

CERTAIN BOOKES OF VIRGILES

*Aeneis turned into English meter
by the right honorable lorde,
Henry Earle of
Surrey.*



*Apud Ricardum Tottel.
Cum priuilegio ad impri
mendum solum.*

.1557.

Arch. G. 2. 12. (2)

The second booke

The gates cast by, we issued out to play,
The Grekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken coles.
Here Pyrrhus band, there ferce Achilles pight:
Here rode their shippes, there did their battells loyne.
I scorned some the scathfull gift beheld,
Behight by hoto unto the chaff of merue:
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

And first of all Timotheus gan abuse,
Wpthin the walles to leade and drawe shesame,
And place it eke amidd the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Tapps, wpth some of iudgement more discrete,
Wold it to drowne, or vnder set with flame
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
Or boze and gage the hollowe caues vnouth.

So diuerse ranne the giddy peoples minde.
Loe forment of a rout, that followed him,
Kindled laocoon halted from the towne,
Crieng far of: O wretched citizens,
What so grent kind of frenlie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose
Deuoid of guile? As so Illyses knowe:
Either the Grekes ar in this timber hid:
Or this an engin is to annoy our walles,
To view our tourres, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes some craft. Good Trojans, geue no trust
Unto this horse, for what so euer it be,

I died the Grekes, yea when they offer giftes,
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launced then into that creaked wound:
Which trembling slack, and shoke within the side,
Wherewith the cayes gan hollowly resound,
And but for failes, and for our blind forecast,
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discied:
Troy yet had stand, and Priamus toyes so his.

Therwpth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes
Brought to the king, with clamor all unknown,
A yongman, bound his handes behind his back:
Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,

of Virg: Aeneis:

To frame his guile, and open Troyes gates.
Unto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,
And minde determed either of the rwaime,
To worke his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Here him, to gaze, the Troyan youth gan flock,
And straued whoe most might at the captiue scoyne.
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe
Imagine all the rest.

For in the pceasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wpthin troubled there, and Phrygian routes beset,
Hias (quod he) what earth now, or what seas
May me receiue: What, what restes me now?
For whom in Grece doth no a bode remaine:
The Troians eke offended seke to worke
Their hainous wrath wpth sheddyng of my blood.
With this recrete our hartes from rancoz moued,
The brute appealde we aske him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.

Then he (al died remoued) thus began.
O King: I shall, what euer me betide,
Say but the truth: ne first will me denie
A Grecian bozne, for though fortune hath made
Sinon a wretche, she can not make him false.
If euer came vnto your cares the name
Fobled by fame of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrouslly the Grekes condemn to dye,
Guiltlesse by wrongfull doome, for that he dyd
Wppluade the warres: whose death they nowe lament:
Vnderneath him my father bare of wealth
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war mesent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did slopyly by abuse,
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
But slaw his death, by false Illyses sleight
(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
A deryp life in dolefull plaint I led,
Repining at my guiltlesse friends mischaunce.
Ne could I foole refrain my tong from thyres:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victoate I wold, to solowe my reuenge,

with

The second booke

The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,
The Grekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken costes.
Here Pyrrhus band, there ferce Achilles pight:
Here rode their shippes, there did their battells loyne.
I stonned some the scathfull gift beheid,
Behight by him vnto the chaste Diuine:
All wondring at the hugeness of the hoise.

And first of all Eurycles gan aduise,
Wpthin the walles to leade and drawe the same,
And place it eke anidde the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Cappys, wpyth some of iudgement more discrete,
wylde it to drowne, or vnderfet with flame
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
Or boze and gage the hollowe caues vncouth.
So diuerse ranne the giddy peoples minde.

Loe forment of a rout, that followd him,
Kindled laocoon hastid from the towre,
Crieng far of: Wretched citezens,
What so great kind of frenlie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose
Deuoid of guile: Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Grekes ar in this timber hid:
Or this an engin is to anoy our walles,
To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes some craft. Good Trojans, geue no trust
Vnto this hoise, for what so euer it be,
I doted the Grekes, yea when they offer gyftes,
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launced then into that croked wombe:
Which tremeling stak, and shoke within the side,
Wherewith the cayes gan hollowly resound.
And but for fautes, and for our blind forecast,
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discried:
Troy yet had stand, and Priamis toures so hie.

Therewith behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes
Brought to the king, with clamor, all vnkown
A yongman, bound his handes behinde his back:
Wher willingly had yelden prisoner,

of Virg: Aeneis.

To frame his guile, and open Troyes gates.
Vnto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,
And minde determed either of the rwaime,
To worke his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Here him, to gaze, the Trojan youth gan stoa.
And staued whoe most might at the captiue scome.
The Grekes deceit beholds, and by one profe
Imagine all the rest.

For in the pceasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wpyth troubled chere, and Phrygian routes beset,
Has (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas
May me receiue: Catif, what restes me nowe:
For whom in Grece doih no a bode remaine:
The Troians eke offended seke to wreke
Their hainous wrath wpyth sheddyng of my blood.
With this regrete our hartes from rancor moued,
The brute appealde we aske him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.

Then he (al doted remoued) thus began.
O King: I shall, what euer me betide,
Say but the truth: ne first will me denie
A Grecian boine, for though fortune hath made
Simon a wretche, she can not make him false.
I euer came vnto your cares the name
Nobled by fame of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrousp the Grekes condemn to dye,
Guiltlesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd
Dissuade the warres: whose death they nowe lament:
Vnderneath him my father bare of wealth
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did flourish by aduise,
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
But sins his death, by false Ulysses sleight
(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
A dery life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my gyttlesse friends mischaunce.
Ne could I fool refrem my tong from thyretes:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Argc, to solowe my reuenge,

with

The second booke

With such sharp words procured I great hate,
 Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sicke
 With new found crimes began me to affray:
 In common eares false rumors gan he sowe:
 Weapons of wrelke his gylty runde gan seke:
 He rested ay, till he by Calchas meane.
 But wherunto these thanklesse tales in vaine
 Do I reherse, and lingre fourth the time?
 In like estate if all the Grekes ye pruce:
 It is enough ye hererid me at ones.
 Ulysses Lord how he wold this reioise:
 Pea and either Iride would bye it dere.
 This kunded vs more egre to enquire,
 And to demaund the cause without suspect
 Of so great mischef thereby to ensue,
 Of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,
 And quivering limes, thus toke hys tale again.
 The Grekes oft times extended their return,
 From Troye town, with long warrs all ptired,
 For to dislodge: which would god they had done.
 But oft the winter stormes of raging seas,
 And oft the bousteous winds did them to stay:
 And chiefly when of clinched ribbes of firre
 This hors was made, the stormes rored in the aire.
 Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
 Euripilus, to wete the prophesye:
 From whens he brought these woful news again:
 With blood (O Grekes) and slaughter of a maid
 ye plead the winds, when first ye came to Troy:
 With blood likewise ye must seke your return.
 A Grekish soule must offred be therfore,
 But when this sound had pearst the peoples eares,
 With sodein fere astonied were their mundes,
 The chilling cold did ouerrunne their bones,
 To whom that fate was shapte, whom Phebus wold.
 Ulysses then amid the preasse bringes in
 Calchas with noyse, and wild him to discusse
 The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
 The cruell wrelk of him that fraunde the craft:
 Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.
 In silence then, yshrowding him from sight

But

of Virg: Aeneis.

But dayes twise linc he whistled, and refused
 To death by speche to further any wight.
 At last, as forced by false Ulysses erve,
 Of purpose he brake fourth, assigning me
 To the altar: whereto they graunted all:
 And that, that erst eche one died to himself,
 Returned all vnto my wretched death.
 And now at hand drew nere the woful day:
 All things prepared wherewith to offer me,
 Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind.
 I scape the deeth (I graunt) a brake & bands,
 And lurked in a marrise all the nyght.
 Among the soze, while they did set their sailles:
 I fit so be that they in dede so dyd.
 Now restes no hope my native land to see,
 My chylzen dere, nor long desired fire:
 On whom parchaunce they shall wrelke my escape:
 Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.
 Then by the gods, to whom al truth is known:
 By sayth vnfiled, if any any where
 Wyth mortal folke remaines: I thee beseeche
 O King thereby, rue on my trauail great:
 Pitie a wretch that guilelesse suffereth wrong.
 Life to these teres, wyth pardon eke we graunt.
 And Priam first himself commaundes to loose
 His gyues, hys bands: and frendly to him sayd.
 Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Grekes.
 Henceforth be oures, and answere me with truth.
 Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge hors:
 Whoes the deuile: and wherto should it tend:
 What holly vow: or engin for the warres?
 Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,
 His loosed hands lift vpward to the sterres,
 ye euertlasting lampes I testifie,
 Whoes powr diuine may not be violate:
 Chaltar, and sword (quod he) that I haue scape:
 ye sacred bandes, I woze as yelden holte:
 Leful be it for me to breke mine othe
 To Grekes, lefull to hate their nacton,
 Lefull be it to sparcle in the ayre
 Their secretts all, what soe they kepe in close.

f. 73

The second booke

For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.
 So be it, Troy, and saued by me from scathe,
 Hepe faith with me, and stand to thy behest,
 If I speake truth, and opening thinges of weight
 For graunt of life requite thee large amendes.
 The Grekes whole hope of vnderaken was
 In Dallas help consisted euermore.
 But sith the time that wicked Diomede,
 Allysse eke that forger of all guile,
 Murthered from the holly sacred fane
 For to bereue dame Dallas fatall forme,
 And slew the watches of the cheifest toure,
 And then away the holly statue stole,
 That were so bold with handes embued in blood,
 The virgin Goddesse veiles for to defile:
 Sith that, their hope gan faile, their hope to fail
 Their powr appeir, their Goddesse grace foraw.
 Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare.
 Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,
 But she gan stare with sparkled eyes of flame:
 Along her limes the salt sweat trickled downe:
 Pea thise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)
 In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,
 Holding in hand her targe and quivering spere.
 Calchas by sea then bad vs halt our flight:
 Whoes engins might not breake the walles of Troy,
 Unlesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes,
 Restore the god that they by sea had brought
 In warped keles. To Irges sith they be come,
 They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare:
 And crosse the seas vnloked for cistones
 They wil return. This order Calchas set.
 This figure made they for thagreued god,
 In Dallas stede, to cense their hainous fault.
 Which masse he willed to be reared hye
 Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:
 So that your gates, ne wall might it receiue,
 Ne yet your people might defended be
 By the good zele of old deuotion.
 For if your hands did Dallas gift defile,
 To Priams realm great mischef shold befall:

Which

of Virg. Aeneis.

