



## BOOK III

“THE POWER OF Asia and Priam’s guiltless race  
are overturned, proud Ilium is fallen,  
and all of Neptune’s Troy smokes from the ground;  
this the Highest Ones were pleased to do.  
Then we are driven by divine commands  
and signs to sail in search of fields of exile  
in distant and deserted lands. We build  
a fleet beneath Antandros, in the foothills  
of Phrygian Ida, knowing not where fate  
will carry us or where we are to settle;  
and there we gather up our men. No sooner  
was summer come upon us than my father  
Anchises bid us spread our sails to fate.  
Weeping, I must give up the shores, the harbors  
that were my home, the plain that once was Troy.  
An exile, I go out across the waters  
together with my comrades and my son,  
my gods of hearth and home and the Great Gods.

“The land of Mars is not far off: vast plains  
the Thracians till, once ruled by fierce Lycurgus,  
a land that had long been a friend to us,  
with household gods allied to Troy until

our fortunes fell away. I sail to Thrace.  
 Along that curving shore I trace our first  
 walls—but beneath unkindly fates. That city  
 receives its name from mine: Aeneadae. 25

“So that the gods may guard our undertaking,  
 I offer sacrifices to my mother,  
 Dione’s daughter, and to the other powers,  
 slaughtering along that beach a gleaming  
 white bull to the high king of heaven-dwellers. 30

“Nearby, above a mound, a copse of dogwood  
 and myrtle bushes bristle, thick with shoots.  
 I try to tear a green branch from the soil  
 to serve as leafy cover for our altars—  
 but see an awful omen, terrible 35  
 to tell. For from that first tree’s severed roots  
 drops of black blood drip down. They stain the ground  
 with gore. My body shudders, cold. My blood  
 is frozen now with terror. I try again 40  
 and tear the tenacious stem of a second shoot  
 that I may reach the deep, the secret root.  
 And from that second bark, black blood flows down.

“Dismayed, I pray both to the rural nymphs  
 and Father Mars, who guards the fields of Thrace,  
 to make the vision kind and not a menace. 45  
 But when, knees hard against the stubborn sand,  
 I strained, with greater force, to wrestle free  
 a third stem—shall I speak or hold my tongue?—  
 a moan rose from the bottom of the mound,  
 a lamentable voice returned to me: 50  
 ‘Why are you mangling me, Aeneas? Spare  
 my body. I am buried here. Do spare  
 the profanation of your pious hands.  
 I am no stranger to you; I am Trojan. 55  
 The blood you see does not flow from a stem.  
 Flee from these cruel lands, this greedy shore,  
 for I am Polydorus; here an iron  
 harvest of lances covered my pierced body;  
 for this, sharp javelins have grown above me.’ 60  
 And then, indeed, my mind weighed down by doubt  
 and dread, I was astounded, and my hair

stood stiff, my voice held fast within my jaws.

“When luckless Priam first despaired of Dardan  
 arms, when he saw the city ringed by siege, 65  
 he sent young Polydorus out in secret,  
 along with much gold, to the king of Thrace,  
 who was to care for him. But when the might  
 of Troy is shattered and her fortune gone,  
 that king makes common cause with Agamemnon. 70  
 He breaks with every sacred trust; he murders  
 this Polydorus, takes his gold by force.  
 To what, accursed lust for gold, do you  
 not drive the hearts of men? When fear has left  
 my bones, I bring the omens of the gods 75  
 before my people’s chieftains—with my father  
 Anchises first; I want to hear their judgment.  
 And all are of one mind: to leave that land  
 of crime, a place where friendship was profaned,  
 to let the south winds take our sails. And thus 80  
 we give fresh funerals to Polydorus  
 and heap earth high upon his mound and build  
 our altars to the Shades, with melancholy  
 dark garlands and black cypress; and around us  
 the Trojan women stand; their streaming hair 85  
 is loosened as our custom bids. We offer  
 bowls foaming with warm milk and cups of victims’  
 blood; then we lay the spirit in his grave  
 and, for the last time, call his name aloud.

“Then, just as soon as we can trust the sea,  
 as soon as the air allows us tranquil waters 90  
 and while the south wind, softly whispering,  
 invites to journeying, my comrades crowd  
 the beach to launch our fleet. We leave the harbor.  
 Our eyes have lost the cities and the land. 95

“Midsea a sacred island lies, loved by  
 the Nereids’ mother and Aegean Neptune.  
 The grateful Archer God had found it drifting  
 around the coasts and shores; he bound it fast  
 to towering Myconos and Gyaros—  
 stable, habitable, scorning the winds. 100  
 And there I sail; this island grants calm entry,

safe harbor to our weary company.  
 On landing we revere Apollo's city.  
 King Anius, both king of men and priest 105  
 of Phoebus, garlands on his brow and holy  
 laurel, hurries to meet us, recognizing  
 Anchises, his old friend. We clasp right hands  
 in greeting, and we pass beneath his roof.

"At once I offered homage to the temple 110  
 of Phoebus, built of ancient stone: 'Give us,  
 o god of Thymbra, our own home; give us—  
 the weary—walls and sons, a lasting city;  
 preserve the second citadel of Troy,  
 the remnant left by Greeks and pitiless 115  
 Achilles. Whom are we to follow? Where  
 are we to go, to found our home? Father,  
 give us an omen, entering our hearts!'

