

CERTAIN BOKES 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 boke

The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,  
The Grekis camp desirous to behold,  
The places void and the forsaken costes.  
Here Pyrrhus band, there fierce Achilles pight:  
Here rode their shippes, there did their battells sygne:  
A sonnied some the scathefull gisf beheld,  
Behight by bow unto the chal: Minerve:  
All wondring at the hugeness of the horle.  
And synt of all Timothes gan advise,  
Wythin the walles to leade and drawe shesame,  
And place it eke amidde the palace court:  
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it wold.  
Tappys, wytch some of iudgement more discrete,  
Wold it to drown, or underset with flame.  
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,  
Or doze and gage the hollowe caues bouth.  
So diuerse ranne the giddy peoples minde.  
Loe formel of a rout, that followed him,  
Kindled laocoen hasted from the towre,  
Cryng far of: O wretched citizens,  
What so great kind of frenlie streteth you?  
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?  
Or any Grekis giffes can you suppose  
Deuoid of guile: Is so Ulysses knowne?  
Either the Grekes ar in this tumber hid,  
Or this an engin is to anoy our walles,  
To view our tourres, and ouerwhelme our towne.  
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troyans, geue no trull  
Unto this horle, so what so fuct is he,  
I dyed the Grekes, yea when they offer gyfes.  
And with that word, with all his force a part  
He launced then into that craked wounde:  
Which tremling stakk, and shooke within the syde,  
Wherwith the caues gan hollowlye resouna.  
And but for fates, and for our blis: forcas,  
The Grekes deuise and guile had he diuerted:  
Troy yet had stand, and Iliamis foyres so his.  
Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes  
Brought to the king, with clamor, all unknoyme,  
A yongman, bound his handes behinde his backe:  
Whos willingly had yelden misdone,

## of Virg: Aeneis:

To frame his guile, and open Troyes gates:  
Unto the Grekes: with courage full bent,  
And minde determined either of the twaine,  
To wortke his feit, or willing yeld to death.  
Here him, to geze, the Troyan youth gan flock,  
And straue whos most myght at the captiue scorne.  
The Grekes deuise beholde, and by one yoste  
Imagine all the rest.  
For in the prease as he unarmed stood,  
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrygian routes beset.  
Iias (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas  
May me recepue: Catif, what restes me nowe?  
For whom in Grece doth no a bode remayne:  
The Troyans eke offendid seke to wreke  
Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my bloud,  
With this regrete our hartes from ranoye moued,  
The brute appeside we aske him of his birth,  
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.  
Then he (al dyed remoued) thus began.  
O Kyng: I shall, what euer me betide,  
Say but the truth: ne first will me denie  
A Grecian boke, so though fortune hath made  
Sion a wretchede, she can not make hym faille.  
I feuer came unto your caues the name  
Nobled by fame of the sage Palamede,  
Whom traicously the Grekes condend to dye,  
Giltiesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd  
Dyslade the warres: whose death they nowe lament.  
Underneath hym my father barc of wealth,  
Into his band yong, and nere of his bloud,  
In my prime yeres unto the war me sent.  
While that by fate his state in Iay did stand,  
And when his realm did florish by advise,  
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.  
But sines his death, by falle Ulysses sleight  
(I speake of things to all men wel beknown)  
I dyer life in doleful plaint I led,  
Repining at my gyflesse frens: mischaunce.  
He could I ffol refren my tong from thretes:  
What if my chaunce were euer to return  
Victo: Arge, to solowe my revenge,

## The second boke

The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,  
The Grekis camp desirous to behold,  
The places void and the forsaken costes.  
Here Pyrrhus band, there ferre Achilles pight:  
Here rode their shippes, there did their battells toyne.  
Astonned some the scathesfull gift beheld,  
Behight by boyn unto the chace whereto:  
All wondring at the hugeness of the houle.  
And fyrst of all Tiroetes gan aduile,  
Wythm the walles to leade and drawe the same,  
And place it eke anidde the palace court:  
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it wold.  
Capys, wyth some of iudgement more discrete,  
Wold it to drown, or vnderset with flame:  
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,  
Or boye and gage the hollowe caues vncouth,  
So diuerse ranne the giddy peoples minde.  
Loe formid of a rout, that followd him,  
Kindled laocoon hasted from the towre,  
Crieng far of: Wretched citoyens,  
What so great kind of frensye stretch you:  
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?  
Or any Grekis 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 annoy our walles,  
To view our tourres, and ouerwhelme our towne.  
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troyans, geue no trusse  
Unto this houle, for what so euer is be,  
I dred the Grekes, rax when they offer gyftes,  
And with that word, with all his force a dart  
He launced then into that crooked wombe:  
Whiche trevelling stek, and shoke within the side.  
Wherwith the capes gan hollowlye resound.  
And but for faires, and for our blud forcast,  
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discried:  
Troy yet had stand, and Pyramis tourres so hie.  
The wryth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes  
Brought to the king, with clamor, all unknown  
A yongman, bound his handes behinde his back:  
Whose willingly had yelden prisoner,

## of Virg: Aeneis.

To frame his guile, and open Troyes gates.  
Unto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,  
And minde determined either of the twaine,  
To worke his feit, or willing yeld to death.  
Here him, to gaze, the Troyan youth gan stoke,  
And straue whoc most myght at the capture soone.  
The Grekes deuise beholde, and by one ysofe  
Imagrie all the rest.  
For in the preaste as he unarmed stood,  
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrygian routes beset,  
As (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas  
May me receyue: Catif, what restes me nowe:  
For whem in Grece doth no a bode remayne:  
The Troyans eke offendid seke to wreke  
Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my bloud.  
With this regrete our hartes from rancox moued,  
The brute appealde we aske him of his birth,  
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.  
Then he (al dred remoued) thus began.  
O Kyng: I shall, what euer me betide,  
Say but the truth: ne fyrst will me denie  
A Greecian borne, so though fortune hath made  
Sinon a wretche, shi can not make him false.  
I feuer came unto your cares the name  
Nobled by fame of the sage Palamede,  
Whom traitorous the Grekes condencid to dye,  
Gultesse by wryngfull dome, for that he dyd  
Dysuade the warres: whose death they nowe lament:  
Underneath him my father bare of wealth  
Into his band yong, and nere of his bloud,  
In my prime yeres unto the war me sent.  
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,  
And when his realm did florish by advise,  
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute,  
But sins his death, by false Ulysses sleight  
(I speake of things to all men wel beknown)  
A derty life in doleful plaint I led,  
Repining at my gyflesse frensye mischaunce.  
He could I sool refren my tong from thretes:  
That if my chaunce were euer to return  
Victor to Arge, to solowe my reuenge.

with

## The second booke

With such sharp words procured I great hate,  
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sith  
With new found crimes be gan me to affray:  
In common eares faise rumors gan he sowe:  
Weapons of wrek his evly runde gan seke:  
He rested ay, till he by Calchas meane.  
But whereunto these thanklesse tales in vaine  
Do I reherte, and lingre fourth the time?  
In like estate if all the Grekes ye price:  
It is enough ye here: rid me at ones.  
Ulysses (Lord) how he wold this reioise?  
Pea and either Atrid: wold bye it drec.  
This knudled vs more egre to enquire,  
And to demaund the cause: without suspect  
Of so great mischeif thereby to ensue,  
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,  
And quiuering lynes, thus toke hys tale again.  
The Grekes oft times extended their return,  
From Troye town, with long warrs all ytired,  
For to dislodge: which wold god they had done.  
But oft the winter terrors of raging seas,  
And oft the boistous winds did them to stay:  
And chiefly when of clinched ribbes of firre  
This hors was made, the storms 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 pleaseid the winds, when first ye came to Troy:  
With blood likewise ye must seke your return.  
A Grekishe soule must offred be therfore,  
But when this sound had pearst the peoples eares,  
With sodein fere astounid were their mindes,  
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 noys, and wold hym to discuse  
The Gods intent. Then soue gan deme to me  
The cruell wreke of hym that framde the craft:  
Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.  
In silence then, yshrowding hym from sight

But

## of Virg: Aeneis.

But dayes twise since he whistled, and refused  
To death by speche to further any wight.  
At last, as forced by false Ulysses curse,  
Of purpose he brake fourth, assyning 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 prepaide wherwyth to offer me,  
Salt, coyne, tillets my temples for to bind.  
I scapte the deth (I graunt) & brake y bands,  
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght,  
Among the soze, while they did set their sailes:  
It fit so be that they in dede so dyd.  
Now restes no hope my nativie land to see,  
My children drec, nor long desired sure:  
On whom parchaunce they shall wrekke my escape:  
Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.  
Then by the gods, to whom al truthe is known:  
By sayth vnfiled, if any any where  
Wyth mortall folke remaies: I thee beseeche  
O King thereby, rie on my traualgreat:  
Pitie a wretch that gilesse suffreth wrong.  
Life to these teres, wyth pardon clewe graunt.  
And Prian full himself commandes to loose  
His gyues, his bands: and frendly to hym sayd.  
Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Grekes.  
Hencefourth be oures, and answere me with truth.  
Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge hors?  
Whos the deuise: and wherto should it tend:  
What holly vow: or engin for the warres?  
Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekishe craft,  
His loosed hands lift vpward to the sterres,  
Ye everlasting lampes I testifye,  
Whoes powr diuine may not be violate:  
Chaltar, and sword (quod he) that I haue seapt:  
Ye sacred bandes, I wore as yelden holte:  
Lefull be it for me to brake mine othe  
To Grekes, lefull to hate their nacion,  
Lefull be it to sparke in the ayre  
Their secretes all, what soe they kepe in close.

