

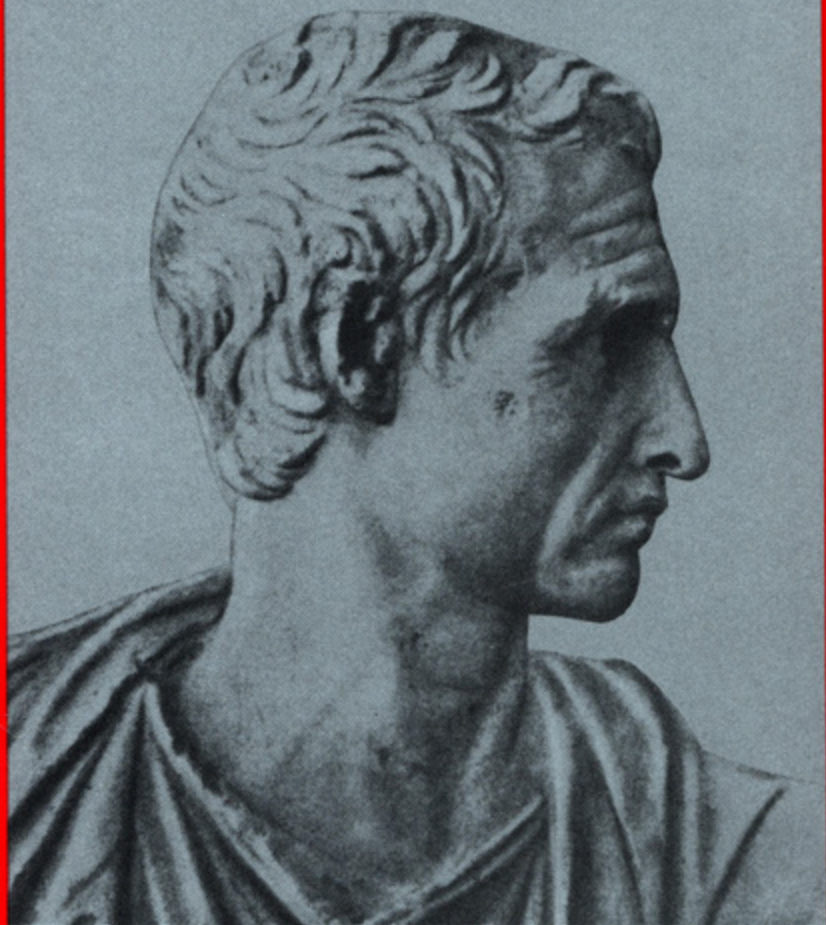
V i n t a g e      C l a s s i c s

THE  
AENEID  

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VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY  
ROBERT FITZGERALD



THE AENEID

*By the same author*

TRANSLATIONS

*The Iliad*

*The Aeneid*

*Oedipus at Colonus*

*Chronique by St. John Perse*

*Birds by St. John Perse*

(with Dudley Fitts)

*Oedipus Rex*

*Antigone*

*Alcestis*

POEMS

*Poems 1935*

*A Wreath for the Sea*

*In the Rose of Time*

*Spring Shade*

THE  
AENEID

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VIRGIL

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ROBERT FITZGERALD

VINTAGE CLASSICS  
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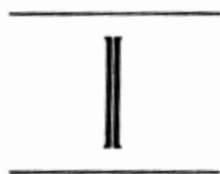
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BOOK



A FATEFUL HAVEN

||  
sing of warfare and a man at war.  
From the sea-coast of Troy in early days  
He came to Italy by destiny,  
To our Lavinian western shore,  
5 A fugitive, this captain, buffeted  
Cruelly on land as on the sea  
By blows from powers of the air—behind them  
Baleful Juno in her sleepless rage.  
And cruel losses were his lot in war,  
10 Till he could found a city and bring home  
His gods to Latium, land of the Latin race,  
The Alban lords, and the high walls of Rome.  
Tell me the causes now, O Muse, how galled  
In her divine pride, and how sore at heart  
15 From her old wound, the queen of gods compelled him—  
A man apart, devoted to his mission—  
To undergo so many perilous days  
And enter on so many trials. Can anger  
Black as this prey on the minds of heaven?  
20 Tyrian settlers in that ancient time  
Held Carthage, on the far shore of the sea,  
Set against Italy and Tiber's mouth,  
A rich new town, warlike and trained for war.  
And Juno, we are told, cared more for Carthage  
25 Than for any walled city of the earth,  
More than for Samos, even. There her armor

And chariot were kept, and, fate permitting,  
 Carthage would be the ruler of the world.  
 So she intended, and so nursed that power.  
 30 But she had heard long since  
 That generations born of Trojan blood  
 Would one day overthrow her Tyrian walls,  
 And from that blood a race would come in time  
 With ample kingdoms, arrogant in war,  
 35 For Libya's ruin: so the Parcae spun.  
 In fear of this, and holding in memory  
 The old war she had carried on at Troy  
 For Argos' sake (the origins of that anger,  
 That suffering, still rankled: deep within her,  
 40 Hidden away, the judgment Paris gave,  
 Snubbing her loveliness; the race she hated;  
 The honors given ravished Ganymede),  
 Saturnian Juno, burning for it all,  
 Buffeted on the waste of sea those Trojans  
 45 Left by the Greeks and pitiless Achilles,  
 Keeping them far from Latium. For years  
 They wandered as their destiny drove them on  
 From one sea to the next: so hard and huge  
 A task it was to found the Roman people.

50 **T**hey were all under sail in open water  
 With Sicily just out of sight astern,  
 Lighthearted as they plowed the whitecapped sea  
 With stems of cutting bronze. But never free  
 Of her eternal inward wound, the goddess  
 55 Said to herself:

"Give up what I began?  
 Am I defeated? Am I impotent  
 To keep the king of Teucrians from Italy?  
 The Fates forbid me, am I to suppose?  
 60 Could Pallas then consume the Argive fleet

With fire, and drown the crews,  
 Because of one man's one mad act—the crime  
 Of Ajax, son of Oileus? She—yes, she!—  
 Hurl'd out of cloudland lancing fire of Jove,  
 65 Scattered the ships, roughed up the sea with gales,  
 Then caught the man, bolt-struck, exhaling flames,  
 In a whirlwind and impaled him on a rock.  
 But I who walk as queen of all the gods,  
 Sister and wife of Jove, I must contend  
 70 For years against one people! Who adores  
 The power of Juno after this, or lays  
 An offering with prayer upon her altar?"