"No sooner had I spoken so when all— 120  
 the gateways and the laurels of the gods—  
 seemed suddenly to tremble, and the whole  
 mountain began to sway, the tripod moaned,  
 the sacred shrine lay open. We bow low  
 upon the ground. A voice is carried to us:  
 'O iron sons of Dardanus, the land 125  
 that gave you birth, the land of your ancestors,  
 will welcome you again, returned to her  
 generous breast. Seek out your ancient mother.  
 For there Aeneas' house will rule all coasts,  
 as will his sons' sons and those born of them.' 130

"So said Apollo. Our great joy was mixed  
 with turbulence. All ask, 'Where are those walls  
 to which Apollo calls the wanderers,  
 asking for our return?' And then my father 135  
 thinks back upon his memories of old.  
 'O chieftains, listen, understand your hopes,'  
 he says. 'Out in the middle of the sea  
 lies Crete, the island of great Jupiter.  
 There is Mount Ida, cradle of our people.  
 The Cretans have a hundred splendid cities, 140  
 the richest realms. If I remember rightly

what I have heard, our greatest father, Teucer,  
 sailed out from Crete to the Rhoetean coasts  
 and chose a place fit for his kingdom. Ilium,  
 the towers of Pergamus were not yet built. 145  
 Men lived deep in the valleys. And from Crete  
 the Mother Goddess came to Cybele,  
 as did the Corybantes' brazen cymbals  
 within the grove of Ida; and from Crete  
 she brought the reverential silence of 150  
 her mysteries; the team of harnessed lions  
 that draw her chariot—a Cretan custom.  
 Then let us follow where the gods have led.  
 Let us appease the winds and seek the shores  
 of Cnossus. They are not too far from here; 155  
 if only Jupiter be gracious to us,  
 our fleet will land at Crete on the third day.'  
 This said, he slaughtered seemly sacrifices:  
 a bull to Neptune; one to you, Apollo;  
 a black sheep to the Winter, god of storms; 160  
 and to the favoring west winds, a white.

"We hear a rumor that Idomeneus,  
 the prince of Crete, is exiled from his father's  
 lands, that the coasts of Crete have been abandoned,  
 there are no enemies, deserted houses 165  
 await us there. We leave the port of Delos  
 and wing across the sea, skimming past Naxos,  
 where on the hills Bacchantes wanton, past  
 the green Donysa and Olearos  
 and snow-white Paros and the Cyclades 170  
 that stud the waters, through excited seas  
 that foam at frequent islands. And the oarsmen  
 cry out as they contend. My comrades urge:  
 'Drive on to Crete and to our ancestors!'

"The wind wakes at our stern. At length we glide 175  
 on to the ancient coasts of the Curetes.  
 There eagerly I raise the longed-for city's  
 walls, and I call it Pergamum. I spur  
 my people, happy in that name, to love  
 their home, to build a citadel on high. 180  
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“And now our boats had just been drawn up on  
dry beaches, with our young men busy at  
new weddings and new plowings—I was giving  
us laws, assigning dwellings—when a sudden  
and wasting pestilence fell on our bodies 185  
from some polluted quarter of the sky:  
death’s time, and terrible for trees and crops.  
Men left sweet life or dragged their tainted bones.  
The Dog Star burned the fields to barrenness.  
The grass was parched. Sick grain denied us food. 190

“My father calls on us to cross again  
the sea to Delos and the oracle  
of Phoebus at Ortygia, to implore  
his kindness, ask what end he will allot  
our tired destinies, where to seek help 195  
in our distress, and where to set our course.

“Night. Sleep held every living thing on earth.  
The sacred statues of the deities,  
the Phrygian household gods whom I had carried  
from Troy out of the fires of the city, 200  
as I lay sleeping seemed to stand before me.  
And they were plain to see in the broad light  
where full moon flowed through windows in the walls.  
These were their words, and these erased my cares:  
‘Unasked, Apollo sends us to your threshold; 205  
for here he prophesies just as he would  
had you again traced back the seas to Delos.  
We followed you, your men, from burning Troy  
and crossed the swollen waters in your care  
together with your ships; and we shall raise 210  
your children to the stars and build an empire  
out of their city. For the great make ready  
great walls, do not desert the tedious  
trials of your journeying. Your home is elsewhere.  
For Delian Apollo did not call 215  
the coasts of Crete your site for settlement.  
There is a place the Greeks have named Hesperia—  
an ancient land with strong arms and fat soil.  
The men who lived there were Oenotrians;  
but now it is said that their descendants call 220  
the country “Italy” after their leader.

That is the home for us. Iasius—  
our father, founder of the Trojan race—  
and Dardanus were both born there. Rise up  
and bring to old Anchises these sure words: 225  
to seek out Corythus, Ausonia;  
for Jupiter denies you Dicte’s fields.’