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## The second boke

For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.  
So be it, Troy, and saue by me from scathe,  
Reue faith with me, and stand to thy behest,  
If I speake truth, and opening thinges of weighte  
Foz graunt of life require thee large amendes.  
The Grekes whole hope of vndertaken war  
In Dallas help consisted evermore.  
But sith the tyme that wicked Diomede,  
Ulysses eke that forger of all guile,  
A mauturde from the holly sacred fane  
For to bereue dame Dallas fatall forme,  
And slew the watches of the chefkest tounre,  
And then away the holly statue stade,  
That were so bold with handes embred in blood,  
The virgin Goddessesse veiles for to defile:  
Sith that, their hope gan faille, their hope to fail  
Theiur powr appear, their Goddessesse grace withdraw.  
Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare.  
Scarce was the statue to our tentes pbroughte,  
But she gan stare with sparcled eyen 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 large and quivering spere.  
Calchas by sea then bad vs hast our flight:  
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,  
Untesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes.  
Restore the god that they by sea had brought  
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,  
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare:  
And crosse the seas vnlooked for estrones  
They wil return. This order Calchas set.  
This figure made they for thagreued god,  
In Dallas skede, to cleane their haunous fault.  
Which masse he willed to be rearead hye  
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:  
So that your gates, ne wall might it receive,  
Ne yet your people might defensed be  
By the good zelc of old devotion.  
Foz if your hands did Dallas gift defile,  
To Priams realm great mischeif shold befall.

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Whiche late the Gods first on him self return  
But had your ownchandes b:ought it in your towne,  
Nisle should passe, and carrie offred warr  
In Grece euuen to the walles of Pelops town,  
And we and oures that deskenie endure.  
By such like wiles of Simon 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 saile could daunt.  
Vs caitifes then a far more dredful chaunce  
Befell, that trobled our unarmyd brestes,  
Whiles Laocon, that chosen was by lot  
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull  
Before the holy Altar, sodenly  
From Tendor beheld in circles great  
By the calme seas comic fletynge adders twaine,  
Which plied towardes the shore (I lothe to tell)  
With rered brest lift vp aboue the seas:  
Whoes bloody crevces aloft the waues were seen:  
The hinder parte swanne hidden in the flood:  
Their grisly backes were linked manifold:  
With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,  
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire:  
Whoes waitring tongis did lick their hissing mouthes,  
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke.  
But they with gate direct to Lacon ran.  
And first of all eche serpent doth entrap  
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:  
Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed theron.  
Then caught they hym, who had his wepon caughte  
To rescue them, twise winding him about,  
With folded knottes, and circled tailes, his wast.  
Theiur scaled backes did compasse twise his neck,  
With rered heddles aloft, and stretched throttes.  
He with his handes straue to vnloose the knottes:  
Whose sacred fillettes all be sprinkled were  
With filth of gox blod, and venim rank.  
And to the strectes such dredfull shoutes he sent,  
Like to the sound the roxing bull fourth loowes,  
Whiche in the halter wounded doth astant,

W.i.

The

Whiche

## The second boke

The swarwing are when he shakes from his neck.  
The ierentes twine with hasted traile they glide  
To Pallias temple, and her towres of heightes  
Under the yere of whiche the Goddess Stern,  
Hidden behinde her targettes bosse they crept.  
New gripes of drey then pearle our trembling brestes.  
They sayd Lacons defteres had derely bought  
His hainous dede, that pearced had with stie  
The sacred bulk, and thowen the wicked launce.  
The people cried with sondry greeting shoutes,  
To bring the hoste to Pallias temple bluse,  
In hope thereby the Goddess wrath tappase  
We cleft the walles, and closures of the towne.  
Wherto all helpe, and vnderset the feet  
With sliding colles, and bound his neck with ropes.  
This fatall gin thus ouerclambe our walles,  
Stuft with arm'd men: about the which there ran  
Children, and maides, that holly carolles sang.  
And well were they whoes hands might touch the corbes,  
With thetning chere thus滑id through our towne  
The subtil tree, to Pallias temple ward:  
O native land, Ilion, and of the Goddess  
The mansion place. O warlike walles of Troy.  
Fowr times it stopt in thentrie of our gate:  
Fowr times the harnesse clattered in the womb.  
But we goe on, unsound of memorie,  
And blinded eke by rage persecut still.  
This fatal monster in the fane we place  
Cassandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite.  
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of vs leued.  
Disclosed eke, forespeking thinges to come.  
We wretches loe, that last day of our life,  
With boves of fest the towne, and temples deck.  
With this the stie gan whirle about the sphere:  
The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,  
With mantells spred that cloked earth, and skies,  
And eke the treason of the Grekishe guile.  
The watchmen lay dispersit, to take their rest,  
Whoes worried limes sound slepe had then opprest:  
when well in order comes the Grekan fleet,  
From Tenedon toward the colles well knowone;

## of Virg. Aeneis.

By frendly silence of the quiet moone.  
When the Kings ship put fourth his mark of fire,  
Simon, preservid by froward destrie,  
Let south the Grekes enclosed in the womb,  
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind.  
Wherby the Grekes restored were to aye,  
With soy down hasting from the hollow tree.  
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground  
The great captaines, Athene, and Thelander,  
The fierce Ulysses, Athamas and Thoas,  
Machaon first, and then King Menolac,  
Speas eke that did the engin forge.  
By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown:  
And streight inuade the towne vbutred then  
With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,  
Then gates vnsold to let their felawes in:  
They ioyne them selues with the coniured bandes.  
It was the tyme, when graunted from the gods  
The first slepe crepes most swete in wery folk.  
Loe in my dreame before mine eies, me thought,  
With rufull chere I sawe wher Hector stood:  
Out of whoes eies there gushed streames of teares,  
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be:  
Distrained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowing  
With the streight cordes wherwith they haled hym  
By me, what one: that Hector, how unlike,  
Which erst returnid clad with Achilie's spoiles:  
Or when he threw into the Grekishe shippes  
The Troian flame: So was his beard defiled,  
His crisped lockes al clusted with his blood:  
With all such wounds, as many he received  
About the walls of that his native towne.  
Whome frankly thus, me thought, I spake unto,  
With bitter teeres and dolefull deadly voice,  
O Troyan light, O only hope of thyme:  
What lettes so long thee staid: or from what costes,  
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come?  
Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,  
And trauail of the people, and thy towne,  
Alwertid (lord) how gladly we behold.  
What soy chauice hath stand thy lucy faces?

W. II.

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## The second boke

Or why see I these woundes (alas) so wido?  
He answere nought, nor in my bain demaundes  
A bido: but from the bottom of his brest  
Sighing he sayd: flee, flee, O Goddes son,  
And sauе thee from the furie of this flame.  
Our enimies now ar masters of the walles:  
And Troye town now falleth from the top.  
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne.  
If force might serue to succor Troye town,  
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.  
But Troye now commendeth to thy charge  
Her holie reliques, and her priuy Gods.  
Them ioyne to thee, as felowis of thy fate.  
Large walles cere thow for them. For so thou shalt,  
After time spent in thouerwandred flood.  
This sayd, he brought fourth Vesta in his hands,  
Her fillettes eke, and euerlastynge flame.

In this meane while with diuerse plaint the towne  
Throughout was spred: and lowder moxe and moxe  
The dum resouned: with rattling of armes  
(Although nime old father Anchises house  
Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)  
I waked: therwith to the honse top I clambe,  
And harkning stood I: like as when the flame  
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boistous winder:  
Or the swift stream, that druneth from the hill,  
Rootes by the feldes, and presseth the ripe corne,  
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmcs the grove,  
The silly herdman all astonnied standes,  
From the hye rock whyle he doth here the sound.

Then the Grekes saith, then their deuote appered.  
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great  
Fell to the ground, all ouerspred with flashe.  
His next neigbour Icalegon afire:  
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.  
Uysprang the crye of men, and trumpetcs blast.  
Then as distraught I did my armure on:  
He could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.  
But with our feres to throng out from the preasse  
Toward the toun our hartes brent with desire:  
With prickt vs fourth: and unto vs it serued

## of Virg. Aeneis.

A semely thing to dye arm'd in the feld.  
Wherwith Panthus, scapte from the Grekishe darres,  
Ducus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand  
The sacred reliques, and the vanquishit Gods:  
And in his hand his leste 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?  
E carle shake I this: when wailing thus he sayd.  
The later day and fate of Troye is come,  
The which no plaint or prayer may availe.  
Troyans we were, and Troye was sometime,  
And of great fame the Teuctrian glore erst:  
Fierce Joue to Grece hath now transposed all.  
The Grekes at Lordin ouer this fide town,  
Ponder huge horse, that stands amid our walles,  
Sheds arm'd men. And Simon victor now,  
With scorne of vs, both set all things on flame.  
And rushed in at our vnfolded gates  
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Grece.  
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes,  
With bright swerde drawn to slaughter redy bent.  
And scarce the watches of the gate began  
Them to defend, and with blide fight resist.

