceive her silent passion.
The towers she started no longer rise, the young men no longer
carry out their drill, or work on the harbour and the battlements
for defence in war: the interrupted work is left hanging,
the huge threatening walls, the sky-reaching cranes.

BkIV:90-128 Juno and Venus

As soon as Juno, Jupiter's beloved wife, saw clearly that Dido was gripped by such heart-sickness, and her reputation no obstacle to love, she spoke to Venus in these words: "You and that son of yours, certainly take the prize, and plenty of spoils: a great and memorable show of divine power, whereby one woman's trapped by the tricks of two gods. But the truth's not escaped me, you've always held the halls of high Carthage under suspicion, afraid of my city's defences. But where can that end? Why such rivalry, now? Why don't we work on eternal peace instead, and a wedding pact? You've achieved all that your mind was set on: Dido's burning with passion, and she's drawn the madness into her very bones. Let's rule these people together with equal sway: let her be slave to a Trojan husband, and entrust her Tyrians to your hand, as the dowry." Venus began the reply to her like this (since she knew she'd spoken with deceit in her mind to divert the empire from Italy's shores to Libya's): "Who'd be mad enough to refuse such an offer or choose to make war on you, so long as fate follows up what you say with action? But fortune makes me uncertain, as to whether Jupiter wants a single city for Tyrians and Trojan exiles, and approves the mixing of races and their joining in league together. You're his wife: you can test his intent by asking. Do it: I'll follow." Then royal Juno replied like this: "That task's mine. Now listen and I'll tell you briefly how the purpose at hand can be achieved. Aeneas and poor Dido plan to go hunting together in the woods, when the sun first shows tomorrow's dawn, and reveals the world in his rays. While the lines are beating, and closing the thickets with nets, I'll pour down dark rain mixed with hail from the sky, and rouse the whole heavens with my thunder. They'll scatter, and be lost in the dark of night: Dido and the Trojan leader will reach the same cave. I'll be there, and if I'm assured of your good will, I'll join them firmly in marriage, and speak for her as his own: this will be their wedding-night." Not opposed to what she wanted, Venus agreed, and smiled to herself at the deceit she'd found.

BkIV:129-172 The Hunt and the Cave

Meanwhile Dawn surges up and leaves the ocean. Once she has risen, the chosen men pour from the gates: Massylian horsemen ride out, with wide-meshed nets, snares, broad-headed hunting spears, and a pack

of keen-scented hounds. The queen lingers in her rooms,
while Punic princes wait at the threshold: her horse stands there,
bright in purple and gold, and champs fiercely at the foaming bit.
At last she appears, with a great crowd around her,
dressed in a Sidonian robe with an embroidered hem.
Her quiver's of gold, her hair knotted with gold,
a golden brooch fastens her purple tunic.
Her Trojan friends and joyful lulus are with her:
Aeneas himself, the most handsome of them all,
moves forward and joins his friendly troop with hers.
Like Apollo, leaving behind the Lycian winter,
and the streams of Xanthus, and visiting his mother's Delos,
to renew the dancing, Cretans and Dryopes and painted
Agathyrans, mingling around his altars, shouting:
he himself striding over the ridges of Cynthus,
his hair dressed with tender leaves, and clasped with gold,
the weapons rattling on his shoulder: so Aeneas walks,
as lightly, beauty like the god's shining from his noble face.
When they reach the mountain heights and pathless haunts,
see the wild goats, disturbed on their stony summits,
course down the slopes: in another place deer speed
over the open field, massing together in a fleeing herd
among clouds of dust, leaving the hillsides behind.
But the young Ascanius among the valleys, delights
in his fiery horse, passing this rider and that at a gallop, hoping
that amongst these harmless creatures a boar, with foaming mouth,
might answer his prayers, or a tawny lion, down from the mountain.
Meanwhile the sky becomes filled with a great rumbling:
rain mixed with hail follows, and the Tyrian company
and the Trojan men, with Venus's Dardan grandson,
scatter here and there through the fields, in their fear,
seeking shelter: torrents stream down from the hills.
Dido and the Trojan leader reach the very same cave.
Primeval Earth and Juno of the Nuptials give their signal:
lightning flashes, the heavens are party to their union,
and the Nymphs howl on the mountain heights.
That first day is the source of misfortune and death.
Dido's no longer troubled by appearances or reputation,
she no longer thinks of a secret affair: she calls it marriage:
and with that name disguises her sin.

BkIV:173-197 Rumour Reaches Iarbas

Rumour raced at once through Libya's great cities,
Rumour, compared with whom no other is as swift.
She flourishes by speed, and gains strength as she goes:
first limited by fear, she soon reaches into the sky,
walks on the ground, and hides her head in the clouds.

Earth, incited to anger against the gods, so they say,
bore her last, a monster, vast and terrible, fleet-winged
and swift-footed, sister to Coeus and Enceladus,
who for every feather on her body has as many
watchful eyes below (marvellous to tell), as many
tongues speaking, as many listening ears.

She flies, screeching, by night through the shadows
between earth and sky, never closing her eyelids
in sweet sleep: by day she sits on guard on tall roof-tops
or high towers, and scares great cities, as tenacious
of lies and evil, as she is messenger of truth.

Now in delight she filled the ears of the nations
with endless gossip, singing fact and fiction alike:
Aeneas has come, born of Trojan blood, a man whom
lovely Dido deigns to unite with: now they're spending
the whole winter together in indulgence, forgetting
their royalty, trapped by shameless passion.

The vile goddess spread this here and there on men's lips.
Immediately she slanted her course towards King Iarbas
and inflamed his mind with words and fuelled his anger.

BkIV:198-218 Iarbas Prays to Jupiter

He, a son of Jupiter Ammon, by a raped Garamantian Nymph,
had set up a hundred great temples, a hundred altars, to the god,
in his broad kingdom, and sanctified ever-living fires, the gods'
eternal guardians: the floors were soaked with sacrificial blood,
and the thresholds flowery with mingled garlands.

They say he often begged Jove humbly with upraised hands,
in front of the altars, among the divine powers,
maddened in spirit and set on fire by bitter rumour:

"All-powerful Jupiter, to whom the Moors, on their embroidered
divans, banqueting, now pour a Bacchic offering,
do you see this? Do we shudder in vain when you hurl
your lightning bolts, father, and are those idle fires in the clouds
that terrify our minds, and flash among the empty rumblings?

A woman, wandering within my borders, who paid to found
a little town, and to whom we granted coastal lands
to plough, to hold in tenure, scorns marriage with me,
and takes Aeneas into her country as its lord.

And now like some Paris, with his pack of eunuchs,
a Phrygian cap, tied under his chin, on his greasy hair,
he's master of what he's snatched: while I bring gifts indeed
to temples, said to be yours, and cherish your empty reputation.

BkIV:219-278 Jupiter Sends Mercury to Aeneas

As he gripped the altar, and prayed in this way,

the All-powerful one listened, and turned his gaze towards the royal city, and the lovers forgetful of their true reputation.

Then he spoke to Mercury and commanded him so:

“Off you go, my son, call the winds and glide on your wings, and talk to the Trojan leader who malingers in Tyrian Carthage now, and gives no thought to the cities the fates will grant him, and carry my words there on the quick breeze.

This is not what his loveliest of mothers suggested to me, nor why she rescued him twice from Greek armies:

he was to be one who'd rule Italy, pregnant with empire, and crying out for war, he'd produce a people of Teucer's high blood, and bring the whole world under the rule of law.

If the glory of such things doesn't inflame him, and he doesn't exert himself for his own honour,

does he begrudge the citadels of Rome to Ascanius?

What does he plan? With what hopes does he stay among alien people, forgetting Ausonia and the Lavinian fields?

Let him sail: that's it in total, let that be my message.”

He finished speaking. The god prepared to obey his great father's order, and first fastened the golden sandals to his feet that carry him high on the wing over land and sea, like the storm.

Then he took up his wand: he calls pale ghosts from Orcus with it, sending others down to grim Tartarus,

gives and takes away sleep, and opens the eyes of the dead.

Relying on it, he drove the winds, and flew through the stormy clouds. Now in his flight he saw the steep flanks

and the summit of strong Atlas, who holds the heavens on his head, Atlas, whose pine-covered crown is always wreathed in dark clouds and lashed by the wind and rain:

fallen snow clothes his shoulders: while rivers fall from his ancient chin, and his rough beard bristles with ice.

There Cyllenian Mercury first halted, balanced on level wings:

from there, he threw his whole body headlong towards the waves, like a bird that flies low close to the sea, round the coasts and the rocks rich in fish.

So the Cyllenian-born flew between heaven and earth to Libya's sandy shore, cutting the winds, coming from Atlas, his mother Maia's father.

As soon as he reached the builders' huts, on his winged feet, he saw Aeneas establishing towers and altering roofs.

His sword was starred with tawny jasper, and the cloak that hung from his shoulder blazed with Tyrian purple, a gift that rich Dido had made, weaving the cloth with golden thread.

Mercury challenged him at once: “For love of a wife are you now building the foundations of high Carthage and a pleasing city? Alas, forgetful of your kingdom and fate!

The king of the gods himself, who bends heaven and earth

to his will, has sent me down to you from bright Olympus:
he commanded me himself to carry these words through
the swift breezes. What do you plan? With what hopes
do you waste idle hours in Libya's lands? If you're not stirred
by the glory of destiny, and won't exert yourself for your own
fame, think of your growing Ascanius, and the expectations
of him, as Iulus your heir, to whom will be owed the kingdom
of Italy, and the Roman lands." So Mercury spoke,
and, while speaking, vanished from mortal eyes,
and melted into thin air far from their sight.

BkIV:279-330 Dido Accuses Aeneas

Aeneas, stupefied at the vision, was struck dumb,
and his hair rose in terror, and his voice stuck in his throat.
He was eager to be gone, in flight, and leave that sweet land,
shocked by the warning and the divine command.
Alas! What to do? With what speech dare he tackle
the love-sick queen? What opening words should he choose?
And he cast his mind back and forth swiftly,
considered the issue from every aspect, and turned it every way.
This seemed the best decision, given the alternatives:
he called Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Serestus,
telling them to fit out the fleet in silence, gather the men
on the shore, ready the ships' tackle, and hide the reason
for these changes of plan. He in the meantime, since
the excellent Dido knew nothing, and would not expect
the breaking off of such a love, would seek an approach,
the tenderest moment to speak, and a favourable means.
They all gladly obeyed his command at once, and did his bidding.
But the queen sensed his tricks (who can deceive a lover?)
and was first to anticipate future events, fearful even of safety.
That same impious Rumour brought her madness:
they are fitting out the fleet, and planning a journey.
Her mind weakened, she raves, and, on fire, runs wild
through the city: like a Maenad, thrilled by the shaken emblems
of the god, when the biennial festival rouses her, and, hearing the Bacchic cry,
Mount Cithaeron summons her by night with its noise.
Of her own accord she finally reproaches Aeneas in these words:
"Faithless one, did you really think you could hide
such wickedness, and vanish from my land in silence?
Will my love not hold you, nor the pledge I once gave you,
nor the promise that Dido will die a cruel death?
Even in winter do you labour over your ships, cruel one,
so as to sail the high seas at the height of the northern gales?
Why? If you were not seeking foreign lands and unknown
settlements, but ancient Troy still stood, would Troy
be sought out by your ships in wave-torn seas?"

Is it me you run from? I beg you, by these tears, by your own
right hand (since I've left myself no other recourse in my misery),
by our union, by the marriage we have begun,
if ever I deserved well of you, or anything of me
was sweet to you, pity this ruined house, and if
there is any room left for prayer, change your mind.
The Libyan peoples and Numidian rulers hate me because of you:
my Tyrians are hostile: because of you all shame too is lost,
the reputation I had, by which alone I might reach the stars.
My guest, since that's all that is left me from the name of husband,
to whom do you relinquish me, a dying woman?
Why do I stay? Until Pygmalion, my brother, destroys
the city, or Iarbas the Gaetulian takes me captive?
If I'd at least conceived a child of yours
before you fled, if a little Aeneas were playing
about my halls, whose face might still recall yours,
I'd not feel myself so utterly deceived and forsaken."

BkIV:331-361 Aeneas Justifies Himself

She had spoken. He set his gaze firmly on Jupiter's
warnings, and hid his pain steadfastly in his heart.
He replied briefly at last: "O queen, I will never deny
that you deserve the most that can be spelt out in speech,
nor will I regret my thoughts of you, Elissa,
while memory itself is mine, and breath controls these limbs.
I'll speak about the reality a little. I did not expect to conceal
my departure by stealth (don't think that), nor have I ever
held the marriage torch, or entered into that pact.
If the fates had allowed me to live my life under my own
auspices, and attend to my own concerns as I wished,
I should first have cared for the city of Troy and the sweet relics
of my family, Priam's high roofs would remain, and I'd have
recreated Pergama, with my own hands, for the defeated.
But now it is Italy that Apollo of Grynium,
Italy, that the Lycian oracles, order me to take:
that is my desire, that is my country. If the turrets of Carthage
and the sight of your Libyan city occupy you, a Phoenician,
why then begrudge the Trojans their settling of Ausonia's lands?
It is right for us too to search out a foreign kingdom.
As often as night cloaks the earth with dew-wet shadows,
as often as the burning constellations rise, the troubled image
of my father Anchises warns and terrifies me in dream:
about my son Ascanius and the wrong to so dear a person,
whom I cheat of a Hesperian kingdom, and pre-destined fields.
Now even the messenger of the gods, sent by Jupiter himself,
(I swear it on both our heads), has brought the command
on the swift breeze: I saw the god himself in broad daylight

enter the city and these very ears drank of his words.
Stop rousing yourself and me with your complaints.
I do not take course for Italy of my own free will.”

BkIV:362-392 Dido's Reply

As he was speaking she gazed at him with hostility,
casting her eyes here and there, considering the whole man
with a silent stare, and then, incensed, she spoke:
“Deceiver, your mother was no goddess, nor was Dardanus
the father of your race: harsh Caucasus engendered you
on the rough crags, and Hyrcanian tigers nursed you.
Why pretend now, or restrain myself waiting for something worse?
Did he groan at my weeping? Did he look at me?
Did he shed tears in defeat, or pity his lover?
What is there to say after this? Now neither greatest Juno, indeed,
nor Jupiter, son of Saturn, are gazing at this with friendly eyes.
Nowhere is truth safe. I welcomed him as a castaway on the shore,
a beggar, and foolishly gave away a part of my kingdom:
I saved his lost fleet, and his friends from death.
Ah! Driven by the Furies, I burn: now prophetic Apollo,
now the Lycian oracles, now even a divine messenger sent
by Jove himself carries his orders through the air.
This is the work of the gods indeed, this is a concern to trouble
their calm. I do not hold you back, or refute your words:
go, seek Italy on the winds, find your kingdom over the waves.
Yet if the virtuous gods have power, I hope that you
will drain the cup of suffering among the reefs, and call out Dido's
name again and again. Absent, I'll follow you with dark fires,
and when icy death has divided my soul and body, my ghost
will be present everywhere. Cruel one, you'll be punished.
I'll hear of it: that news will reach me in the depths of Hades.”
Saying this, she broke off her speech mid-flight, and fled
the light in pain, turning from his eyes, and going,
leaving him fearful and hesitant, ready to say more.
Her servants received her and carried her failing body
to her marble chamber, and laid her on her bed.

BkIV:393-449 Aeneas Departs

But dutiful Aeneas, though he desired to ease her sadness
by comforting her and to turn aside pain with words, still,
with much sighing, and a heart shaken by the strength of her love,
followed the divine command, and returned to the fleet.
Then the Trojans truly set to work and launched the tall ships
all along the shore. They floated the resinous keels,
and ready for flight, they brought leafy branches
and untrimmed trunks, from the woods, as oars.

You could see them hurrying and moving from every part of the city. Like ants that plunder a vast heap of grain, and store it in their nest, mindful of winter: a dark column goes through the fields, and they carry their spoils along a narrow track through the grass: some heave with their shoulders against a large seed, and push, others tighten the ranks and punish delay, the whole path's alive with work. What were your feelings Dido at such sights, what sighs did you give, watching the shore from the heights of the citadel, everywhere alive, and seeing the whole sea, before your eyes, confused with such cries! Cruel Love, to what do you not drive the human heart: to burst into tears once more, to see once more if he can be compelled by prayers, to humbly submit to love, lest she leave anything untried, dying in vain. "Anna, you see them scurrying all round the shore: they've come from everywhere: the canvas already invites the breeze, and the sailors, delighted, have set garlands on the sterns. If I was able to foresee this great grief, sister, then I'll be able to endure it too. Yet still do one thing for me in my misery, Anna: since the deceiver cultivated only you, even trusting you with his private thoughts: and only you know the time to approach the man easily. Go, sister, and speak humbly to my proud enemy. I never took the oath, with the Greeks at Aulis, to destroy the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Pergama, or disturbed the ashes and ghost of his father Anchises: why does he pitilessly deny my words access to his hearing? Where does he run to? Let him give his poor lover this last gift: let him wait for an easy voyage and favourable winds. I don't beg now for our former tie, that he has betrayed, nor that he give up his beautiful Latium, and abandon his kingdom: I ask for insubstantial time: peace and space for my passion, while fate teaches my beaten spirit to grieve. I beg for this last favour (pity your sister): when he has granted it me, I'll repay all by dying." Such are the prayers she made, and such are those her unhappy sister carried and re-carried. But he was not moved by tears, and listened to no words receptively: Fate barred the way, and a god sealed the hero's gentle hearing. As when northerly blasts from the Alps blowing here and there vie together to uproot an oak tree, tough with the strength of years: there's a creak, and the trunk quivers and the topmost leaves strew the ground: but it clings to the rocks, and its roots stretch as far down to Tartarus as its crown does towards the heavens: so the hero was buffeted by endless pleas from this side and that, and felt the pain in his noble heart. His purpose remained fixed: tears fell uselessly.

BkIV:450-503 Dido Resolves to Die

Then the unhappy Dido, truly appalled by her fate,
prayed for death: she was weary of gazing at the vault of heaven.
And that she might complete her purpose, and relinquish the light
more readily, when she placed her offerings on the altar alight
with incense, she saw (terrible to speak of!) the holy water blacken,
and the wine she had poured change to vile blood.
She spoke of this vision to no one, not even her sister.
There was a marble shrine to her former husband in the palace,
that she'd decked out, also, with marvellous beauty,
with snow-white fleeces, and festive greenery:
from it she seemed to hear voices and her husband's words
calling her, when dark night gripped the earth:
and the lonely owl on the roofs often grieved
with ill-omened cries, drawing out its long call in a lament:
and many a prophecy of the ancient seers terrified her
with its dreadful warning. Harsh Aeneas himself persecuted
her, in her crazed sleep: always she was forsaken, alone with
herself, always she seemed to be travelling companionless on some
long journey, seeking her Tyrian people in a deserted landscape:
like Pentheus, deranged, seeing the Furies file past,
and twin suns and a twin Thebes revealed to view,
or like Agamemnon's son Orestes driven across the stage when he
flees his mother's ghost armed with firebrands and black snakes,
while the avenging Furies crouch on the threshold.
So that when, overcome by anguish, she harboured the madness,
and determined on death, she debated with herself over the time
and the method, and going to her sorrowful sister with a face
that concealed her intent, calm, with hope on her brow, said:
"Sister, I've found a way (rejoice with your sister)
that will return him to me, or free me from loving him.
Near the ends of the Ocean and where the sun sets
Ethiopia lies, the furthest of lands, where Atlas,
mightiest of all, turns the sky set with shining stars:
I've been told of a priestess, of Massylian race, there,
a keeper of the temple of the Hesperides, who gave
the dragon its food, and guarded the holy branches of the tree,
scattering the honeydew and sleep-inducing poppies.
With her incantations she promises to set free
what hearts she wishes, but bring cruel pain to others:
to stop the rivers flowing, and turn back the stars:
she wakes nocturnal Spirits: you'll see earth yawn
under your feet, and the ash trees march from the hills.
You, and the gods, and your sweet life, are witness,
dear sister, that I arm myself with magic arts unwillingly.
Build a pyre, secretly, in an inner courtyard, open to the sky,

and place the weapons on it which that impious man left hanging in my room, and the clothes, and the bridal bed that undid me: I want to destroy all memories of that wicked man, and the priestess commends it." Saying this she fell silent: at the same time a pallor spread over her face. Anna did not yet realise that her sister was disguising her own funeral with these strange rites, her mind could not conceive of such intensity, and she feared nothing more serious than when Sychaeus died. So she prepared what was demanded.