“These visions and the voice of gods were too  
astonishing: I did not dream, I knew  
their faces and the fillets in their hair, 230  
those trusted images that stood before me.  
An icy sweat was wrapped around my body.  
I tear myself from bed and lift my voice  
and hands to heaven; on the hearth I pour  
unwatered wine. This ceremony done, 235  
I gladly tell Anchises all they said.  
At this, he saw our double lineage,  
twin parentage, how he had been mistaken  
through new confusion over ancient places.  
‘My son, Cassandra was the only one 240  
who saw this destiny for us—Cassandra,  
so battered by Troy’s fates. Now I remember:  
she prophesied what lay in wait, and often  
she named Hesperia and Italy.  
But who could then believe the Teucrians 245  
would reach the harbors of Hesperia?  
Who then could heed Cassandra’s prophecy?  
But let us trust in Phoebus; warned by him,  
let us pursue a better destiny.’  
His speech is done; in gladness we obey. 250  
We leave the walls of Pergamum; only  
a few remain, the rest of us set sail  
across the wide seas in our hollow keels.

“But after we were well upon the waters,  
with land no longer to be seen—the sky 255  
was everywhere, and everywhere the sea—  
a blue-black cloud ran overhead; it brought  
the night and storm and breakers rough in darkness.  
The winds roll up the sea, great waters heave.  
And we are scattered, tossed upon the vast 260  
abyss; clouds cloak the day; damp night annuls  
the heavens; frequent lightning fires flash

through tattered clouds; cast from our course, we wander  
across the blind waves. Even Palinurus  
can not tell day from night upon the heavens, 265  
can not recall our way among the waters.

“We wander for three days in sightless darkness  
and for as many nights without a star.  
At last, upon the fourth, the land rose up  
with twining smoke and mountains seen far off. 270  
The sails are dropped. Our crewmen take their oars;  
they do not wait. The straining rowers lash  
the spray, they sweep across the blue-gray waters.

“When I am safe at last from waves, the first  
coast to receive me is the Strophades’ 275  
the Strophades that bear a Grecian name,  
islands within the great Ionian sea.  
They are the home of horrible Celaeno  
and all her sister Harpies since the time  
that Phineus shut his house against them and, 280  
in fear, they fled their former feasts. No monster  
is more malevolent than these, no scourge  
of gods or pestilence more savage ever  
rose from the Stygian waves. These birds may wear  
the face of virgins, but their bellies drip 285  
with a disgusting discharge, and their hands  
are talons, and their features pale and famished.

“On entering that harbor, we can see  
glad herds of cattle scattered through the fields  
and flocks of goats, unguarded, on the grass. 290  
We fall upon them with our swords; we call  
the gods and Jove himself to share our spoils.  
Along the curving coast we build our couches.  
We feast on those rich meats. But suddenly,  
shaking out their wings with a great clanging, 295  
the Harpies, horrible, swoop from the hilltops;  
and plundering our banquet with the filthy  
touch of their talons, they foul everything.  
Their terrifying scream leaps from that stench.

“But in the shelter of a hollowed rock, 300  
shut in by trees and trembling shadows, we

again set out our tables and replace  
the fire on the altars. But again,  
though from another quarter of the heavens  
and from dark dens, the clanging crowd descends; 305  
they fall upon their prey with crooked talons,  
defiling all our feast. I call my comrades  
to arms, to war against the cruel tribe.  
They do as they are commanded; all conceal  
their swords beneath the grass; they hide their shields. 310  
And when along the winding shore the shrill  
Harpies swoop down on us, Misenus signals;  
his hollow trumpet sounds from his high lookout.

“My comrades now attack in strangest struggle,  
hacking at these lewd birds come from the sea. 315  
No blow can wound their wings or scar their backs.  
Beneath the stars they glide in headlong flight.  
They leave behind half-eaten prey and filth.

“One only—prophetess of misery,  
Celaeno—perches on a towering rock. 320  
Her cry breaks out: ‘Sons of Laomedon,  
we let you slaughter oxen, kill our bullocks;  
but in return you wage a war to drive  
the guiltless Harpies from their father’s kingdom.  
Therefore, receive these words of mine: fix them 325  
within your mind. What the all-able Father  
foretold to Phoebus, Phoebus unto me,  
now I, the Furies’ chief, reveal to you.  
The place you seek is Italy, and you  
will go to Italy with winds that you 330  
invoke; you will not be denied its harbors.  
But you will not wall in your promised city  
until an awful hunger and your wrong  
in slaughtering my sisters has compelled  
your jaws to gnaw as food your very tables.’ 335  
She spoke and then flew back into the forest.

“My comrades’ blood ran cold with sudden fear.  
Their spirits fell. They’d have me plead for peace  
with vows and prayers, not weapons—whether these  
be goddesses or awful, obscene birds. 340  
Then from the shore, with hands outstretched, Anchises

calls on the great gods, offers sacrifices:  
 'Gods, keep these threats from us, let such disaster  
 be distant, and be gracious to the pious.'  
 He has us tear our cable free from shore, 345  
 uncoil our ropes to loosen up the sails.  
 Then south winds stretch our sheets; we flee across  
 the foam, where wind and pilot called our course.  
 And now among the waves we see the wooded  
 Zacynthus and Dulichium and Same 350  
 and steep-cliffed Neritos. We shun the shoals  
 of Ithaca, Laertes' land, and curse  
 the earth that once had nursed the fierce Ulysses.  
 Soon we can see Apollo's shrine above  
 Leucata's stormy peaks that panic sailors. 355  
 Now weary, we approach the little city.  
 Our anchor is down, the sterns stand on the shore.