Through Panthus words, & lightning of the Gods,  
Amid the flame and armes ran I in preasse:  
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 Rypheus, that met vs by moonelight.  
Dymas and Hypanis ioyning to our side,  
With yong Choribus Agdonus son:  
Which in those dayes at Troye did arrue  
Burning with rage of dame Cassandras loue,  
In Priams ayd and rescue of his towne:  
Unhappy he that wold no credit geue  
Unto his spouses woordis of prophetic.  
Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,  
So desperatly the battail to desire:  
Then furthermore thus sayd I unto them,  
O ye yongmen of courage lout in vaine:

A semely

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## The second boke

For nought ye strue to saue the burning town.  
What cruel fortune hath beid, ye see.  
The Gods out of the temples all at fled,  
Through whos might long this empire was mainteind:  
Their altares eke are left both wast and yoyd,  
But if your will be bent with me to prove  
That vittermost, that now may vs befall:  
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes.  
To vanquisht folk desper is only hope.  
With this the yongmens courage did increase:  
And through the dark, like to the rauering wolves,  
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes  
Drives from their den, leauing with hungry thotes  
Their whelpes behinde, among our foes we ran,  
Upon their swerdeis unto apparent death,  
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,  
Coverd with the close shadowes of the night.  
Who can expresse the slaughter of that night?  
Or tell the nomber of the corpses slaine?  
Or can in teires bewaile them worthely?  
The auncient famous citie fallen down,  
That many peres did hold such seignozie.  
With senslesse bodies every strete is spred,  
Eche palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.  
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed.  
Manhood oft times into the vanquisht breast  
Returnes, wherby some victors Grekes are slain.  
Truel complaints, and terror cuery where,  
And plentie of grisly pictures of death.  
And first with vs Androgeus there met,  
Followed with a swarming rout of Grekes:  
Demyng vs, vnware, of that felowship:  
With frendly wordis whom thus he cald unto.  
Hast ye my frendes: what slouth hath taried yow?  
Your feers now sack, and spoile the burning Troy,  
From the tall ships where ye but newly come.  
When he had sayd, and heard no answer made  
To hym againe wherio he might geue trust:  
Finding himselfe chaunced amid his foes,  
Whande he withdrew his foot back with his wod:  
Like hym that, wandring in the bushes thick.

Tredes

of Virg. Aeneis.

Tredes on the adder with his rechlesse foote,  
Keted for wrath swelling her speckled neck  
Disnayd, geues back al soodenly for fere.  
Androgeus so feard of that sight slept back.  
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout:  
When he re and there we did them ouerthow,  
Striken with dred, vnknifull of the place.  
Our first labor thus lucked well with vs.  
Chorebus then encouraged by his chaunce,  
Rioppling sayd: hold fourth the way of health  
(My feers) that hap, and manhood hath vs taughe.  
Change we our shelds: the Grekes armes do we on.  
Craft, or manhood, with foes what reckes it which.  
The staine to vs their armure they shall yeld.  
And with that word Androgeus crested helme,  
And the rich armes of his sheld did he on:  
A Grekis sherd he girded by his side.  
Like gladly Dumas, and Riphcus did.  
The whole youth gan them clad in the new spoyles.  
Wingled with Grekes for no good luck to vs  
We went, and gaue many onsets that night.  
And many a Greke we sent to Plutos court,  
Other therre fled and hasted to their shippes,  
And to their costes of sauegard ran againe.  
And some therre were, for shamefull cowardzie,  
Clambe vp againg unto the hugie horse,  
And did them hide in his welknowen womb.  
By me, bootelesse it is for any whight  
To hope on ought, against will of the Gods.  
Loe where Cassandra, Diamas daughter dote,  
From Pallas chirch was drawn with sparkled tresse,  
Liking in vain her flaminng eyen to heuen:  
Her eyen: for fast her tender wretches were bound,  
Which sight Chorebus raging could not berte,  
Recklesse of death: but thrust amid the throng:  
And after we through thickest of the swerdeis.  
Here were we first ybarred with the darter  
Of our owne feers, from the hyc temples top,  
Wherby of vs grete slaughter did enfue,  
Mistaken by our Grekis armes and cresles.  
Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire

58

## The second booke

Of the Virgin strom them so rescued:  
The f. II Diar, and either A trid, s,  
And the great band cleped the T olopes.  
As wrastling windes, out of dispersed whirl,  
Befight themselves, the west with southern blast,  
And gladsom Easke proud of Auroraes horse,  
The woods do whiz; and somy Mercuris,  
Baging in furie with threfozbed mace  
From bottoms depth doth welte v p f seas:  
So came the Grekes. And such, as by deccit  
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,  
And draue about our towne, appered first.  
Our fained shelds and wcpsons then they found,  
And by sound our discording voice they knew.  
We went to wreke, with nobe overlayd,  
And by the hand of Venclius first  
Chorebus fel before the altar dead  
Of armed Dallas, and Rypheus eke,  
The iulst man among the Troians all,  
And he that best obserued equitie.  
But otherwyse it pleased now the Gods.  
There Hipantis, and Dimas both were slaine,  
Throughearec with the weapons of their fee.  
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou wast overthrown,  
Purie, nor zele of good deuocion,  
Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from scathe.  
Ne Troyan ashes, and last flames of mine,  
I cal in witnessse, that at your last fall  
I fled no stroke of any Grekissh swerd:  
And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,  
That with my hand I did deserue it wel.  
With this from thense I was reculed back,  
With Iphytus, and Delias alone,  
Iphytus wcke and scble all for age,  
Delias lamed by Ulissez hand.  
To Priams palace crye did cal vs then.  
Ver was the fight right hideous to behold.  
As though there had no battail ben but there,  
Our slaughter made els where throughout the towne.  
A fight of rage and furie there we saw,

## of virg. Aeneis.

The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast,  
And coverd with engines the gates beset,  
And rere vpladders against the walles.  
Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,  
Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, wheren  
They did recue the darteres, while their righthands  
Griped for hold them batel of the wall.  
The Troyans on the other part rend down  
The turrets hye, and cle the palace rocke:  
With such weapons they shope them to defend,  
Being al lost, now at the point of death.  
The gilt sparies, and the beames then threw they down,  
Of old fathers the proud and royal warkes.  
And with drawn swerds some did beset the gates,  
Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thicke.  
Our sprites resorde to rescue the kings house,  
To help them, and to geue the vanquisht strength.  
A poilern with a blinde wicket there was,  
A common trade to passe through Priams house:  
On the backside wherof was houses stood.  
Which way eftslithes, while that our kingdome dured,  
Thinfornunate Andromache alone  
Resorted to the parentes of her make,  
With yong Alcyonax his gransire to see.  
Here passed I vp to the hyste tour,  
From whence the wretched Troyans did throw down  
Darteres spent in wast. Unto a turrett then  
We stopt: the which stood in a place aloft,  
The top wherof did reache wellnere the sterres,  
Where we were wone all Troye to behold,  
The Grekissh naue, and their tentes also.  
With instrumentes of iron gan we pick,  
To se ke where we might finde the ioyning shronk  
From that high seat: which we razed, and threw down.  
Which falling gaue fourthwith a rushing sound,  
And large in breadth on Grekissh routes it light.  
But sone an other sort stopt in theyr stede.  
No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vncast  
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,  
Reysing in his darteres, with glittering armes,  
Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,

C. i.

Whom

## The second booke

Whom cold winter all boine hid vnder ground,  
And shining bright when she her slough had stong  
Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tong,  
And raised brest, lift vp against the sun.  
With that together came great Periphas,  
Buromedon eke that guided had somtime  
Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare.  
And eke with him the warlike Heyzian youth  
Assayld the house, and threw flame to the top.  
And he an axe before the formeſt caught:  
Wherwith he gan the ſtrong gates hew, and break.  
From whens he bet the ſtaplers out of brasse:  
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearle  
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 cryes.  
The hollow halles did howle of womens plaint.  
The clamor ſtrake vp to the golden sterres.  
The frayd mothers, wandering through the wide house,  
Embracing pillars, did them hold and kiffe.  
Pyrrhus assaileth with his fathers might,  
Whom the cloſures ne kepers 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 Greces ſet in, the formeſt flew:  
And the large palace with ſoldiars gan to fill.  
Not ſo ferely doth overflow the feldes  
The ſoming flood, that bykes out of his banks:  
Whoes rage of wateſ beaſt away what heapes  
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdcs:  
As in thentrie of slaughter furious  
I ſaw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.  
There Hecuba I ſaw with a hundred moe  
Of her ſons wyues, and Priam at the altar,  
Sprinkling with blood his flame of ſacrifice,  
Fitte bedchambers of his childrens wyues,  
With loſſe of ſo great hope of his offyng,

## of Virg. Aeneis.

The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,  
And with the ſpoiles of other nations.  
Fell to the ground: and whatſo that with flame  
Untouched was, the Greces did all posſeſſe.  
Parcaſe now wold ask what was Priams fate.  
When of his taken towne he ſaw the chaunce,  
And the gates of his palace beaten down,  
His foes amid his ſecret chamberſ eke:  
Thold man in vaine did on his ſhoulders then,  
Trembling for age, his curace long diſuſed:  
His booteleſſ ſword he girded him about:  
And ran amid his foes, ready to dye.  
Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare  
A great altai there stood, by which there grew  
An old laurel tree bowing therunto,  
Which with his shadow did embracethe Gods.  
Here Hecuba, with her yong daughters all,  
About the altai ſwarmed were in vaine:  
Like Doves, that flock together in the storme:  
The ſtatues of the Gods embracing fast.  
But when he 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 wepons 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 altai 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 Ioe Polites, one of Priamus ſons,  
Escaped from the ſlaughter of Pyrrhus,  
Comes ſleing through the wepons of his foes,  
Searching all wounded the long galleries.  
And the boyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage  
Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound:  
And now in hand weſnere ſtrikes with his ſpere.  
Who ſleing fourth, till he came now in ſight  
Of his parentes, before their face fell down,  
Yelding the ghoſt, with flowing ſtreames of blood.

