

GAWIN DOUGLAS

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL
TRANSLATED INTO
SCOTTISH VERSE

Gawin Douglas
The Æneid of Virgil
Translated Into Scottish Verse

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The Æneid of Virgil Translated Into Scottish Verse / Volumes 1 & 2:*

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Virgil

The Æneid of Virgil

Translated Into Scottish

Verse / Volumes 1 & 2

VOLUME I

INCIPIT PROLOGUS IN VIRGILII ENEADOS

Lawd, honour, praysyngis, thankis infynyte
To the and thy dulce ornat fresch endyte,
Maist reuerend Virgill, of Latyn poetis prynce,
Gem of engyne and flude of eloquens.
Thou peirles perle, patroun of poetry,
Roys, regester, palm, lawrer, and glory,
Chosyn charbukkil, cheif flour, and cedyr tre,
Lantarn, laid stern, myrrour, and A per se,
Maister of masteris, sweit sours, and spryngand well,
Wyde quhar our all rung is thyne hevylny bell;
I meyn thy crafty warkis curyus,

Sa quyk, lusty, and maist sentencyus,
Plesand, perfyte, and feilabill in all degre,
As quha the mater beheld tofor thar E;
In every volume quhilk the lyst do wryte,
Surmontyng fer all other maner endyte,
Lyke as the roys in June with her sweit smell
The mary guld or dasy doith excell.
Quhy suld I than, with dull forhed and vayn,
With rude engyne and barrand emptyve brayn,
With bad harsk spech and lewit barbour tong,
Presume to write quhar thy sweit bell is rung,
Or contyrfate sa precyus wordys deir?
Na, na, noth swa, bot kneill quhen I thame heir.
For quhat compair betwix myd day and nycht,
Or quhat compair betwix myrknes and lycht,
Or quhat compair is betwix blak and quhyte,
Far grettar difference betwix my blunt endyte
And thy scharp sugurate sang Virgiliane,
Sa wysly wrocht, with nevir a word invane.
My waverand wyt, my cunnyng febill at all,
My mynd mysty, thir may nocht mys a fall;
Stra for thys ignorant blabryng imperfyte,
Besyde thy polyst termys redymyte.
And netheles with support and correctioun,
For naturall lufe and frendely affectioun,
Quhilkis I beir to thy warkis and endyte;
All thocht, God wait, tharin I knaw full lyte;
And that thy facund sentence mycht be song
In our langage alsweill as Latyn tong,

Alsweill, na, na, impossibill war, per de;
3it with thy leif, Virgill, to follow the,
I wald, into my rurall wlgar gros,
Wryte sum savoryng of thyne Eneados.
Bot fair I dreid forto disteyn the quyte,
Throu my corruppit cadens imperfyte;
Disteyn the, nay forsuyth, that may I nocht,
Weill may I schaw my burall bustuus thocht,
Bot thy wark sall endur in lawd and glory,
But spot or falt, condyng etern memory.
Thocht I offend, onwemmyt is thy fame,
Thyne is the thank, and myne salbe the schame.
Quha may thy versis follow in all degre,
In bewtie, sentence, and in grauite?
Nane is, nor was, ne 3it salbe, trow I,
Had, has, or sal haue sic craft in poetry.
Of Helicon so drank thou dry the flude
That of thy copios fouth or plenitude,
All mon purches drynk at thy sugurit tun;
So lamp of day thou art and schynand son,
All otheris on fors mon thar lycht beg or borrow,
Thou art Vesper and the day stern at morow;
Thou Phebus lightnar of the planetis all,
I not quhat dewly I the clepe sall,
For thou art all, and sum, quhat nedis more,
Of Latyn poetis that sens was, or before.
Of the writis Macrobius, sans fail,
In hys gret volume clepit Saturnaill.
Thy sawys in sic eloquens doith fleit,

So inuente of rethorik flowris sweit
Thou art, and has so hie profund sentens
Tharto perfyte but ony indigens,
That na lovyngis ma do increas thy fame,
Nor na reproche dymynew thy gud name.
Bot sen I am compellit the to translait,
And not only of my curage, God wait,
Durst interpryse syk owtrageus foly,
Quhar I offend the les reprefe serve I;
And that 3e knaw at quhais instans I tuke
Forto translait this maist excellent buke,
I meyn Virgillis volume maist excellent,
Set this my wark full febill be of rent,
At the request of a lord of renown
Of ancistry nobill and illustir baroun,
Fader of bukis, protectour to sciens and lair,
My speciall gud lord Henry lord Sanct Clair,
Quhilk with gret instance, diuers tymys seir,
Prayt me translait Virgill or Homeir;
Quhais plesour suythly, as I undirstude,
As neir conjunct to his lordschip in blude,
So that me thocht hys request ane command,
Half disparit this wark I tuke on hand,
Nocht fully grantand nor anys sayand 3ee,
Bot only to assay quhou it mycht be.
Quha mycht gaynsay a lord so gentill and kynd,
That euer had ony curtasy in thar mynd,
Quhilk, besyde hys innatyve pollecy,
Humanyte, curage, fredome and chevalry,

Bukis to recollect, to reid and se,
Has gret delyte as euer had Ptholome?
Quharfor to hys nobilite and estait,
Quhatso it be, this buke I dedicait,
Writtin in the langage of Scottis natioun,
And thus I mak my protestatioun.
Fyrst I protest, beaw schirris, be 3our leif,
Beis weill avisit my wark or 3he repreif;
Consider it warly, reid oftar than anys,
Weill at a blenk sle poetry nocht tayn is;
And 3it forsuyth I set my bissy pane,
As that I couth, to mak it braid and plane,
Kepand na sudron bot our awyn langage,
And spekis as I lernyt quhen I was page.
Nor 3it sa cleyn all sudron I refus,
Bot sum word I pronunce as nyghtbouris doys;
Lyke as in Latyn beyn Grew termys sum,
So me behufyt quhilum, or than be dum,
Sum bastard Latyn, Franch, or Inglys oys,
Quhar scant was Scottis, I had nane other choys.
Nocht for our tung is in the selwyn skant,
Bot for that I the fowth of langage want,
Quhar as the cullour of his properte
To kepe the sentens tharto constrenyt me,
Or than to mak my sayng schort sum tyme,
Mair compendyus, or to lykly my ryme.
Tharfor gude frendis, for a gymp or a bourd,
I pray 3ou note me nocht at euery word.
The worthy clerk hecht Lawrens of the Vaill,

Amang Latynys a gret patron sans fail,
Grantis quhen twelf ȝheris he had beyn diligent
To study Virgill, skant knew he quhat he ment;
Than thou or I, my frend, quhen we best weyn
To haue Virgil red, vnderstand, and seyn,
The ryght sentens perchance is fer to seik;
This wark twelf ȝheris first was in makyng eyk,
And nocht correct quhen the poet gan deces;
Thus for small faltis my wys frend hald thy pes.
Adherdand to my protestatioun,
Thocht Wilȝame Caxtoun, of Inglis natioun,
In proys hes prent are buke of Inglis gros,
Clepad it Virgill in Eneados,
Quhilk that he says of Franch he did translait,
It has na thing ado tharwith, God wait,
Ne na mair lyke than the devill and Sanct Austyne;
Haue he na thank tharfor, bot loys hys pyne,
So schamefully that story dyd pervert;
I red hys wark with harmys at my hart,
That syk a buke, but sentens or engyne,
Suldbe intitillit eftir the poet dyvyne;
His ornate goldyn versis, mair than gilt,
I spittit for dispyte to se swa spilt
With sych a wyght, quhilk trewly, be myne entent,
Knew neuer thre wordis at all quhat Virgill ment:
Sa fer he chowpis I am constrenyt to flyte.
The thre first bukis he has ourhippyt quyte,
Salfand a litill twychyng Polidorus,
And the tempest furth sent by Eolus,

And that full sempilly on hys awyn gys;
Virgill thame wrait all on ane other wys.
For Caxton puttis in hys buke out of toyn,
The storm furth sent by Eolus and Neptune;
Bot quha sa redis Virgill suythfastly,
Sall fynd Neptune self Eneas navy.
Me lyst nocht schaw quhou thystory of Dydo,
Be this Caxtoun is haill pervertit so,
That besyde quhar he fenys to follow Bocas,
He rynnys sa fer from Virgill in mony place,
On sa prolix and tedyus fasson,
So that the ferd buke of Eneadon,
Twichand the lufe and ded of Dido queyn,
The twa part of his volume doith conteyn,
That in the text of Virgill, trastis me,
The twelt part scars contenys, as 3e may se.
The fyfte buke of the festis funerall,
The lusty gammys, and plays palustrall,
That is ourhippit quyte and left behynd,
Na thing tharof 3he sall in Caxtoun fynd.
The saxt buke eyk, he grantis, that wantis haill,
And, for tharof he vnderstude nocht the taill,
He callis it fenzeit, and nocht for to beleif;
Sa is all Virgill perchans, for by his leif
Juno nor Venus goddessis neuer war,
Mercure, Neptune, Mars, nor Jupiter,
Of Fortune eik, nor hir necessite,
Sik thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we,
Nor 3it admittis that quent philosophy

Haldis sawlysh hoppys fra body to body,
And mony thingis quhilke Virgill dyd rehers,
Thocht I thame write furthfollowand hys vers.
Nor Caxtoun schrynkis nocht siclyke thyngis to tell
As nocht war fabill, bot the passage to hell;
But trastis weill, quha that ilke saxt buke knew,
Virgill tharin ane hie philosophour hym schew,
And, vnder the clowdis of dyrk poetry,
Hyd lyis thar mony notabill history.
For so the poetis, be ther crafty curys,
In similitudes, and vnder quent figuris,
The suythfast materis to hyde and to constreyn;
All is nocht fals, traste weill, in cace thai feyn,
Thair art is so to mak thar warkis fair,
As in the end of Virgill I sall declair.
Was it nocht eik als possibill Eneas,
As Hercules or Theseus tyll hell to pas?
Quhilk is na gabbyng suythly, nor na lie,
As Jhone Bocas in the genealogie
Of Goddys declarys, and lyke as 3he may reid
In the recolles of Troy, quha lest tak hed.
Quha wait gyf he in visioun thydder went
By art magike, sorcery, or enchantment,
And with his faderis sawle dyd speke and meyt,
Or in the lyknes with sum other spreit,
Lyke as the spreit of Samuell, I ges,
Raysit to King Saul was by the Phitones?
I will nocht say all Virgill beyn als trew,
But at syk thyngis ar possibill this I schew;

Als in tha days war ma illusionys,
By dewillich warkis and coniurationis,
Than now thar beyn, so doith clerkis determ;
For, blissit be God, the faith is now mair ferm.
Enewch tharof, now will I na mor sayn,
Bot onto Caxtoun thus I turn agane.
The namys of pepill or citeis beyn so bad
Put by this Caxtoun, that, bot he had beyn mad,
The flude of Touyr for Tibir he had nocht write;
All men may knaw thar he forvayt quyte.
Palente the cite of Evander kyng,
As Virgill playnly makis rehersyng,
Stude quhar in Rome now stant the cheif palyce;
This sam buke eyk, in mair hepit malyce,
On the self ryver of Touyr says playnly
Eneas dyd hys cyte edify.
Thus ay for Tibir Touyr puttis he,
Quhilk mony hundreth mylis syndry be;
For sykkirly, les than wys authoris leyn,
Ene saw nevir Touyr with hys eyn;
For Touyr diuidis Grece from Vngary,
And Tibir is cheif flude of Italy;
Touyr is kend a grayn of that ryver
In Latyn hecht Danubium or Hyster,
Or gyf it be Tanais he clepis sa,
That flude diuidis Europ from Asia.
In lyke wys eik this Caxtoun, all invane,
Crispina clepis Sibilla Cumane,
That in the text of Virgill, trastis ws,

Hait Deiphebe douchtir of Glawcus,
Quhilk was Eneas convoyar to hell.
Quhat suld I langar on hys erroris dwell?
Thai beyn so playn, and eik sa mony fald,
The hundreth part tharof I leif ontald.
The last sax bukis of Virgill all inferis,
Quhilk contenys strang batalis and werys,
This ilk Caxtoun so blaitly lattis oursliþ,
I hald my tung for schame, bytand my lyp.
The gret afferis of athir host and array,
The armour of Eneas fresch and gay,
The quent and curyus castis poetically,
Perfyte symylitudis, and exempilis all
Quharin Virgill beris the palm of lawd,
Caxtoun, for dreid thai suld hys lippis scald,
Durst nevir twich. Thus schortly for the namys,
A twenty devill way fall hys wark atanyis,
Quhilk is na mair lyke Virgill, dar I lay,
Than the nycht owle resemblis the papyngay.
Quharfor 3ou gentill redaris I besich
Traste on na wys at this my wark be sich,
Quhilk dyd my best, as the wyt mycht atteyn,
Virgillis versys to follow and no thing feyn.
3he worthy noblys redis my wark for thy,
And cast this other buke on syde far by,
Quhilk, vndir cullour of sum strange Franch wycht,
Sa franchly leys, oneith twa wordis gais rycht.
I nold 3he trast I said this for dispyte;
For me lyst with nane Inglis bukis flyte,

Na with na bogill nor browny to debait,
Nowder ald gaistis nor spretis ded of lait,
Nor na man will I lakkyn nor dispys,
My warkis till authorys be sik wys,
Bot twichyng Virgillis honour and reuerens,
Quha euer contrary, I mon stand at defens;
And bot my buke be fundyn worth sik thre,
Quhen it is red, do warp it in the see,
Thraw it in the fyre, or rent it euery crum,
Twichand that part lo heir is all and sum.
Syne I defend and forbiddis euery wight
That can nocht spell thar Pater Noster rycht,
Fortill correct or 3it amend Virgill,
Or the translatar blame in hys wlgar stile;
I knaw quhat payn was to follow hym fut hait,
Albeit you think my sayng intricate.
Traste weill, to follow a fixt sentens or mater
Is mair practik, deficill, and far strater,
Thocht thyne engyne beyn eleuate and hie,
Than forto write all ways at liberte.
Gif I had nocht bene to a boundis constrenyt,
Of my bad wyt perchance I couth haue fenyt
In ryme a ragment twys als curyus,
Bot nocht be twenty part so sentencyus.
Quha is attachit ontill a staik, we se,
May go na ferthir bot wreil about that tre,
Rycht so am I to Virgillis text ybund,
I may nocht fle, les than my falt befund;
For thocht I wald transcend and go besyde,

His wark remanys, my schame I may nocht hyde;
And thus I am constrenyt, als neir I may,
To hald hys vers and go nane other way,
Les sum history, subtell word, or the ryme
Causith me mak digressioun sum tyme.
So thocht in my translatioun eloquens skant is,
Na lusty cast of oratry Virgill wantis;
My studyus brayn to comprehend his sentens
Leit me nevir taist hys flude of eloquens;
And thus forsuyth becaus I was nocht fre,
My werk is mair obscur and gros per de,
Quharof, God wait, Virgill has na wyte,
Thocht myne be blunt, hys text is maist perfyte.
And 3it persave I weill, be my consait,
The kyng of poetis ganys nocht for rurall estait,
Nor hys fresch memor for bowbardis; he or scho
Quha takis me nocht go quhar thai haue ado:
The sonnys lycht is neuer the wers, traiste me,
All thocht the bak hys brycht bemys doith fle.
Greyn gentill ingynys, and breistis curageus,
Sik ar the pepill at ganys best for ws;
Our werk desiris na lewynt rebalddail,
Full of nobilite is thistory all hail,
For, euery vertu belangand a nobill man,
This ornate poet, bettir than ony can,
Payntand discryvis in person of Eneas;
Not forto say, sikane Eneas was,
3it than by hym perfytylly blasons he
All wirschip, manhed, and nobilite,

With euery bonte belangand a gentill wycht,
Ane prynce, ane conquerour, or a valzeand knycht;
In luffis cuyr eneuch heir sall 3he fynd;
And schortly, Virgill left na thing behynd
That mycht hys volume illumyn or crafty mak;
Reid quha hym knawys, I dar this vndertak,
Als oft as 3e hym reid, full weill I wait,
3he fynd ilke tyme sum mery new consait.
Thoght venerabill Chauser, principal poet but peir,
Hevyntyly trumpat, orlege, and reguler,
In eloquens balmy, cundyt, and dyall,
Mylky fontane, cleir strand, and roys ryall,
Of fresch endyte, throu Albion island braid,
In hys legend of notabill Ladeis, said
That he couth follow word by word Virgill,
Wisar than I may faill in laka stile;
Sum tyme the text mon haue ane expositioun,
Sum tyme the cullour will caus a litill additioun,
And sum tyme of a word I mon mak thre,
In witnes of this term *oppetere*;
Eik, weill I wait, syndry expositouris seir
Makis on a text sentens diuers to heir,
As thame apperis, according thar entent,
And for thar part schawis ressonys euident.
All this is ganand, I will weill it swa be;
Bot a sentens to follow may suffice me:
Sum tyme I follow the text als neir I may,
Sum tyme I am constrenyt ane other way.
Besyde Latyn our langage is imperfite,

Quhilk in sum part is the caus and the wyte
Quhy that of Virgillis vers the ornate bewte
Intill our tung may nocht obseruyt be;
For thar be Latyn wordis, mony ane,
That in our leyd ganand translatioun has nane,
Les than we mynys thar sentens and grauyte,
And 3it scant weill exponyt; quha trewis nocht me
Let thame interpret *animal* and *homo*,
With many hundreth other termys mo,
Quhilkis in our langage suythly, as I weyn,
Few men can tell me cleirly quhat thai meyn;
Betweyn *genus*, *sexus*, and *species*
Diuersite in our leid to seik I ces;
For *obiectum* and *subiectum* alsswa
He war expert couth fynd me termys twa,
Quhilkis ar als ryfe amangis clerkis in scuyll
As evir fowlis plungit in laik or puyll.
Logicianys knawys heirin myne entent,
Vndir quhais boundis lurkis mony strange went,
Quharof the proces, as now, we mon lat be.
Bot 3it twychyng our tungis penuryte,
I meyn into compar of fair Latyn,
That knawyn is maste perfite langage fyne,
I mycht also, percace, cum lyddir speid
For *arbor* and *lignum* intill our leid
To fynd different proper termys twane,
And tharto put circumlocutioun nane;
Rycht so, by about spech oftyn tymys
And semabill wordis we compile our rymys.

God wait, in Virgill ar termys mony a hundir
Fortill expone maid me a felloun blundir;
To follow alanerly Virgilis wordis, I weyn,
Thar suld few vndirstand me quhat thai meyn;
The bewte of his ornate eloquens
May nocht al tyme be kepit with the sentens.
Sanct Gregor eik forbyddis ws to translait
Word eftir word, bot sentens follow al gait.
Quha haldis, quod he, of wordis the properteis
Full oft the verite of the sentens fleys.
And to the sammyn purpos we may apply
Horatius in hys art of poetry;
Pres nocht, says he, thou traste interpreter,
Word eftir word to translait thi mater.
Lo he reprevis, and haldis myssemyng,
Ay word by word to reduce ony thing.
I say nocht this of Chauser for offens,
But till excus my lewynt insufficiens;
For as he standis beneth Virgill in gre,
Vndir hym alsfer I grant my self to be.
And netheles into sum place, quha kend it,
My mastir Chauser gretly Virgill offendit.
All thoch I be to bald hym to repreif,
He was fer baldar, certis, by hys leif,
Sayand he followit Virgillis lantern tofornt,
Quhou Eneas to Dydo was forsworn.
Was he forsworn? Than Eneas was fals;
That he admittis, and callys hym traytour als.
Thus, wenyng, allane Ene to haue reprevit,

He has gretly the prynce of poetis grevit.
For, as said is, Virgill dyd diligens,
But spot of cryme, reproch, or ony offens,
Eneas for to loif and magnify;
And gif he grantis hym maynsworn fowlely,
Than all hys cuyr and crafty engyne gais quyte,
Hys twelf 3heris laubouris war nocht worth a myte.
Certis, Virgill schawys Ene dyd na thing,
From Dydo of Cartage at hys departyng,
Bot quhilk the goddis commandit hym befor;
And gif that thar command maid hym maynsworn,
That war repreif to thar diuinyte,
And na reproch onto the said Enee.
Als in the first, quhar Ilioneus
Spekis to the queyn Dido, says he nocht thus,
Thar curs by fait was set tyll Italy?
Thus mycht scho not pretend na just caus quhy,
Thocht Troianys eftir departis of Cartage,
Sen thai befor declaryt hir thar vayage.
Reid the ferd buke quhar queyn Dido is wraith,
Thar sal 3he fynd Ene maid nevir aith,
Promyt, nor band with hir fortill abyde:
Thus hym tobe maynsworn may nevir betyde,
Nor nane onkyndnes schew forto depart
At the bydding of Jove with reuthfull hart,
Sen the command of God obey suld all,
And vndir his charge na wrangwys deid may fall.
Bot sikkyrly, of resson, me behufis
Excus Chauser fra all maner repruffis,

In lovyng of thir ladeis lylly quhyte
He set on Virgill and Eneas this wyte;
For he was evir, God wait, all womanis frend.
I say na mair, bot, gentil redaris heynd,
Lat all my faltis with this offens pas by.
Thou prynce of poetis, I the mercy cry,
I meyn thou kyng of kyngis, lord etern,
Thou be my muse, my gydar, and laid stern,
Remittyng my trespas and euery mys
Throu prayer of thy moder queyn of blys!
Afald godhed, ay lestyng, but discrepans,
In personys thre, equale of a substans,
On the I call and Mary Virgyn myld;
Calliope nor payan goddis wild
May do to me na thing bot harm, I weyn,
In Criste is all my traste and hevynnys queyn.
Thou virgyn moder and madyn be my muse,
That nevir 3it na synfull lyst refus
Quhilk the besocht deuotly for supple;
Albeit my sang to thy hie maieste
Accordis nocht, 3it condescend to my write,
For the sweit liquor of thy pappis quhite
Fosterit that prynce, that hevynly Orpheus,
Grond of all gude, our Saluyour Ihesus.
Bot forthirmor, and lawar to descend,
Forgeif me Virgill gif I the offend,
Pardon thy Scholar, suffir hym to ryme,
Sen thou was bot ane mortal man sum tyme;
In cace I faill haue me not at disden3e,

Thocht I be lewit, my leill hart can nocht fenze:
I sall the follow, suld I therfor haue blame,
Quha can do bettir, sa furth in Goddis name.
I schrynk nocht anys correkkit for tobe
With ony wight grundit on cherite,
And gladly wald I baith inquire and leir,
And till ilke cunnand wight la to my myne eyr;
Bot laith me war, but owther offens or cryme,
Ane brimell body suld intertrike my ryme.
Thocht sum wald swer that I the text haue vareit,
Or that I haue this volume quyte myscareit,
Or threpe playnly that I come nevir neir hand it,
Or at the wark is wers than evir I fand it,
Or 3it argue Virgill stude weill befor,
As now war tyme to schift the werst our scor;
Ellis haue I said, thar may be na compar
Betwix his versis and my stile wlgar.
All thocht he stant in Latyn maist perfyte,
3it stude he nevir weill in our tung endyte,
Les than it be by me now at this tyme.
Gyf I haue falzeit, baldly reprufe my ryme;
Bot first, I pray 3ou, grape the mater cleyn,
Reproche me nocht quhill the wark be ourseyn.
Beis not our studyus to spy a moyt in myne E,
That in 3our awyn a ferry boyt can nocht se,
And do to me as 3he wald be done to.
Now hark schirris, thar is na mair ado;
Quha list attend, gevis audiens, and draw neir,
Me thocht Virgill begouth on this maner:

I the ilk vmquhile that in the small ait reid
Tonyt my sang; syne fra the woddis 3eid,
And feildis about taucht tobe obesand,
Thocht he war gredy, to the bissy husband,
Ane thankfull wark maid for the plewchmanis art:
Bot now the horribill stern dedys of Mart,
The batalys and the man I will discryve.

THE CONTENTIS OF EUERY BOOK FOLLOWING

The first contenys quhou the prynce Ene
And Troianys war dryve onto Cartage cite.

The second buke schawis the finale ennoy,
The gret myscheif, and subuersioun of Troy.

The thryd tellith quhou fra Troys cite
The Troianys careit war throu owt the see.

The ferd rehersis of fair queyn Dido
The dowbill woundis, and the mortale wo.

The fyft contenys funerale gemmys glaid,
And how the fyre the navy dyd inuaid.

Into the saxt buke syne doith Virgill tell,
Quhou that Eneas went and visseit hell.

The sevynt Ene bryngis to hys grond fatale,
And how Italianys Troianys schup to assale.

Ontill Eneas gevis the auchten buke
Baith falloschip and armour, quha list luke.

Dawnus son Turnus in the nynte, tak tent,
Segis new Troy, Eneas tho absent.

The tent declaris by the cost atany
The batale betwix Tuscanys and Rutulanys.

In the ellevynt Rutulyanys beyn ourset,
By the deces of Camylla downebet.

The twelft makis end of all the weir, but dowt,
Throu the slauchtir of Turnus stern and stowt.

The last, ekit to Virgillis nowmyr evyn
By Mapheus, convoys Ene to hevyn.

THE FIRST BUKE OF ENEADOS

CAP. I

*The Poet first proponyng hys entent
Declaris Junois wreth and maitalent.*

The batalis and the man I wil discrive,
Fra Troys boundis first that fugitive
By fait to Ytail come and cost Lavyne;
Our land and sey kachit with mekil pyne,
By fors of goddis abufe, from euery steid,
Of cruell Juno throu ald remembrit fede.
Gret pane in batail sufferit he alsso,
Or he his goddis brocht in Latio,
And belt the cite, fra quham, of nobill fame,
The Latyne pepill takyn heth thar name,
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba,
Cam, and the wallaris of gret Rome als wa.
O thou my muse, declare the causis quhy,
Quhat maiestie offendit, schaw quham by,
Or 3it quharfor of Goddis the drery Queyn
Sa feil dangeris, sik travell maid susteyn
A worthy man, fulfillit of piete:

Is thare sik greif in hevynly myndis on hie?
Thare was ane anciant cite, hecht Cartage,
Quham hynys of Tyre held intill heritage,
Ennymy to Itail, standand fair and plane
The mouth of lang Tibir our forgane,
Myghty of moblys, full of sculys seyr,
And maist expert in crafty fait of weir:
Of quhilk a land Juno, as it is said,
As to hir special abuf al otheris maid;
Hir native land for it postponyt sche
Callit Samo; in Cartage sett hir see;
Thar war hir armys, and here stude eik hir chair.
This Goddes ettilit, gif werdis war nocht contrar,
This realme to be superior and mastres
To all landis; bot certis, netheles,
The fatale sisteris reuolue and schaw, scho kend,
Of Troiane blude a pepill suld descend,
Wailliant in weir, to ryng wydquhar, and syne
Cartage suld bryng ontill finale rewyne,
And clene distroy the realme of Lybia.
This dredand Juno, and forthirmor alswa
Remembring on the anciant mortell weir
That for the Grekis, to hir leif and deir,
At Troy lang tyme scho led befor that day;
For 3it the causys of wreth war nocht away,
Nor cruell harm for3et ne out of mynd;
Ful deip engravyn in hir breist onkynd
The jugement of Parys, quhou that he
Preferrit Venus, dispisyng hir bewte;

Als, Troiane blude till hir was odyus,
For Jupiter engendrit Dardanus,
Fra quham the Troianys cam in adultry,
And Ganymedes revist abuf the sky,
Maid him his butler, quhilk was hir douchteris office.
Juno inflambit, musyng on thir casis nyce,
The quhile our sey that salit the Troianys,
Quhilkis had the ded eschapit, and remanys
Onslane of Grekis or of the fers Achill,
Scho thame fordryvis, and causys oft ga will
Frawart Latium, quhilk now is Italy,
By fremmyt werd ful mony 3eris tharby,
Cachit and blaw wydquhar all seys about.
Lo quhou gret cure, quhat travell, pane, and dowt,
Was to begyn the worthy Romanys blude!
And as the Troianys frakkis our the flude,
Skars from the sycht of Sysilly the land,
With bent sail full, rycht merely saland,
Thar stevynnys scowrand fast throu the salt fame,
Quhen that Juno, till hir euerlestand schame,
The etern wound hyd in hir breist ay greyn,
Ontill hir self thus spak in propir teyn;
Is this ganand, that I my purpos fail
As clene ourcum, and may nocht from Itail
Withhald thys kyng of Troy and his navy?
Am I abandonyt with sa hard destany,
Sen Pallas mocht on Grekis tak sik wraik,
To byrn thar schippis, and all, for anys saik,
Drowne in the sey, for Ajax Oilus wrang?

From Jupiter the wild fyre down sche slang
Furth of the clowdis, distroyt thar schippis all,
Ourquhelmyte the sey with mony wyndy wall;
Aiax breist persit, gaspand furth flawmand smoke,
Sche with a thud stikkit on a scharp roke.
Bot I, the quhilk am clepit of godis queyn,
And onto Jove baith spous and sistir scheyn,
With a pepill sa feill 3heris weir sall lede;
Quha sal from thens adorn in ony stede
The power of Juno, or altaris sacryfy,
Gif I ourcummyn be thus schamefully?

CAP. II

*Quhou Dame Juno tyll Eolus' cuntre went,
And of the storm on the Troianys furth sent.*

And on this wys, wyth hart byrnyng as fyre,
Musyng alone, full of malyce and ire,
Tyll Eolus' cuntre, that wyndy regioun,
A brudy land of furyus stormy sowne,
This Goddes went, quhar Eolus the kyng,
In gowsty cavys, the wyndis lowde quhissilling,
And braithly tempestis by hys power refrenys,
In bandis hard schet in presoun constrenys;

And thai, heirat havand full gret disdeyn,
Quhill all the hill resoundis, quhryne and plene
About thar closouris brayng with mony a rare.
Kyng Eolus set hie apon his chare,
With ceptour in hand, thar muyd to meys and still,
Temperis thar ire, les thai suld at thar will
Beir with thar byr the skyis, and drive about
Erd, ayr and sey, quhen euer thame lest blaw out.
Thus the hie fader almychty in cavis dyrk
Thir wyndis hyd, for dreid sik wrangis thai wyrk,
And thar abuf set wegthy hillys huge,
Gave thame a kyng, quhilk, as thar lord and juge,
At certane tyme thame stanching and withhald,
And, at command also, mycht quhen he wald
Lat thame go fre at large to blaw out braid.
To quham as than lawly thus Juno said;
Eolus, a pepill onto me ennemy,
Salis the sey Tuscan, cariand to Italy
Thar venquyst hamehald goddis and Ilion;
Bot, sen the fader of goddis euery one
And kyng of men gave the power, quod sche,
To meys the flude, or rays with stormys hie,
Infors thi wyndis, synk all thar schippis infeir,
Or skattir widquhar into cuntreis seir,
Warp all thar bodeis in the deip bedeyn.
I haue, quod sche, lusty ladeis fourteyn,
Of quhame the farest, clepit Diope,
In ferm wedlok I sal coniune to the
For thi reward, that lilly quhite of swar,

With the for to remane for euermar;
Quhilk propir spous and eik thi lady myld
Sal mak the fader to mony fair child.
Eolus answeris, O thou my lady queyn,
Quhat thou desiris to the it doith perteyn
Forto devys, and me behuffis thi command
Obey; for thou the ceptour gevis me in hand
Of all this realme, quhat so it be, and oft
Jupiter with me consideris, and ful soft
Causis me feist amang the goddis at rest,
And makis me master of wyndis and tempest.
Be this was said, a grondyn dart leit he glide,
And persit the bos hill at the braid syde;
Furth at the ilke port wyndis brade in a rout,
And with a quhirl blew all the erth about.
Thai ombeset the seys bustuusly,
Quhil fra the deip, til euery cost fast by,
The huge wallis weltris apon hie,
Rollit at anys with storm of wyndis thre,
Eurus, Nothus, and the wynd Affricus,
Quhilkis est, south, and west wyndis hait with ws.
Sone efter this, of men the clamour rays,
The takillis graslis, cabillis can fret and frays.
Swith the clowdis, hevyn, son, and days lycht
Hyd, and byreft furth of the Troianys sycht;
Dyrknes as nycht beset the seys about;
The firmament gan rummylling rair and rout,
The skyis oft lychtnyt with fyry levin,
And shortly bath ayr, sey, and hevin,

And euery thing mannasit the men to de,
Schawand the ded present tofor thar E.