Smouldering, putting these questions to herself,  
 The goddess made her way to storm-cloud country,  
 75 Aeolia, the weather-breeding isle.  
 Here in a vast cavern King Aeolus  
 Rules the contending winds and moaning gales  
 As warden of their prison. Round the walls  
 They chafe and bluster underground. The din  
 80 Makes a great mountain murmur overhead.  
 High on a citadel enthroned,  
 Scepter in hand, he mollifies their fury,  
 Else they might flay the sea and sweep away  
 Land masses and deep sky through empty air.  
 85 In fear of this, Jupiter hid them away  
 In caverns of black night. He set above them  
 Granite of high mountains—and a king  
 Empowered at command to rein them in  
 Or let them go. To this king Juno now  
 90 Made her petition:

"Aeolus, the father  
 Of gods and men decreed and fixed your power  
 To calm the waves or make them rise in wind.  
 The race I hate is crossing the Tuscan sea,  
 95 Transporting Ilium with her household gods—  
 Beaten as they are—to Italy.

Put new fury  
 Into your winds, and make the long ships founder!

Drive them off course! Throw bodies in the sea!  
 100 I have fourteen exquisite nymphs, of whom  
 The loveliest by far, Deïopëa,  
 Shall be your own. I'll join you two in marriage,  
 So she will spend all future years with you,  
 As you so well deserve,  
 105 And make you father of her lovely children."

Said Acolus:

"To settle on what you wish  
 Is all you need to do, your majesty.  
 I must perform it. You have given me  
 110 What realm I have. By your good offices  
 I rule with Jove's consent, and I recline  
 Among the gods at feasts, for you appoint me  
 Lord of wind and cloud."

Spearhaft reversed,

115 He gave the hollow mountainside a stroke,  
 And, where a portal opened, winds in ranks,  
 As though drawn up for battle, hurtled through,  
 To blow across the earth in hurricane.  
 Over the sea, tossed up from the sea-floor,  
 120 Eastwind and Southwind, then the wild Southwest  
 With squall on squall came scudding down,  
 Rolling high combers shoreward.

Now one heard

125 The cries of men and screech of ropes in rigging  
 Suddenly, as the stormcloud whipped away  
 Clear sky and daylight from the Teucrians' eyes,  
 And gloom of night leaned on the open sea.  
 It thundered from all quarters, as it lightened  
 Flash on flash through heaven. Every sign  
 130 Portended a quick death for mariners.  
 Aeneas on the instant felt his knees  
 Go numb and slack, and stretched both hands to heaven,  
 Groaning out:

"Triply lucky, all you men

135 To whom death came before your fathers' eyes  
 Below the wall at Troy! Bravest Danaan,

Diomedes, why could I not go down  
 When you had wounded me, and lose my life  
 On Ilium's battlefield? Our Hector lies there,  
 140 Torn by Achilles' weapon; there Sarpedon,  
 Our giant fighter, lies; and there the river  
 Simoïs washes down so many shields  
 And helmets, with strong bodies taken under!"

As he flung out these words, a howling gust  
 145 From due north took the sail aback and lifted  
 Wavetops to heaven; oars were snapped in two;  
 The prow sheered round and left them broadside on  
 To breaking seas; over her flank and deck  
 A mountain of grey water crashed in tons.  
 150 Men hung on crests; to some a yawning trough  
 Uncovered bottom, boiling waves and sand.  
 The Southwind caught three ships and whirled them down  
 On reefs, hidden midsea, called by Italians  
 "The Altars"—razorbacks just under water.  
 155 The Eastwind drove three others from deep water  
 Into great shoals and banks, embedding them  
 And ringing them with sand, a desperate sight.  
 Before Aeneas' eyes a toppling billow  
 Struck the Lycians' ship, Orontës' ship,  
 160 Across the stern, pitching the steersman down  
 And overboard. Three times the eddying sea  
 Carried the ship around in the same place  
 Until the rapid whirlpool gulped it down.  
 A few men swimming surfaced in the welter.  
 165 So did shields, planks, precious things of Troy.  
 Ilioneus' good ship, brave Achatës' ship,  
 The ship that carried Abas, and the one  
 Aletës sailed in, hale in his great age,  
 Were all undone by the wild gale: their seams  
 170 Parted and let the enemy pour in.  
 During all this, Neptune became aware  
 Of hurly-burly and tempest overhead,  
 Bringing commotion to the still sea-depth  
 And rousing him. He lifted his calm brow

175 Above the surface, viewing the great sea,  
And saw Aeneas' squadron far and wide  
Dispersed over the water, saw the Trojans  
Overwhelmed, the ruining clouds of heaven,  
And saw his angry sister's hand in all.  
180 He called to him Eastwind and South and said:

"Are you so sure your line is privileged?  
How could you dare to throw heaven and earth  
Into confusion, by no will of mine,  
And make such trouble? You will get from me—  
185 But first to calm the rough sea; after this,  
You'll pay a stricter penalty for your sins.  
Off with you! Give this message to your king:  
Power over the sea and the cruel trident  
Were never his by destiny, but mine.  
190 He owns the monstrous rocks, your home, Eastwind.  
Let Aeolus ruffle in that hall alone  
And lord it over winds shut in their prison."

Before the words were out, he quieted  
The surging water, drove the clouds away,  
195 And brought the sunlight back. Cymothoë  
And Triton, side by side, worked to dislodge  
The grounded ships; then Neptune with his trident  
Heaved them away, opened the miles of shoals,  
Tempered the sea, and in his car departed  
200 Gliding over the wave-tops on light wheels.

