

Selections from Virgil: Aeneid, Books I, II, IV, VI

Read in Latin by John F. C. Richards FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9969

Telios (Earth) from the Ara Pacis (Altar of Peace) at Rome

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



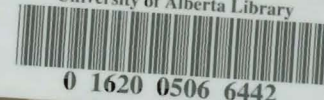
PA
6801
A7
A46
1960
c.1

MUSIC LP

CONTENTS:

1 LP
1 text (8 p.)

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0506 6442

Aeneidos Liber Primus:

1 I 1-11
2 254-296
3 446-463

Liber Secundus:

4 II 1-20
5 40-56
6 234-245
7 361-369
8 601-623
9 771-794

Liber Quartus:

10 IV 296-330
11 331-361

Liber Sextus:

12 VI 298-330
13 450-476
14 713-751
15 826-853

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Selections from Virgil: Aeneid, Books I, II, IV, VI

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R 63-333
©1963 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE Corp.
701 Seventh Ave., New York City
Distributed by Folkways/Scholastic Records.
906 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

PA
6801
A7
A46
1960
MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FL 9969

Copyright © 1960 by Folkways Records and Service Corp., 117 W. 46th St. NYC USA

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Selections from Virgil: Aeneid, Books I, II, IV, VI

Aeneidos Liber Primus:

- 1 I 1-11
- 2 254-296
- 3 446-463

Liber Secundus:

- 4 II 1-20
- 5 40-56
- 6 234-245
- 7 361-369
- 8 601-623
- 9 771-794

Liber Quartus:

- 10 IV 296-330
- 11 331-361

Liber Sextus:

- 12 VI 298-330
- 13 450-476
- 14 713-751
- 15 826-853



Read in Latin by John F. C. Richards

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ARMA virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris MRV
 Italiam fato profugus Laviniaque venit
 litora—multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
 vi superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram,
 multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem 5
 inferretque deos Latio; genus unde Latinum
 Albanique patres atque altae moenia Romae.
 Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso
 quidve dolens regina deum tot volvere casus
 insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
 impulerit. tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

ARMS I sing and the man who first from the
 coasts of Troy, exiled by fate, came to Italy and
 Lavinian shores; much buffeted on sea and land by
 violence from above, through cruel Juno's unforgiving
 wrath, and much enduring in war also, till he should
 build a city and bring his gods to Latium; whence
 came the Latin race, the lords of Alba,² and the walls
 of lofty Rome.³

⁸ Tell me, O Muse, the cause; wherein thwarted in
 will or wherefore angered, did the Queen of heaven
 drive a man, of goodness so wondrous, to traverse so
 many perils, to face so many toils. Can resentment
 so fierce dwell in heavenly breasts?

* * * * *

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum
 voltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, 255
 oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:
 "parce metu, Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
 fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
 moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli 259
 magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit.
 hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remor-
 det, FMR
 longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo)
 bellum ingens geret Italia populosque feroces
 contundet moresque viris et moenia ponet,
 tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, 265
 ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
 at puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
 additur (Ilus erat, dum res stetit Iliæ regno),
 triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis MR
 imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini 270
 transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Alban.
 hic iam ter centum totos regnabit annos
 gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos
 Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Iliæ prolem,
 inde lupae fulvo nutriceis tegmine laetus 275
 Romulus excipiet gentem et Mavortia condet
 moenia Romnosque suo de nomine dicet. MPR
 his ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;
 imperium sine fine dedi. quin aspera Iuno,
 quæ mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat,
 consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovabit 281
 Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
 sic placitum. veniet lustris labentibus actas,
 cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenæ
 servitio premet ac victis dominabitur Argis. 285
 nasectur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,
 imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
 Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
 hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
 accipies secunda; vocabitur hic quoque votis. 290
 aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis;
 cana Fides et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
 iura dabunt; diræ ferro et compagibus artis
 claudentur Belli portæ; Furor impius intus
 saeva sedens super arma et centum vinctus aënis 295
 post tergum nodis fremet horridus ore cruento."