"And having gained un hoped-for land, we kindle  
 the altars with our offerings. We give  
 our gifts to Jupiter and crowd the beaches 360  
 of Actium with Trojan games. My comrades  
 strip naked; sleek with oil, they try their strength  
 in Ilian wrestling matches, glad to have  
 slipped past so many Argive towns, held fast  
 to flight among a crowd of enemies. 365

"Meanwhile the sun wheels round the full year's circle;  
 the icy winter's north winds bring rough waves.  
 I fasten to the temple door a shield  
 of hollow brass that once belonged to mighty  
 Abas. Beneath it I inscribe this verse: 370  
*Aeneas took these arms from Grecian victors.*  
 I then command my men to leave the harbor,  
 to take their places at the rowing benches.  
 My comrades lash the waves; in rivalry  
 they sweep the plain of sea. We soon lose sight 375  
 of the airy heights of the Phaeacians;  
 we skirt the coastline of Epirus, then  
 we sail into the harbor of Chaonia,  
 approaching the steep city of Buthrotum.

"A rumor of incredible events 380  
 awaits us here: that Helenus, the son

of Priam, is a king of Grecian cities,  
 that he has won the wife and scepter of  
 Pyrrhus, Achilles' son; that once again  
 Andromache is given to a husband 385  
 of her own country. And I was amazed.  
 My heart burned with extraordinary longing  
 to speak to him, to learn of such great happenings.  
 Just then—when I had left the harbor and  
 my boat, drawn up along the beaches—there, 390  
 within a grove that stood before the city,  
 alongside waves that mimed the Simois,  
 Andromache was offering to the ashes  
 a solemn banquet and sad gifts, imploring  
 the Shade of Hector's empty tomb that she 395  
 had raised out of green turf with double altars  
 and consecrated as a cause for tears.

"And when, distracted, she caught sight of me  
 and saw our Trojan armor all around her,  
 in terror of these mighty omens, she 400  
 grew stiff; heat left her bones; she fell, fainting.  
 But after long delay, at last she asks:  
 'Are you, born of a goddess, a true body,  
 a real messenger who visits me?  
 Are you alive? Or if the gracious light 405  
 of life has left you, where is Hector?' So  
 she spoke. Her tears were many and her cries  
 filled all the grove. She is so frenzied, I—  
 disquieted—must stammer scattered words:  
 'Indeed I live and drag my life through all 410  
 extremities; do not doubt—I am real.  
 But you, what fate has overtaken you,  
 divided from so great a husband, or  
 what kindly fortune comes again to Hector's  
 Andromache? Are you still wed to Pyrrhus?' 415  
 Her eyes downcast, she spoke with murmured words:

"O happy past all others, virgin daughter  
 of Priam, made to die beside our foeman's  
 tomb, underneath the towering walls of Troy;  
 o you, for whom no lots were cast, who never 420  
 as captive touched the couch of a conquering master!  
 But we, our homeland burned, were carried over

strange seas, and we endured the arrogance  
of Pyrrhus and his youthful insolence,  
to bear him children in our slavery; 425  
until he sought Hermione, the daughter  
of Leda, and a Spartan wedding, handing  
me to Helenus, a slave to a slave.  
But then Orestes, goaded by his great  
passion for his lost bride and fired by 430  
the Furies of his crimes, surprises Pyrrhus  
and cuts him down beside his father's altars.  
At Pyrrhus' death a portion of his kingdom  
passed on to Helenus, who named the plains  
Chaonian—all the land Chaonia, 435  
for Trojan Chaon—placing on the heights  
a Pergamus and this walled Ilium.  
But what winds and what fates have given you  
a course to steer? What god has driven you,  
unknowing, to our shores? Where is your boy 440  
Ascanius—while Troy still stood, Creüsa  
would carry him to you—does he still live  
and feed upon the air? Is any care  
for his lost mother still within the boy?  
Do both his father and his uncle, Hector, 445  
urge him to ancient courage, manliness?"

"Andromache was weeping, calling up  
long, needless tears, when the hero Helenus,  
the son of Priam, with a crowd behind him,  
approaches from the city walls. And he 450  
knows us as his own kinsmen. Glad, he leads  
the way up to the thresholds and, between  
each word, sheds many tears. As I advance,  
I see a little Troy, a Pergamus  
that mimes the great one, and a dried-up stream 455  
that takes its name from Xanthus. I embrace  
the portals of the Scaean gates. My Trojans  
also enjoy the kindly city where  
the king has welcomed them to spacious porches.  
They pour the cups of Bacchus in the hall. 460  
The feast is served on gold. They lift the goblets.

"Day follows day, the breezes call our canvas,  
and now the swelling south wind fills our sails.