When rioting breaks out in a great city,  
And the rampaging rabble goes so far  
That stones fly, and incendiary brands—  
For anger can supply that kind of weapon—  
205 If it so happens they look round and see  
Some dedicated public man, a veteran  
Whose record gives him weight, they quiet down,  
Willing to stop and listen.  
Then he prevails in speech over their fury  
210 By his authority, and placates them.

Just so, the whole uproar of the great sea  
 Fell silent, as the Father of it all,  
 Scanning horizons under the open sky,  
 Swung his team around and gave free rein  
 215 In flight to his eager chariot.

Tired out,  
 Aeneas' people made for the nearest land,  
 Turning their prows toward Libya. There's a spot  
 Where at the mouth of a long bay an island  
 220 Makes a harbor, forming a breakwater  
 Where every swell divides as it comes in  
 And runs far into curving recesses.  
 There are high cliffs on this side and on that,  
 And twin peaks towering heavenward impend  
 225 On reaches of still water. Over these,  
 Against a forest backdrop shimmering,  
 A dark and shaggy grove casts a deep shade,  
 While in the cliffside opposite, below  
 The overhanging peaks, there is a cave  
 230 With fresh water and seats in the living rock,  
 The home of nymphs. Here never an anchor chain,  
 Never an anchor's biting fluke need hold  
 A tired ship.

Aeneas put in here,  
 235 With only seven ships from his full number,  
 And longing for the firm earth underfoot  
 The Trojans disembarked, to take possession  
 Of the desired sand-beach. Down they lay,  
 To rest their brinesoaked bodies on the shore.  
 240 Achatès promptly struck a spark from flint  
 And caught it in dry leaves; he added tinder  
 Round about and waved it for a flame-burst.  
 Then they brought out the grain of Ceres, tainted  
 By sea water, and Ceres' implements,  
 245 And, weary of their troubles, made all ready  
 To dry and grind with millstones what they had.

Meanwhile, Aeneas climbed one of the peaks  
 For a long seaward view, hoping to sight



Gale-worn Antheus and the Phrygian biremes,  
250 Capys, or high poops bearing Caïcus' arms.  
He found no ship in sight, but on the shore  
Three wandering stags. Behind them whole herds followed,  
Grazing in a long line down the valleys.  
Planting his feet, he took in hand the bow  
255 And arrows carried by his aide, Achatës,  
Then, aiming for the leaders with heads high  
And branching antlers, brought them first to earth.  
Next he routed the whole herd,  
Driving them with his shafts through leafy places,  
260 Shooting and shooting till he won the hunt  
By laying seven carcasses on the ground,  
A number equal to his ships. Then back  
To port he went, and parcelled out the game  
To his ships' companies. There he divided  
265 The wine courtly Acestës had poured out  
And given them on the Sicilian shore—  
Full jugs of it—when they were about to sail.  
By this and by a simple speech Aeneas  
Comforted his people:

270 "Friends and companions,  
Have we not known hard hours before this?  
My men, who have endured still greater dangers,  
God will grant us an end to these as well.  
You sailed by Scylla's rage, her booming crags,  
275 You saw the Cyclops' boulders. Now call back  
Your courage, and have done with fear and sorrow.  
Some day, perhaps, remembering even this  
Will be a pleasure. Through diversities  
Of luck, and through so many challenges,  
280 We hold our course for Latium, where the Fates  
Hold out a settlement and rest for us.  
Troy's kingdom there shall rise again. Be patient:  
Save yourselves for more auspicious days."

So ran the speech. Burdened and sick at heart,  
285 He feigned hope in his look, and inwardly  
Contained his anguish. Now the Trojan crews

Made ready for their windfall and their feast.  
 They skinned the deer, bared ribs and viscera,  
 Then one lot sliced the flesh and skewered it  
 290 On spits, all quivering, while others filled  
 Bronze cooking pots and tended the beach fires.  
 All got their strength back from the meal, reclining  
 On the wild grass, gorging on venison  
 And mellowed wine. When hunger had been banished,  
 295 And tables put away, they talked at length  
 In hope and fear about their missing friends:  
 Could one believe they might be still alive,  
 Or had they suffered their last hour,  
 Never again to hear a voice that called them?  
 300 Aeneas, more than any, secretly  
 Mourned for them all—for that fierce man, Orontēs,  
 Then for Amycus, then for the bitter fate  
 Of Lycus, for brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus.

|| It was the day's end when from highest air  
 305 Jupiter looked down on the broad sea  
 Flecked with wings of sails, and the land masses,  
 Coasts, and nations of the earth. He stood  
 On heaven's height and turned his gaze toward Libya,  
 And, as he took the troubles there to heart,  
 310 Venus appealed to him, all pale and wan,  
 With tears in her shining eyes:

"My lord who rule  
 The lives of men and gods now and forever,  
 And bring them all to heel with your bright bolt,  
 315 What in the world could my Aeneas do,  
 What could the Trojans do, so to offend you  
 That after suffering all those deaths they find  
 The whole world closed to them, because of Italy?  
 Surely from these the Romans are to come  
 320 In the course of years, renewing Teucer's line,  
 To rule the sea and all the lands about it,

According to your promise. What new thought  
Has turned you from them, Father? I consoled myself  
For Troy's fall, that grim ruin, weighing out  
325 One fate against another in the scales,  
But now, when they have borne so many blows,  
The same misfortune follows them. Great king,  
What finish to their troubles will you give?  
After Antenor slipped through the Achaeans  
330 He could explore Illyrian coves and reach  
In safety the Liburnians' inland kingdoms  
And source of the Timavus. Through nine openings  
With a great rumble in the mountain wall  
It bursts from the ground there and floods the fields  
335 In a rushing sea. And yet he chose that place  
For Padua and new homes for Teucrians,  
Gave them a name, set up the arms of Troy,  
And now rests in his peace. As for ourselves,  
Your own children, whom you make heirs of heaven,  
340 Our ships being lost (this is unspeakable!),  
We are forsaken through one enemy's rage  
And kept remote from Italy. Is this  
The palm for loyalty? This our power restored?"