²⁶⁴ On her smiling, with that look wherewith he
 clears sky and storms, the Father of men and gods
 gently kissed his daughter's lips, and then spake
 thus:

²⁶⁷ "Spare thy fear, Lady of Cythera; thy children's
 fates abide unmoved. Thou shalt see Lavinium's city
 and its promised walls; and thou shalt raise on high
 to the starry heaven great-souled Aeneas. No thought
 has turned me. This thy son—for, since this care
 gnaws at thy heart, I will speak and, further unroll-
 ing the scroll of fate, will disclose its secrets—shall
 wage a great war in Italy, shall crush proud nations,
 and for his people shall set up laws and city walls;
 till the third summer has seen him reigning in Latium
 and three winters have passed in camp since the
 Rutulians were laid low. But the lad Ascanius,
 now surnamed Iulus—Ilus he was, while the Ilian
 state stood firm in sovereignty—shall fulfil in empire
 thirty great circles of rolling months, shall shift his
 throne from Lavinium's seat, and, great in power,
 shall build the walls of Alba Longa. Here then
 for thrice a hundred years unbroken shall the king-
 dom endure under Hector's race, until Iliæ, a royal
 priestess, shall bear to Mars her twin offspring. Then
 Romulus, proud in the tawny hide of the she-wolf, his
 nurse, shall take up the line, and found the walls of
 Mars and call the people Romans after his own name.
 For these I set neither bounds nor periods of empire;
 dominion without end have I bestowed. Nay, harsh
 Juno, who now in her fear troubles sea and earth
 and sky, shall change to better counsels and with me
 cherish the Romans, lords of the world, and the nation
 of the gown. Thus is it decreed. There shall come
 a day, as the sacred seasons glide past, when the house
 of Assaracus shall bring into bondage Phthia and
 famed Mycenæ, and hold lordship over vanquished
 Argos. From this noble line shall be born the Trojan
 Caesar, who shall limit his empire with ocean, his
 glory with the stars, a Julius, name descended from
 great Iulus! Him, in days to come, shalt thou,
 anxious no more, welcome to heaven, laden with
 Eastern spoils; he, too, shall be invoked in vows.
 Then shall wars cease and the rough ages soften;
 hoary Faith and Vesta, Quirinus with his brother
 Remus, shall give laws. The gates of war, grim with
 iron and close-fitting bars, shall be closed; within,
 impious Rage, sitting on savage arms, his hands fast
 bound behind with a hundred brazen knots, shall
 roar in the ghastliness of blood-stained lips."

* * * * * 2 * * * * *

hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
 condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae,
 aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina nexaeque
 aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aënis.
 hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem 450
 leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
 ausus et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
 namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
 reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,
 artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem 455
 miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas
 bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
 Atridas Priamumque et saevum ambobus Achillem.
 constitit et lacrimans, "quis iam locus," inquit,
 "Achate,
 quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? 460
 en Priamus! sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
 sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
 solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem."

* * * * *

LIBER II

CONTICUERE omnes intentique ora tenebant. MPR
 inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:
 "Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem,
 Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
 eruerint Danaï, quaeque ipse miserrima vidi 5
 et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi
 temperet a lacrimis? et iam nox umida caelo
 praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
 sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
 et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
 quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit,
 incipiam.
 "Fracti bello fatisque repulsi
 ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis,
 instar montis equum divina Palladis arte 15
 aedificant sectaque intexunt abiete costas;
 votum pro reditu simulant; ea fama vagatur.
 huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim
 includunt caeco lateri penitusque cavernas
 ingentis uterumque armato milite complent. 20

* * * * *

"Primus ibi ante omnis, magna comitante
 caterva, 40
 Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce
 et procul: 'o miseri, quae tanta insania, cives?
 creditis avectos hostis? aut ulla putatis
 dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Ulixes?
 aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, 45