BkIV:504-553 Dido Laments

But when the pyre of cut pine and oak was raised high, in an innermost court open to the sky, the queen hung the place with garlands, and wreathed it with funereal foliage: she laid his sword and clothes and picture on the bed, not unmindful of the ending. Altars stand round about, and the priestess, with loosened hair, intoned the names of three hundred gods, of Erebus, Chaos, and the triple Hecate, the three faces of virgin Diana. And she sprinkled water signifying the founts of Avernus: there were herbs too acquired by moonlight, cut with a bronze sickle, moist with the milk of dark venom: and a caul acquired by tearing it from a newborn colt's brow, forestalling the mother's love. She herself, near the altars, with sacred grain in purified hands, one foot free of constraint, her clothing loosened, called on the gods to witness her coming death, and on the stars conscious of fate: then she prayed to whatever just and attentive power there might be, that cares for unrequited lovers. It was night, and everywhere weary creatures were enjoying peaceful sleep, the woods and the savage waves were resting, while stars wheeled midway in their gliding orbit, while all the fields were still, and beasts and colourful birds, those that live on wide scattered lakes, and those that live in rough country among the thorn-bushes, were sunk in sleep in the silent night. But not the Phoenician, unhappy in spirit, she did not relax in sleep, or receive the darkness into her eyes and breast: her cares redoubled, and passion, alive once more, raged, and she swelled with a great tide of anger. So she began in this way turning it over alone in her heart: "See, what can I do? Be mocked trying my former suitors, seeking marriage humbly with Numidians whom I have already disdained so many times as husbands? Shall I follow the Trojan fleet then and that Teucrian's every whim? Because they might delight in having been helped by my previous aid, or because gratitude

for past deeds might remain truly fixed in their memories?
Indeed who, given I wanted to, would let me, or would take
one they hate on board their proud ships? Ah, lost girl,
do you not know or feel yet the treachery of Laomedon's race?
What then? Shall I go alone, accompanying triumphant sailors?
Or with all my band of Tyrians clustered round me?
Shall I again drive my men to sea in pursuit, those
whom I could barely tear away from their Sidonian city,
and order them to spread their sails to the wind?
Rather die, as you deserve, and turn away sorrow with steel.
You, my sister, conquered by my tears, in my madness, you
first burdened me with these ills, and exposed me to my enemy.
I was not allowed to pass my life without blame, free of marriage,
in the manner of some wild creature, never knowing such pain:
I have not kept the vow I made to Sychaeus's ashes."
Such was the lament that burst from her heart.

BkIV:554-583 Mercury Visits Aeneas Again

Now that everything was ready, and he was resolved on going,
Aeneas was snatching some sleep, on the ship's high stern.
That vision appeared again in dream admonishing him,
similar to Mercury in every way, voice and colouring,
golden hair, and youth's graceful limbs:
"Son of the Goddess, can you consider sleep in this disaster,
can't you see the danger of it that surrounds you, madman
or hear the favourable west winds blowing?
Determined to die, she broods on mortal deceit and sin,
and is tossed about on anger's volatile flood.
Won't you flee from here, in haste, while you can hasten?
Soon you'll see the water crowded with ships,
cruel firebrands burning, soon the shore will rage with flame,
if the Dawn finds you lingering in these lands. Come, now,
end your delay! Woman is ever fickle and changeable."
So he spoke, and blended with night's darkness.
Then Aeneas, terrified indeed by the sudden apparition,
roused his body from sleep, and called to his friends:
"Quick, men, awake, and man the rowing-benches: run
and loosen the sails. Know that a god, sent from the heavens,
urges us again to speed our flight, and cut the twisted hawsers.
We follow you, whoever you may be, sacred among the gods,
and gladly obey your commands once more. Oh, be with us,
calm one, help us, and show stars favourable to us in the sky."
He spoke, and snatched his shining sword from its sheath,
and struck the cable with the naked blade. All were possessed
at once with the same ardour: They snatched up their goods,
and ran: abandoning the shore: the water was clothed with ships:
setting to, they churned the foam and swept the blue waves.

BkIV:584-629 Dido's Curse

And now, at dawn, Aurora, leaving Tithonus's saffron bed,
was scattering fresh daylight over the earth.
As soon as the queen saw the day whiten, from her tower,
and the fleet sailing off under full canvas, and realised
the shore and harbour were empty of oarsmen, she
struck her lovely breast three or four times with her hand,
and tearing at her golden hair, said: "Ah, Jupiter, is he to leave,
is a foreigner to pour scorn on our kingdom? Shall my Tyrians
ready their armour, and follow them out of the city, and others drag
our ships from their docks? Go, bring fire quickly, hand out the
weapons, drive the oars! What am I saying? Where am I?
What madness twists my thoughts? Wretched Dido, is it now
that your impious actions hurt you? The right time was then,
when you gave him the crown. So this is the word and loyalty
of the man whom they say bears his father's gods around,
of the man who carried his age-worn father on his shoulders?
Couldn't I have seized hold of him, torn his body apart,
and scattered him on the waves? And put his friends to the sword,
and Ascanius even, to feast on, as a course at his father's table?
True the fortunes of war are uncertain. Let them be so:
as one about to die, whom had I to fear? I should have set fire
to his camp, filled the decks with flames, and extinguishing
father and son, and their whole race, given up my own life as well.
O Sun, you who illuminate all the works of this world,
and you Juno, interpreter and knower of all my pain,
and Hecate howled to, in cities, at midnight crossroads,
you, avenging Furies, and you, gods of dying Elissa,
acknowledge this, direct your righteous will to my troubles,
and hear my prayer. If it must be that the accursed one
should reach the harbour, and sail to the shore:
if Jove's destiny for him requires it, there his goal:
still, troubled in war by the armies of a proud race,
exiled from his territories, torn from Iulus's embrace,
let him beg help, and watch the shameful death of his people:
then, when he has surrendered, to a peace without justice,
may he not enjoy his kingdom or the days he longed for,
but let him die before his time, and lie unburied on the sand.
This I pray, these last words I pour out with my blood.
Then, O Tyrians, pursue my hatred against his whole line
and the race to come, and offer it as a tribute to my ashes.
Let there be no love or treaties between our peoples.
Rise, some unknown avenger, from my dust, who will pursue
the Trojan colonists with fire and sword, now, or in time
to come, whenever the strength is granted him.
I pray that shore be opposed to shore, water to wave,

weapon to weapon: let them fight, them and their descendants.”

BkIV:630-705 The Death of Dido

She spoke, and turned her thoughts this way and that,
considering how to destroy her hateful life.
Then she spoke briefly to Barce, Sychaeus’s nurse,
since dark ashes concealed her own, in her former country:
“Dear nurse, bring my sister Anna here: tell her
to hurry, and sprinkle herself with water from the river,
and bring the sacrificial victims and noble offerings.
Let her come, and you yourself veil your brow with sacred ribbons.
My purpose is to complete the rites of Stygian Jupiter,
that I commanded, and have duly begun, and put an end
to sorrow, and entrust the pyre of that Trojan leader to the flames.”
So she said. The old woman zealously hastened her steps.
But Dido restless, wild with desperate purpose,
rolling her bloodshot eyes, her trembling cheeks
stained with red flushes, yet pallid at approaching death,
rushed into the house through its inner threshold, furiously
climbed the tall funeral pyre, and unsheathed
a Trojan sword, a gift that was never acquired to this end.
Then as she saw the Ilian clothing and the familiar couch,
she lingered a while, in tears and thought, then
cast herself on the bed, and spoke her last words:
“Reminders, sweet while fate and the god allowed it,
accept this soul, and loose me from my sorrows.
I have lived, and I have completed the course that Fortune granted,
and now my noble spirit will pass beneath the earth.
I have built a bright city: I have seen its battlements,
avenging a husband I have exacted punishment
on a hostile brother, happy, ah, happy indeed
if Trojan keels had never touched my shores!”
She spoke, and buried her face in the couch.
“I shall die un-avenged, but let me die,” she cried.
“So, so I joy in travelling into the shadows.
Let the cruel Trojan’s eyes drink in this fire, on the deep,
and bear with him the evil omen of my death.”
She had spoken, and in the midst of these words,
her servants saw she had fallen on the blade,
the sword frothed with blood, and her hands were stained.
A cry rose to the high ceiling: Rumour, run riot, struck the city.
The houses sounded with weeping and sighs and women’s cries,
the sky echoed with a mighty lamentation,
as if all Carthage or ancient Tyre were falling
to the invading enemy, and raging flames were rolling
over the roofs of men and gods.
Her sister, terrified, heard it, and rushed through the crowd,

tearing her cheeks with her nails, and beating her breast,
and called out to the dying woman in accusation:
“So this was the meaning of it, sister? Did you aim to cheat me?
This pyre of yours, this fire and altar were prepared for my sake?
What shall I grieve for first in my abandonment? Did you scorn
your sister’s company in dying? You should have summoned me
to the same fate: the same hour the same sword’s hurt should have
taken us both. I even built your pyre with these hands,
and was I calling aloud on our father’s gods,
so that I would be absent, cruel one, as you lay here?
You have extinguished yourself and me, sister: your people,
your Sidonian ancestors, and your city. I should bathe
your wounds with water and catch with my lips
whatever dying breath still hovers.” So saying she climbed
the high levels, and clasped her dying sister to her breast,
sighing, and stemming the dark blood with her dress.
Dido tried to lift her heavy eyelids again, but failed:
and the deep wound hissed in her breast.
Lifting herself three times, she struggled to rise on her elbow:
three times she fell back onto the bed, searching for light in
the depths of heaven, with wandering eyes, and, finding it, sighed.
Then all-powerful Juno, pitying the long suffering
of her difficult death, sent Iris from Olympus, to release
the struggling spirit, and captive body. For since
she had not died through fate, or by a well-earned death,
but wretchedly, before her time, inflamed with sudden madness,
Proserpine had not yet taken a lock of golden hair
from her head, or condemned her soul to Stygian Orcus.
So dew-wet Iris flew down through the sky, on saffron wings,
trailing a thousand shifting colours across the sun,
and hovered over her head. “I take this offering, sacred to Dis,
as commanded, and release you from the body that was yours.”
So she spoke, and cut the lock of hair with her right hand.
All the warmth ebbed at once, and life vanished on the breeze.

End of Book IV

[Previous Book](#)

[Next Book](#)

BkV:1-41 Aeneas Returns to Sicily

Meanwhile Aeneas with the fleet was holding a fixed course now in the midst of the sea, cutting the waves, dark in a northerly wind, looking back at the city walls that were glowing now with unhappy Dido's funeral flames. The reason that such a fire had been lit was unknown: but the cruel pain when a great love is profaned, and the knowledge of what a frenzied woman might do, drove the minds of the Trojans to sombre forebodings. When the ships reached deep water and land was no longer in sight, but everywhere was sea, and sky was everywhere, then a dark-blue rain cloud hung overhead, bringing night and storm, and the waves bristled with shadows. Palinurus the helmsman himself from the high stern cried: 'Ah! Why have such storm clouds shrouded the sky? What do you intend, father Neptune?' So saying, next he ordered them to shorten sail, and bend to the heavy oars, then tacked against the wind, and spoke as follows: 'Brave Aeneas, I would not expect to make Italy with this sky, though guardian Jupiter promised it. The winds, rising from the darkened west, have shifted and roar across our path, and the air thickens for a storm. We cannot stand against it, or labour enough to weather it. Since Fortune overcomes us, let's go with her, and set our course wherever she calls. I think your brother Eryx's friendly shores are not far off, and the harbours of Sicily, if I only remember the stars I observed rightly.' Then virtuous Aeneas replied: 'For my part I've seen for some time that the winds required it, and you're steering into them in vain. Alter the course we sail. Is any land more welcome to me, any to which I'd prefer to steer my weary fleet, than that which protects my Trojan friend Acestes, and holds the bones of my father Anchises to its breast?' Having said this they searched out the port, and following winds filled their sails: the ships sailed swiftly on the flood, and they turned at last in delight towards known shores. But Acestes, on a high hill in the distance, wondered at the arrival of friendly vessels, and met them, armed with javelins, in his Libyan she-bear's pelt: he whom a Trojan mother bore, conceived of the river-god Crinisius. Not neglectful of his ancient lineage he rejoiced at their return, entertained them gladly with his rural riches, and comforted the weary with the assistance of a friend.

BkVI:295-336 The Shores of Acheron

From here there is a road that leads to the waters

of Tartarean Acheron. Here thick with mud a whirlpool seethes
in the vast depths, and spews all its sands into Cocytus.
A grim ferryman watches over the rivers and streams,
Charon, dreadful in his squalor, with a mass of unkempt
white hair straggling from his chin: flames glow in his eyes,
a dirty garment hangs, knotted from his shoulders.
He poles the boat and trims the sails himself,
and ferries the dead in his dark skiff,
old now, but a god's old age is fresh and green.
Here all the crowd streams, hurrying to the shores,
women and men, the lifeless bodies of noble heroes,
boys and unmarried girls, sons laid on the pyre
in front of their father's eyes: as many as the leaves that fall
in the woods at the first frost of autumn, as many as the birds
that flock to land from ocean deeps, when the cold of the year
drives them abroad and despatches them to sunnier countries.
They stood there, pleading to be first to make the crossing,
stretching out their hands in longing for the far shore.
But the dismal boatman accepts now these, now those,
but driving others away, keeps them far from the sand.
Then Aeneas, stirred and astonished at the tumult, said:
'O virgin, tell me, what does this crowding to the river mean?
What do the souls want? And by what criterion do these leave
the bank, and those sweep off with the oars on the leaden stream?
The ancient priestess spoke briefly to him, so:
'Son of Anchises, true child of the gods, you see
the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Marsh of Styx,
by whose name the gods fear to swear falsely.
All this crowd, you see, were destitute and unburied:
that ferryman is Charon: those the waves carry were buried:
he may not carry them from the fearful shore on the harsh waters
before their bones are at rest in the earth. They roam
for a hundred years and flit around these shores: only then
are they admitted, and revisit the pools they long for.'
The son of Anchises halted, and checked his footsteps,
thinking deeply, and pitying their sad fate in his heart.
He saw Leucaspis and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet,
there, grieving and lacking honour in death, whom a Southerly
overwhelmed, as they sailed together from Troy on the windswept
waters, engulfing both the ship and crew in the waves.

BkVI:337-383 The Shade of Palinurus

Behold, there came the helmsman, Palinurus,
who fell from the stern on the Libyan passage,
flung into the midst of the waves, as he watched the stars.
When Aeneas had recognised him with difficulty
sorrowing among the deep shadows, he spoke first, saying:

'What god tore you from us, Palinurus, and drowned you mid-ocean? For in this one prophecy Apollo has misled me, he whom I never found false before, he said that you would be safe at sea and reach Ausonia's shores. Is this the truth of his promise?' But he replied: 'Phoebus's tripod did not fail you, Anchises, my captain, nor did a god drown me in the deep. By chance the helm was torn from me with violence, as I clung there, on duty as ordered, steering our course, and I dragged it headlong with me. I swear by the cruel sea that I feared less for myself than for your ship, lest robbed of its gear, and cleared of its helmsman, it might founder among such surging waves. The Southerly drove me violently through the vast seas for three stormy nights: high on the crest of a wave, in the fourth dawn, I could just make out Italy. Gradually I swam to shore: grasped now at safety, but as I caught at the sharp tips of the rocks, weighed down by my water-soaked clothes, the savage people attacked me with knives, ignorantly thinking me a prize. Now the waves have me, and the winds roll me along the shore. Unconquered one, I beg you, by the sweet light and air of heaven, by your father, and your hopes in Iulus to come, save me from this evil: either find Velia's harbour again (for you can) and sprinkle earth on me, or if there is some way, if your divine mother shows you one (since you'd not attempt to sail such waters, and the Stygian marsh, without a god's will, I think) then give this wretch your hand and take me with you through the waves that at least I might rest in some quiet place in death.'

So he spoke, and the priestess began to reply like this: 'Where does this dire longing of yours come from, O Palinurus? Can you see the Stygian waters, unburied, or the grim river of the Furies, Cocytus, or come unasked to the shore? Cease to hope that divine fate can be tempered by prayer. But hold my words in your memory, as a comfort in your hardship: the nearby peoples, from cities far and wide, will be moved by divine omens to worship your bones, and build a tomb, and send offerings to the tomb, and the place will have Palinurus as its everlasting name.' His anxiety was quelled by her words, and, for a little while, grief was banished from his sad heart: he delighted in the land being so named.

BkVI:440-476 The Shade of Dido

Not far from there the Fields of Mourning are revealed, spread out on all sides: so they name them. There, those whom harsh love devours with cruel pining are concealed in secret walkways, encircled by a myrtle grove: even in death their troubles do not leave them. Here Aeneas saw Phaedra, and Procris, and sad Eriphyle,

displaying the wounds made by her cruel son,
Evadne, and Pasiphae: with them walked Laodamia,
and Caeneus, now a woman, once a young man,
returned by her fate to her own form again.
Among them Phoenician Dido wandered, in the great wood,
her wound still fresh. As soon as the Trojan hero stood near her
and knew her, shadowy among the shadows, like a man who sees,
or thinks he sees, the new moon rising through a cloud, as its month
begins, he wept tears and spoke to her with tender affection:
'Dido, unhappy spirit, was the news, that came to me
of your death, true then, taking your life with a blade?
Alas, was I the cause of your dying? I swear by the stars,
by the gods above, by whatever truth may be in the depths
of the earth, I left your shores unwillingly, my queen.
I was commanded by gods, who drove me by their decrees,
that now force me to go among the shades, through places
thorny with neglect, and deepest night: nor did I think
my leaving there would ever bring such grief to you.
Halt your footsteps and do not take yourself from my sight.
What do you flee? This is the last speech with you that fate allows.'
With such words Aeneas would have calmed
her fiery spirit and wild looks, and provoked her tears.
She turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground,
no more altered in expression by the speech he had begun
than if hard flint stood there, or a cliff of Parian marble.
At the last she tore herself away, and, hostile to him,
fled to the shadowy grove where Sychaeus, her husband
in former times, responded to her suffering, and gave her
love for love. Aeneas, no less shaken by the injustice of fate,
followed her, far off, with his tears, and pitied her as she went.