345 He smiled at her, the father of gods and men,  
With that serenity that calms the weather,  
And lightly kissed his daughter. Then he said:

"No need to be afraid, Cytherēa.  
Your children's destiny has not been changed.  
As promised, you shall see Lavinium's walls  
350 And take up, then, amid the stars of heaven  
Great-souled Aeneas. No new thought has turned me.  
No, he, your son—now let me speak of him,  
In view of your consuming care, at length,  
Unfolding secret fated things to come—  
355 In Italy he will fight a massive war,  
Beat down fierce armies, then for the people there  
Establish city walls and a way of life.

When the Rutulians are subdued he'll pass  
 Three summers of command in Latium,  
 360 Three years of winter quarters. But the boy,  
 Ascanius, to whom the name of Iulus  
 Now is added—Ilus while Ilium stood—  
 Will hold the power for all of thirty years,  
 Great rings of wheeling months. He will transfer  
 365 His capital from Lavinium and make  
 A fortress, Alba Longa. Three full centuries  
 That kingdom will be ruled by Hector's race,  
 Until the queen and priestess, Ilia,  
 Pregnant by Mars, will bear twin sons to him.  
 370 Afterward, happy in the tawny pelt  
 His nurse, the she-wolf, wears, young Romulus  
 Will take the leadership, build walls of Mars,  
 And call by his own name his people Romans.  
 For these I set no limits, world or time,  
 375 But make the gift of empire without end.  
 Juno, indeed, whose bitterness now fills  
 With fear and torment sea and earth and sky,  
 Will mend her ways, and favor them as I do,  
 Lords of the world, the toga-bearing Romans.  
 380 Such is our pleasure. As the years fall away,  
 An age comes when Assaracus' royal house  
 Will bring to servitude Thessalian Phthia,  
 Renowned Mycenae, too; and subjugate  
 Defeated Argos. From that comely line  
 385 The Trojan Caesar comes, to circumscribe  
 Empire with Ocean, fame with heaven's stars.  
 Julius his name, from Iulus handed down:  
 All tranquil shall you take him heavenward  
 In time, laden with plunder of the East,  
 390 And he with you shall be invoked in prayer.  
 Wars at an end, harsh centuries then will soften,  
 Ancient Fides and Vesta, Quirinus  
 With Brother Remus, will be lawgivers,  
 And grim with iron frames, the Gates of War  
 395 Will then be shut: inside, unholy Furor,

Squatting on cruel weapons, hands enchained  
 Behind him by a hundred links of bronze,  
 Will grind his teeth and howl with bloodied mouth.”

That said, he sent the son of Maia down  
 400 From his high place to make the land of Carthage,  
 The new-built town, receptive to the Trojans,  
 Not to allow Queen Dido, all unknowing  
 As to the fated future, to exclude them.  
 Through the vast air with stroking wings he flew  
 405 And came down quickly on the Libyan coast,  
 Performing Jove's command, so that at once  
 Phoenicians put aside belligerence  
 As the god willed. Especially the queen  
 Took on a peaceful mood, an open mind  
 410 Toward Teucrians.

B

ut the dedicated man,  
 Aeneas, thoughtful through the restless night,  
 Made up his mind, as kindly daylight came,  
 To go out and explore the strange new places,  
 415 To learn what coast the wind had brought him to  
 And who were living there, men or wild creatures—  
 For wilderness was all he saw—and bring  
 Report back to his company. The ships  
 He hid beneath a hollowed rocky cliff  
 420 And groves that made a vault, trees all around  
 And deep shade quivering. He took his way  
 With only one man at his side, Achatës,  
 Hefting two hunting spears with broad steel points.  
 Then suddenly, in front of him,  
 425 His mother crossed his path in mid-forest,  
 Wearing a girl's shape and a girl's gear—  
 A Spartan girl, or like that one of Thrace,  
 Harpalycë, who tires horses out,  
 Outrunning the swift Hebrus. She had hung

430 About her shoulders the light, handy bow  
 A huntress carries, and had given her hair  
 To the disheveling wind; her knees were bare,  
 Her flowing gown knotted and kirtled up.

She spoke first:

435 "Ho, young fellows, have you seen—  
 Can you say where—one of my sisters here,  
 In a spotted lynx-hide, belted with a quiver,  
 Scouting the wood, or shouting on the track  
 Behind a foam-flecked boar?"

440 To Venus then  
 The son of Venus answered:

"No, I've heard  
 Or seen none of your sisters—only, how  
 Shall I address you, girl? Your look's not mortal,  
 445 Neither has your accent a mortal ring.  
 O Goddess, beyond doubt! Apollo's sister?  
 One of the family of nymphs? Be kind,  
 Whoever you may be, relieve our trouble,  
 Tell us under what heaven we've come at last,  
 450 On what shore of the world are we cast up,  
 Wanderers that we are, strange to this country,  
 Driven here by wind and heavy sea.  
 By my right hand many an offering  
 Will be cut down for you before your altars."

455 Venus replied:

"Be sure I am not fit  
 For any such devotion. Tyrian girls  
 Are given to wearing quivers and hunting boots  
 Of crimson, laced on the leg up to the knee.  
 460 This is the Punic kingdom that you see,  
 The folk are Tyrian, the town Agenor's.  
 But neighboring lands belong to Libya,  
 A nation hard to fight against in war.  
 The ruler here is Dido, of Tyre city,  
 465 In flight here from her brother—a long tale  
 Of wrong endured, mysterious and long.