And I approach the prophet with these words:  
'O son of Troy, interpreter of gods, 465  
you who can understand the will of Phoebus,  
the tripods and the laurel of Apollo,  
the stars, the tongues of birds, the swift-winged omens,  
come, tell me—for the heavens have foretold  
with words of blessing all my voyage, all 470  
the gods have counseled me to Italy,  
to seek out and explore that far-off land:  
only Celaeno, chieftain of the Harpies,  
has chanted strange portents, monstrous to tell,  
predicting awful vengeance, foul starvation— 475  
what dangers shall I first avoid? Tell me  
the course I need to overcome such trials.'

"First steers are sacrificed, then Helenus  
loosens the garlands from his hallowed head;  
he prays the gods for grace; with his own hand 480  
he leads me to your portals, Phoebus, awed  
before your mighty presence, as he chants  
these priestly words from his inspired lips:

"Aeneas, goddess-born—since you must surely  
have crossed the seas beneath high auspices— 485  
so does the king of gods allot the fates,  
revolving every happening, this is  
the circling order; few things out of many  
I shall unfold in words, that you may find  
the waters friendly and the crossing tranquil 490  
and reach the harbor of Ausonia.  
The Fates will not let Helenus know more;  
Saturnian Juno will not let me speak.  
But first, the Italy you now think close—  
preparing, in your ignorance, to rush 495  
into its nearby harbors—is far off:  
a long and pathless way through spacious lands  
divides you from her. For your oar must bend  
beneath the waters of Trinacria,  
your ships must cross Ausonia's salt sea, 500  
and you must pass the lakes below the earth,  
and then the island of Aeaeon Circe,  
before you find safe ground to build your city.

“ I give you signs: hold them fast in your mind.  
 For when, in your perplexity, you find 505  
 beside the waters of a secret stream,  
 along the banks beneath the branching ilex,  
 a huge white sow stretched out upon the ground  
 together with a new-delivered litter  
 of thirty suckling white pigs at her teats, 510  
 that place will be the site set for your city;  
 that place will bring sure rest from all your toils.  
 And do not fear your gnawing at the tables  
 that was forewarned; for fate will find a way;  
 Apollo will be present when you call. 515

“ But shun those lands and that Italian coast  
 nearest to us and washed by our own sea:  
 for all those walls are manned by hostile Greeks;  
 there the Narycian Locrians built their cities  
 and there Idomeneus of Lyctos with 520  
 his warriors blocks the Sallentini's plains;  
 and there the small Petelia of Philoctetes,  
 the Meliboean chief, stands in its walls.  
 Moreover, when your ships have crossed and anchor  
 along the other coast, when you are pledging 525  
 your vows upon the altars by the shore,  
 conceal your head beneath a purple mantle,  
 that while you are at worship there, no hostile  
 face may appear to you among the sacred  
 and sacrificial fires to spoil the omens. 530  
 And let your comrades, too, keep fast this practice  
 of sacrifice; yourself maintain the custom;  
 and may your pious sons continue it.

“ But when you have departed, when the wind  
 has carried you to the Sicilian coast, 535  
 just where the strait gates of Pelorus open,  
 then—though the way be long—you must still shun  
 the shoreline and the waters to the right;  
 seek out the left-hand seas, the left-hand coast.  
 When these two lands were an unbroken one 540  
 in ancient times, they say, a vast convulsion  
 tore them apart by force (through time's long lapse,  
 such overwhelming changes come to pass).  
 Between them violently burst the sea;

waves split apart the shores of Italy 545  
 and Sicily. Along the severed coasts  
 a narrow tideway bathes the fields and cities.

“ Now Scylla holds the right; insatiable  
 Charybdis keeps the left. Three times she sucks  
 the vast waves into her abyss, the deepest 550  
 whirlpool within her vortex, then she hurls  
 the waters high, lashing the stars with spray.  
 But Scylla is confined to blind retreats,  
 a cavern; and her mouths thrust out to drag  
 ships toward the shoals. Her upper parts are human; 555  
 down to the pubes, she seems a lovely-breasted  
 virgin; but underneath she is a monster  
 come from the sea, a terrifying body:  
 a dolphin's tail that joins a wolfish groin.  
 Therefore I tell you: better to be slow— 560  
 to round the promontory of Pachynus,  
 to take the longer way—than to behold  
 misshapen Scylla in her savage cavern,  
 the rocks that echo with her sea-green dogs.

“ Above all, if the prophet merit trust, 565  
 if any prudence be in Helenus  
 and if Apollo fill his soul with truth,  
 then this one thing, Aeneas, goddess-born,  
 this more than any thing, I conjure you,  
 repeating it again, again, as warning: 570  
 first, do adore the power of mighty Juno  
 with prayers and pledge your vows to mighty Juno  
 with willingness, to win that mighty mistress  
 with pleasing gifts—and then, victorious,  
 to leave Trinacria for Italy. 575