CAP. III

*Quhou that Ene was with the tempest schaik,
And quhou Neptune his navy salvyt fra wraik.*

Belive Eneas membris schuk for cald,
And murnand baith his handis vp did hald
Towart the sternys, with petuus voce thus gan say;
O sevin tymys quhou happy and blissit war thai,
Vnder hie wallis of Troy, by dynt of swerd,
Deit in thar faderis syght, bytand the erd!
O thou of Grekis maist forcy Diomed,
Quhy mycht I not on feldis of Troy haue deit,
And by thi rycht hand 3aldin furth my sprete?
Quhar that the valiant Hectour losit the swete
On Achillis speir, and grisly Sarpedon,
And ondyr the flude Symois mony one
With schelde and helm stalwart bodeis lyis warpit.
And al invane thus quhil Eneas carpit,
A blastrand bub, out from the north brayng,
Gan our the forschip in the bak saill dyng,
And to the sternys vp the flude gan cast;

The aris hechis, and the takillis brast;
The schippis stevin frawart hyr went gan wryth,
And turnyt hir braid syde to the wallis swyth.
Heich as a hill the jaw of watir brak,
And in ane hepe cam on thame with a swak.
Sum hesit hoverand on the wallis hycht,
And sum the swowchand sey so law gart lycht,
Thame semyt the erd oppynnyt amynd the flude;
The stour vp bullyrrit sand as it war wode.
The sowth wynd Nothus thre schippis draif away
Amang blynd cragis, quhilk huge rolkis, thai say,
Amynd the sey, Italianys altaris callis;
And othir thre Eurys from the deip wallis
Cachit amang the schald bankis of sand:
Dolorus to se thame chop on grond, and stand
Lyke as a wall with sand warpit about!
Ane othir, in quham salit the Lycianys stowt,
Quhilum fallowis to kyng Pandor in weir,
And Orontes Eneas' fallow deir,
Befor his eyn [hastelye] from the north wynd
Ane hydduus sey schippit at hir stern behynd,
Smate furth the skippar clepit Lewcaspis,
His hed doune warpit; and the schip with this
Thrys thar the flude quhirlit about round,
The sowkand swelth sank vnder sey and drond.
On the huge deip quhoyn salaris dyd appeir;
The Troianys' armour, tabillis, and othir geir
Flet on the wallis: and the strang barge tho
Bair Ilioneus, and scho that bair also

Forcy Achates, and scho that bair Abas,
And scho quharin ancyant Alethes was,
The storm ourset, raif rovis and syde semys;
They all lekkit, the salt watir stremys
Fast bullerand in at euery ryft and boyr.
In the meyn quhile, with mony rowt and royr
The sey thus trublit, and this tempest furth sent
Felt Neptune, and his watir movit and schent,
The deip furth3et in schaldis heir and thair;
Gretly commovit, out of the sey gan stair,
His plesand hede rasit on the hyast wall,
Lukand about, behaldis, the sey our all,
Eneas navy skatterit fer ysundir;
With fludis ourset the Troianys, and at vnder
By flaggis and rayn dyd from the hevyn descend:
Junois dissate and ire full weill he kend.
He callis till hym Eurus and Zephirus,
Tha est and west wyndis, and said thame thus;
Ar 3e sa gretly assurit in 3our hie kyn,
3e wyndis, quod he, but my leif durst begyn
Baith erd and ayr to move on this maneir,
And eik the sey with sa stowt stormys steir?
I sal 3ou chastys: bot me behuffis first meys
The motioune of fludis, and thame appes;
Traist weill, onpunyst 3e sal me not astart,
On sik a wys gif 3e falt efterwart.
Withdraw 3ou hens, and to 3our kyng say 3e,
He has na power nor autorite
On seys, nor on the thre granyt ceptour wand

Quhilk is by cut gevin me to beir in hand;
Hald him on craggis and amang rochis hie,
Thair is 3our dwelling place, Eurus, quod he;
Byd Eolus kepe him in that hald condng,
Do cloyis the presoun of wyndis, and tharon ryng.
Thus said he, and with that word hastily
The swelland seys has swagit, and fra the sky
Gaderit the clowdis and chasit sone away,
Brocht hame the son agane and the brycht day.
Hys douchter Cymothoe, and hys son Tryton
Enforsis thame the Troianys schippis anone
To rays and lift of the scharp rolkis blynd:
The god hym self gan hesyng thame behynd
With his byg ceptour havand granys thre;
Oppynnys schald sandis and temperis weill the see,
Ourslidand lychtly the croppis of the wallis.
And as 3e se, as oft amangis commonys fallis
Stryfe and debait in thar wod fulych ire,
Now fleys the stanys, and now the broyndis of fyre,
Thar greif and fury mynysteris wapynnys plente:
Bot than percace, gif thai behald or se
Sum man of gret autorite and efferis,
Thai ces, and al stil standand gevis him eris;
He wyth his wordis gan slaik thar mynd and swage.
On the samyn wys fell all the seys rage.

CAP. IV

*Quhou Eneas in Affrik dyd arrayve,
And thar with schote slew sevin hartis belyve.*

Eftyr that the fader of the fludys Neptune
Had on sik wys behaldyn the seys abone,
Vndir the stabillit hevin movit in his chare,
Slakking his renzeis with prosper cours and fair,
Eneas and his feris, on the strand
Wery and forwrocht, sped thame to the nerrest land,
And at the cost of Lyby arrayvit he.
Ane havyn place with a lang hals or entre
Thar is, with ane ile enveronyt on athir part,
To brek the wallis and storm of eueri art;
Within, the watir in a bosum gays.
Baith heir and thair stant large craggis and brais.
To se the hewis on athir hand is wondir,
For hycht that semys pyngill with hevin; and vndir.
In a braid sound sovir from all wyndis blawis,
Flowis the schore deip, euer stabil but ony wawis.
A wod abufe ourheldis with his rank bewis,
And castis a plesand schaddow our the clewis.
Rycht our forgane the forret of a bra,
Vnder the hyngand rolkis, was als wa

Ane coif, and tharin fresch watir springand,
And satis of stane neuer hewyn with manis hand
Bot wrocht by natur, as it ane hows had beyn
For nymphis, goddassis of fludis and woddis greyn.
Perbrakit schippis but cabillis thar mycht ryde,
Nane ankyr nedis mak thame arest nor byde.
Of all his navy thidder Eneas brocht
Bot sevin schippis. With gret desyre and thoct
Tobe on grund Troianys sped thame to land,
As thai desyrit set softly on the sand;
Thare lethis and lymmys in salt watir bedyit,
Strekit on the cost, spred furth, bekit and dryit.
Bot first Achates slew fyre of the flynt
Keppit in dry leiffis, as tunder, quhil thai brynt;
Syne stikkis dry to kyndil thar about laid is,
Quhil al in flambe the bles of fyre vp bradis.
Than was the quhete with fludis chaffit and wet,
And instrumentis to purge it, swith out set.
For skant of vittal, the cornys in quernys of stane
Thai grand, and syne buke at the fyre ilkane.
In the meyn quhile, Eneas the bank on hie
Has clummyn, widequhar behaldand the large see,
Gif ony schip tharon mycht be persavit
Quhilk lait tofor the wyndis had bewavit,
Or ony Troiane galay, bark or barge,
Antheus, Capis, or Caicus stremeris large
Wavand or schawand from thar top on hycht.
Na schip he saw; bot sone he gat a syght
Of thre hartis waverand by the cost syde,

Quham at the bak, throu out the gravis wide,
The mekil herdis followit in a rowt,
And pasturit all the large valle about.
Tharat he styntis, and hynt his bow in hand;
Swift fleand arowis fast by him had berand
The traist Achates: and first the ledaris thre,
Quhilk on thar hedis bair the tyndis hie,
Smertly he slew, syne all the rangald persewis
With grundyn arowis among the thik wod bewis;
And styntis not with dartis thame to bete
Quhil he to grond had brocht sevin hartis grete,
And with his schippis thar nowmyr equale maid.
Syne to the havin sped him for out abaid,
And thame distribut amangis his feris all.
The wyne tharwith, in veschell gret and small,
Quhilk til him gave Acestes, his ryall host,
At his departing from Sycilly the cost,
To thame he byrlis and skynkis fast but weir,
And with sik wordis comfortis thar drery cheir:
O 3e my feris, and deir frendis, quod he,
Of by went perrellis not ignorant bene we;
3e haue sustenyt grettar dangeris onkend,
Lyke as heirop God sal mak sone ane end.
The rage of Silla, that huge swelth in the see,
3e haue eschapit, and passit eik haue 3he
The euer rowtand Charibdis rolkis fell,
The craggis quhar monstruus Ciclopes dwell
3he ar expert: pluk vp 3our hartis, I 3ou pray,
This dolorus dreid expell and do away;

Sum tyme heiron to think may help perchance.
By diuers cakis, seir perrellis and sufferance,
Onto Itale we ettill, quhar destany
Has schape for ws, in rest and quiet, herbry.
Predestinat is thar Troy sal rys agane;
Beis stowt, on prosper forton to remane.
Syk plesand wordis, carpand, he has furth brocht,
Set his mynd trublit mony grewous thocht,
With fenzeit comfort by his cheyr outward
The dolorus payn hyd deip gravyn in hart.
Hys feris has this praye ressauyt raith,
And to thar met addressis, it to graith;
Hynt of the hydys, maid the bowkis bair,
Rent furth the entralis, sum in tailzeis schare,
Syne brochit flykerand, sum gobbettis of lyre
Kest in caldronys, and othir sum bet the fyre,
Thame to refresch: thus all, the cost on lenth,
Sped thame with fude to recover thar strenth;
On the greyn gers sat doune, and fillit thaim syne
Of fat venyson and nobill auld wyne.
Quhen hungir thus with metis was chasit away,
And dischis drawin, than, with lang sermond, thai
Bewalit thar feris lossit on the flude:
Betwix gude hope and dreid in dowl thai stude,
Quhidder thai war levand, or tholit extreme ded all;
Thai answer nocht set thai oft pleyn and call.
Bot principally, the pietefull Eneas
Regratis oft the hard fortoune and cace
Of stern Orontes new drownyt in the sey,

And now Amycus harm complenys he,
Now hym alone the cruel fate of Lycus,
Now strang Gyan, now stalwart Cloanthus.

CAP. V

*Quhou Jove beheld the large costis on fer,
And how Venus carpis with Jupiter.*

Gone was the day, and all thar lang sermoun,
Quhen Jupiter, from his heich speir, adoun
Blent on the sailrife seys and erth tharby,
With pepill dwellyng on costis fer syndry;
Heich in the hevynnys top he baid hoverand,
And of Lyby beheld graithly the land.
Within his breist on diuers curis as he thus
Musys and thynkis, ontill hym spak Venus
All dolorus, hir eyn full of brycht teris:
O thow, quod sche, quhilk governys, rewlis and steris
Baith goddis and men be thyne etern empyre,
And oft affrays with thundyr and wyldfyre,
Quhou mycht myne Ene sa gretly the offend?
Or quhat mycht Troianys trespas, quhilk now at end
Ar brocht and sufferit, sa feill corsis laid ded,
Throu owt the world debarrit in euery sted,

And drevin from Itale? Thou hecht vmquhile, persay.
Of thame suld cum, efter this mony a day,
The worthy Romanys, and of Troianys ofspring
Princis of power our sey and land to ryng.
Quhat wikkit counsale, fader, has turnyt thi thocht?
Forsuyth, at Troys distructioun, as I mocht,
I tuke comfort heirof, thinkand but baid,
That hard wanwerd suld follow fortoun glaid.
Bot 3it the sammyn myschance persewis thame sayr,
In syndry dangeris cachit heir and thair:
Of thair travell quhat end grantis thou, gret kyng?
Sen Anthenor mycht throu myd ostis thring
Of Grekis, and pers the soundis Ilyria,
And sovirly pas the strait regionys alswa
Of Liburnanys, and our Tymavy the flude,
Quharat nyne mouthis rynand as it war wode,
The hillis resoundis, sa rudly doith it rowt,
And like a sey bettis on the brays about;
Thar netheles, of Padva the cite,
A dwelling place for Troianys, biggit has he,
And nemmyt the pepill efter hym, and full 3or,
The armys of Troy has set vp in memor:
Bot we thi blude, thi kynrent and ofspring,
To quham in hevin thou grantis a place to ryng,
Schame forto say, all throw the feid of ane,
Has lossit our schippis, and ar betrasit ilkane,
And fer from Itale bene withhaldin eik;
Is this reward ganand for thame ar meik?
Is this the honour done to thame bene godlyke?

Restoris thou ws on sik wys our kynryke?
Smylyng sum deil, the fader of goddis and men,
With that ilk sweit vissage, as we ken,
That mesys tempestis and makis the hevynnis cleir,
First kyssit his child, syne said on this maneir:
Away sik dreid, Cytherea, be nocht efferd,
For thi lynage onchangit remanys the werd.
As thou desyris, the cite salt thou se,
And of Lavyne the promyst wallis hie;
Eik thou salt rays abuf the sterrit sky
The manfull Eneas, and hym deify.
My sentence is nocht alterit, as thou trastis;
Bot I sal schaw the, sen sik thochtis the thrastis,
And heir declair of destaneis the secreit,
Full mony 3heris tofor thai be compleit.
This Eneas, with hydwys bargannyng,
In Itale frawart pepill sall doune thring;
Syne efter statut lawis for tha men,
And beld townys, and wal his citeis then.
Quhen thre someris in Latium or Itail,
And thre wynteris he rungyn has all haill
Fra tyme Rutilyanys bene subdewit in fecht,
Than the 3ong child, quhilk now Ascanysvys hecht,
And to surname clepit Iulus sans fail,
For he in Ilion was of the blude ryale,
Quhill that of Troy and Ilion stude the Ryng,
Thretty lang twelfmonthis rolling our sal ryng,
From Lavyne realm the seyt translat als wa,
And forcely wall the cite lang Alba:

Thar sal thre hundreth 3eris togidder remane
The ryng vnder the pepill Hectoriane,
Quhil Ilya nun and dochter of a kyng,
Consavit of Mars, twa twynns do furth bring:
Than with the glitterand wolf skyn our his aray,
Cled in his nurys talbert glaid and gay,
Romulus sal the pepill ressaue and weld,
And he the mercial wallis of Rome sal beld,
And efter his name cal the pepill Romanys.
To thir folkis, quhou lang thar ryng remanys,
Nowder term of space nor boundis of sen3eory
Nane wil I set; for to thame grant haue I
Perpetual empyre, but end to lest.
Apirmsert Juno, that with gret onrest
Now cummyrris erd, sey and ayr, quod he,
Sal turn hir mynd bettir ways, and with me
Fostir the Romanys, lordis of al erdly geir,
And Latyne pepill kepe bath in payce and weir.
This is determyt, this lykis the goddis, I wys.
Eftir mony lustris and 3eris ourslydyn is,
The tyme sal cum quhen Anchises ofspring
The realm of Phthia in bondage sal doune thring,
And eik of Myce subdew the regioun large,
And vndir thar lordschip dant al Grece and Arge.
Cesar of nobill Troiane blude born salbe,
Quhilk sal thempyre delait to the occiane see,
And to the sternys vpspring sal the fame
Of Julius, that takyn haith hys name
From Iulus, thi nevo, the gret kyng,

As prince discend of his blude and ofspring;
Quham, efter this, sovir of thyne entent,
Chargit with the spulze of the orient,
Amang the nowmyr of goddis ressaue thou sall,
And as a god men sal him clep and call.
The cruel tyme sone thereafter sal ces,
And weris stanche, al salbe rest and pes;
Ancyant faith, and valiant knyghthed,
With chaste religioun, sal than the lawys led;
The dreidful portis salbe schet, but fail,
Of Janus tempill, the takynar of bataill;
With hard irne bandis claspit fast in cage,
Of wykkit bargane tharin the furyus rage
Set upon grisly armour in his seyt,
And with ane hundreth brasyn chenzis grete
Behynd hys bak hard bund hys handis tway,
The horribil tyrrant with bludy mouth sal bray.
This beand said, Jupiter ful evyn
Hys son Mercury send doune from the hevyn;
So that of Cartage baith realm and new cite
To luge the Troianys suld all reddy be,
Les than Dido, the destany myskenawand,
Wald thame expell hyr boundis or hyr land.
He with gret fard of weyngis flaw throu the sky,
And to the cuntre of Liby come in hy:
Thar dyd hys charge; and the folkis of Cartage
Thar fers mudis and hartis gan asswage
At the plesour of the god, quhilk thame taucht.
And, first of othir, the quene hir self has kaucht

Towart the Troianys a ful frendly mynd,
As on to thame tilbe bowsum and kynd.

CAP. VI

*Ene, at morow rakand throu the schaw,
Met with hys modir into habit onknew.*

Bot al this nyght the reuthfull Eneas,
That in his mynd gan mony thyng compas,
Belive as that the hailsum day wolx lycht,
Dressit him furth to spy and haue a sycht
Of new placis; fortill sers and know,
To quhatkyn costis he with the wynd was blaw,
Quha thame inhabit, quhidder wild bestis or men,
For al semyt bot wildernes til hym then;
And as he fand schupe till hys feris to schaw:
Hys navy dern amynd the thyk wod schaw,
Vnderneath the holkit hyngand rochis hie,
Dekkit about with mony semly tre,
Quhois schaddowis dyrk hyd weill the schippis ilkane.
And he bot with a fallow furth is gane,
With traste Achates; in athiris hand yfeir
The braid steil heid schuke on the huntyng speir.
Amynd the wod hys moder met thame tway,

Semand a maid in vissage and aray,
With wapynnys like the virgynys of Spartha,
Or the stowt wench of Trace, Harpalica,
Hastand the hors hir fadir to reskew,
Spedyar than Hebrun, the swyft flude, dyd persew:
For Venus, eftyr the gys and maner thar,
Ane active bow apon hir schuldeir bar
As scho had bene a wild hunteres,
With wynd waving hir haris lowsit of tres,
Hir skyrt kiltit til hir bair kne,
And, first of other, onto thame thus spak sche;
Howe, say me 3onkeris, saw 3e walkand heir
By aventur ony of my sisteris deyr,
The cays of arrowis tachit by hir syde,
And cled in to the spottit lynx hyde,
Or with lowd cry followand the chays
Eftir the fomy bayr, in thar solace?
Thus said Venus. And hir son agane
Answeris and said, trewly, maide, in plane
Nane of thi systeris dyd I heir ne se;
Bot, O thou virgyne, quham sal I cal the?
Thy vissage semys na mortale creature,
Nor thi voce soundis not lyke to humane nature,
A goddes art thou suythly to my sycht.
Quhiddel thou be Dyane, Phebus systir brycht,
Or than sum goddes of thir nymphis kynd,
Maistres of woddis, beis to ws happy and kynd,
Releve our lang travell quhat euer thou be,
And, vndir quhat art of this hevyn sa hie,

Or at quhat cost of the world finally
Sal we arrive, thou tech ws by and by:
Of men and land onknaw we ar drive will
By wynd and storm of sey cachit hiddertill;
And mony fair sacrifice and offerand
Befor thyne altar sal de of my rycht hand.
Venus answerd, I denze not to ressaue
Sik honour certis, quhilk feris me nocht to haue;
Forto the madynnys of Tyre this is the gyis,
To beir a cays of arowis on this wys,
With rede botynys on thar schankis hie.
This is the realm of Punyce quhilk ze se,
The pepill of Tyre, and the cite, but mor,
Belt by the folk discend from Agenor.
3he bene in the merchis of Lyby, sans fail,
Inhabit with pepill ondantabill in bataill.
Quhar Dido quene rewlis the empyre,
Hydder, for hir brodir, fled from the realm of Tyre:
Lang war the iniuris, the dowtis lang tobe tald,
Bot I the vmaste of the mater sall hald.
Ane husband, quhilk Sycheus hecht, had sche,
Rychast in all the ground of Phenyce,
And strangly luffit of the silly Dido;
For be hir fader, as was the maner tho,
By chans scho was in cleyn virginite
Weddit to hym; bot of Tyre the cuntre
In heretage held Pigmalyon hir brodir,
In wikkitnes cruel abufe all othir,
Quhilk, but offence or occasioun of greif,

For blynd cwatyce of gold throu his myscheif.
Befor the altar, slely with a knyfe,
Or he was war, reft Sycheus the lyfe;
And, of the gret luf of hys systir suyr,
Concelyt this cruel deid lang vndir cuyr;
That fals man, by dissaitfull wordis fair,
With vaynhope trumpit the wofull luffar.
Bot of hir husband bygravit the ymage
To hir apperis in sleip, with pail vissage,
On mervellus wys, and gan at lenth declare
Quhou he was cruelly slane at the altare;
He schew the knyf out throw hys breist threst,
And all the hyd cryme of hir hows manyfest:
Syne in gret haist exortis hir to fle,
And leif hir native land, and tak the see;
And, forto help hir onwart by the way,
Vnder the erth quhar ald hurdis hyd lay,
Of siluer and gold revelit a huge weght.
Dido heirat commovit, I 3ou hecht,
For hir departing falloschip reddy maid;
Togidder conuenys, but ony langar abaid,
All thai quhilk hatis the cruell tyrantis dedis,
Or 3it his fellow violence sair dredis.
The schippis that on cays war reddy thar
Thai take, and chargit full of gold but mayr.
The tresour of the wrachit Pigmaleon
Is thus caryit our the sey onone:
A woman captane is of all this deid.
To 3one place ar thai cummyn, thou may tak heid,

Quhar now rysis 3one large wallis stowt
Of New Cartage, with hie towris abowt.
Als mekill grond thai bocht at the first tyde
As thai mycht compas with a bullis hyde;
3ondir cheif castell standing on the bra
Into thar langage clepit is Byrsa,
And of this deid the name beris witnes 3it.
Bot, quhat be 3he, finally wald I wyt?
Or of quhat cuntre cummyn? or pas wald quhar?
Scho sperand this, Eneas sichand sair,
The voce drawand deip from his breist within,
Said, O thou goddes, gif I suld begyn
And tell our labour from the formast end,
To heir our storyis set thou myght attend,
Or I maid end, Vesper, the evyn starn brycht,
Suld cloy the hevin and end the days lycht.
We ar of ancyant Troy, gif euer 3e
The name of Troy has hard in this cuntre,
And caryit throu owt diuers seys alswa,
And now by fortune to cost of Lybia
Drevyn with tempest. Rewthfull Ene am I,
That Troiane goddis tursys in my navy,
Quham fra amyde our ennemys I rent;
My fame is knaw abufe the eliment;
I seik Itale and our auld cuntre fer,
And lynage cum from hyast Jupiter.
With schippis twys ten the Phrygyane see,
My modir a goddes techand the way, tuke we,
Followand destany quhilk was to me grant;

Of all our floyt, from wynd and wallys, skant
Sevin evil perbrakit salue remanys with me.
Onkend and mystirfull in desertis of Lybe
I wandir, expellit from Europ and Asia.
Venus na mair sufferit hym pleyn or say,
Amyd hys dolorus playntis thus spak sche;
Quhat evir thou art, I trast weill at thou be
Favorit with the goddis, and drawis this hailsum ayr,
Quhilk is the spreit of lyfe, to thy weillfair,
Sen thou art cummyn to Cartage the cyte.
Now hald thy way, and at the Quenys entre
Present thy self; I schaw the, for certane,
Thy ferys ar salf, thy navy is cummyn agane,
In salfty brocht fre of north wyndis als,
Les than my parentis taucht me spaying craft fals.
Behald twelf swannys in randoun glaid and fair,
Quham, newly from the regioun of the air
Jovis fowle, the Egill, discending fra hys hycht,
Has sair effrayt amyd the skyis brycht;
Now with lang range to lycht thai beyn adrest,
And spyis the erth about quhar thai sall rest:
As thai return, thar weyngis swouchand jolely,
And with thar coursis circlys about the sky,
Cryand or syngand efter thar awyn gys;
Thy schippys and falloschip on the sammyn wys
Owdir ar herbryit in the havyn, I wys,
Or with bent saill entris in the port be this.
Now pas thy way evyn furth that sammyn went.
Thus said sche, and turnand incontinent,

Hir nek schane lyke onto the roys in May,
Hyr hevynly haris, glitterand brycht and gay,
Kest from hir forhed a smell gloryus and sweit,
Hir habyt fell down coveryng to hir feit,
And in hir passage a verray god dyd hir kyth.
And fra that he knew hys moder, alswith
With sik wordis he followys as scho dyd fle;
Quhy art thou cruell to thy son, quod he,
Dissavand hym sa oft with fals sembland?
Quhy grantis thou nocht we mycht joyn hand in hand,
And fortill heir and rendir vocis trew?
Thus he reprevys, bot sche is went adew;
Than to the Cyte he haldis furth the way.
Bot Venus with a sop of myst, baith tway,
And with a dyrk clowd, closyt rownd about,
That na man suld thame se nor twich but dowl,
Ne by the ways stop or ellis deir,
Or 3it the cawsis of thar cummyn speir.
Hyr self vplift to Paphum passyt swith,
To vissy hir restyng place, joly and blith;
Thar is hir tempill into Cypir land,
Quharin thar doith ane hundreth altaris stand,
Hait byrnnyng full of Saba sens all houris,
And smellyng sweit with fresch garlandis of flowris.

CAP. VII

*Eneas, at his moderys commandment,
Cled with the mysty clowd, to Cartage went.*

Thai, in the meyn tyme, hastit furth thar way
As the rod led thame, quhil ascend ar thai
The hill fer rysand abuf the town on hycht,
Quhar all the Cite forgane thame se thai mycht.
Eneas wondrit the gretnes of Cartage,
Quhilk lait tofor had beyn ane smal cotage;
The fair portis alsso he ferleit fast,
And of the brute of pepill tharat inpast,
The large stretys paithit by and by,
The byssy Tyrryanys lauborand ardently.
Ane part haistis to beild the wallys wight;
And sum to rays the gret castell on hyght,
And welt vp stanys to the wark on hie;
Sum grathis fast the thak and rufe of tre;
And sum about delvys the fowsy deip;
Sum chesis officeris the lawys forto kepe,
With counsalouris and senatouris, wys folkis;
3onder other sum the new havyn holkis;
And heir alsso, ane other end fast by,
Lays the fundament of the theatry;
And otheris eik the huge pillaris grete
Out of the querrellys gan do hew and bete,
Fortill adorn that place in all degre,
In tyme cummyng quhar gret triumphe suldbe.

Lyke to the beys, in feildis floryst new,
Gaderyng thar wark of mony diuers hew,
In soft somyr the brycht son hait schynyng,
Quhen of thar kynd thame list swarmys furth bryng,
Or in camys inclus thar hwny cleyn,
And with sweit liquour stuffis thar cellis scheyn,
Or ressavys the byrdyngis from othir tharowt,
Or fra thar hyve togyddir in a rowt
Expellis the bowbart beist, the faynt drone be:
Thar labour is bissy and fervent forto se,
The hwny smellys of the sweit tyme seid.
O, quod Ene, full happy ar 3he in deid,
Quhais large wallis rysys thus on hie!
A quhile he visseit the boundis of this cite,
Ane wonder thyng, coverit with a clowd about;
He entrys syne amynd the thikast rowt,
Amang the men he thrang, and nane hym saw.
Amynd the cite stude ane semly schaw,
With hys maist plesand sobir schaddowis, quhar,
As the Punycianys first vpwarpit war,
Efter the stormys blastis and seys rage,
Thai, delvand, fand the takynar of Cartage,
Ane mekill hors hed that was, I weyn,
As Juno had schaw tofor, of goddis queyn,
That signyfyit the cite excellent in batale,
And plentuus eik al tymys of vittale.
In the ilke place, the Sydonas Dido
Begouth to byg a prowde tempill of Juno,
With dowreis seir and gyftis of ryches,

And eik the goldyn statw of the goddes.
The entre rays with hie stagis of bras,
With bras also the cupplys festynyt was;
The brassyn durris jargis on the marbill hirst.
In this tempill, seir novelteis first
Schawin till Eneas mesyt gretly hys feir;
The first assurance of comfort was heir,
And hope of releif eftir aduersite:
For as he went diuers thingis to se,
Rowmyng about the large tempill scheyn,
Forto behald the cummyng of the queyn,
And of the cite the gret prosperite,
The mony warkmen, and thar craftis sle
In dew proportioun, as he woundrit for joy,
He saw per ordour all the sege of Troy,
The famus batellis, wlgat throu the warld or this,
Of kyng Pryam and athir Attrides,
And, baldar than thame baith, the fers Achill.
He styntis, and wepand said Achates tyll;
Quhou now, quhilk place is this, my frend, quod he,
Quhat region in erd may fundyn be
Quhar our mysforton is nocht fully proclame?
Allace! behald, se 3ondir king Priam,
Lo, heir his wirschip is haldin in memor;
Thir lamentabyll takynnys passit befor
Our mortal myndis aucht to compassioun steir.
Away with dreid, and tak na langar feir;
Quhat! wenys thou na this fame sall do the gude?
Thus said he, and fed hys mynd, quhar he stude,

With thir plesand fenzeit ymagery,
Murnand sair, and wepand tendyrly,
The flude of terys halyng our hys face;
For as he lukit on the wark percace,
He saw porturate quhar, in sik a place,
The Grekis fled and Troianys followis the chace
Abowt the wallys of Troy as thai dyd fyght:
At 3ondir part the Troianys tak the flycht,
With creste on hed Achillis in hys chair
Persewand strangely. Not far thens saw he, quhar,
The quhite tentis of kyng Rhesus, evill kepe,
Betraisit war apon the first sleip;
Quhar, with gret slauchter bludy Diomeid
Distroyt all, and till hys tent gan leid
The mylk quhite horssis, fers, swift and gude,
Or evir thai taistit ony Troiane fude,
Or drunkyn had of the flude Exanthus.
And 3ondir, lo! beheld he Troilus
Wantyng his armour, the fey barn fleand,
Fortill recontyr Achilles onganand,
The hors hym harland behynd the void cart
Hyingand wyde oppyn, and hys hed downwart;
Suppos he held the renzeis fast, but faill,
Hys nek and harys on the erd gan traill,
The speir ourturnyt in the duste dyd write.
The sammyn tyme, the Troian madynys quhite,
With hair doun skalit, all sorofull gan pas
Onto the tempill of the grevit Pallas
To ask supple, with thame a wympill bair thai,

With handis betand thar breistis by the way:
This fremmyt goddes held hir eyn fixt fast
Apon the grund, nocht a blenk list thame cast.
Abowt the wallis of Troy he saw quhat wys
Achilles harlyt Hectoris body thrys;
The ded corps syne for gold he saw hym sell.
Law from his breist murnand he gave a zell,
Seand the void cart, and spulze of the knyght,
And the corps of his derrest frend sa dight.
Priam onarmyt streke furth handis dyd he spy
From Achilles hys sonnys body to by.
Hym self allswa, mydlit, persavit he,
Amang princis of Grece in the melle.
The orient hostis knew he one by one,
And Vlcane armour on blak Memnon.
The madynnys cum fra Amason saw he soyn,
With crukit scheildis schapyn like the moyn,
Led by thar furyus queyn Pantissylle;
Amyd the thowsandis egyrly feghtis sche,
And quhar hir pap was for the speir cut away,
Of gold tharon was belt a rych tyschay:
Ane worthy weriour suythly thai mycht hir ken,
This wench stowtly recontir durst with men.