Here Sidonian Dido was founding to Juno a mighty temple, rich in gifts and the presence of the goddess. Brazen was its threshold uprising on steps; bronze plates were its lintel-beams, on doors of bronze creaked the hinges. First in this grove did a strange sight appear to him and allay his fears; here first did Aeneas dare to hope for safety and put surer trust in his shattered fortunes. For while beneath the mighty temple, awaiting the queen, he scans each object, while he marvels at the city's fortune, the handicraft of the several artists and the work of their toil, he sees in due order the battles of Ilium, the warfare now known by fame throughout the world, the sons² of Atreus, and Priam, and Achilles, fierce in his wrath against both. He stopped and weeping cried: "What land, Achates, what tract on earth is now not full of our sorrow? Lo, Priam! Here, too, virtue has its due rewards; here, too, there are tears for misfortune and mortal sorrows touch the heart.⁴ Dismiss thy fears; this fame will bring thee some salvation."

BOOK II

ALL were hushed, and held their gaze bent upon him; then from his lofty couch father Aeneas thus began:
³ "Beyond all words, O queen, is the grief thou bidst me revive, how the Greeks overthrew Troy's wealth and woeful realm—the sights most piteous that I myself saw and whereof I was no small part. What Myrmidon or Dolopian, or soldier of stern Ulysses, could in telling such a tale refrain from tears? Now, too, dewy night is speeding from the sky¹ and the setting stars invite to sleep. Yet if thou hast such longing to learn our disasters, and in few words to hear of Troy's last agony, though my mind shudders to remember, and has recoiled in grief, I will begin.
¹³ "Broken in war and thrust back by the fates, the Danaan chiefs, now that so many years were gliding by, build by Pallas' divine art a horse of mountainous bulk, and interweave its ribs with planks of fir. They feign it as a votive offering for their return; this rumour goes abroad. Here, within its dark sides, they stealthily enclose the choicest of their stalwart men and deep in the paunch fill the huge cavern with armed soldiery.

⁴⁰ "Then, foremost of all and with a great throng following, Laocoön in hot haste runs down from the citadel's height, and cries from afar: 'Oh, wretched citizens, what wild frenzy is this? Do ye believe the foe has sailed away? or think ye any gifts of the Greeks are free from treachery? Is it thus ye know Ulysses? Either enclosed in this frame there lurk Achaeans, or

aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
 inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi,
 aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.
 quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.
 sic fatus validis ingentem viribus hastam 50
 in latus inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
 contorsit. stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso
 insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
 et si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
 impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, 55
 Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.

this has been built as an engine of war against our walls, to spy into our homes and come down upon the city from above; or some trickery lurks therein. Trust not the horse, ye Trojans. Whatever it be, I fear the Greeks, even when bringing gifts.' So saying, with mighty force he hurled his great spear at the beast's side and the arched frame of the belly. The spear stood quivering and with the womb's reverberation the vaults rang hollow, sending forth a moan. And had the gods' decrees, had our mind not been perverse, he had driven us to befoul with steel the Argive den, and Troy would now be standing, and thou, lofty citadel of Priam, wouldst still abide!

* * * * *

dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
 accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 255
 subiciunt lapsus et stuppea vincula collo
 intendunt. scandit fatalis machina muros,
 feta armis. pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
 sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent;
 illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240
 o patria, o divum domus Ilium et incluta bello
 moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae
 substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere:
 instamus tamen immemores caecique furore
 et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245

We part the walls and lay bare the city's battlements. All gird themselves for the work; under the feet they place gliding wheels, and about the neck stretch hempen bands. The fateful engine climbs our walls, big with arms. Around it boys and unwedded girls chant holy songs and delight to touch the cable with their hands. Up it moves, and glides threatening into the city's midst. O motherland! O Ilium, home of gods, and ye Dardan battlements, famed in war! Four times at the gates' very threshold it halted, and four times from its paunch the armour clashed; yet we press on, heedless and blind with frenzy, and set the ill-omened monster on our hallowed citadel.