“ When on your way you reach the town of Cumae,  
 the sacred lakes, the loud wood of Avernus,  
 there you will see the frenzied prophetess.  
 Deep in her cave of rock she charts the fates,  
 consigning to the leaves her words and symbols. 580  
 Whatever verses she has written down  
 upon the leaves, she puts in place and order  
 and then abandons them inside her cavern.  
 When all is still, that order is not troubled;



but when soft winds are stirring and the door, 585  
 turning upon its hinge, disturbs the tender  
 leaves, then she never cares to catch the verses  
 that flutter through the hollow grotto, never  
 recalls their place or joins them all together.  
 Her visitors, when they have had no counsel, 590  
 depart, and then detest the Sibyl's cavern.  
 Let no expense of time be counted here,  
 though comrades chide and though the journey urge  
 your sails to take the waves or favoring  
 sea breezes swell their folds for voyaging. 595  
 But visit her, the prophetess, with prayers,  
 that she reveal the oracles herself  
 and willingly unlock her voice and lips.  
 She will unfold for you who are the peoples  
 of Italy, the wars that are to come, 600  
 and in what way you are to flee or face  
 each crisis. Worshipped properly, she grants  
 prosperous voyages. These things are all  
 the gods allow my tongue to chant and tell.  
 Now go your way, and with your acts exalt 605  
 the mightiness of Troy as high as heaven.'

"The seer had finished with his friendly words.  
 He asks that gifts of chiseled ivory  
 and massive gold be carried to our galleys;  
 he stows much silver in the holds, Dodona 610  
 caldrons, a corselet joined with links of three-  
 ply gold—the gear of Neoptolemus—  
 and presents for my father. Then he adds  
 new oarsmen for our crew and guides and horses;  
 he furnishes my fighting men with weapons. 615

"Meanwhile Anchises has our sails made ready  
 that no delay rob us of driving winds.  
 With deep respect Apollo's spokesman greets him:  
 'Anchises, honored as high mate of Venus,  
 Anchises, whom the gods care for, twice saved 620  
 from Troy in ruins: now Ausonia  
 is yours, bear down upon it with your sails.  
 And yet you must bypass the coast you see;  
 Apollo has disclosed a farther country.  
 Go, blessed in the affection of your son. 625

But why do I talk on? My tongue must not  
 keep back the surging south winds from your sails.'

"Andromache mourns deeply at our last  
 leavetaking, bringing robes adorned with threads  
 of gold, a Phrygian mantle for my son— 630  
 she does not yield in doing honor—weighting  
 Ascanius with woven gifts, then tells him:  
 'Receive these, too, my boy: memorials  
 of my own handiwork; and let them serve  
 as witness to Andromache's long love 635  
 as wife of Hector. Take with you these last  
 gifts of your people—you, the only image  
 that still is left of my Astyanax:  
 so did he bear his eyes, his hands, his face;  
 so would he now be entering his youth, 640  
 were he alive, his years the same as yours.'

"My parting words were said with rising tears:  
 'Your fate is here, then live it happily.  
 But we are called from one fate to another.  
 For you can rest: no need to plow the seas 645  
 or seek the fleeing fields of Italy.  
 Here you can see the image of new Xanthus  
 and of the Troy your hands have built beneath  
 more kindly auspices, I hope—a city  
 less open to the Greeks than was old Troy. 650  
 If ever I shall enter on the Tiber  
 and on the lands that lie along the Tiber  
 and see the ramparts given to my race,  
 then we, in time to come, shall build one Troy  
 in spirit from our sister cities in 655  
 Epirus and Hesperia and from  
 our kindred peoples—those who share one founder  
 in Dardanus and share one destiny.  
 May this become the care of all our sons.'

"We speed along the sea and past the nearby  
 cliffs of Ceraunia, the shortest passage  
 across the waves, the way to Italy.  
 The sun has set, the hills are dark with shadow.  
 We disembark. When we had assigned by lot  
 our turns to watch the oars, we stretch out on 660  
 665

the lap of longed-for land beside the water;  
and all along the dry beach we renew  
our bodies; sleep is dew for weary limbs.

“Night, driven by the Hours, has not yet reached  
the middle of her path when Palinurus  
springs quickly from his couch, takes note of all  
the winds, and with his keen ear tries to catch  
the breath of a breeze. He watches all the stars  
that glide through silent skies: he marks Arcturus,  
the twin Bears and the rainy Hyades,  
Orion armed with gold; and seeing all  
together in the tranquil heavens, loudly  
he signals from the stern. We break up camp  
and try our course with spreading canvas wings.

“And now Aurora reddens as the stars  
take flight. We sight the dim and distant hills,  
the low coastline of Italy. Achates  
is first to cry out, ‘Italy’; with joy  
the rest shout, ‘Italy.’ Anchises crowns  
a great bowl with a garland, fills it up  
with wine, and from the steep stern summons all  
the deities: ‘O gods who govern sea  
and land and tempests, grant us easy passage  
and breathe upon us with your kindness.’