Which fate the Gods first on him self return)
 But had your owne handes brought it in your town,
 Itle should passe, and carrie offred warr
 In Grece euen to the walles of Delops town,
 And we and oures that destenie endure.
 By such like wiles of Sinon the forsworne
 His tale with vs did purchase credit: some
 Trapt by deceite, some forced by his teres,
 Whom neither Diomede, nor great Achille,
 Nor ten yeres war, ne a thousand sail could daunt.
 As carifies then a far more dreadfull chaunce
 Befell, that troubled our vnarmed brestes.
 Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by Iot
 Neptuneus priest, did sacrifice a bull
 Before the holy Altar, sodenly
 From Tenedon behold in circles great
 By the calme seas come fletpng adders twaine,
 Which plied towardes the shore (I lothe to tell)
 With rered brest lift vp aboue the seas:
 Whoes bloody crestes aloft the waues were seen:
 The hinder parte swame hidden in the flood:
 Their grisly backes were linked manifold:
 With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,
 With gloeing epen, tainted with blood and fire:
 Whoes waltring tongs did lick their hissing mouthes.
 We fled away, our face the blood forsoke.
 But they with gate direct to Laocoon ran.
 And first of all eche serpent doth enwrap
 The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:
 Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed theron.
 Then raught they hym, who had his weapon caught
 To rescue them, twise winding him about,
 With folded knottes, and circled tailes, his wass.
 Their scaled backes did compasse twise his neck,
 Wyth rered heddes aloft, and stretched throttes.
 He with his handes straued to vnloose the knottes:
 Whose sacred fillettes all be sprinkled were
 With filth of gozyp blod, and venim rank.
 And to the sterres such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
 Like to the sound the rozing bull fourth loowes,
 Whych from the halter wounded both astart,

B. i.

The

The second booke

The swarving are when he shakes from his neck.
 The serpentes twine with hasted traile they glide
 To Pallas temple, and her towres of heighte:
 Under the fete of which the Goddess stern,
 Hidden behinde her targettes bosse they crept.
 Few gripes of dread then pearse our trembling breasts.
 They say Lacons desertes had derely bought
 His hainous dede, that pearced had with stele
 The sacred bulk, and thrown the wicked launce:
 The people cried with sondy greening shoutes,
 To bring the horse to Pallas temple bane,
 In hope thereby the Goddess wraith appease
 We cleft the walles, and closures of the towne.
 Wherto all helpe, and vnderfet the feet
 With sliding rolles, and bound his neck with ropes.
 This fatall gin thus ouerclambe our walles,
 Stuft with armed men: about the which there ran
 Children, and maides, that holly carolles sang.
 And well were they whoes hands might touch the cordes,
 With thretning chere thus sided through our town
 The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward:
 O native land, Ilion, and of the Goddess
 The mansion place. O warlike walles of Troy.
 For many times it slopt in thentrie of our gate:
 For many times the harnesse clattered in the womb.
 But we goe on, vnfound of memorie,
 And blinded eke by rage persecuer still.
 This fatal monster in the fane we place
 Cassandra then, inspired with Phebus spize,
 Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of vs leued.
 Disclosed est, forespeking thinges to come.
 We wretches loe, that last day of our life,
 With bowes of fete the town, and temples deck.
 With this the saie gan whirle about the sphere:
 The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,
 With mantells spred that cloaked earth, and skies,
 And eke the treason of the Grekish guile.
 The watchmen lay disperst, to take their rest,
 Whoes worried limes sound slepe had then opprest:
 When well in order comes the Grecian fleet,
 From Tenedon toward the costes well knowne,

of Virg. Aeneis.

By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
 When the Kinges ship put fourth his mark of fire,
 Sinon, persued by froward destinie,
 Let fourth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,
 The closures eke of pine by stealth vnbind.
 Whereby the Grekes restored were to awe.
 With top down hasting from the hollow tree.
 With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
 The great captaines, Ethnel, and Chelander,
 The fierce Uisses, Athamas and Thoas,
 Machaon first, and then King Menelaus,
 As eke that did the engin forge.
 By cordes let fall fast gan they slide adown:
 And streight inuade the town pburied then
 With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,
 Then gates vnfold to let their fellows in.
 They ioyned them selues with the conured bandes.
 It was the time, when graunted from the goddes
 The first slepe crepes most swete in wery folk.
 Loe in my dreame before mine eyes, me thought,
 With rufull chere I sawe where Hector stood:
 Out of whoes eyes there gushed streames of teares,
 Drawn at a cart as he of late had be:
 Distained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowing
 With the streight cordes wherewith they haled him
 By me. What one: that Hector how vnlike,
 Which erst returnd clad with Achilles spoiles:
 Or when he threw into the Grekish shippes
 The Troian flame: So was his beard defiled,
 His crisped lockes all clustred with his blood:
 With all such wounds, as many he receiued
 About the walls of that his native town.
 At home franckly thus, me thought, I spake vnto,
 With bitter teares and dolefull deadly voice,
 O Troian light, O only hope of thine:
 What lettes so long thee stand: or from what costes
 Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?
 Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,
 And trauail of the people, and thy town,
 I wretched (lozd) how gladly we behold.
 What soe chauce hath staid thy liuely face?

The second booke

Or why see I these woundes (alas) so wide?
 He answerd nought, nor in my vain demaundes
 Abode: but from the bottom of his brest
 Sighing he sayd: flee, flee, O Goddesse son,
 And save thee from the furie of this flame.
 Our enemies now are maisters of the walles:
 And Troie town now falleth from the top.
 Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne.
 If force might serue to succor Troie town,
 This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
 But Troie now commendeth to thy charge
 Her holp reliques, and her priuy Gods.
 Them ioine to thee, as fellows of thy fate.
 Large walles were thow for them. For so thou shalt,
 After time spent in thourwandred flood.
 This sayd, he brought fourth Iliad in his hands,
 Her fillettes eke, and euermolting flame.
 In this meane while with diuerse plaint the town
 Throughout was spred: and lowder more and more
 The din resounded: with rattling of armes
 (Although nime old father Anchises house
 Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)
 I waked: therewith to the house top I clumbe,
 And harkning stood I: like as when the flame
 Lightes in the corne, by drift of boileous winde:
 Or the swift stream, that driueth from the hill,
 Rootes vp the felde, and presseth the ripe corne,
 And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the groue,
 The silly herdmian all astonied standes,
 From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.
 Then the Grekes saith, then their decent appered
 Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
 Fell to the ground, all ouerspred with flash.
 His next neighbour Icalgon afire:
 The Hygean seas did glister all with flame.
 Upsprang the crye of men, and trompett: a blast.
 Then as distraught I did my armure on:
 For could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.
 But with our feres to throng out from the pteasse
 Toward the toure our hartes bzent with desire:
 With prickt vs fourth: and vnto vs it scmed

I scmed

of Virg. Aen.eis.

A scemely thing to dye armed in the feld.
 Wherewith Panthus, scape from the Grekish dartes,
 Ircus sonne, Iphobus prest, brought in hand
 The sacred reliques, and the vanquishd Gods:
 And in his hand his litle nephew led.
 And thus as phrentik to our gates he ran:
 Panthus (quod I) in what estate stand we:
 Or for refuge what fortresse shall we take:
 Scarle spake I this: when wailing thus he sayd.
 The later day and fate of Troie is come,
 The which no plaint or prayer may auaille.
 Troians we were, and Troie was sometime,
 And of great fame the Teucian glorie erst:
 Fierce Ioue to Grece hath now transposed all.
 The Grekes are Lordis ouer this fired town.
 ponder huge horse, that stands amid our walles,
 Sheds armed men. And Simon victor now,
 With scorne of vs, doth set all things on flame.
 And rushed in at our vnfolded gates
 Are thousands more, than euer came from Grece.
 And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes,
 With bright swordes drawn to slaughter redy bent.
 And scarle the watches of the gate began
 Them to defend, and with blinde sight resist.
 Through Panthus words, a lightning of the Gods,
 Amid the flame and armes ran I in pteasse:
 As furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
 The crye greatest, that made the ayre resound.
 Into our band then fell old Iphytus,
 And Ippheus, that met vs by moonelight.
 Dymas and Ipphanis iorning to our side,
 With pong Choroebus Iphidomus son:
 Which in those dayes at Troie did arriue
 Burning with rage of dame Cassandraes loue,
 In Priams ayd and rescue of his town:
 Unhappie he that wold no credit geue
 Vnto his spouses woordes of prophetic.
 Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
 So desperatly the battail to desire:
 Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them,
 O ye pongmen of courage stout in name:

For

The second booke

For nought ye strue to saue the burning towne.
 What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see.
 The Gods out of the temples all are fled,
 Through whoses might long this empire was mainteind;
 Their altares eke are left both wast and voyd.
 But if your will be bent with me to proue
 That uttermost, that now may vs befall:
 Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes.
 To vanquishd folk despair is only hope.
 With this the pongmens courage did encrease:
 And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues,
 Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
 Drives from their den, leauing with hungry throates
 Their whelpes behinde, among our foes we ran,
 Upon their swerdes vnto apparant death,
 Holding alway the chiefe strete of the towne,
 Couerd with the close shadowes of the night.