CAP. VIII

Heir to the tempil cummys queyn Dido,

Quhill as the manfull Troian Eneas
To se thir nyce figuris thocht wonder was,
And as he musyt, studyand in a stair
Bot on a sycht quharon he blenkit thar,
The queyn Dido, excellent in bewte,
To tempill cumis with a fair menze
Of lusty 3yngkeris walkyng hir about.
Lyke to the goddes Dian with hir rowt,
Endlang the flude of Eurot on the bra,
Or vndir the toppis of hir hill Cynthia,
Ledand ryng dansys, quham followis our alquhar
A thousand nymphis flokkyng heir and thair:
On hir schulder the arrow cace baris sche,
And quhar scho walkis abufe the laif on hie
May weil beseyn; to Latone hir moder this
Gevis reiosyng and secrete hartis blys:
Sikane was Dido, sykane hir blithly bair
Amyd thame all, the warkis and weifair
Providing for the realm in tyme tocum.
And quhen sche to the tempill dur is cum,
Syne entryng vnder the myd volt, tuke hir sete
Heich in a trone, and cumpaneis grete
On athir half standyng of armyt men,
The domys and law pronuncis sche to thame then:
The feys of thar labouris equaly

Gart distribut; gif dowl fallis tharby,
Be cut or kavill that pled sone partit was.
Bot suddanly persavis Eneas
Quhar with gret haist com rynnynge Antheus,
Sergest he seis, and stalwart Cloanthus,
With diuers otheris of the Troian menze,
Quham the blak storm had skatterit on the see,
And at ane other cost drevyn to the land.
He and his fallow awondris this seand.
Achates half estonyst stude in affray;
With feir and joy smyttin baith war thai,
And langit fair to schaik handys; bot thar hart
The onkouth cace amovit in sum part
Forto dissymyll, as na thing seyn thai had,
And, with the dyrk clowd hyd, to spy thai baid
Quhou it stude with thar ferys, or chansyt eft,
Or on quhat cost thar navy thai had left,
Quhat thai desyrit; for, as full weill thai saw,
From thar schippis per ordour thai com on raw,
Besekand grace and peax fast, as thame thocht,
And to the tempill with gret clamour socht.
Fra thai war enterit in the tempill tho,
And licens grantit thame to speke alsso,
The gretast oratour, Ilioneus,
With plesand voce begouth his sermond thus;
O hie princes, quhamto Jupiter has grant
To beld ane new cyte, and to dant
The violens of prowde folk by just law,
We wrachit Troianys, with the wyndis blaw

Throu strange stremys and mony diuers see,
Forbyd 3on cruell fyre, besekis the,
Suffir not to byrn our schippis in a rage,
Haue reuth apon our petuus auld lynage.
Considir frendly our mater quhou it standis;
We com nocht hiddir with drawyn swerdis in handis,
To spulze templis or ryches of Lybia,
Nor by the cost na spreth to dryve away;
Sik violens nane within our myndis is,
Nor sa gret stowtnes to venquyst folk, I wys.
Thar is a place quham the Grekis, thai say,
Onto hys name clepis Hesperia,
Ane nobill land, richt potent in bataill,
And fructuus grond, plentuous in vittaille,
By kyng Onotryus inhabit first, we trow;
Bot in our days laitly, the fame is now,
Eftir thar duke it is namyt Italy.
Thidderwart our cours was laid: quhen suddanly
The flude boldnyt, and stormy Orion
Amang blynd bankis cachit ws onon;
The byttir blastis, contrarius al ways,
Throw wallis huge, salt fame, and wilsum wais,
And throw the perrellus rowkis gan ws dryve;
Hidder at 3our cost ar few of ws arryve.
Quhat kynd of pepill duellis heir? quod he,
Quhou beyn sik thewis sufferit in this cuntre?
We ar defendit to herbry on the sand,
Prouokyt eik to batale, and, drevyn to land
By fors of storm, the slyke thai ws deny.

Albeit the strenth of men 3he set not by,
And mortal weris contempnys and comptis nocht,
Belevis weill 3it than, and haue in thocht,
The goddis sall remember, trastis me,
Baith of gud dedis and inquite.

To ws was kyng the worthy Eneas,
Ane justar man in all the warld nane was,
Nor mair reuthfull, nor wisar into weir,
And mair valiant in dedis of armys seir:
Quham gif the fatis alyve conservit haith
To tak this hevinly ayr and draw his braith,
And not with cruell gostis hyd vnder erd,
We neid not dreid, sall nocht mak ws efferd;
Nor thou sall neuer repent the sykkyrly
To schaw ws first frendschip and curtesy.
Into the realm of Sycill als haue we
Freendis and citeis, with armyt men plente,
And of the Troian blude Acestes kyng.
Gyf ws war levit our flote on land to bryng,
That with the wynd and storm is all to schaik,
And grantit eik wod leif to hew, and take
Tymmyr to beit ayrris and other mysteris,
So that our kyng we mycht fynd and our feris,
Blithly we suld hald towart Italy,
And to the cost of Latium seik in hy:
Bot gif our weiflar and beleve cleyn gayn is,
And the, maist souerane fader of ws Troianys,
The Lybian sey withhaldis, gif thou be gone,
Nor of Ascanyus comfort remanys none,

Than suythly, at the leste, the Sycill see
And placis reddy fra quham hidder drevin ar we,
We sall seik, and to the kyng Acestes.
Thus said Ilioneus, and sa can he ces;
Bot than the noys rays amang the Troianys,
Thai murmuryt and complenyt all at anys.
Than schortly Dido spak with vissage doun cast,
Remove all dreid, Troianys, beis nocht agast,
Pluk vp 3our hartis, and hevy thochtis doun thring.
Ane hard myschans and novelte of this ryng
Constrenys me sik mastry forto schaw,
And with discurriouris kepe the cost on raw.
Quha knawys nocht the lynnage of Enee?
Or quha myskenys Troy, that ryall cyte?
The gret wirschip of sik men quha wald nocht meyn?
And the huge ardent batalys at thar has beyn?
We Phenycianys nane sa blait breistis hes,
Nor so fremmytly the Son list nocht addres
Hys curs frawart Cartage cyte away.
Quhiddir 3he will to gret Hesperia,
The grund of Saturn, quhilk now is Italy,
Or to the cost of Sycill fast tharby,
And at the kyng Acestes lyst 3ou be,
Thidder sall 3he suyrlly pas with my supple;
I sall support 3ou with all geir may gayn.
And ples 3he with me in this realm remane,
The cyte quhilk I byg is 3ouris fre;
Bryng in 3our schippis hidder from the see;
Betwix a Troiane and ane Tyrriane

Na differens, all sall I rewle as ane;
And, with this sammyn wynd hidder blaw in feir,
Wald God Enee 3our kyng war present heir!
Endlang the costis and far partis of Lyby
I sall forsuyth exploratouris send to spy
In ony wod gyf that he be vpdryve,
Or 3it perchance at ony cyte arryve.

CAP. IX

*Quhou Eneas with all his rowt bedene
War thankfully ressauyt of the queyn.*

With thir wordis the spreit of Eneas
And of the strang Achates reiosyt was,
Gretly desyryng the clowd to brek in tway:
Bot first Achates till Enee gan say;
Son of the goddes, quhat purpos now, quod he,
Rysys in thy breist? All is sovir, thou may se,
Thyne navy and thy ferys recoverit beyn,
Wantand bot ane, among the fludis greyn
Quham we saw droun; all other thingis, thou knawis,
Is now conform onto thy moderis sawys.
And scarsly haith he all thir wordis spokkyn,
Quhen that the clowd abowt thame swith was brokkyn,

And vanyst tyte away amang the ayr.
Vp stude Enee, in cleir lycht schynyng fair,
Lyke till ane god in body and in face;
For his moder grantit hir son sik grace;
Hys crysp harys war plesand on to se,
Hys favour gudly, full of fresch bewte,
Lyke till ane 3ongker with twa lauchand eyn;
Als gracyus for to behold, I weyn,
As evoir boyn by craft of hand weill dycht,
Or as we se the burnyst siluer brycht,
Or 3it the quhite polist marbill stane schyne,
Quhen thai beyn circulit about with gold sa fyne.
Or evir thai wist, befor tham all in hy,
Onto the queyn thus said he reuerently;
Hym quham 3e seik behald now present heir,
Enee the Troian, delyverit from danger
Of storm and wallys of the Libiane see.
O thou only, quhilk rewth hes and piete
On the ontellabill pyne of the Troianys,
Quhilk ws, the Grekis levyingis and remanys,
Ourset with all maner necessiteis,
And euery perrell baith be landis and seis,
Within thy cyte ressauys till herbry,
And to famyliar frendschip and ally;
To quyte the, rendring ganand thankis rycht,
That lysis nocht, Dido, intill our mycht,
Nor all the laif of the Troian men3e,
Throw out this world skatterit quhar euer thai be:
Bot the hie goddis, gif ony deite takis tent

To thame at petuus beyn and pacient,
For justice eik gif euer reward beis get,
And rychtwys myndis ramembrit and nocht forȝet.
Thai ilke goddis mot dewly reward the
Accordyng thy desert in all degre.
Quhou happy and joyus was that tyme serene
That the produtit hes, sa nobill a queyn!
Quhou wirschipfull eik war thai parentis of mycht
Quhilk the engendrit hes, sa worthy a wight!
Quhill fludis rynnys in the sey but dowl,
Quhil sonnys schaddow circlys hillis about,
And the firmament starris doith conteyn,
Thy honour and thy fame sall evir be grene,
And thy renown remane perpetually,
Throu all realmys quhart to that drevyn am I.
Thus sayand, til his frend Ilioneus
Hys rycht hand gave he, and to Serestus
Gave his left hand; syne welcumit euery man,
The strang Cloanthus and the stowt Gyan.
The queyn Dido, astonyst a litill wie
At the first syght, behaldand his bewte,
Awondring be quhat wys he cummyn was,
Onto him thus scho said with myld face;
Son of the goddes, quhat hard aduersite
Throw owt so feill perrellis has cachit the?
Quhat fors and violens drave the hyddir till ws,
Apon thir costis that beyn so dangerus?
Art thou not theilk compacent Eneas,
That apon haly Venus engendrit was

Be the Troian Anchises, as thai say,
Besyde the flude Symois in Phrigia?
Weill I remembir, to Sydon the cyte
Sen Tewcer com, banyst from his cuntre,
Sekand supple at Belus, and sum new land.
My fader than, Belus, I vndirstand,
The rich realm of Cipir wastit by weir,
And wan it syne, and gave it to Tewcer;
And evir syne of Troy, that gret cyte,
The distructioun has beyn weill know to me,
Thy name alsso, and pryncis of Grece sans fail,
With quham thou faught seir tymys in batale.
This ilke Tewcer hys ennemys of Troy
Rusyt and lovit, and with excellent joy
Full oft him self extoll and vant he wald
Of Troiane blude tobe discend of ald.
Tharfor haue done, gallandis, cum on 3our way,
Entir within our luyng, we 3ou pray:
Siclike fortoun, throu mony feill danger,
At last onto this land has dryve me heir;
Thus, nocht mysknawand quhat payn is ennoy to dre,
I lernyt to help all tholis aduersyte.
Rehersyng this, convoys sche Eneas
Toward the place quhar hir ryche palyce was,
And tharwith eik commandis halyday,
Throwe owt the cyte all suldbe game and play.
And netheles, the sammyn tyme, sendis sche
Down to his folkis, at the cost of the see,
Twenty fed oxin, large, gret and fyne,

And ane hundreth bustuus bowkis of swyne,
Ane hundreth lammys and thar moderis tharby,
With other presandis, and wyne habundantly.
The place within maist gloriously and gay
Adornyt was all our with ryall array:
Amyd the hie rufe of the mekill hall,
For the banket, mony rich claith of pall
Was spred, and mony badkyn wonderly wrocht;
Of siluer playt ane huge weght furth was brocht
To set on burdis; and veschell forgit of gold,
Quharin was grave, maste curyus to behold,
The valzeant dedis of forfaderis past by,
Sen first begynnyng of thar geneology,
Man eftir man lyke as thai dyd succeid,
In lang rememberans of thar worthyheid.
Ene, for that his faderly piete
Wold nocht suffir hys mynd in rest tobe,
In haist Achates to the schippis send,
To schaw Ascaneus all fra end till end,
Onto the cite that he onon war brocht;
On 3ong Ascaneus was haill the faderis thocht.
Seir gyftis eik he bad bryng with him syne,
Hynt and deliuerit from the Troian rewyne;
Ane rych garmont brusyt with stife gold wyre,
The purpour mantill and rycht quent attyre
That pliabil was with the gilt bordour large,
Sum tyme array of Helene queyn of Arge,
Quhilk from the realm of Myce with hir sche brocht,
Quhen scho to Troy forbodyn hymeneus socht;

This wondrous gift gottin at hir moder Lyda.
And forthir eik, of fair Illionya
He bad hym bryng with hym the ceptre wand,
Quhilum Priamus eldast douchter bair in hand;
The collar pight with orient peirlys als,
That sche vmquhile wair about hir hals;
Off gold also the clos or dowbill crown,
Set full of precyus stonys enveroun.
To do his charge, Achates bissely
The way towart the schippis socht in hy.

CAP. X

*Quhou that Venus, all perrelis to seclude,
Send Cupide in Ascanus similitude.*

In the meyn tyme, Venus a sle wile socht,
By new consait in hir mynd quhou scho mocht,
In forme and vissage of sweit Ascanus tho
Transformyt, send hir awin son Cupido,
To beir thir presandis, so that the amorus queyn
He mycht inflambe, within hir banys greyn
The hoyt fyre of lufe to kyndill and steir:
For in hir mynd scho had a maner feir
Of this lynnage waverand and ontrew,

Tyrrhyans dowbill tongit weill sche knew;
Of cruell Juno the dreid brynt hir inwart,
With mony thocht ran hastely tyll hir hart.
Onto the weyngit god of luf, but weir,
For thy scho spak, and said on this maner;
O thou my child, my strenth and my gret mycht,
O thou my son, quhilk only art so wight
That thou the dartis of Jupiter dar ganestand,
Quharwith he slew Typhon, the fell gyand,
To the I cum, to the I seik, quod sche,
Lawly askyn thy power and supple.
Quhat wys thy broder Eneas, but dowt,
Is blawyn and warpit euery cost about,
Of wykket Juno throu the cruell invy,
All this to the is manifest, weill wait I;
For quhen I wepit tharfor, thow murnyt also.
Now hym withhaldis the Phenycian Dido,
And culzeis hym with slekit wordis sle;
Bot to quhat fyne, richt sair it dredis me,
Sall turn this plesand gestnyng in Cartage,
Quhilk is the burgh of Juno; for in hir rage
As is begun the mater sall not remane.
Quharfor I ombethynk me of a trane,
This queyn first forto cawch in luffis lace,
And so with flambe of amouris till embrace,
That by na mycht tharfra scho may remove,
Bot strangly sall with me Eneas lufe.
Hark my consait, quhat wys this may be done:
The rial child Ascanus full sone,

On quham maist is my thocht, grathis to pas,
At command of his fader Eneas,
To the cyte of Cartage, and gyftis seir
Tursis with hym of the ald Troian geir,
Quhilk fra the storm of sey is left ontynt,
And from the fyre remanys 3it onbrynt;
Hym sall I sownd slepand steill away,
And hyde apon the hight of Citheray,
Or in Idalium my hallowit schaw,
That our dissait he nowder persave ne know,
Nor onprovisitly cum thidder, thocht he mycht.
Tak thou his lyknes, na mair bot a nycht,
Forto begile queyn Dido of Cartage;
My child, cleith the with 3on kend childis vissage,
So that quhen scho all blythast haldis the
Into hir skyrt perchance, or on hir kne,
At hir fest ryall sittand at the tabill,
Amang danceis and wynys amyabill,
And gan the forto hals and to embrace,
Kyssand sweitly thi quhyte nek and thi face,
Than may thou slely thi vennamus ardent fyre
Of fraudfull luf amynd hir breste inspyre.
The God of lufe obeys hastely
Hys moderis wordis, and laid his weyngis by,
And blythly steppis furth lyke Iulus.
Bot Venus to this ilke Ascanus
The sweit vapour of plesand sleip and rest
On all the membris of his body kest,
And softly the goddes in hyr lap hym bair

Amyd hyr schaw of Idalium, quhar
Tendir mariolyne and sweit flowris tharout
With thar dulce smell hym schaddowit rownd about.

CAP. XI

*Of the banket, and of the gret deray,
And quhou Cupyd inflambis the lady gay.*

Now passys furth Cupyd, full diligent
Fortyll obey hys moderis commandment,
Berand with hym the kyngly gyftis scheyn,
Quhilkis suldbe present to the ryall queyn,
Blythly followyng hys ledar Achates.
And as thai come, the quene was set at des
Vndir hir gloryus stentit capitale;
Amang provd tapetis and mych rych apparele
Hir place scho take, as was the gys that tyde,
Ourspred with gold amyde a beddis syde.
Abuf all othir the fader Eneas,
And syne 3ong gallandis of Troy, to mete set was,
Apon rich beddis sydis, per ordour,
Ourspred with carpettis of the fyne purpoure.
To wesche thar handis seruandis brocht watir cleir,
Syne breyd in baskettis, eftyr thar maner,

With soft serviat is to mak thar handis cleyn.
Fyfty damycellis tharin seruyt the queyn,
Quhilkis bair the cure eftir thar ordour haill,
On purvyance of howshald and vittail,
To graith the chalmeris, and the fyris beld.
Ane hundreth madynnys had scho 3ong of eld,
And elyke mony of the sam age 3ong swanys,
The cowrsis and the mesys, for the nanys,
To set on burdis, sik as we call seweris,
And to fill cowpys, goblettis and eweris.
And mayratour, the Tyrryanys halely
At the blith 3ettis flokkis to the maniory;
And as thai come, thai war down set onone
On brusyt or payntit tapetis eueryone.
Thai mervellit the rich gyftis of Eneas;
Apon Ascaneus feill awondrit was,
The schynand vissage of the God Cupyte,
And hys dissemblit slekit wordis quhite,
The precyus mantill and quent garmond also:
Bot principaly the fey onsyly Dydo,
For the myscheif to cum predestinat,
Mycht not refreyn nor satisfy hir consait,
Bot ardently behaldis all on steir,
Now lykand weill the child, and now the geir.
As Cupyd hyngis about Eneas hals,
Enbrasit in armys, fen3eand luf full fals,
By semlant as he his fader had beyn,
Full slely than he blent apon the queyn.
Scho, with hir sycht and all hir mynd, rycht thar,

Hym to behald, sat musand in a stayr;
Sumtyme onwar hym in hir bosum held sche,
Mysknawand, allace! by fals subtilite,
Quhou the gret god of luf, with all hys mycht,
Wachit forto dissave hir, wofull wight:
Bot he, remembring on his moderis command,
The mynd of Sycheus, hir first husband,
Furth of hir thocht peys and peys begouth dryve,
And with scharp amouris of the man alyve
Gan hir dolf spreit forto preveyn and steir,
Had beyn dysvsit fra luf that mony 3eir.
Eftyr the first pawse, and that cowrs neir gane,
And voduris and fat trunschuris away tane,
The goblettis gret with myghty wynys in hy
Thai fill, and coverit set in by and by.
Than rays the noys quhill dynnyt rufe and wallis,
So thik the vocis fleys throu the large hallys.
From the gilt sparris hang down mony a lycht,
The flambe of torchis venquyst the dyrk nycht.
The queyn than askis of gold, for the nanys,
A weghty cowp, set all with precyus stanys,
Bad fill it full of the rych Ypocras,
Into the quhilk gret Belus accustomyt was
To drynk vmquhile, and fra hym euery kyng
Discend of hys genology and ofspring.
And, quhen silens was maid our all the hall,
O Jupiter, quod scho, on the we call,
For this rayson, that by wys men is said,
To gestis thou grantis the herbry glaid;

We the beseik, this day be fortunabill
To ws Tyrryanys, happy and agreabill
To strangearis cummyn fra Troy on thar vayage,
In tyme cummyng remembrance of our vsage
To our successioun and posterite;
The gevar of glaidnes, Bachus, heir mot be,
And gentil Juno to ws fauorabill and meik;
And 3ou, myne awyn Tyrryanys, I command eik
Hallow this fest with blythnes and with joy,
Bair frendly falloschip to thir noblis of Troy.
This beand said, the cowpe with the rich wyne
Apon the burd scho blyssit, and eftir syne
With hir lyp first tharof tuke bot a taist,
And, carpand blythly, gaif it Bythyus in haist.
He merely ressavis the remand tays,
All owt he drank, and quhelmyt the gold on his face:
Syne al the nobillis tharof drank abowt;
I wil nocht say that ilkman playt cop owt.
Bot on his gylt harp berdyt Jopas,
Playand the gestis of the gret Atlas,
The monys change and oblique cowrs sang he,
And quhy the son eclipsis, as we se;
Quharof mankynd is maid he schew ful plane,
Quharof bestis, and quhat engendris rayn,
Quharof cummys thundir and fyry levyn;
The rany Hyades, quhilk ar the sternys sevyn,
And eik Arcturus, quhilk we cal the laid stern,
The dowbill Vrsys weil couth he decern;
And quhy the son, into the wyntir tyde,

Hastis in the sey sa fast his hede to hyde;
Quhy makis the nycht that tyme sa large delay,
And in somyr quhy sa lang is the day.
The gyld and ryot Tyrryanys dowblit for joy,
Syne the rerd followit of the 3onkeris of Troy:
Onhappy Dido alsso set all hir mycht
With sermondis seir forto prolong the nycht,
The langsum lufe drynkand inwart ful cald.
Full mony demand of Priam speir scho wald,
And questionys seir twichyng Hector alswa;
Now with quhais armour the son of Aurora
Come to the sege; and now inquir wald sche
Quhat kynd hors Diomedes had in the melle;
Quhou large of statur was fers Achillis.
Haue done, my gentill gest, sone tell ws this
Per ordour, says scho, fra the begynnyng, all
The dissait of the Grekis, and the fall
Of 3our pepill, and of Troy the rewyne;
Thi wandring be the way thou schaw ws syne;
For now the sevynt symmyr hyddir careis the,
Wilsum, and errant, throu euery land and see.

CAP. XII

*Eneas first excusys hym, and syne
Addressis to rehers Troys rewyne.*

Thai cessit all atanyis incontinent,
With mouthis clos, and vissage takand tent.
Prince Eneas, from the hie bed, with that,
Into hys sege ryall quhar he sat,
Begouth and sayd: Thi desyre, Lady, is
Renewing of ontellabill sorow, I wys;
To schaw how Grekis dyd spulze and distroy
The gret ryches and lamentabill realm of Troy:
And huge misery quhilk I thar beheld,
Quharof my self a gret part bayr and feld:
Quhat Myrmydon or Gregion Dolopes,
Or knycht wageour to cruel Vlixes,
Sik materis to rehers or 3it to heir,
Mycht thame conteyn fra weping mony a teir?
And now the hevin ourquhelmys the donk nycht,
Quhen the declynyng of the sternys brycht
To sleip and rest perswadis our appetite:
Bot sen thou hast sic plesour and delyte
To knaw our chancis, and fal of Troy in weyr,
And schortly the last end tharof wald heir,
Albeit my spreit abhorris, and doith grys,
Tharon forto remember, and oft sys
Murnand eschewis tharfra with gret dyseys,
3it than I sal begyn 3ow forto pleys.

THE PROLOUG OF THE SECUND BUKE

Dyrk beyn my muse with dolorus armony.
Melpomene, on the wald clerkis call
Fortill compyle this dedly Tragedy,
Twiching of Troy the subuersioun and fall;
Bot sen I follow the Poete principall,
Quhat nedis purches fenzeit termys new?
God grant me grace hym dyngly to ensew!

The drery fait with terys lamentabill
Of Troys sege wydequhar our all is song;
Bot followand Virgil, gif my wit war abill,
Ane othir wys now sall that bell be rong
Than euer was tofor hard in our tong.
Saturn, thou auld fader of malancoly,
Thyne is the cuyr my wofull pen to gy.

Harkis, Ladeis, 3our bewte was the caws;
Harkis, Knychtis, the wod fury of Mart;
Wys men, attendis mony sorofull claws;
And, 3e dyssavouris, reid heir 3our proper art;
And fynaly, to specify euery part,
Heir verifeit is that proverbe teching so,
All erdly glaidnes fynysith with wo.

THE SECUND BUKE OF ENEADOS

CAP. I

*Quhou the Grekis withdrew thame of the raid,
And of the mekill subtile hors thai maid.*

The Grekis chiftanys, irkit of the weir
Bypast or than sa mony langsum 3eir,
And oft rebutyt by fatale destany,
Ane huge hors, lyke ane gret hil, in hy
Craftely thai wrocht in wirschip of Pallas;
Of sawyn beche the ribbis forgyt was;
Fen3eand ane oblacioune, as it had be
For prosper returnyng hame in thair cuntre:
The voce this wys throu owt the cite woyk.
Of choys men syne, walit by cut, thai tuke
A gret numbyr, and hyd in bylgis dern
Within that best, in mony huge cavern;
Schortly, the belly was stuffit euery deill
Ful of knychtis armyt in plait of steill.
Thair standis into the sycht of Troy ane ile,
Weil knawin by name, hecht Tenedos vmquhile,
Myghty of gudis quhil Priamus ryng sa stude;

Now is it bot a fyrth in the sey flude,
A raid onsikkyr for schip or ballyngare.
In desert costis of this iland thar
The Grekis thame ful secretly withdrew;
We wenyng thame hame passit and adew,
And, with gude wynd, of Myce the realm had socht.
Quharfor al thai of Troy, blyth as thai mocht,
Thair langsum duyl and murnyng dyd away,
Kest vp the portis and yschit furth to play,
The Grekis tentis desyrus forto se,
And voyd placis quhar thai war wont tobe,
The cost and strandis left desert al cleyn.
Heir stude the army of Dolopeis, sum wald meyn,
Cruel Achil heir stentit his pailzeon;
Quhar stude the navy, lo the place 3onder down;
Heir the ostis war wont to joyn in feild.
And sum, wondring, the scaithfull gyft beheld
Suldbe offerit to the onweddit Pallas,
Thai mervellit fast the hors samekil was:
Bot Tymetes exortis first of all
It forto leid and draw within the wall,
And forto set it in the cheif palyce;
Quhiddel for dissait, I not, or for malyce,
Or destany of Troy wald sa suldbe.
Bot Capis than, with are othir men3e
Quhilk bettir avys thar myndis set apon,
Bad cast or drown into the sey onone
That suspek presand of the Grekis dissait,
Or kyndill tharvndir flambe of fyris hait,

Or forto rype that holkit huge belly,
And the hyd hyrnys to sers and weil espy.
Quhat nedis mair? the onstabill common voce
Diuidit was in mony seir purpos.
Quhen thidder come befor thame al onone,
Followand a gret rowt, the prest Laocon
From the cheif tempil rynnand in ful gret hy;
On far, O wrachit pepil, gan he cry,
Quhou gret wodnes is this at 3e now meyn,
3our ennymyis away salit gif 3e weyn,
Or gif 3e traist ony Grekis gyftis be
Withowt dissait, falshed and subtelte!
Knew 3e na bettir the quent Vlixes slycht?
Owder in this tre ar Grekis closit ful rycht,
Or this engyne is byggit to our skaith,
To wach our wallis and our byggynys bath,
Or to confound and ourquhelm our cite;
Thar lurkis sum falshed tharin, trastis me;
Lippyn nocht, Troianys, I pray 3ou, in this hors;
Quhow euer it be, I dreid the Grekis fors,
And thame that sendis this gyft always I feir.
Thus sayand, with al his strenth a gret speir
At the syde of that bysnyng best threw he,
And in jonyngis of the thrawyn wame of tre
Festynnyt the lance, that trymlyng gan to schaik;
The braid belly schudderit, and with the straik
The boys cavys sowndit and maid a dyn.
And had nocht beyn that owder his wit was thyn,
Or than the fatis of goddis war contrary,

He had assayt, but ony langar tary,
Hyd Grekis covert with irne to haue rent owt;
Than suld thou, Troy, haue standyn 3it, but dowl,
And the prowde palyce of Kyng Priamus
Suld haue remanyt 3it ful gloryus.