BkVI:477-534 The Shade of Deiphobus

From there he laboured on the way that was granted them.
And soon they reached the most distant fields,
the remote places where those famous in war
crowd together. Here Tydeus met him, Parthenopaeus
glorious in arms, and the pale form of Adrastus:
here were the Trojans, wept for deeply above, fallen in war,
whom, seeing them all in their long ranks, he groaned at,
Glaucus, Medon and Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor,
Polyboetes, the priest of Ceres, and Idaeus
still with his chariot, and his weapons.
The spirits stand there in crowds to left and right.
They are not satisfied with seeing him only once:
they delight in lingering on, walking beside him,
and learning the reason for his coming.
But the Greek princes and Agamemnon's phalanxes,

trembled with great fear, when they saw the hero,
and his gleaming weapons, among the shades:
some turned to run, as they once sought their ships: some raised
a faint cry, the noise they made belying their gaping mouths.
And he saw Deiphobus there, Priam's son, his whole body
mutilated, his face brutally torn, his face and hands both, the ears
ripped from his ruined head, his nostrils sheared by an ugly wound.
Indeed Aeneas barely recognised the quivering form, hiding its dire
punishment, even as he called to him, unprompted, in familiar tones:
'Deiphobus, powerful in war, born of Teucer's noble blood,
who chose to work such brutal punishment on you?
Who was allowed to treat you so? Rumour has it
that on that final night, wearied by endless killing of Greeks,
you sank down on a pile of the slaughtered.
Then I set up an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore,
and called on your spirit three times in a loud voice.
Your name and weapons watch over the site: I could not
see you, friend, to set you, as I left, in your native soil.'
To this Priam's son replied: 'O my friend, you've neglected
nothing: you've paid all that's due to Deiphobus
and a dead man's spirit. My own destiny,
and that Spartan woman's deadly crime, drowned me
in these sorrows: she left me these memorials.
You know how we passed that last night in illusory joy:
and you must remember it only too well.
When the fateful Horse came leaping the walls of Troy,
pregnant with the armed warriors it carried in its womb,
she led the Trojan women about, wailing in dance,
aping the Bacchic rites: she held a huge torch in their midst,
signalling to the Greeks from the heights of the citadel.
I was then in our unlucky marriage-chamber, worn out with care,
and heavy with sleep, a sweet deep slumber weighing on me
as I lay there, the very semblance of peaceful death.
Meanwhile that illustrious wife of mine removed every weapon
from the house, even stealing my faithful sword from under my head:
she calls Menelaus into the house and throws open the doors,
hoping I suppose it would prove a great gift for her lover,
and in that way the infamy of her past sins might be erased.
Why drag out the tale? They burst into the room, and with them
Ulysses the Aeolid, their co-inciter to wickedness. Gods, so repay
the Greeks, if these lips I pray for vengeance with are virtuous.
But you, in turn, tell what fate has brought you here, living.
Do you come here, driven by your wandering on the sea,
or exhorted by the gods? If not, what misfortune torments you,
that you enter these sad sunless houses, this troubled place?'

BkVI:535-627 The Sibyl Describes Tartarus

While they spoke Aurora and her rosy chariot had passed
the zenith of her ethereal path, and they might perhaps
have spent all the time allowed in such talk, but the Sibyl,
his companion, warned him briefly saying:
'Night approaches, Aeneas: we waste the hours with weeping.
This is the place where the path splits itself in two:
there on the right is our road to Elysium, that runs beneath
the walls of mighty Dis: but the left works punishment
on the wicked, and sends them on to godless Tartarus.'
Deiophobus replied: 'Do not be angry, great priestess:
I will leave: I will make up the numbers, and return to the darkness.
Go now glory of our race: enjoy a better fate.'
So he spoke, and in speaking turned away.
Aeneas suddenly looked back, and, below the left hand cliff,
he saw wide battlements, surrounded by a triple wall,
and encircled by a swift river of red-hot flames,
the Tartarean Phlegethon, churning with echoing rocks.
A gate fronts it, vast, with pillars of solid steel,
that no human force, not the heavenly gods themselves,
can overturn by war: an iron tower rises into the air,
and seated before it, Tisiphone, clothed in a blood-wet dress,
keeps guard of the doorway, sleeplessly, night and day.
Groans came from there, and the cruel sound of the lash,
then the clank of iron, and dragging chains.
Aeneas halted, and stood rooted, terrified by the noise.
'What evil is practised here? O Virgin, tell me: by what torments
are they oppressed? Why are there such sounds in the air?'
Then the prophetess began to speak as follows: 'Famous leader
of the Trojans, it is forbidden for the pure to cross the evil threshold:
but when Hecate appointed me to the wood of Avernus,
she taught me the divine torments, and guided me through them all.
Cretan Rhadamanthus rules this harshest of kingdoms,
and hears their guilt, extracts confessions, and punishes
whoever has deferred atonement for their sins too long
till death, delighting in useless concealment, in the world above.
Tisiphone the avenger, armed with her whip, leaps on the guilty immediately,
lashes them, and threatening them with the fierce
snakes in her left hand, calls to her savage troop of sisters.
Then at last the accursed doors open, screeching on jarring hinges.
You comprehend what guardian sits at the door, what shape watches
the threshold? Well still fiercer is the monstrous Hydra inside,
with her fifty black gaping jaws. There Tartarus itself
falls sheer, and stretches down into the darkness:
twice as far as we gaze upwards to heavenly Olympus.
Here the Titanic race, the ancient sons of Earth,
hurled down by the lightning-bolt, writhe in the depths.
And here I saw the two sons of Aloeus, giant forms,
who tried to tear down the heavens with their hands,

and topple Jupiter from his high kingdom.
And I saw Salmoneus paying a savage penalty
for imitating Jove's lightning, and the Olympian thunder.
Brandishing a torch, and drawn by four horses
he rode in triumph among the Greeks, through Elis's city,
claiming the gods' honours as his own, a fool,
who mimicked the storm-clouds and the inimitable thunderbolt
with bronze cymbals and the sound of horses' hoof-beats.
But the all-powerful father hurled his lightning from dense cloud,
not for him fiery torches, or pine-branches' smoky light
and drove him headlong with the mighty whirlwind.
And Tityus was to be seen as well, the foster-child
of Earth, our universal mother, whose body stretches
over nine acres, and a great vulture with hooked beak
feeds on his indestructible liver, and his entrails ripe
for punishment, lodged deep inside the chest, groping
for his feast, no respite given to the ever-renewing tissue.
Shall I speak of the Lapiths, Ixion, Pirithous,
over whom hangs a dark crag that seems to slip and fall?
High couches for their feast gleam with golden frames,
and a banquet of royal luxury is spread before their eyes:
nearby the eldest Fury, crouching, prevents their fingers touching
the table: rising up, and brandishing her torch, with a voice of thunder.
Here are those who hated their brothers, in life,
or struck a parent, or contrived to defraud a client,
or who crouched alone over the riches they'd made,
without setting any aside for their kin (their crowd is largest),
those who were killed for adultery, or pursued civil war,
not fearing to break their pledges to their masters:
shut in they see their punishment. Don't ask to know
that punishment, or what kind of suffering drowns them.
Some roll huge stones, or hang spread-eagled
on wheel-spokes: wretched Theseus sits still, and will sit
for eternity: Phlegyas, the most unfortunate, warns them all
and bears witness in a loud voice among the shades:
"Learn justice: be warned, and don't despise the gods."
Here's one who sold his country for gold, and set up
a despotic lord: this one made law and remade it for a price:
he entered his daughter's bed and a forbidden marriage:
all of them dared monstrous sin, and did what they dared.
Not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,
a voice of iron, could I tell all the forms of wickedness
or spell out the names of every torment.'

BkVII:249-285 Latinus Offers Peace

At Ilioneus's words Latinus kept his face set firmly
downward, fixed motionless towards the ground, moving his eyes
alone intently. It is not the embroidered purple that moves

the king nor Priam's sceptre, so much as his dwelling
on his daughter's marriage and her bridal-bed,
and he turns over in his mind old Faunus's oracle:
this must be the man, from a foreign house, prophesied
by the fates as my son-in-law, and summoned to reign
with equal powers, whose descendants will be illustrious
in virtue, and whose might will take possession of all the world.
At last he spoke, joyfully: 'May the gods favour this beginning,
and their prophecy. Trojan, what you wish shall be granted.
I do not reject your gifts: you will not lack the wealth
of fertile fields, or Troy's wealth, while Latinus is king.
Only, if Aeneas has such longing for us, if he is eager
to join us in friendship and be called our ally, let him come
himself and not be afraid of a friendly face: it will be
part of the pact, to me, to have touched your leader's hand.
Now you in turn take my reply to the king:
I have a daughter whom the oracles from my father's shrine,
and many omens from heaven, will not allow to unite
with a husband of our race: sons will come from foreign shores,
whose blood will raise our name to the stars: this they prophesy
is in store for Latium,. I both think and, if my mind foresees
the truth, I hope that this is the man destiny demands.'
So saying the king selected stallions from his whole stable
(three hundred stood there sleekly in their high stalls):
immediately he ordered one to be led to each Trojan by rank,
caparisoned in purple, swift-footed, with embroidered housings
(gold collars hung low over their chests, covered in gold,
they even champed bits of yellow gold between their teeth),
and for the absent Aeneas there was a chariot, with twin horses,
of heaven's line, blowing fire from their nostrils,
bastards of that breed of her father's, the Sun, that cunning
Circe had produced, by mating them with a mortal mare.
The sons of Aeneas, mounting the horses, rode back
with these words and gifts of Latinus, bearing peace.

BkVII:286-341 Juno Summons Allecto

But behold, the ferocious wife of Jove returning
from Inachus's Argos, winging her airy way,
saw the delighted Aeneas and his Trojan fleet,
from the distant sky, beyond Sicilian Pachynus.
She gazed at them, already building houses, already confident
in their land, the ships deserted: she halted pierced by a bitter pang.
Then shaking her head, she poured these words from her breast:
'Ah loathsome tribe, and Trojan destiny, opposed to my
own destiny! Could they not have fallen on the Sigeon plains,
could they not have been held as captives? Could burning Troy
not have consumed these men? They find a way through

the heart of armies and flames. And I think my powers must
 be exhausted at last, or I have come to rest, my anger sated.
 Why, when they were thrown out of their country I ventured
 to follow hotly through the waves, and challenge them on every ocean.
 The forces of sea and sky have been wasted on these Trojans.
 What use have the Syrtes been to me, or Scylla, or gaping
 Charybdis? They take refuge in their longed-for Tiber's channel,
 indifferent to the sea and to me. Mars had the power
 to destroy the Lapiths' vast race, the father of the gods himself
 conceded ancient Calydon, given Diana's anger,
 and for what sin did the Lapiths or Calydon, deserve all that?
 But I, Jove's great Queen, who in my wretchedness had the power
 to leave nothing untried, who have turned myself to every means,
 am conquered by Aeneas. But if my divine strength is not
 enough, I won't hesitate to seek help wherever it might be:
 if I cannot sway the gods, I'll stir the Acheron.
 I accept it's not granted to me to withhold the Latin kingdom,
 and by destiny Lavinia will still, unalterably, be his bride:
 but I can draw such things out and add delays,
 and I can destroy the people of these two kings.
 Let father and son-in-law unite at the cost of their nations' lives:
 virgin, your dowry will be Rutulian and Trojan blood,
 and Bellona, the goddess of war, waits to attend your marriage.
 Nor was it Hecuba, Cisseus's daughter, alone who was pregnant
 with a fire-brand, or gave birth to nuptial flames.
 Why, Venus is alike in her child, another Paris,
 another funeral torch for a resurrected Troy.'
 When she had spoken these words, fearsome, she sought the earth:
 and summoned Allecto, the grief-bringer, from the house
 of the Fatal Furies, from the infernal shadows: in whose
 mind are sad wars, angers and deceits, and guilty crimes.
 A monster, hated by her own father Pluto, hateful
 to her Tartarean sisters: she assumes so many forms,
 her features are so savage, she sports so many black vipers.
 Juno roused her with these words, saying:
 'Grant me a favour of my own, virgin daughter of Night,
 this service, so that my honour and glory are not weakened,
 and give way, and the people of Aeneas cannot woo
 Latinus with intermarriage, or fill the bounds of Italy.
 You've the power to rouse brothers, who are one, to conflict,
 and overturn homes with hatred: you bring the scourge
 and the funeral torch into the house: you've a thousand names,
 and a thousand noxious arts. Search your fertile breast,
 shatter the peace accord, sow accusations of war:
 let men in a moment need, demand and seize their weapons.'

BkVII:341-405 Allecto Maddens Queen Amata

So Allecto, steeped in the Gorgon's poison, first searches out
Latium and the high halls of the Laurentine king,
and sits at the silent threshold of Queen Amata, whom
concerns and angers have troubled, with a woman's passion,
concerning the Trojan's arrival, and Turnus's marriage.
The goddess flings a snake at her from her dark locks,
and plunges it into the breast, to her innermost heart, so that
maddened by the creature, she might trouble the whole palace.
Sliding between her clothing, and her polished breast,
it winds itself unfelt and unknown to the frenzied woman,
breathing its viperous breath: the powerful snake becomes her
twisted necklace of gold, becomes the loop of her long ribbon,
knots itself in her hair, and roves slithering down her limbs.
And while at first the sickness, sinking within as liquid venom,
pervades her senses, and clasps her bones with fire,
and before her mind has felt the flame through all its thoughts,
she speaks, softly, and in a mother's usual manner,
weeping greatly over the marriage of her daughter to the Trojan:
'O, have you her father no pity for your daughter or yourself?
Have you no pity for her mother, when the faithless seducer
will leave with the first north-wind, seeking the deep, with the girl
as prize? Wasn't it so when Paris, that Phrygian shepherd,
entered Sparta, and snatched Leda's Helen off to the Trojan cities?
What of your sacred pledge? What of your former care for your own
people, and your right hand given so often to your kinsman Turnus?
If a son-in-law from a foreign tribe is sought for the Latins,
and it's settled, and your father Faunus's command weighs on you,
then I myself think that every land free of our rule
that is distant, is foreign: and so the gods declare.
And if the first origins of his house are traced, Inachus
and Acrisius are ancestors of Turnus, and Mycenae his heartland.'
When, though trying in vain with words, she sees Latinus
stand firm against her, and when the snake's maddening venom
has seeped deep into her flesh, and permeated throughout,
then, truly, the unhappy queen, goaded by monstrous horrors,
rages madly unrestrainedly through the vast city.
As a spinning-top, sometimes, that boys intent on play thrash
in a circle round an empty courtyard, turns under the whirling lash,
- driven with the whip it moves in curving tracks: and the childish crowd
marvel over it in innocence, gazing at the twirling boxwood:
and the blows grant it life: so she is driven through the heart
of cities and proud peoples, on a course that is no less swift.
Moreover, she runs to the woods, pretending Bacchic possession,
setting out on a greater sin, and creating a wider frenzy,
and hides her daughter among the leafy mountains,
to rob the Trojans of their wedding and delay the nuptials,
shrieking '*Euhoe*' to Bacchus, crying 'You alone are worthy
of this virgin: it's for you in truth she lifts the soft *thyrsus*,

you she circles in the dance, for you she grows her sacred hair.’
Rumour travels: and the same frenzy drives all the women,
inflamed, with madness in their hearts, to seek strange shelter.
They leave their homes, and bare their head and neck to the winds:
while others are already filling the air with vibrant howling
carrying vine-wrapped spears, and clothed in fawn-skins.
The wild Queen herself brandishes a blazing pine-branch
in their midst, turning her bloodshot gaze on them, and sings
the wedding-song for Turnus and her daughter, and, suddenly
fierce, cries out: ‘O, women of Latium, wherever you are, hear me:
if you still have regard for unhappy Amata in your pious hearts,
if you’re stung with concern for a mother’s rights,
loose the ties from your hair, join the rites with me.’
So Allecto drives the Queen with Bacchic goad, far and wide,
through the woods, among the wild creatures’ lairs.

BkVII:406-474 Allecto Rouses Turnus

When she saw she had stirred these first frenzies enough,
and had disturbed Latinus’s plans, and his whole household,
the grim goddess was carried from there, at once, on dark wings,
to the walls of Turnus, the brave Rutulian, the city they say
that Danae, blown there by a violent southerly, built
with her Acrisian colonists. The place was once called Ardea
by our ancestors, and Ardea still remains as a great name,
its good-fortune past. Here, in the dark of night,
Turnus was now in a deep sleep, in his high palace.
Allecto changed her fierce appearance and fearful shape,
transformed her looks into those of an old woman,
furrowed her ominous brow with wrinkles, assumed
white hair and sacred ribbon, then twined an olive spray there:
she became Calybe, Juno’s old servant, and priestess of her temple,
and offered herself to the young man’s eyes with these words:
‘Turnus, will you see all your efforts wasted in vain,
and your sceptre handed over to Trojan settlers?
The king denies you your bride and the dowry looked for
by your race, and a stranger is sought as heir to the throne.
Go then, be despised, offer yourself, un-thanked, to danger:
go, cut down the Tuscan ranks, protect the Latins with peace!
This that I now say to you, as you lie there in the calm of night,
Saturn’s all-powerful daughter herself ordered me to speak openly.
So rise, and ready your men, gladly, to arm and march
from the gates to the fields, and set fire to the painted ships
anchored in our noble river, and the Trojan leaders with them.
The vast power of the gods demands it. Let King Latinus
himself feel it, unless he agrees to keep his word and give you
your bride, and let him at last experience Turnus armed.’
At this the warrior, mocking the priestess, opened his mouth in turn:

'The news that a fleet has entered Tiber's waters
has not escaped my notice, as you think:
don't imagine it's so great a fear to me.
Nor is Queen Juno unmindful of me.
But you, O mother, old age, conquered by weakness
and devoid of truth, troubles with idle cares, and mocks
a prophetess, amidst the wars of kings, with imaginary terrors.
Your duty's to guard the gods' statues and their temples:
men will make war and peace, by whom war's to be made.'
Allecto blazed with anger at these words.
And, as the young man spoke, a sudden tremor seized his body,
and his eyes became fixed, the Fury hissed with so many snakes,
such a form revealed itself: then turning her fiery gaze on him,
she pushed him away as he hesitated, trying to say more,
and raised up a pair of serpents amidst her hair,
and cracked her whip, and added this through rabid lips:
'See me, conquered by weakness, whom old age, devoid of truth,
mocks with imaginary terrors amongst the wars of kings.
Look on this: I am here from the house of the Fatal Sisters,
and I bring war and death in my hand.'
So saying, she flung a burning branch at the youth,
and planted the brand, smoking with murky light, in his chest.
An immense terror shattered his sleep, and sweat, pouring
from his whole body drenched flesh and bone.
Frantic, he shouted for weapons, looked for weapons by the bedside,
and through the palace: desire for the sword raged in him,
and the accursed madness of war, anger above all:
as when burning sticks are heaped, with a fierce crackling,
under the belly of a raging cauldron, and the depths
dance with the heat, the smoking mixture seethes inside,
the water bubbles high with foam, the liquid can no longer
contain itself, and dark vapour rises into the air.
So, violating the peace, he commanded his young leaders
to march against King Latinus, and ordered the troops to be readied,
to defend Italy, to drive the enemy from her borders:
his approach itself would be enough for both Trojans and Latins.
When he gave the word, and called the gods to witness his vows,
the Rutuli vied in urging each other to arm.
This man is moved by Turnus's youth and outstanding nobility
of form, that by his royal line, this one again by his glorious deeds.