Who can expresse the slaughter of that night?
 Or tell the number of the corpes slaine?
 Or can in teres bewaile them wortheily?
 The auncient famous citie fallerh down,
 That many yeres did hold such seignorie.
 With senselesse bodies euery strete is spred,
 Eche palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.
 For yet alone the Troian blood was shed.
 Manhod oft times into the vanquishd best
 Returnes, wherby some victors Grekes are slaine.
 Cruel complaintes, and terror euery where,
 And plentie of grisly pictures of death.

And first with vs Androgeus there met,
 Followed with a swarming rout of Grekes:
 Deming vs, vnware, of that feloship:
 With frendly words whom thus he cald vnto.
 Hail ye my frendes: what slouth hath taried you?
 Your fees now sack, and spoule the burning Troie,
 From the tall ships where ye but newly come.
 When he had sayd, and heard no answer made
 To him againe whereto he might geue trust:
 Finding himself chaunced amid his foes,
 Mayde he withdrew his foote back with his word:
 Like him that, wandring in the bushes thicke,

Credeus

of Virg. Aen. eis.

Credeus on the adder with his rechelesse foote,
 Hered for wrath swelling her speckled neck
 Dismayd, geues back al sodenly for fere.
 Androgeus so feard of that sight kept back.
 And we gan rush amid the thickest rout:
 When he and there we did them ouerthrow,
 Striken with dyes, vnskilfull of the place.
 Our first labor thus lucked well with vs.

Chorebus then encouraged by his chaunce,
 Roping sayd: hold fourth the way of health
 (My fees) that hap, and manhod hath vs taught.
 Change we our shields: the Grekes armes do we on.
 Craft, or manhod, with foes what reckes it which.
 The slaine to vs their armure they shall yeld.
 And with that word Androgeus crested helme,
 And the rich armes of his shield did he on:
 A Grekish sword he girded by his side.
 Like gladly Dymas and Ripheus did.
 The whole youth gan them clad in the new spoiles.
 Whingled with Grekes for no good luck to vs
 We went, and gaue many onsets that night.
 And many a Greke we sent to Plutoes court.
 Other there fled and halted to their ships,
 And to their costes of sauegard ran againe.
 And some there were, for shameful cowardie,
 Clambe by againe vnto the hugie horse,
 And did them hide in his welknown womb.

By me, bootelesse it is for any whight
 To hope on ought against will of the Gods.
 Loe where Callandria, Dianas daughter dere,
 From Hallas chireh was drawn with sparkled tresse,
 Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heuen:
 Her eyen: for fast her tender wrestles were bound.
 Which sight Chorebus raging could not berr,
 Recklesse of death: but thrust amid the throng:
 And after we through thickest of the swerdes.
 Here were we first ybatred with the darters
 Of our owne fees, from the hye temples top,
 wherby of vs grete slaughter did ensue,
 Mistaken by our Grekish armes and crestes.
 Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire

Or

The second booke

Of the Virgin from them so rescued:
 The f. ll. Iar, and either a tridas,
 And the great band cleped the Dolopes.
 As wrastling windes, out of disperled whirl,
 Besight themselves, the west with southern blast,
 And glad som East proud of Auroraes horse,
 The woods do whiz: and some Mercur,
 Raging in furie with threeforked mace
 From bottoms depth doth welte vp & seas:
 So came the Grekes. And such, as by deceit
 We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,
 And draue about our town, appered first.
 Our fained shields and weapons then they found,
 And by sound our discording voice they knew,
 We went to wreck, with nōber overlapt.
 And by the hand of Peneleus first
 Chorebus fel before the altar dead
 Of armed Dallas, and Rhyphus eke,
 The iustest man among the Troians all,
 And he that best obserued equitie.
 But othertwse it pleased now the Gods.
 There Hispanis, and Dimas both were slaine,
 Throughtpearced with the weapons of their fee.
 For thee, Panthus, when thou wast ouerthrowne,
 Pitie, nor zeile of good deuotion,
 Nor habit yet of Phobus hid from scathe.
 Pe Troyan ashes, and last flames of mine,
 I cal in witnesse, that at your last fall
 I fled no stroke of any Grekish sword:
 And if the fates wold I had fallen in sight,
 That with my hand I did deserue it wel.
 With this from thense I was recuiled back,
 With Iphytus, and Delias alone,
 Iphytus weke and scble all for age,
 Delias lamed by Alissez hand.
 To Priams palace crye did cal vs then.
 Here was the sight right hideous to behold.
 As though there had no battail ben but there,
 Or slaughter made els where throughout the town.
 A sight of rage and furie there we saw,

of ring. Aeneis.

The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast,
 And covered with engines the gates beset,
 And reed by ladders against the walles,
 Under the windows scaling by their stepped,
 Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, wheren
 They did receiue the dartes, while their righthands
 Striped for hold them batel of the wall.
 The Troians on the tother part rend down
 The turrets hye, and eke the palace roofe:
 With such weapons they shoope them to defend,
 Shing al lost, now at the point of death.
 The gilt sparrs, and the beames then theyew they down,
 Of old fathers the proud and royal workes.
 And with drawn swordes some did beset the gates,
 Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thich.
 Our sprites restorde to rescue the kings house,
 To help them, and to geue the vanquisht strength.
 A postern with a blinde wicket there was,
 A common trade to passe through Priams house:
 On the backside wherof wast houses stood.
 Which way estsithes, while that our kingdome dured,
 Thunfortunate Andromache alone
 Resorted to the parentes of her make,
 With pong Ispanax his grandfire to see.
 Here passed I by to the hyst toure,
 From whence the wretched Troians did throw down
 Dartes spent in wast. Vnto a turret then
 We stept: the which stood in a place aloft,
 The top wherof did reache wellnere the sterres,
 Where we were wont all Troys to behold,
 The Grekish name, and their tentes also.
 With instrumentes of iron gan we pick,
 To seke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
 From that high scat: which we razed, and threw down.
 Which falling gaue fourth with a rushing sound,
 And large in breadth on Grekish routes it light.
 But sone an other sort stept in theyr stede.
 No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vncast
 Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,
 Reioysing in his dartes, with glittering armes,
 Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,

C. i.

Whom

The second booke

Whom cold winter all bolne hid vnder ground,
And shining bright when she her slough had long
Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tong,
And raised brest, list vp against the sun.
With that together came great Periphas,
But omedon eke that guided had sometime
Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare.
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
Assayd the house, and threw flame to the top.
And he an ace before the foremost raught:
Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew, and break.
From whens he bet the staples out of brasse:
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst
So large a hole, wherby they might discern
The house, the court, and secret chambers eke
Of Priamus, and auncient kings of Troy,
And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was
With wayling, and with rufull shrikes and cries.
The hollow halles did howle of womens plaint.
The clamor strake vp to the golden sterres.
The frayd mothers, wandring through the wide house,
Embracing pillers, did then hold and kisse.
Pyrrhus assaileth with his fathers might,
Whom the closures ne keepers might hold out.
With often pushed ram the gate did shake.
The postes beat down remoued from their hookes.
By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
And now the Grekes let in, the foremost flew:
And the large palace with soldiares gan to fill.
Not so fiercely doth ouerflow the feldes
The coming flood, that breakes out of his bankes:
Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:
As in thentrie of slaughter furious
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Arides.

There Hecuba I saw with a hundred moe
Of her sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
Fittie bedchambers of his childrens wyues,
With losse of so great hope of his offspring,

of Virg. Aeneis.

The pillers eke proudly beset with gold,
And with the spoiles of other nations,
Fell to the ground: and whatso that with flame
Entouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.

Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate.
When of his taken town he saw the chaunce,
And the gates of his palace beaten down,
His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
Ehold man in vaine did on his sholders then,
Trembling for age, his curace long disused:
His bootlesse sword he gured him about:
And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree bowing therunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the Gods.
Here Hecuba, with her pong daughters all,
About the altar swarmed were in vaine:
Like Doves, that flock together in the stome:
The statues of the Gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armure, like as though he had ben yong:
What furious thought, my wretched spouse, (quod she)
Did moue thee now such weapons for to weld?
Why hastest thou: This time doth not require
Such succor, ne yet such defenders now.
No, though Hector my son were here againe,
Come hether: this altar shall saue vs all:
Or we shall dye together. Thus she sayd.
Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.

But loe Polites, one of Priams sons,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,
Searching all wounded the long galleries.
And the voyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage
Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound:
And now in hand wellnere strikes with his spere.
Who fleeing fourth, till he came now in sight
Of his parentes, before their face fell down,
Pelding the ghost, with flowing streames of blood.

C.ii.

Priamus

The second booke

Priamus then, although he were half ded,
 Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his words:
 But cryeth out: for this thy wicked work,
 And boldnesse eke such thing to enterprise,
 If in the heauens any iustice be,
 That of such things takes any care or kepe,
 According thanks the Gods may payd to thee,
 And send thee eke thy iust deserued hye,
 That made me see the slaughter of my childe,
 And with his blood defile the fathers face.
 But he, by whom thou faintst thy self begot,
 Achilles was to Priam nor so stern.
 For loe he, tending my most humble sute,
 The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodlesse corpes
 Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,
 And sent me to my kingdome home againe.
 Thus sayd the aged man: and therewithall
 Forcelesse he cast his weake vnweildy dart,
 Which repulst from the brasse, where it gaue dint,
 Without sound hong vainly in the shieldes bolle.
 Quod Pyrrhus, then thou shalt this thing report.
 On message to helide my father go:
 Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how
 Heoptolem is swarued out of kinde.
 Now shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word
 At the altar him trembling gan he draw,
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:
 And his left hand all clasped in his heare,
 With his right arme drew fourth his shining sword,
 Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilt.
 Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,
 The wofull end that was allotted him.
 When he had seen his palace all on flame,
 With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke,
 That royal prince of Asie, which of late
 Reigned ouer so many peoples and realmes,
 Like a great stock now lieth on the shore:
 His hed and sholders parred ben in twaine:
 A body now without renome, and fame.
 Then first in me entered the grisly feare.
 Dismayd I was, wherewith came to my minde

of Virg. Aeneis.