CAP. II

*The takyng of the tresonabill Synon,
And of hys fenzeit wordis mony one.*

Lo, the ilk tyme, harland onto the kyng
Troiane hyrdis with gret clamour dyd bryng
A 3ong man, baith his handis behynd his bak
Hard bundyn, that wilfully forto be tak
Rendrit hym self, onknawyn the caws quhy,
Forto perform his deid mair secretly;
By stowt curage reddy to athir of tway,
Owder to bryng hys slycht to gude assay,
Or faillyng tharof, dowlles reddy to de
Les than to Grekis he oppynnyt the cite.
On ather part hym to behald atany
Fast flokkis about a multitude 3ong Troianys,
Byssy to knak and pul the presoneir.
Now the dissait of Grekis may 3e heir,

And all thar falshed lern by this a slycht.
For, also fast in myddis of al our sycht
As that drery onarmyt wyght was stad,
And with eyn blent about, semyng ful rad,
Behaldand Troiane rowtis on athir hand,
Alace, quod he, wald God some erd, or sand,
Or sum salt sey dyd swelly me alyve!
Quhat other thing now restis to me catyve,
Quhamto sal nevir amang Grekis agane
A place be fundyn suythly to remane?
And maratour, Troianys, offendyt eik,
To sched my blude by paynful deth dois seik.
With this regrait our hartis sterit to piete,
All molestatioune cessit and lattyn be,
We hym exort rehers, and tobe bald,
Of quhat lynnage he was, and quhat he wald,
And to ramembir, gude hope of ferm supple
Happynnys oft to presoneris in captiuite.
He, at the last, this fenzeit dreid dyd away,
And on this wys onone begouth to say;
Forsuyth, Schir kyng, I sal, quhat euer betyde,
Grant to the all the verite, and nocht hyde,
Nor, be na ways, me lyst nocht to deny
That of the Grekis menze ane am I.
Thys principaly I wald thou vndyrstude;
Thocht frawart fortoun miserabill and bayr of gude
Has maid Synon, sche sal nocht mak hym als,
Quhat euer he says, nowder lear nor fals.
Gyf euer onto 3our eris come the name,

The hie wirschip, and the renownyt fame
Of Palamedes, from Belus blude discend,
Quham Grekis by fals traysoun, as weil is kend,
Throw corrupt witnes stanyt to ded, but les,
For he the weir forbad and procurit pes;
Now murn thai for his dede; and with hym heir
In falloschip, my puyr fader in weir
Send me of 3outh, as to hym neir of blude.
Quhil in prosperite of the realm he stude,
And Grekis ryng by counsale was rewlit wysly,
Sum name of wyschip and autorite bair I:
Bot efter that by envy and haitrent
Of the fals flechand Vlixes sa quent,
I iape not, for that I say weyll I knaw;
Fra he was slane, allace, and brocht of daw,
Dolorus my lyfe I led in sturt and pane,
Hevyly weyand my innocent frende thus slane.
Ses couth I nocht, bot in my franacy,
Gyf euer I happit my tyme forto espy,
And victour haue returnyt onto Arge,
I hecht to be revengit: with wordis large
Thus I prouokit scharp feid and malyce baith.
To me this was fyrst apperans of skaith.
From thens fordwart, Vlixes mair and mayr
With new crymys begouth affray me sair,
And dangerus rumour amang the commonys hedis
Skalit and sew of me in diuers stedis,
And, knawying hym self gylty, by hys consait
Grathit hys wapynys of slycht and fals dissait;

Nor cessit he neuer his purpos to persew
Quhil the solysting of Calcas I mycht rew:
Bot quhart to tell I or rehersis this,
That be na ways displesis 3ou, I wys?
Quhy tary I my deth? and 3e lyst, stryke;
Gyf that 3e favour all the Grekis elyke,
This is enewch at 3e haue hard of me:
Now haist my pane, sen algatis I mon de.
Vlixes, quhilk is kyng of Ithacy,
Wald it war swa, and with gret price wald by
My deth Agamemnon als, and Menalay.
Than hastit we, and brynt to heir hym say,
Desyrus all the maner forto heir,
Mysknawying the gret iniquiteis seir
And sle craftis of Grekis in euery deid.
He quakand than, as it had bene for dreid,
Begouth forto tell furth the remanent,
Sayand on this wys, with ful dissemlyt entent:
The Grekis oft in purpos war and will
To fle from Troy and leif it standand still,
And, wery of thar lang weir, pas away;
Wald God swa thai had done syne mony a day!
The seys rage and storm thame stoppit oft,
And from thar passage the north wynd onsoft
Held thame abak, in angwys and in feir;
And princypaly now, sen this hors was heir
Of hattyр gestis beldit vp, but dowt,
The stormy clowdis our al the ayr gan rowt.
We, dowtyng heiron, send the preste Erypilus

Answer to seik at the tempill of Phebus,
And from the secret oratory, suyth to sayn,
Thir soroful tythyngis he ws brocht agane:
With blude and by the slauchtir of a maid,
Grekis, 3e mesyt the wyndis first, he said,
Quhen that 3e come of Troy to the cuntre;
3our haym passage by blude mon fundyn be,
And haue 3our askyn by deth of a Gregyoun.
Quhen to the commonys eris ran the sown
Of thir wordis, with myndis affrayit, atany
The cauld dreid ran in throu thar banys,
For feir quhamto was schape this destanye,
Or quho it was Apollo desyrit to die.
Vlixes than, amang thame, with gret dyn,
Calcas the gret dyvynour has brocht in,
And bissely at hym inquiris he,
By respons of the goddis, quha suld de.
Than mony ane demyt to me, ful rycht,
The cruel wraik of that dissaitful slycht,
And quyetly persavit how it wald wend.
This Calcas held his tong ten days to end,
Kepand secret and cloys al his entent,
Refusyng with his word ony to schent,
Or to pronounce the deth of ony wyght:
Skars at the last, throu gret clamour and slyght
Of Vlixes constrenyt, but mair abaid,
As was devisit, the laith word furth braid,
And me adiudgit to send to the altare.
Tharto alhail the Grekis assentit are,

And sufferit glaidly so the mater pas;
Quhar as tofor eueryane tobasyt was
For hym selwyn, tho blyth was page and knycht
The chance returnyt on a catyfe wyght.
Cummyn was the duyflful day that doith me grys,
Quhen that of me suld be maid sacryfye,
With salt melder, as weil the gyis is kend,
Abowt my heide a garland or a bend.
I grant that from the deth my self I fred,
The bandis I brast, and fast away syne fled
Ontil a muddy marras, quhar, the dyrk nycht,
Amang the ryp and redis out of sycht
Full law I lurkit, quhil vp salys drew thai,
Gif thai perchance be 3it passit away.
Now restis thar na hope; allace, fell me!
My natyve cuntre sal I neuer se,
Nor deir childryng, nor fader weil belovit,
Quham, as I traist, the Grekis, all ammovit
For myne eschaping, turment sal with pane;
Thai, saykles wyghtis, sal for my gilt be slane.
Quharfor, Schir king, be the hie goddis abufe,
And thar mychtis that trewth best knawis and lufe,
And by the faith onfylit, and leil lawte,
Gyf it with mortale folkis may fundyn be,
Haue rewth and piete on sa feil harmys smart,
And tak compassioun in thi gentill hart;
Apon my wrechit sawle haue sum mercy
That gyltles sufferis sik dyseys wrangwisly.

CAP. III

*3yt of the traytowris fals controvyt slycht,
That was belevit, allace! with euery wyght.*

Pardon and lyfe to thir terys geif we,
Quod Priamus, and mercy grantis fre.
And, first of all, the mannykillis and hard bandis
Chargit he lows of this ilk manis handis;
With frendly wordis syne thus onto hym said,
Quhat evir thou art, beis mery and glaid,
For3et the Grekis that lost ar and away,
From thens fordwart thou salbe owris, perfay.
Bot schaw trewly this a thing I inquer,
Onto quhat fyne this huge hors was heir,
Of sa gret statur beldit vp on hie:
Quha wrocht the wark? quhat may it signyfie?
Quhat is it? ane offerand of sum halynes?
Or sum engyne of batale? as I ges,
Said Priamus. Bot than the tother wight,
Ful weil instrukit of Grekis art and slycht,
Lowsit and laitly fred of al his bandis,
Onto the starnys hevit vp his handis:
O 3he, quod he, euerlestand lampis brycht,
And 3our dyvyne power and 3our gret mycht,

That aucht not beyn forsworn, I testefy;
And 3ou altaris, and cruel swordis, quham I
Am eschapit, and al 3ou goddis wys
Quhais garlandis bair I as 3our sacryfys,
Leiffull is now to brek, but mair abaid,
The sworn promys that I to Grekis maid;
Leiffull is eik tha pepill fortill hait,
And schaw furth planely al at euer I wait,
Thar hyd slycht als to rype furth to the grund:
To na cuntre nor lawis am I bund.
Sa mot thou, Troy, quham I sal salue fra skayth,
Kepe me thy promys and thi lawte baith,
As I sal schaw the verite ilke deill,
And for my lyfe sal rendir 3ou a gret weill.
The Grekis trast and comfort, mony 3heris,
From the begynnyng of thir mortale weris,
On Pallas help stude haille this towne to get:
Bot efter that Thedeus, wareit get,
With Vlixes, fyndar of wykkytnes,
The fatale rellyk of Palladium, I ges,
Furth of hir tempill, and the hallowit hald,
To reif away forsabillly war so bald,
And sla the wachis of the cheif castell,
The haly ymage, grysly forto tell,
Pollute and fylit, and with thar bludy handis
Hir vyrgyne valis and blissit godly garlandis
Presumyt twich; sen syne has euermair
Bakwart of Grekis the hope went and weillfair;
Thar mychtis and thar strenthis feblit fast:

So frawart thame hir mynd this god hes kast
That with na dowtsum takynnys, ma than twa,
Hir greif furth schew this ilke Trytonia.
Skarsly the statw was in thar tempill vpset,
Quhen all hir membris bittir terys swet;
Hir eyn glowit as ony gleid for ire,
Quharfra thar flaw mony sparkis of fyre;
A teyrful thing, and wonderfull to tell;
Thrys schynyng down on the grond scho fell,
Hyr targe trymlyng, and schakyng fast hir speir.
Onone, al most 3e wend to sey infeir,
Cryis Calcas, nor Grekis instrument
Of Troy the wallis sal neuer hurt ne rent,
Les than agane the land of Arge be socht,
With alkyn portage quhilk was hydder brocht
In barge or bilgeit ballyngare our see:
The goddes mon be mesit als, quod he.
And now, set thai, with this ilke wynd, haue socht
Thar land of Grece or Myce, this is thar thocht,
To graith thar armour and wapynnys by and by,
And, with supple of goddis in cumpany,
In haist forto return agane our see;
Or 3e beyn war, apon 3ou will thai be.
Thus al per ordour declaris thame Calcas,
At quhais monicioun als vp biggit was
This bustuus form, in lyknes of a hors,
For Palladium, and to appeis the fors
Of the goddes, and into recompens
Of thar wrachit and dolorus offens.

And mairatour, of sa huge quantite
Calcas commandis beld this statw of tre,
Thus large and gret, weil neir the hevyn on hycht,
So at the portis it ne entyr myght,
Nor 3it be brocht within 3our wallys wyde,
Nor 3our pepill favour, help, nor gyde
Eftir the auld relligioun and vsage.
For gif 3our handis had violet, in 3our rage,
This haly presand of the god Mynerve,
Gret wraik suld follow that al suld 3e sterve,
Priamus ryng distroyit, and al 3our pelf;
Quhilk destany goddis turn rather in hym self!
Bot gif this ilk statw, standis heir wrocht,
War with 3our handis into the cite brocht,
Than schew he that the pepil of Asya,
But ony obstakill, in fell batale suld ga,
Bet down the townys of Arge that regioun,
And the sam fait happyn our successioun.
By sik wylis and slychtis, mony one,
Of fals controvit and maynsworn Synone,
The mater is belevit with all it heris;
And takyn ar, by dissait and fen3eit teris,
Tha pepil quham the son of Thedeus,
Nor fers Achilles, clepit Larysseus,
Nor Grece ten 3heris in batale mycht ourcum,
Nor 3it the thousand schippis al and sum.

CAP. IV

*Quhou stranglit was the prest hecht Laocon,
And how the hors clam our the wallis of stone.*

Betyd, the ilke tyde, a fer grettar woundir,
And mair dreidful to catyvis be sik hunder,
Quhilk of Troianys trublit mony onwarnyt breste.
As Laocon, that was Neptunus prest,
And chosyn by kavill onto that ilk office,
A fair gret bull offerit in sacrifice
Solemnly befor the haly alteir,
Throw the styl sey, from Tenedos, infeir,
Lo! twa gret lowpit edderis, with mony thraw,
Fast throu the flude toward the land gan draw.
My spreit abhorris this mater to declare;
Abufe the watir thar hals stude euermare,
With bludy crestis owtwith the wallis hie;
The remanent swam al ways vnder see,
With grysly bodeis lynkit mony fald;
The salt fame stowris from the fard thai hald:
Onto the grund thai glaid with glowand eyn
Stuffit full of venom, fyre, and fellow teyn,
Wyth tongis quhislyng in thar mowthis red
Thai lyk the twynkland stangis in thar hed.

We fled away al bludeles for affeire;
Bot, wyth a braid, to Laocon infeire
Thai start atany; and hys twa sonnys 3yng
First athir serpent lappit lyke a ryng,
And, with thar cruell byt and stangis fell,
Of tendir membris tuke mony sary morcell;
Syne thai the prest invadit, baith twane,
Quhilk with hys wapynnys dyd hys byssy pane
His childryng forto helpyn and reskew.
Bot thai about hym lowpit in wympillis threw,
And twys cyrkyllit his myddil rownd about,
And twys faldis thar sprutlit skynnys, but dowl,
About hys hals; bath nek and hede thai schent:
As he etlys thar hankis to haue rent
Of with his handis, and thame away haue draw,
Hys hed bendis and garlandis all war blaw
Ful of vennom and rank poyson atany,
Quhilk infekkis the flesch, blude, and banys.
And tharwith eik sa horribilly schowtis he,
His cryis dynnyt to the sternys on hie;
Lyke as a bull doith rummysing and rayr,
Quhen he eschapis hurt from the altair,
And charris by the ax with his nek wight,
Gif on his forhed the dynt hyttis nocht rycht.
Syne thir twa serpentis hastely glaid away;
Onto the cheif tempil fled ar thai,
Of stern Pallas to the hallowit place,
And crap in vnder the feit of the goddes,
Hyd thame behynd the boys of hir bukleir.

Than trymlit thar mony stowt hart for feir,
The onkowth dreid into thar brestis crap:
All said, Laocon justly, sik was his hap,
Has deir ybocht his wikkit and schrewit deid,
For he the haly hors or stalwart steid
With violent strake presumyt forto deir,
And tharintil to fessyn his cursit speir.
Onto the hallowit sted bryng in, thai cry,
The gret fygur, and lat ws sacryfy
The haly goddes, and magnify hyr mycht
With orysonys and offerandis day and nycht.
Quhat wil 3e mair? the barmkyn down we rent,
And wallis of our cite we maid patent;
Onto that wark al sped thame bissely;
Turnand quhelis thai set in, by and by,
Vndir the feit of this ilke bysnyng jaip;
Abowt the nek knyrt mony bassyn raip:
This fatale monstre clam our the wallis then,
Gret wamyt, and stuffit ful of armyt men;
And tharabout ran childer and madis 3yng,
Syngand karrellis and dansand in a ryng;
Ful weil war thame, and glaid was euery wight,
That with thar hand anys twich the cordis mycht.
Furth drawyn haldis this suttell hors of tre,
And mannysand slydis throu the myd cite.
O natyve cuntre, and rial realm of Troy!
O goddis hows Ilion ful of joy!
O worthy Troiane wallis chevalrus!
Four tymys stoppyt that monstre peralus,

Evin at the entre of the portis wyde,
And four sys the armour, that ilk tyde,
Clynkit and rang amynd the large belly;
Bot netheles, intil our blynd fury,
For3etting this, instantly we wirk,
And forto drug and draw wald neuer irk,
Quhil that myschancy monstre, quently bet,
Amynd the hallowit tempill vp was set.
Cassandra than the fatis to cum tald plane,
Bot, by command of Phebus, al was in vane;
For thocht scho spayit the suthe, and maid na bowrd,
Quhat euer scho said Troianys trowit nocht a word.
The tempillis of goddis and sanctuaryis all,
We fey pepill, allace! quhat say I sall?
Quhamtill this was the duyfull lattir day,
With festuale flowris and bewys, as in May,
Dyd weil anorn, and fest and ryot maid
Throu owt the town, and for myscheif was glaid.

CAP. V

*Grekis entrys by trayson in the cite,
And how Hector apperis till Ene.*

Wyth this, the hevyn sa quhyrlit about his speir

Out of the sey the dym nycht gan appeir,
With hir dyrk weid bath erth and firmament
Involwyng, by hir secret schaddowis quent
Covering Gregion and Myrmydonys slyght;
Within the wallis to bed went euere wyght:
Still warin all, and soft vapour of sleip
Apon thar wery lymmys fast doith creip.
Be than the army of mony a Gregioun,
Stuffit in schippis, come fra Tenedon,
Stil, vnder frendly sylens of the moyn,
To the kend costis speding thame ful soyn;
And quhen the takynnyng, or the bail of fyre,
Rays from the kyngis schip, vp byrnand schyre,
Of the goddis be frawart destany
Synon preservit couth this syng aspy;
The fyrryn closeris oppynnys, but noys or dyn,
And Grekis, hyd the horssis cost within,
Patent war maid to fight and to the ayr.
Joyfull and blyth, from that boys statw thar,
Discending thai downlat by cordis atany
Thersander and Sthenelus, twa capitanys,
The dowr Vlixes als, and Athamas,
Pelyus nevo Pyrrus, and kyng Thoas,
The first Machaon, and Menelaus,
And the engyne forgyar hait Epeus;
The cite thai invaid, and fast infest,
With wyne and sleip yberyit and at rest.
Slane ar the wachis liggyng on the wall;
Opnyt the portis, leyt in thar feris all,

Togidder jonyt euery cumpany:
Throu the cite sone rays the noys and scry.
Thys was that tyme quhen the fyrst quyete
Of naturale sleip, to quham na gyft mair swete,
Stelis on fordoverit mortale creaturis,
And in thar swewynnys metis quent figuris.
Lo! in my sleip, I se stand me befor,
As to my syght, maist lamentabil Hector,
Wyth large flude of teris, and al besprent,
As he, vmquhile, eftyr the cart was rent,
With barknyt blude and powder: O God, quhat skath!
Boldynnyt ful gret war feit and lymmys baith,
By bandis of the cordis quhilk thame drewch.
Ha! walloway! quhat harm and wo eneuch!
Quhat ane was he! how far changit from joy
Of that Hector, quhilum returnyt to Troy,
Cled with the spulze of hym Achillys,
Or quhen the Troiane fyry blesis, I wys,
On Grekis schippis, thyk fald he slang that day
Quhen that he slew the Duke Prothesylay!
Hys fax and berd was fadyt quhar he stude,
And all hys hayr was glotnyt ful of blude;
Full mony woundis on his body bayr he,
Quhilk, in defens of hys natyve cuntre,
About the wallys of Troy ressavyt he had.
Me thocht, I first, wepyng and na thing glaid,
Rycht reuerently begouth to clepe this man,
And with sik dolorus wordis thus began:
O thou, of Troy the lemand lamp of lycht!

O Troiane hope, maist ferm defens in fyght!
Quhat has the tareit? quhy maid thou this delay,
Hector, quham we desyrit mony a day?
From quhat cuntre this wys cummyn art thou?
That, eftir feil slauchter of thi frendis now,
And of thi folkis and cite efter huge payn,
Quhen we beyn irkit, we se the heir agayn!
Quhat hard myschance fylyt so thi plesand face?
Or quhy se I tha feil woundis, allace!
Onto thir wordis he nane answer maid,
Nor to my voyd demandis na thyng said,
Bot with ane hevy murmour, as it war draw
Furth of the boddum of his breste weil law,
Allace! allace! thou goddes son, quod he,
Salf thi self from this fyre, and fast thou fle;
Our ennemys has thir worthy wallys tane;
Troy from the top down fallys, and all is gane.
Enewch has lestit of Priamus the ryng,
The fatis wil na mair it induryng.
Gif Pargama, the Troiane wallys wyght,
Mycht langar haue beyn fendit into fyght,
With this rycht hand thai suld haue be defendit;
Adew! fair weil! for euer it is endit.
In thi keping committis Troy, but les,
Hir kyndly goddis clepit Penates;
Tak thir in falloschip of thi fatis all,
And large wallis for thame seik thou sall,
Quhilk at the last thi self sall beld vp hie,
Eftir lang wandryng and errour our the see.

Thus said Hectour, and schew furth in his handis
The dreidfull valis, wymplis, and garlandis
Of Vesta, goddes of the erth and fyre,
Quhilk in hir tempil eternaly byrnys schyre.

CAP. VI

*Quhou Eneas the trayson did persave,
And quhat debait he maid the town to save.*

In seyr placis throu the cite, wyth this,
The murmur rays, ay mair and mair, I wys,
And clerar wolx the rumour and the dyne:
So that, suppos Anchysis my faderis In
With treys abowt stude secrete by the way,
So bustuus grew the noys and furyus fray,
And ratlyng of thar armour on the streit,
Affrayit, I glystnyt of sleip, and start on feit;
Syne to the hows hed ascendis onone,
With eris prest stude thar als stil as stone.
A sownd or swowch I hard thar at the last,
Lyke quhen the fyre, be fellow wyndis blast,
Is drevyn amynd the flat of cornys rank;
Or quhen the burn on spait hurlys down the bank,
Owder throu a watir brek, or spait of flude,

Ryvand vp rede erd, as it war wod,
Down dyngand cornys, all the pleuch laubour atanys,
And dryvis on swyftly stokkis, treis and stanys:
The sylly hyrd, seand this grysly syght,
Set on a pynnakill of sum cragis hycht,
Al abasit, nocht knawand quhat this may meyn,
Wondris of the sovnd and ferly at he has seyn.
Rychtso I than, by cleyr takynnys enew,
Manifestly al the Grekis falded knew;
Thair hyd dissait wolx patent than to ws.
The nobil luyng of worthy Deyphobus
Was fal to grond, the fyre vpspred onone;
The nixt hows byrnys of Vcalegon:
The large seys and costis Sygean,
Throu lycht of flambis and brycht fyris, schane.
Vpsprang the cry of men and trumpys blist:
As out of mynd, myne armour on I thryst,
Thocht be na rayson: persave I mycht, but fail,
Quhat than the fors of armys couth avail;
3it, hand for hand, to thryng out throw the pres
With my feris, and rynnyng or we ces
To the castel, our hartis brynt for desyre;
The fury cachit our myndis hait as fyre,
So that we thocht maist semly in a feld
To de feghtand, enarmyt vnder scheld.
Bot lo! Panthus, slippit the Grekis speris,
Panthus Othriades son, that, mony 3heris,
Was of the strenth, and Phebus tempill preste,
Into his armys, lappit to his breist,

The haly rellykkis of the sanctuary,
And eik our venquist goddis, by and by
With hym beryng, and, in his hand also,
Harlyng hym efter his litil nevo,
Cummys lyke a wodman til our 3et rynnyng.
How now, Panthus, quhat tythingis do 3e bryng?
In quhat estait is sanctuary and haly geir?
To quhilk other fortres sall we speir?
Skars said I this, quhen, gowlyng petuusly,
With thir wordis he answerd me in hy:
The lattir day is cummyn of Dardanus end,
The fatale tyme quham na walyng may mend;
We war Troianys; vmquhile was Ilion;
The schynand glory of Phrygianys now is gone:
Fers Jupiter to Grece all has translait;
Our al the cite, kyndillit in flambis hait,
The Grekis now ar lordis but ony fors.
Within the wallis, 3one mekil standand hors
3ettis furth armyt men; and now Synon
Is victour haill, kyndilland eueron
The new fyris glaidly, as it war sport.
At athir 3et beyn ruschit in sik a sort,
Sa mony thousandis come neuer from Myce nor Arge;
Sum cumpanyis, with speris, lance and targe,
Walkis wachand in rewis and narow stretis;
Arrayit batalis, with drawyn swerdis at gletis,
Standis reddy forto styk, gor and sla:
Skarsly the wachis of the portis twa
Begouth defens and melle as thai mycht,

Quhen blyndlyngis in the batail fey tha fyght.
Throu thir wordis of Panthus, and goddis heste,
Amyd the flambis and armour in I preste;
Ruschand thidder quhar sorofull Erynnyys,
The noys and brute me drew, and quhar, I wys,
The clamour hard I rys vp to the ayr.
And of our fallowis to me come twa pair:
Repheus fyrst, be the lycht of the moyn,
Valiant in armys Ephitus followit soyn;
Hypanys syne, and eik Dymas in hy,
Fast to our syde adionyt by and by;
Mygdoneus son alsso, Chorebus 3yng,
Quhilk in tha days, for fey luf hait byrnyng
Of Cassandra, to Troy was cummyn that 3eir,
To help Priam and Troianys in the weir;
Onhappy he was, wald not beleif fermly
Hys sayd spowsis command and prophecy!
Quhen I thame saw this wys adionyt to me,
And wilful forto stryke in the melle,
Thus I begouth thame forthirmar to steir:
O 3e maist forsy 3ong men that beyn heir,
Wyth brestis strang, and sa bald curage hie,
Invayn 3e pres to succur this cite
Quhilk byrnys al in fyre and flambyys rede;
The goddis al ar fled out of this stede,
Throu quhais mycht stude our empyre mony day:
Now all thar templis and altaris waist leif thai.
Bot gif 3our desyre be sa fermly prest
To follow me dar tak the vtyrmest,

Quhat fortune is betyd, al thingis 3e se;
Thar is na mair; lat ws togidder de,
And in amyd our ennemyis army schute.
To venquist folkis is a comfort and bute
Nane hope of help to beleif, or reskew.
Swa, with thir wordis, the 3ong menis curage grew,
That in the dyrk lyke ravenus wolffis, on rawis,
Quham the blynd fury of thar empty mawis
Dryvis furth of thar den to seik thar pray,
Thar litil quhelpis left with dry throtis quhil day;
So, throw the wapynnys and our fays went we,
Apon the ded ondowtit, and wald nocht fle.
Amyd the cite we held the master streit,
The dyrk nycht hyd ws with cloys schaddowis meit.

CAP. VII

*The woful end, per ordour, heir, allace!
Followys of Troy, and gestis of Eneas.*

Quha sal the harmys of that woful nycht
Expreme? or quha with tong to tell hes mycht
Sa feil ded corsis as thar lyis slane?
Or, thocht in cace thai weip quhil teris rayn,
Equally may bewail tha sorowis all?

The ancyant, worthy cite down is fall,
That mony 3eris held hie sen3eory:
Stekit in stretis heir and thar thai ly,
Feil corsis ded of mony onweldy wyght,
Dung down in howsis, fey thai fal all nycht.
In sanctuarys and templis of goddis eik;
Na quhar mercy nor succur mycht thai seik.
And not only of Troianys, throu owt the town,
The blude is sched, thus marthyrit and slane down,
Bot sum tyme eik to thame, ourcummyn and schent,
Agane returnys in brestis hardyment,
So that sum Grekis victoris war smyte ded.
Cruel womenting occupyit euery steid;
Our alquhar dreid, our alquhar wo and cayr,
And of the deth feil gastly schaddowis thair.
Bot first enconteris ws Androgeus,
With a gret cumpany of the Gregyus,
Onwarly wenyng his fallowis we hadbe;
In haymly wordis to ws thus carpis he:
Haist 3ou, matis, quhat slewth tareit 3ou thus lait?
Our other feris rubbis, tursyng away, fut hait,
The spreith of Troy, quhilk now is brynt to gledis,
And 3e, fyrst from 3our schippis now 3ou spedis.
Thus said he, quhen that, suddanly and onone,
He felt hym self happynnyt amynd his foyn,
For we hym gave answer not traist enewch.
Estonyt with the word, abak he drewch:
As quha onwar tred on a rowch serpent
Lyggyng in the bus, and for feir bakwart sprent,

Seand hir, reddy to stang and to infek,
Set vp hir vennamus 3allo boldyn nek;
On the sammyn wys, Androgeus, of our syght
Gretly effrayt, fled in al his mycht.
On thame we schot, and in thar myd rowt duschit,
Hewit, hakkit, smate down, and al to fruschit
Tha fey Gregionys, on ilk syde heir and thair,
With dreid ourset, and wist not quhar thai war.
The first lawbour thus lukkit weil with ws.
Joyus in hart of this chance Chorebus,
O 3e feris, hald furth this way, quod he,
Quhar forton first has schawyn ws sik supple;
Hald thidder quhar our manhed has ws taucht;
Now lat ws change scheildis, sen we beyn sawcht,
Grekis ensen3eis do we cowntyrfeit;
Quhidder by slycht, or strenth of armys gret,
A man ourcum his ennemy, quha rakkis?
Thai sal ws rendir thir harnes of thar bakkis.
And sayand thus, Androgeus cristit helm
He hynt in hy, and our his hed gan quhelm;
His schynand scheild with his bawgy tuk he,
And hang a Gregioun swerd down by his the.
Syklyke dyd Rypheus, my self eik, and Dymas,
And all the other 3ong men at thar was;
Ful glaidly in that recent spul3e warm
Belyfe ilk man dyd thame self enarm.
Amang the Grekis mydlit than went we,
Not with our awyn takyn nor deite;
Mony debatis and onsettis haue we done,

And, throu the silens of the nycht, ondone
Feil of the Grekis, and send to hell adown.
Ane other menze fled fast out of town
To thar schippis, and tha traist costis nyce;
Sum part also, for schaymfull cowardyce,
Clam vp agane in the gret horssis maw,
And hyd thame in that belly weilbeknaw.
Allace! onleifull is ony man to weyn,
Contrar the plesour of goddis, ocht may sustene.
Lo! Priamus dochtir, the virgyne Cassandra,
Was, from the tempill and sete of Mynerva,
Drawyn forsabillly bairhed, with hayr down schake,
Reuthfully invane behaldand hevyn, alake!
With glotnyt eyn; for baith hir tendir handis
War strenzeit sayr, ybondyn hard with bandis.
This dolorus syght Chorebus mycht nocht se,
Bot ruschit with furyus mynd in the melle,
Reddy to de, and we all followit fast,
Amang glavys and armour in we thrust.
Heir war we fyrst to fruschit and hard byset,
With dartis and with stanys all to bet
By owr awyn feris from the templis hycht;
A miserabil slauchtir thar begouth that nycht.
The portratour of armys was mysknaw,
All war bot Grekis tymbrellis at thai saw.
Als quhat for walyng of irus wordis fell
Agane reskewit said by the damycell,
Grekis flokkis togidder heir and thar,
And ombesettis cruelly and sayr;

The fellon Ajax, and athir Atrides,
And al the rowtis clepit Dolopes.
Lyke as, sum tyme, the fers wyndis 3e se,
3epherus, Nothus, and Eurus, all thre
Contrarius blaw thar bustuus bubbys with byr,
The woddis rerdis, bath ayk, elm, and fyr
Ourturnys to grond, and Nereus the fomy
From the sey grond wod wraith is cachit in hy:
On siklyke wys the Grekis ws invadit.
For than thai alls that fled war and evadit,
Throu the dyrk nycht, quhen sum thar feris slew we.
And thame had chasit throw owt all the cite,
Thai war the first come now to do ws deir;
Our fen3eit scheildis, wapynys, and other geir
Ful weil thai knew, and, by our vocis eik,
Thai notyfy that nane of ws was Greik.
By multitude and nowmyr apon ws set
All 3eid to wraik, thar war we hail doune bet;
And first of all, down smyte is Chorebus
By the rycht hand of Greik Peneleus,
Befor the altare of armipotent Pallas:
Rypheus down fell, ane the maist just man was,
Amang Troianys best kepan and equite;
Bot other ways the goddis thocht suldbe:
Hypanys eik, and Dymas than alssua
War by thar fallowis throw gyrd bath twa:
Nor 3it the, Panthus, quhen that thou fell down,
Thy gret pety, and godly religioun,
Nor habyt of Apollo hyd from skayth.

O 3e cald assys of Troy, and flawmys baith,
And extreme end of cuntre folkis, heir I
Drawis 3ow to witnes, and doys testify,
Quhen that 3e fell to grund thus and war slane,
I nowder sparit wapynnys, strenth, nor pane,
Nor nane onset eschewit of Grekis mycht;
And gif fatis wald I had fallyn in fyght,
Thar with my handis wrocht I worth my ded.
Bot with the pres we war relit of that sted:
Only with me Hyphitus and Pelyas;
For age Hyphitus waik and febill was,
And Pelyas slawly mycht onethis go,
By Vlixes for he was woundit so.