But let me tell the main events in order.  
Her husband was Sychaeus, of all Phoenicians  
Richest in land, and greatly loved by her,  
470 Ill-fated woman. Her father had given her,  
A virgin still, in marriage, her first rite.  
Her brother, though, held power in Tyre—Pygmalion,  
A monster of wickedness beyond all others.  
Between the two men furious hate arose,  
475 And sacrilegiously before the altars,  
Driven by a blind lust for gold, Pygmalion  
Took Sychaeus by surprise and killed him  
With a dagger blow in secret, undeterred  
By any thought of Dido's love. He hid  
480 What he had done for a long time, cozening her,  
Deluding the sick woman with false hope.  
But the true form of her unburied husband  
Came in a dream: lifting his pallid face  
Before her strangely, he made visible  
485 The cruel altars and his body pierced,  
Uncovering all the dark crime of the house.

He urged her then to make haste and take flight,  
Leaving her fatherland, and to assist the journey  
Revealed a buried treasure of old time,  
490 Unknown to any, a weight of gold and silver.  
Impelled by this, Dido laid her plans  
To get away and to equip her company.  
All who hated the tyrant, all in fear  
As bitter as her own, now came together,  
495 And ships in port, already fitted out,  
They commandeered, to fill with gold: the riches  
Pygmalion had itched for went to sea,  
And captaining the venture was a woman.  
They sailed to this place where today you'll see  
500 Stone walls going higher and the citadel  
Of Carthage, the new town. They bought the land,  
Called Drumskin from the bargain made, a tract  
They could enclose with one bull's hide.

But now,  
 505 What of yourselves? From what coast do you come?  
 Where are you bound?"

Then to the questioner  
 He answered sighing, bringing out the words  
 From deep within him:

510 "Goddess, if I should tell  
 Our story from the start, if you had leisure  
 To hear our annals of adversity,  
 Before I finished, the fair evening star  
 Would come to close Olympus and the day.  
 515 From old Troy—if the name of Troy has fallen  
 Perhaps upon your ears—we sailed the seas,  
 And yesterday were driven by a storm,  
 Of its own whim, upon this Libyan coast.  
 I am Aeneas, duty-bound, and known  
 520 Above high air of heaven by my fame,  
 Carrying with me in my ships our gods  
 Of hearth and home, saved from the enemy.  
 I look for Italy to be my fatherland,  
 And my descent is from all-highest Jove.  
 525 With twenty ships I mounted the Phrygian sea,  
 As my immortal mother showed the way.  
 I followed the given fates. Now barely seven  
 Ships are left, battered by wind and sea,  
 And I myself, unknown and unprovisioned,  
 530 Cross the Libyan wilderness, an exile  
 Driven from Europe and from Asia—"

But Venus chose to hear no more complaints  
 And broke in, midway through his bitterness:

"Whoever you are, I doubt Heaven is unfriendly  
 To you, as you still breathe life-giving air  
 535 On your approach to the Tyrian town. Go on:  
 Betake yourself this way to the queen's gate.  
 Your friends are back. This is my news for you:  
 Your ships were saved and brought to shore again



540 By winds shifting north, or else my parents  
 Taught me augury to no purpose. Look:  
 See the twelve swans in line rejoicing there!  
 Jove's eagle, like a bolt out of the blue,  
 Had flurried them in open heaven, but now  
 545 They seem to be alighting one by one  
 Or looking down on those already grounded.  
 As they disport themselves, with flapping wings,  
 After their chanting flight about the sky,  
 Just so your ships and your ships' companies  
 550 Are either in port or entering under sail.  
 Go on then, where the path leads, go ahead!"

On this she turned away. Rose-pink and fair  
 Her nape shone, her ambrosial hair exhaled  
 Divine perfume, her gown rippled full length,  
 555 And by her stride she showed herself a goddess.  
 Knowing her for his mother, he called out  
 To the figure fleeting away:

"You! cruel, too!

Why tease your son so often with disguises?  
 560 Why may we not join hands and speak and hear  
 The simple truth?"

So he called after her,

And went on toward the town. But Venus muffled  
 The two wayfarers in grey mist, a cloak  
 565 Of dense cloud poured around them, so that no one  
 Had the power to see or to accost them,  
 Make them halt, or ask them what they came for.  
 Away to Paphos through high air she went  
 In joy to see her home again, her shrine  
 570 And hundred altars where Sabaeon incense  
 Fumed and garlands freshened the air.

Meanwhile

The two men pressed on where the pathway led,  
 Soon climbing a long ridge that gave a view  
 575 Down over the city and facing towers.  
 Aeneas found, where lately huts had been,  
 Marvelous buildings, gateways, cobbled ways,

And din of wagons. There the Tyrians  
 Were hard at work: laying courses for walls,  
 580 Rolling up stones to build the citadel,  
 While others picked out building sites and plowed  
 A boundary furrow. Laws were being enacted,  
 Magistrates and a sacred senate chosen.  
 Here men were dredging harbors, there they laid  
 585 The deep foundation of a theatre,  
 And quarried massive pillars to enhance  
 The future stage—as bees in early summer  
 In sunlight in the flowering fields  
 Hum at their work, and bring along the young  
 590 Full-grown to beehood; as they cram their combs  
 With honey, brimming all the cells with nectar,  
 Or take newcomers' plunder, or like troops  
 Alerted, drive away the lazy drones,  
 And labor thrives and sweet thyme scents the honey.  
 595 Aeneas said: "How fortunate these are  
 Whose city walls are rising here and now!"

He looked up at the roofs, for he had entered,  
 Swathed in cloud—strange to relate—among them,  
 Mingling with men, yet visible to none.  
 600 In mid-town stood a grove that cast sweet shade  
 Where the Phoenicians, shaken by wind and sea,  
 Had first dug up that symbol Juno showed them,  
 A proud warhorse's head: this meant for Carthage  
 Prowess in war and ease of life through ages.  
 605 Here being built by the Sidonian queen  
 Was a great temple planned in Juno's honor,  
 Rich in offerings and the godhead there.  
 Steps led up to a sill of bronze, with brazen  
 Lintel, and bronze doors on groaning pins.  
 610 Here in this grove new things that met his eyes  
 Calmed Aeneas' fear for the first time.  
 Here for the first time he took heart to hope  
 For safety, and to trust his destiny more  
 Even in affliction. It was while he walked  
 615 From one to another wall of the great temple

And waited for the queen, staring amazed  
At Carthaginian promise, at the handiwork  
Of artificers and the toil they spent upon it:  
He found before his eyes the Trojan battles  
620 In the old war, now known throughout the world—  
The great Atridae, Priam, and Achilles,  
Fierce in his rage at both sides. Here Aeneas  
Halted, and tears came.