* * * * *

quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 explicet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
 urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos;
 plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
 limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri:
 quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus
 victoresque cadunt Danaï. crudelis ubique
 luctus, ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.

Who could unfold in speech that night's havoc? Who its carnage? or who could match our toils with tears? The ancient city falls, for many years a queen; in heaps lifeless corpses lie scattered amid the streets, amid the homes and hallowed portals of the gods. Nor do Teucrians alone pay penalty with their life-blood; at times valour returns to the hearts of the vanquished also and the Danaan victors fall. Everywhere is cruel grief, everywhere panic, and full many a shape of death!

* * * * *

non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae
 culpatusve Paris; divum inclementia, divum,
 has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
 aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
 mortalis hebetat visus tibi et umida circum 605
 caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis
 iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa):
 hic, ubi disiectas moles avolsaque saxis
 saxa vides mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
 Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610

Know that it is not the hated face of the Laconian woman, daughter of Tyndareus; it is not Paris that is to blame; but the gods, the relentless gods, overturn this wealth and make Troy topple from her pinnacle. Behold—for all the cloud, which now, drawn over thy sight, dulls thy mortal vision and with dank pall enshrouds thee, I will tear away; fear thou no commands of thy mother nor refuse to obey her counsels—here, where thou seest shattered piles and rocks torn from rocks, and smoke eddying up mixed with dust, Neptune shakes

fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
eruit. hic Iuno Scaeas saevissima portas
prima tenet sociumque furens a navibus agmen
ferro accincta vocat.

iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615
insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.
ipse pater Danais animos virisque secundas
sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitatur arma.
ripe, nate, fugam finemque impone labori.
nusquam abero et tutum patrio te limine sistam.' 620
dixerat et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
apparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae
numina magna deum.

* * * * *

quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti 771
infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775
'quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori,
o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine divum
eveniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam
fas aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum;
et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva 781
inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybria.
illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
parta tibi. lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.
non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas
aspiciam aut Graias servitum matribus ibo, 786
Dardanis et divae Veneris nurus;
sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris.
iamque vale et nati serva communis amorem.'
haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem
dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras. 791
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;
ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago,
par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

* * * * *

BOOK IV

At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)
praesensit motusque excepit prima futuros,
omnia tuta timens. eadem impia Fama furenti
detulit armari classem cursumque parari.
saevit inops animi totamque incensa per urbem 300
bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho AFMP
orgia nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.
tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:

the walls and foundations that his mighty trident
hath upheaved, and uproots all the city from her
base. Here Juno, fiercest of all, is foremost to
hold the Scaean gates and, girt with steel, furiously
calls from the ships her allied band. Now on the
highest towers—turn and see—Tritonian Pallas is
planted, gleaming with storm-cloud and grim Gorgon.
The Sire himself gives the Greeks courage and
auspicious strength; he himself stirs up the gods
against the Dardan arms. Haste thy flight, my son,
and put an end to thy toil. Never will I leave thee,
but will set thee safely on thy father's threshold.'
She spoke, and vanished in the thick shades of
night. Dread shapes come to view—mighty powers
divine, warring against Troy.

In my quest, while madly and endlessly
rushing among the dwellings of the city, there rose
before my eyes the sad phantom and ghost of Creusa
herself, a form larger than her wont. I was appalled,
my hair stood up, and the voice clave to my throat.
Then thus she spake to me and with these words took
away my cares: 'Of what avail is it to yield thus to
frantic grief, my sweet husband? Not without the
will of heaven does this befall; that thou shouldst
take Creusa hence in thy company cannot be, nor does
the mighty lord of high Olympus suffer it. Long
exile is thy lot, a vast stretch of sea thou must plough;
and thou shalt come to the land Hesperia, where
amid the rich fields of husbandmen the Lydian Tiber
flows with gentle sweep. There in store for thee are
happy days, kingship, and a royal wife. Banish tears
for thy beloved Creusa. I shall never look upon the
proud homes of the Myrmidons or Dolopians, or go to
be the slave of Greek matrons, I'a Dardan woman
and wife of the son of divine Venus; but the mighty
mother of the gods holds me on these shores. And
now farewell, and guard thy love for our common
child.' When thus she had spoken, she left me
weeping and fain to tell her much, and drew back into
thin air. Thrice there I strove to throw my arms
about her neck; thrice the form, vainly clasped, fled
from my hands, even as light winds, and most like a
winged dream.