CAP. VIII

*Quhou to the Kyngis palyce sped Ene,
That syne was take, thar helpit na suple.*

Onone onto the palyce of Priamus
The schowtis and the cryis callys ws.
Thar was ane hyd wys batale forto seyn,
As thar nane other bargane ayr had beyn,
Lyke as nane slane war throu all the cite,
Sa wod ondantit melle thar we se:

The Grekis ruschand to the thak on hyght,
So thik thai thrang about the portis all nycht,
That lyke a wall thai ombeset the 3ettis;
Vp to the syd wallys mony leddyr sett is,
Quharon thai preys fast our the rufe to speill,
Coverit with scheildis agane the dartis feill
Thar left hand heich abuf thar hed gan hald,
And oft with rycht handis grypp the battalyng wald.
Troianys agane, schaping defens to mak,
Rent turettis doune, and of hows hedis the thak;
Quhen all wes lost thai se, at lattyr end,
With sik wapynnys thai schupe thame to defend;
The gilt sperris, and gestis gold begane
Down on thame slyng thai, and mony costly stane,
The prowde and ryall werkis of faderis ald.
And other sum, law down within that hald,
With drawyn swerdis stude reddy to kepe the 3et;
In a thik rowt tharat was mony set.
Our spretis war restoryt, and curage grew
The kyngis palyce to succur, and reskew
The men tharin with all help and supple,
To strenthing thame war venquyst neyr, we se.
A small wykket thar was, or entre dern,
A litil 3et clepit a postern,
On the bak half Priamus palyce almaist,
Amang byggynnys stude desolate and waist;
Quharat was wont alane Andromocha
To entir oft to Priam and Hecuba,
And Astyanax, hir 3ong son, with hir bring

Onto his grandsyre Priamus the kyng.
Tharat I enterit, and to the wallys hyght
Vpwent, quhar wrachit Troianys, as thai mycht,
Threw down dartis, thocht all was bot in waist.
We start until a hie turate in haist,
The top vpstrekand to the starnys hie,
Quharon we wont war al Troy forto se,
The Grekis schippis, and thar tentis eik.
With instrumentis of irne we pyke, and seik
Round al about quhar the jonyngis war worn,
Reddy to fall, and corbalys al to torn;
We holk and mynd the corneris for the nanys,
Quhil down belive we tumbil it al atanys;
A fellon rusch it maid, and sownd with all,
And large on breid our Grekis rowtis dyd fall;
Bot sone ane other sort start in thar stedis:
Nowder stanys, nor quarellis with scharp hedis,
Nor na kynd of wapynnys war sparit than.
And first of al, befor the porch inran
Hard to the entre, in schynyng plait and mail,
Pyrrus, with wapynnys fersly to assaill:
Lyke to the edder, with schrewit herbis fed,
Cummyn furth to lycht, and on the grond lyis spred,
Quham wynter lang hyd vnder the cald erd;
Now slippit hir slowch with schynand skyn new breird,
Hir slydry body in hankis rownd al run,
Heich vp hir nek strekand forgane the son,
With forkit tong intyll hir mouth quytterand.
To the assalt with Pyrrus come at hand

Periphas, and Automedon his squyer
Was wont to govorn Achilles cart in weir,
And al the sensabill men of Scyrrya
Bownys our the wallis and howsis hedis alswa,
And fyre blesis abuf the rufe garris fle.
Bot first of al, ane stalwart ax hynt he,
The stern Pyrrus, to hew and brek the 3et,
And furth of har the stapillis has he bet,
And bandis all of bras yforgyt weill:
Be that in twa the master bar ilk deill
Is al tofruschit; syne the hard burdis he hakkis,
And throu the 3et are large wyndo makkis,
By the quhilk slop the place within apperis,
The wyde hallys wolx patent al infeiris
Of Priamus and ancyant kyngis of Troy;
Secret throwgangis ar schawyn wont to be quoy;
Armyt men se thai stand at the first port.
Bot than throw owt the inner palyce, at schort,
With duyful scryke and walyng al is confoundit;
The holl howsis 3owlit and resowndit
For womentyng of ladeis and wemen;
The clamour vpstrak to the starnys then.
The woful moderis ran frayit on athir syde
Ful lamentabill throw out the chawmeris wyde,
Brasand the postis in armys, and durris cald,
And feil sys with mowthis kys thame wald.
Instantly Pyrrus assail3eis with al his mycht,
By naturale strenth of his fader the wight,
That nowder closeris, nor barryt 3ettis stowt,

Nor 3it the keparis may hald thame langar owt.
Oft wyth the ram the port is schaik and duschit,
Down bet 3et chekis, and bandis al tofruschit;
The way is maid by fors, and entre brokkyn;
Grekis insprent, the formaste haue thai stokyn
And slane with swordis; the large hald heir and thar
Was fyllit full of Grekis our alquhar.
Not sa fersly the fomy ryver or flude
Brekkis our the bankis, on spait quhen it is wode,
And, with hys brusch and fard of watir brown,
The dykis and the schoris bettis down,
Ourspredand croftis and flattis with his spait,
Our al the feildis that thai may row a bayt,
Quhil howsys and the flokkis flyttis away,
The corn grangis, and standand stakkis of hay.
I saw my self thair Neoptolemus
Mak fellon slauchtir, wod and furyus,
And athir brodir of Atrides als wa:
Eldmodir to ane hundreth thar saw I Hecuba,
And Priamus, at the altar quhar he stude,
All our bysprent and sperklyt ful of blude
Of sacryfice, quhamto he bet the fyre.
Fyfty chawmeris held that rial syre,
Quhar warryn his gude dochteris, ladeis 3yng,
Syk fayr beleif is lost of his ofspryng!
The proud gestis and durris gilt with gold
Of barbarie wark, and hungyn mony fold
With riches and spulze of seyr nationys,
Sa far as from the fyre onbet adoune is,

The Grekis occupyis haly; al is tharis;
Quhat so thame lyst tospil is nane that sparis.

CAP. IX

*Into this nixt cheptour 3e may attend
Of Priam Kyng of Troy the fatale end.*

Peraventur, of Priamus wald 3e speir
Quhou tyd the chance, hys fait gif 3e lyst heir
Quhen he the cite saw takyn and downbet,
And of his palyce brokyn euery 3et,
Amyd the secret closettis eik hys fays,
The auld grayth, al for nocht, to hym tays
Hys hawbryk quhilc was lang furth of vsage,
Set on his schulderis trymlyng than for age;
A sword, but help, about hym beltis he,
And ran towart hys fays, reddy to de.
Amyd the clos, vnder the hevyn al bayr,
Stude thar that tyme a mekil fair altare,
Neyr quham thar grew a rycht ald lawrer tre,
Bowand towart the altare a litill wie,
That with his schaddow the goddis did ourheld.
Hecuba thydder, with hir childer, for beild
Ran al invane, and about the altare swarmys,

Brasand the godlyke ymage in thar armys,
As for the storm dowis flokkis togidder ilkane:
Bot quhen scho saw how Priamus has tane
His armour, so as thocht he hald beyn 3yng;
Quhat fulych thocht, my wrachit spows and kyng,
Movis the now syk wapynnys forto weld?
Quhidder hastis thou? quod sche; of na sik beld
Haue we now mystir, nor syk deffendouris as the,
The tyme is nocht ganand tharto we se.
In cace Hector war present heir, my son,
He mycht nocht succour Troy, for it is won:
Quharfor, I pray the, syt doune and cum hydder,
And lat this altare salue ws al togidder,
Or than atanys al heir lat ws de.
Thus said scho, and, with sik sembland as mycht be,
Hym towart hir has brocht, but ony threte,
And set the auld doune on the haly sete.
Bot lo! Polytes, ane of Priamus sonnys,
Quhilk from the slauchter of Pyrrus away run is,
Throw wapynnys fleyng and his ennemys all,
By lang throwgangis and mony voyd hall;
Woundit he was, and come to seik reskew;
Ardently Pyrrus gan him fast persew,
With grondyn lance at hand so neir furthstrekite,
Almaist the hed hym twichit and arekit.
Quhil at the last, quhen he is cummyn, I weyn,
Befor his faderis and his moderis eyn,
Smate hym down ded in thar sycht, quhar he stude,
The gaist he 3ald with habundans of blude.

Priamus than, thocht he was halfdeill ded,
Mycht nocht conteyn his ire nor wordis of fed,
Bot cryis furth: For that cruell offens,
And owtragyus fuyl hardy violens,
Gif thar be piete in the hevin abone
Quhilk takis heid to this at thou has done,
The goddis mot condyngly the forȝeld,
Eftir thi desert rendring sik gaynȝeld,
Causit me behald myne awyn child slane, allace!
And with hys blude fylit the faderis face.
Bot he, quhamby thou fenys thi self byget,
Achil, was not to Priam sa hard set;
For he, of rycht and faith eschamyt eik,
Quhen that I come hym lawly to beseik,
The ded body of Hector rendrit me,
And me convoyit hame to my cite.
Thus sayand, the ald waykly, but fors or dynt,
A dart dyd cast, quhilk, with a pyk, gan stynt
On his harnes, and in the scheild dyd hyng,
But ony harm or other dammagyng.
Quod Pyrrus, sen always thou saist swa,
To Pellyus son, my fader, thou most ga:
Beir hym this message, ramembir weil thou tell
Him al my warkis and dedis sa cruell;
Schaw Neoptolemus is degenerit cleyn.
Now salt thou de: and with that word, in teyn,
The ald trymlyng toward the altare he drew,
That in the hait blude of his son, sched new,
Fundrit; and Pyrrus grippis hym by the hayr

With his left hand, and with the tother al bayr
Drew furth his schynand swerd, quhilk in his syde
Festynnyt, and onto the hyltis dyd he hyde.
Of Priamus thus was the finale fait;
Fortone heir endit his gloryus estait,
Seand Ilion al byrn in fyris brown,
And Troys wallis fall and tumlyt down;
That ryal Prince, vmquhile, our Asya,
Apon sa feil pepil and realmys alswa
Ryngnyt in welth, now by the cost lyis ded,
Bot as a stok, and of hakkit his hed;
A corps, but lyfe, renown, or other fame,
Onknawyn of ony wight quhat was his name.

CAP. X

*Quhou Venus gan to Eneas appeir,
And of his fader and other materis seyr.*

Fyrst than the grysly dreid about me start;
Astonyst I wolx, for sone prent in myne hart
The ymage of my deir fader, quhen I
The kyng his evyneild beheld sa cruelly
By deidly wound 3aldand vp the spreit.
On dessolat Crevse, my spows sa sweit,

I thocht also, and dangeris of my place;
Of litill Ascanus sayr I dred the cace.
About I blent to behald, heir and thar,
Quha of our feris remanyt with me thar.
Al war thai fled full wery, left me alane;
Sum to the erd loppin from hie towris of stane;
Sum in the fyre thar irkit bodeis leit fall;
Thar was na ma bot I left of thame all:
Quhen in the tempil of Vesta the goddas,
Lurkand ful law, intil a secrete place,
Tyndarus douchter, queyn Helene I espy;
The fyrys schane sa brycht, as I went by,
All thing was patent quhar so euer I went.
Scho, dreding les the Troianys wald hir schent,
And kast sum way for hir distructioun,
Becaus all Troy, for hir, was thus bet down,
Sayr punytioun of Grekis dred scho, als
Hir husbandis wroth, quham scho left and was fals,
And eik the common fatale fury of Troy,
Hir self scho hyd tharfor, and held ful koy,
Besyde the altare sytting onethis seyn.
My spreit for ire brynt in propir teyn,
And, al in greif, thocht cruel vengeans take,
Of my cuntre for this myschews wrake,
With byttir panys to wreke our harmys smart;
Thocht I, sal scho pas to the realm of Spart
Hailskarth, and se Mycene hir natyve land,
And with triumphe follow hir fyrst husband?
Or, lyke a queyn, sal scho wend hame our see?

Hir frendis agane and childring sal scho se,
Accumpanyit with mony Troiane maid,
And Phrygiane seruandis in bondage with hir had?
Sen now, by hir, with sword lyis Priam ded,
And ryal Troy all brynt in flambis red;
Of Dardane eik the strandis and the flude
Sa oft has bene waterit or bathit in blude.
Na, na, nocht swa, I wys, that sal scho nocht:
And, set it be nocht lovabill nor semly thocht
To punys a woman, bot schameful hir to sla,
Na victory, bot lak followyng alswa;
3it, netheles, I aucht lovit to be
Vengeans to tak on hir deservis to de.
It wil my mynd asswage, forto be wrokyn
On hir quham by Troy brynt is and down brokyn,
And, forto eik the myscheif of hir ded
Til our sorowis, fyllit with assis red.
Syk thingis I thocht half wod and furyus,
As owt of wit my mynd was cachit thus;
Quhen that my blissit moder, of sik bewte,
Apperit farer than euer I dyd hir se,
Schynyng ful cleir for al the dyrk nycht,
Confessyng hir tobe a goddes brycht;
In sik form of quantite and estait
As scho is seyn with spretis deificat.
Me by the rycht hand hynt scho, and held fast,
And with hir rosy lippis thus said at last;
Son, quha sa gret and furyus cruelte
And hie ondantit ire has rasyt in the?

Quhy gois thou mad? quhidder is went thus onkynd
Our ramembrance, or we forȝet of mynd?
Suld thou not first think quhar thou left, but les,
Thi wery fader, the agit Anchises?
Wenys thou, or not, Crevsa ȝit levand be,
And Ascanyus thi ȝong son? quham al thre
The Grekis armyis walkis rownd about;
And, bot my myght rasistit thame, sans dout
Thai had bene brynt or this in flambis red,
And with thar fays swordis smyt to ded.
Not the bewte of Helene Laconya,
Quham thou hatis, nor Parys, quhilk alswa
Is blamyt oft, this ryches has ȝou reft;
Bot the wroth of the goddis has down beft
The city of Troy from top onto the grond.
Behald! (for I, within a litil stound,
The clowd of dyrknes from thi sycht so cleir,
That on ȝour mortell eyn, quhil ȝe beyn heir,
Lyke to ane watry slowch standis dym about;
Thi moderis heist on na wys nedis the dowt,
Na hir command refusyng to obey)
Quhar thir towris thou seys downfall and swey,
And stane fra stane down bet, and reyk vp rys,
With stew, powder, and duste myxt on this wys,
Neptune the fundamentis of thir wallis hie,
With his gret mattok havand granys thre,
Vndermyndis rownd about the towne,
Furth of the grond holkand the barmkyn down.
Maist cruel Juno has, or this, alsswa

Saysit with the fyrst the port clepit Sceya,
And from the schippis the ostis in scho callis,
Standing wod wraith enarmyt on the wallis.
The hie castellis and strenthis to and fra,
Behald, now Pallas of Tritonya
All occupyis, schynyng in weirlyke weid,
Fell Gorgones hed into hir scheild, tak heid.
The gret fader Jupiter strenth and mycht
Distributis happely to the Grekis in fyght,
And eik the goddis ire prouokis he
Aganys Troianys power in the melle.
Fle thou, my son, in haist away thou wend,
And of this laubour onprofitabil mak ane end;
I salbe with the soverly and ful koy,
Quhil to thi faderis 3et I the convoy.
Thus sayand, scho hir hyd in the cloys nycht.
Than terribil figuris apperis to my sycht
Of gret goddis, semand with Troy agrevit;
And tho beheld I al the cite myschevit,
Fayr Ilion all fall in gledis down,
And, fra the soyll, gret Troy, Neptunus town,
Ourtumlyt to the grond: so as 3he se
The lauboreris, into the montanys hie,
With steil axis byssely hak and hew
A mekil ayk that mony 3eir thar grew;
The tre branglis bostyng to the fall,
With top trymlyng, and branchis schakand all;
Quhil finaly it get the latty straik,
Than, with a rair, down duschis the mekil aik,

And with his fard brekis down bewis about.
Furth of that sted I went, and throu the rowt
Of ennemyis and flambis I me sped;
The fyre and wapynnys gave me place, and fled.
So happely the goddes gydit me,
Quhil that within the portis and entre
Of my faderis luyng am I cummyn;
My fader, than, quham I schupe to haue nummyn,
And caryit to the nerrest hillys hycht,
And hym tharto solist with al my mycht;
Bot he reffusys or euer to leif in joy
Eftir the rwyne and distructioun of Troy:
To suffir exile he said that he ne couth.
O 3e! quod he, in blude and florist 3outh,
That has 3our strenth 3it, and 3our forcy mycht,
Pas on 3our way onone, and tak the flycht.
Gif goddis lykyt lenth my life langar space,
Thai wald haue salwyt to me this litil place.
It is eneuch, eneuch, and mair, I weyn,
A distructioun of Troy that we haue seyn,
Remanyng alyve eftir the cite tane.
So, so, hald on, leif this ded body alane;
Say the last quething word, adew, to me.
I sal my deth purches thus, quod he:
Quhen our ennemys seys me enarmyt stand,
Sum sal haue reuth, and sla me with his brand,
To get my spulze; quhat of the body na cure;
The corps is sone warpit in sepulture.
Hatit of the goddis, to all nedis onhabill,

Thir mony 3eris I left inprofitabill,
Ay sen the fader of goddis and kyng of men
With thunderis blast me smate, as that 3e ken,
And with his fyry levin me omberauch,
That we intill our langage clepe fyreflauch.
Rehersyng this, fermly he dyd remane
At his first purpos fixt, and we agane
Furth3etting teris, and our spows Crevsa,
Ascanyus 3yng, and al our men3e alswa
Besowth my fader to salue his wery banys,
And not be wilful to perys all atanyis,
And to escheif the chance as it was went:
Plat he reffusys, anherdyng to his entent,
The fyrst sentence haldyng euer ane.
To start to harnes I am compeld agane,
And, as maste wrachit and miserabil catyve,
Ded I desyrit, and irkyt of my lyve;
For by na wysdome, nor chance, persave I mycht
We couth eschape, nor 3it by fors in fyght.
O deir fader, quhat wenys thou for ded,
A fut, quod I, me to steir of this sted,
And leif the heir? O God! quha euer couth
Sik cryme to me be said of faderis mouth!
Bot gif it lykis to the goddis hie
Na thing be left of sa fayr a cite,
Or gyf thou hest in mynd decretit eik,
And weil lykis thi self and thine to eik
Onto the rewyne of Troy, and tobe schent,
Ded at our dur is reddy and patent.

From mekil blude schedding of Priamus
Hiddir, belyfe, sal cum cruell Pyrrus,
Quhilk brytnys the son befor the faderis face,
And gorris the fader at the altare but grace.
Is this the way, my haly moder, at thou
Suld kepe me, fays and fyris passand throu,
That I behald, within my chawmyr secrete,
Myne ennemys, and se Ascanyus swete,
My deir fader, and Crevsa my wyfe,
Athir in otheris hait blude leys thar lyfe?
Harnes, seruandis, harnes bryng hydder sone:
The lattyr end, thus venquyst and ondone,
Callys ws agane to batale and assay;
Adone, cum on, this is our lattir day.
Rendir me to the Grekis, or suffir me
The bargane agane begun at I may se;
This day onwrokyn we sal neuer all be slane.
Abowt me than my swerd I belt agane,
And schot my left arme in my scheild al meit,
Bownyng me furth; quhen lo! abowt my feit
My spows lappit fell down into the 3et,
And litill Iulus forgane his fader vpset:
Gyf thou lyst pas, quod scho, thi self to spill,
Harl ws with the in all perrell quhar thou will;
Bot gif thou trastis, as expert in thi dedis,
Only help by fors of armys, than the nedis
First to defend and kepe this hows, quod scho,
Quharin thi 3ong son and thi fader beyn, lo!
And I vmquhile that salbe clepit thi spows;

Quham to sall we be left in this waist hows?

CAP. XI

*Quhou Eneas hys fader bayr away,
And how he lost Crevs a by the way.*

Wyth skyrls and with scrykis thus scho beris,
Fillyng the hows with murnyng and salt teris;
Quhen suddanly, a wonder thing to tell,
A feirful takyn betyd of gret mervell.
For lo! the top of litill Ascanyus hed,
Amang the duyfull armys wil of red
Of his parentis, from the sched of his crown,
Schane al of lycht onto the grond adown.
The leym of fyre and flambe, but ony skath,
In his haris, about his halffettis baith,
Kyndyllis vp brycht, and we than, al in weir,
Abasit, trymlyng for the dreidfull feir,
The blesand haris bet furth at brynt sa schyre,
And schupe with watir to sloyk the haly fyre.
Bot Anchises, my fader, blyth and glaid
Lyft eyn and handis to hevyn, and thus gatis said;
O thou almychty Jupiter, quod he,
With ony prayeris inclynyn gif thou may be,

Tak heid to ws, and gif we haue deseruyt,
For our piete and rewth, tobe conseruyt,
Haly fader, send ws thi help als 3oir,
And conform al thir takynnys seyn befor.
Scarsly the auld thir wordis had warpit owt,
Quhen sone the ayr begouth to rumbill and rowt
On our left hand, towart the north ful rycht,
And from the hevin fell, in the dyrk nycht,
A fayr brycht starn, rynnand with bemys cleir,
Quhilk on the top of our lugyng, but weir,
First saw we lycht, syne schynyng went awa
And hyd it in the forest of Ida,
Markand the way quhidder at we suld spur;
Thar followis a streym of fyre, or a lang fur,
Castand gret lycht about quhar that it schane,
Quhil al enveron rekit lyke bryntstane.
With that, my fader venquyst start on fute,
And to the goddis carpis tobe our bute,
The haly starn adornyt he rycht thar:
Now, now, quod he, I tary na langar;
I follow, and quhidder 3e gyde me sal I wend.
O natyve goddis, 3our awyn kynrent defend,
Salwe 3our nevo; 3ouris is this oracle,
In 3our protectioun is Troy, for this myracle
I wil obey, and grantis onto 3our will:
My deir son, quhidder euer thou wend will,
I sal na mair reffus tobe thi feyr.
Thus sayd he, and be than, thar and heir,
Throw out the wallis the rerd of fyris grew

Ay mair and mair, and the heit nerrar drew.
Have done, quod I, fader, clym vp anone,
And set the evyn abuf my nek bone;
Apon my schuldris I sal the beir, but weyr,
Nor this lawbour sal do to me na deir:
Quhat euer betyde, a weilfair and a skaith
Salbe common and equale to ws baith.
Lytill Iulus salbeir me cumpany;
My spows on dreich eftyr our trays sal hy.
And 3e, my seruandis, tak held quhat I say;
As 3e pas furth of the cite this ilk way,
Thar is a mote, quhar ane ald tempil, but les,
Now standis desert of the goddes Ceres,
Besyde quham growis a sypir tre full auld,
With forfaderis, feil 3eris, in wirschip hald;
In that place lat ws meit on athir syde.
Fader, sen that we may na langar byde,
Tak vp tha haly rellykis in thi hand,
And our penates or goddis of this land:
It war onleifful and wykkitnes to me
From sa gret slauchter, blude schedding, and melle
Newly departit, to twich thame, for the blude,
Quhil I be weschyn into sum rynnand flude.
And sayng thus, I spred my schulderis brayd,
Syne our my nek, abuf the wedis, laid
A 3allow skyn was of a fers lyoun,
And tharapon gart set my fader down;
Lytill Iulus grippis me by the hand,
With onmeit pays his fader fast followand;

Neir at our bak Crevse, my spows, enseyws:
We pas by secret wentis and quyet rewys.
And me, quham laitly na wapyn, nor dartis kast,
Nor pres of Grekis rowtis maid agast,
Ilke swouch of wynd, and euery quhispir now,
And alkyn sterage affrayt, and causyt grow,
Baith for my byrdyng and my litil mait.
Quhen we war cummyn almaist to the 3et,
And al danger we thocht eschapit neyr,
A fellon dyn, belyve, of feit we heir:
My fader than lukand furth throw the sky,
Cryis on me fast, fle son, fle son in hy!
Thai cum at hand; behynd me I gat a sycht
Of lemand armour and schynand scheildis brycht,
Thar knaw I nocht quhat fremmyt god onkynd
So me astonyst, and rest fra me my mynd:
For throu the secrete stretis fast I ran
Befor the laif, as weil bekend man;
Allace to me, catyve! I wait neuer quhydder
My spows Crevse remanyt or we come thydder,
Or by sum fait of goddis was reft away,
Or gif scho errit, or irkit by the way;
For nevir syne with eyn saw I hyr eft,
Nor neuer abak, fra scho was lost or reft,
Blent I agane, nor perfyte mynd has nummyn,
Quhil to the mote of Ceres war we cummyn.
And fynaly, quhen we beyn gadderit thidder,
Fast by the haly tempil al togidder,
Scho was away, and betrumpit suythly

Hyr spows, hir son, and all the cumpany.
Than wod for wo, so was I quyte myscaryit
That nowder god nor man I left onwaryit:
For quhat mair hard myschance, quhen Troy down fell,
Apperit to me as that, or sa cruell?
Ascanyus tho, and my fader Anchises,
And eik our Troiane goddis penates,
Onto my feris betauch I, for to keip,
And hyd thame darn within a valy deip.
To town agane I sped with al my mycht,
Claspit ful meit into fyne armour brycht,
Wilful al aventuris newlyngis to assay,
And forto sers Troy, euery streit, and way,
And eik my hed agane in perrell set.
Bot first the wallis, the darn entre, and 3et,
Quharat we yschit furth, I seik agane,
Haldyng bakwart ilk futstep we had gane,
Lukand and sersand about me as I myght.
The vgsumnes and silens of the nycht
In euery place my spreit maid sayr agast.
Fra thyne ontill our luyng hame I past,
To spy perchance gif scho had thidder returnyt;
It was with Grekis beset, and hail ourturnyt,
Alhail the hows with thame sa occupyt:
Belyve the fyre al waistand I espyt
Bles with the wynd; our the rufe, heir and thar,
The flambe vpsprang and hait low in the ayr.

CAP. XII

*Quhou Eneas socht hys spows, at the cost,
And how to hym apperis hir gret gost.*

To Priamus palyce eftyr socht I than,
And syne onto the tempil fast I ran:
Quhar, at the porchis or clostir of Juno,
Than al bot waist, thocht it was gyrth, stude tho
Phenix and dowr Vlixes, wardanys tway,
Forto observe and keip the spreth or pray.
Thyder in a hepe was gadderit precyus geir,
Riches of Troy, and other jowellis seyr
Reft from all partis; and of tempillis brynt
Of massy gold the veschel war furth hynt
From the goddis, and goldyn tabillis all,
With precyus vestmentis of spulze triumphall:
The 3yng childring, frayt matronys eik,
Stude al on raw, with mony petuus screik
Abowt the tresour quhymperand wondir sayr.
And I alsso my self sa bald wolx thair
That I durst schaw my voce in the dyrk nycht,
And clepe and cry fast throw the stretis on hycht
Ful dolorusly, Crevsa! Crevsa!
Agane, feil sys, invane I callit swa

Throu howsys and the cite quhar I 3oyd,
But owder rest or resson, as I war woyd;
Quhil that the figur of Crevsa and gost,
Of far mair statur than ayr quhen scho was lost,
Befor me, catyve, hyr sekand, apperit thar.
Abasyt I wolx, and widdyrsyns start my hayr;
Speke mycht I not, the voce in my hals swa stak.
Than scho, belyfe, on this wys to me spak,
With sik wordis my thochtis to asswage:
O my sweit spows, into sa furyus rage
Quhat helpis thus thi selwyn to torment?
This chance is not, but goddis willis went;
Nor it is nocht leifful thing, quod sche,
Fra hyne Crevse thou turs away with the,
Nor the hie governour of the hevin abufe is
Wil suffir it so tobe; bot the behuffis
From hens to wend ful far into exile,
And our the braid sey sail furth mony a myle,
Or thou cum to the land Hesperya,
Quhar, wyth soft cowrs, Tybris of Lydya
Rynnys throu the rych feldis of pepil stowt:
Thar is gret substans ordanyt the, but dowt,
Thar salt thou have a realm, thar salt thou ryng,
And wed to spows the douchtir of a kyng.
Thy wepyng and thi teris do away,
Quhilk thou makis for thi luffyt Crevsay;
For I, the neyce of mychty Dardanus,
And gude douchtyr onto the blyssit Venus,
Of Myrmydonys the realm sal nevir behald,

Nor 3it the land of Dolopecis so bald,
Nor go to serve na matron Gregion;
Bot the gret modir of the goddis ilkan
In thir cuntreis withhaldis me for evyr.
Adew, fayr weil, for ay we mon dissevir!
Thou be gude frend, lufe weil, and keip fra skath
Our a 3ong son is common til ws baith.
Quhen this was spokkyn, fra me away scho glaid,
Left me wepyng and feil wordis wald have said;
For sche sa lychtly vanysyt in the ayr,
That with myne armys thrys I presyt thar
About the hals hir fortill haue belappit,
And thrys, al waist, my handis togidder clappit:
The figur fled as lycht wynd, or the son beym,
Or maist lykly a waverand swevyn or dreyrn.
Thus finally, the nycht al passit and gane,
Onto my falloschip I return agane,
Quhar that I fand assemlyt, al newly,
So huge a rowt of our folkis that I
Wondryt the nowmyr; thai sa mony weir
Of men and women gadderit al infeir,
And 3ong pepill to pas in exile abill,
And of commonys a sort sa miserabill,
Fra euery part that flokkynge fast about,
Baith with gude wil and thar mobilis, but dout,
Reddy to wend in quhat cost or cuntre
That evir me list to cary thame our see.
Wyth this the day starn, Lucifer the brycht,
Abuf the top of Ida rays on hycht,

Gydand the day hard at his bak followyng;
The Grekis than we se in the mornyng
Stand forto kepe the entreis of the portis:
And thus, quhen na hope of reskew, at schort, is,
My purpos I left, obeyand destanye,
And careit my fader to Ida hyll on hie.

THE PROLOUG OF THE THRYD BUKE

Hornyt Lady, pail Cynthia, not brycht,
Quhilk from thi broder borrowis al thi lycht,
Rewlare of passage and ways mony one,
Maistres of stremys, and glaidar of the nycht,
Schipmen and pilgrymys hallowis thi mycht,
Lemman to Pan, douchtir of Hyperion,
That slepand kyssit the hyrd Endymyon;
Thy strange wentis to write God grant me slycht,
Twiching the thryd buke of Eneadon.

The feirful stremys and costis wondyrfull
Now most I write, althocht my wyt be dull,
Wild aventuris, monstreis and quent effrays;
Of onkowth dangeris this nixt buke hail is full:
Nyce laborynth, quhar Mynotawr the bull
Was kepte, had nevir sa feil cahuttis and ways;
I dreid men clepe thame fablis now on days;
Tharfor wald God I had thar eryl to pull
Mysknawis the creid, and threpiis otheris forvayis.

Incays thai bark, I compt it nevir a myte;
Quha kan not hald thar peice ar fre to flyte;
Chide quhil thar hedis ryfe, and hals worth hays:

Weyn thai to murdrys me with thar dispyte?
Or is it Virgill quham thame list bakbyte?
His armour wald thai pers? quhar is the place?
He dowlis na dynt of polax, sword, nor mace:
Quhat wenys thou, frend, the craw be worthyn quhite,
Suppos the holkis be all ourgrowyn thi face?

Deym as 3he lest that kan not demyng weill;
And, gentill curtas redaris, of gude 3eill,
I 3ow beseik to gevin aduertens;
This text is full of storys euery deill,
Realmys and landis, quharof I haue na feill
Bot as I follow Virgill in sentens;
Few knawis all thir costis sa far hens;
To pike thame vp perchance 3our eyn suld reill:
Thus aucht thar nane blame me for smal offens.