C.ii. Priamus

## The second boke

Priamus then, although he were half ded,  
Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his wordes:  
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 thankes the Gods may yeld to thee,  
And send thee eke thy iust deserued hysc,  
That made me see the slaughter of my childe,  
And with his blood decke the fathers face.  
But he, by whom thou fainst thy self begot,  
Achilles was to Priam not so stern.  
For lo he, tending my most humble sute,  
The right, and faith, my Hectors bloodlesse corps  
Rendred, for to be layd in lsepulture,  
And sent me to my kingdome home againe.  
Thus sayd the aged man: and therewithall  
Forcetesse he cast his weake vnwealdy dart,  
Which repulst from the brasse, where it gaue dint,  
Without sound hong vainly in the shieldes bosse.  
Quod Pyrrhus, then thou shalt this thing report.  
On message to Peleus my father go:  
Shew unto him my cruel dedes, and how  
Neoptolem is swarued out of kunde.  
How shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word  
At the altar him trembling gan he draw,  
Wallowing through the blodshed of his son:  
And his lefthand all clasped in his heare,  
With his right arme drowe fourth his shming sword,  
Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilts.  
Of Priamus this was the fatal sine,  
The wofull end that was allotted him.  
When he had seen his palace all on flame,  
With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke,  
That roial prince of Ille, which of late  
Reignid over so many peoples and realnes,  
Like a great stoc now lieth on the shore:  
His hed and sholders parred ben in twaine:  
A body now without reuome, and fame.  
Then first in me entred the grifly feare.  
Dismayd I was, wherwith came to my minde

## of Virg. Aeneis.

The image eke of my dere father, when  
I thus beheld the king of equal age  
Yeld by the spryte with wounds so cruelly.  
When thought I of Creusa left alone:  
And of my house in danger of the spoile:  
And the estate of yong Iulius eke.  
I looked back to leke what nomber then  
I might discern about me of my feeres.  
But wretched they had left me all alone.  
Home to the ground were lopen from aboue:  
Home in the flame their irked bodies cast.  
There was no moe but I left of them all:  
When that I saw in Elesias temple sit  
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:  
(Such light the flame did give as I went by,  
while here and there I cast mine eyen about)  
For she in ded, least that the Troians shold  
Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles,  
And of the Greces the cruel wrektes also,  
The furie eke of her forsaken make,  
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,  
Dareful she satte beside the altars hid.  
Then boylid my brest with flame, and burning wrath,  
To reuenge my towne unto such ruine brought.  
With worthy penes on her to work my will.  
Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Sparta  
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,  
And like a Queen returne with victorie  
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,  
Followed with a traine of Troyan maides,  
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaves,  
And Priam eke with iron mitered thus,  
And Troy towne consumed all with flame,  
Whoes shose hath ben so oft forbathed in blood:  
No no: for though on women the reuenge  
Unseemely is, such conquest hath no fame:  
To geue an end unto such mitschief yet  
My iust reuenge shal merit worthy praise,  
And quiet eke my munde, for to be wroke  
On her whiche was the causer of this flame,  
And satisfie the cinder of my feeth,

With

## The second boke

With furious minde while I did argue thus,  
My blessed mother then appeard to me,  
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had never seen,  
And with pure light she glisterd in the night,  
Disclosing her in forme a Goddess like,  
As she doth seeme 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 Grekis bands haue round beset:  
And were they not defensed by my cure,  
Flame had them raught and earries swerd ere this.  
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,  
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath  
Reft pow this wealth, and ouerthrew your towne,  
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,  
Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim,  
Whoes moisture doth obscure althinges about:  
And fere not thou to do thy mothers will,  
Nor her advise refuse thou to performe.)  
Here where thou seekst the turrets ouerthown,  
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,  
Neptunus there shakst with his mace the walles,  
And eke the loose foundations of the same,  
And ouerwhelms the whole towne from his seat:  
And cruell Juno with the fornest here  
Doth kepe the gate that Hecuba cleped is,  
Nere wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls  
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their shippes.  
And in the turrets hys behold where standes  
Bright shining Dallas, all in warlike wede,  
And with hys shield where Gorgons hed apperes:  
And Jupiter my father distributes  
Uayling strength, and courage to the Grekes,  
Yet ouermore, against the Troyan powr,  
He doth prouoke the rest of all the Gods,

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Flee then my son, and geue this traueil end.  
He shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till  
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.  
This did she say: and therwith gan she hide  
Her self in shadow of the close night.  
Then dredfull figures gan appere to me,  
And great Gods eke agreed with our towne,  
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes,  
Neptunus towne clene razed from the soill:  
Like as the elm forgrown in mountaines hys,  
Round hewen with are, that husbandmen  
With thick assaultes strue to teare vp, doth threat,  
And hackett beneath trembling doth bend his top,  
Til yold with strokess, gowing the latter crack,  
Went from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.  
With this I went, and girded 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 hil, and did him the arte to treat,  
Refused either to prolong his life,  
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.  
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 prouoked,  
They had reserved for me this wonning place.  
It was enough (alas) and eke to much,  
To see the towne of Troy thus razed ones,  
To haue liued after the citie taken.  
When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out for sake,  
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal  
Mine ennies moye, or els hope of my spoile.  
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:  
For I my veres disdainfull to the Gods  
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,  
Sins that the sire of Gods and king of men  
Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blad.  
Such things he gan rehers, thus firmly bent.

## The second boke

But we besprent with teeres, 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.  
Whiche he refused, and slack to his entent.  
Drunen I was to harness; then againe,  
Wistfully my death for to descre.  
For what advise or other hope was left?  
Father, thonightst thow that I may ones remoue  
(Quod I) a soote, and leaue thee here behinde?  
May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?  
If Gods will be, that nothing here be saued  
Of this great towne, and thy minde bent to ioyne  
Both thee and thine to ruine of this towne:  
The way is plaine this death for to attaine.  
Pyrrhus shal come besprent with Priams blood,  
That gored 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 wepons sharp,  
That I might in my secret chaumber see  
Mine ennies: and Ascanius my son,  
My father, with Creusa my swete wife,  
Whurded alas the one in thothergs blood?  
Why seruants then, bring me my armes againe.  
The latter day vs vanquished doth call.  
Render me now to the Grekes fight againe:  
And let me see the fight begon of new.  
We shall not all vnwooken dye this day.  
About me then I girt my swerd again,  
And eke my shiell on my left sholder cast,  
And bent me so to rush out of the house.  
Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,  
Foregaist his father yong Iulius set.  
If tho v 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  
Vee any hope, then first this house defend,  
Whearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,  
And I somtyme thine owne dere wife, ar leste.

Her

## of Virg. Aeneis

Her shrill loud boice with plaint thus filld the house,  
When that a sodein monstrous maruel fell.  
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,  
Behold a light out of the butten sprang  
That in tip of Iulius cap did stand:  
With gentle touch whose harmlesse flame did shone,  
Upon his heare, about his temples spred.  
And we afraid trembling for dreddfull fere  
bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,  
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.  
Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres:  
With handes his voice to heauen thus he bent.  
Iby praier, (almighty Jupiter),  
Inclined thou mayst be, beholde vs then  
Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.  
Graunt eke thine ayd father, confirm this thing.  
Scarle had the old man said, when that the heuens  
With sodein 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 brimstone rose a tume.  
My father vanquist, then beheld the skies,  
Spake to the Gods, and tholly sterre adored  
Now, now (quod he) no longer I abide.  
Flewe I shall where ye me guide at hand.  
O native Gods, your familie defend  
Preserue your loue, this warning comes of you,  
And Troy stands in your protection now  
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe  
Beside I not my sonne, to be thy ser.  
This did he say: and by that time more clere  
The crackling flame was heard throughout the walles,  
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.  
Why then haue done, my father dere, (quod I)  
Beside my neck fourthwith, and sit theron,  
And I shal with my sholders thee sustaine:  
Me shal this laboz do me any dete.

D.t.

whatsoe

## The second boke

What so betide, come perill, come welfare,  
Like to vs both and common there shal be,  
Yong Iulius shall beare me company:  
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes,  
Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say,  
Without the town ye shall find, on an hill  
An old temple there, standes wheras somtyme  
Worship was don to Ceres the Goddess.  
Wylde whiche growes an aged cypresse tree,  
Preserued long by our forefathers zcle.  
Wherind whiche place let vs together mete.  
And thou father receiue into thy handes  
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:  
The whiche it were not lawfull I shold touch,  
That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,  
Till I be washed in the running flood.  
When I had layd these wordes, my sholders brode,  
And laide neck with garmentes gan I spred,  
And theron cast a yellow lions skin,  
And therupon my burden I receiue.  
Yong Iulius, clasped in my right hand,  
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace:  
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,  
By places shadowed most with the night.  
And me, whom late the dart whiche enemies threw,  
Nor preasse of Argius route could make amazde,  
Eche whispring wind hath power now to tray,  
And every sound to moue my doutfull mind:  
So much I dreid my burden, and my feare,  
And now we gan draw neare unto the gate,  
Right well escapte 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 ar at hand,  
With that bright sheldes, and shene armours I saw.  
But then I knowe not what vnfrendly God  
My trobled wit from me biraft for feare.  
For while I can 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:

Whe

## of Virg. Aeneis

Whether by fate, or misling of the way,  
Or that she was by wermesse receiuid.  
But never sithe these eies might her beholde:  
Nor did I yet perciue that she was lost:  
He never 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 heid:ompainie.  
What God, or man erd I not then accuse,  
Here wood for ire: or what more cruel chaunce  
Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthow?  
A scanus to my feeres I then betoke,  
With Anchises and eke the Trojan Gods,  
And left them hid within a valley depe.  
And to the town I gan me hye againe,  
Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew  
Aduentures past, to search throughout the town,  
And yeld my hed to perils ones againe,  
And first the walles and dark entrie I sought  
Of the same gate, wherat I issud out.  
Holding backward the steppes wher we had come  
In the dark night, looking all round about.  
In every place the vgsome lightes I saw,  
The silence selfe of night agast my sprite.  
Fremhense againe I past onto our house,  
If she by chaunce had ben returned home.  
The Grekes were there, and had it all beset  
The wasting fire blown vp by drift of wind,  
Aboue the rooles 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 Junous sanctuar  
In the vold porches Phenix, Ulisses eke,  
Sterne guardens stood watching of the spoile.  
The richesse here were set rest from the bren  
Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,  
The vessells eke that were of massy gold,  
And vestures spoud, were gatherd all in heap:  
The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright

Long

## The second boke

Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.  
So bold was I to shewe my voice that night,  
With clepes and cries to fill the stretes throughout,  
With Creuse name in sorrow, with bain teres,  
And often sithes the same for to repeate.  
The town restlesse with furie as I sought,  
Thunlucky figure of Creusaes gholl,  
Of stature more than wont, stood foze eyen.  
Abashed then I woxe: therwith my heare  
Gan start right vp: my voice stack in my throte:  
When with such words she gan my hart remoue,  
What helpz to yeld vnto such furious rage,  
Swete spouse: quod she. Without wil of the godz.  
This chaunced not: ne lesfull was foze thee,  
To lead away Creusa hense with thee.  
The king of the hye heuen suffreth it not.  
Along exile thiu art assignd to bere,  
Long to furrow large space of stow my seas.  
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,  
Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streame  
Mildly doth flow along the frutfull feldes.  
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is foze thee,  
There a kinges child prepard to be thy make.  
Foze thy beloued Creusa knyt thy teres.  
Foze now shal I not see the prouid abodes  
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes.  
Ne I a Troyan lady, and the wife  
Unto the sonne of Aenus the Goddess,  
Shall goe a slave to serue the Grekishe damez.  
Me here the Gods great mother holdes.  
And now farwell: and kepe in fathers brest  
The tender loue of thy yong son and myne.  
This having 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 with mure armes taccoill her necke:  
Thise did my handes vaine hold thimage escape:  
Like nimble windes, and like the flieng dreame.  
So night spent out, returne I to my feers:  
And ther wondring I find together swarnd  
I new nomber of mates, mothers, and men,

## of Virg: Aeneis.

I bout exiled, a wretched multitude,  
From eche wher flockke together, prest to passe,  
With hart and goods, to whatsoeuer land  
By sliding seas me listed them to lede.  
And now rose Lucifer aboue the ridge  
Of iulys Ide, and brought the dawning light.  
The Grekes held thenties of the gates beset:  
Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,  
Toke vp my lire, and hasted to the h ll.

## The fourthe boke of Virgiles Aeneis.

**B**ut now the wounded Aene, with heuy care,  
Throughout the vnes he norishest the playe,  
Surprised with blid flame, and to hit nund  
Cancke resoxt the prouesse of the man,  
And honour of his race: while in her brest  
Imprinted stack his wordes, and pictures forme.  
Ne to her limmes care graunteith quiet rest.  
The next morrow, with Phabus laump, the earth  
Aughtned elere: and the the dawning day  
The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue:  
When all vnsound her sister of like minde  
Thus spake he to: O sister Ann, what dreameis  
Be these, that me tormented thus afay:  
what new guest, is this that to our realm is come?  
what one of cheare: how stout of hart iu armes?  
Truly I think (ne vain is my belefe)  
Of Goddess race some offspring shold he be:  
Cowarthy notes hartes swarued out of kind,  
He drinen (Lord) with how hard destiny:  
What battailes eke achiued did he recount?  
But that my mind is firt vnmoueably,  
Never with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne:  
Sith my fult loue me left by death dispeured,  
If geniall brans, and bed me lothid not,

## The fourth boke

To this one gilt perchaunce yet might I yeld:  
Anne, for I graunt, sith wretched Siches death  
My spouse and house with brothers slaughter stain'd,  
This onely man hath made my sences bend,  
And prick'd soorth the mind, that gan to lide,  
Now feinkly I talk the steppes of mine old flame.  
But first I wish, the earth me swalow down:  
Or with thundur the mighty Lord me send  
To the pale gostes of hel, and darknes deepe:  
For I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes  
He that with me first coppel'd, tooke away  
My loue with him emoy it in his graue.  
Thus did he say, and with suprised teares  
Waincd her brest, wherto Anne thus replied:  
Dister, dearer beloued then the lyght:  
Thy youth alone in plaint still witt thou spill?  
Ne children sweete, ne Venus gistes witt know?  
Cunders (thinkest thou) mind this: or graued ghostes?  
Time of thy doole thy spouse new dead, I graunt,  
None myght thee moue: no not the Libian king  
Nor yet of Tire Farbas set so light:  
And other princes mo: whom the rich soile  
Of affrick breedes, in honours triumphant,  
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue  
Comes not to mind vpon whoes land thou dwellest,  
On this side, loe the Getuletown behold,  
A people bold vnuanquished in warre,  
Eke the vndaunted Numides compasse thee  
Also the Sirtes, vnfriendly harbroughe:  
On thother hand, a deserl realme for thurst  
The Barccans, whose fury stretcheth wide,  
What shall I touch the warres that moue from Tire?  
Or yet thy brothers threates?  
By gods puruiancye it blewe, and Junos helpe,  
The Troianes shippes (I think) to runn this course  
Sister, what towne shal thou see this become?  
Throgh such allic 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.

Reete hini: and forse causes of abode:  
Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Dion,  
The shippes shaken, vnfriendly the season.  
Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with loue,  
Loosed al shame, and gaue the doubtfull hope,  
And to the temples first they hast, and seeke,  
By sacrifice for grace, with Hogreies of two yeares.  
Chosen (as ought) to Ceres, that gaue lawes,  
To Phabus, Bachus, and to J. no chiese,  
Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.  
Fare Dido held in her right hand the cup  
Which twixt the hornes of a white Cowe she shud  
In presence of the Gods passing before  
The aulters fatte, which she renewed oft  
With giftes that day, and beastes decowled:  
Galing for counsell on the entrales warme.  
By me, vnskilfull mindes of prophesye  
Temples, or vowes, what boote they in her rage?  
A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure:  
Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepes life,  
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage  
Throughout the town she wandzeth vp and down:  
Like the stricken Hind with shaft, in Crete  
Throughout the woods which chasung with his darteres  
Vloose, the Shepheard smoocheth at vntwares  
And leaues vnuist in her the thirling head:  
That through the groves, and landes glides in her flight:  
Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes,  
Aeneas now about the walles she leades,  
The towne prepared, and Eartsge welth to shew,  
Offering to speake, amid her voice, she whistles,  
And when the day gan faile, new feasles she makes  
The Troian traualer to heare a new shy lutes  
Inraged al: and staretch in his face  
That tels the tale. And when they were al gone:  
And the dimme moone doth oft withhold the light:  
And sliding haires prouokid 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  
Ascanius, trapt by his fathers forme;

## The second boke

So to begle the loue cannot be told.  
The turrets now arise not, erst begonne,  
Neither the youth weldes armes, nor they auaines  
The portes: nor other mete defence for warr.  
Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames  
Of walles high railed, threatening the skie.  
Whom assoone as Joves deare wife sawe infect  
With such a plague, ne faine 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 deuouer.  
Yet am not I deceived, that soeknew  
Ye dread our walles, and bidinges gan suspect  
Of high Cartage. But what halbe the ende:  
Or wherunto now scriueth such debate?  
But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,  
Sith thou hast spedc of that, thy heart desired,  
Vido 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 Troyan spouse:  
And Tiriates yeld to thy right hand in doyne.  
To whom Venus replied thus: that knewe,  
Her wordes proceded from a fained minde,  
To Libian coastes to turne thempire 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 Jove nill graunt,  
That folke of Tire, and such as came from Troie,  
Should hold one towne: or graunt these nacions  
Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.  
Thou at his wife: lefull it is for the  
For to attempt his fansie by request:  
Vasse on before and follow the I shall:  
Ducne Juno then thus rooke her tale againe:  
This trauaile be it mine: but by what meane.  
(Marke in fewe wordes I shal thee letne etsone)  
This worke in hand may now be compassed,  
Incas nowe, and wretched Vido 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 ouerspred the wold,  
And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about,  
And whiles they raunge to ouer set the groues  
A cloude shewz mingled with haile I shall  
Pour down, and then with thondre shake the skies,  
Challendele scattered the mist shall cloke.  
Vido a caue, the Troyan 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 owne,  
Thus shall the maryage be: to whose request  
Without debate Venus did seeme to yeld,  
And swyld soft, as she that found the wyle.  
Then from the seas, the dawning gan arise,  
The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan thong  
Out at the gates: the hapes so rarcly knit,  
The hunting staues with their brod heads of Steele  
And of Massile the horsemen fourth they brake  
Of senting houndes a kenel huge likewise.  
And at the th:eshold of her chaumber doore,  
The Cartilage Lords did on the Quene attend.  
The trampling steede with gold and purple trapt,  
Chawing the sonie bit, there fercely stood.  
Then issued she, awyted with great train,  
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embrazed riche.  
Her quyuer hing behinde her back, her tresse  
Knotted in gold, her purple belture eke  
Burned with gold, the Troyans of her train  
Before her go, with gladsom Julius.  
Aenias eke the goodliest of the route  
Makcs one of them, and ioyneth close the thronges:  
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia,  
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise:  
To visit Delos his mothers mansion:  
Repairing est and furnishing her quire  
The Candians, and folkes of Driopes,  
With painted Agathysies shoute, and crye:  
Enuironing the altars roundabout  
When that he walks vpon mount Cyprhus top:

E.I.