296 But the queen—who may deceive a lover?—
divined his guile, and early caught news of the
coming stir, fearful even when all was safe. The
same heartless Rumour brought her the maddening
news that they arm the fleet and make ready for
voyaging. Helpless in mind she rages, and all
afire raves through the city, like some Thyiad
startled by the shaken emblems, what time, hearing
the Bacchic cry, the biennial revels fire her and at
night Cithaeron summons her with its din. At
length, she thus accosts Aeneas first:

"Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305
 posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra? FMP
 nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
 nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
 quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem
 et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum, 310
 crudelis? quid? si non arva aliena domosque MF
 ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
 Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
 mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te
 (quando aliud mihi iam miseræ nihil ipsa reliqui), 315
 per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
 si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
 oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
 te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni 320
 odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
 extinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
 fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris, hospes,
 hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat?
 quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater
 destruat aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas? 326
 saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
 non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer." 330

* * * * *

Dixerat. ille Iovis monitis immota tenebat
 lumina et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
 tandem pauca refert: "ego te, quae plurima fando
 enumerare vales, numquam, regina, negabo
 promeritam, nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae, 335
 dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
 pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abscondere furto
 speravi (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam
 praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera veni.
 me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam 340
 auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,
 urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum
 reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
 et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis.
 sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, 345
 Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
 hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthaginis arces
 Phoenissam Libyaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
 quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
 invidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. 350
 me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
 nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
 admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
 me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
 quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. 355
 nunc etiam interpres divum, Iove missus ab ipso
 (testor utrumque caput), celeris mandata per auras
 detulit; ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi
 intrantem muros vocemque his auribus hausi.
 desine meque tuis incendere teque querellis. 360
 Italiam non sponte sequor."

305 "False one! didst thou hope also to cloak so
 foul a crime, and to pass from my land in silence?
 Can neither our love keep thee, nor the pledge once
 given, nor the doom of a cruel death for Dido? Nay,
 even in the winter season dost thou labour at thy
 fleet, and in the midst of northern gales hasten to
 pass overseas, heartless one? What! If thou wert not
 in quest of alien lands and homes unknown, were
 ancient Troy yet standing, would Troy be sought by
 thy ships over stormy seas? From me dost thou
 flee? By these tears and thy right hand, I pray
 thee—since naught else, alas! have I left myself—by
 our marriage, by the wedlock begun, if ever I de-
 served well of thee, or if aught of mine has been
 sweet in thy sight, pity a falling house, and if yet
 there be any room for prayers, put away, I pray, this
 purpose of thine. For thee the Libyan tribes and
 Numidian chiefs hate me, the Tyrians are my foes;
 for thee, also, have I lost my honour and that former
 fame by which alone I was winning a title to the stars.
 To whom dost thou leave me, a dying woman, O guest
 —since that alone is left from the name of husband?
 Why do I linger? Is it till Pygmalion, my brother,
 overthrow this city, or the Gaetulian Iarbas lead me
 captive? At least, if ere thy flight a child had been
 born to me by thee, if in my hall a tiny Aeneas were
 playing, whose face, in spite of all, would bring back
 thine, I should not think myself utterly vanquished
 and forlorn."