By strange channellis, fronteris, and forlandis,
Onkouth costis, and mony wilsum strandis
Now goith our barge, for nowder howk nor craik
May heir bruke sail, for schald bankis and sandis.
From Harpyes fell, and blynd Cyclopes handis,
Be my laid star, virgyne moder, but maik;
Thocht storm of temptatioun my schip oft schaik.
Fra swelth of Sylla, and dyrk Caribdis bandis,
I meyn from hell, salue al go not to wraik.

THE THRYD BUKE OF ENEADOS

CAP. I

*Quhou Eneas fra Troy has tane hys rays,
And Polidorus graf has fund in Trace.*

Eftyr that seyn and thocht expedient
Was by the goddys to dystroy and schent
Of Asya the empyre, and down to bryng,
But offens, Priamus pepil and ofspryng,
And prowde Ilion was brokyn and bet down,
And from the soyl al Troy, Neptunus town,
Ybrynt in smoke of flambis and in reik;
Syndry landis and cuntreis forto seik,
And wend exile in diuers nationys,
Of the goddis by reuelacionys,
We war admonyst feil syth, as is said.
Schipis we graith, and navy reddy maid,
Betwix Anthandros and the mont of Ida,
Oncertane quhiddel the fatis wald we suld ga,
Or quhar we suld remane 3it fynaly;
Our men togidder gadderit we in hy.
And skant begunnyn was the fresch veir,

Quhen that Anchises, myne awyn fader deir,
Bad ws mak sail and follow destany.
Than, weping sayr, my native cost left I,
The havynnys, and the feildis dissolait
Quhar Troys ryall cite stude of lait:
Furth sail I banyst throw the deip see,
With my 3ong son Ascanyus and our menze,
And with our frendly goddis, Penates hait,
And eik our gret Goddis of mair estait.
Thar lyis a weirly cuntre weil far thens,
With large feildis lauborit ful of fens;
Of Trace the pepill ar thar inhabityng,
Quhar that vmquhile strang Lycurgus was kyng:
Ane ancyant and ane tendir herbry place
To Troianys, quhil we stude in fortonyms grace,
Our pepil togidder confederate and aly.
By schip thiddir, our sey, careit was I,
Quhar, at the bayand costis syde of the see,
Begouth I first set wallis of a cite,
Althocht my foundment was mysfortunat:
The towne I nemmyt efter myne estait,
And fra my name it clepit Eneadas.
Onto my moder, of Dyona douchter was,
Sacrifice I maid, and to the goddis all
Quham for new warkis men happy helparis call;
And to the kyng of hevinly wightis, that tyde,
A quhite bull slew I by the costis syde.
On cace, thar stude a litil mote neir by,
Quhar hepthorn buskis on the top grew hie,

And evin saplynnys of myrthus, the tre funerale.
Thiddir I went, greyn bewis doune to haill,
Hard by the grond myne altare forto dycht
With burgyonys and with branchis al at rycht:
A grysly takyn, feirful to tell, I se.
As from the soyll vprent was the first tre
By the rutys, the blak droppis of blude
Distillit tharfra, that al the erth quhar it stude
Was spottit of the fylth, and steny, allaik!
The cald dreid maid all my membris quaik,
And for effeir my blude togidder fresyt.
Ane other smal twyst of a tre I chesit
Forto brek down, the causys to assay
Of this mater, that war onknawyn alway;
And 3it the blude followit on the sam maner
Furth of the bark of that other, but weir.
Than in my mynd of mony thingis I musyt,
And to the goddassis of wildyrnes, as is vsyt,
Quhilk Hamadriades hait, I wirschip maid;
Onto Gradyus fader, that ryngnys glaid
Our all the land of Getya and Tars,
Quhilk clepit is the god of armys, Mars;
Besekyng this avisioun worth happy,
And the oracle prosperite suld signify.
Bot efter that the thryd syoun of treys,
Apon the sandis syttand on my kneys,
I schupe to haue vprevyn with mair pres,
(Quhidder sal I spek now, or hald my pes?)
Furth of the graif a duyful murnyng law

I hard, and to myne eris come this saw:
Ene, quhy rentis thou a wrechit creatur?
Haue reuth of hym now laid in sepultur,
And forto fyle thi deuote handis spair:
Of Troy I born am, to the na strangar:
This blude droppis nocht from that stok in thi hand.
Fle sone, allace! furth of this cursyt land:
Fle from this avarus kyngis cost in hy;
For lo! thus, Polidorus heir I ly,
Througyrd with dartis, and thyk steil hedis schote,
Apon sik wys ourheildit on this mote;
The scharp lancis growis greyn and spredis owt.
Than wist I not quhat I suld do for dowl,
The feir affrayit my mynd estonyst als,
Vpstart my hayr, the word stak in my hals.
With a gret sold of gold fey Priamus
Secretly vmquhile send this Polidorus,
Quhilk was his son, to Polynestor kyng
Of Trace, to kepe and haue in nurysyng,
Quhen first of Troiane defens begouth he dowl,
And saw the town besegyt all about.
Bot this ilk kyng of Trace, seand how Troy
Lossyt his myghtis be forton turnyt from joy,
The party chesis of Agamenon,
Anherdand to the victorius syde onone;
Al faith and frendschip brak he than in hy,
And Polydorus slane hes cruelly,
And thus, be fors, the tresour he doith withhold.
O cursyt hungyr of this wrachit gold!

Quhat wikkytnes or myscheif may be do
At thou constrenys not mortale myndis tharto?
Eftir this effray was fra my banys went,
Of the goddis thir feirfull wordis quent
Onto the noblis and grettast of our men,
And to my fader fyrst, rehers I then,
And, quhat thar purpos was, eik I inquir.
Thai war al of a will and a desyr,
To pas furth of this wareit realm of Trace,
And for to leif that pollut herbry place,
And set our navy to the wynd, but weir.
Tharfor, to Polidorus vp a beyr
We erekkit, and of erd a gret fluyr
Kest in a hepe abuf his sepultur:
Syne, in ramembrance of the sawlis went,
The dolorus altaris fast by war vpstent,
Crownyt with garlandis al of haw sey hewis,
And with the blaiknyt cypres dedly bewis.
The Troiane women stude with hayr down schaik,
About the beir weping with mony allake!
And on we kest of warm mylk mony a skul,
And of the blude of sacrifice cowpis full:
The sawle we bery in sepultur on this wys,
The lattir hailsyng syne lowd schowtit thrys,
Rowpand atany, adew! quhen al is done,
Ilkane per ordour, the mon we follow sone.

CAP. II

*Quhou Eneas socht answer at Apollyne,
And quhou he to the land of Crete is salyt syne.*

Syne, quhen we se our tyme to sail maist habill,
The blastis mesit, and the fludis stabill,
The softe piping wynd callyng to see,
Thar schippis than furth settis our menȝe:
Ȝe mycht haue sene the costis and the strandis
Fillit with portage and pepil tharon standis.
Furth of the havin we salit al onone;
The sicht of land and cite sone is gone.
Amyd the sey yclepit Egeos
Ane haly iland lyis, that hait Delos,
Beluffit of Neptune, and the moder alsua
Of the Nereydes, clepit Doryda;
Quham the cheritabil archer, Appollo,
Quhen it flet rolyng from costis to and fro,
Saisit and band betwix other ilis twa,
Quhilk clepit ar Mycone and Gyara,
Stablisyng so that it mycht lauborit be,
And comptis nowthir the wynd nor storm of see.
Thidder ar we careit, and, in that plesand land,
A sovir havyn ressavit ws at hand.

Al wery beyn we yschit furth of schip
The cite of Apollo to wirschip:
The kyng tharof, yclepit Anyvs,
Prince of the men, and preste eik to Phebus,
With bendis baith and haly lawrer crown
Set on his hed, met ws withowt the town;
His agit frend Anchises knew this kyng.
Handis we schuke with hartly welcumyng,
And to his palyce al with hym we went,
Quhar that I wirschip, as wes myne entent,
The god Appollo, within his hallowit hald
Or tempil beldyt al of stanys ald.
O thou, quod I, Appollo Tymbreus,
Sum propir dwellyng place thou grant to ws;
We the beseik that schaw also thou wald
To ws irkit sum strenth and stalwart hald,
And at thou grant ws eik successioun,
And for to dwel in a remanand town.
Salve ws, lattir wardis of Troy, that we ne spill,
Levyngis of Grekis and of the fers Achill.
Geif ws thine answer quharon we sal depend;
Quhidder wilt thou, fader, at we now wend?
Quhar sall we set our lугyng to remane?
Condiscend in our myndis, and schaw this plane.
Scars war thir wordis said, quhen that I se
Al thingis trymmyl and schaik neir abowt me,
The durris and the lawrer tre, but dowt,
And al the montane movit rownd about:
A murmur or a rumysyng hard we haue

Within the courtynge and the secret cave;
The quyet closettis oppynnynt with a rerde,
And, we plat law gruflyngis on the erd,
A voce com til our erys, sayand thus;
O 3e dowr pepil descend from Dardanus,
The ilke grond, fra quham the first stok cam
Of 3our lynnage, with blyth bosum the sam
Sal 3ou ressaue thidder returnyng agane:
To seik 3our ald moder mak 3ou bane.
Thar sal Eneas lynnage haue sen3eory
Our al realmys and landis vnder the sky,
And thar sonnys, and sonnys sonnys syne,
And al that evir succedis of thar lyne.
Thus said Phebus; and than, our folkis amang,
Mixt with blithnes a fellow dyn vpsprang:
Quhat place was this, euery ane fast gan frane,
Quhidder callis Phebus? byddis he ws turn agane?
My fader than, revoluyng in his mynd,
The discens of forfaderis of our strynd,
Nobillis, quod he, harkis quhat I sal say,
And leyr at me 3our weifair, I 3ou pray.
The ile of Crete lyes amyde the see,
The native land of Jupiter maist hie;
Thar is the first hyll, yclepit Ida,
Thar our forbearis first in thar credlys lay;
The land maist plenteus of wyne, oyl, and quhete,
Inhabyt with a hundreth citeis gret,
Quharfra thar com, gif I remembir rycht,
Our gret forfader Teucrus the wycht,

First to the cost of Rethea in Phrygy,
And for his cite chesit the set fast by:
For 3it than was not Ilion vpbeld,
Nor the strang wallis of Troy; bot on the feld
Thai dwelt in lugys and mony litil cave.
The adornar eik of our realm we haue
From that land, the moder of goddis Cybele,
And blast of brasyn trumpettis, as 3e se:
From thens com eik the wod of Idea,
And the traist serymonys of sacrifice alswa:
The fasson eik and gys we lernyt thar
Quhou the lyonys suld draw the ladeis char.
Haue done onon, tharfor, and lat ws wend
Thidder quhar the goddis oracle haith ws kend.
The wynd first lat ws meys, or that we ga,
Syne seik the realm of Crete and Gnosia:
It is not thens lang cowrs nor vyage far;
Our navy sall, with help of Jupiter,
The thrid morow be at the cost of Crete.
This beand said, ganand offerandis ful mete
Befor the altaris he slew in sacrifice;
A bul first to Neptune, as is the gys,
A bull to brycht Appollo for his beheist,
And to the god of tempestis a blak beist,
And to the chancy wyndis ane mylk quhite.
The fame was than, of Crete the cost stude quyte
Dissolate, but prince; for Idomeneus the kyng
Was by the pepil expellit from his ryng,
The luyngis voyd and reddly to thar fays,

The sete left waist til ony it vptais.
The porte tharwith, Ortygia, leif we,
And with swift cowers flaw throu the salt see;
By the iland swepit we onon
With hillis ful of wynys, hait Naxon,
By Donysa quhar growis the marbill greyn,
And by Paron with his quhite marbill scheyn,
By Olearon, and mony ilis, but les,
Skatterit in the sey, yclepit Cyclades;
We slyde throu fludis endlang feil costis fayr.
The noys vpsprang of mony marynar
Byssy at thar wark, to takilling euey tow,
Thar feris exorting, with mony heys and how,
To speid thame fast towart the realm of Crete,
With thar forfaderis and progenitouris to mete.
The followand wynd blew strek in our tail,
Quhill finaly arrive we, with bent saill,
Apon the ancyant cost of Curetanys,
A kynd of pepill quhilk into Crete remanys.
And sone I me enfors with diligence
To byg a wallit cite of defens;
Pargamea I namyt it, but baid:
Our folkis than, that warryn blyth and glaid
Of this kowth surname of our new cite,
Exort I to graith howsis, and leif in le,
And rays on hycht the strenth and fortalles.
Our schippis, or this, ful weil we gart adres,
And lay almaist apon the dry sand:
The 3ong men fortill laubour thar new land,

And in honour of wedlok, as is the gys,
Makkis thar offerand and thar sacryfys,
And I thar statutis and seyr lawis thame tawcht,
Assyngnand ilkane propir howsis and aucht.
Quhen suddanly a cruel pest and traik,
So that cornys and frutis goith to wraik,
Throu the corruppit ayr and cowers of hevyn,
A dedly 3eir, far wers than I kan nevin,
Fell on our membris with sik infectioun,
Was na remeid, cure, nor correctioun;
The sweit sawlis lefis the bodeis ded,
Or seik thai ly gaspand in euery sted.
And forthir eik, Syryvs, the frawart star,
Quhilk clepit is the syng canicular,
So brynt the feildis al was barrand maid;
Herbis wolx dry, wallowyng, and gan to faid;
The seik grond denyis hys fruyt and fudis.
My fader exortis ws turn agane our fludis
To Delos, and Apolloys answer speir,
Besekyng hym of succurs ws to leir,
Quhat end ontill our irksum panys he sendis,
And be quhat way we mycht assay amendis
Of this turbacioun, or quhidder and quhar that he
Wil at we seik or set our cowers our see.

CAP. III

*Quhou Troiane goddys apperis tyll Enee,
And how that he was stormstad on the see.*

Cummyn is the nycht, that euery beist on grond
Desiris rest by kynd, and slepis sovnd;
Quhen that the figuris of our goddis blist,
And the Phrigiane Penates, or I wist,
Quhilkis from amynd the fyris of Troy I brocht
Thidder with me, quhar I lay and slepit nocht,
Gan to appeir standyng befor myne eyn:
With ful gret lycht graithly I haue thame seyn,
Quhar as the ful moyn schawing bemys brycht
Inthrou the tyrlyst wyndo schane by nycht.
Than said thai thus, with wordis to asswage
My thochtis and my hevy sad curage;
That thing, quod thai, quhilk Apollo wald sa
And thou war brocht onto Ortygia,
Heir he the schawis, and eik, as thou may se,
Onrequirit hes send ws hidder to the.
Quhen Troy was brynt, we followit thi prowes,
Vnder thi gward to schip we ws addres,
Ourspannand mony swelland seys salt;
And to the starnys eik we sal exalt
The childryn for tocum of thine ofspryng;
Thi cite sal we geif empyre to ryng
Our al the erth: tharfor to goddis grete
Begyn to graith gret wallis and ryal sete;

Leif not thi langsum lavbour, bot fle away;
This duelling place thou mon change, we the say:
Delyvs Apollo, certis, as thou thocht,
Tocum onto this cost perswadit nocht,
Nor chargit neuer in Crete thou suld remane.
A land thar is, in Grekis langage plane
Hesperya clepit, a bald cuntre in weir,
A fructuus grond of corn and riches seir,
By kyng Onotryvs inhabit first with wyne,
Bot in our days laitly, the fame is syne,
Eftir thar duke it is namyt Italy:
Thar beyn our propir setis and our herbry;
Tharof com Dardane and his brothir Jasyvs,
And from that ilk prince, Schir Dardanus,
Is the discens of our genealogy.
Get vp onone, tel thi ald fader blythly
Thir tythyngis, quhilk beyn trew and certan thing.
Seik to Coryce, and Italy the ryng;
For the feldis in Crete neyr Dycteus
Jupiter denyis to granting onto ws.
Of this visioune estonyist quhar I lay,
And of tha wordis quhilkis the goddis gan say,
(For this wes nowthir dreym nor fantasy;
Thar propir vissage befor me stand knew I,
With garlandis and thar cirkillettis on thar hair;
Thar figur saw I present to me thair;
The cald sweit our al my body ran;)
Furth of my bed on fute son sprent I than,
And, strekand vp my handis towart hevyn,

Myne oryson I maid with devote stevyn;
A cleyn sacrifice and offerand maid I syne,
Into the fyris zettand sens and wyne.
The serymoneis endit, blyth and glaid
To my fader per ordour al I said
As 3e haue hard, quhat nedis tell agane?
And of this mater maid hym ful certane.
Onone he knew our elderis dows ilk deill,
And of our clan the dowbill stok full weil:
He grantis the unkouth errour hym dissavit
Of anyant placis, quhilk he not persavit.
Syne said he, son, thou irkit art al gatis
By the contrarius frawart Troiane fatis;
Now I remembir only quhou Cassandra
Ful oft maid mensioun of Hesperya,
And oft als of the realm hait Italy,
Thir materis me declaring by and by.
That land now knaw I destinate to our kyn:
Bot quha wald haue belevit at euer within
The realm of Itail Teucrus blude suld cum?
Or quha wald than, mair than scho had bene dum,
Set by the prophetes wordis Cassandra?
Lat ws obey Phebus, and wend awa,
As we bene monyst, follow our chance, but pleys.
Thus said he, and we glaid al hym obeys:
A few folkis thar left to kepe the town,
This sted also leif we, and sail maid bown;
In bowit bargis throu the large streym we slyde.
Quhen sycht of land was tynt on euery syde,

Sa that na cost apperis quhilk we mycht se,
Bot the schippis haldand the deip see,
The hevin abufe, and fludis al abowt;
A watry clowd, blak and dyrk, but dowl,
Gan tho appeir abone our hed ful rycht,
And down a tempest sent als myrk as nycht.
The streym apperis vgsom of the dym sky;
The wyndis weltris the sey continually,
That huge wallis boldynnys apoun loft;
Skatterit widequhar our the fame ful oft
War our schippis, and the brythnes of day,
Inuolvit al with clowdis, hyd away.
The rayn and royk reft from ws sycht of hevin;
The brokkyn skyis rappis furth thunderis levin;
Forswiftit from our richt cowers, gan we ar
Amang the blynd wallis waverand far.
For Palynurus him self maist expart,
For al his cunnyng of schipman craft and cart,
Amyd the sey forȝet the richt way,
Denyand als that the nycht from the day
He mycht discern be sycht of firmament.
Apon sik wys oncertanly we went
Thre days wilsum throu the mysty streym,
And als mony nychtis but starnys leym,
That quhidder was day or nycht oneith wist we;
Bot at the last, on the ferd day we se
On far the land appeir, and hillis rys,
The smoky vapour vpcasting on thar gys.
Down fallis salis, the aris sone we span;

But mair abaid, the marineris euery man
Egirly rollis our the fomy flude,
And the haw sey weltis vp as thai war woid.
Salve from the wallis at the costis of Strophe
With al our navy first arryvit we.

CAP. IV

*Quhou till Ene the harpyes dyd gret wo,
And of the drery prophete Celeno.*

Strophades in Grew leid ar nemmyt so,
In the gret sey standing ilis two;
The quhilk sey clepit is Ionium;
And, in thir ilandis quhidder we ar becum,
Dwelt and inhabit the cruel Celeno,
With all the otheris harpeys mony mo,
Evir sen thai war expeld from the land
Of Arcad, quhar kyng Phyneus was dwelland,
And for dreid at his tabil durst not remane.
Mair wikkit monstreis than thai kan be nane,
Nor nane mair cruel pestilens is fund,
Nor fury of goddis that cummys from hellis grund,
Furth of the flude of Stix that sory place.
Thir fowlis hes a vyrgynys wlt and face,

With handis like to bowland byrdis clewis;
Bot the vile belleis of thai cursit schrewis
Aboundis of fen maist abhomynabill,
And pail al tyme thar mowthis miserabill
For wod hungyr and gredy appetite.
At this ilke cost as we arryvit, als tye,
And in the port entrit, lo! we se
Flokkiis and herdis of oxin and of fe,
Fat and tydy, rakand our alquhar,
And trippis eik of gait, but ony kepar,
In the rank gyrs pasturyng on raw;
With wapynnys thame we brittyn, but dreid or aw:
To goddis syne and Jupiter we pray,
And thame distribut a party of our pray.
Syne eftir, endlang the sey costis bay,
Vp sonkis set, and desys dyd array;
To meit we sat with habundans of cheir:
Quhen suddanly, with horribill dyn and beir,
From the montanys the harpeis on vs fell,
With huge fard of weyngis and mony a zell.
Our mesis and our mete thai reft away,
And with thar laithly twich al thing fyle thai;
Thar voce also was vgsum fortill heir,
With sa corruppit flewyr nane mycht byde neir.
From that place syne ontill a caif we went,
Vndir a hyngand hewch, in a dern went,
With treys clos bilappit rownd about,
And thik harsk granyt pikis standing owt:
Thar, vp agane, our tabillis haue we dicht,

And on the altaris bet the fyris bricht.
Bot, of the hevin agane from syndry artis,
Out of quyet hyrnys, the rowt vpstartis
Of thai birdis, with byr and mony a bray,
And in thar crukyt clawis grippis the pray:
Evir as thai fle about fra sete to sete,
With thar vyle mowthis infek thai al our mete.
Quhen I saw this, our feris command I than
Tak thar wapynnys, and bargane euery man
Agane tha cruell pepill, or byrdis fell.
As I thame chargit, schortly for to tell,
Sone haue thai done; and, vnder the gers, al bair
Ful prevaly thar swerdis in thai stair,
And darnly eik thar targis al ourheildis;
So that, quhen the sey costis and the feildis
Resoundis at down come of thir harpeys,
Mysenus, the wait, on the hie garet seys,
And, with his trumpet, thame a takyn maid.
Our falloschip thir fowlys gan invayd,
And onkouth kynd of batail dyd assay,
With wapynnys forto bet and dryve away
Thir laithly sey byrdis of syk effeir.
Bot thar was na dynt mycht thar fedderis scheir,
Nor in thar bodeis wound ressave thai nane:
Bot suddanly, away tha wysk ilkane
Furth of our sycht, heich vp in the sky;
The pray half etyn behynd thame lat thai ly,
With fut stedis vyle and laith to se.
Ane, on a rolkis pynnakill perkit hie,

Celeno clepit, a drery prophetes,
Furth of hir breist thir wordis warpis expres:
Theyfage lynnage of fals Laomedon,
Addres 3e thus to mak bargane onon?
Becaus 3e have our oxin reft and slane,
Brytnyt our styrkis and 3ong bestis mony ane,
Schaip 3e, tharfor, harpeys expell and dyng,
But ony offens, furth of thar faderis ryng?
Ressave for that, and in 3our brestis enprent
My wordis, quhilk I, gretast fury of torment,
Schawis 3ou; that thing quhilk Jupiter maist hie
Schew to Phebus, and brycht Phebus tald me.
I knaw 3e set 3our cowrs to Italy:
3e cal eftir gude wyndis and prosper sky:
To Itale sal 3e wend, and thar tak land.
Bot first, or wallis of the cite vstand
Quhilk by the goddis is 3ou predestinate,
For strang hungir sal 3e stand in sik state,
In wraik of our iniuris and bestis slane,
That with 3our chaftis to gnaw 3e salbe fane,
And runge 3our tabillis al and burdis, quod sche;
And sone away in the thik wod gan fle.
The suddane dreid so stonyst our feris than,
Thar blude congelit and al togiddir ran;
Dolf wolx thar spretis, thar hie curage downfell,
No mair thame lykis assayng sik batell;
Bot, with offerandis and eik devot prayer,
Thai wald we suld perdoun and pace requer,
In cace gif thai war goddessis or fowlis,

Vengeabill wightis, or 3it laithly owlis.
Bot our fader, hevand vp his handis,
The gret goddis dyd call, and on the sandis
Hallowis thar mycht with detful reverens:
O hie goddis, forbyd syk violens,
Stanch this bost and ondo this myscheif,
Salve petuus folkis, ameyis 3our wrath and greif,
Quod he; and tharwith chargit ankyrris haill,
Do lows the rabandis, and lat down the saill.
The sowth wyndis stentis furth strait our schete:
Swiftly we slyde our bullyrand wallys grete,
And followit furth the sammyn went we have,
Quhar so the wynd and sterysman ws drave;
Quhil that, amynd the fludis, gan we se
The woddy ile Zacynth, with mony tre;
Dulichium syne, and Same we aspy,
And Neritos with his rochis hie;
By craggis and hewys of Itachia,
That was Laertes realm, we slyde als wa,
And fast we wary and cursyt oft, but les,
That land quhilk bred the cruel Vlixes.
Belyve the mysty toppys of mont Lewcas
Apperis, quharon Appollois tempil was,
That feirful is til euery maryner.
Al wery of our vayage thidder we steir,
And come onon afor the litil town,
And of our forschip ankyrris leit we down:
Endlang the costis syde our navy raid.
And thus at last brocht to land blyth and glaid,

Quhar as to have arryvit we not belevit,
We clenge ws first, les Jupiter war aggrevit;
Syne on the altaris kendillit sacrifice,
And, langgis the channel, eftir the Troiane gys,
The active gemmys and sportis gart assay.
Our falloschip excers palestral play,
As thai war wont at hame, with oyll envnte,
Nakyt wreslyng and struglyng at nyce punte.
Joyvs thai war to haue eschapit at hand
Sa mony citeis of the Grekis land,
And to haue fled til salfte on this wys
Throu the myd rowtis of thar ennemys.

CAP. V

*Eneas arryvis at Epyria,
And how he spak thar with Andromacha.*

Be this the son had circulit his lang 3er,
And frosty wyntir scharpit the watir cleir
With cald blastis of the northin art.
Quhen session come that tyme was to depart,
Apon a post in the tempyl I hang
A bowand scheild of plait, quhilk Abas strang
Bair vmquhile, and, the maner to rehers,

I notyfy and tytillis with this vers,
Eneas hec de Danais victoribus arma;
That is to say, Eneas festnyt thus
This armour of the Grekis victorius.
Syne, to depart of that havyn, I command
Syt down on hechis, and span aris in hand.
Byssely our folkis gan to pyngil and stryve,
Swepand the flude with lang rowthys belyve,
And vp thai welt the stowr of fomy see;
Quhil sone the citeis of Corsyra tyne we,
And vp we pyke the cost of Epyrus,
And landit thar at port Chaonyus:
Syne to the hie town of Butrot ascendit;
Quhar tythingis, oncredibill to thame not kend it,
Come to our eryl, schawyng that Helenus,
The lauchful son of the kyng Priamus,
Rang kyng our mony citeis in Greik land,
Berand tharof the ceptre and the wand,
By resson of his spows adionyt, but les,
Be Pyrrus vmquhil son of Achilles;
And that Andromacha wes wed agane
Onto ane other husband and man Troiane.
Heirot awondrit, with breist hait as fyre,
Be fervent luf kendillit in gret desyre
Our cuntre man to vissy and with hym talk,
To know thir strange casys, on I stalk
From the port, my navy left in the raid.
That ilke session, percace, as I furth glaid,
Befor the cite, in a schaw, I wys,

Besyde the fenȝeit flude of Symois,
Andromache maid anniuersar sacrifyce
And funerale servyce, on ful dolorus wys,
To Hectoris puldir or hys assis brynt:
Oft wald scho clepe and call, and oneth stynt,
Apon the sawlis that onbodeit war,
Besyde Hectoris voyd tumbel stannand thar,
Quhilk scho vpbeildit had of herbis greyn,
With twa altaris; and oft with wepyng eyne
Bewalis scho that hard dissyverance.
And alsone as scho me aspyis perchance,
And Troiane armour and ensenȝeis with me saw,
Affrayit of the ferly, scho stude syk aw,
And at the fyrst blenk become so mait,
Naturale heyt left hir membris in sik stait
Quhil to the grond half mangit fel scho down,
And lay a lang tyme in a dedly swown
Or ony speche or word scho mycht furth bring:
Ȝit thus, at last, sayd eftir hir dwawmyng;
Is that thine awyn face, and suythfast thyng?
Schawis thou to me a verray sovir warnyng?
Levis thou ȝit, son of the goddes? quod sche,
Gif thou be ded, quhar is Hector? tell me.
And, with that word, scho bryst furth mony a teir,
And walit so that piete was to heir,
Quhil al about dynnys of hir womentyng.
A few wordis skars as I mycht furth bryng,
For to comfort that maist lamentabill wight,
With langsum speche said, quhispirand, as I mycht;

I leif forsuyth, and ledis lyfe, as 3e se,
In al hard chance of fortunys extremyte.
Be nocht agast, 3e se bot suythfast thyng.
Allace! quhat aventur, in this onkouth ryng,
Is the betyd, and hes degradit, quod I,
Eftir thi husbandis deth, was maist douchty?
Or quhat fortune mycht sufficient happyn the,
Spows to maist worthy Hector, Andromache?
Art thou, or na, to Pirrus 3it bywed?
Hyr vissage down scho kest, for schame adred,
And, with a bas voce, thus said, as scho mycht;
O thou alane, befor al madynnys bricht,
Happy was, virgyne douchtir of Priam kyng,
Quhilk, vnder the wallis hie of Troys ryng,
Apon thine ennemeis grafe was maid to de;
Thou suffert no kut nor kavillys cast for the,
Nor in bondage away was thou nocht led,
Nor 3it twichit na victour lordis bed.
Bot we, quhen that ybrynt war our kynd landis,
Careit our fremmyt seys and diuers strandis,
The dortynes of Achillis ofspring,
In bondage, vndir the prowde Pyrrus 3yng,
By fors sustenyt thraldome mony a day,
Quhil he at last ensewit ane othir may,
Hermione, the douchtir of Helena,
In fey wedlok at Lachidemonya;
Than send he me, his seruand, hiddir thus,
Tobe spowsit with his seruand Helenus.
Bot Orestes, cachit in furyus rage

For cryme of his moderis slauchtir, and savage,
In lufe hait byrnyng for his spows byreft,
Or he was war, set on this Pirrus eft,
And in Delphos, quhat nedis wordis mair?
Smate of his hed befor his faderis altair.
Thus, by deces of Neoptolymus,
Of the realm a part fell to Helenus;
The quhilk boundis and feildis braid alsswa
He has to name clepit Chaonya,
Eftir his brodir of Troy Chaonyus,
And Troiane wallis heir has beild vp thus,
And on thir motis a strenth hait Ilion.
Bot quhat wyndis thi cowrs has hydder gone?
And quhat aventur has the hyddir dryve?
Or of the goddis quha maid the heir arrive
At our marchis, mysknawying our estait?
Quhou faris the child Ascanyus now of lait,
Quham to the bayr Crevse, thi spous and joy,
That tyme enduryng the sege lay about Troy?
Levis he 3it in helth and in weilfair?
Ha! how gret harm and skaith for euermar
That child has caucht throu lesying of his moder!
O lord! quhat ancyant vertuys, ane and othir,
And knychtly prowes in hym steris frendis befor,
Baith fader Eneas, and hys vnkle Hector!
Syk wordis scho spak, wepyng with petuus mayn,
And with lang sobbis furth3ettand teris invayn;
Quhen that hir lord hym self cummys from the town,
Kyng Priamus son, Helenus of renown.