BkIX:1-24 Iris Urges Turnus to War

While all these things were happening in various places,
Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven to brave Turnus,
who chanced to be sitting in a sacred valley, a grove to Pilumnus
his father. To him Thaumasis's daughter spoke, from her rosy lips:
'Turnus, see, the circling days, unasked, have brought
what you wished, but what no god dared to promise.

Aeneas leaving the city, his friends and ships,
seeks the Palatine kingdom, and Evander's house.
Unsatisfied he has reached Corythus's furthest cities,
and, gathering men from the country, arms Lydian troops.
Why wait? Now is the time to call on horse and chariot.
End all delays: seize their camp, in its confusion.'
She spoke, and rose into the sky on level wings,
tracing a vast arc against the clouds in her flight.
The youth knew her, raised both his hands to the heavens,
and sent these words after her as she flew:
'Iris, glory of the sky, who sent you down through
the clouds, to me, on earth? Where does this sudden
bright moment spring from? I see the sky split apart
at its zenith, and the stars that roam the pole. I follow
so mighty an omen, whoever calls me to arms.'
Saying this he went to the river and scooped water
from the surface of the stream, calling often
to the gods, and weighting the air with prayers.

BkIX:25-76 Turnus Attacks the Trojan Fleet

Now the whole army, rich in horses, rich in ornate clothes,
and gold, was engaged in moving over the open fields:
Messapus controlling the front ranks, Tyrrhus's sons
the rear, Turnus, the leader, in the centre of the line:
like the deep Ganges, swelling in silence, through
his seven placid streams, or Nile when his rich stream
inundates the fields, soon sinking down into his course.
The Trojans suddenly see a black dust cloud
gathering there, and darkness rising over the plain.
Caicus shouted first from the forward rampart:
'What's that rolling mass of black fog, countrymen?
Bring your swords, quickly: hand out spears: mount the walls:
ah, the enemy is here!' With a great clamour the Trojans
retreated through the gates, and filled the ramparts.
For Aeneas, wisest in warfare, had commanded, on leaving,
if anything chanced in the meantime, they were not to dare
to form ranks or trust themselves to the open field: they were
only to guard the camp and walls, safe behind the ramparts.
So, though anger and shame counselled the troops to fight,
still they shut the gates and followed his orders,
awaiting the enemy, armed, within their hollow turrets.
But Turnus had galloped forward ahead of his slow column,
accompanied by twenty chosen horsemen, and reached
the city unexpectedly: a piebald Thracian horse carried him,
a golden helmet with a crimson crest protected his head.
'Men,' he shouted, 'is there anyone who'll be first with me
among the enemy - ? Look,' and twirling a javelin sent it

skyward to start the fight, and rode proudly over the field.
His friends welcomed him with a shout, and followed
with fearful battle-cries: marvelling at the Trojan's dull souls,
not trusting themselves to a level field, nor facing men
carrying weapons, but hugging the camp. He rode to and fro
wildly round the walls, seeking a way in where there was none.
Like a wolf, lying in wait by a full sheepfold, that snarls
by the pens at midnight, enduring the wind and rain,
the lambs bleating safe beneath their mothers,
and rages against the prey out of reach, fierce and persistent
in its anger, tormented by its dry, bloodless jaws,
and the fierceness of its long-increasing hunger:
so as Turnus scanned the wall and camp, the Rutulian's anger
was alight, and indignation burned in his harsh marrow.
How could he try and enter, and hurl the penned-up
Trojans from their rampart, and scatter them over the plain?
He attacked the ships, that lay close to a flank of the camp,
defended by earthworks, and the flowing river,
calling out to his exultant friends for fire,
and fervently grasped a blazing pine-brand in his hand.
Then they set to (urged on by Turnus's presence)
and all the men armed themselves with dark torches.
They stripped the hearths: the smoking branches threw
a pitchy glow, and Vulcan hurled the cloud of ashes to heaven.

BkIX:168-223 Nisus and Euryalus: A Mission Proposed

The armed Trojans held the heights, looking down
on this from above, and also with anxious fears,
checked the gates, built bulwarks and bridges,
and disposed their weapons. Mnestheus and brave Serestus,
whom Aeneas their leader appointed to command the army
and state, if adversity ever required it, urged them on.
Sharing the risk, the whole company kept watch and served
in turn, at whatever point was to be guarded by each.
Nisus, bravest of warriors, son of Hyrtacus, was a guard
at the gates, he whom Ida the huntress had sent
to accompany Aeneas, agile with javelin and light darts,
and Euryalus was with him, than whom none was
more beautiful among the Aenedae, or wearing Trojan armour,
a boy, whose unshaven face, showed the first bloom of youth.
One love was theirs, and they charged side by side into battle:
now they were also guarding the gate at the same sentry-post.
Nisus said: 'Euryalus, do the gods set this fire in our hearts,
or does each man's fatal desire become godlike to him?
My mind has long urged me to rush to battle, or high
adventure, and is not content with peace and quiet.
You see what confidence the Rutulians have in events:
their lights shine far apart, and they lie drowned in sleep

and wine, everywhere is quiet. Listen to what I'm now thinking, and what purpose comes to mind. The army and the council all demand Aeneas be recalled, and men be sent to report the facts to him. If they were to grant what I suggest to you (the glory of doing it is enough for me) I think I could find a way, beyond that hill, to the walls and ramparts of Pallanteum.' Euryalus was dazzled, struck by a great desire for glory, and replied to his ardent friend at once, like this: 'Nisus, do you shun my joining in this great deed, then? Shall I send you into such danger alone? That's not how my father Opheltes, seasoned in war, educated me, raising me among Greek terrors and Troy's ordeals, nor have I conducted myself so with you, following noble Aeneas and the ends of fate. This is my spirit, one scornful of the day, that thinks the honour you aim at well bought with life itself.' Nisus replied: 'Indeed I had no such doubts of you, that would be wrong: not so will great Jupiter, or whoever looks at this action with favourable gaze, bring me back to you in triumph: but if (as you often see in such crises) if chance or some god sweeps me to disaster, I want you to survive: your youth is more deserving of life. Let there be someone to entrust me to earth, my body rescued from conflict, or ransomed for a price, or if Fortune denies the customary rites, to perform them in my absence, and honour me with a stone. And don't let me be a cause of grief to your poor mother, my boy, who alone among many mothers dared to follow you, without thought of staying in great Acestes's city.' But the lad said: 'You weave your excuses in vain, my purpose won't change or yield to yours. Let's hurry', and he roused guards, who came up to take their place: leaving his post he walked by Nisus's side to seek the prince.

BkIX:224-313 Nisus and Euryalus: Aletes Consents

Every other creature, throughout the land, was easing its cares with sleep, its heart forgetful of toil: the Trojans' chief captains, the pick of their manhood, were holding council on the most serious affairs of state, what to do, and who should go now as messenger to Aeneas. They stood, between the camp and the plain, leaning on their long spears, holding their shields. Nisus and Euryalus, together, begged eagerly to be admitted at once: the matter being important, and worth the delay. Iulus was first to welcome the impatient pair, and ordered Nisus to speak. So the son of Hyrtacus said: 'Followers of Aeneas, listen

with fair minds, and don't judge my words by our years.
The Rutulians are quiet, drowned in sleep and wine.
We ourselves have seen a place for a sortie: it opens
in a fork of the road by the nearest gate to the sea.
There's a gap between the fires, and black smoke rises
to the stars. If you allow us to seize the chance,
you'll soon see us back again burdened with spoils
after carrying out vast slaughter. The road will not
deceive us as we seek Aeneas and Pallanteum's walls.
In our frequent hunting through the secret valleys
we've seen the outskirts of the city, and know the whole river.'
To this Aletes, heavy with years and wise in mind, replied:
'Gods of our fathers, under whose power Troy lies,
you do not intend to obliterate the Trojan race as yet
since you bring us such courage in our young men and such
firm hearts.' So saying, he took them both by the shoulder
and hand while tears flooded his cheeks and lips.
'What possible prize could I consider worthy
to be granted you men for such a glorious action?
The gods and tradition will give you the first
and most beautiful one: then good Aeneas, and Ascanius,
who's untouched by the years and never unmindful
of such service, will immediately award the rest.'
Ascanius interrupted: 'Rather I entreat you both, Nisus,
since my well-being depends on my father's return,
by the great gods of our house, by the Lar of Assaracus,
and by grey-haired Vesta's innermost shrine, I lay
all my fortune and my promise in your lap, call my father back,
give me a sight of him: there's no sorrow if he's restored.
I'll give you a pair of wine-cups, all of silver, with figures
in relief, that my father captured when Arisba was taken,
and twin tripods, two large talents of gold,
and an antique bowl Sidonian Dido gave me.
If we truly manage to capture Italy, and take the sceptre,
and assign the spoils by lot, you have seen the horse
golden Turnus rode, and the armour he wore, I'll separate
from this moment, from the lots, that same horse, the shield,
and the crimson plumes as your reward, Nisus.
Moreover my father will give you twelve women
of choicest person, and male captives all with their own armour,
and, beyond that, whatever land King Latinus owns himself.
But now I truly welcome you wholly to my heart, Euryalus,
a boy to be revered, whose age I come closer to in time,
and embrace you as a friend for every occasion.
I'll never seek glory in my campaigns without you:
whether I enjoy peace or war, you'll have my firmest trust
in word and action.' Euryalus spoke like this in reply:
'No day will ever find me separated from such

bold action: inasmuch as fortune proves kind
and not cruel. But I ask one gift above all from you:
I have a mother, of Priam's ancient race, unhappy woman,
whom neither the land of Troy, nor King Acestes's city
could keep from accompanying me. I leave her now,
ignorant of whatever risk to me there might be,
and of my farewell, since (this night and your
right hand bear witness) I could not bear
a mother's tears. But I beg you, comfort
her helplessness and aid her loss. Let me carry
this hope I place in you with me, I will meet all dangers
more boldly.' Their spirits affected, the Trojans
shed tears, noble Iulus above all, and this image
of filial love touched his heart. Then he said:
'Be sure I'll do everything worthy of your great venture.
She'll be as my mother to me, only lacking *her* name Creusa:
no small gratitude's due to her for bearing such a son.
Whatever the outcome of your action, I swear by this life,
by which my father used once to swear: what I promised
to you when you return, your campaign successful,
that same will accrue to your mother and your house.'
So he spoke, in tears: and at the same time stripped the gilded
sword from his shoulder, that Lycaon of Cnossos had made
with marvellous art, and equipped for use with an ivory sheath.
Mnestheus gave Nisus a pelt, taken from a shaggy lion,
loyal Aletes exchanged helmets. They armed, and left
immediately: and the whole band of leaders, young and old,
escorted them to the gate as they went, with prayers.
And noble Iulus too, with mature mind and duties
beyond his years, gave them many commissions
to carry to his father: but the winds were to scatter
them all, and blow them vainly to the clouds.

BkIX:314-366 Nisus and Euryalus: The Raid

Leaving, they crossed the ditches, seeking the enemy camp
in the shadow of night, destined yet to first bring many deaths.
They saw bodies in drunken sleep, stretched here and there
on the grass, chariots tilted upwards on the shore, men, among
wheels and harness, and weapons and wine-cups lying about.
Nisus, Hyrtacus's son, spoke first, saying:
'Euryalus, now the occasion truly calls for a daring
right hand. This is our road. You must see that no arm's
raised against us at our back, and keep watch carefully:
I'll deal destruction here, and cut you a wide path.'
So he spoke, and checked his speech, and at once
drove his sword at proud Rhamnes, who chanced to be
breathing deeply in sleep, piled with thick coverlets,

He was King Turnus's best-beloved augur, and a king himself, but he could not avert destruction with augury. Nisus killed three of his servants nearby, lying careless among their weapons, and Remus's armour bearer, and his charioteer, found at the horses' feet: he severed lolling necks with his sword. Then he struck off the head of their lord himself, and left the trunk spurting blood, the ground and the bed drenched with dark warm blood. And Lamyrus too, and Lamum, and young Serranus, noted for his beauty, who had sported much that night, and lay there limbs drowned by much wine – happy if he'd carried on his game all night till dawn: So a starving lion churning through a full sheepfold, (driven by its raging hunger) gnaws and tears at the feeble flock mute with fear, and roars from its bloodstained mouth. Nor was Euryalus's slaughter any less: he too raged, ablaze, and among the nameless crowd he attacked Fadius, and Herbesus, and Abaris, while they were unconscious: and Rhoetus, but Rhoetus was awake and saw it all, but crouched in fear behind a huge wine-bowl. As he rose, in close encounter, Euryalus plunged his whole blade into Rhoetus's chest, and withdrew it red with death. Rhoetus choked out his life in dark blood, and, dying, brought up wine mixed with gore: the other pressed on fervently and stealthily. Now he approached Messapus's followers: there he saw the outermost fires flickering, and the horses, duly tethered, cropping the grass: Nisus (seeing him carried away by slaughter and love of the sword's power) said briefly: 'Let's go, since unhelpful dawn is near. Enough: vengeance has been satisfied: a path has been made through the enemy.' They left behind many of the men's weapons fashioned from solid silver, and wine-bowls and splendid hangings. Euryalus snatched Rhamnes's trappings, and gold-studded sword-belt, gifts that wealthy Caedicus had once sent to Remulus of Tibur, expressing friendship in absence: he when dying gave them to his grandson as his own, and after his death in turn the Rutulians captured them during the war in battle: now Euryalus fitted them over his brave shoulders, though in vain. Then he put on Messapus's excellent helmet with its handsome plumes. The left the camp and headed for safety.

BkIX:367-459 The Death of Euryalus and Nisus

Meanwhile riders arrived, sent out from the Latin city, while the rest of the army waited in readiness, on the plain, bringing a reply for King Turnus: three hundred, carrying shields, led by Volcens. They were already near the camp, and below the walls, when they saw the two men turning down a path on the left:

his helmet, gleaming in the shadow of night, betrayed
the unthinking Euryalus, and reflected back the rays.
It was not seen in vain. Volcens shouted from his column:
'You men, halt, what's the reason for your journey? Who are you,
you're armed? Where are you off to?' They offered no response,
but hastened their flight to the woods, trusting to the dark.
The riders closed off the known junctions, on every side,
and surrounded each exit route with guards.
The forest spread out widely, thick with brambles
and holm-oaks, the dense thorns filling it on every side:
there the path glinted through the secret glades.
Euryalus was hampered by shadowy branches, and the weight
of his plunder, and his fear confused the path's direction.
Nisus was clear: and already unaware had escaped the enemy,
and was at the place later called Alba from Alba Longa
(at that time King Latinus had his noble stalls there)
when he stopped, and looked back vainly for his missing friend.
'Euryalus, unhappy boy, where did I separate from you?
Which way shall I go?' he said, considering all the tangled tracks
of the deceptive wood, and at the same time scanning
the backward traces he could see, criss-crossing the silent thickets.
He heard horses, heard the cries and signals of pursuit:
and it was no great time before a shout reached his ears
and he saw Euryalus, betrayed by the ground and the night,
confused by the sudden tumult, whom the whole troop
were dragging away, overpowered, struggling violently in vain.
What can he do? With what force, or weapons, can he dare
to rescue the youth? Should he hurl himself to his death among
the swords, and by his wounds hasten to a glorious end?
He swiftly drew back his spear arm and gazing upwards
at the moon above, prayed, with these words:
'O you, goddess, O you, Latona's daughter, glory of the stars,
and keeper of the woods, be here and help us in our trouble.
If ever my father, Hyrtacus, brought offerings on my behalf
to your altars, if ever I added to them from my own hunting,
hung them beneath your dome, or fixed them to the sacred eaves,
let me throw their troop into confusion, guide my spear through the air.'
He spoke and flung the steel, straining with his whole body.
The flying javelin divided the shadows, struck Sulmo's back,
as he turned, and snapped, the broken shaft piercing the heart.
He rolled over, a hot stream pouring from his chest,
and deep gasps shook his sides, as he grew cold.
They gazed round them, in every direction. See, Nisus,
all the more eager, levelled another spear against his ear.
While they hesitated, the javelin hissed through both
of Tagus's temples, and fixed itself still warm in the pierced
brain. Fierce Volcens raged, but could not spy out the author
of the act, nor any place that he could vent his fire.

He rushed at Euryalus with his naked sword, as he
cried out: 'In the mean time you'll pay in hot blood
and give me revenge for both your crimes.'
Then, truly maddened with fear, Nisus shouted aloud, unable
to hide himself in the dark any longer, or endure such agony:
On me, Rutulians, turn your steel on me, me who did the deed!
The guilt is all mine, he neither dared nor had the power:
the sky and the all-knowing stars be witnesses:
he only loved his unfortunate friend too much.'
He was still speaking, but the sword, powerfully driven,
passed through the ribs and tore the white breast.
Euryalus rolled over in death, and the blood flowed
down his lovely limbs, and his neck, drooping,
sank on his shoulder, like a bright flower scythed
by the plough, bowing as it dies, or a poppy weighed
down by a chance shower, bending its weary head.
But Nisus rushed at them, seeking Volcens
above all, intent on Volcens alone.
The enemy gathered round him, to drive him off,
in hand to hand conflict. He attacked none the less, whirling
his sword like lightning, until he buried it full in the face
of the shrieking Rutulian, and, dying, robbed his enemy of life.
Then, pierced through, he threw himself on the lifeless body
of his friend, and found peace at last in the calm of death.
Happy pair! If my poetry has the power,
while the House of Aeneas lives beside the Capitol's
immobile stone, and a Roman leader rules the Empire,
no day will raze you from time's memory.
The victorious Rutulians, gaining new plunder, and the spoils,
weeping carried the lifeless Volcens to the camp.
Nor was there less grief in that camp when Rhamnes
was discovered, drained of blood, and so many other leaders,
killed in a single slaughter, with Serranus and Numa. A huge
crowd rushed towards the corpses and the dying, and the place
fresh with hot killing, and foaming streams full of blood.
Between them they identified the spoils, Messapus's
gleaming helmet, and his trappings re-won with such sweat.

BkIX:460-524 Euryalus's Mother Laments

And now Aurora, early, leaving Tithonus's saffron bed,
sprinkled her fresh rays onto the earth. And now
as the sun streamed down, now as day revealed all things,
Turnus armed himself, and roused his heroes to arms:
they gathered their bronze-clad troops for the battle,
each his own, and whetted their anger with various tales.
They even fixed the heads of Euryalus and Nisus
on raised spears (wretched sight), and followed

behind them, making a great clamour.

The tough sons of Aeneas had fixed their opposing lines
on the left side of the ramparts (the right bordered on the river)
and they held the wide ditches and stood grieving
on the high turrets: moved as one, made wretched by seeing the heads
of men they know only too well transfixed and streaming dark blood.

Meanwhile winged Rumour, flying through the anxious town,
sped the news, and stole to the ears of Euryalus's mother.

And suddenly all warmth left her helpless bones,
the shuttle was hurled from her hands, the thread unwound.

The wretched woman rushed out and sought the ramparts
and the front line, shrieking madly, her hair dishevelled:
she ignored the soldiers, the danger, the weapons,
then she filled the heavens with her lament:'

'Is it you I see, Euryalus? You who brought peace
at last to my old age, how could you bring yourself
to leave me alone, cruel child? Why did you not give
your poor mother the chance for a final goodbye
when you were being sent into so much danger?