331 She ceased: he by Jove's command held his eyes
 steadfast and with a struggle smothered the pain deep
 within his heart. At last he briefly replies: "I will
 never deny, O Queen, that thou hast deserved of me
 the utmost thou canst set forth in speech, nor shall
 my memory of Elissa be bitter, while I have memory
 of myself, and while breath still sways these limbs.
 For my course few words will I say. I did not hope
 —think not that—to veil my flight in stealth. I
 never held out the bridegroom's torch nor entered
 such a compact. Did the Fates suffer me to shape
 my life after my own pleasure and order my sorrows
 at my own will, my first care should be the city of
 Troy and the sweet relics of my kin. Priam's high
 house would still abide and my own hand should have
 set up a revived Pergamus for the vanquished. But
 now of great Italy has Grynean Apollo bidden me lay
 hold, of Italy the Lycian oracles. There is my love,
 there my country! If the towers of Carthage and
 the sight of the Libyan city charm thee, a Phoenician,
 why, pray, grudge the Trojans their settling on
 Ausonian land? We, too, may well seek a foreign
 realm. To me, oft as night with dewy shades veils
 the earth, oft as the starry fires arise, in my dreams
 my father Anchises' troubled ghost brings warning
 and terror; to me comes the thought of young
 Ascanius and the wrong done to one so dear, whom
 I am cheating of an Hesperian kingdom and pre-
 destined lands. Now, too, the messenger of the gods
 sent from Jove himself—by thy head and mine, I
 swear—has borne his command down through the
 swift breezes; my own eyes saw the god in the clear
 light of day come within our walls and these ears
 drank in his words. Cease to fire thyself and me
 with thy complaints. Not of free will do I follow
 Italy!"

portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
 terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
 canities inculca iacet, stant lumina flamma, 300
 sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
 ipse ratem conto subigit velisque ministrat
 et ferruginea subvectat corpora cumba,
 iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.
 huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, 305
 matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita
 magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae
 impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum:
 quam multa in silvis autumnii frigore primo
 lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto 310
 quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
 trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
 stabant orantes primi transmitters cursum
 tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
 navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
 ast alios longe submotos arcet harena.
 Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
 "dic," ait, "o virgo, quid volt concursus ad amnem?
 quidve petunt animae? vel quo discrimine ripas
 hae linqunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt?" 320
 olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos:
 "Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
 Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem,
 di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen. 324
 haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est;
 portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti;
 nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluentia
 transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
 centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum;
 tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt." 330

A grim warden guards these waters and streams, terrible in his squalor—Charon, on whose chin lies a mass of unkempt, hoary hair; his eyes are staring orbs of flame; his squalid garb hangs by a knot from his shoulders. Unaided, he poles the boat, tends the sails, and in his murky craft convoys the dead—now aged, but a god's old age is hardy and green. Hither rushed all the throng, streaming to the banks; mothers and men and bodies of high-souled heroes, their life now done, boys and unwedded girls, and sons placed on the pyre before their fathers' eyes; thick as the leaves of the forest that at autumn's first frost dropping fall, and thick as the birds that from the seething deep flock shoreward, when the chill of the year drives them overseas and sends them into sunny lands. They stood, pleading to be the first ferried across, and stretched out hands in yearning for the farther shore. But the surly boatman takes now these, now those, while others he thrusts apart, back from the brink. Then aroused and amazed by the disorder, Aeneas cries: "Tell me, O maiden, what means the crowding to the river? What seek the spirits? or by what rule do these leave the banks, and those sweep the lurid stream with oars?" To him thus briefly spake the aged priestess: "Anchises' son, true offspring of gods, thou seest the deep pools of Cocytus and the Stygian marsh, by whose power the gods fear to swear falsely. All this crowd thou seest is helpless and graveless; yonder warden is Charon; those whom the flood carries are the buried. Nor may he bear them o'er the dreadful banks and hoarse-voiced waters ere their bones have found a resting-place. A hundred years they roam and flit about these shores; then only are they admitted and revisit the longed-for pools."