“The wished-for winds have quickened now; nearby  
a harbor opens up. We can make out  
a temple standing on Minerva’s Height.  
My comrades furl the sails; they turn the prow  
toward shore. The eastern waves have hollowed out  
that port into a bow; the thrusting reefs  
churn up salt spray; the harbor is concealed.  
Like drooping arms, a double wall runs down  
from towering crags; the shrine is set far back  
from shore, and here, as our first omen, I  
could see four snow-white horses grazing far  
and wide along the grassy plain. Anchises  
cries out: ‘O stranger land, the tale you tell  
is war; these horses wear the harnesses  
of war; these herds mean war. Yet these same stallions  
have yielded to the chariot beneath

the yoke and reins of peace. Then there is also  
some hope for peace.’ We pray unto the holy  
power of Pallas, clangorous with arms,  
the first to hear our joyous shout. We cover  
our heads with Trojan veils before the altars;  
and just as Helenus ordained, we offer  
burnt sacrifices to the Argive Juno.

“No lingering; our vows are done. We turn  
to sea our sail-draped spars with tapering horns.  
We leave behind the homes of the Grecian-born,  
the fields that we distrust. We sight the town  
of Hercules—Tarentum’s gulf (if what  
they tell as tale be true); then, facing us,  
Lacinian Juno’s temple rises; next  
the fortresses of Caulon; after that  
the city known for shipwrecks—Scylaceum.

“Then far across the waters we can see  
Sicilian Etna; far across we hear  
the mighty moan of breakers, pounded stones  
and broken echoes on the beach, and shoals  
that leap and sands that mingle with the surge.  
Anchises cries, ‘This surely is Charybdis;  
these are the crags, and these the fearful rocks  
that Helenus predicted. Save yourselves;  
my comrades, stroke as one upon the oars!’

“They do as they are told. First Palinurus  
turned round the groaning prow to larboard waters;  
the crew then sought the left with wind and oar.  
We rise to heaven on the bending wave  
and, as the surge slips back, we sink again  
down to the deepest Shades. Three times the crags  
cried out among the eaves of rock, three times  
we saw the heaving spray, the dripping stars.  
But then the sun has set, the wind has left  
our weary crew; not knowing where we go,  
we drift upon the beaches of the Cyclops.

“That harbor is wide and free from winds; but Etna  
is thundering nearby with dread upheavals.  
At times it belches into upper air

dark clouds with tar-black whirlwinds, blazing lava, 745  
 while lifting balls of flame that lick the stars.  
 At times it vomits boulders as the crater's  
 bowels are torn; it moans and tosses molten  
 stones up to heaven; from its deep bedrock  
 the mountain boils and foams. The tale is told 750  
 that, charred by lightning bolts, the body of  
 Enceladus lies pressed beneath this mass;  
 that mighty Etna, piled above him, breathes  
 and blazes from its bursting furnaces;  
 and that as often as Enceladus 755  
 shifts on his weary side, all Sicily  
 shudders and groans, and smoke blots out the sky.  
 That night we hide within the forest, fiendish  
 horrors upon us, but we cannot see  
 the cause of all that clamoring; the stars 760  
 had lost their fires, the heavens had no brightness  
 but only mists on darkened skies; the dead  
 of night had clutched the moon within a cloud.

"Tomorrow now was rising with first light,  
 Aurora had banned damp shadows from the sky, 765  
 when suddenly a tattered stranger, gaunt  
 with final hunger, staggers from the woods  
 and stretches pleading hands toward shore. We turn  
 to look at him: his filth is ghastly—his beard  
 is tangled and his clothing hooked by thorns; 770  
 and yet he is a Greek—one who was sent  
 to Troy with Argive arms. And when far off  
 he saw our Dardan dress, our Trojan weapons,  
 his terror held him for a time, he stayed  
 his steps, then dashed headlong upon the shore 775  
 with tears and prayers: 'By stars and gods above,  
 and by the light of heaven that we breathe,  
 I conjure you to take me with you, Trojans,  
 to carry me wherever you may go.  
 I ask no more than this. I know that I 780  
 am from the ships of Danaans and confess  
 I warred against the gods of Troy; for this,  
 if it be such great wrong, dismember me  
 upon the waters, plunge me in vast seas.  
 For if I must die now, then I shall be 785

content to perish at the hands of humans.'

"Such was his outcry. Groveling, he clasped  
 my knees and held me fast. We urge him on,  
 to tell us who he is, who are his people,  
 what fortune harries him. Father Anchises 790  
 does not wait long to offer him his hand  
 and steadies the young man with that strong pledge.  
 At last he lays aside his fear and says:

" 'I am of Ithaca and sailed for Troy,  
 a comrade of unfortunate Ulysses; 795  
 my name is Achaemenides, the son  
 of Adamastus, a poor father—would  
 my lot had never changed! My comrades left me,  
 forgotten in the great cave of the Cyclops,  
 while they escaped in haste those savage thresholds. 800

" 'It is a house of gore and gruesome feasts,  
 both black and vast within. The towering Cyclops  
 is tall enough to strike the high stars—gods,  
 keep such a plague away from earth!—and hardly  
 easy to look upon; no one can reach him 805  
 with speech. He feeds upon the guts and dark  
 blood of his victims. I myself have seen him  
 snatch up a pair of us in his huge paw,  
 then, stretched along the middle of the cavern,  
 bash both of them against a boulder; then 810  
 the entrance swam with splattered gore. I saw  
 him crunch their limbs that dripped with blood; I saw  
 their warm joints quivering within his jaws.