Ah, you lie here in a strange land, given as prey to the carrion
birds and dogs of Latium! I, your mother, did not escort you
in funeral procession, or close your eyes, or bathe your wounds,
or shroud you with the robes I laboured at night and day
for you, soothing the cares of old age at the loom.

Where shall I go? What earth now holds your body,
your torn limbs, your mangled corpse? My son,
is this what you bring home to me? Is this why I followed you
by land and sea? O Rutulians, if you have feelings, pierce me:
hurl all your spears at me: destroy me above all with your steel:
or you, great father of the gods, pity me, and with
your lightning bolt, hurl this hated being down to Tartarus,
since I can shatter this cruel life no other way.'

This wailing shook their hearts, and a groan of sorrow swept
them all: their strength for battle was numbed and weakened.

She was igniting grief and Idaeus and Actor,
at Ilioneus's order, with Iulus weeping bitterly,
caught her up, and carried her inside in their arms.

But the war-trumpet, with its bronze singing, rang out
its terrible sound, a clamour followed, that the sky re-echoed.

The Volscians, raising their shields in line, ran forward,
ready to fill in the ditches, and tear down the ramparts:
Some tried for an entrance, and to scale the wall with ladders,
where the ranks were thin, and a less dense cordon of men
allowed the light through. The Trojans accustomed to defending
their walls by endless warfare, hurled missiles at them
of every sort, and fended them off with sturdy poles.

They rolled down stones too, deadly weights,
in the hope of breaking through the well-protected ranks,

which under their solid shields, however, rejoiced
in enduring every danger. But soon even they were inadequate
since the Trojans rolled a vast rock to where a large formation
threatened, and hurled it down, felling the Rutulians
far and wide, and breaking their armoured shell.
The brave Rutulians no longer cared to fight blindly,
but tried to clear the ramparts with missiles.
Elsewhere, Mezentius, deadly to behold, brandished
Tuscan pine, and hurled smoking firebrands:
while Messapus, tamer of horses, scion of Neptune,
tore at the rampart, and called for scaling ladders.

BkIX:525-589 Turnus in Battle

I pray to you, O Calliope, Muses, inspire my singing
of the slaughter, the deaths Turnus dealt with his sword
that day, and who each warrior was, that he sent down to Orcus,
and open the lips of mighty war with me,
since, goddesses, you remember, and have the power to tell:
There was a turret, tall to look at, with high access-ways,
and a good position, that all the Italians tried with utmost power
to storm, and to dislodge with the utmost power of their efforts:
the Trojans in turn defended themselves with stones
and hurled showers of missiles through the open loopholes.
Turnus was first to throw a blazing torch and root the flames
in its flank, that, fanned by a strong wind, seized
the planking, and clung to the entrances they devoured.
The anxious men inside were afraid, and tried in vain
to escape disaster. While they clung together and retreated
to the side free from damage, the turret suddenly
collapsed, and the whole sky echoed to the crash.
Half-dead they fell to earth, the huge mass following,
pierced by their own weapons, and their chests impaled
on the harsh wood. Only Helenor and Lycus managed
to escape: Helenor being in the prime of youth, one
whom a Lycymnian slave had secretly borne to the Maeonian king,
and sent to Troy, with weapons he'd been forbidden,
lightly armed with naked blade, and anonymous white shield.
When he found himself in the midst of Turnus's thousands,
Latin ranks standing to right and left of him,
as a wild creature, hedged in by a close circle of hunters,
rages against theirs weapons, and hurls itself, consciously,
to death, and is carried by its leap on to the hunting spears,
so the youth rushed to his death among the enemy,
and headed for where the weapons appeared thickest.
But Lycus, quicker of foot, darting among the enemy
and their arms reached the wall, and tried to grasp
the high parapet with his hands, to reach his comrades' grasp.

Turnus following him closely on foot, with his spear,
taunted in triumph: 'Madman, did you hope to escape
my reach?' He seized him, there and then, as he hung,
and pulled him down, with a large piece of the wall,
like an eagle, carrier of Jove's lightning bolt, soaring high,
lifting a hare or the snow-white body of a swan in its talons,
or a wolf, Mars's creature, snatching a lamb from the fold,
that its mother searches for endlessly bleating. A shout rose
on all sides: the Rutulians drove forwards, some filling
the ditches with mounds of earth, others throwing burning brands
onto the roofs. Ilioneus felled Lucetius with a rock, a vast fragment
of the hillside, as he neared the gate, carrying fire, Liger
killed Emathion, Asilas killed Corynaeus, the first skilled
with the javelin, the other with deceptive long-range arrows:
Caenus felled Ortygius, Turnus victorious Caeneus, and Itys
and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas
as he stood on the highest tower, and Capys killed Privernus.
Themillas had grazed him slightly first with his spear, foolishly
he threw his shield down, and placed his hand on the wound:
so the arrow winged silently, fixed itself deep in his left side,
and, burying itself within, tore the breathing passages
with a lethal wound. Arcens son stood there too in glorious
armour, his cloak embroidered with scenes, bright with Spanish blue,
a youth of noble features, whom his father Arcens had sent,
reared in Mars's grove by Symaethus's streams,
where the rich and gracious altars of Palicus stand:
Mezentius, dropping his spears, whirled a whistling sling
on its tight thong, three times round his head, and split
his adversary's forehead open in the middle, with
the now-molten lead, stretching him full length in the deep sand.

BkIX:672-716 Turnus at the Trojan Gates

Pandarus and Bitias, sons of Alcanor from Ida, whom Iara
the wood-nymph bore in Jupiter's grove, youths tall
as the pine-trees on their native hills, threw open the gate
entrusted to them by their leader's command, and, relying on
their weapons, drew the Rutulian enemy within the walls.
They themselves stood in the gate, in front of the towers to right
and left, steel armoured, with plumes waving on their noble heads:
just as twin oaks rise up into the air, by flowing rivers,
on the banks of the Po, or by delightful Athesis, lifting
their shaggy heads to the sky, and nodding their tall crowns.
When they saw the entrance clear the Rutulians rushed through.
At once Quercens and Aquicolus, handsome in his armour,
Tmarus, impulsive at heart, and Haemon, a son of Mars,
were routed with all their Rutulian ranks, and took to their heels,
or laid down their lives on the very threshold of the gate.
Then the anger grew fiercer in their fighting spirits,

and soon the Trojans gathering massed in the same place,
and dared to fight hand to hand, and advance further outside.
The news reached Turnus, the Rutulian leader, as he raged
and troubled the lines in a distant part of the field, that the enemy,
hot with fresh slaughter, were laying their doors wide open.
He left what he had begun, and, roused to savage fury,
he ran towards the Trojan gate, and the proud brothers.
And first he brought Antiphates down with a spear throw,
(since he was first to advance), bastard son of noble Sarpedon
by a Theban mother: the Italian cornel-wood shaft flew through
the clear air and, fixing in his belly, ran deep up into his chest:
the hollow of the dark wound released a foaming flow,
and the metal became warm in the pierced lung.
Then he overthrew Meropes and Erymas with his hand,
and then Aphidnus, then Bitias, fire in his eyes, clamour
in his heart, not to a spear (he would never have lost his life
to a spear) but a javelin arrived with a great hiss, hurled
and driven like a thunderbolt, that neither two bulls' hides
nor the faithful breastplate with double scales of gold
could resist: the mighty limbs collapsed and fell,
earth groaned and the huge shield clanged above him.
So a rock pile sometimes falls on Baiae's Euboic shore,
first constructed of huge blocks, then toppled into the sea:
as it falls it trails havoc behind, tumbles into the shallows
and settles in the depths: the sea swirls in confusion,
and the dark sand rises upwards, then Procida's
lofty island trembles at the sound and Ischia's isle's
harsh floor, laid down over Typhoeus, at Jove's command.

BkIX:717-755 The Death of Pandarus

At this Mars, powerful in war, gave the Latins strength
and courage, and twisted his sharp goad in their hearts,
and sent Rout and dark Fear against the Trojans.
Given the chance for action, the Latins came together
from every side, and the god of battle possessed their souls.
Pandarus, seeing his brother's fallen corpse, and which side
fortune was on, and what fate was driving events,
pushed with a mighty heave of his broad shoulders
and swung the gate on its hinges, leaving many a comrade
locked outside the wall in the cruel conflict: but the rest
he greeted as they rushed in and shut in there, with himself,
foolishly, not seeing the Rutulian king bursting through
among the mass, freely closing him inside the town,
like a huge tiger among a helpless herd.
At once fresh fire flashed from Turnus's eyes
his weapons clashed fearfully, the blood-red plumes
on his helmet quivered, and lightning glittered from his shield.

In sudden turmoil the sons of Aeneas recognised that hated form
and those huge limbs. Then great Pandarus sprang forward,
blazing with anger at his brother's death, shouting:
This is not Queen Amata's palace, given in dowry, or the heart
of Ardea, surrounding Turnus with his native walls.
You see an enemy camp: you can't escape from here.'
Turnus, smiling, his thoughts calm, replied to him:
'Come then, if there's courage in your heart, close with me:
you can go tell Priam that, here too, you found an Achilles.'
He spoke. Pandarus, straining with all his force, hurled
his spear rough with knots and un-stripped bark:
the wind took it, Saturnian Juno deflected
the imminent blow, and the spear stuck fast in the gate.
Turnus cried: 'But you'll not escape this weapon
my right arm wields with power, the source of this weapon
and wound is not such as you.': and he towered up, his sword
lifted, and, with the blade, cleft the forehead in two between
the temples, down to the beardless jaw, in an evil wound.
There was a crash: the ground shook under the vast weight.
Pandarus, dying, lowered his failing limbs and brain-spattered
weapons to the ground, and his skull split in half
hung down on either side over both his shoulders.

BkIX:756-787 Turnus Slaughters the Trojans

The Trojans turned and fled in sudden terror,
and if Turnus had thought at once to burst the bolts
by force, and let in his comrades through the gates,
that would have been the end of the war and the nation.
But rage and insane desire for slaughter drove him,
passionate, against the enemy. First he caught Phaleris
and Gyges whom he hamstrung, then flung their spears,
which he seized, at the backs of the fleeing crowd.
Juno aided him in strength and spirit. He sent
Halys and Phegeus, his shield pierced, to join them,
then Alcander and Halius, Noemon and Prytanis
unawares, as they roused those on the walls to battle.
As Lynceus calling to his comrades moved towards him,
he anticipated him with a stroke of his glittering sword
from the right-hand rampart, Lynceus's head, severed
by the single blow at close quarters, fell to the ground
with the helmet some distance away. Then Amycus,
that threat to wild creatures, than whom none was better
at coating spears and arming steel with poison,
and Clytius, son of Aeolus, and Cretheus, friend to the Muses,
Cretheus the Muses' follower, to whom song and lyre
and striking measures on the strings were always a delight,
always he sang of horses, of soldiers' weapons and battles.

At last the Trojan leaders, Mnestheus and brave Serestus,
hearing of this slaughter of their men, arrived to see
their troops scattered and the enemy within.
Mnestheus shouted: 'Where are you running to, off where?
What other walls or battlements do you have, but these?
O citizens, shall one man, hemmed in on all sides by ramparts,
cause such carnage through this our city, and go unpunished?
Shall he send so many of our noblest youths to Orcus?
Cowards, have you no pity, no shame, for your wretched
country, for your ancient gods, for great Aeneas?'

BkIX:788-818 Turnus Is Driven Off

Inflamed by such words they were strengthened, and they halted,
densely packed. Turnus little by little retreated from the fight,
heading for the river, and a place embraced by the waves.
The Trojans pressed towards him more fiercely, with a great clamour,
and massed together, as a crowd of hunters with levelled spears
close in on a savage lion: that, fearful but fierce, glaring in anger,
gives ground, though fury and courage won't let it turn its back,
nor will men and spears allow it to attack, despite its wish.
So Turnus wavering retraced his steps
cautiously, his mind seething with rage.
Even then he charged amongst the enemy twice,
and twice sent them flying a confused rabble along the walls:
but the whole army quickly gathered *en masse* from the camp,
and Saturnian Juno didn't dare empower him against them,
since Jupiter sent Iris down through the air from heaven,
carrying no gentle commands for his sister, if Turnus did not leave
the high Trojan ramparts. Therefore the warrior, overwhelmed
by so many missiles hurled from every side, couldn't so much as
hold his own with shield and sword-arm. The helmet protecting
his hollow temples rang with endless noise, the solid bronze gaped
from the hail of stones, his crest was torn off, and his shield-boss
couldn't withstand the blows: the Trojans, with deadly Mnestheus
himself, redoubled their rain of javelins. Then the sweat ran all over
Turnus's body, and flowed in a dark stream (he'd no time to breathe)
and an agonised panting shook his exhausted body.
Then, finally, leaping headlong, he plunged down into the river
in full armour. The Tiber welcomed him to its yellow flood
as he fell, lifted him on its gentle waves, and, washing away
the blood, returned him, overjoyed, to his friends.

BkX:308-425 The Pitched Battle

But the long delay didn't keep Turnus back: swiftly he moved
his whole front against the Trojans, and stood against them on the shore.
The trumpets sounded. Aeneas, first, attacked the ranks
of farmers, as a sign of battle, and toppled the Latins,

killing Theron, noblest of men, who unprompted sought out Aeneas. The sword drank from his side, pierced through the bronze joints, and the tunic scaled with gold. Then he struck Lichas, who had been cut from the womb of his dead mother and consecrated to you, Phoebus: why was he allowed to evade the blade at birth? Soon after, he toppled in death tough Cisseus, and huge Gyas, as they laid men low with their clubs: Hercules's weapons were no help, nor their stout hands nor Melampus their father, Hercules's friend, while earth granted him heavy labours. See, Aeneas hurled his javelin as Pharus uttered words in vain, and planted it in his noisy gullet. You too, unhappy Cydon, as you followed Clytius, your new delight, his cheeks golden with youthful down, you too would have fallen beneath the Trojan hand, and lain there, wretched, free of that love of youth that was ever yours, had the massed ranks of your brothers, not opposed him, the children of Phorcus, seven in number, seven the spears they threw: some glanced idly from helmet and shield, some gentle Venus deflected, so they only grazed his body. Aeneas spoke to faithful Achates: 'Supply me with spears, those that lodged in the bodies of Greeks on Ilium's plain: my right hand won't hurl any at these Rutulians in vain.' Then he grasped a great javelin and threw it: flying on, it crashed through the bronze of Maeon's shield, smashing breastplate and breast in one go. His brother Alcanor was there, supporting his brother with his right arm as he fell: piercing the arm, the spear flew straight on, keeping its blood-wet course, and the lifeless arm hung by the shoulder tendons. Then Numitor, ripping the javelin from his brother's body, aimed at Aeneas: but he could not strike at him in return, and grazed great Achates's thigh. Now Clausus of Cures approached, relying on his youthful strength, and hit Dryopes under the chin from a distance away, with his rigid spear, driven with force, and, piercing his throat as he spoke, took his voice and life together: he hit the ground with his forehead, and spewed thick blood from his mouth. Clausus toppled, in various ways, three Thracians too, of Boreas's exalted race, and three whom Idas their father and their native Ismarus sent out. Halaesus ran to join him, and the Auruncan Band, and Messapus, Neptune's scion, with his glorious horses. Now one side, now the other strained to push back the enemy: the struggle was at the very threshold of Italy. As warring winds, equal in force and purpose, rise to do battle in the vast heavens and between them neither yield either clouds or sea: the battle is long in doubt, all things stand locked in conflict:

so the ranks of Troy clashed with the Latin ranks,
foot against foot, man pressed hard against man.
But in another place, where a torrent had rolled and scattered
boulders, with bushes torn from the banks, far and wide,
Pallas, seeing his Arcadians unused to charging in ranks
on foot turning to run from the pursuing Latins, because
the nature of the ground, churned by water, had persuaded them to leave
their horses for once, now with prayers, and now with bitter words,
the sole recourse in time of need, fired their courage:
'Friends, where are you running to? Don't trust to flight,
by your brave deeds, by King Evander's name,
and the wars you've won, and my hopes, now seeking
to emulate my father's glory. We must hack a way through
the enemy with our swords. Your noble country calls you
and your leader Pallas, to where the ranks of men are densest.
No gods attack us. We are mortals driven before a mortal foe:
we have as many lives, as many hands as they do.
Look, the ocean closes us in with a vast barrier of water,
there's no land left to flee to: shall we seek the seas or Troy?'
He spoke, and rushed into the midst of the close-packed enemy.
Lagus met him first, drawn there by a hostile fate.
As he tore at a huge weight of stone, Pallas pierced him
where the spine parts the ribs in two, with the spear he hurled,
and plucked out the spear again as it lodged in the bone.
Nor did Hisbo surprise him from above, hopeful though he was,
since, as he rushed in, raging recklessly at his friend's cruel death,
Pallas intercepted him first, and buried his sword in his swollen chest.
Next Pallas attacked Sthenius, and Anchemolus, of Rhoetus's
ancient line, who had dared to violate his step-mother's bed.
You, twin brothers, also fell in the Rutulian fields, Laridus
and ThyMBER, the sons of Daucus, so alike you were
indistinguishable to kin, and a dear confusion to your parents:
but now Pallas has given you a cruel separateness.
For Evander's sword swept off your head, ThyMBER:
while your right hand, Laridus, sought its owner,
and the dying fingers twitched and clutched again at the sword.
Fired by his rebuke and seeing his glorious deeds, a mixture
of remorse and pain roused the Arcadians against their enemy.
Then Pallas pierced Rhoetus as he shot past in his chariot.
Ilus gained that much time and that much respite,
since he had launched his solid spear at Ilus from far off,
which Rhoetus received, as he fled from you, noble Teuthras
and your brother Tyres, and rolling from the chariot
he struck the Rutulian fields with his heels as he died.
As in summer, when a hoped-for wind has risen,
the shepherd sets scattered fires in the woods,
the spaces between catch light, and Vulcan's bristling
ranks extend over the broad fields, while the shepherd sits

and gazes down in triumph over the joyful flames:
so all your comrades' courage united as one
to aid you Pallas. But Halaesus, fierce in war,
advanced against them and gathered himself behind his shield.
He killed Ladon, Pheres and Demodocus, struck off
Strymonius's right hand, raised towards his throat,
with his shining sword, and smashed Thoas in the face
with a stone, scattering bone mixed with blood and brain.
Halaesus's father, prescient of fate, had hidden him in the woods:
but when, in white-haired old age, the father closed his eyes in death,
the Fates laid their hands on Halaesus and doomed him
to Evander's spear. Pallas attacked him first praying:
'Grant luck to the spear I aim to throw, father Tiber,
and a path through sturdy Halaesus's chest. Your oak
shall have the these weapons and the soldier's spoils.'
The god heard his prayer: while Halaesus covered Imaon
he sadly exposed his unshielded chest to the Arcadian spear.