* * * * *

inter quas Phoenissa recens a volnere Dido 450
 errabat silva in magna: quam Troius heros
 ut primum iuxta stetit adgnovitque per umbras
 obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
 aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam,
 demisit lacrimas dulciq; adfatus amore est: 455
 "infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
 venerat extinctam, ferroque extrema secutam?
 funeris heu! tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,
 per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
 invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460
 sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
 per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,
 imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi
 hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
 siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465
 quem fugis? extremum fato, quod te adloquor, hoc
 est."
 talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem
 lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.
 illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat
 nec magis incepto voltum sermone movetur, 470
 quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes,
 tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit
 in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
 respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.
 nec minus Aeneas, casu concussus iniquo, 475
 prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

Among them, with wound still fresh, Phoenician Dido was wandering in the great forest, and soon as the Trojan hero stood nigh and knew her, a dim form amid the shadows—even as, in the early month, one sees or fancies he has seen the moon rise amid the clouds—he shed tears, and spoke to her in tender love: "Unhappy Dido! then was the tale brought me true, that thou wert no more, and hadst sought thy doom with the sword? Was I, alas! the cause of death to thee? By the stars I swear, by the world above, and whatever is sacred in the grave below, unwillingly, O queen, I parted from thy shores. But the gods' decrees, which now constrain me to pass through these shades, through lands squalid and forsaken, and through abysmal night, drove me with their behests; nor could I deem my going thence would bring on thee distress so deep. Stay thy step and withdraw not from our view. Whom fleest thou? The last word Fate suffers me to say to thee is this!"

⁴⁶⁷ With such speech amid springing tears Aeneas would soothe the wrath of the fiery, fierce-eyed queen. She, turning away, kept her looks fixed on the ground and no more changes her countenance as he essays to speak than if she were set in hard flint or Marpesian rock. At length she flung herself away and, still his foe, fled back to the shady grove, where Sychaeus, her lord of former days, responds to her sorrows and gives her love for love. Yet none the less, dazed by her unjust doom, Aeneas attends her with tears afar and pities her as she goes.

tum pater Anchises: "animae, quibus altera fato
 corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam
 securos latices et longa obliuia potant. 715
 has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,
 iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
 quo magis Italia mecum lactere reperta."

"o pater, ane aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum
 est

sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reverti 720
 corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?"
 "dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo,"
 suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

"Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis
 lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra 725
 spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
 mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
 inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitaeque volantum,
 et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
 igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo 730
 seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
 terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
 hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque
 auras

dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
 quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, 735
 non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
 corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
 multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
 ergo exercentur poenis veterumque malorum
 supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes 740
 suspensae ad ventos, aliae sub gurgite vasto
 infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni;
 quisque suos patimur Manis. exinde per amplum
 mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus,
 donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe 745
 concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
 has omnis, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
 Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
 scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant, 750
 rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti."

illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 concordēs animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur,
 heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae
 attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebut,
 aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci 830
 descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois!
 ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella,
 neu patriae validas in viscera vertite viris;
 tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo;
 proice tela manu, sanguis meus! 835
 "Ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho
 victor aget currum, caesis insignis Achivis;
 eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenae
 ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotētis Achilli,
 ultus avos Troiae, templa et temerata Minervae. 840
 quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, relinquat?
 quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
 Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem
 Fabricium vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem?
 quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? tu Maximus ille es, 845
 unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
 excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
 (credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore volutus;
 orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
 describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent: 850
 tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
 (hae tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
 parcere subiectis et debellare superbos."

Then father Anchises:
 "Spirits they are, to whom second bodies are owed
 by Fate, and at the water of Lethe's stream they
 drink the soothing draught and long forgetfulness.
 These in truth I have long yearned to tell and show
 thee to thy face, yea, to count this, my children's
 seed, that so thou mayest rejoice with me the more
 at finding Italy."