## The fourth boke

His sparkled tressis represt with garlandes soft  
Of tender lraues, and trustis vp in gold:  
His quivering dartes clattering behinde his back:  
So fresh and lustie did Aeneas semer:  
Such lordly port in present countenaunce.  
But to the hils, and wilde holtes when they came:  
From the rocks top the driven sauage rote,  
Loe from the hill aboue on thother side,  
Through the wyde lawnds, they gan to take their course  
The haris likewise, in troupes taking their flight,  
Raisynge the dust, the mountaine fast for sake.  
The childe Julius, blithe of his swifte steede  
Amid the plain now prickis by them, now thes:  
And to encounter wylleth oft in minde  
The coming Bore in steede of ferfull beasts,  
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.  
In the meane while the skies gan rumble soore:  
In aplice therof, a mingled shew, with hayle.  
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troians youth,  
And Venus nephew the cottage: for feare  
Sought round about: the floods fell from the hils.  
Dido a den, the Tropaz prince the same,  
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the earth,  
And Juno that hath charge of mariage,  
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame,  
And priuie to the wedlock lightning skies:  
And the Sympythes yeled 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 witholdes:  
Nor mischeve now to frame her loue by stelth.  
Wedlock she calis it: vnder the pretence  
Of which faire name she cloketh now her fault.  
Forthwuh fame flich through the great Libian towne:  
A mischeve Fame, there is none els so swifte:  
That moving growes, and flitting gathers force:  
First small for dred, sone after climes the skies:  
Stayeth on earth, and hides her hed in cloudes.  
Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wrath  
Of Gods, begat: the last sister (they write)  
To Caen, and to Enceladus eke,

Spedie

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Spedie of feste, of wyng likewise as swifte,  
A monster huge, and dredfull to deserue.  
In every 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 listning eares,  
By night she flies amid the cloudie skie,  
Shrinking by the dark shadow of the earth,  
He doth decline to the swete sleepe her eyes.  
By day she sits to mark on the house top,  
Or turrets hye, and the great towns astaues,  
As mindefull of viland ipes, as blasing truth.  
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow,  
This rumor then into the common eares:  
As well things don as that was never wrought:  
As that there comen is to Tyrians court  
Aeneas ouerstrong of Troyan blood  
To whiche fair Dido wold her selfe be wed.  
And that the while the winter long they passe  
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne,  
Led against honour with vnhonest lust.  
This in eche mouth, the filthie Goddess spreeds,  
End takes her course to king Hiarbas straight  
Kindling his minde: with tales she seedes his wrath.  
Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter  
Upon the rauisht Nymph of Garamant.  
In hundred hugie great temples be built,  
In his farre stretching realmes, to Jupiter.  
Altars as many kept with wakynge flame,  
Watche alwayes vpon the Gods to tend.  
The floores embrude with yelded blood of beastes,  
And threhold spred with garlands of strange hue.  
The wood of minde, kindled by bitter hate,  
Colore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,  
With reared hands gan humbly Ioue entreate,  
Almighty God whom the Moores nacion  
Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,  
Seest thou these things: or feare we thee in vaine  
When thou lettest flye thy thondre from the cloudes?  
Or do those flames with vaine noysse vs affray?  
A woman that wandring in our coaless hath bought

E. II.

Plot

## The fourth boke

I plot for price: where she a citie set:  
To whom we gave the strand for to manure.  
And lawes to rule her towne: our wedlock iothed;  
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.  
That Paris now with his vnmanly soare,  
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard:  
His rape enioyeth: whiles to thy temples we  
Our offrings bring, and follow rumors vaine,  
Whom praiing in such sorte, and griping eke  
The altars fast, the mighty fauher heard:  
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls  
And louers eke forgetting their good name,  
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge.  
Hense son in hast, and call to thee the windes.  
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince,  
That now in Carthage loytreth, rechlesse  
Of the towns graunted him by dekenys:  
Swift through the skies, see thow these wordes conuey:  
His faire mother behight him not to vs  
Such one to be: ne therefore twyse him sauad  
From Grekissh armis: but such a one  
As mete might seeme great Italic to rule  
Dreedfull in arms, charged with seigniorie,  
Shewing in profe his worthy Teuerian race.  
And vnder lawes, the whole wrold to subdue.  
If glorie of such things nought him enflame:  
Ne that he listes seke honour by som paine:  
The towres yet of Rome being his site  
Doth he enue to yong Ascanius?  
What mindeth he to frame: or on what hope  
In ennies land doth he make hys abode:  
Ne his offspring in Italic regardes:  
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?  
Bid hym make slyle: haue here the sum and end  
Our message thus report. When Ioue had layd  
Then Mercurie gan, bende him to obey  
His mightie fathers will: and to his heelles  
His golden wings he knits, whiche him transport  
With a light winde aboue the earth, and seas.  
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby  
He calles from hell pale goutes: and other some.

Thethes

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Whether also he sendeth comfortlesse.  
Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them berenes,  
And mo; tall cies he closeth vp in deth:  
By power wherof he drives the windes away,  
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes,  
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top,  
And the stepe flanke of rocky Atlas hill:  
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp:  
Whose head forgrown, 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 headling bette:  
To the water thend tooke he his discent,  
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and strandes  
Swarming with fysh, fyses swaping by the sea:  
Cutting betwixt the windes and Libian landes,  
From his graundfather by the motiers side,  
Eilenes child so came, and then alight  
Upon the houses with his winged feete,  
To fore towers, wher he Aeneas saw  
Fcundacions call, arering lodges new.  
Girt with a swerd of Falper starry bright:  
A shuning parel flameed with stately eie  
Of Turian purple hong his shoulders down  
The gift and worke of walthy Didoes hand  
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold,  
Thus he encounters hym: 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 towne.  
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 walk in Africk land?  
Of so great things, if nought the fame thee stirre,  
Ne lust by trauaile honour to pursue:  
Ascanius yet, that waxeth fast behold,

But

## The fourth boke

And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir:  
To whom the realme of Italy belongeth,  
And soule of Rome. When Mercury had said:  
Amid his tale far of from mortall eies  
Into light aire, he banisht out of sight.  
Aeneas with that vision striken down,  
Well nere distraught, upstart his heart for dread,  
Amid his throat his voice likewise gan stick.  
For to depart by night he longeth now,  
And the sweet land to leaue, astoyned soye  
With this aduise, and mesage of the Gods.  
What may he do, alas: or by what wordes  
Dare he persuade the raging Duene in loue?  
Or in what sorte may he his tale beginne?  
Now here now there his recklesse minde gan rum,  
And diancely him drawes discoursing all.  
After long doutes this sentence seemed best:  
Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke  
He callis to him, with Sergest: vnto whom  
He gaue in charge his name secretly  
For to prepare, and drue 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 leant forzknew,  
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,  
Wold waike his tyme to speke therof most meete:  
The nearest way to hasten his entent.  
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.  
Ful soone the Duene, this crafty sleight gan smell,  
(Who can deceiue a louer in forecast?)  
And first foysaw the motions so to come,  
Thyngs most assured fearing: vnto whom  
That wicked same repoched, how to flicht  
Was armede the fleet all redy to auale.  
Then ill bested of counsell rageth she:  
And whisks through the town like Wachus name,  
As Thias stres, the sacred rites begon,  
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice  
Doth prick her fourth, hering Wachus name hallowed:  
And that the festful night of Citheron

Doth

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Doth call her fourth with noyses of dauncing  
To length her self bordeth Aeneas thus.  
Unfaithfull wight, to couer such a fault  
Coldest thou hope: unwis to leue my land?  
Not thee our loue, nor yet right hand betrothed,  
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold?  
But that thou wilst in winter shippes prepare,  
And rie the seas in broyle of who:ling windes?  
What if the land thou seekest, were not straunge?  
If not vnkno vni: or auncient Troye yet stode?  
In rough seas, yet shold Troye towne be sought?  
Shunnest thou me? By these teaces, and right hand,  
(For nought eis haue I wretched leste my self)  
By our spousals and mariage begonne,  
If I of thee deserued euer well  
By thing of mine were euer to thee leefe:  
Buc on this realme, whoses ruine is at hand?  
If ought be left that prater may availe,  
I thee beseche to do away this minde.  
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane  
For thee me hate: my Tirans eke for thee  
At wroth: by thce my shamefastnes eke itained,  
And good renoume, wherby vp to the starres  
Perelesse I clame. To whom wilst thou me leaue.  
Redy to dye, my swete guest: lithe this name  
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaines.  
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?  
What: vntil my brother Dignalion  
Beate downe my walles: or the Getulian king  
Hiarbas yet capture lead me away?  
Before thy flight a child had Jones borne,  
Or scene a yong Aeneas in my court  
Play vp and down, that might present thy face:  
All vtterly I could not scene for saken.  
Thus sayd the Duene: he to the Gods advise  
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest  
Represt his care, and strove against his wil.  
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast:  
Never shall I denie (Duene) thy deserte,  
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse;  
To think on thee, ne take me ayre it shall

Whiles

### The fourth boke

Whiles of my selfe I shall hane memory,  
And whiles the spirit these lumnes of mine shal rule,  
For present purpose somwhat shal I say,  
Neuer met I to clok the same by stelth  
Schamdet me not, ne to escape by slight,  
Nor I to thee pretended mariage:  
Ne bythter can to come men such leage.  
If desteny at mine own liberty  
To lead my life would haue 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 Pyram 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 turretteth thee Phenician bōre,  
And of a Libian towne the sight detaine:  
To vs Troians why doest thou then enuy  
In Italy to make our rising seat:  
Lefull is eke for vs straunge realmes to seeke.  
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes daras  
The earth: as oft as flaming staires apere:  
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises  
So oft in slepe doth fray me, and advise,  
The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,  
Whom I defraud of the hisperian crown,  
And landes a lotted him by desteny.  
The mest nger eke of the Gods but late  
Sent down from Jove (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 vere both the and me.  
Against my will to Italy I go.  
Whiles in this sort he did his tale prounce,  
With wauward looke she gan him ay behold,  
And roling eies, that moued to and fro:  
With silence looke discouring ouer al,