BkX:426-509 The Death of Pallas

But Lausus, a powerful force in the war, would not allow
his troops to be dismayed by the hero's great slaughter:
first he killed Abas opposite, a knotty obstacle in the battle.
The youth of Arcadia fell, the Etruscans fell, and you,
O Trojans, men not even destroyed by the Greeks.
The armies met, equal in leadership and strength:
the rear and front closed ranks, and the crush prevented
weapons or hands from moving. Here, Pallas pressed and urged,
there Lausus opposed him, not many years between them,
both of outstanding presence, but Fortune had denied them
a return to their country. Yet the king of great Olympos
did not allow them to meet face to face: their fate
was waiting for them soon, at the hand of a greater opponent.
Meanwhile Turnus's gentle sister Juturna adjured him to help
Lausus, and he parted the ranks between in his swift chariot.
When he saw his comrades he cried: 'It's time to hold back
from the fight: it's for me alone to attack Pallas, Pallas
is mine alone: I wish his father were here to see it.'
And his comrades drew back from the field as ordered.
When the Rutulians retired, then the youth, amazed at that proud
command, marvelled at Turnus, casting his eyes over
the mighty body, surveying all of him from the distance
with a fierce look, and answered the ruler's words with these:
'I'll soon be praised for taking rich spoils, or for a glorious death:
my father is equal to either fate for me: away with your threats.'
So saying he marched down the centre of the field:
the blood gathered, chill, in Arcadian hearts.
Turnus leapt from his chariot, preparing to close on foot,

and the sight of the advancing Turnus, was no different than that of a lion, seeing from a high point a bull far off on the plain contemplating battle, and rushing down. But Pallas came forward first, when he thought Turnus might be within spear-throw, so that chance might help him, in venturing his unequal strength, and so he spoke to the mighty heavens: 'I pray you, Hercules, by my father's hospitality and the feast to which you came as a stranger, assist my great enterprise. Let me strip the blood-drenched armour from his dying limbs, and let Turnus's failing sight meet its conqueror.' Hercules heard the youth, and stifled a heavy sigh deep in his heart, and wept tears in vain. Then Jupiter the father spoke to Hercules, his son, with kindly words: 'Every man has his day, the course of life is brief and cannot be recalled: but virtue's task is this, to increase fame by deeds. So many sons of gods fell beneath the high walls of Troy, yes, and my own son Sarpedon among them: fate calls even for Turnus, and he too has reached the end of the years granted to him.' So he spoke, and turned his eyes from the Rutulian fields. Then Pallas threw his spear with all his might, and snatched his gleaming sword from its hollow sheath. The shaft flew and struck Turnus, where the top of the armour laps the shoulder, and forcing a way through the rim of his shield at last, even grazed his mighty frame. At this, Turnus hurled his oak spear tipped with sharp steel, long levelled at Pallas, saying: 'See if this weapon of mine isn't of greater sharpness.' The spear-head, with a quivering blow, tore through the centre of his shield, passed through all the layers of iron, of bronze, all the overlapping bull's-hide, piercing the breastplate, and the mighty chest. Vainly he pulled the hot spear from the wound: blood and life followed, by one and the same path. He fell in his own blood (his weapons clanged over him) and he struck the hostile earth in death with gory lips. Then Turnus, standing over him, cried out: 'Arcadians, take note, and carry these words of mine to Evander: I return Pallas to him as he deserves. I freely give whatever honours lie in a tomb, whatever solace there is in burial. His hospitality to Aeneas will cost him greatly.' So saying he planted his left foot on the corpse, and tore away the huge weight of Pallas's belt, engraved with the Danaids' crime: that band of young men foully murdered on the same wedding night: the blood-drenched marriage chambers: that Clonus, son of Eurytus had richly chased in gold. Now Turnus exulted at the spoil, and gloried in winning. Oh, human mind, ignorant of fate or fortune to come,

or of how to keep to the limits, exalted by favourable events!
The time will come for Turnus when he'd prefer to have bought
an untouched Pallas at great price, and will hate those spoils
and the day. So his friends crowded round Pallas with many
groans and tears, and carried him back, lying on his shield.
O the great grief and glory in returning to your father:
that day first gave you to warfare, the same day took you from it,
while nevertheless you left behind vast heaps of Rutulian dead!

BkX:510-605 Aeneas Rages In Battle

Now not merely a rumour of this great evil, but a more trustworthy
messenger flew to Aeneas, saying that his men were a hair's breadth
from death, that it was time to help the routed Trojans. Seeking you,
Turnus, you, proud of your fresh slaughter, he mowed down
his nearest enemies, with the sword, and fiercely drove a wide path
through the ranks with its blade. Pallas, Evander, all was before
his eyes, the feast to which he had first come as a stranger,
the right hands pledged in friendship. Then he captured
four youths alive, sons of Sulmo, and as many reared
by Ufens, to sacrifice to the shades of the dead, and sprinkle
the flames of the pyre with the prisoners' blood.

Next he aimed a hostile spear at Magus from a distance:

Magus moved in cleverly, and the spear flew over him, quivering,
and he clasped the hero's knees as a suppliant, and spoke as follows:

'I beg you, by your father's shade, by your hope in your boy
Iulus, preserve my life, for my son and my father.

I have a noble house: talents of chased silver lie buried there:

I have masses of wrought and unwrought gold. Troy's victory
does not rest with me: one life will not make that much difference.'

Aeneas replied to him in this way: 'Keep those many talents
of silver and gold you mention for your sons. Turnus, before we spoke,
did away with the courtesies of war, the moment he killed Pallas.

So my father Anchises's spirit thinks, so does Iulus.'

Saying this he held the helmet with his left hand and, bending
the suppliant's neck backwards, drove in his sword to the hilt.

Haemon's son, a priest of Apollo and Diana, was not far away,
the band with its sacred ribbons circling his temples, and all
his robes and emblems shining white. Aeneas met him and drove him
over the plain, then, standing over the fallen man, killed him and cloaked
him in mighty darkness: Serestus collected and carried off
his weapons on his shoulders, a trophy for you, King Gradivus.

Caeculus, born of the race of Vulcan, and Umbro

who came from the Marsian hills restored order,

the Trojan raged against them: his sword sliced off Anxur's
left arm, it fell to the ground with the whole disc of his shield

(Anxur had shouted some boast, trusting the power
of words, lifting his spirit high perhaps, promising

himself white-haired old age and long years):
then Tarquitus nearby, proud in his gleaming armour,
whom the nymph Dryope had born to Faunus of the woods,
exposed himself to fiery Aeneas. He, drawing back his spear,
pinned the breastplate and the huge weight of shield together:
then as the youth begged in vain, and tried to utter a flow of words,
he struck his head to the ground and, rolling the warm trunk over,
spoke these words above him, from a hostile heart:
'Lie there now, one to be feared. No noble mother will bury you
in the earth, nor weight your limbs with an ancestral tomb:
you'll be left for the carrion birds, or, sunk in the abyss,
the flood will bear you, and hungry fish suck your wounds.'
Then he caught up with Antaeus, and Lucas, in Turnus's
front line, brave Numa and auburn Camers, son of noble Volcens,
the wealthiest in Ausonian land, who ruled silent Amyclae.
Once his sword was hot, victorious Aeneas raged
over the whole plain, like Aegeon, who had a hundred
arms and a hundred hands they say, and breathed fire
from fifty chests and mouths, when he clashed
with as many like shields of his and drew as many swords
against Jove's lightning-bolts. See now he was headed
towards the four horse team of Niphaeus's chariot
and the opposing front. And when the horses saw him taking
great strides in his deadly rage, they shied and galloped in fear,
throwing their master, and dragging the chariot to the shore.
Meanwhile Lucagus and his brother Liger entered the fray
in their chariot with two white horses: Liger handling
the horses' reins, fierce Lucagus waving his naked sword.
Aeneas could not tolerate such furious hot-headedness:
he rushed at them, and loomed up gigantic with levelled spear.
Liger said to him: 'These are not Diomedes's horses
that you see, nor Achille's chariot, nor Phrygia's plain:
now you'll be dealt an end to your war and life.'
Such were the words that flew far, from foolish
Liger's lips. But the Trojan hero did not ready
words in reply, he hurled his spear then against his enemies.
While Lucagus urged on his horses, leaning forward
towards the spear's blow, as, with left foot advanced,
he prepared himself for battle, the spear entered the lower
rim of his bright shield, then pierced the left thigh:
thrown from the chariot he rolled on the ground in death:
while noble Aeneas spoke bitter words to him:
'Lucagus, it was not the flight of your horses in fear that betrayed
your chariot, or the enemy's idle shadow that turned them:
it was you, leaping from the wheels, who relinquished the reins.'
So saying he grasped at the chariot: the wretched brother,
Liger, who had fallen as well, held, out his helpless hands:
'Trojan hero, by your own life, by your parents who bore

such a son, take pity I beg you, without taking this life away.’
As he begged more urgently, Aeneas said: ‘Those were not
the words you spoke before. Die and don’t let brother desert brother.’
Then he sliced open his chest where the life is hidden.
Such were the deaths the Trojan leader caused across
that plain, raging like a torrent of water or a dark
tempest. At last his child, Ascanius, and the men
who were besieged in vain, breaking free, left the camp.

BkX:606-688 Juno Withdraws Turnus from the Fight

Meanwhile Jupiter, unasked, spoke to Juno:
‘O my sister, and at the same time my dearest wife,
as you thought (your judgement is not wrong)
it is Venus who sustains the Trojans’ power,
not their own right hands, so ready for war,
nor their fierce spirits, tolerant of danger.’
Juno spoke submissively to him: ‘O loveliest of husbands
why do you trouble me, who am ill, and fearful of your
harsh commands? If my love had the power it once had,
that is my right, you, all-powerful, would surely not
deny me this, to withdraw Turnus from the conflict
and save him, unharmed, for his father, Daunus.
Let him die then, let him pay the Trojans in innocent blood.
Yet he derives his name from our line: Pilumnus
was his ancestor four generations back, and often weighted
your threshold with copious gifts from a lavish hand.’
The king of heavenly Olympus briefly replied to her like this:
‘If your prayer is for reprieve from imminent death
for your doomed prince, and you understand I so ordain it,
take Turnus away, in flight, snatch him from oncoming fate:
there’s room for that much indulgence. But if thought
of any greater favour hides behind your prayers, and you think
this whole war may be deflected or altered, you nurture a vain hope.’
And Juno, replied, weeping: ‘Why should your mind not grant
what your tongue withholds, and life be left to Turnus?
Now, guiltless, a heavy doom awaits him or I stray empty
of truth. Oh, that I might be mocked by false fears,
and that you, who are able to, might harbour kinder speech!
When she had spoken these words, she darted down at once
from high heaven through the air, driving a storm before her,
and wreathed in cloud, and sought the ranks of Ilium
and the Laurentine camp. Then from the cavernous mist
the goddess decked out a weak and tenuous phantom,
in the likeness of Aeneas, with Trojan weapons (a strange
marvel to behold), simulated his shield, and the plumes
on his godlike head, gave it insubstantial speech,
gave it sound without mind, and mimicked the way

he walked: like shapes that flit, they say, after death,
or dreams that in sleep deceive the senses.
And the phantom flaunted itself exultantly
in front of the leading ranks, provoking Turnus
with spear casts, and exasperating him with words.
Turnus ran at it, and hurled a hissing spear
from the distance: it turned its heels in flight.
Then, as Turnus thought that Aeneas had retreated
and conceded, and in his confusion clung to this idle hope
in his mind, he cried: 'Where are you off to, Aeneas?
Don't desert your marriage pact: this hand of mine
will grant you the earth you looked for over the seas.'
He pursued him, calling loudly, brandishing his naked sword,
not seeing that the wind was carrying away his glory.
It chanced that the ship, in which King Osinius sailed
from Clusium's shores, was moored to a high stone pier,
with ladders released and gangway ready. The swift phantom
of fleeing Aeneas sank into it to hide, and Turnus followed
no less swiftly, conquering all obstacles and leapt
up the high gangway. He had barely reached the prow
when Saturn's daughter snapped the cable,
and, snatching the ship, swept it over the waters.
Then the vague phantom no longer tried to hide
but, flying into the air, merged with a dark cloud.
Meanwhile Aeneas himself was challenging his missing enemy
to battle: and sending many opposing warriors to their deaths,
while the storm carried Turnus over the wide ocean.
Unaware of the truth, and ungrateful for his rescue,
he looked back and raised clasped hands and voice to heaven:
'All-powerful father, did you think me so worthy of punishment,
did you intend me to pay such a price? Where am I being taken?
From whom am I escaping? Why am I fleeing: how will I return?
Will I see the walls and camp of Laurentium again?
What of that company of men that followed me, and my standard?
Have I left them all (the shame of it) to a cruel death,
seeing them scattered now, hearing the groans as they fall?
What shall I do? Where is the earth that could gape
wide enough for me? Rather have pity on me, O winds:
Drive the ship on the rocks, the reefs (I, Turnus, beg you, freely)
or send it into the vicious quicksands, where no Rutulian,
nor any knowing rumour of my shame can follow me?
So saying he debated this way and that in his mind,
whether he should throw himself on his sword, mad
with such disgrace, and drive the cruel steel through his ribs,
or plunge into the waves, and, by swimming, gain
the curving bay, and hurl himself again at the Trojan weapons.
Three times he attempted each: three times great Juno
held him back, preventing him from heartfelt pity. He glided on,

with the help of wave and tide, cutting the depths,
and was carried to his father Daunus's ancient city.

BkX:689-754 Mezentius Rages in Battle

But meanwhile fiery Mezentius, warned by Jupiter,
took up the fight, and attacked the jubilant Trojans.
The Etruscan ranks closed up, and concentrated
all their hatred, and showers of missiles, on him alone.
He (like a vast cliff that juts out into the vast deep,
confronting the raging winds, and exposed to the waves,
suffering the force and threat of sky and sea,
itself left unshaken) felled Hebrus, son of Dolichaon,
to the earth, with him were Latagus and swift Palmus,
but he anticipated Latagus, with a huge fragment of rock
from the hillside in his mouth and face, while he hamstringed
Palmus and left him writhing helplessly: he gave Lausus the armour
to protect his shoulders, and the plumes to wear on his crest.
He killed Evanthes too, the Phrygian, and Mimas, Paris's
friend and peer, whom Theano bore to his father Amycus
on the same night Hecuba, Cisseus's royal daughter, pregnant
with a firebrand, gave birth to Paris: Paris lies in the city
of his fathers, the Laurentine shore holds the unknown Mimas.
And as a boar, that piny Vesulus has sheltered
for many years and Laurentine marshes have nourished
with forests of reeds, is driven from the high hills,
by snapping hounds, and halts when it reaches the nets,
snorts fiercely, hackles bristling, no one brave enough
to rage at it, or approach it, but all attacking it with spears,
and shouting from a safe distance: halts, unafraid,
turning in every direction, grinding its jaws,
and shaking the spears from its hide: so none of those
who were rightly angered with Mezentius had the courage
to meet him with naked sword, but provoked him
from afar with their missiles, and a mighty clamour.
Acron, a Greek had arrived there from the ancient lands
of Corythus, an exile, his marriage ceremony left incomplete.
When Mezentius saw him in the distance, embroiled
among the ranks, with crimson plumes, and in purple robes
given by his promised bride, he rushed eagerly into the thick
of the foe, as a ravenous lion often ranges the high coverts
(since a raging hunger drives it) and exults, with vast gaping jaws,
if it chances to see a fleeing roe-deer, or a stag with immature horns,
then clings crouching over the entrails, with bristling mane,
its cruel mouth stained hideously with blood.
Wretched Acron fell, striking the dark earth with his heels
in dying, drenching his shattered weapons with blood.
And he did not even deign to kill Orodes as he fled,
or inflict a hidden wound with a thrust of his spear:

he ran to meet him on the way, and opposed him man to man,
getting the better of him by force of arms not stealth.
Then setting his foot on the fallen man, and straining at his spear,
he called out: 'Soldiers, noble Orodes lies here, he was no small part
of this battle.' His comrades shouted, taking up the joyful cry:
Yet Orodes, dying, said: 'Whoever you are, winner here,
I'll not go unavenged, nor will you rejoice for long:
a like fate watches for you: you'll soon lie in these same fields.'
Mezentius replied, grinning with rage: 'Die now,
as for me, the father of gods and king of men will see to that.'
So saying he withdrew his spear from the warrior's body.
Enduring rest, and iron sleep, pressed on Orodes's eyes,
and their light was shrouded in eternal night.
Caedicus killed Alcatous: Sacrator killed Hydapses:
Rapo killed Parthenius, and Orses of outstanding strength.
Messapus killed Clonius, and Ericetes, son of Lycaon,
one lying on the ground fallen from his bridle-less horse,
the other still on his feet. Lycian Agis had advanced his feet
but Valerus overthrew him, with no lack of his ancestors' skill:
Salius killed Thronius, and Nealces, famed for the javelin,
and the deceptive long-distance arrow, in turn killed Salcius.

BkX:755-832 The Death of Mezentius's Son, Lausus

Now grievous War dealt grief and death mutually:
they killed alike, and alike they died, winners and losers,
and neither one nor the other knew how to flee.
The gods in Jupiter's halls pitied the useless anger of them both,
and that such pain existed for mortal beings:
here Venus gazed down, here, opposite, Saturnian Juno.
Pale Tisiphone raged among the warring thousands.
And now Mezentius shaking his mighty spear,
advanced like a whirlwind over the field. Great as Orion,
when he strides through Ocean's deepest chasms, forging a way,
his shoulders towering above the waves, or carrying
an ancient manna ash down from the mountain heights,
walking the earth, with his head hidden in the clouds,
so Mezentius advanced in his giant's armour.
Aeneas, opposite, catching sight of him in the far ranks
prepared to go and meet him. Mezentius stood there unafraid,
waiting for his great-hearted enemy, firm in his great bulk:
and measuring with his eye what distance would suit his spear,
saying: 'Now let this right hand that is my god, and the weapon
I level to throw, aid me! I vow that you yourself, Lausus, as token
of my victory over Aeneas, shall be dressed in the spoils stripped
from that robber's corpse.' He spoke, and threw the hissing spear
from far out. But, flying on, it glanced from the shield,
and pierced the handsome Antores, nearby, between flank

and thigh, Antores, friend of Hercules, sent from Argos
who had joined Evander, and settled in an Italian city.
Unhappy man, he fell to a wound meant for another,
and dying, gazing at the sky, remembered sweet Argos.
Then virtuous Aeneas hurled a spear: it passed through
Mezentius's curved shield of triple-bronze, through linen,
and the interwoven layers of three bull's hides, and lodged
deep in the groin, but failed to drive home with force.
Aeneas, joyful at the sight of the Tuscan blood,
snatched the sword from his side, and pressed
his shaken enemy hotly. Lausus, seeing it, groaned heavily
for love of his father, and tears rolled down his cheeks –
and here I'll not be silent, for my part, about your harsh death,
through fate, nor, if future ages place belief in such deeds, your actions,
so glorious, nor you yourself, youth, worthy of remembrance –
his father was retreating, yielding ground, helpless,
hampered, dragging the enemy lance along with his shield.
The youth ran forward, and plunged into the fray,
and, just as Aeneas's right hand lifted to strike a blow,
he snatched at the sword-point, and checked him in delay:
his friends followed with great clamour, and, with a shower
of spears, forced the enemy to keep his distance till the father
could withdraw, protected by his son's shield.
Aeneas raged, but kept himself under cover.
As every ploughman and farmer runs from the fields
when storm-clouds pour down streams of hail,
and the passer by shelters in a safe corner, under a river
bank or an arch of high rock, while the rain falls to earth,
so as to pursue the day's work when the sun returns:
so, overwhelmed by missiles from every side,
Aeneas endured the clouds of war, while they all thundered,
and rebuked Lausus, and threatened Lausus, saying:
'Why are you rushing to death, with courage beyond your strength?
Your loyalty's betraying you to foolishness.' Nevertheless
the youth raged madly, and now fierce anger rose higher
in the Trojan leader's heart, and the Fates gathered together
the last threads of Lausus's life. For Aeneas drove his sword
firmly through the youth's body, and buried it to the hilt:
the point passed through his shield, too light for his threats,
and the tunic of soft gold thread his mother had woven,
blood filled its folds: then life left the body and fled,
sorrowing, through the air to the spirits below.
And when Anchises's son saw the look on his dying face,
that face pale with the wonderment of its ending,
he groaned deeply with pity and stretched out his hand,
as that reflection of his own love for his father touched
his heart. 'Unhappy child, what can loyal Aeneas grant
to such a nature, worthy of these glorious deeds of yours?