The image eke of my dere father, when
 I thus beheld the king of equal age
 Fild by the spite with wounds so cruelly.
 Then thought I of Creusa left alone:
 And of my house in danger of the spoile:
 And the estate of yong Iulus eke.
 I looked back to like what number then
 I might discern about me of my seeres.
 But wored they had left me all alone.
 Some to the ground were lopen from about:
 Some in the flame their wked bodies cast.
 There was no moe but I left of them all:
 When that I saw in Nestors temple sit
 Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:
 (Such light the flame did giue as I went by,
 While here and there I cast mine eyen about)
 For she in dreed, least that the Troians shold
 Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles,
 And of the Grekes the cruel wickets also,
 The furie eke of her forsaken make,
 The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,
 Fereful she sat beside the altars hid.
 Then boyld my brest with flame, and burning wrath,
 To reuenge my town vnto such ruine brought.
 With worthy peines on her to work my will.
 Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Spart
 All safe, and see Hyecene her native land,
 And like a Queene retorne with victorie
 Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
 Followed with a traine of Troyan maides,
 And serued with a band of Phrygian slaues,
 And Priam eke with iron murdered thus,
 And Troy town consumed all with flame,
 Whos shore hath ben so oft forbadhed in blood:
 No no: for though on women the reuenge
 Unseemely is, such conquest hath no fame:
 To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
 My iust reuenge shal merit worthy praise,
 And quiet eke my minde, for to be woked
 On her which was the causer of this flame,
 And satisfie the cinder of my seers.

With

The second booke

With furious minde while I did argue thus,
 My blessed mother then appeared to me,
 Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
 And with pure light she glistred in the night,
 Disclosing her in forme a Goddess like,
 As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
 My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
 And with her rosie lips thus did she say.
 Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
 To such vntamed wrath? what ragest thou?
 Or where is now become the care of vs?
 Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
 Anchises thy father fordone with age?
 Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
 Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset:
 And, were they not defended by my cure,
 Flame had them raught and enemies sword ere this.
 Not Helens beautilie hatefull vnto thee,
 Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
 Rest pow this wealth, and ouerthrowe pour town.
 Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,
 Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim,
 Whose moisture doth obscure allthings about:
 And fere not thou to do thy mothers will,
 Nor her aduise refuse thou to performe.)
 Here where thou seest the turrets ouerthrowen,
 Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
 Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walles,
 And eke the loose foundations of the same,
 And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat:
 And cruell Iuno with the foremost here
 Doth kepe the gate that Seca cleped is,
 Here wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
 In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their ships.
 And in the turrets hve behold where standes
 Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
 And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes:
 And Iupiter my father distributes
 Quapling strength, and courage to the Grekes.
 Yet ouermore, against the Tropan powr,
 He doth prouoke the rest of all the Gods,

flee

of Virg. Aeneis.

Flee then my son, and geue this trauail end.
 He shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
 I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
 This did she say: and therewith gan she hide
 Her self in shadow of the close night.
 Then dreadfull figures gan appere to me,
 And great Gods eke agreed with our town.
 I saw Trope fall down in burning gledes,
 Neptunus town cleue razed from the soil:
 Like as the elm forgrown in mountaines hve,
 Round heuen with are, that husbandmen
 With thick assaultes strue to teare vp, doth threat,
 And hackt beneath trembling doth bend his top,
 Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
 Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.
 With this I went, and guided by a God
 I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
 Their wepons, and the fire eke gaue me place.
 And when that I was come before the gates,
 And auncient building of my fathers house:
 My father, whom I hoped to conuey
 To the next hils, and did him therto treat,
 Refused either to prolong his life,
 Or bide exile after the fall of Trope.
 All ye (quod he) in whom yong blood is fresh,
 Whose strength remaines entier and in full powr,
 Take ye your flight.
 For if the Gods my life wold haue prozaged,
 They had reserued for me this wanning place.
 It was enough (alas) and eke too much,
 To see the town of Trope thus razed ones,
 To haue liued after the citie taken.
 When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out forsake.
 My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
 Mine enemies moye, or els hope of my spoile.
 As for my graue, I wep the losse but light:
 For I my peres disdainfull to the Gods
 Haue ingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
 Sins that the fire of Gods and king of men
 Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.
 Such things he gan reherse, thus firmly bent.

But

The second booke

But we besprent with teres, my tender son,
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest
Of the household, my father gan beseeche,
Not so with him to perish all at ones,
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate.
Which he refused, and stak to his intent.

Drummen I was to harness: then againe,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what aduise or other hope was left?
Father, thoughtst thou that I may ones remoue
(Quod I) a foote, and leaue thee here behinde?
May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?
If Gods will be, that nothing here be sau'd
Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne
Both tye and thine to ruine of this town:
The way is plaine this death for to attaine.
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,
That gozed the son before the fathers face,
And slew the father at the altar eke.
O sacred mother was it then for this,
That you me led through flame, and weapons sharp,
That I might in my secret chaumber see
Mine enemies: and Iscanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my swete wife,
Murdered alas the one in thothers blood?
Why seruants then, bring me my armes againe.
The latter day vs vanquished doth call.
Render me now to the Grekes sight againe:
And let me see the sight begon of new.
We shall not all vnwoken dye this day.

About me then I girt my swerd again,
And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,
And bent me so to rush out of the house.
Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,
Foregainst his father pong Iulus set.
If thou wilt go (quod she) and spill thy self,
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thou in armes haue set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whereas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
And I sometime thine owne dere wife, at left.

Her

of Virg. Aeneis

Her shall loud voice with plaint thus fill the house,
When that a soden monstrous matuel fell.
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the butten sprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand:
With gentle touch whos harmlesse flame did shine,
Upon his heare, about his temples spred.
And we afraid trembling for dreadfull fere
bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.
Anchises glad his eyen list to the sterres:
With handes his voice to heauen thus he bent.
If by praier, (almighty Jupiter),
Inclind thou mayst be, beholde vs then
Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.
Graunt eke thine ayd father, confirm this thng.
Scarce had the old man said, when that the heuens
With soden noise thondred on the left hand.
Out of the skie by the dark night there fell
A blasing sterre, dragging a brand or flame:
Which with much light gliding on the house top
In the forest of Ida hid her beames.
The which full bright cendleing a furrow shone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way.
And round about of bzimilone rose a fume.
My father vanquish, then beheld the skies,
Spake to the Gods, and tholly sterre adored
Now, now (quod he) no longer I abide.
Fellow I shall where ye me guide at hand.
O natue Gods, your familie defend
Preserue your liue, this warning comes of you,
And Troy stands in your protection now
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe
Refuse I not my sonne, to be thy fere.
This did he say: and by that time more clere
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walles,
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.
Why then haue done, my father dere, (quod I)
Besetride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,
And I shal with my sholders thee susteine:
He shal this labor do me any dere.

D. I.

whatsoe

The second booke

What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
 Like to vs both and common there shal be.
 Pong Iulus shal beare me company:
 And my wife shal follow far of my steppes,
 Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say.
 Without the towne ye shall find, on an hill
 An old temple there, standes wheras sometime
 Worshop was don to Ceres the Goddesse.
 Beside which growes an aged cypresse tree,
 Preserued long by our forefathers zeile.
 Behind which place let vs together meete.
 And thou father receiue into thy handes
 The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:
 The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
 That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
 Till I be washed in the running flood.
 When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
 And laied neck with garmentes gan I spyed,
 And theron cast a pillow lions skin,
 And therupon my burden I receiue.
 Pong Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
 Followeth me fast with vnequal pace:
 And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
 By places shadowed most with the night.
 And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw,
 For preece of Argius routes could make amaze,
 Eke whisp'ring wind hath power now to fray,
 And euery sound to moue my doutfull mind:
 So much I dread my burden, and my feer,
 And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
 Right well escape the daunger, as me thought:
 When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.
 My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
 Cried on me: flee, son: they are at hand.
 With that bright sheldes, and shene armour I saw,
 But then I knowe not what vnfrendly God
 My troubled wit from me drafft for seer.
 For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
 Eschuing still the common haunted track,
 From me catif alas bereued was
 Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:

When

of Virg. Aeneis

Whether by fate, or missing of the way,
 Or that she was by wretchednesse retound.
 But neuer sithe these eyes might her behold:
 Nor did I yet perceiue that she was lost:
 He neuer backward turned I my mind,
 Till we came to the hill, wheras there stood
 The old temple dedicate to Ceres.
 And when that we were there assembled all,
 She was only away, deceiuing vs
 Her spouse, her son, and all her compaignie.
 What God, or man did I not then accuse,
 Here wood for ire: or what more cruell chaunce
 Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthrow:
 I scanius to my feeres I then betoke,
 With Anchises and eke the Troian Gods,
 And left them hid within a valley depe.
 And to the towne I gan me hie againe,
 Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
 Auentures past, to search throughout the towne,
 And yeld my hed to perils ones againe,
 And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
 Of the same gate, wherat I issued out.
 Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
 In the dark night, looking all round about.
 In euery place the vngone sightes I saw,
 The silence selfe of night agast my spite.
 From hence againe I past vnto our house,
 If she by chaunce had ben returned home.
 The Grekes were there, and had it all beset
 The wasting fire blown by by drift of wind,
 Aboue the rooies the blazing flame sprang vp:
 The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies
 To Priams palace and the Castel then
 I made: and ther at Iunons sanctuar
 In the void porches Phenix, Althesse eke,
 Sterne guardens stood watching of the spoile.
 The riches here were set rest from the bent
 Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,
 The vessels eke that were of massy gold,
 And vestures spild, were gathered all in heap:
 The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright

Long

The second booke

Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.
 So bold was I to shoue my voice that night,
 With cleges and cries to fill the stretes throughout,
 With Creuse name in sorrow, with vain teres,
 And often sithes the same for to repete.
 The town restlesse with furie as I sought,
 The unlucky figure of Creusaces ghast,
 Of stature moze than wont, stood foze eyen.
 I bashed then I worc: ther with my heare
 Gan start right vp: my voice stak in my throte:
 When with such words she gan my hart remoue.
 What helps to yeld vnto such furious rage,
 Swete spouse: quod she. Without wil of the gods.
 This chaunced not: ne lesull was for thee,
 To lead away Creusa hence with thee.
 The king of the hie heuen suffreth it not.
 A long exile thou art assigned to bere,
 Long to furrow large space of stormy seas.
 So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
 Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streame
 Wildly doth flow along the fruitfull feldes.
 There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee,
 There a kinges child preparte to be thy make.
 For thy beloued Creusa stint thy teres.
 For now shal I not see the proud abodes
 Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes:
 Ne I a Troyan lady, and the wife
 Vnto the sonne of Aeneas the Goddesse,
 Shall goe a slave to serue the Grekish dames.
 We here the Gods great mother holdes.
 And now farwell: and kepe in fathers brest
 The tender loue of thy yong son and myne.
 This hauing said she left me all in teres,
 And minding much to speake: but she was gone;
 And suttly fled into the weightlesse aire,
 Thise taught: I wish mine armes taccoll her necke:
 Thise did my handes vaine hold thimage escape:
 Like nimble windes, and like the flieng dreame.
 So night spent out, retorne I to my feet:
 And ther wondring I find together swarmed
 A new number of mates, mothers, and men.

of Virg: Aeneis.

I rout exiled, a wretched multitude,
 From eche where flockke together, prest to passe,
 With hart and goods, to what soeuer land
 By sliding seas me listeth them to lede.
 And now rose Lucifer about the ridge
 Of iustye Ide, and brought the dawning light.
 The Grekes held the entries of the gates beset:
 Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,
 Toke vp my fire, and halted to the hill.

The fourth booke of Virgiles Aeneis.

BUt now the wounded Queene, with heuy care,
 Throughtout the veins she nourisheth the playe,
 Surprised with blind flame, and to hir mind
 Can kee resort the prowesse of the man,
 And honour of his race: while in her brest
 Imprinted stak his wordes, and pictures forme.
 Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.
 The next morow, with Phobus launp, the earth
 Alightned cleere: and eke the dawning day
 The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue:
 When all vnfound her sister of like minde
 Thus spake she to: Sister Ann, what dreames
 Be these, that me tormented thus afay?
 What new guest, is this that to our realm is come?
 What one of chere: how stout of hart in armes?
 Truly I think (ne vain is my belefe)
 Of Goddiss race some offspring shold he be:
 Towardzy notes hartes swarued out of kind.
 He dynen (Lord) with how hard destiny:
 What battailes eke atchiued did he recount?
 But that my mind is fixt vnmoueably,
 Neuer with wright in wedlock ap to iopne:
 Sith my first loue me left by death disuenced,
 If geniall brands, and bed me lothed not,

The fourth booke

To this one gillt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
 Anne, for I graunt, with wretched Siches death
 My spouse and house with brothers slaughter staine,
 This onely man hath made my senses bend,
 And pricked forth the mind, that gan to slide,
 Now feelingly I tast the steppes of mine old flame.
 But first I wish, the earth me swallow down:
 Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send
 To the pale goltes of hel, and darknes deepe:
 Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes
 Be that with me first coppied, tooke away
 My loue with him enioy it in his graue.
 Thus did she say, and with suppressed teares
 Banned her brest. wherto Anne thus replied:
 O sister, deauer beloued then the light:
 Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
 Ne children sweete, ne Venus giftes wilt know?
 Cinders (thinkest thou) mind this: or graued ghostes?
 Time of thy doole thy spouse new dead, I graunt.
 None might thee moue: no not the Libian king
 Nor yet of Eire Iarbas set so light:
 And other princes mo: whom the rich soile
 Of affrick breeds, in honours triumphant,
 Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue
 Comes not to mind vpon whoes land thou dwelt.
 On this side, loe the Getuletown behold,
 A people bold vnuanquished in warre,
 Eke the vndaunted Numides compasse thee
 Also the Sirtes, vnfriendly harbroughs:
 On thother hand, a desert realme for thrust
 The Barreans, whose furr stretcheth wide.
 What shall I touch the warres that moue from Tires?
 Or yet thy brothers threates?
 By gods puruiance it blewe, and Junos helpe,
 The Troianes shippes (I think) to runn this course
 Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
 Throgh such allie how shal our kingdom rise?
 And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
 How many waies shal Cartages glorie growe
 Thou onely now besech the Gods of grace
 By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house

of Virg. Aeneis.

Receue him: and forge causes of abode:
 Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Orion,
 The shippes shaken, vnfriendly the season.
 Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with loue;
 Looked al shame, and gaue the doubtfull hope,
 And to the temples first they hast and seeke,
 By sacrifice for grace, with Dogreles of two peares
 Chosen (as ought) to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
 To Phcbus, Bacchus, and to Iuno chiefe,
 Which hath in care the bandes of marriage.
 Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup
 Which twixt the hoznes of a white Cowe she shed
 In presence of the Gods passing before
 The altars fatte, which she renewed oft
 With giftes that day, and beastes debowled:
 Galing for counsell on the entrals warme.
 By me, vnkuifull mundes of prophesie
 Temples, or vowes, what boote they in her rage:
 A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure:
 Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepe life,
 Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
 Throughout the town she wandzeth vp and down:
 Like the stricken hinde with shaft, in Crete
 Throughout the woods which chaling with his darters
 Loose, the Shepheard smiteth at vnwares
 And leaues vnwilt in her the thirling head:
 That throughe the groues, and landes glides in her sight:
 Amid whose side the mortall arrow stikes,
 Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
 The towne prepared, and Cartage welth to shew,
 Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes,
 And when the day gan faile, new feastes she makes
 The Troies traualles to heare a new she listes
 Irraged al: and stareth in his face
 That tels the tale. And when they were al gone:
 And the diuine moue doth est withhold the light:
 And sliding farres prouoked vnto sleepe:
 Alone she mournes within her palace boide:
 And sets her down on her forsaken bed,
 And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
 And seeth eke: oft in her lappe she holdes
 Acanus, trapt by his fathers forme;

The second booke

So to begile the loue cannot be told.

The turrets now arise not, erst begonne,
Neither the pouth weldes armes, nor they auance
The portes: nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames
Of walles high raised, threating the skie.
Whom alsoone as Ioues deare wife sawe infect
With such a plage, ne fame resist the rage:
Saturnes daughter thus burdes Venus then.
Great praise (quod she) and worthy spoiles you win.
You and your son, great Gods of memory,
By both your wiles one woman to deuowre.
Yet am not I deceiued, that foreknew
Ye dread our walles, and bildinges gan suspect
Of high Cartage. But what shalbe the ende:
Or wherunto now scruech such debate:
But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,
With thou hast speede of that, thy heart desired,
Dido doth burne with loue, rage fretes her boones
This people now as common to vs both,
With equal fauour let vs gouerne then,
Lefull be it to serue a Troian spouse:
And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand in dowre.
To whom Venus replied thus: that knewe,
Her wordes proceeded from a fained minde,
To Libian coastes to turne the empire from Rome,
What wight so fond, such offer to refuse:
Or yet with thee had leuer striue in warr?
So be it fortune thy tale bring to effect,
But destenies I dout: least Ioue will graunt,
That folke of Tirc, and such as came from Troie,
Should hold one town: or graunt these nations
Mingled to be, or ioynd ay in leage.
Thou at his wife: lefull it is for the
For to attempt his fanlie by request:
Wasse on befoze and folow the I shall:
Quene Iuno then thus rooke her tale againe:
This trauaile be it mine: but by what meane.
(Marke in fewe wordes I shal thee letne effsones)
This worke in hand may now be compassed.
Ancas nowe, and wretched Dido eke

of Virg. Aeneis.

To the forest, a hunting minde to wende,
To morne as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beames hath ouerspied the world,
And whiles the winges of youth do swarm about,
And whiles they raunge to ouer set the groues
A cloudie showr mingled with haile I shall
Poure down, and then with thonder shake the skies,
The assemble scattered the mist shall cloke.
Dido a caue, the Troian prince the same
Shall enter to: and I will be at hand.
And if thy will sticke vnto mine: I shall
In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own,
Thus shall the maryage be: to whose request
Without debate Venus did seme to yeld,
And simpled soft, as she that found the wyle.
Then from the seas, the dawning gan arise,
The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit,
The hunting stauers with their brod heads of Steele
And of Masle the horsmen fourth they brake
Of senting houndes a kenel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chaumber doze,
The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
The trampling steepe with gold and purple trap,
Chawing the fomic bit, there fiercely stood.
Then issued she, awapted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embrazed riche.
Her qupuer hung behinde her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Burned with gold, the Troians of her train
Before her go, with gladson Iulus.
Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
Makes one of them, and iopneth close the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise:
To viset Delos his mothers mandon:
Repairing est and furnishing her quire
The Candians, and folkes of Diopces,
With painted Agathyrsies shoute, and crye:
Enuironing the altars roundabout
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:

E.1.