“What spot on earth,”  
625 He said, “what region of the earth, Achatës,  
Is not full of the story of our sorrow?  
Look, here is Priam. Even so far away  
Great valor has due honor; they weep here  
For how the world goes, and our life that passes  
630 Touches their hearts. Throw off your fear. This fame  
Insures some kind of refuge.”

He broke off  
To feast his eyes and mind on a mere image,  
Sighing often, cheeks grown wet with tears,  
635 To see again how, fighting around Troy,  
The Greeks broke here, and ran before the Trojans,  
And there the Phrygians ran, as plumed Achilles  
Harried them in his warcar. Nearby, then,  
He recognized the snowy canvas tents  
640 Of Rhesus, and more tears came: these, betrayed  
In first sleep, Diomedes devastated,  
Swording many, till he reeked with blood,  
Then turned the mettlesome horses toward the beachhead  
Before they tasted Trojan grass or drank  
645 At Xanthus ford.

And on another panel  
Troilus, without his armor, luckless boy,  
No match for his antagonist, Achilles,  
Appeared pulled onward by his team: he clung  
650 To his warcar, though fallen backward, hanging  
On to the reins still, head dragged on the ground,  
His javelin scribbling S's in the dust.  
Meanwhile to hostile Pallas' shrine  
The Trojan women walked with hair unbound,

655 Bearing the robe of offering, in sorrow,  
 Entreating her, beating their breasts. But she,  
 Her face averted, would not raise her eyes.  
 And there was Hector, dragged around Troy walls  
 Three times, and there for gold Achilles sold him,  
 660 Bloodless and lifeless. Now indeed Aeneas  
 Heaved a mighty sigh from deep within him,  
 Seeing the spoils, the chariot, and the corpse  
 Of his great friend, and Priam, all unarmed,  
 Stretching his hands out.

665 He himself he saw  
 In combat with the first of the Achaeans,  
 And saw the ranks of Dawn, black Memnon's arms;  
 Then, leading the battalion of Amazons  
 With half-moon shields, he saw Penthesilēa  
 670 Fiery amid her host, buckling a golden  
 Girdle beneath her bare and arrogant breast,  
 A girl who dared fight men, a warrior queen.  
 Now, while these wonders were being surveyed  
 By Aeneas of Dardania, while he stood  
 675 Enthralled, devouring all in one long gaze,  
 The queen paced toward the temple in her beauty,  
 Dido, with a throng of men behind.

As on Eurotas bank or Cynthus ridge  
 Diana trains her dancers, and behind her  
 680 On every hand the mountain nymphs appear,  
 A myriad converging; with her quiver  
 Slung on her shoulders, in her stride she seems  
 The tallest, taller by a head than any,  
 And joy pervades Latona's quiet heart:  
 685 So Dido seemed, in such delight she moved  
 Amid her people, cheering on the toil  
 Of a kingdom in the making. At the door  
 Of the goddess' shrine, under the temple dome,  
 All hedged about with guards on her high throne,  
 690 She took her seat. Then she began to give them  
 Judgments and rulings, to apportion work  
 With fairness, or assign some tasks by lot,

When suddenly Aeneas saw approaching,  
Accompanied by a crowd, Antheus and Sergestus  
695 And brave Cloanthus, with a few companions,  
Whom the black hurricane had driven far  
Over the sea and brought to other coasts.  
He was astounded, and Achatës too  
Felt thrilled by joy and fear: both of them longed  
700 To take their friends' hands, but uncertainty  
Hampered them. So, in their cloudy mantle,  
They hid their eagerness, waiting to learn  
What luck these men had had, where on the coast  
They left their ships, and why they came. It seemed  
705 Spokesmen for all the ships were now arriving,  
Entering the hall, calling for leave to speak.  
When all were in, and full permission given  
To make their plea before the queen, their eldest,  
Ilioneus, with composure said:

710 "Your majesty,  
Granted by great Jupiter freedom to found  
Your new town here and govern fighting tribes  
With justice—we poor Trojans, worn by winds  
On every sea, entreat you: keep away  
715 Calamity of fire from our ships!  
Let a godfearing people live, and look  
More closely at our troubles. Not to ravage  
Libyan hearths or turn with plunder seaward  
Have we come; that force and that audacity  
720 Are not for beaten men.

There is a country  
Called by the Greeks Hesperia, very old,  
Potent in warfare and in wealth of earth;  
Oenotrians farmed it; younger settlers now,  
725 The tale goes, call it by their chief's name, Italy.  
We laid our course for this.  
But stormy Orion and a high sea rising  
Deflected us on shoals and drove us far,  
With winds against us, into whelming waters,  
730 Unchanneled reefs. We kept afloat, we few,  
To reach your coast. What race of men is this?

What primitive state could sanction this behavior?  
 Even on beaches we are denied a landing,  
 Harried by outcry and attack, forbidden  
 735 To set foot on the outskirts of your country.  
 If you care nothing for humanity  
 And merely mortal arms, respect the gods  
 Who are mindful of good actions and of evil!

We had a king, Aeneas—none more just,  
 740 More zealous, greater in warfare and in arms.  
 If fate preserves him, if he does not yet  
 Lie spent amid the insensible shades but still  
 Takes nourishment of air, we need fear nothing;  
 Neither need you repent of being first  
 745 In courtesy, to outdo us. Sicily too  
 Has towns and plowlands and a famous king  
 Of Trojan blood, Acestës. May we be  
 Permitted here to beach our damaged ships,  
 Hew timbers in your forest, cut new oars,  
 750 And either sail again for Latium, happily,  
 If we recover shipmates and our king,  
 Or else, if that security is lost,  
 If Libyan waters hold you, Lord Aeneas,  
 Best of Trojans, hope of Iulus gone,  
 755 We may at least cross over to Sicily  
 From which we came, to homesteads ready there,  
 And take Acestës for our king.”