Neir he approchit with ful gret cumpany,
And hys awyn natyve frendis knew in hy,
And blythly to hys cite hes ws led:
Betwix ilk word feil bricht teris furth he sched.
We passit on, and lital Troy I knaw,
Lyke the gret cite contyrfait on raw,
With Ilion, and wallis lyke Pergama,
And a smal burn half gane dry alswa,
Onto his surname clepit Exanthus.
At port Seya I entir, and eik with ws
Al our Troianys togiddir welcum war
Onto thar frendly cite famyliar.
In hys wyde palyce the kyng ressauyt thaim all,
And, in the myddis of the mekil hall,
Thai byrl the wyne in honour of Bachus;
Gret fest with joy wes maid for luf of ws;
The mesis and the danteis thyk dyd stand,
And goldyn cowpis went fra hand to hand.

CAP. VI

*Quhou Helenus declaris tyll Ene
Quhat dangeris he suld thoill on land and see.*

Thus drave we our in solace day be day,

Quhil at the weddir prouokis ws to assay
Our salis agane; for the sowth wyndis blast
Our piggeis and our pynsalis wavit fast.
Onto the prophet Helenus tho went I,
And with syk wordis besocht hym reuerently;
O gentil Troiane, dyvyne interpretur,
Quhilk the respons of Phebus hes in cur;
Quhilk knawist eik the reuelationys
Of god Apollois diuinationys,
Vndir hys trestis and burdis at Delphois schene,
And into Claryus vndir the lawrer grene
That vnderstandis the cowrs of euery star
And chyrme of euery byrdis voce on far,
And euery fowle on weyng fleyng in the sky,
Quhat thai betakyn, and quhat thai signify;
Say me, I pray the, quhat dangeris principaly
In to my cowrs and vayage eschew sall I,
Or how I may, or be quhat meyn, eschaip
Sa gret aduersiteis quhilkis beyn to me schaip.
For as to me al devote godly wightis
Schew we suld haue a prosper rays at rychtis,
And euery oracle of goddis admonyst eik
That we the realm of Italy suld seik,
Ensew tha landis quhilkis war for ws provyde
Alanerly newlyngis on that other syde;
Schame for to say, the Harpye Celeno
Spays onto ws a feirful takyn of wo;
A vengeans from the goddis pronuncis sche,
With schameful hungir sal happyn our menȝe.

Helenus than, eftir the rytis and gyis,
The 3ong bestis slew in sacryfys,
Purchesyng favour of goddis to stanch thar fed,
And lowsit the garlandis of his haly hed:
Syne me, Phebus, he ledis by the hand
Onto thi tempil, on seyr materis musand;
Quhar this gret preist gan spekyn and declar
To me thir wordis of the goddis answar:
Son of the goddes, sen traist is manifest
That throu deip seys thi wayage is adress, t,
And eik, of forton by the boundis hie,
The purviance dyvyne wil so it be;
The kyng of goddis so distributis the fatis,
Rollyng the chancis, and turnyng thame thusgatis;
Of mony wordis, schortly, a quhoyn sall I
Declare, at thou mayr sovirlly tharby
May seik out throu the strange stremys onkend.
And at a port of Itale arryve at end:
The remanent heirof, quhat evyr be it,
The werd Systeris defendis that suld be wyt,
And eik the doughtir of auld Saturn, Juno,
Forbyddis Helenus to speik it, and cryis, ho!
First say I the, that twichand Italy,
Quhilk thou trastis be at hand and fast by,
And the addressis ignorantly, but weyr,
To entyr sone in the port, as it war neir,
Lang wylsum ways, and far landis alswa
A ful gret space dissyveris 3ou tharfra.
3our aris fyrst into the Sycil see

Bedyit weill and bendit oft mon be;
And of Ausonya the salt stremys eik
Rownd about with 3our schippis mon 3e seik,
And Avernus, clepit the layk of hell,
And Aheie, the ile quhar Circes dwell,
Or euer thou may sovirly vpbeild
Thi cite in land of Italy or feild.
I sall the schaw takynnys tharof ful meit,
Quhilkis thou sal hald within thi mynd secreit.
Quhen thine alane musyng as thou sal ga,
By aventur, endlang a watir bra
And vndir ane aik, fyndis, in to that steid,
A gret sow ferryit of grysis thretty hed,
Lyggyn on the grond, mylk quhite, al quhite brodmell
About hir pappis sowkyng, thar, I the tell,
Is the richt place and sted for 3our cite,
And of 3our travell ferm hald to rest in le.
Nor the nedis nocht to gruch, in tyme tocum,
The rungyng of 3our tabillis euery crum:
Destany sal fynd tharfor a ganand way,
And Phebus sal 3ou help, quhen 3e list pray.
Bot ombyschew this cost of Italy
Quhilk nixt onto our bordouris 3he se ly,
Bedyit with flowyng of our seys flude,
Sen al tha citeis with wykkit Grekis, not gude,
Inhabit ar; for the Naricyanys,
Othir wys nemmyt Locry, thar remanys,
Quhilk come with Ajax Oylus to the fecht;
And, neir the hill that Salentynus hecht,

The feildis all ar occupyit full meit
Be Idomeneus the kyng expellit from Crete;
Thar is alsso the litil cite, but les,
Of the Duke of Melyboy, Phyloctetes,
Clepit Petilya, closyt with a wall:
Eschew thir citeis and thyr costis all.
Forthir, quhen that bezond the sey sall stand
All thi navy, and thar apon the strand
Settis vp ane altare thi sacrifice to 3eild,
Thyne haris with a purpur vail ourheild,
Les than amynd the godly fyris, per cace,
Thi ennemeis mycht occur, and know thi face,
And so perturbyng all thi sacrifice:
Thou caws thi feris keip the samyn gys
In thar oblacionys, and this vsage condyng;
Observe, thi self and thi chaist ofspring,
Every serimony of our religioun.
And, fra the wynd haith set thi cours adoun
From Itale towart the cost of Sycilly,
And the strait sowndis of the mont Pelory
Vanysys away peys and peys, than the land
Strekis all tyme towart the left hand,
And the left syde lang salt thou, but dowl,
Cyrkil, and sail mony seys about:
On the richt syde the cost and wallis evaid;
For tha partis vmquhile, as it is sayd,
Be fors of storm war in sondir ryfe,
And a huge deip gat thar holkit belyfe.
Behald quhat change and sa onkouth a kast

May be mysknaw, throw tymys lang bipast;
For, quhen that baith tha landis war al ane,
The seys rage draif in, and maid thame twane,
And fors of streym from the syde of Itale
The ile of Sycill devydit hes al haill;
Ane narrow fyrth flowis, baith evyn and morn,
Betwix tha costis and citeis in sondir schorn.
The rycht syde tharof with Scilla ombeset is,
And the left with insaciabil Carybdys;
Quhar, in hir bowkit bysme, that hellys belch
The large fludis suppys thrys in a swelch,
And othir quhilis spowtis in the ayr agane,
Dryvand the stowr to the starnys, as it war rane.
Bot Scilla lurkand in darn hyddyllis lyis,
Within hir cave, spredand hyr mouth feil syis
To sowk the schippis amang rolkis onsure.
Lyke to a woman hir ovyr portrature,
A fair virgynys body down to hir scheir;
Bot hir hynd partis ar als gret, weil neir,
As beyn a hydduus huddon, or a quhaill,
Quharto beyn cuppillit mony meyrswyne taill,
With empty mawys of wolfis ravenus:
Eschew, tharfor, this passage dangerus;
For bettir is thou seik the cost about
Of Pachynus in Scycill, than stand in dout,
And turn thi cowsr on bawburd, a weil far way,
Than anys tobe into sa hard assay
As forto se the vgly monstre fell,
Scilla, and heir the craggis rowt and zell

For barking of sey doggis in hir wame.
And mair atour, gif owthir wit, or fame,
Or traist may be geif Helenus the prophete,
Or gif with verite Phebus inspiris hys sprete,
This a thing, son of the goddes, I the tech,
Abuf al othir, this a thyng I the prech,
And principaly repetis the sam agane,
And seir tymys monysis heir in plane;
First of Juno thou wirschip the gret mycht,
And gladly hallow with sacrifice al at rycht
The power of Juno, and that mychty prynces
To ples lawly with offerandis the addres:
And on sik wys quhen thou hir favouris hes get,
And hest also thi cours from Sycil set
Toward the boundis of Italy our see,
Syne, quhen thou art careit to that cuntre,
And cummyn is to the cite of Cumas,
And by the lakys dedicate to goddis doith pas
Outthrou the soundand forest of Avern,
Vndir a roch, law within a cavern,
Thar salt thou fynd the godly prophetes,
Ful of the spreit dyvyne, that schawis expres
The reuelationys and fatis forto cum,
In palm tre leiffis thame notand al and sum,
Writand vp euery word as sal betyde,
Direkking the leiffis per ordour furth on syde.
Quhat euer this virgyne discrive in hir endyte,
Without the cave closyt scho lays the write:
Tha leiffis remanys onsterit of thar place,

Ne partis not furth of rewle, quhil per cace
The piping wynd blaw vp the dur on char,
And dryve the leiffis, and blaw thaim out of har
In at the entre of the cave agane,
That al hir fyrst laubour was invane:
Bot, fra the blast and 3et pertrubbil thus
Tha thyn leiffis, scho is so dangerus,
Nevir eftyr den3eing hir within the cave
To gaddir togiddir thame with the wynd bewave.
Ne forto put thame into rewle agane,
Nor jone hir writis as thai dyd first remane.
Thus oft the pepil but answer gays thar ways,
And wareis the set of Sybil al thar days.
Fail not, for los of tyme that may betyde,
Bot thou pas to that prophetes, thocht the tyde
And prosper wyndis challance the to the sail,
3a, thocht thi fallowyis cry owt, illyr haill!
On burd! a fair wynd blawis betwix twa schetis!
Beseik hir or thou wend, thocht thine hart betis,
Oppynnand hir voce, scho plesit schaw the evyn
Thy destaneys, be hir awyn mowthis stevin.
Scho sal ryple declare to the in hy
The maneris of al pepill in Italy;
The batellis forto cum scho wil the schaw,
And on quhat wys al dangeir thou sal withdraw.
Or how thou may al lauborus payn sustene;
Wirschip this haly religyus woman cleyn,
Scho sal the grant a prosper cours at hand.
This is the effect, schortly to vnderstand,

That I am levyt with my wordis the to charge:
Adew, pas on, and by thi fatis large
The fame of mekil Troy bair vp to hevyn!
Eftir at this prophet, with hys frendly stevyn,
Thir dyvyne answeris thus pronosticate,
Seyr wegthy gyftis of massy goldyn plate
Onto our schippis chargit he beir onon,
And gret ryches of polyst eveir bone:
Our karvellis howys ladis and prymys he
With huge charge of syluer in quantite.
With caldronys, and othir seir veschell ma,
In Epyr land maid at Dodonea.
To me he gaif a thik clowyt habyrgeon,
A thrynfald hawbrik was al gold begone,
A rownd rich helm with creste and tymbrete fair,
The armour quhilum Neoptolemus bair:
Syne to my fader, effering to his age,
Rych rewardis he gaif of hie parage;
Tharto also he eikis and gaif ws then
Gentill horssis, pylotis, and lodismen;
He ws supplyt with rowaris and maryneris,
And armour plente atanyis for al our feris.

CAP. VII

*Of Helenus and of Andromache,
And how fra thame departing gan Ene.*

In the meyn quhile Anchisis, my fader, in hy
Reddy forto sail chargis mak our navy,
Les than, percace, it mycht our cours delay,
Gif so the wynd blew fair that othir day;
Quhom till this wys interpretour of Phebus,
Helenus, with gret honour carpys thus:
O thou Anchisis, that worthy was, quod he,
With fair Venus conionyt for to be,
And twys delyverit by purviance dyvyne,
And twys eschapit of Troy the sayr rewyne,
Lo! 3ondir for the Ausonya or Itail;
Onto 3one cost syde 3ondir salt thou saill.
And netheles, thocht it be necessar
Out our the sey to 3ondir grond 3e fair,
That part of Itale is a far way hyne
Quhilk is previdyt 3our kyn be Appollyne.
Wend on, says he, thou happy and fortunate
Of thi devote son by the godly estate.
Bot quharto suld I mak langar delay?
As I haue said, fayr weil, pas on 3our way;
Quhat nedis with my speche 3ou tary mor,
Or stop this fair wynd blawing evyn befor?
This not theles, Andromacha, wo begone,
The lattir tyme we suld depart onon,
Brocht to ws brusyt clathis, and rych wedis,
Figuryt and prynnyt all with goldyn thredis,

And to Ascanyus a prowde tawbart gave
Sik as was honorabill hym to weir and have;
Hym and his feris of hir nedyll wark
And wovyn dowreys furnyst, worth mony mark:
And thus scho said, my child, ressaue als wa
Thir remembrance wrocht with my handis twa,
In takyn lang tyme to thynkyng apon me,
Thine vncle Hectouris wife, Andromache:
Tak thir with the as lattir presandis seir
Of thi kynde natyve frendis gudis and geir.
O leif is me! the lykast thing levyng,
And verray ymage of my Astianax 3yng!
Syk eyn had he, and syk fair handis tway,
For all the world, syk mowth and face, perfay:
And, gif he war on lyve quhil now infeir,
He had bene evyneild with the, and hedy peir.
Quhat wil 3e mair? quhen we behuffyt depart,
Terys brysting furth on fors, and with sair hart,
To thame I said; deir frendis, weil 3e be,
Weil mot 3e leif in 3our felicite,
Quhamtill the prospir forton is brocht till end:
Bot we, from werd to werd, and chance, mon wend.
3our rest is fund, 3ou nedis sewch throw na seys,
Nor seik feildis of Itail, that evir ws fleys:
Symylytude of Exanthus, and Troy 3e se
Quhilk 3our awyn warkis hes beldit vp on hie;
God grant in bettyr tyme thai be begunnyn,
And neuer eft with Grekis fors ourrunnyn!
Gif evir in Tybir to entyr me betydis,

And, on the feildis neirby Tybris sydis,
May behald wallis vpset for my menʒe,
Or may the frendly citeis sum tyme se,
Lat ws of Epyrus and of Italy,
Cummyn baith of Dardanus genealogy,
And quhamto eik the chance of fortoun is ane,
Mak but a Troy of athir realmys twane;
And this sam lyge with our posterite
Sal evir remane in faith and vnyte.

CAP. VIII

*Quhar fyrst Eneas Itale dyd aspy,
And mony strange wentis hes salyt by.*

Furth on, with this, throu owt the sey we slyde,
By the forland Cerawnya fast beside,
Quhar fra, out our the fludis forto saill,
The schortast way and cours lyis to Itail.
Down gois the son be than, and hillis hie
Wolx dyrknyt with schaddowis of the sky;
We sort our aris, and chesis rowaris ilke deill,
And at a sownd or cost we likit weill
We strike at nycht, and on the dry strandis
Dyd bawne and beyk our bodeys, feyt, and handis.

Sone on our irkyt lymmys, lethys, and banys
The naturale rest of sleip slaid al atanys.
And, or the speyre his howris rollit richt
Sa far about that it was scars mydnycht,
Not sweir, bot in hys dedis deligent,
Palynurus furth of his cowch vpsprent,
Lysnyng about, and harknyng our alquhar
With erys prest to kep the wynd or ayr.
Of euery starn the twynklyng notis he
That in the still hevyn move cours we se,
Arthuris huyf, and Hyades betakynnand rayn,
Syne Watlyng streit, the Horn, and the Charle wayn,
The fers Orion with hys goldyn glave;
And, quhen he hes thame eueryane persaeue
Into the cleir and serene firmament,
Furth of his eft schip a bekyn gart he stent:
We rays, and went on burd in our the wail,
Syne slakis down the schetis, and maid sayll.
Be this the dawyng gan at morn walx red,
And chasit away the starnys fra euery sted;
The dym hillis on far we dyd aspy,
And saw the law landis of Italy.
Italy! Italy! fyrst cryis Achates,
Syne al our feris of clamour nicht nocht ces,
Bot with a voce atanys cryis, Itail!
And hailsyng gan the land with hey and haill.
Than my fader, ammyral of our flote,
A mekil tankart with wyne fild to the throte,
And tharon set a garland or a crown,

And to the goddis maid this orysoun,
Sittand in the hie eft castell of our schip,
With ful devote reverens and wirschip:
O 3e, quod he, goddis haldis in pouste
Weddir and stormys, the land eik and the se,
Grant our vayage ane esy and reddy wynd,
Inspyre 3our favouris that prosper cours we fynd.
Scars this wes said, quhen, evyn at our desyre,
The sessionabil ayr pipis vp fair and schyre;
The havyn apperis, and thiddir nerrar we draw,
And of Mynerva the strang tempill saw
Set in the castell apon ane hillis hycht.
Our fallowis fangis in thar salys tyght,
And towart the cost thar stevynnis dyd addres.
A port thar is, quham the est fludis hes,
In maner of a bow, maid bowle or bay,
With rochys set forgane the streym ful stay,
To brek the salt fame of the seys stowr:
On athir hand, als hie as ony towr,
The byg hewis strekis furth lyke a wall:
Within the hawyn goith lown, but wynd or wall,
And at the port the tempill may not be seyn.
Heir fyrst I saw apon the plesand greyn
A fatale takyn, fowr horssis quhite as snaw
Gnyppand gresys the large feildis on raw.
Ha! lugyn land, batale thou ws pretendis,
Quod my fader Anchisis; for, as weil kend is,
Horssis ar dressit for the bargane feil sys;
Weir and debait thir stedis signyfyis.

Bot, sen the sammyn four futtit bestis eik
Beyn oft vsyt, ful towartly and meik,
To draw the cart, and thoil brydill and renze,
It is gude hope pace follow sal, says he.
Than wirschip we the godhed and gret mycht
Of Pallas, with clattering harnes fers in fyght,
Quhilk heth ws first ressauyt glaid and gay:
Our hedis befor the altar we array
With valys brown, eftir the Troiane gys,
And, onto Juno of Arge, our sacryfys
Maid reuerently, as Helenus vs bad,
Obseruyng weil, as he commandyt had,
The serymonys leill. Syne, but langar delay,
Fra that perfurnyst was our offerand day,
Onon the nokkis of our rays we writh;
Down fallys the schetis of the salys swith:
The Gregionys herbry and fronteris suspek
We left behynd, and efter, in effek,
Of Taurentum the fyrth we se, but les,
Biggit, as thai say, by worthy Hercules;
And, our forgane the tother syde alsso,
Rays vp Lacynya the tempill of Juno;
Of Cawlon cite eik the wallys hie,
And Scyllacium quhar schipbrokyn mony be.
Syne, far of in the flude, we gan aspy
The byrnand Ethna into Sycilly,
And a fell rage rowting of the sey
Alang way thens, and on the rolkis hie
We hard the jawpys bete, and at the cost

A hyduus brayng of brokyn seys vost:
Apon schald bankis boldynnys hie the flude:
The stowr vpbullyrris sand as it war wode.
My fader than cryis, how! feris, help away,
Streke aris atanys with all the fors 3e may;
No wondir this is the selkouth Caribdis:
Thir horribill rolkis and craggis heir, I wys,
Helenus the prophete ful weil dyd ws declare.
The sammyn wys as thai commandyt ware
Thai dyd onon, and Pallynurus fyrst
Hard halys the schete on syde, and fast gan thryst
The forschip to the wallis and the tyde,
Saland on bawburd towart the left syde;
Towart the left, with mony heys and haill,
Socht all our flot fast baith with rowth and saill.
The swelland swyrl vphesyt ws til hevyn;
Syne wald the waw swak ws down ful evyn,
As it apperit, vnder the sey to hell.
Thrys the holkyt craggis hard we 3ell,
Quhar as the swelch had the rolkis thyrlt;
And thrys the fame furth spowt, that so hie quhirlyt
It semyt watir the starnys, as we thocht.
Be this the son went to, and ws forwrocht
Left dissolat; the wyndis calmyt eik:
We, not bekend quhat rycht cours mycht we seik,
War warp to seywart by the outwart tyde
Of Ciclopes onto the costis syde.
The port, quhamto we cappit, wes ful large,
And, fra al wyndis blast, for schip or barge

Sovir al tyme: bot netheles, fast by,
The grisly Ethna dyd rummyll, schudder and cry;
Sum tyme thrawing owt, heich in the skyis,
The blak laithly smoke that oft dyd rys
As thunderis blast, and rekand as the pyk,
With gledis sparkand as the hail als thik;
Vpspring the blesis and fyry lumpis we se,
Quhilk semyt forto lik the starnys hie;
Sum tyme it rasyt gret rochys, and oft will
Furth bok the bowellis or entralis of the hyll,
And lowsyt stanys vpwarpyis in the ayr
Rownd in a sop, with mony crak and rayr:
The stew of byrnand heyt law from the grond
Vpstrikis thar, that doith to hevyn rebound.
The rumour is, doun thrung vndir this mont
Enchelades body with thundir lyis half bront,
And hydduus Ethna abufe his belly set;
Quhen he lyst gant or blaw, the fyre is bet,
And from that furnys the flambe doith brist or glide:
Quhou oft he turnys our his irkit syde
All Sycil trymblys, quaking with a rerd,
And vgly stew ourquhelmys hevyn and erd.
That nycht, lurkand in woddis, we remane,
Of feirfull monstris sufferand mekil pane;
Bot quhat causyt syk noys na thing we saw:
For nowthir lycht of planetis mycht we know,
Nor the brycht poyll, nor in the ayr a starn,
Bot in dyrk clowdis the hevynnys warpit darn;
The moyn was vndir walk and gave na lycht,

Haldyn ful dym throu myrknes of the nycht.

CAP. IX

*Of the Greik clepit Achemenydes
Rehersyng Ene the natur of Ciclopes.*

The second day be this sprang fra the est,
Quhen Aurora the wak nycht dyd arest
And chays fra hevyn with hir dym skyis donk:
Than suddanly, furth of the woddis ronk,
We se a strange man, of form onknaw;
A lenar wight, na mayr pynynt, I ne saw,
Nor 3it sa wrachitly beseyn a wy;
Towart the cost, quhar that we stude in hy,
Hys handis furth he strekis askand supple.
We hym behald, and al hys cors gan se
Maist laithly ful of ordur, and hys berd
Rekand down the lenth neir of a 3erd;
Hys tawbart and array sewyt with breris:
Bot he was Greik be all hys othir feris,
And vmquhile was, as eftir weil we kend,
To Troy intil hys faderis armour send.
This ilk man, fra he beheld on far
Troiane habitis, and of our armys wes war,

At the first sight he styntit and stude aw,
And fra hys pays begouth abak to draw;
Bot sone eftyr cummys rynnyng in a rays
Down to the schoir, wepyng and askand grace:
O 3e Troianys, be all the planetis, quod he,
Be all the starnys and the goddis hie,
And be the hailsum spreit of hevynnys lycht,
I beseik tak me with 3ou, catyve wycht,
And leid me in quhat land at euer 3e ples:
That may suffys; that war my hartis eys.
I know me ane of the Grekis navy;
In weir to Troy cuntre, I grant, socht I;
For the quhilk deid, gyf that of our trespas
Sa gret the offence and the iniurys was,
Rent me in pecis, and in the fludis swak,
Or drown law vndir the large seys brak.
Gyf that I perych, it is 3it sum comfort
That I of mennys handis deing at schort.
Quod he; and tharwith, grulyng on hys kneis,
He lappit me fast by baith the theys:
We hym exort to schaw quhat was his name,
Of quhat kynrent and blude cummyn at hame,
And syne to tell quhat forton had hym betyde.
My fader Anchisis na ma wordis wald byde,
Bot furthwith gaue that 3ong man his richt hand,
And assurys hys spreit with that presand:
He at the last this dreid has done away,
And on this wys begouth to carp and say;
Of the realm Itachia I am, but les,

And of the cumpany of fey Vlixes,
And Achemenydes onto name I hait,
Cummyn onto Troy with my fader of lait,
Bot a pury wageour, clepyt Adamastus;
Wald God 3it the sam forton remanyt to ws!
My falloschip onwyttyn for3et me heir,
Quhen tha thir cruel marchys left for feir,
And in the Ciclopes huge cave tynt me;
A gowsty hald within, laithly to se,
Ful of vennom and mony bludy meys.
Bustuus hie Poliphemus set at deys
Thar remanys, that may the starnys schaik;
3e goddis delyvir this erd from sik wraik!
For he is vgsum and grysly forto se,
Hutyt to speke of, and aucht not nemmyt be.
Thir wrachit mennys flesch, that is hys fude,
And drynkis worsum, and thar lappyrrit blude.
I saw myself quhen, gruflyngis amynd his cave,
Twa bodeys of our sort he tuke and rayf;
Intil hys hyddus hand thame thrymlyt and wrang,
And on the stanys owt thar harnys dang,
Quhil brayn, and eyn, and blude al poplit owt:
I saw that cruel fend eik thar, but dowt,
Thar lymmys ryfe and eyt, as he war woid,
The 3oustir tharfra chirtand and blak blude,
And the hait flesch vndir his teith flykkerand.
Bot not onwrokyn, forsuyth, this feste he fand;
Nor Vlixes list not lang suffyr this,
Ne this kyng of Itachy hym self nor his

Myghtyn forȝet, into sa gret a plyght.
For sammyn as that horribyll fendlich wight
Had eyt his fyll, and drunk wyne he hym gave,
Sowpit in sleip, his nek furth of the cave
He straucht, fordronkyn, lyggyng in his dreym
Bokkis furth and ȝyskis of ȝowstyr mony streym,
Raw lumpys of flesch and blude blandyt with wyne.
We the gret goddys besocht, and kavillys syne
Kastis, quhat suld be euery mannys part;
Syne al atany's abowt and on hym start,
And, with a scharpyt and brynt steying of tre,
Out dyd we boyr and pyke hys mekil E,
That lurkit alane vndyr hys thrawyn front large,
Als braid as is a Gregioun scheild or targe,
Or lyke onto the lantern of the moyn:
And thus at last haue we ravengit soyn
Blithly the gostis of our feris ded.
Bot ȝhe, onhappy men, fle from this sted,
Fle, fle this cost, and smyte the cabil in twane!
For quhou grysly and how gret I ȝou sayn
Lurkis Polyphemus, ȝymmmand his beystis rouch,
And al thar pappis mylkis through and through,
Ane hundreth otheris, als huge of quantite,
Endlang this ilke costis syde of the se,
Gret Ciclopes inhabitis heir and thar,
And walkis in thir hie montany's our alquhar.
The moyn hes now fyllyt hir hornys thrys
With new lyght sen I haue, on this wys,
My lyfe in woddis led, but syght of men,

In desert hymys and seyr wild beistis den,
And far out from my cavern dyd aspy
The grym Ciclopes, and oft thar grysly cry
And eik stamping of thar feyt maid me trymmyl.
My wrachit fude was berreis of the brymmyll,
And stanyt heppis, quhilk I on buskis fand,
With rutis of herbis I holkit furth of land:
And vyssyand al about, I se at last
This navy of 3owris drawing hyddir fast,
Quhamto I me betaucht and gan avow,
Quhat flote at euer it was; for wayt 3e quhou
It is enuch that I eschapyt haue
3one cruel pepil; I set not of the lave:
For, rather 3e or I fal in syk wraik,
Quhat deith 3e pleis, the lyfe fra me gar taik.

CAP. X

*Of Poliphemus, and mony strange cost,
And how Ene hys fader in Sycill lost.*

Skars this wes sayd, quhen sone we gat a sycht
Apon ane hyll stalkand this hydduus wight,
Amang hys beystis, the hyrd Poliphemus,
Down to the costis bekend draw towartis ws:

A monstre horribyll, onmesurabill and myschaip,
Wanting hys syght, and gan to stab and graip
With hys burdon, that wes a gret fyr tre,
Femand his steppis, becaus he mycht not se;
The wollyt scheip him followyng at the bak,
Quharin his plesur and delyte gan he tak.
About hys hals a quhissil hung had he,
Wes all his solace for tynsell of hys E;
And, with his staf fra he the deip flude
Twichit, and cummyn at the seysyde stude,
Of hys E dolp the flowand blude and attir
He wysch away al with the salt wattir,
Grassilland his teith, and rummysand full hie.
He wadis furth throu myddis of the see,
And 3it the wattir wet not hys lang syde.
We, far from thens affrayt, durst not abyde,
Bot fled onon, and within burd hes brocht
That faithful Greik quhilk ws of succurs socht,
And prevyly we smyte the cabill in twane;
Syne, kemband with aris in al our mane,
Vp weltris watir of the salt sey flude.
He persauyt the sownd, quhar that he stude,
And towart the dyn movis hys pays onon:
Bot quhen he felt at we sa far war gone,
Sa that his handis ws areke ne mycht,
Nor the deip sey Ionium, for all hys hycht,
Ne mycht he waid equale ws to arest,
A fellon bray and huge schowt vp he kest,
Quharthrou the sey and al the fludis schuke;

The land alhail of Itail trymlyt and qwoyk;
And holl cavernys or furnys of Ethna rownd
Rummyst and lowyt, fordynnyt with the sound.
Bot than, furth of the woddis and hillys hie,
Walkynnyt with the cry, a huge pepill we se
Of Ciclopes cum hurland to the port,
And fillyt all the cost sydis at schort.
Tha elrych bredyr, with thar lukis thrawyn,
Thocht not avalyt, thar standyng haue we knawyn;
Ane horribil sort, with mony camsko beik,
And hedis semand to the hevyn areik:
Syklyke as quhar that, with thar hie toppis,
The byg akis strekyng in the ayr thar croppys,
Or than thir cipressis berand heich thar bewys,
Growand in the woddis or hie vp on hewis,
In schawys ald, as men may se from far,
Hallowyt to Dyane or 3it to Jupiter.
The scharp dreid maid ws so to cach haist,
Withdrawand fast, as thocht we had bene chaist,
And for to set our sail quhiddel we best mycht,
To follow the wynd, and hald na courssis rycht.
Aganys the counsale of Helenus, our feris
Perswadis to hald furth evyn the way that steris
Mydwart betwix Charibdis and Scylla,
A litil space fra ded by athir of twa:
For, bot we hald that cours, for owtyn fail,
Bakwartis, thai said, on Ciclopes mon we saill.
Bot lo! onon a fair wynd, or we wist,
Rays of the north, blawing evyn as we lyst,

From the strait bay of Pelorus the mont
And sone we swepyt by, at the fyrst bront,
The mouth of flude Pantagyas ful of stanys,
The sownd Megarus, and Tapsum ile atanys.
The namys of thir costis, Achemenydes,
The companzeon of onhappy Vlixes,
Raknys to ws, as we past ane by ane;
For we return the sammyn went agane
Quhar thar navy had waverit by thar rays.
Within the fyrrh of Sycill, forgane the face
Of the flude Plemyrion full of wallis,
Thar lyis ane Iland, quhilk our elderis callis
Orthigia; quhar that the fame is so
That Alpheus, ane of the ryveris two
Of the cite of Elys in Archaid,
Vndir the sey gan thyddir flow and wayd
Throu secrete cundytis, and now eik, as thai say,
Arethusa, at thi mouth or ischay,
It entris rynnyng in the Sycill see.
The gret goddis of that place wirschip we,
At command of my fader; and fra thyne
The fertill grond of Helory passyt syne,
Quhilk flude watyris al the feild about.
Thar on the craggis our navy stude in dowt;
For on blynd stanys and rolkis hyrslit we,
Tumblit of mont Pachynnus in the see:
And far from thens the loch Cameryna,
Quham the fatis forbyddis to do away,
Apperis to ws, and of Geloy the feildis,

Quhar that the gret cite Gela vpbeild is,
Havand the surname fra the flude fast by:
Syne heich Agragas far of we gan aspy,
A hyl and cite with large wallys of fors,
Quhar vmquhile bred war the maist weirlyke hors:
And the alsso, Selynys, I left behynd,
For al thi palm treys, with the followand wynd.
The dangerus schaldis and cost vppykyt we,
With al hys blynd rolkis, of Lylibe.
Thar the port of Drepanon, and the rayd,
Quham to remember my hart may nevir be glaid,
Ressauyt me, quhar that, allace, allace!
I leys my fader, al comfort and solace,
And al supple of our travell and pane;
Thar, thar allaik! sa feill dangeris bygane
And tempestis of the sey. O fader most deir,
Anchises, desolate quhy left thou me heir
Wery and irkyt in a fremmyt land?
O weilaway! for nocht wes all, I fand,
That thou eschapit sa mony perrellis huge.
Helenus the dyvyne, as we with hym gan luge,
Quhen horribill thingis seir he dyd aduert,
Schew not befor to me thir harmys smert,
Nor 3it the fellow and akwart Celeno.
This wes extreme laubour of pane and wo;
Thys was the end of all hys lang vayage:
And hyddir syne, warpyt with seys rage,
Apon 3our costis, as I fra thens was dryve,
Sum happy chance and God maid me arryve.