"But, father, must we think that any souls
 pass aloft from here to yon sky, and return a
 second time to sluggish bodies? What means,
 alas! this their mad longing for the light?" "I
 will surely tell thee, my son, nor hold thee in
 doubt," replies Anchises, and reveals each truth in
 order.

"First, the heaven and earth, and the watery
 plains, the shining orb of the moon and Titan's stars,
 a spirit within sustains, and mind, pervading its
 members, sways the whole mass and mingles with its
 mighty frame. Thence the race of man and beast,
 the life of winged things, and the strange shapes
 ocean bears beneath his glassy floor. Fiery is the
 vigour and divine the source of those life-seeds, so far
 as harmful bodies clog them not, nor earthly limbs
 and mortal frames dull them. Hence their fears and
 desires, their griefs and joys; nor discern they the
 light, pent up in the gloom of their dark dungeon.
 Nay, when at their last day life is fled, still not all
 the evil, alas! not all the plagues of the body
 quit them utterly; and it must needs be that many a
 faint, long linked in growth, should in wondrous wise
 become deeply ingrained. Therefore are they schooled
 with penalties, and for olden sins pay punishment:
 some are hung stretched out to the empty winds;
 from some the stain of guilt is washed away under
 swirling floods or burned out in fire. Each of us
 suffers his own spirit; then through wide Elysium
 are we sent, a few of us to abide in the joyous fields;
 till lapse of days, when time's cycle is complete,
 takes out the inbred taint and leaves unsoiled the
 ethereal sense and pure flame of spirit. All these,
 when they have rolled time's wheel through a
 thousand years, the god summons in vast throng
 to the river of Lethe, in sooth that, rest of memory,
 they may revisit the vault above and conceive desire
 to return again to the body."

But they whom thou seest gleaming
 in equal arms, souls harmonious now, while wrapped
 in night, alas! if they but reach the light of life,
 what mutual war, what battles and carnage shall they
 arouse! the father coming down from Alpine ramparts,
 and the fortress of Monoecus, his daughter's spouse
 arrayed against him with the armies of the East.
 O my sons, make not a home within your hearts for
 such warfare, nor upon your country's very vitals turn
 her vigour and valour! And do thou first forbear, thou
 who drawest thy race from heaven; cast from thy
 hand the sword, thou blood of mine!

"Yonder is one who, triumphant over Corinth,
 shall drive a victor's car to the lofty Capitol, famed
 for the Achaeans he has slain. Yon other shall
 uproot Argos and Agamemnon's Mycenae, yea and
 even one born of Aeacus, seed of Achilles the
 strong in battle, taking vengeance for his Trojan
 sires and Minerva's outraged temple. Who would
 leave thee in silence, great Cato, or thee, Cossus?
 Who the Gracchan race, or the pair of Scipio's line,
 two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Libya? or thee,
 Fabricius, poor, yet a prince? or thee, Serranus,
 sowing the seed in thy furrow? Whither do ye
 hurry my weary steps, O Fabii? Thou art he, the
 mightiest, who singly, by delaying, restorest our
 state. Others, I doubt not, shall beat out the
 breathing bronze with softer lines; shall from marble
 draw forth the features of life; shall plead their causes
 better; with the rod shall trace the paths of heaven
 and tell the rising of the stars: remember thou, O
 Roman, to rule the nations with thy sway—these
 shall be thine arts—to crown Peace with Law, to spare
 the humbled, and to tame in war the proud!"

The Latin text and the English translation are reprinted
 from the Loeb Classical Library edition of Virgil's AENEID,
 translated by H. R. Fairclough, by permission of HARVARD
 UNIVERSITY PRESS.

John F. C. Richards received his B.A. degree at
 Oxford University (Christ Church) in 1921, his M.A.
 in 1927, and his Ph.D. at Harvard University in
 1934. He has been teaching Greek and Latin
 literature since 1927, first at Dartmouth College,
 and then at Harvard University, the University of
 Rochester, and Columbia University, where he is
 now Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.