Keep the weapons you delighted in: and if it is something you are anxious about, I return you to the shades and ashes of your ancestors. This too should solace you, unhappy one, for your sad death: you died at the hands of great Aeneas.' Also he rebuked Lausus's comrades, and lifted their leader from the earth, where he was soiling his well-ordered hair with blood.

BkX:833-908 The Death of Mezentius

Meanwhile the father, Mezentius, staunched his wounds by the waters of Tiber's river, and rested his body by leaning against a tree trunk. His bronze helmet hung on a nearby branch, and his heavy armour lay peacefully on the grass. The pick of his warriors stood around: he himself, weak and panting eased his neck, his flowing beard streaming over his chest. Many a time he asked for Lausus, and many times sent men to carry him a sorrowing father's orders and recall him. But his weeping comrades were carrying the dead Lausus, on his armour, a great man conquered by a mighty wound. The mind prescient of evil, knew their sighs from far off. Mezentius darkened his white hair with dust, and lifted both hands to heaven, clinging to the body: 'My son, did such delight in living possess me, that I let you face the enemy force in my place, you whom I fathered? Is this father of yours alive through your death, saved by your wounds? Ah, now at last my exile is wretchedly driven home: and my wound, deeply! My son, I have also tarnished your name by my crime, driven in hatred from my fathers' throne and sceptre. I have long owed reparation to my country and my people's hatred: I should have yielded my guilty soul to death in any form! Now I live: I do not leave humankind yet, or the light, but I will leave.' So saying he raised himself weakly on his thigh, and, despite all, ordered his horse to be brought, though his strength ebbed from the deep wound. His mount was his pride, and it was his solace, on it he had ridden victorious from every battle. He spoke to the sorrowful creature, in these words: 'Rhaebus, we have lived a long time, if anything lasts long for mortal beings. Today you will either carry the head of Aeneas, and his blood-stained spoils, in victory, and avenge Lausus's pain with me, or die with me, if no power opens that road to us: I don't think that you, the bravest of creatures, will deign to suffer a stranger's orders or a Trojan master.' He spoke, then, mounting, disposed his limbs as usual, and weighted each hand with a sharp javelin, his head gleaming with bronze, bristling with its horsehair crest. So he launched himself quickly into the fray. In that one heart a vast flood of shame and madness merged with grief.

And now he called to Aeneas in a great voice.
 Aeneas knew him and offered up a joyous prayer:
 'So let the father of the gods himself decree it, so
 noble Apollo! You then begin the conflict...'
 He spoke those words and moved against him with level spear.
 But Mezentius replied: 'How can you frighten me, most savage
 of men, me, bereft of my son? That was the only way you could
 destroy me: I do not shrink from death, or halt for any god.
 Cease, since I come here to die, and bring you, first,
 these gifts.' He spoke, and hurled a spear at his enemy:
 then landed another and yet another, wheeling
 in a wide circle, but the gilded shield withstood them.
 He rode three times round his careful enemy, widdershins,
 throwing darts from his hand: three times the Trojan hero
 dragged round the huge thicket of spears fixed in his bronze shield.
 Then tired of all that drawn-out delay, and burdened
 by the unequal conflict, he thought hard, and finally broke free,
 hurling his spear straight between the war horse's curved temples.
 The animal reared, and lashed the air with its hooves,
 and throwing its rider, followed him down, from above,
 entangling him, collapsing headlong onto him, its shoulder thrown.
 Trojans and Latins ignited the heavens with their shouts.
 Aeneas ran to him, plucking his sword from its sheath
 and standing over him, cried: 'Where is fierce Mezentius, now,
 and the savage force of that spirit?' The Tuscan replied, as, lifting
 his eyes to the sky, and gulping the air, he regained his thoughts:
 'Bitter enemy, why taunt, or threaten me in death?
 There is no sin in killing: I did not come to fight believing so,
 nor did my Lausus agree any treaty between you and me.
 I only ask, by whatever indulgence a fallen enemy might claim,
 that my body be buried in the earth. I know that my people's
 fierce hatred surrounds me: protect me, I beg you,
 from their anger, and let me share a tomb with my son.'
 So he spoke, and in full awareness received the sword in his throat,
 and poured out his life, over his armour, in a wave of blood.

BkXI:336-375 Drances Attacks Turnus Verbally

Then Drances, whom Turnus's glory provoked with the bitter
 sting of secret envy, rose, hostile as before, : lavish
 of his wealth, and a better speaker, but with a hand
 frozen in battle: held to be no mean adviser in council,
 and powerful in a quarrel (his mother's high birth
 granted him nobility, his father's origin was uncertain):
 and with these words added weight and substance to their anger:
 'O gracious king, you consult us on a subject clear to all,
 and needing no speech from us: everyone acknowledges
 they know what the public good demands, but shrink from speech.
 Let that man, through whose inauspicious leadership

and perverse ways (speak I will though he threaten me with violence or death) we have seen so many glorious leaders fall, and the city sunk in mourning, while he attacks the Trojan camp, trusting in flight, and frightens heaven with his weapons, let him grant freedom of speech, and cease his arrogance. Add one further gift to the many you order us to send and communicate to the Trojans, one more, gracious king, why not, as a father may, and let no man's violence prevent you, give your daughter to an illustrious man in a marriage worthy of her, binding this peace with an everlasting contract. But if fear of doing such possesses our minds and hearts, let us appeal to the prince, and beg permission from him: to yield, and give up his rights in favour of his king and his country. O Turnus, you who are the source and reason for all these problems for Latium, why do you so often hurl your wretched countrymen into obvious danger? There's no remedy in war, we all ask you for peace, together with the sole inviolable pledge of peace. I first of all, whom you imagine to be your enemy (and I will not contest it) come as a suppliant. Pity your people, set your pride aside, and conquered, give way. Routed, we have seen enough of death and made broad acres desolate. Or, if glory stirs you, if you harbour such strength of feeling, and if a palace as dowry is so dear to you, be bold, and carry yourself confidently against the enemy. Surely we whose lives are worthless should be scattered over the fields, unburied and unwept, so that Turnus might gain his royal bride? And you too, if you have any strength, if you have any of your father's warlike spirit, you must look into the face of your challenger.'

BkXI:376-444 Turnus Replies

Turnus's fury blazed at such a speech. He gasped and from the depths of his heart gave vent to these words: 'Drances, it's true you always have more than plenty to say whenever war calls for men, and you're first to appear when the senate is called together. But there's no need to fill the council-house with words, that fly so freely from you when you are safe, when the rampart walls keep the enemy off and the ditches are not yet drowned in blood. So thunder away, eloquently (as is your wont) Drances, and charge me with cowardice when your hand has produced like mounds of Trojan dead, and dotted the fields everywhere with trophies. You're free to try what raw courage can do, and certainly we don't need to search far for enemies: they're surrounding the walls on every side. Shall we go against them? Why hesitate? Will your appetite for war always remain in your airy tongue and fleeing feet?

I, beaten? You total disgrace, can anyone who sees
the Tiber swollen with Trojan blood, and all Evander's
house and race toppled, and the Arcadians stripped
of weapons, say with justice I am beaten?
Bitias, and giant Pandarus, and the thousand men that I as victor
sent down to Tartarus in one day, did not find it so, imprisoned
though I was by the walls, and hedged by enemy ramparts.
No safety in war? Madman, sing such about the Trojan's life,
and your possessions. Go on then, troubling everyone
with your great fears, and extolling the powers of a race
twice-defeated, while disparaging Latinus's army.
Now even Myrmidon princes, now Diomede, Tydeus's
son, and Larissean Achilles, tremble at Trojan weapons,
and Aufidus's river flows backwards from the Adriatic waves.
And what when he pretends he's afraid to quarrel with me,
the cunning rascal, and intensifies the charge with false terror.
You'll not lose a life like yours to my right hand
(don't shrink) keep it, let it remain in your breast.
Now, old father, I return to you and your great debate.
If you place no further hope in our forces,
if we're so desolate, if one reverse for our troops
has utterly destroyed us, and our Fortunes cannot return,
let's stretch out our helpless hands, and sue for peace.
Oh if only our traditional courage was here, though.
That man to me would be happy in his efforts, and outstanding
in spirit, who had fallen in death, so as not to see
such things, and who had bitten the dust once and for all.
Yet if we still have our wealth and manhood intact
and nations and cities of Italy are still our allies,
if the Trojans won glory with great bloodshed,
(they too have their dead, the storm of war's the same for all)
why do we lose heart, shamefully, on the very threshold?
Why does fear seize our limbs before the trumpets sound?
Many things change for the better with time, and the various
labours of altering years: Fortune toys with many a man,
then, visiting him in turn, sets him on solid ground again.
The Aetolian and his Arpi will be no help to us:
but Messapus will, and Tolumnius, the fortunate,
and all those leaders sent by many a people: no little glory
will accrue to the flower of Latium and Laurentine fields.
We have Camilla too, of the glorious Volscian nation,
leading her troop of riders, and squadrons bright with bronze.
But if the Trojans only call me to fight, and that's your wish,
if I'm so great an obstacle to the common good, Victory is far
from having fled these hands of mine with such hatred
that I should refuse to try anything for a hope so sweet.
I'd face him with courage though he outclassed great Achilles,
and wore armour to match, fashioned by Vulcan's hands.

I, Turnus, not second in virtue to any of my ancestors,
dedicate my life to you all, and to Latinus, father of my bride,
Aeneas challenges me alone? I pray that he does so challenge:
and, if the gods' anger is in this, that it is not Drances rather than I
who appeases them in death, or if there's worth and glory, takes it all.

BkXII:1-53 Turnus Demands Marriage

When Turnus saw the Latins exhausted, and weakened
by their military reverse, himself the subject of every gaze, his own
promise to them yet unfulfilled, he burned implacably,
and unprompted, and raised his courage. As a lion, in the African
bush, severely hurt by huntsmen with a wound to the chest,
only then rouses himself to battle, tosses his shaggy mane
over his neck, in joy, and, unafraid, snaps off the spear
some poacher has planted in him, roaring from blood-stained jaws:
so the violence grew in Turnus's inflamed heart.

Then he spoke to the king, beginning turbulently like this:

'There's no reluctance here, in Turnus: there's no reason
for Aeneas's coward crew to take back their words
or renounce their pact: I go to meet him. Carry out
the holy rite, father, and draw up the marriage contract.
I'll either send this Trojan, this Asian deserter,
to Tartarus, (let the Latins sit and watch) and
with my sword, alone, dispel the nation's shame,
or let him possess the defeated, let Lavinia go then as his bride.'

Latinus replied to him with calm in his heart:

'O youth of noble spirit, the more you excel
in fierce courage, the more it is right for me to take
careful thought, and weigh every event with caution.
You have your father Daunus's kingdom, you have
the many fortresses you captured by force,
and Latinus is not short of gold and generosity:
there are other unmarried girls, not ignoble in birth,
in the fields of Latium and Laurentium. Allow me to say this,
un-gently, openly stripped of all guile, and take it to heart:
it was forbidden for me to ally my daughter to any
of her former suitors, and all gods and men decreed it.
Conquered by love for you, conquered by kinship, and the tears
of a sorrowful wife, I broke all bounds: I snatched the betrothed
girl from my son-in-law to be, and drew the impious sword.
You see, Turnus, what events, what war dogs me,
what a heavy burden you above all bear.

Defeated in two great battles we can hardly preserve
the hopes of Italy in our city: Tiber's streams are yet warm
with our blood, the vast plains whitened by our bones.
Why did I waver so often? What madness changed my decision?
If I'd be ready to accept the Trojans as allies with Turnus

dead, why not rather end the conflict while he's alive?
What would your Rutulian kin say, and the rest of Italy,
if I betrayed you to death (let chance deny those words!)
while seeking my daughter in marriage?
Consider the fortunes of war: pity your aged father,
whom his native Ardea keeps apart from us, sorrowing.'
Turnus's fury was unaffected by these words:
it mounted higher, inflamed by the treatment.
As soon as he was able to speak, he began like this:
'Most gracious one, that concern you feel for me, I beg you,
for me, set it aside, and allow me to barter death for glory.
I too can scatter spears and no lack of steel, from my hand,
father, and blood flows from the wounds I make as well.
His goddess mother will be far from him, she who covers
his flight with mist, like a woman, and hides in empty shadows.'

BkXII:54-80 He Proposes Single Combat

But the queen wept, terrified by the new terms of conflict,
and clung to her ardent son, as if she were dying:
'Turnus, one thing I beg of you, by these tears, by any respect
for Amata that touches your heart: you are my only hope,
the peace of my sad old age, the honour and power of Latinus
is in your hands, our whole tottering house rests on you:
do not engage in combat with the Trojans.
Whatever danger awaits you in that battle awaits me too,
Turnus: I would leave this hateful light with you
and will never, as a prisoner, see Aeneas as my son-in-law.'
Lavinia listened to her mother's words, her burning
cheeks wet with tears, while a deep blush kindled
their fire, and spread over her glowing face.
Her virgin looks showed such colour as when one
stains Indian ivory with crimson dye, or as
white lilies redden when mixed with many a rose.
Love stirred Turnus, and he fixed his gaze on the girl:
fired still more for battle, he spoke briefly to Amata:
'O mother, I beg you not to send me off with tears,
or like ill omens, as I leave for the battles of a bitter war:
Turnus is not free to delay his hour of death.
Idmon, as a messenger, carry my unwelcome words
to the Trojan leader. When tomorrow's Dawn, riding
her crimson chariot, reddens in the sky, do not lead
Trojans against Rutulians, let Trojan and Rutulian
weapons rest: let us resolve this war with our own blood,
on that field let Lavinia be sought as bride.'

BkXII:81-112 He Prepares For Battle

When he had spoken, and returned quickly to the palace, he called for his horses, and delighted in seeing them, neighing before him, horses Orithyia herself gave Pilumnus, as a glory, surpassing the snow in whiteness, and the wind for speed. Their charioteers stood around eagerly patting their echoing chests, with the flat of their hands, and combing their flowing manes. Turnus drew a breastplate, stiff with gold and pale bronze, over his shoulders, fitted his sword and shield in position, and the horns with their crimson crest: the god with the power of fire had wrought the sword for his father, Daunus, and dipped it, glowing, in the waters of the Styx. Then Turnus gripped his strong spear firmly, that stood leaning on a great column in the middle of the hall, a spoil won from the Auruncan, Actor, shook it till it quivered and shouted: 'Now, o spear that never failed my call, now the time has come: Actor, the mightiest, carried you, and now the right hand of Turnus: allow me to lay low the body of that Phrygian eunuch, tear off and shatter his breastplate with my powerful hand, and defile his hair with dust, that's curled with a heated iron, and drowned in myrrh.' He was driven by frenzy, glowing sparks shot from his whole aspect, fire flashed from his fierce eyes, like a bull, before a fight, that starts its formidable bellowing and, trying its anger with its horns, charges a tree-trunk, lashes the air with its blows, and scatters the sand, as it practises for the battle. Meanwhile Aeneas, no less fierce, armed with the weapons, his mother's gift, sharpened himself for conflict, and roused his anger, happy the war might be settled by the means on offer. Then he comforted his friends, and Iulus's anxious fears, speaking of destiny, and ordered them to take a firm reply to King Latinus, and declare his conditions for peace.

BkXII:311-382 Aeneas Wounded: Turnus Rampant

But virtuous Aeneas his head bared, unarmed, stretched out his right hand, and called loudly to his troops: 'Where are you running to? Why this sudden tide of discord? O, control your anger! The agreement has already been struck, and its terms fixed. I alone have the right to fight: Let me do so: banish your fears. I'll prove the treaty sound with this right hand: these rites mean Turnus is already mine.' Amidst these cries and words, see, a hissing arrow winged its way towards him, launched by what hand, sent whirling by whom, was unknown, as was the chance or god that brought the Rutulians such honour: the glorious pride in it was kept concealed, and no one boasted of wounding Aeneas. As soon as Turnus saw Aeneas leave the ranks, his captains

in confusion, he blazed with the fervour of sudden hope:
he called for weapons and horses as one, leapt proudly
into his chariot, and gripped the reins in his hands.
He gave many a brave man death in his swift passage.
Many he overturned half-alive, crushed the ranks under his chariot,
or seizing his spears showered them on those fleeing.
Just as when blood-drenched Mars is roused, and clashes
his shield, by the icy streams of Hebrus and, inciting war,
gives rein to his frenzied horses, so that they fly over the open plain
outrunning the south and west winds, and farthest Thrace groans
to the beat of their hooves, while around him the forms of black
Terror, Anger and Treachery, speed, the companions of the god:
with the same swiftness Turnus lashed his horses,
smoking with sweat, through the midst of the conflict,
trampling on enemies piteously slain, while the galloping hooves
splashed bloody dew, and trampled the gore mixed with sand.
Next he gave Sthenelus to death, Thamyris, and Pholus, the latter
close to, the former at a distance, from a distance too
both sons of Imbrasas, Glaucus and Laudes, whom Imbrasas
himself had raised in Lycia, and equipped with matching armour,
to fight hand to hand, or outstrip the wind on horseback.
Elsewhere Eumedes rode through the midst of the battle,
famous in warfare, the son of aged Dolon,
recalling the grandfather in name, his father in courage
and skill, he who, in going as a spy that time to the Greek camp,
dared to ask for Achilles's chariot as his reward:
but Diomedes paid him a different reward for his daring
and he no longer aspired to Achilles's team.
When Turnus saw Eumedes, far over the open plain, he first
sent a light javelin after him across the long space between,
then halted his paired horses, leapt from his chariot,
onto the half-dead, fallen man, and, planting his foot on his neck,
tore the sword from his hand, and bloodied the bright blade
deep in his throat, adding these words as well:
'See the fields, that Western Land, you sought in war:
lie there and measure it: this is the prize for those
who dare to cross swords with me, thus they build their walls.'
Then with a cast of his spear he sent Asbytes to keep him company,
Chloreus and Sybaris, Dares and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes
who was flung from the neck of his rearing horse.
As when the blast of the Edonian northerly sounds
over the Aegean deep, and drives the breakers to shore,
while brooding gusts in the sky put the clouds to flight,
so, wherever Turnus cut a path, the lines gave way,
and the ranks turned and ran: his own speed carried him on,
and, as the chariot met it, the wind tossed his flowing plume.
Phegeus could not endure his attack or his spirited war-cry:
he threw himself at the chariot and with his right hand wrenched

the heads of the swift horses aside, as they foamed at the bit.
While he was dragged along, hanging from the yoke,
Turnus's broad-headed lance reached for his exposed flank,
tore open the double-stranded mail where it entered,
and grazed the surface of the flesh in a wound.
Phegeus still turned towards his enemy, his shield raised,
and was trying to protect himself with his drawn sword,
when the wheel and the onrush of the spinning axle
sent him headlong, throwing him to the ground, and Turnus,
following through, struck off his head with a sweep of his blade
between the rim of the helmet and the chain-mail's
upper edge, and left the body lying on the sand.