" 'But he has had to pay for this. Such slaughter  
 was too much for Ulysses; facing it, 815  
 the Ithacan did not forget himself.  
 As soon as Polyphemus, banquet-bloated,  
 buried in wine, reclined his drooping neck  
 and, monstrous, lay along the cavern, belching  
 his morsels mixed with dripping blood and wine, 820  
 we prayed to the great gods, we drew our lots;  
 then we surrounded him on every side  
 and with a pointed weapon pierced his eye—  
 hidden, it lay beneath his sullen brow,

alone, enormous, like an Argive shield 825  
or like the lamp of Phoebus—and at last,  
in joy, avenged the Shades of our companions.

“But, miserable men, cut loose your cable  
from shore and flee now, flee! For just as huge 830  
as Polyphemus—he who pens his herds  
and woolly sheep within his hollow cavern  
and squeezes out their teats—there are a hundred  
other ferocious Cyclops. And they crowd  
these curving coasts and climb across these mountains.  
Three times the moon has filled her horns with light 835  
since I began to drag out my poor life  
within the woods, among the desert dens  
and dwellings of wild beasts, and from a rock  
to watch the huge Cyclops, to tremble at  
their tramping feet, their voices’ clamoring. 840  
I feed on wretched food, on stony cornels  
and berries from the branches, and I eat  
roots torn from plants. I have scanned every view,  
but yours is the first fleet I have seen landing  
upon these shores. Whatever happens, I 845  
am given up to you. It is enough  
for me to have escaped that cursed tribe.  
By any death whatever, take this life!”

“His words were hardly ended when we saw  
upon a peak the shepherd Polyphemus; 850  
he lugged his mammoth hulk among the flocks,  
searching along familiar shores—an awful  
misshapen monster, huge, his eyelight lost.  
His steps are steadied by the lopped-off pine  
he grips. His woolly sheep are at his side— 855  
his only joy and comfort for his loss.  
As soon as he had reached the open sea  
and touched deep waves, he bathed the blood trickling  
down from the socket of his dug-out light.  
Groaning, gnashing his teeth, he strides the waters. 860  
The wave has not yet wet his giant thighs.

“Alarmed, we rush our flight. The suppliant,  
who merited as much, is taken on  
shipboard. We cut the cable silently

and, bending, sweep the waves with straining oars. 865  
The monster sensed as much. He wheeled around.  
He is following our voices, but without  
a chance to clutch us with his right hand or  
to match Ionian waves in chasing us.  
His roaring is tremendous, and the sea 870  
and all the waters quake together; far  
inland a terror takes all Italy,  
and Etna bellows in her curving caves.

“But down from woods and mountains in alarm  
the tribe of Cyclops hurry toward the harbor. 875  
They crowd the beaches. Brotherhood of Etna,  
they stand, helpless, with sullen eyes, their heads  
raised high to heaven—horrible conclave,  
as when, upon a summit, giant oaks  
or cypresses, cone-bearing, mass together: 880  
Diana’s grove or Jupiter’s tall forest.  
Keen terror urges us headlong to shake  
our rigging where we can, to stretch our sails  
to favorable winds. But Helenus 885  
had warned us we were not to hold our course  
through Scylla and Charybdis, where each way  
is neighbor to our death. We must sail back.  
And from the narrow fastness of Pelorus  
the north wind comes to meet us. I sail past  
the mouth of the Pantagias, living rock, 890  
the bays of Megara, and then flat Thapsus.  
These were the coasts that Achaemenides,  
the comrade of unfortunate Ulysses,  
showed us as he retraced his former wanderings.

“Along a bay of Sicily there lies 895  
the sea-drenched island of Plemyrion.  
Of old, Ortygia was its name. The story  
tells us that here Alpheus, Elis’ river,  
forced secret passage underneath the sea,  
and mingles now with your mouth, Arethusa, 900  
in these Sicilian waves. Obedient,  
we venerate the high gods of that place,  
then pass Helorus with its fat marshlands.  
We skirt the high reefs and the thrusting rocks  
along the promontory of Pachynus; 905

then Camarina, whom the Fates forbade  
to be dislodged, is seen far off; the plains  
of Gela and the town that also takes  
its name of Gela from its rushing river.  
Steep Acragas, which once bred noble horses, 910  
next shows its mighty ramparts in the distance.  
I leave behind Selinus, palmy city,  
with kindly winds, then skim past Lilybaeum  
and shallows that are rough with hidden rocks.

“Then Drepanum’s unhappy coast and harbor 915  
receive me. It is here that—after all  
the tempests of the sea—I lose my father,  
Anchises, stay in every care and crisis.  
For here, o best of fathers, you first left  
me to my weariness, alone—Anchises, 920  
you who were saved in vain from dreadful dangers.  
Not even Helenus, the prophet, nor  
the horrible Celaeno, when they warned  
of many terrors, told this grief to come.  
And this was my last trial; this was the term 925  
of my long journeying. I left that harbor.  
And then the god drove me upon your shore.”

And thus, with all of them intent on him,  
father Aeneas told of destinies  
decreed by gods and taught his wanderings. 930  
At last he ended here, was silent, rested.



ANDREW

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# THE AENEID OF VIRGIL

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