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The fourth booke

His sparkled tresse repress with garlandes soft
 Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold:
 His quivering darters clattering behinde his back:
 So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seme:
 Such lordly port in present countenance.
 But to the hills, and wilde holtes when they came:
 From the rocks top the driuen sauage rose,
 Loc from the hill about on thother side,
 Through the worde lawnds, they gan to take their courts
 The harris likewise, in troups taking their flight,
 Raising the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
 The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift seebe
 Amidst the plain now prickis by them, now thest:
 And to encounter wilseth oft in minde
 The coming Boie in feedes of ferefull beasts,
 Or Lion biow might from the hill descend.
 In the meane while the skies gan rumble soze:
 In taple therof, a mingled show, with hayle.
 The Tryan folk, and eke the Troians yout,
 And Venus nephews the cotage: for feare
 Sought round about the floods fell from the hills.
 Dido a den, the Troian prince the same,
 Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the earth,
 And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
 First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame,
 And proue to the wedlock lightning skies:
 And the Symphes pelled from the mountains top.
 By me, this was the first day of their mirth,
 And of their harmes the first occasion eke.
 Respect of fame no longer her withholdes:
 Nor miseth now to frame her loue by selfe.
 Wedlock she calls it: vnder the pretence
 Of which fayre name she cloketh now her fault.
 Forthwith fame flich through the great Libian towne:
 A mischefe fame, there is none els so swift:
 That mouing growes, and flitting gathers force:
 First small for deed, sone after climes the skies:
 Stayeth on earth, and hides her hed in cloudes.
 Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wyath
 Of Gods, begat: the last sister (they write)
 To Cecus, and to Enceladus eke,

Spedie

of Virg. Aeneis.

Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift,
 A monster huge, and dreadfull to deserue.
 In euery plume, that on her body sticks,
 (A thing in dede much maruelous to heare)
 As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
 So many mouthes to speake, and lisming eares,
 By night she flies amid the cloude flie,
 Shyking by the dark shadow of the earth,
 He doth decline to the sweetesleepe her eyes.
 By day she sits to mark on the house top,
 Or turrets hye, and the great towne astrayes,
 As munde full of rill and ipes, as blasing truth.
 This monster blithe with many a tale gan soze
 This rumor then into the common eares:
 As well things don as that was neuer wrought:
 As that there comen is to Tryians court
 Aeneas one outsprong of Troian blood
 To whom fair Dido wold her self be wed.
 And that the while the winter long they passe
 In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne,
 Led against honour with vnholist luf.
 This in eche mouth, the filthie Goddesse spreds,
 And takes her course to king Harbas straight
 Rindling his minde: with tales she feedes his wyath.
 Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter
 Upon the raulst Simph of Garamant.
 In hundred hugie great temples be built,
 In his farre stretching realmes, to Jupiter.
 Altars as many kept with waking flame,
 Wathe alwayes vpon the Gods to tend.
 The flookes embzude with yeldded blood of beastes,
 And threhold spred with garlands of strange hue.
 He wood of minde, kindled by bitter bzute,
 To fore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,
 With reared hands gan humbly Ioue entreate,
 Almighty God whom the Phoores nation
 Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
 Heest thou these things: or feare we thee in vaine
 When thou lettest fye thy thonder from the cloudes:
 Or do those flames with vaine noyse vs astray:
 A woman that wandring in our coastes hath bought

C. II.

A plot

The fourth booke

A plot for price: where she a citie set:
 To whom we gaue the strond for to manure.
 And lawes to rule her town: our wedlock lothed,
 Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.
 That Paris now with his vnmanly force,
 With mitred hats, with opnted bush and beards:
 His rape enioyth: whiles to thy temples we
 Our offrings bring, and solow rumors vaine,
 N' hom prāing in such sort, and griping eke
 The altars fast, the mighty father heard:
 And withed his loke toward the royal walls
 And louers eke forgetting their good name,
 To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge.
 Hence son in hast, and call to thee the windes.
 Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Troyan prince,
 That now in Carthage loytreth, rechelesse
 Of the towns graunted him by delteny:
 Swift through the skies, see thou these wordes conuey.
 His faire mother behight him not to vs
 Such one to berne therfore twyse him saued
 From Grekish arms: but such a one
 As mete might seme great Italic to rule
 Dreedfull in arms, charged with seigniorie,
 Shewing in prose his worthie Teucrian race.
 And vnder lawes, the whole world to subdue,
 If glorie of such things nought him enflames:
 Be that he listes seke honour by som paines:
 The towers yet of Rome being his fire
 Doth he enue to pong Ascanius?
 What mindeth he to frame: or on what hope
 In enemies land doth he make hys abode?
 Be his offspring in Italic regards:
 Be yet the land of Lauin doth behold:
 Bid him make saple: haue here the sum and end
 Our message thus report. When Ioue had sayd
 Then Mercurie gan, bend him to obey
 His mightie fathers will: and to his heeles
 His golden wings he knits, which him transpoyt
 With a light winde aboue the earth, and seas.
 And then with him his wand he toke, whereby
 He calles from hell pale goltes: and other some

Whether

of Virg. Aeneis.

Whether also he sendeth comfortlesse.
 Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them berences,
 And moztall eies he closeth vp in deth:
 By power wherof he driues the windes away,
 And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes,
 Till in his sight he gan descrie the top,
 And the stepe flankes of rocky Atlas hill:
 That with his crowne susteines the welkin by:
 Whose head forgrowen, with pine, circled alway,
 With misty cloudes, beaten, with wind and storme:
 His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chin
 The springes descend: his beard frozen with yse.
 Here Mercury with equal shining winges
 First touched, and with body heading better:
 To the water thend tooke he his discent,
 Like to the foule, that endlong costes and strondes
 Swarming with fish, fyes sweeping by the sea:
 Cutting betwixt the windes and Libian landes,
 From his graundfather by the most ers side,
 Cillenes child so came, and then alight
 Upon the houses with his winged fecte,
 To fore towers, wher he Aeneas saw
 Fundacions call, arcing lodges new.
 Girt with a sweard of Iasper starry bright:
 A shining parel flamed with statelie eie
 Of Etrian purple hong his shoulders down
 The gift and work of w'atthy Didoes hand
 Stripped throughtout with a thin thred of gold,
 Thus he encounters him: Oh careles wight
 Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires:
 A wisebound man now dost thou reare the walles
 Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town.
 From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods
 Sent me to thee, that with his beck commaundes
 Both heuen and earth: in hast gaue me charge
 Through the light aire this message thee to say.
 What framest thou: or on what hope thy time
 In idlenes doth wast in Affrick land?
 Of so great things, if nought the fame thee stirr,
 Be lull by trauaile honour to pursue:
 Ascanus yet, that waxeth fast behold,

But

The fourth booke

And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir:
To whom the realme of Italy belongeth,
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:
Amid his tale far off from mortall eies
Into light aire, he vanisht out of sight.

Aeneas with that vision stricken down,
Well nere bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread,
Amid his throat his voice likewise gan stick.
For to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leaue, alshoued sore
With this aduise, and message of the Gods.
What may he do, alas: or by what words
Dare he perswade the raging Quene in loue?
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne:
Now here now there his recklesse minde gan run,
And diuersly him drawes discourting all.
After long doubt, this sentence seemed best:
Achilles first, and strong Cloanthus eke
He calles to him, with Sergeant: vnto whom
He gaue in charge his name secretly
For to prepare, and driue to the sea coast
His people, and their armour to addresse:
And for the cause of change to faine excuse:
And that he, when good Dido least forsknew,
Did suspect so great a loue could break,
Would wait his tyme to speke therof most meete:
The nearest way to hasten his intent.
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.

Full soone the Quene, this crafty sleight gan smell,
(Who can deceiue a louer in forcast?)
And first forsaue the motions for to come,
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom
That wicked fame repoited, how to flight
Was armed the fleet all redy to auale.
Then ill bested of counsell rageth she:
And whisteth through the town like *Bachus* name,
As *Thias* stirs, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering *Bachus* name hallowed:
And that the festsul night of *Citheron*

Doth

of Virg. Aeneis.

Doth call her fourth with noyes of dauncing
It length her self bordeth Aeneas thus.
Unfaithfull wight, to couer such a fault
Cold:st thou hope: vnwilt to leaue my land?
For thee our loue, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold:
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broule of who:ling windes?
What if the land thou seekest, were not straunge?
If not vnknown: or ancient *Trope* yet good?
In rough seas, yet should *Trope* to me be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these teares, and right hand,
(For nought els haue I wretched lest me self)
By our spousals and mariage begonne,
If I of thee deserued euer well
Or thing of mine were euer to thee leefe:
Rue on this realme, whose ruine is at hand:
If ought be left that prayer may auale,
I thee beseeche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of *Nomadane*
For thee me hate: my *Tirians* eke for thee
Are wrought: by thee my shamefastnes eke itained,
And good renoume, wherby vp to the staires
Percelesse I clame. To whom wilt thou me leaue,
Redy to dye, my swete guest: sithe this name
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaines.
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What: vntil my brother *Digalion*
Beate downe my walles: or the *Getulian* king
Harbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or sene a yong Aeneas in my court
Play vp and down, that might present thy face:
All vnterly I could not seeme forsaken.
Thus sayd the Quene: he to the Gods aduise
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest
Represt his care, and stroue against his wil.
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast:
Neuer shall I denie (Quene) thy deserte,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:
So think on thee, ne itke me aye it shall

Whiles

The fourth booke

Whiles of my selfe I shall haue memory,
 And whiles the spirit these Lumes of mine shall rule,
 For present purpose somewhat shal I say.
 Neuer ment I to clok the same by stealth
 Shelaunder me not, ne to escape by flight,
 Nor I to thee pretended mariage:
 He hyther cam to ioine men such leage.
 If destiny at mine own liberty
 To lead my life would haue permitted me
 After my wil my sorow to redoub:
 Troy and the remainder of our folke
 Restore I shold: and with these scaped handes,
 The walles againe vnto thee vanquished,
 And palace high of Iliam eke repaire.
 But now Apollo, called Grineus,
 And prophecies of Licia me aduise
 To seale vpon the realme of Italy.
 That is my loue, my country, and my land.
 If Cartage turrettes thee Phenician bozne,
 And of a Libian town the sight deteine:
 To vs Troians why doest thou then enup
 In Italy to make our rising seat:
 Letfull is eke for vs straunge realmes to seeke.
 As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes daræ
 The earth: as oft as flaming Itarres apere:
 The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
 So oft in sleepe doth fray me, and aduise,
 The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,
 Whom I defraud of the Visperian crown,
 And landes a lotted him by destiny.
 The mess nger eke of the Gods but late
 Sent down from Ioue (I sware by cyther hed)
 Passing the ayre, did this to me report.
 In bright day light the God my selfe I saw
 Entre these walles, and with these cares him heard.
 Leuethen with plaint, to bere both the and me,
 Against my will to Italy I go.
 Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,
 With wardward looke she gan him ay behold,
 And roling crie, that moued to and fro:
 With silence looke discourting ouer al,

And

of Virg. Aeneis.