BkXII:383-467 Venus Heals Aeneas

BkXII:500-553 Aeneas And Turnus Amongst The Slaughter

What god can now relate for me such bitter things as these,
who can tell of such varied slaughter, the deaths of generals,
whom Turnus now, and now the Trojan hero, drove in turn
over the field? Jupiter was it your will that races who would live
together in everlasting peace should meet in so great a conflict?
Aeneas meeting Rutulian Sucro (in the first battle
that brought the Trojan attack to a halt) quickly struck him
in the side, and drove the cruel steel through the ribs
that protect the heart, where death come fastest.
Turnus threw Amycus from his horse, and Dioreas his brother,
attacking them on foot, striking one with the long lance
as he advanced, the other with his sword, then hanging both
their severed heads from his chariot carried them away
dripping with blood. Aeneas sent Talos and Tanais
and brave Cethegus to death, three in one attack,
and sad Onites of Theban name, whose mother was Peridia:
Turnus killed the brothers sent from Lycia, Apollo's fields,
and Menoetes of Arcadia, who had hated war, but in vain:
his humble home and his living were round Lerna's
fish-filled streams, never knowing the patronage
of the great, and his father farmed rented land.
Like fires set burning from opposite sides of a dry forest
into the thickets of crackling laurel, or foaming rivers
falling swiftly from the mountain heights, roaring
and racing seawards, each leaving its path of destruction,
so Aeneas and Turnus with no less fury swept through the battle:
now anger surged within: now their hearts which knew no defeat
were bursting: now with all their strength they set out to do harm.
As he boasted of his fathers, and the antiquity of his ancestors'
names, and all his race traced back through Latin kings,
Aeneas sent Murranus headlong with a stone, a great whirling rock,

and hurled him to the ground: beneath the reins and yoke,
the wheels churned him round, and the horses' hooves,
forgetful of their master, trampled him under with many a blow.
Turnus met Hyllus as he charged, roaring with boundless pride,
and hurled a spear at his gilded forehead: piercing
the helmet the weapon lodged in his brain. Cretheus,
bravest of Greeks, your right hand did not save you
from Turnus, nor did the gods hide Cupencus when Aeneas
came: he set his chest against the weapon's track,
and the bronze shield's resistance profited the wretch nothing.
The Laurentine field saw you fall also, Aeolus,
on your back, sprawled wide on the ground.
You fell, whom the Greek battalions could not lay low, nor Achilles
who overturned Priam's kingdom: here was the boundary
of death for you: your noble house was below Mount Ida,
that noble house at Lyrnesus, your grave in Laurentine soil.
All the lines turned towards battle, the whole of the Latins,
the whole of the Trojans, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus,
Messapus, tamer of horses, and brave Asilas,
the Tuscan phalanx, Evander's Arcadian squadron,
each for himself, men straining with all their strength:
no respite and no rest: exerting themselves in one vast conflict.

BkXII:554-592 Aeneas Attacks The City

Now his loveliest of mothers set in his mind the idea
of moving against the walls, and turning his army on the city,
swiftly, to confound the Latins with sudden ruin.
While he tracked Turnus here and there through the ranks
and swept his glance this way and that, he could see
the city, free of fierce warfare and peacefully unharmed.
Suddenly an image of a more ambitious act of war inflamed him:
he called the generals Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Serestus,
and positioned himself on a hillock, where the rest of the Trojan army
gathered round in a mass, without dropping their shields or spears.
Standing amongst them on the high mound he cried:
'Let nothing impede my orders, Jupiter is with us, and let
no one be slower to advance because this attempt is so sudden.
Today I will overthrow that city, a cause of war, Latinus's
capital itself, and lay its smoking roofs level with the ground,
unless they agree to accept our rule, and submit, in defeat.
Do you think I can wait until Turnus can face battle with me,
and chooses to meet with me again, though defeated before?
O citizens, this man is the fountainhead and source of this wicked war.
Quickly, bring burning brands, and re-establish the treaty, with fire.'
He spoke, and all his troops adopted wedge-formation, hearts
equal in emulation, and advanced in a dense mass towards the walls:
in a flash, scaling ladders and sudden flames appeared.

Some ran to the gates and cut down the leading defenders,
others hurled steel, and darkened the sky with missiles.
Aeneas himself, among the leaders, raised his hand, at the foot
of the wall, accused Latinus in a loud voice, and called the gods
to witness that he was being forced into battle again,
that the Italians were doubly enemies, another treaty was broken.
Dissension rose among the fearful citizens: some commanded
the city be opened, and the gates be thrown wide
to the Trojans, and they dragged the king himself to the ramparts:
others brought weapons and hurried to defend the walls,
as when a shepherd, who's tracked a swarm to its lair
concealed in the rock, fills it with acrid smoke:
the bees inside, anxious for safety, rush round
their wax fortress, and sharpen their anger in loud buzzing:
the reeking darkness rolls through their hive, the rocks
echo within to a blind humming, and fumes reach the clear air.

BkXII:593-613 Queen Amata's Suicide

Now further misfortune befell the weary Latins,
and shook the whole city to its foundations with grief.
When Queen Amata, from the palace, saw the enemy
approaching, the walls assaulted, flames mounting to the roofs,
but no opposing Rutulian lines, nor Turnus's army,
the unhappy queen thought Turnus had been killed
in combat, and, her mind distraught, in sudden anguish,
she cried out that she was the cause, the guilty one, the source
of evil, and uttering many wild words in the frenzy
of grief, wanting to die, she tore her purple robes,
and fastened a hideous noose of death to a high beam.
As soon as the wretched Latin women knew of the disaster,
first her daughter Lavinia fell into a frenzy, tearing at her golden
tresses and rosy cheeks with her hands, then all the crowd
around her: the wide halls echoed to their lamentations.
From there the unhappy rumour spread throughout the city:
Spirits sank: Latinus went about with rent clothing,
stunned by his wife's fate and his city's ruin,
fouling his white hair with clouds of vile dust,
reproaching himself again and again for not having freely
received Trojan Aeneas, and adopted him as his son-in-law.

BkXII:614-696 Turnus Hears Of Amata's Death

Meanwhile Turnus, fighting at the edge of the plain,
was pursuing the stragglers now, more slowly,
and rejoicing less and less in his horses' advance.
The breeze bore a clamour to him mingled
with an unknown dread, and the cheerless sounds

of a city in chaos met his straining ears.
'Ah, what is this great grief that shakes the walls?
What is this clamour that rises from the distant city?'
So he spoke, anxiously grasping the reins and halting.
At this his sister, controlling chariot, horses and reins
disguised in the shape of his charioteer, Metiscus,
countered with these words: 'Turnus, this way, let us chase
the sons of Troy, where victory forges the way ahead:
there are others with hands to defend our homes.
Aeneas is attacking the Italians, and stirring conflict:
let our hands too deal cruel death to the Trojans.
You will not leave the field inferior in battle honours
or the number you have killed' Turnus replied to this:
'O sister, I recognised you long ago, when you first
wrecked the truce with your guile, and dedicated yourself to warfare,
and now too you hide your divinity in vain. But who desired
you to be sent down from Olympus to suffer such labours?
Was it so you might see your unlucky brother's death?
What can I do? What chance can offer me life?
I saw Murranus fall, before my very eyes, calling out
to me, loudly, no one more dear to me than him remains,
a mighty man, and overwhelmed by a mighty wound.
Unfortunate Ufens fell, so he might not witness our shame:
the Trojans captured his body and his armour.
Shall I endure the razing of our homes (the one thing left)
and not deny Drances's words with my sword?
Shall I turn my back, and this country see Turnus run?
Is it indeed so terrible to die? Oh be good to me, you Shades
below, since the gods above have turned their faces from me.
I will descend to you, a virtuous soul, innocent
of blame, never unworthy of my great ancestors.'
He had barely spoken when Saces sped by, carried on a foaming
horse through the thick of the enemy, wounded full in the face
by an arrow, and calling to Turnus by name as he rushed on:
'Turnus, in you our last hope lies, pity your people.
Aeneas is explosive in arms, and threatens to throw down
Italy's highest citadel and deliver it to destruction, even now
burning brands fly towards the roofs. The Latins turn their faces
to you, their eyes are on you: King Latinus mutters to himself,
wavering as to whom to call his sons, towards what alliance to lean.
Moreover the queen, most loyal to you, has fallen
by her own hand, and fled, in horror of the light.
Messapus and brave Atinas, alone in front of the gates
sustain our lines. Around them dense squadrons stand
on every side, a harvest of steel that bristles with naked swords,
while you drive your chariot over the empty turf.'
Stunned and amazed by this vision of multiple disaster,
Turnus stood silently gazing: fierce shame surged

in that solitary heart, and madness mingled with grief,
love stung to frenzy, consciousness of virtue.
As soon as the shadows dispersed, and light returned to his mind,
he turned his gaze, with blazing eyes, towards the walls,
and looked back on the mighty city from his chariot.
See, now, a spiralling crest of flame fastened
on a tower, and rolled skyward through the stories,
a tower he had built himself with jointed beams,
set on wheels, and equipped with high walkways.
He spoke: 'Now, sister, now fate triumphs: no more delays:
where god and cruel fortune calls, let me follow.
I'm determined on meeting Aeneas, determined to suffer
death, however bitter: you'll no longer see me ashamed, sister.
I beg you let me rage before I am maddened.'
And, leaping swiftly from his chariot to the ground,
he ran through enemy spears, deserting his grieving sister,
and burst, in his quick passage, through the ranks.
As when a rock torn from the mountaintop by a storm
hurtles downward, washed free by a tempest of rain
or loosened in time by the passage of the years,
and the wilful mass plunges down the slope in a mighty rush
and leaps over the ground, rolling trees, herds and men
with it: so Turnus ran to the city walls through the broken ranks,
where the soil was most drenched with blood, and the air
shrill with spears, signalled with his hand and began shouting aloud:
'Rutulians stop now, and you Latins hold back your spears.
Whatever fate is here, is mine: it is better that I alone
make reparation for the truce and decide it with the sword.'
All drew back, and left a space in their midst.

BkXII:697-765 The Final Duel Begins

Now Aeneas the leader hearing the name of Turnus
left the walls, and left the high fortress,
cast aside all delay, broke off from every task,
and exultant with delight clashed his weapons fiercely:
vast as Mount Athos, or Mount Eryx, or vast as old Apennine
himself when he roars through the glittering holm-oaks
and joys in lifting his snowy summit to heaven.
Now all truly turned their eyes, stripping the armour
from their shoulders, Rutulians, Trojans and Italians,
those who held the high ramparts and those whose ram
battered at the walls beneath. Latinus himself was amazed
at these mighty men, born at opposite ends of the world,
meeting and deciding the outcome with their swords.
As soon as the field was clear on the open plain,
they both dashed quickly forward, hurling their spears first
from a distance, rushing, with shield and ringing bronze,

to battle. The earth groaned: they redoubled their intense sword-strokes, chance and skill mingled together. And as when two bulls charge head to head in mortal battle, on mighty Sila or on Taburnus's heights, and in terror their keepers retreat, the whole herd stand silent with fear, and the heifers wait, mute, to see who will be lord of the forest, whom all the herds will follow, as they deal wounds to each other with immense force, gore with butting horns, and bathe neck and shoulders in streaming blood, while all the wood echoes to their bellowing: so Trojan Aeneas and the Daunian hero, Turnus, clashed their shields, and the mighty crash filled the sky. Jupiter himself held up two evenly balanced scales before him, and placed in them the diverse fates of the two, to see whom the effort doomed, with whose weight death sank down. Turnus leapt forward thinking himself safe, rose to the full height of his body with uplifted sword, and struck: the Trojans and the anxious Latins cried out, both armies were roused. But the treacherous blade snapped, and would have left the eager warrior defenceless in mid-stroke, if immediate flight had not saved him. He ran swifter than the east wind, when he saw that strange hilt in his exposed right hand. The tale is that in headlong haste, when he first mounted behind his yoked team for battle, he left his father's sword behind, and snatched up the blade of his charioteer, Metiscus: and that served him for a long while as the straggling Trojans turned their backs, but the mortal blade flew apart like brittle ice at the stroke, on meeting Vulcan's divine armour: and the fragments gleamed on the yellow sand. So Turnus ran madly this way and that over the plain, winding aimless circles here and there: on all sides the Trojans imprisoned him in their crowded ring, and a vast marsh penned him on one side, on the other the steep ramparts. Aeneas, no less, though his knees, slowed at times by the arrow wound, failed him and denied him speed, pursued and pressed his anxious enemy hotly, foot to foot: as when a hound in the hunt presses on a stag, chasing and barking, one found trapped by the river or hedged in by fear of the crimson feathers: the stag, terrified by the snares and the high banks, flies backwards and forwards a thousand ways, but the eager Umbrian clings close with gaping mouth, almost has him, and snaps his jaws as though he holds him, baffled and biting empty air: Then a clamour breaks out indeed, the pools and banks around echo, and the whole sky rings with the tumult. As he fled Turnus chided the Rutulians, calling on each by name and calling out for his own familiar sword. Aeneas in turn threatened death and immediate destruction

if any one approached, and terrified his trembling enemies
threatening to raze the city, and pressing on though wounded.
They completed five circuits, and unwound as many,
this way and that: since they sought for no paltry prize
at the games, but vied for Turnus's life blood.

BkXII:766-790 The Goddesses Intervene
BkXII:843-886 Jupiter Sends Juturna A Sign

This done the Father turns something else over in his mind
and prepares to take Juturna from her brother's side.
Men speak of twin plagues, named the Dread Ones,
whom Night bore untimely, in one birth with Tartarean Megaera,
wreathing them equally in snaky coils, and adding wings swift
as the wind. They wait by Jove's throne on the fierce king's
threshold, and sharpen the fears of weak mortals
whenever the king of the gods sends plagues
and death's horrors, or terrifies guilty cities with war.
Jupiter sent one of them quickly down from heaven's heights
and ordered her to meet with Juturna as a sign:
she flew, and darted to earth in a swift whirlwind.
Like an arrow loosed from the string, through the clouds,
that a Parthian, a Parthian or a Cydonian, fired,
hissing, and leaping unseen through the swift shadows,
a shaft beyond all cure, armed with cruel poison's venom:
so sped the daughter of Night, seeking the earth.
As soon as she saw the Trojan ranks and Turnus's troops,
she changed her shape, suddenly shrinking to the form of that
small bird that perching at night on tombs or deserted rooftops,
often sings her troubling song so late among the shadows –
and the fiend flew screeching to and fro in front
of Turnus's face, and beat at his shield with her wings.
A strange numbness loosed his limbs in dread,
his hair stood up in terror, and his voice clung to his throat.
But when his wretched sister Juturna recognised the Dread One's
whirring wings in the distance, she tore at her loosened hair, marring
her face with her nails, and her breasts with her clenched hands:
'What help can your sister give you now, Turnus?
What is left for me who have suffered so? With what art
can I prolong your life? Can I stand against such a portent?
Now at last I leave the ranks. Bird of ill-omen, do not you
terrify me who already am afraid: I know your wing-beats
and their fatal sound, and I do not mistake the proud command
of great-hearted Jupiter. Is this his reward for my virginity?
Why did he grant me eternal life? Why is the mortal condition
taken from me? Then, at least, I could end such pain
and go through the shadows at my poor brother's side!
An immortal, I? Can anything be sweet to me without you

my brother? Oh what earth can gape deep enough for me,
to send a goddess down to the deepest Shades?
So saying she veiled her head in a grey mantle, and the goddess,
with many a cry of grief, plunged into the river's depths.

BkXII:887-952 The Death Of Turnus

Aeneas pressed on, brandishing his great spear like a tree,
and, angered at heart, he cried out in this way:
'Why now yet more delay? Why do you still retreat, Turnus?
We must compete hand to hand with fierce weapons, not by running.
Change into every form: summon up all your powers
of mind and art, wing your way if you wish
to the high stars, or hide in earth's hollow prison.'
Turnus shook his head: 'Fierce man, your fiery words
don't frighten me: the gods terrify me and Jupiter's enmity.'
Saying no more he looked round seeing a great rock,
a vast ancient stone, that happened to lie there in the plain,
set up as a boundary marker, to distinguish fields in dispute.
Twelve picked men, men of such form as Earth
now produces, could scarcely have lifted it on their shoulders,
but the hero, grasping it quickly, rising to his full height
and as swiftly as he could, hurled it at his enemy.
But he did not know himself, running or moving
raising the great rock in his hands, or throwing:
his knees gave way, his blood was frozen cold.
The stone itself, whirled by the warrior through the empty air,
failed to travel the whole distance, or drive home with force.
As in dreams when languid sleep weighs down our eyes at night,
we seem to try in vain to follow our eager path,
and collapse helpless in the midst of our efforts,
the tongue won't work, the usual strength is lacking
from our limbs, and neither word nor voice will come:
so the dread goddess denied Turnus success,
however courageously he sought to find a way.
Then shifting visions whirled through his brain:
he gazed at the Rutulians, and at the city, faltered
in fear, and shuddered at the death that neared,
he saw no way to escape, no power to attack his enemy,
nor sign of his chariot, nor his sister, his charioteer.
As he wavered, Aeneas shook his fateful spear,
seeing a favourable chance, and hurled it from the distance
with all his might. Stone shot from a siege engine
never roared so loud, such mighty thunder never burst
from a lightning bolt. Like a black hurricane the spear flew on
bearing dire destruction, and pierced the outer circle
of the seven-fold shield, the breastplate's lower rim,
and, hissing, passed through the centre of the thigh.

Great Turnus sank, his knee bent beneath him, under the blow.
The Rutulians rose up, and groaned, and all the hills around
re-echoed, and, far and wide, the woods returned the sound.
He lowered his eyes in submission and stretched out his right hand:
'I have earned this, I ask no mercy' he said,
'seize your chance. If any concern for a parent's grief
can touch you (you too had such a father, in Anchises)
I beg you to pity Daunus's old age and return me,
or if you prefer it my body robbed of life, to my people.
You are the victor, and the Ausonians have seen me
stretch out my hands in defeat: Lavinia is your wife,
don't extend your hatred further.' Aeneas stood, fierce
in his armour, his eyes flickered, and he held back his hand:
and even now, as he paused, the words began to move him
more deeply, when high on Turnus's shoulder young Pallas's
luckless sword-belt met his gaze, the strap glinting with its familiar
decorations, he whom Turnus, now wearing his enemy's emblems
on his shoulder, had wounded and thrown, defeated, to the earth.
As soon as his eyes took in the trophy, a memory of cruel grief,
Aeneas, blazing with fury, and terrible in his anger, cried:
'Shall you be snatched from my grasp, wearing the spoils
of one who was my own? Pallas it is, Pallas, who sacrifices you
with this stroke, and exacts retribution from your guilty blood.'
So saying, burning with rage, he buried his sword deep
in Turnus's breast: and then Turnus's limbs grew slack
with death, and his life fled, with a moan, angrily, to the Shades.

The End of the Aeneid

<http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/Virgilhome.htm>