Ilioneus

Finished, and all the sons of Dardanus  
 760 Murmured assent. Dido with eyes downcast  
 Replied in a brief speech:

“Cast off your fear,  
 You Teucrians, put anxiety aside.  
 Severe conditions and the kingdom’s youth  
 765 Constrain me to these measures, to protect  
 Our long frontiers with guards.

Who has not heard  
 Of the people of Aeneas, of Troy city,  
 Her valors and her heroes, and the fires

770 Of the great war? We are not so oblivious,  
 We Phoenicians. The sun yokes his team  
 Within our range at Carthage. Whether you choose  
 Hesperia Magna and the land of Saturn  
 Or Eryx in the west and King Acestës,  
 775 I shall dispatch you safely with an escort,  
 Provisioned from my stores. Or would you care  
 To join us in this realm on equal terms?  
 The city I build is yours; haul up your ships;  
 Trojan and Tyrian will be all one to me.  
 780 If only he were here, your king himself,  
 Caught by the same easterly, Aeneas!  
 Indeed, let me send out trustworthy men  
 Along the coast, with orders to comb it all  
 From one end of Libya to the other,  
 785 In case the sea cast the man up and now  
 He wanders lost, in town or wilderness."

Elated at Dido's words, both staunch Achatës  
 And father Aeneas had by this time longed  
 To break out of the cloud. Achatës spoke  
 790 With urgency:

"My lord, born to the goddess,  
 What do you feel, what is your judgment now?  
 You see all safe, our ships and friends recovered.  
 One is lost; we saw that one go down  
 795 Ourselves, amid the waves. Everything else  
 Bears out your mother's own account of it."

He barely finished when the cloud around them  
 Parted suddenly and thinned away  
 Into transparent air. Princely Aeneas  
 800 Stood and shone in the bright light, head and shoulders  
 Noble as a god's. For she who bore him  
 Breathed upon him beauty of hair and bloom  
 Of youth and kindled brilliance in his eyes,  
 As an artist's hand gives style to ivory,  
 805 Or sets pure silver, or white stone of Paros,  
 In framing yellow gold. Then to the queen

He spoke as suddenly as, to them all,  
He had just appeared:

810                                 "Before your eyes I stand,  
Aeneas the Trojan, that same one you look for,  
Saved from the sea off Libya.

  You alone,  
Moved by the untold ordeals of old Troy,  
Seeing us few whom the Greeks left alive,  
815   Worn out by faring ill on land and sea,  
Needy of everything—you'd give these few  
A home and city, allied with yourselves.  
Fit thanks for this are not within our power,  
Not to be had from Trojans anywhere  
820   Dispersed in the great world.

  May the gods—  
And surely there are powers that care for goodness,  
Surely somewhere justice counts—may they  
And your own consciousness of acting well  
825   Reward you as they should. What age so happy  
Brought you to birth? How splendid were your parents  
To have conceived a being like yourself!  
So long as brooks flow seaward, and the shadows  
Play over mountain slopes, and highest heaven  
830   Feeds the stars, your name and your distinction  
Go with me, whatever lands may call me."

With this he gave his right hand to his friend  
Ilioneus, greeting Serestus with his left,  
Then took the hands of those brave men, Cloanthus,  
835   Gyas, and the rest.

  Sidonian Dido  
Stood in astonishment, first at the sight  
Of such a captain, then at his misfortune,  
Presently saying:

840                                 "Born of an immortal  
Mother though you are, what adverse destiny  
Dogs you through these many kinds of danger?  
What rough power brings you from sea to land  
In savage places? Are you truly he,



845 Aeneas, whom kind Venus bore  
To the Dardanian, the young Anchisēs,  
Near to the stream of Phrygian Simoīs?  
I remember the Greek, Teucer, came to Sidon,  
Exiled, and in search of a new kingdom.  
850 Belus, my father, helped him. In those days  
Belus campaigned with fire and sword on Cyprus  
And won that island's wealth. Since then, the fall  
Of Troy, your name, and the Pelasgian kings  
Have been familiar to me. Teucer, your enemy,  
855 Spoke often with admiration of the Teucrians  
And traced his own descent from Teucrian stock.  
Come, then, soldiers, be our guests. My life  
Was one of hardship and forced wandering  
Like your own, till in this land at length  
860 Fortune would have me rest. Through pain I've learned  
To comfort suffering men."

She led Aeneas  
Into the royal house, but not before  
Declaring a festal day in the gods' temples.  
865 As for the ships' companies, she sent  
Twenty bulls to the shore, a hundred swine,  
Huge ones, with bristling backs, and fatted lambs,  
A hundred of them, and their mother ewes—  
All gifts for happy feasting on that day.

870 Now the queen's household made her great hall glow  
As they prepared a banquet in the kitchens.  
Embroidered table cloths, proud crimson-dyed,  
Were spread, and set with massive silver plate,  
Or gold, engraved with brave deeds of her fathers,  
875 A sequence carried down through many captains  
In a long line from the founding of the race.  
Meanwhile paternal love would not allow  
Aeneas' mind to rest. He sent Achatēs  
On a quick mission to the ships, to tell  
880 Ascanius and bring him to the city—  
Fond father, as always thoughtful of his son—  
And told Achatēs to fetch gifts as well,

Relics of Ilium: a robe stiff with figures  
 Worked in gold, and a veil woven round  
 885 With yellow acanthus flowers—both adornments  
 Worn by Argive Helen when she sailed  
 For Pergamum and her forbidden marriage,  
 Marvelous keepsakes of her mother, Leda.  
 Along with these, a scepter Ilionē,  
 890 Eldest of Priam's daughters, once had used,  
 A collar hung with pearls, and a coronet  
 Doubled in gems and gold,  
 Given these orders,  
 Achatēs lost no time seeking the ships.