And soorth in rage, at last thus gan he brayde,
 Faithlesse, forsworn, ne Goddesse was thy dam,
 For Wardenus beginner of thy race,
 But of hard rockes mount Caucas monstrous
 Bred thee, and teates of Tyger gaue thee suck.
 But what should I dissemble now my there?
 Or me reserue to hope of greater things?
 Whendes he our teares: or cuer moued his eyne
 Wept he for ruth: or pitied he our loue:
 What shall I see before: or where begin?
 Iuno nor Ioue with iust eyes this beholds.
 Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
 Did I not him thzown vp vpon my shore
 In neede receiue, and fonded eke inuelt
 Of halfe my realme: his nau: lost, repair?
 From deathes daunger his fellowes eke defende:
 By me, with rage and furies loe I drue.
 Apollo now, now Lycian prophecies,
 Another while the messenger of Gods
 (He sayes) sent down from mighty Ioue himself
 The dreadfull charge amid the Ities hath brought.
 As though that were the trauil of the Gods,
 Or such a care their quietnes might moue.
 I hold thee not, nor yet gausay thy words,
 To Italie passe on by helpe of windes,
 And through the floods go searche thy kingdom new.
 If ruthfull Gods haue any power, I trust,
 And the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde,
 When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name,
 With burial brandes I absent shall thee thale,
 And when cold death from life these lins deuider,
 My gost eke where shall still on thee awaite,
 Thou shalt abyce, and I shall here thereof.
 Among the soules below thy brute shall come.
 With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
 With penslue hart abandoning the light:
 And from his sight, her self gan farre remoue:
 Forsaking him: that many things in fere
 Imagined, and did prepare to say.
 Heri wounding lins her damselfs gan releue,
 And to her chamber bare of marblc stone:

f. l.

And

The fourth booke

And layd her on her bed with tapets spred.
 But iust Aeneas, though he did desire
 With comfort sweet her sorowes to appease,
 And with his wordes to banish all her care,
 Wailing her much, with great loue ouercome:
 The Gods will yet he worketh, and resortes
 Vnto his name, where the Trojans fast
 Fell to their worke from the shore to vnstock
 High rigged ships: now fleetes the talowed kele,
 Their oares with leaues yet grene from wood they bring.
 And maketh vnshauie, for hast to take their flight.
 You might haue sene them throng out of the town
 Like ants, when they do spoile the hing of come,
 For winters dzed, which they beare to their den:
 When the black swarm creeps ouer all the fields:
 And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags their pray,
 The great graines then, som on their shoulders trulle,
 Some drine the troupe, som chastice eke the slow:
 That with their trauaile chased is eche path.
 Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?
 What sighes gaue she: when from her towers hpe
 The large coasts she saw haunted with Trojans workes,
 And in her sight the seas with din confounded,
 O witlese lone, what thing is that to do
 A mortal minde thou canst not force the sor?
 Forced she is to teares ap to returne,
 With new requestes, to yeld her hart to loue:
 And least she should before her causelesse death
 Leane any thing vntried: O sister Anne
 Quoth she, behold the whole coast round about,
 How they prepare assembled euer where.
 The streaming sailes abiding but for wynde:
 The shipmen crowne theyr ships with bowes for toy,
 O sister, if so great a sorow I
 Mistrusted had: it were moze light to beare,
 Yet nathelesse this for me wretched wight,
 Anns, shalst thou do: for suchles, thee alone
 He reuerenced, Aee eke his secretes tolde:
 The metest tunc thou knewest to horde the man:
 To my proude foe, thus sister humbly say:
 I with the greekes within the port I lide.

Com

of Virg. Aeneids.

Confured not the Trojans to destroy:
 For to the walles of Troy yet sent my fleetes:
 For cynders of his father Anchises
 Disturbed haue out of his sepulture.
 Why lettes he not my wordes sinke in his eares
 So harde to ouertreat: whither whirles he?
 This last boone yet graunt he to wretched loue
 Prosperous winde for to depart with ease,
 Let him abide: the foresayde marriage now,
 That he betrayed, I do not him require:
 Per that he should faire I tuly forgo.
 Neither I woulde, he should his kingdom leaue:
 Quiet I aske, and a time of delay,
 And respice eke my furc to allwage,
 Till my mishap teach me all comfortlesse,
 How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,
 Sister I craue, haue thou temorse of me,
 Whiche if thou shalt pouchsafe, with heapes I shall
 Leane by my death redoubled vnto thee.
 Moided with teares, thus wretched gan she playne:
 Which Anne reportes, and answere bringes againe.
 Pought teares him moue, ne yet to any wordes
 He can be framed with gentle minde to pride.
 The werdes withstande, & God staps his meke eares.
 Like to the aged boytious bodied oke,
 The which among the alpes, the Northerne winde,
 Blowyng now from this quarter, now from that,
 Betwixt them strue to ouerwhelme with blastes,
 The whistlyng ayre among the branches rozes,
 Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,
 The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the tree
 Sticks fast: and loke, how hpe to the heauen her toppe
 Reares vp, so deepe her roote spredde downe to hell:
 So was this Loyde now here now there beset
 With wordes, in whose floute brest wrought many cares,
 But still his minde in one remaines, in vaine
 The teares were shed. Then Dido frayde of fates
 Wiseth for death, wked to see the skyes.
 And that she might the rather worke her will,
 And leane the light (a grisely thing to tell)
 Vpon the altars burning full of cenfe

f. ii.

Wbca

The fourth booke

When she set gifts of sacrifice, she saw
 The holy water stocks were blacke within,
 The wine eke shed, change into filthy goze.
 This she to none, not to her sister told.
 A marble temple in her palace eke,
 In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
 In great honour and worship, which she held,
 With snowwhite clothes deckt, and with bowes of feath,
 Wherout was heard, her husbandes voyce, and speche
 Crying for her, when dark night hid the earth,
 And oft the Owle with rustfull song complained,
 From the house top drawing long dolefull tunes.
 And many things forspoke by prophets past
 With dreadfull warning gan her now asray:
 And stern Peneas lemed in her slepe
 To chase her still about, distraught in rage:
 And still her thought, that she was left alone.
 Uncompained great viages to wende.
 In desert land her Tyrian folks to seeke.
 Like Penheus, that in his madness saw
 Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell:
 Two Suns remoure, and Thebes towne shew twaine.
 Or like Orestes Agamemnon's son:
 In tragedies who represented aye.
 Driven about, that from his mother fled
 Armed with brands, and eke with serpents black:
 That sitting found within the temples porche
 The vglie furies his slaughter to reuenge,
 Peldent to wo, when phryssile had her caught,
 Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
 Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the meane;
 And to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
 In outward chere dissembling her intent,
 Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
 Sister reioyce, for I haue found the way
 Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
 Toward the end of the great Ocean flood
 Where as the wandring Sun discenteth hence:
 In the extremes of Ethiopie is a place,
 Where huge Atlas doth on his sholders turne
 The sphere so runde with flaming starres beset,

Booke

of Virg. Aeneis.

Borne of Massyle, I heare should be a Sunne
 That of the Iperian sisters temple old
 And of their goodly garden keeper was
 That geues vnto the Dragon eke his foode,
 That on the tree preserues the holy fruit
 That homie mopst, and sleeping poppey castles,
 This woman doth auant, by force of charme.
 What hart she list to set at libertie:
 And other some to perce with heuy cares:
 In running flood to stop the waters course:
 And eke the sterres their meunings to reuerse:
 Assemble eke, the golles that walk by night,
 Under thy feete, the earth thou shalt behold
 Tremble and roze, the oaks come from the hill.
 The Gods and thee, dere sister now I call
 In witnes, and thy hed to me so sweete:
 To magike artes against my will I bend,
 Right secretly within our inner court.
 In open ayre reare by a stack of wood:
 And hang theron the weapon of this man.
 The which he left within my chamber stick.
 His weedes disposed all, and byrial bed,
 Wherein alas sister, I found my bane,
 Charge thereupon, for so the Sunne commaundes;
 To do away, what did to him belong,
 Of that falle wight that might remembraunce bring.
 Then whistled she, the pale her face gan staine,
 He could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment
 To cloke her death by this new sacrifice:
 For in her brest such furie did conceiue,
 Neither doth she now dyed more greuous thing.
 Then folowed Sichers death: wherefore
 She put her will in dre. But then the Quene
 When that the flak of wood was reared vp,
 Under the ayre within the inward court
 With clouen oke, and billets made of fyre,
 With garlandes, she doth ali beset the place,
 And with grene bowes eke crown the funerall.
 And therupon his weedes and sword plest
 And on a bed his picture she bestowes:
 As she that well foreknew what was to come.