### of Virg. Aeneis.

Ind soorth in rage, at last thus gan she brayde,  
Faithlefe, forsworn, ne Goddess was thy dam,  
Nor Darbanus beginner of thy race,  
But of hard rockes mount Caucal monstorous  
Bred thee, and teates of Tyger gaue thee suck,  
But what should I dissemble now my chere?  
Or me reſtrue to hope of greater things?  
Winded he our teates: or curt moued his eyne  
Wept he for ruth: or pitied he our loue?  
What shall I ses before: or where begin?  
Juno nez Jove with iust eyes this beholde,  
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.  
Did I not him thowen vp vpon my shore  
In neede receiue, and fondaſ eke must  
Of halfe my realme: his nati: lost, repair?  
From deaſhes daunger his fellowes eke defende  
By me, with rage and suries loc I drue.  
Apollo now, now Lycian prophecies,  
Another while the messenger of Gods  
(he sayes) ſent down from mighty Jove himſelf  
The dredfull charge amid the ſkies hath brought.  
As though that were the trauil of the Gods,  
Or ſuch a care their quietnes might moue.  
I hold thee not, ne yet gainsay 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 lumis deuides,  
My gote eke where ſhall ſtill on thee awaite,  
Thou ſhalt abyde, and I ſhall here theretoſ.  
Among the ſoules below the brute ſhall come,  
With ſuch like wordes ſhe cut of half her tale,  
With penſive hart abandoning the light:  
And from his ſight, her ſelf gan farre remoue:  
Forſaking him: that many things in ſere  
Imagened, and did prepare to ſay.  
Her wouning lumis her damſels gan releue,  
And to her chamber bare of marble ſtone:

## The fourth boke

End layd her on her bed with tapers spred.  
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire  
With confort swet her soowes to appease,  
And with his wordes to banish all her care,  
Wailing her much, with great loue overcome:  
The Gods will yet he woorke, and resoutes  
Unto his naue, wher the Troyans fast  
Fell to their worke from the shore to bnslock  
High rigged shippes: now fleetes the talowed kele,  
Their oares with leaues yet grene from wood they bring,  
And mastes vnshaue, for hast to take their flight.  
You might haue sen them thong out of the town  
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne,  
For winters dred, which they haue to their den:  
When the black swarn creeps ouer all the fields:  
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags their pray,  
The great graines then, som on their shoulders trusse,  
Som drue the troupe, som chalkise eke the slow:  
That with their traualle chased is eke the pathe.  
Beholding this, what thought nught Dido haue?  
What sighes gaue she: when from her towers hpe  
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans workes,  
And in her sight the seas with dm confounded.  
O wilesse loue, what thing is that to do  
A mortall minde thou canst not forcatcheror?  
Forced she is to teares ay to retorne,  
With new requites, to yeld her hart to loue:  
And least she should before her caufesle death  
Leaue any thing vntried: O sister Anne  
Quoth she, behold the whole coast round about,  
How they prepare assembled by every where.  
The streming sailes abiding bat for wynde:  
The shipmen crowne they shippes with bows for toy,  
O sister, if so great a sorow I  
Mistrusted had: it were more light to beare,  
Yet nathelesse this for me wretched nught,  
Anne, shall thou do: for fashles, thee alone  
He reuerenced, hee eke his secretes toide:  
The metest time thou knewest to bord the man:  
To my proude foe, thus sister humbly say:  
I with the grckes within the post Tullids.

Com.

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Conjured not the Troyans to destroy:  
Nor to the walles of Troy yet lent my secretes  
Nor cynders of his father Anchises  
Disturbed haue out of his scupture.  
Why lettes he not my wordes sinke in his eares  
So harde to ouertreat: whi haue whiles he?  
This last boone yet graunt he to wretched loue  
Properous windes for to depart with easse,  
Let him abide: the forelayde mariage now,  
That he betraied, I do not him require:  
Her that he should faire Italy forgo.  
Neither I wouid, he should his kingdom leaue:  
Quiet I aske, and a time of delay,  
And respite eke my furce to allwage,  
Till my mishap teach me all comfortlesse,  
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,  
Sister I crave, haue thou temesse of me,  
Whiche if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I shall  
Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee.  
Moisted with teares, thus wretched gan she playne:  
Which I ne reportes, and answere bringes againe.  
Nought teares haue moue, ne yet to any wordes  
He can be framed with gentle minde to yeide.  
The wordes withstande, a God stops his meke eares.  
Like to the aged boystous bodied oke,  
The which among the alpes, the Northerne windes,  
Blowynge now from this quarter, now from that,  
Betwix them striue to ouerwhelme with blastes,  
The whislyng ayre among the haunches roses,  
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,  
The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the tree  
Sticke fast: and loke, how hpe to the heauen her toppe  
Bearcs vp, so deepe her roote spredes downe to hell:  
So was this Lorde now here now there beset  
With wordes, in whose stoute brest wrought many care,  
But still his minde in one remaines, in baine  
The teares were shed. Then Dido sayde of fates  
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skyes.  
And that she might the rather worke her will,  
And leaue the light (a greisly thing to tell)  
Upon the altars burning full of sense

f. ii.

Whes

## The fourth boke

When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw  
The holy water stoks ware blacke within,  
The wine eke shad, chayning into filthy goze.  
This she to gone, not to her sister told.  
A marble temple in her palace eke,  
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,  
In great honouer and worship, which she held,  
With snowwhite clothes deckt, and with bows of feare,  
Wherout was heard her husbandes boye, and speche  
Cleyng for her, when dark night hid the earth,  
And oft the Oxle with rukfull song complaid,  
From the huse top drawing long dolefull tunes,  
And many things foreshope by prophets past.  
With dredfull warning gan her now affray:  
And stern Vences semed in her slepe  
To chace her still about, distraught in rage:  
And kill her thought that she was left alone,  
Uncomperted great viages to wende.  
In desert land her Tyrian folk to seeke.  
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw  
Swarming in flockes the furies all of hell:  
Two Huns remoue, and Thebes towne shew twain,  
Or like Drestes Agamemnons son:  
In tragedies who represented ape,  
Driuen about, that leght his mother fled,  
Armed with branks, and eke with serpents black:  
That siring found within the temples porche  
The vgle furies his slaughter to feunge,  
Pelden to wo, when phrenesse had her caught,  
Within her selfe, then gan she well dedate,  
Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the insane,  
And to her wokfull sister thus she sayd,  
In outward chere dissembling her entent,  
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:  
Sister rejoyce, for I haue found the way  
Him to returne, or lose me from his love.  
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood  
Where as the wandring Sun discenteth hence,  
In the extremes of Ethiopia is a place,  
Wher huge Atlas doth on his sholders turne  
The sphere so runde with flaming staires beset,

Booke

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Borne of Massy, I haue shold be a Hunne  
That of thespian sisters temple old  
And of their goodly garden keper was  
That geues vnto the Dragon eke his foode,  
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit  
That honie myost, and sleping poppye castes,  
This woman doth auaunt, by force of charme  
What hart she list to set at libertie:  
And other some to perce with heuy care:  
In running flood to stop the waters course:  
And eke the sterres their meunings to reuerse:  
Vassible eke, the godes that walk by night,  
Under thy feete, heareth thou shalt vhold  
Tremble and rose, the okes come from the hill,  
The Gods and thee, dere sister now I call  
In witness, and thy hed to me so sweete:  
To magyke artes against my will I bend,  
Right secretly within our inner court,  
In open ayre rare vp a slack of wood:  
And hang theron the weapon of this man  
The which he lefft within my chamber stick,  
His weedes diuorced all, and brial bed,  
Wherem alas sister, I found my bane,  
Charge therupon, for so the Hunne commaundes,  
To do away, what did to him belong,  
Of that false 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 sacrificie:  
For in her brest such furie did conceue,  
Neither doth she now haue more grecious thing,  
Then folowed Sichees death: wherefore  
She put her will in bre. But then the Queen  
Wherem that the Oak of wood was reared vp,  
Under the ayre within the inward court  
with clauen oke, and biles made of fyre,  
With garlandes, she doth ali beset the place,  
And with grecie bowes eke crown the funerall,  
And therupon his wedes and sword yest  
And on a bed his picture she bestowes:  
As he that well sooke knew what was to come.

Chz

## The fourth boke

The astars stande about, and eke the Sunne  
With sparkled tresse, the which thre hundred Gods  
With a loude voice doth thunder out at once:  
Cerbus the grisly, and Chaos huge,  
And eke the threfolde Goddess, Hecate  
And thre faces of Diana the virgin,  
And sprinkles eke the water counterfet  
Like unto blacke Iuernus lake in hell:  
And springyng herbes reapp̄p with brasen sickes  
Were sought after the right course of the Moone,  
The venum blacke intermingled with milke,  
The lunge of fleshe twene the new borne foales eyen  
To renne, that winneth from the dame her loue,  
She with the mole all in her handes devout  
Stode neare the auiter, bare of the one boote,  
With vesture loose, the bandes unlaced all,  
Went for to dye, calls the Gods to record,  
And gilty starres eke of her deskyng,  
And if there were any God that had care  
Of louers hartes not moued with loue alike,  
Him he requires of justice to remember.