895 **O**ur Lady of Cythera, however, pondered  
 New interventions, a new strategy:  
 That her young godling son, Desire, should take  
 The face and figure of Ascanius,  
 Then come and use his gifts to make the queen  
 900 Infatuated, inflaming her with lust  
 To the marrow of her bones. Venus no doubt  
 Lacked faith in the ambiguous royal house  
 And Tyrians' double dealing; then, the spite  
 Of Juno vexed her. Her anxieties  
 905 Recurred as night came on. So she addressed him,  
 Amor, god of caressing wings:  
 "My son,  
 My strength, my greatest power, my one and only,  
 Making light of our High Father's bolt,  
 910 His giant-killer! I must turn to you  
 And beg the force of your divinity.  
 You know how Brother Aeneas has been tossed  
 From one coast to another on the high seas  
 By bitter Juno's hatred; you know this  
 915 And in my grieving for him grieve as well.  
 Now the Phoenician woman, Dido, has him,  
 Making him linger with her blandishments,

And what may come of this Junonian welcome  
 Worries me seriously. Juno will act  
 920 At such a crisis of affairs. Accordingly,  
 What I propose is to ensnare the queen  
 By guile beforehand, pin her down in passion,  
 So she cannot be changed by any power  
 But will be kept on my side by profound  
 925 Love of Aeneas. Take heed of our thought  
 How you may do this. The boy prince, my greatest  
 Care in the world, must go now to the city,  
 Summoned by his father, taking gifts  
 Saved from the great sea and the fires of Troy.  
 930 I'll drug him in his sleep, then hide him well  
 High up in Cythera, or on Cyprus, over  
 Idalium in my shrine. There is no way  
 For him to learn this trick or interfere.  
 You counterfeit his figure for one night,  
 935 No more, and make the boy's known face your mask,  
 So that when Dido takes you on her lap  
 Amid the banquetting and wine, in joy,  
 When she embraces you and kisses you,  
 You'll breathe invisible fire into her  
 940 And dupe her with your sorcery."

Amor

Agreed with his fond mother's plan of action,  
 Put off his wings and gaily walked as Iulus.  
 Venus in turn sent through Ascanius' body  
 945 Rills of slumber, caught him to her breast,  
 And bore him to Idalia's aerial groves  
 Where beds of marjoram  
 Embraced him in soft bloom and breathing shade.  
 Soon then the godling, doing as she wished,  
 950 Happily following where Achatēs led,  
 Carried the royal gifts to the Tyrians.  
 He found the queen amid magnificence  
 Of tapestries, where she had placed herself  
 In the very center, on a golden couch.  
 955 Then Father Aeneas and the Trojan company  
 Came in to take their ease on crimson cloth.

Houseboys filled their finger bowls and brought them  
 Bread in baskets, napkins nubbled smooth.  
 In the great kitchen there were fifty maids  
 960 To set the dishes out in a long line  
 And tend the fires that shone for the hearth gods.  
 A hundred others, and as many boys  
 Of the same age, loaded the boards with meat  
 And placed the wine cups. Tyrians as well  
 965 Came crowding through the radiant doors, all bidden  
 To take their ease on figured cushioning.  
 There they admired Aeneas' gifts, admired  
 Iulus with his godling's face aglow  
 And simulated speech; then the great robe,  
 970 The veil that yellow acanthus flowers edged.  
 And more than anyone, the Phoenician queen,  
 Luckless, already given over to ruin,  
 Marveled and could not have enough: she burned  
 With pleasure in the boy and in the gifts.  
 975 After hugging Aeneas round the neck  
 And clinging to him, answering the love  
 Of the deluded father, he sought the queen;  
 And she with all her eyes and heart embraced him,  
 Fondling him at times upon her breast,  
 980 Oblivious of how great a god sat there  
 To her undoing. Mindful of his mother,  
 He had begun to make Sychaeus fade  
 From Dido's memory bit by bit, and tried  
 To waken with new love, a living love,  
 985 Her long settled mind and dormant heart.

After the first pause in the feast, and after  
 Trenchers were taken off, they put out wine bowls,  
 Grand and garlanded. A festive din  
 Now rose and echoed through the palace halls.  
 990 Lighted lamps hung from the coffered ceiling  
 Rich with gold leaf, and torches with high flames  
 Prevailed over the night. And now the queen  
 Called for a vessel heavy with gems and gold  
 That Belus and his line had always used.

- 995 She filled it, dipping wine, and her long hall  
Fell silent.  
"Jupiter," she prayed,  
"You make the laws for host and guest, they say.  
Grant that this day be one of joy for Tyrians  
1000 And men of Troy; grant that it be remembered  
By our descendants. Now be with us, Bacchus,  
Giver of happiness, and kindly Juno,  
And all you Tyrians attend  
In friendliness this meeting that unites us."
- 1005 At this she tilted a libation out  
And put the vessel lightly to her lips,  
Then, with a jest, gave it to Bitias,  
Who nearly immersed himself in brimming gold  
As he drank down the foaming wine. The bowl  
1010 Passed then to other lords. And Lord Iopas,  
With flowing hair, whom giant Atlas taught,  
Made the room echo to his golden lyre.  
He sang the straying moon and toiling sun,  
The origin of mankind and the beasts,  
1015 Of rain and fire; the rainy Hyadēs,  
Arcturus, the Great Bear and Little Bear;  
The reason winter suns are in such haste  
To dip in Ocean, or what holds the nights  
Endless in winter. Tyrians at this  
1020 Redoubled their applause; the Trojans followed.  
And Dido, fated queen, drew out the night  
With talk of various matters, while she drank  
Long draughts of love. Often she asked of Priam,  
Often of Hector; now of the armor Memnon,  
1025 The son of Dawn, had worn; now of the team  
Diomedes drove; now of the huge Achilles.
- "Come, rather," then she said, "dear guest, and tell us  
From the beginning the Greek stratagems,  
The ruin of your town and your sea-faring,  
1030 As now the seventh summer brings you here  
From wandering all the lands and all the seas."

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