Clj

The fourth booke

The altars stande about, and eke the Fimie
 With sparkled tresse, the which thre hundred Gods
 With a loude voice both thunder out at once:
 Erebus the grisely, and Chaos huge,
 And eke the threefolde Goddesses, Hecate
 And thre faces of Diana the virgin,
 And sprinkles eke the water counterfet
 Like vnto blacke Tuernus lake in hell:
 And springing herbes reapt wth byasen sithe^s
 Were sought after the right course of the Moone,
 The venim blacke intermingled with milke,
 The lump of fleshe twene the new borne foales eyes
 To reue, that winneth from the same her loue,
 She with the mole all in her handes deuout
 Stode neare the eulter, bare of the one foote,
 With vesture loose, the bandes unlaced all,
 Went for to dye, calls the Gods to recorde,
 And guilty starres eke of her destiny.
 And if there were any God that had care
 Of louers hartes not moued with loue alike,
 Him she requires of iustice to remember.
 It was then night, the founde and quiet slepe
 Had through the earth the wried bodyes caught,
 The woodes, the ragyng seas were faine to rest,
 When that the starres had halfe their course declimed,
 The felides whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers hie,
 And what so that in the brode lakes remaide,
 Or yet among the bushy thickes of byar,
 Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night
 Gan wage their cares, mindlesse of trauels pass,
 Not so the spirit of this Pheniciani:
 Unhappy he that on no slepe could chance,
 Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest.
 His cares redoble: loue doth rise and rage againe,
 And ouerflowes with swelling stormes of wrath.
 Thus thinkes he then, this roules he in her minde,
 What shall I do: shall I now beare the scoine
 For to assaye mine olde waers againe?
 And humbly yet a sumid spouse require?
 Whose marriage I haue so oft disdayned?
 The Troyan nauy, and Teucrian bile commaundes

Polon

of Virg. Aeneis.

Polon shall I eas though it shoulde auaille,
 That whilom by my helpe they were releued:
 Or for because with kinde, and mindefull folke
 Right well both sit the passed thankefull dede?
 Who would me suffer: (admit this were my will)
 Or me scorned to their proude shippes receiue:
 Oh, wo begone: full little knowest thou yet,
 The broken othes of Laomedons kinde.
 What then: alone on mery Haricrs
 Shall I waite: or borde them with my power
 Of Tyrians assembled me about:
 And such as I with trauaile brought from Tyre,
 Driue to the seas, and force them saile againe:
 But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued:
 And to this too, with iron geue thou aide:
 And thou sister first vanquishd with my teares,
 Thou in my rage with all these mischiefs first
 Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.
 Was it not graunted me from spousals free,
 Like to wilde beastes, to liue without offence,
 Without taste of such cares: is there no sayth,
 Referred to the cinders of Sphex?
 Such greet complaints brake forth out of her brest:
 Whiles Aeneas fullminded to depart,
 All thinges prepared, slept in the pouce on high,
 To whom in slepe the wrocted Goddesses forme
 Gan aye appere, returning in like shape
 As semed him: and gan him thus aduise:
 Like vnto Mercury in voyce, and hie,
 With yelow bushe, and coniey lynes of youth.
 O Goddesses somme, in such case canst thou sleepe?
 Be yet besfraught the daungers doest forsee,
 That copasse thee: nor heast the faire windes blowe:
 Dido in minde roules vengeance and descente,
 Determd to dye, swelles with unstable ire,
 Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
 Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with sayles,
 The blaspyng brondes, the shore all spred with flame,
 And if the morow scale vpon thee here:
 Come of, haue done, set all delay aside.
 For full of change these women be alway,

Polon

The fourth booke

This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.
 Aeneas of this sodain vision
 Fozed starts vp out of his sleepe in hast,
 Calls vp his fecters: awake get vp my men,
 Aboord your ships, and hope vp sayl with speede,
 (O God me wills sent from aboue againe)
 To hast my flight, and writhen cabels cut.
 Oh holy God, what so thou warrt we shall
 Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will:
 Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist:
 Adresse the sterres with prosperous influence.
 And with that word his glittering sword brisethes,
 With which drawen, he the cabels cut in twaine.
 The like desire the rest embraced all,
 All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle,
 The shores they leaue, with ships the seas ar spred,
 Cutting the some, by the blew seas they swepe.
 Euroza now from Citans purple bed,
 With new day light hath ouerspred the earth,
 When by her windowes the Quene the peping day
 Espied, and nauie with splaid sailes depart
 The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde:
 Her comly brest thrise or foure times she smote
 With her own hand, and toze her golden tresse.
 Oh Ioue (quoth she) shall he then thus depart
 A stranger thus, and scoone our kingdome so?
 Shall not my men do on theyr armure prest?
 And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
 Out of the rode sone shall the vessel warpe.
 Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your owerk.
 What said I: but where am I: what phrensie
 Alters thy minde: vnhappy Dido now
 Hath thee beset a froward destenie.
 Then it behoued, when thou didst geue to him
 The scepter, so his faith and his right hand,
 That leades wit h him (they say) his countrie goodes,
 That on his back his aged father boze,
 His body might I not haue caught and rent?
 And in the seas drenched him, and his fecters:
 And from Acanus his life with Iron rest,
 And set him on his fathers boord for meate:

Of

of Virg. Aeneis

Of such debate perchance the fortune might
 Haue bene doubtfull: would God it were assaid.
 Whom should I feare, sir, I my selfe must die?
 Might I haue throwen into that naup brandes,
 And filled eke their decaes with flaming fire,
 The father, sone, and all their nation
 Destroyed, and falln my self ded ouer al.
 Sunne with thy beames, that mortall workes discies,
 And thou Iuno, that wel these traualles knowest,
 Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse
 To houle, and call in forked waies by night,
 Infernal furies, ye wealers of wrong,
 And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,
 Receiue these wordes, and eke poue heauy power
 Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue,
 And our request accept, we you beseeche.
 If so that yonder wicked head must needs
 Recouer port, and saile to land offorce
 And if I cues wil haue so resolued it,
 And such ende set as no wight can fordoe,
 Yet at the least assailed mought he be
 With armes, and warres of hardy nations,
 From the boundes of his kingdome farre exiled,
 Iulus eke rashed out of his armes
 Driven to call for helpe, that he may see
 The guiltles coples of his folke lie dead:
 And after hard condicions of peace,
 His realme, noz life desired may he brooke:
 But fall before his time vngained amid the sandes.
 This I requere, these wordes with blood I shed.
 And Trians, ye his stocke and all his race
 Pursue with hate, rewarde our cinders so.
 No loue noz leage, betwixt our peoples be,
 And of our bones, some weaker may there spring,
 With sword and flame that Troias may pursue:
 And from henceforth when that our powr may stretch,
 Our colles to them contrary be for aye,
 I craue of God, and our streames to their fluddes,
 Armes vnto armes, and offspring of eche race
 With mortal warr eche other may fordoe
 This said, her mind she wretched on al sides,

C, i.

Seeking

The fourth booke

Seeking with speede to end her irksome life.
 To Hecubes nurse Barren then thus she said
 (For hers at home in ashes did remaine)
 Cal vnto me (deare nurse) my sister Anne:
 Bid her, in hark in water of the fludde
 She sprinkle the body, and bring the beastes,
 And purging sacrifice, I did her betwe:
 So let her come: and thou thy temples bind
 With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,
 That I to Pluto haue begonne, my mind
 Is to her forme, and geue end to these cares:
 And Troian statue throw into the flame.
 When she had said, redouble gan her nurse
 Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trot.
 But trembling Dido egerly now bent
 Upon her sterne determination,
 Her bloodshot eyes rolling within her head:
 Her quivering chekes flecked with deadly staine,
 Both pale and wan to think on death to come,
 Into the inward wardes of her palace
 She rusheth in, and clam vp, as distraught,
 The buriall stack, and drew the Troian sword
 Her gift sometime, but ment to no such vble.
 Where when she saw his weed, and w^l knownen bed,
 Weeping a while in study gan she stay,
 Fell on the bed, and these last wordes she said.
 Swete spotles, whyles God and destenies it wold,
 Recceue this sp^{ite}, and rid me of these cares.
 I liued and ranne the course, fortune did graunt,
 And vnder earth my great golt now shall wornde.
 A goodly town I built, and saw my walles:
 Happy, alas to happy, if these costes
 The Troian shippes had neuer touched ay.
 This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed:
 Why then (quoth she) vnwokene shal we die?
 But let vs dye for this: and in this sort
 It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darke.
 And from the seas the cruel Troians eyes
 Shall wel discern this flame, and take with hem
 The these vnlucky tokens of my death.
 As she had said, her hand self might perceue

of Virg: Aeneis.

Her with these wordes sal pearced on a sword,
 The blade embued and handes besprent with goze
 The clamor rang vnto the pallas toppes,
 The brute ranne throughout al the stoued towne,
 With wailing great, and womens shrill pelling,
 The roofes gan roare, the aire resound with plaint.
 As though Cartage, or thauagant town of Tyre
 With p^{re}ase of entred enemies swarmed full,
 Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
 The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.
 Her sister Anne, sp^{ite}lesse for dread to heare
 This fearefull sturre, with nailes gan teare her face,
 She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:
 And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:
 Sister, for this with craft did you me bound:
 The stak, the flame, the altars, b^{re}d they this:
 What shall I first complaine, for laken wight?
 Lothelt thou in death thy sisters felowship?
 Thou shouldst haue callid me to like destiny:
 One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.
 This funerals stak built I with these handes,
 And with this voice cleped our native Gods,
 And cruel so absentelt me from thy death:
 Destroyd thou hast (sister) both thee and me,
 Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
 Geue, here I shall with water washe her woundes,
 And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.
 This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
 Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
 With wailefull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,
 The black swart goze wiping dry with her clothes.
 But Dido strueth to lift vp againe
 Her heauy epen, and hath no power therto:
 Deepe in her brest, that fixed wound doth gape.
 Thise leaning on her elbow gan she raise
 Her self, vpward: and thise she ouerthrewe
 Upon the bed: ranging with wandring eyes
 The skies for light, and wept when she it found.
 Almighty Iuno hauing ruth by this
 Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death,
 From heauen she sent the Goddesse Iris downe,

The fourth booke

The throwing spitt, and lointed flames to look:
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perished:
But wretchedly before her fatal day,
And kindled with a tobein rage of flame:
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden heare, nor iudged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
Amid the skiss then did she flye adowne:
On Widos head, where as she gan a light:
This heare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate.
Commaunded I reue, and thy spirit vnlasse,
From this body: and when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the heare in twaine:
And therewith al the kindly heat gan quench:
And into wind the life soorthwith resoluē.

Finis.

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