It was then night, the sounde and quiet slepe  
Had through the earth the werted bodyes caught,  
The woodes, the ragyng seas were faine to rest,  
When that the starres had halfe their course declimed,  
The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers hue,  
And what so that in the vnde lakes remaynd,  
Or yet a nong the bushy thickes of byar,  
Laid downe to slope by silence of the night  
Gan wage their care, mindlesse of travell past,  
Not so the sprite of this Pheniciani  
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chance,  
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest,  
Her care redoble: loue doth rise and rage againe,  
And overlowes with swellyng stormes of wrath.  
Thus thinkes she then, this roules she in her mnde,  
What shall I do: shall I now beare the scorne  
For to assaye mine olde waers againe?  
And humbly yet a flumid spouse require,  
Whose mariage I haue so oft disdained?  
The Troyan navy, and Teucrian vile communades

Follow

## of Virg. Aeneis.

Follow shall I as thongh it shoulde auaille,  
That whilom by my helpe they were releued:  
Or for because with kinde, and musedfull folke  
Right well doth sit the passed thankefull dede?  
Who would me suffer? (admit this were my will)  
Or me scorned to their vrounde shippes receiver?  
Oh, wo begone: full little knowest thou yet,  
The broken othes of Laomedons kinde.  
What then: alone on mercy Matiners  
Shall I waite: or borde them with my power.  
Or Tyrans assembled me about:  
And such as I with traualle brought from Tyre,  
Drome to the seas, and force them saile againe:  
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued:  
And to this wo, with iron geue thou cide.  
And thou sister erst vanquish't with my teates,  
Thou in my rage with all these mischieves first  
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.  
Was it not graunted me from sposals free,  
Like to wilde beastes, to live without offence,  
Without taste of such care: is there no fayth,  
Referred to the cinders of Hycere?  
Such great complaints brake forth out of her brest:  
Whiles Aeneas fullminded to depart,  
All thinges prepared, slept in the poupe on high,  
To whom in slepe the worted Goddes sonne  
Gan ape appere, returning in like shape  
As seemed hym: and gan hym thus advise:  
Like unto Mercury in boyce, and huse,  
With yelow bushe, and conicly lyunnes of youth.  
O Goddess sonne, in such case canst thou sleepe?  
Ne yet bestrayght the daungers doest forsee,  
That copasse thee: nor hearest the faire windes blowe.  
Who in mine roules vengeance and desceite,  
Determined to dye, swelles with unstable ire,  
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?  
Straight shal thou see the seas couered with sayles,  
The blayng brondes, the shone all spred with flame,  
And if the morrow steale vpon thee here:  
Come of, haue done, set all delay aside.

fol

## The fourth boke

This sayd, in the dark night he gan hym hide,  
 Eneas of this sodain vilion  
 Ardez starts vp out of his sleepe in hast,  
 Cals vp his feers: awake get vp my men,  
 Abord your shps, and hysle vp sayl with speede.  
 (I God me wills sent from aboue againe)  
 To hast my flight, and writhen cables cut.  
 Oh holy God, what so thowart we shall  
 Folyow thee, and all blithe obey thy will:  
 Be at our hand, and frendly vs assit:  
 Adresse the scleres with prosperous influence.  
 And with that word his glistering sword vnshethes,  
 With which drawen, he the cables cut in twaine.  
 The like desire the rest embrased all,  
 All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whirle,  
 The shores they leaue, with shps the seas ar spred,  
 Cutting the fone, by the blew seas they swope.  
 Aurora now from Titans purple bed,  
 With new day light hath ouersped the earth,  
 When by her windowes the Quene the peping day  
 Espyed, and nauie with spaid sailes depart  
 The shore, and eke the porke of vesseis boyde:  
 Her comly brest thysse or fourt times shc smote  
 With her own hand, and toze her golden tressle.  
 Oh Ioue (quoth she) shall he then thus depart  
 A straunger thus, and scorne our kingdome so?  
 Shall not my men do on theyr armure prest?  
 And eke pursue them throughout all the town?  
 Out of the robe lone shall the vesseil warpe.  
 Hail on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your ower:  
 What said I: but where am I: what phensie  
 Alters thy minde: vnhappy Dido now  
 Hath thee beset a froward dekenie.  
 Then it behoued, when thou didst geue to him  
 The scepter, so his fafh 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 feers?  
 And from Alcanus his life with Iron rent,  
 And set him on his fathers bord for meates.

¶

## of Virg. Aeneis

¶ Of such debate perchance the fortune mighte  
 Haue bene doutfull: would God it were assited,  
 Whom should I scare, lich I my selfe must die?  
 Mighte I haue throwen into that nauy brandes,  
 And filled eke their deakes with flamer fire,  
 The father, sonne, and all their nacion  
 Destroied, and fallen my selfe ouer al.  
 Sunne with thy beames, that mortall workes discles,  
 And thou Juno, that wel these trauntes knowest,  
 Proserpine thou, vp on whom folk do vse  
 To houle, and call in forke wates by night,  
 Infernal furies, ye wreakers of wrong,  
 And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,  
 Receme these werdes, and eke your heauy power  
 Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue,  
 And our request accept, we you beseeche.  
 ¶ If so that yonder wicked head must needes  
 Recover poe, and saile to land offorce  
 And if Icues wil haue so resolued it,  
 And such ende set as no wight can fordee,  
 Yet at the least asailed mought he be  
 With armes, and warres of hardy nacions,  
 From the boundes of his kingdom satre exiled.  
 Julius ead rashed out of his armes  
 Driven to call for helpe, that he may see  
 The gittlesh corples of his folke lie dead:  
 And after hard condicions of peace,  
 His realme, noz life desired may he brooke:  
 But fall before his tyme vngratefull amid the sandes.  
 This I require, these wordes with blodd I shed.  
 And Trians, ye his flocke and all his race  
 Pursue with hate, rewardc our cinders so.  
 No loue noz leage, betwixt our peoples be.  
 And of our bones, some wrecker may therespring,  
 With sword and flame that Troias may pursue:  
 And from her ceffooth when that our powr may stretch,  
 Our colles to them contrary be for aye,  
 I crave of God, and our streames to their fluddes,  
 Armes unto armes, and offspring of eche race  
 With mortall warre eche other may fordee  
 ¶ This said, her hand shs writhed on at sides,

G.i.

Secking

## The fourth boke

Dealing with sped to end her irksome life.  
To Hichees nurse Barcen then thus she said  
(For hers at home in ashes did remaine)  
Call unto me (deare nurse) my sister Anne:  
Bid her, in hale in water of the strudde  
Shee sprinkle the body, and bring the beastes.  
And purging sacrifice, I did her thewe:  
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, sooth on an aged womans trot.  
But trembling Dido egerly now bent  
Upon her stern determination,  
Her bloodshot eies roling 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 clame vp, as distraught,  
The buriall stack, and drew the Troian sword  
Her gift sometime, but ment to no such vse.  
Where when she saw his weed, and w<sup>m</sup> I knownen bed,  
Weeping a while in sludg gan she lay,  
Fall on the bed, and these last words she said.  
Sweete spoiles, whiles God and destines it wold,  
Receue this sprite, and rid me of these cares.  
I liued and ranne the course, fortune did graunt,  
And vnder earth my great gol<sup>m</sup> now shal wende.  
A goodly towne I built, and saw my walles:  
Happy, alas to happy, if these coltes  
The Troian shippes had never touched aye.  
This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed:  
Why then (quoth she) unwokene shal we die?  
But let vs die for thus: and in this sort  
It liketh vs to seeke the shadwes darck.  
And from the sease the cruel Troians eies  
Shall wel disfern this flame, and take with hem  
Eke these unlucky tokenes of my death.  
As she had said, her damsell might perceue

## of Virg: Aeneis.

Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword,  
The blade embriued and haunds vespren with gore  
The clamor rang vnto the palace toppe,  
The brute ranne throughout al that stoned towne,  
With wailing great, and womens shrill yeling.  
The roofer gan roar, the aire resound with plaint,  
As though Cartage, or thauentur towne of Tyre  
With pycall of entred enemies swarmed full,  
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take  
The temples toppes, and manso<sup>m</sup>s eke of men.

Her sister Anne, sprytelesse for dread to heare  
This scaredfull sturre, with nailes gan tearc her face,  
She smote her brest, and rushid through the rout:  
And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:  
Sister, for this with craft did you me bouri?  
The stak, the flame, the altars, bled they thise?  
What shall I first complaine, forlaken wight?  
Lothest thou in death thy sisters felowship?  
Thou shouldest haue calld me to like destiny:  
One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.  
This funerall stak built I with these handes,  
And with this voice cleped our natuue Gods,  
And cruel so absentest 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 walke her woides,  
And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.

This said, vnto the high degrees shew mounted,  
Embrasing fast her sister now halfe dead,  
With wailfull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,  
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothez.  
But Dido stricke to lift vp againe  
Her heauy eyen, and hath no power thereto:  
Deepe in her brest, that fide wound doth gape.  
Thruse leaning on her elbow gan she raise  
Her self, vpward: and thruse she overthrew  
Upon the bed: ranging with wandring eies  
The sties for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Juno hauring ruth by this  
Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death,  
From heauen she sent the Goddess Iris downe,

### *The fourth boke*

The throwing sp̄it, and tointed limmes to toole,  
For that heither by lot of destiny,  
Nor yet by kindly death she perisched:  
But wretchedly before her fataill day,  
And kindled with a soleyn rage offlame:  
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 skyes then did she slye adowne:  
On Didos head, where as she gan a light:  
This heare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate.  
Commaunded I reue, and thy sp̄it vnoose,  
From this body: and when she thus had said,  
With her right hand she cut the heare in twaines:  
And therwith al the kindly heat gan quench:  
And into wind ths life foorth with resolute.

*Finis.*

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strete within Temple barre, at the  
lygne of the hand and starr,  
by Richard Tottell  
the xxi. day of June.  
An. 1557.