The Prynce Eneas, on this wys, alane
The fatis of goddys and rasys mony ane
Rehersyng schew, and syndry strange wentis;
The queyn and all the Tyrryanys takand tentis.
And at the last he cessyt and said no moir,
Endyng his tayll as 3e haue hard befor.

THE PROLOUG OF THE FERD BUKE

With bemys scheyn thou bricht Cytherea,
Quhilk only schaddowist amang starris lyte,
And thi blyndyt weyngit son Cupyd, 3e twa
Fosteraris of byrnyng, carnail, hait delyte,
3our joly wo neidlyngis most I endyte,
Begynnyng with a fen3eit faynt plesance,
Continewit in lust, and endyt with pennance.

In fragil flesch 3our fykkil seyde is saw,
Rutyt in delyte, welth, and fude delicate,
Nurist with sleuth and mony onsemly saw;
Quhar schame is lost, thar spredis 3our burgeonys hait;
Oft to revolve ane onleful consait
Rypys 3our peralus frutis and oncorn:
Of wikkyt grayn quhou sal gude schaf be schorn?

Quhat is 3our fors bot feblyng of the strenth?
3our curyus thochtis quhat but musardry?
3our fremmyt glaidnes lestis not ane howris lenth;
3our sport for schame 3e dar not specify;
3our frute is bot onfructuus fantasy;
3our fary joys beyn bot janglyng and japys,
And 3our trew seruandis sylly goddys apys.

3our sweit myrthis ar mixt with bytturnes;

Quhat is 3our drery gemme? a myrry pane;
3our wark onthrift, 3our quyet is restles,
3our lust lykyng in langour to remane,
Frendschip turment, 3our traist is bot a trane:
O luf, quhidder art thou joy or fulychnes,
That makis folk sa glaid of thar distres?

Salomonys wyt, Sampson thou rubbist hys fors,
And Daudid thou byreft hys prophecy;
Men says thou brydillyt Aristotyll as ane hors,
And crelyt vp the flour of poetry:
Quhat sal I of thi myghtis notyfy?
Fair weil, quhar that thy lusty dart assalis,
Wyt, strenth, ryches, na thyng bot grace avalis.

Thou cheyn of luf, ha benedicite!
Quhou hard strenys thi bandis euery wyght!
The god abuf, from his hie maieste,
With the ybond, law in a maid dyd lycht;
Thou venquyst the strang gyant of gret mycht;
Thou art mair forcy than the ded sa fell;
Thou plenyst paradyce, and thou heryt hell.

Thou makist febill wight, and lawyst the hie;
Thou knyttis frendschyp quhar thar beyn na parage;
Thou Jonathas confederat with Davy;
Thou dantyt Alexander for all his vaslalage;
Thou festnyt Jacob fourteyn 3heir in bondage;
Thou techit Hercules go lern to spyn,

Reke Dyomeir hys mayns and lyoun skyn.

For luf Narsysus perysyt at the well;
For luf thou stervyst most douchty Achill;
Thesysus, for luf, hys fallow socht to hell;
The snaw quhyte dow oft to the gray maik will.
Allace! for luf how mony thame self dyd spill!
Thy fury, luf, moderis taucht, for dyspyte,
Fyle handis in blude of thar 3ong chyldering lyte.

O Lord, quhat writis myne author of thi fors,
In hys Georgikis! quhou thyne ondantyt myght
Constrenys so sum tyme the stonyt hors
That, by the sent of a meyr far of syght,
He bradis brays onon, and takis the flyght;
Na brydill may hym dant nor bustuus dynt,
Nowther bra, hie roch, nor brayd fludis stynt.

The bustuus bullys oft, for the 3ong ky,
With horn to horn wyrkis othir mony a wound,
So rumysyng with hydduus lowand cry
The feildis all doith of thar rowstis resound:
The meyk hartis, in bellyng, oft ar fond
Mak fers bargane, and rammys togyddir ryn;
Baris twyte thar tuskis, and fret otheris skyn.

The reuthtfull smart and lamentabill cace
Quhilk thar he writis of Leander 3yng,
Quhou for thi luf, Hero, allace, allace!

In fervent flambe of hait desyre byrnyng,
By nyctis tyde, the hevynys lowd thundering,
And, all with storm trublyt, the seys flude
Bettand on the rolkis, and rowtand as it war wod;

Set he hym not to swym our, wallaway!
The fyrth betwix Sestos and Abydane,
In Europe and in Asya citeis tway;
Hys fader and moder mycht hym not call agane:
O God, quhat harm! thar wes he drynt and slane;
And quhen his lufe saw this myscheif, atanys
Out our the wall scho lap, and brak hir banys.

Lo, quhou Venus kan hir seruandis acquyte!
Lo, quhou hir passionys onbridillis al thar wyt!
Lo, quhou thai tyne thame self for schort delyte!
Lo, from all grace quhou to myscheif thai flyt,
Fra weil to sturt, fra payn to ded! and 3yt
Thar beyn bot few exempil takis of othir,
Bot wilfully fallys in the fyre, leif brothir.

Be nevir our set, myne author techis so,
With lust of wyne nor warkis veneryane;
Thai febill the strenth; revelys secrete bath two
Stryfe and debait engendris, and feil hes slane;
Honeste, prowes, dreid, schame and luk ar gane
Quhar thai habound; attempyr thame for thy.
Childir to engendir oys Venus, and not invane;
Hant na surfat, drynk bot quhen thou art dry.

Quhat? is this lufe, nys luffaris, at 3e meyn,
Or fals dissait fair ladeys to begile?
Thame to defowle, and schent 3our self betweyn,
Is al 3our lykyng, with mony suttel wyle.
Is that trew lufe, gude faith and fame to fyle?
Gyf luf be vertu, than is it lefull thing;
Gif it be vyce, it is 3our ondoying.

Lust is na lufe, thocht ledis lyke it weill;
This furyus flambe of sensualite
Ar nane amouris bot fantasy 3e feill:
Carnale plesance, but syght of honeste,
Hatis hym self forsuyth, and luffis nocht the:
Thare beyn twa luffis, perfyte and imperfyte,
That ane leful, the tother fowle delyte.

Lufe is a kyndly passioun, engendryt of heyt
Kyndlyt in the hart, ourspreddyng al the cors:
And, as thou seys sum person waik in spreyt,
Sum hait byrnyng as ane onbridillyt hors;
Lyke as the pacient hes heyt of our gret fors,
And in 3ong babbys warmnes insufficient,
And into agyt fail3eis, and is out quent;

Rycht so in luf thou may be excessyve,
Inordinatly luffand ony creature;
Thi luf alsso it may be defectyve,
To luf thine awin and geif of otheris na cure:

Bot quhar that lufe is rewlyt by messure,
It may be lyknyt to ane hail mannis estait,
In temperat warmnes, nowthir to cald nor hait.

Than is thi lufe inordinat, say I,
Quhen ony creatur mair than God thou luffis,
Or 3it luffis ony to that fyne, quharby
Thi self or thame thou frawartis God remufis:
Fortil attempir thine amouris the behuffis:
Lufe euery wyght for God, and to gude end,
Thame be na wys to harm, bot to amend.

That is to knaw, lufe God for his gudnes,
With hart, hail mynde, trew servyce, day and nycht;
Nixt luf thi self, eschewand wykkytnes;
Lufe syne thi nychtburris, and wyrk thame nane onrycht,
Willyng at thou and thai may haue the syght
Of hevynnys blys, and tyste thame not tharfra,
For, and thou do, syk luf dowe nocht a stra.

Faynt lufe, but grace, for all thi fenzeit layis,
Thy wantoun willis ar verray vanyte;
Grasles thou askis grace, and thus thou prayis;
Haue mercy, lady, haue reuth and sum piete!
And scho, reuthtles, agane rewys on the:
Heir is na paramouris fund, bot all haitrent,
Quhar nowthir to weill nor resson tak thai tent.

Callys thou that reutht, quhilk of thar self ne rakkis?

Or is it grace to fall fra grace? nay, nay;
Thou sekis mercy, and tharof myscheif makkis:
Renown and honour quhy wald thou dryfe away?
A brutale appetyte makis 3ong fulys forvay,
Quhilk be resson lyst not thar heyt refreyn,
Haldand opynyon deyr of a boryt beyn.

Says nocht 3our sentens thus, skant worth a fas,
Quhat honeste or renoun is to be dram?
Or forto drowp lyke a fordullyt as?
Lat ws in ryot leif, in sport and gam;
In Venus covrt, sen born tharto I am,
My tyme weil sal I spend. Wenys thou not so?
Bot al 3our solace sal return in gram,
Syk thewles lustis in byttir pane and wo.

Thou auld hasard lichour, fy for schame,
That slotteris furth euermar in sluggardry
Out on the, auld trat, agit wyfe, or dame,
Eschamys na tyme in rovste of syn to ly!
Thir Venus warkis in 3outhed ar foly,
Bot into eild thai turn in fury rage;
And quha schameles dowblis thar syn, ha fy!
As doith thir vantouris owthir in 3outh or age?

Quhat nedis avant 3ou of 3our wykkytnes,
3he that beyn forcy alane in villans deid?
Quhy gloyr 3e in 3our awyn onthriftnes?
Eschame 3he not rehers and blaw on breid

3our awyn diffame, havand of God na dreid
Nor 3yt of hell, provokand otheris to syn,
3he that lyst of 3our pal3ardry nevir blyn?

Wald God 3he purchest bot 3our awyn myschans,
And war na banareris forto perych mo!
God grant sum tyme 3e turn 3ou to pennans,
Refrenyng lustis inordinate, and cry ho!
And thar affix 3our luf and myndis so,
Quhar euer is verray joy without offens,
That all syk beistly fury 3he lat go hens.

Of brokkaris and syk bawdry quhou suld I write,
Of quham the fylth stynkis in Godis neys?
With Venus henwyffis quhat wys may I flyte,
That strakis thir wenschis hedis thame to ples?
Douchtir, for thy lufe this man hes gret dyseys,
Quod the bysmeyr with the slekyt speche;
Rew on hym, it is meryte hys pane to meys:
Syk poyd makcrellis for Lucifer beyn leche.

Eschame, 3yng virgynys, and fair damycellis,
Furth of wedlok forto disteyn 3our kellys;
Traist nocht al talis that wanton woweris tellis,
3ow to deflour purposyng, and nocht ellys:
Abhor syk pryce or prayer wirschip sellys.
Quhar schame is lost quyte schent is womanhed;
Quhat of bewte, quhar honeste lyis ded?

Rew on 3our self, ladeys and madynmys 3yng,
Grant na syk reuth for evir may caus 3ou rew:
3he fresch gallandis, in hait desyre byrnyng,
Refreyn 3our curage syk paramouris to persew;
Grund 3our amouris on charite al new;
Found 3ow on resson; quhat nedis mair to preche?
God grant 3ou grace in luf, as I 3ou tech!

Fy on dissait and fals dissymulans,
Contrar to kynd with fen3eit cheir smylyng,
Vndyr the cloik of luffis obseruans,
The venom of the serpent reddy to styng!
Bot al syk crymys in luffis caus I resyng
To the confessioun of morale Jhonne Gower;
For I mon follow the text of our mater.

Thy dowbill wound, Dido, to specify,
I meyn thyne amouris, and thi funeral fait,
Quha may endyte, but teris, with eyn dry?
Augustyne confessis hym self wepit, God wait,
Redyng thy lamentabill end mysfortunat.
By the wil I repeyt this vers agane,
Temporal joy endis wyth wo and pane.

Allace, thy dolorus cays and hard myschance!
From blys to wo, fra sorow to fury rage,
Fra nobylnes, welth, prudens and temperance,
In brutell appetite fall, and wild dotage;
Danter of Affryk, Queyn foundar of Cartage,

Vmquhil in ryches and schynnyng gloyr ryngnyng,
Throw fulych lust wrocht thine awyn ondoynyng.

Lo! with quhat thocht, quhat byttyrnes and pane,
Lufe onsyly breidis in euery wight!
Quhou schort quhile doith hys fals plesance remane!
Hys restles blys how sone takis the flicht!
Hys kyndnes alteris in wraith within a nycht:
Quhat is, bot turment, all hys langsum fayr,
Begun with feir, and endyt in dispayr?

Quhat sussy, cuyr, and strange ymagynyng,
Quhat ways onlefull, hys purpos to atteyn,
Hes this fals lust at his first begynnyng!
Quhou subtell wylis, and mony quyet meyn!
Quhat slycht dissait quently to flat and feyn;
Syne in a thraw kan not hym selvyn hyde,
Nor at his first estait no quhile abyde!

Thou swelch, deuourar of tyme onrecoverabill,
O lust, infernal furnys, inextingwybill,
Thy self consumyng worthis insaciabill,
Quent fendis net, to God and man odibill!
Of thi tryggettis quhat tong may tell the tribbill?
With the to wrasyll, thou walxis euer moir wyght;
Eschew thyne hant, and mynnys sal thi mycht.

Se, quhou blynd luffis inordinate desyre
Degradis honour, and resson doith exile!

Dido, of Cartage flour, and lamp of Tyre,
Quhais hie renoun na strenth nor gift mycht fyle,
In hir faynt lust sa mait, within schort quhile,
That honeste baith and gude fame war adew;
Syne for disdeyn, allace! hir selvyn slew.

O! quhat avalit thi brute and gloryus name,
Thi moblys, tresour, and werkis infynyte,
Thi citeis beilding, and thi ryal hame,
Thy realmys, conquest, weiflar and delyte?
To stynt al thing salue thine awyn appetite
So wes in lufe thi frawart destane:
Allace the quhile thou knew the strange Ene!

And sen I suld thy tragedy endyte,
Heir nedis nane othir invocatioun:
Be the command I lusty ladeis quhyte,
Be war with strangeris of onkouth natioun
Wyrk na syk woundris to thar dampnatioun;
Bot til attayn wild amouris at the thai leir:
Thy lusty pane begouth on this maneir.

THE FERD BUKE OF ENEADOS

CAP. I

*The thochtfull queyn, with mony amorus claws,
Til hir systir compleyns in luffis caws.*

Be this the Queyn, throw hevy thochtis onsound,
In euery vayn nurysys the greyn wound,
Smytyn so deip with the blynd fyre of lufe
Hir trublyt mynd gan fra all rest remufe.
Compasing the gret prowes of Ene,
The large wirschip feill sys remembris sche
Of his lynnage and folkis; for ay present
Deip in hir breist so was hys figur prent,
And all hys wordis fixt, that, for bissy thocht,
Noyn eys hir membris nor quyet suffir mocht.
The nixt day following, with hys lamp brycht
As Phebus dyd the grund or erth alycht,
Eftir the dawning heth the donk nychtis clowd
Chasyt from the sky, and the ayr new schrowd;
Ful evil at eys queyn Dido on this kynd
Spak to hir systir, wes of the sammyn mynd.
My sistir An, quhat swevynnis beyn thir, quod sche,

Quhilk me affrays in sik proplexite?
Quhat be he, this gret new gest or stranger,
Onto our realm laitly is drevyn heir?
Quhou wys in speche, and in his commonyng,
He schawys hym self! O God, quhat wondir thing!
Quhou stout in curage! in weir quhou vailzeand!
I trow sistir, and, as I vndirstand,
Myne opinion is nane oncertane thing,
Thai beyn sum lynnage of verray goddis ofspring;
For dreid always and schaymful kowardys
Degeneryt wightis and bowbartis notyfys.
Allace! quhat wondir fatale aventuris
Hes hym bywaif! quhat travel, pane and curis,
How huge batellis, be hym eschewit, tald he!
Now, certis, war it not determyt with me,
And fixit in my mynd onmovabillly,
That to no wyght in wedlok me list I
Cuppil nor knyht, sen my first luf is gane,
By deth dissoverit, and left me alane;
War not alsso to me is displesant
Genyvs chalmyr or matrymone to hant;
Perchans I mycht be venquist in this rage,
Throu this a cryme of secund mariage.
Annes, I grant to the, sen the deces
Of my sory husband Syche, but les,
Quhar that our hows with brodyrris ded wes sprent,
Only this man hes movit myne entent,
And heth my mynd inducyt to forvay:
I knaw and felis the wemmys and the way

Of the ald fyre and flambe of luffis heit.
Bot rather I desyre baith cors and spreit
Of me the erth swelly law adown,
Or than almychty Jove with thundris sovn
Me smyte ful deip onto the schaddoys dern,
Amang pail gastis of hellis holl cavern,
In the profound pot of deth and dyrk nycht,
Or I becum so schamful wrachit wyght
That I myne honeste fyle or womanhed,
Or brek 3our lawis; na, quhil I be ded!
He, that me first to hym in wedlok knyht,
My first flowr of amouris tuke, and 3yt
For euermair with hym he sal thame haue,
And he most keip thame with hym in his grave.
Thus sayand, the brycht teris onon owtbrist,
And fillyt all hir bosum or scho wist.
Annes answerd; O thou, sa mot I thryve,
To thi systir derrar than hir awyn lyve,
Quhiddir gif thou wilt alane, in wedowhed,
Evir murnand thus waist away thy 3outhed,
Nowthir 3yt the comfort of sweit childring thou knawis,
Nor the plesour felis of Venus lawys?
Quhat! wenys thou assys cald and gastis in grave
Of al syk walyng ony fest sal haue?
In cays that in thi duyl afor thir days,
Thy lord new ded, the list inclyne na ways
Nowthir prynce nor duke to tak as for husband;
Suppos thou lychtlyit than, of Lyby land,
Hyarbas kyng, and othir heris all,

Quhilkis in the rich sulze triumphhall
Of Aufrik boundis dwelling wyde quhar;
Quhat! wilt thou als debatyng euer mar
Agane this lykand lufe, cummys of plesance?
Consideris thou not, and hes in remembrance,
Amyddys quhays grond heir thou remanys?
On this hand, citeis of Getulyanys,
A kynd of pepill invincibill in batell;
Heir the ondantit folk of Numyda dwell,
And, on that other part, ombyset, I wys,
We ar with bustuus onfrendly Syrtis;
And zondir the desert region allswa,
Ay full of thyrst, in barrand Libya;
And wydquhar thens the wild pepil of Barchay.
The weris moving from Tyre quhat sal I say,
And the gret brag and mannans of our brothir?
Be disposicioun of goddis, I weyn, nane othir,
And by the purvyans of Juno, to our supple,
Thir Troiane schippis by prospir wynd our see
Heth hyddir set thar coursys fortunate.
O systir myne, consider in quhat estait
Thys cite, quhilk thou beildis, sal vprys!
Persaue quhou that this realm may, on syk wys,
Beyn vpheyt throu sa nobil a mariage!
Behald quhou mekill the glory of Cartage
Salbe extollyt, and encres in euery thyng,
Throu help in armys of the Troianys ofspryng!
Quharfor, the nedis beseik goddis of thar grace,
With sacrifice, tobe favorabil in this cace.

Do set alhaill thi cure and diligence
To causyng hym mak with the residence,
And fenȝe causys to tary hym and wythhald,
So lang as thus, duryng the wyntir cald,
The sey ragis throu watry Orion,
And quhil the stormys be al our blawyn and gon;
And quhil hys schippis, with the tempest schaik,
Be bet, byd spair nowthir fyr, elm, nor aik.

CAP. II

*Dido enflambyt in the lusty heyt,
With amorus thochtis trublys al hir spreit.*

Wyth thir wordys the spreit of Dido queyn,
The quhilk tofor in lufe wes kyndlyt grene,
Now al in fyre the flambe of lufe furth blesys;
Hir doutsum mynd with gude hope so scho esys
That al the schame and dreid wes blaw away;
And to the tempill furth held tha baith tway.
Eftir the serymonys of thar payane gys,
Beneuolence and gude luk, syndry wys,
Thai sekyng and thai sers at ilke altar;
And twyntris, walit for sacrifice, heir and thar
Thai brytnyt; and sum in honour dyd addres

Of the law ledar Ceres, the goddes;
To Phebus, and to Bachus part alsso;
Bot principaly onto the queyn Juno,
Quhilk heth in cuyr the band of mariage.
Hir self, most gudly queyn Dido of Cartage,
Held in hir richt hand a cowp full of wyne;
Betwix the hornys twa furth³et it syne
Of ane ontamyt 3ong quy, quhite as snaw:
And, othir quhilis, wald scho raik on raw,
Or pays tofor the altaris, wyth fat offerandis
Ay chargyt full; and oft, with hir awyn handis,
Renew and beyt the sacrifice all day;
And rich gyftis geif Troianys; and wald ay
The beistis costis, as thai debowellit wer,
And thar entralis behald flekkyr and steir,
Accordyng the auld vsans to that effect,
Sum augury to persaue or gude aspect.
O wallaway! of spamen and dyvynys
The blynd myndis, quhilkis na way diffynys
The fors ne strenth of Luf with hys hard bandis!
Quhat avalyt thir sacrifice and offerandis?
Quhat helpis to vyssy tempillis in luffis rage?
Behald onhappy Dido of Cartage
In this meyn session byrnyng hait as gleyd:
The secrete wound deip in hir mynd gan spreyd,
And of hoyt amouris the subtell quent fyre
Waistis and consumys merth, banys, and lyre.
Our all the cite enragyt scho heir and thar
Wandris, as ane strykkyn hynd, quhom the stalkar,

Or scho persave, from far betis with hys flane
Amyd the woddis of Creyt, and lattis remane
The braid hed, onknaw the beste was hyt:
Scho skyping furth, as to eschew the byt,
Gan throu the forest fast and gravys glyde;
Bot evir the dedly schaft stykkis in hir syde.
Sum tyme the queyn Ene with hir dyd leid
Throu owt the wallys onto euery steid,
The tresour al and riches of Sydony
Schawyng to hym; and offerit al reddy
The cite of Cartage at hys commandment:
Begyn scho wald to tell furth hir entent,
And in the myd word stop, and hald hir styll.
And quhen the evyn come, it wes hir will
To seik ways hym to feste, as scho dyd ayr;
And, half myndles, agane scho langis sayr
For tyll enquiryre and heir the sege of Troy,
And in a stair behaldis hym for joy.
Eftir all wes voydyt, and the licht of day
Ay mair and mair the moyn quynchit away,
And the declynyng of the starris brycht
To sleip and rest persuadis euery wight,
Within hir chalmyr alane scho langis sayr,
And thocht al waist for lak of hir luffar.
Amyd a voyd bed scho hir laid adoun,
And of hym absent thinkis scho heris the sown;
Hys voce scho heris, and hym behaldis sche,
Thocht he, God wait, far from hir presens be:
And sum tyme wald scho Ascanyus, the page,

Caucht in the figur of hys faderis ymage,
And in hir bosum brace, gif scho tharby
The lufe ontellabill mycht swik or satisfy.
The wark and wallys begun ar not vpbrocht;
The 3ounkeris dedis of armys excersis nocht;
Nothir fortres nor turettis suyr of weir
Now graith tha mair; for al the wark, but weir,
Cessis and is stoppyt, baith of pynnakillis hie,
And byg towris, semyt to rys in the skie.

CAP. III

*Tyl Venus carpyis Juno the goddes,
And of thar spech and sermond, mar and les.*

Alsswyth as Juno, with syk maleys ourtane,
Persauyt hir deir frend that remeid was nane,
Nothir fame ne honour the rage resyst mycht,
Saturnus douchtir with syk wordis on hyght
Begouth to carp onto Venus, I wys;
A huge honour and lawd 3e sal of this
Raport, and richt large spulze beir away,
Thou and thi child forsuyth, quod scho, bath tway:
O Lord, quhou gret power and notabil mycht,
Gif that, of twa hie goddis throu the slycht,

A sylly woman sal ourcummyn be!
Not so, I wys, hes thou dissavyt me,
Bot that I knaw thou had in feir and dreid
Our cite, and held the lugyng suspek, in deid,
Of our renownyt hie burgh of Cartage.
Bot on quhat wys sall sesyng al this rage?
Or now quhat nedis sa gret stryfe and kontak?
Far rather perpetuell pes lat ws mak,
And knyt vp band of mariage thartill,
Sen thou hes gottin al thyne hartis will;
For Dido byrnys in hait lufe al atany,
The brym fury glydis throu owt hir banys.
Lat ws thir pepill to ws common, for thy,
Be frendly favouris govern equally;
So that it lesum be Dido remane
In spousage bund, and serve a lord Troiane,
And suffir Tirreanys, and al Lyby land,
Be geif in dowry to thi son in hand.
Than Venus, knowing hir spech of fenzeit mynd,
To that effect scho mycht the Troiane kynd,
And werys to cum furth of Itail allswa,
With hald and kepe from boundis of Lybia,
Answerd and sayd: quhat wikkyt wyght wald euer
Refuys syk proffyr, or 3yt with the had levir
Contend in bataill, or stand at debait,
Gif that, as thou rehersis, the deid algait
Als sovirly mycht follow fortunabill?
Bot I affeir me les the fatis onstabill,
Nor Jupiter, consent not, ne aggre,

That bot a cite to Tyryanys suld be
And eik to folkis from Troy in vayage cummyn,
Or list appreif thai pepillis all and summyn
Togiddir myddill, or joyn in lyge or band.
Thou art hys spows; til the to tak on hand
Is lefull with request hys mynd to assay.
Pas on befor, I follow the perfoy.
Than Juno queyn syk answer maid agane:
This laubour I tak on hand, al myne alane.
Bot on quhat wys, sen tyme is convenabill,
The fasson quhou this stant to do maist habill,
Hark, at schort wordys that poynt I sal 3ou say.
Eneas and onsilly Dido, baith tway,
To forest grathis in huntynge furth to wend,
To morow, als fast as Titan doith ascend,
And our the warld gan hys bemys spreid.
Quhen that the rangis and the faid on breid
Dynnys throu the gravys, sersyng the woddis wyde,
And setis set the glen on euery syde,
I sal apoun thame a myrk schour down skail
Of weit and wynd, mydlit wyth fellon hail,
And all the hevyn with thundyrre blast sa steir
That all thar falloschip sall withdraw for feir.
Enclosyt with a myst als dyrk as nycht
Dido and eik the Troiane duke full rycht,
Alanerly, bot be thame selvyn twane,
Togiddir sal entir in a cave of stane:
Thar sal I be reddy, and, but delay,
Gif thi mynd be ferm tharto the ilk day,

In sovir wedlok I sal conioyn hir thar,
To be his propir spous for euermair:
Apon this wys thar wedding salbe wrocht.
Affermys all hir wil, contrarying nocht,
Of Cetheron Venus the goddes brycht,
Lauchyng scho fund had so controvit a slycht.

CAP. IV

*Quhou that the Queyn to huntyng raid at morow,
And of the first day of hir joy and sorow.*

Furth of the sey, with this, the dawyng spryngis.
As Phebus rays, fast to the 3ettis thringis
The chos gallandis, and huntmen thame besyde,
With ralys and with nettys strang and wyde,
And huntyng sperys styf with hedis braid:
From Massillyne horsmen thik thiddir raid,
With rynnyng hundis, a full huge sort.
Nobillys of Cartage, hovand at the port,
The Queyn awatys that lang in chawmyr dwelllys:
Hyr fers steyd stude stampyng, reddy ellys,
Rungeand the fomy goldyn byt gynglyng;
Of gold and pal wrocht hys rych harnasyng:
And scho, at last, of palyce yschit owt,

With huge menȝe walking hir abowt,
Lappyt in a brusyt mantill of Sydony,
With gold and perle the bordour al bewry,
Hyngand by hir syde the cays with arowis grund;
Hir bricht tressis envelopyt war and wond
Intil a quayf of fyne gold wyryn threid;
The goldyn button claspyt hir purpoure weid:
And furth scho passyt with all hir cumpany.
The Troiane pepill forgaderit by and by,
Joly and glaid the fresch Ascanyus ȝyng.
Bot first of all, maist gudly, hym self thar kyng
Enee gan entir in falloschip, but dout,
And onto thame adionyt hys large rowt.
Lyke quhen Apollo list depart or ga
Furth of hys wyntring realm of Lysya,
And leif the flude Exanthus for a quhile,
To vissy Delos, his moderis land and ile,
Renowand ryngis and dansys, mony a rowt;
Mixt togiddir, hys altaris standing about,
The pepil of Creit, and thame of Driopes,
And eik the payntit folkis Agathirces,
Schowtand on thar gys with clamour and vocis hie:
Apon thi top, mont Cynthus, walkis he,
Hys wavand haris, sum tyme, doying down thryng
With a soft garland of lawrer sweit smellyng;
And vmquhile thame gan balmyng and enoynt,
And into gold addres, at full gude poynt;
Hys grundyn dartis clattering by hys syde.
Als fresch, als lusty dyd Eneas ryde;

With als gret bewte in hys lordly face.
And eftyr thai ar cummyn to the chace,
Amang the montanys in the wild forest,
The rynnyng hundis of cuppillys sone thai kest,
And our the clewys and the holtis, belyve,
The wild beistis down to the dail thai dryve.
Lo! thar the rays, rynnyng swyft as fyre,
Drevyn from the hyghtis, brekkis out at the swyre:
Ane othir part, syne 3ondyr mycht thou se
The herd of hartis with thar hedis hie,
Ourspynerand with swyft cours the plane vail,
The hepe of duste vpstowryng at thair tail,
Fleand the hundis, levand the hie montanys.
And Ascanyus, the child, amyd the planys,
Joyus and blith hys startling steid to assay,
Now makis his rynk 3ondir, and now this way
Now prekis furth by thir, and now by thame;
Langyng, amang faynt frayt beistis ontame,
The fomy bair, doun from the hyllis hycht,
Or the dun lyoun descend, recontyr he mycht.
In the meyn quhile, the hevynnys al about
With fellow noys gan to rummyll and rowt.
A bub of weddir followyt in the tayll,
Thik schour of rayn myddillit ful of haill.
The Tyriane men3e skales wydequhar,
And al the gallandis of Troy fled heir and thar;
And eik with thame the 3ong Ascanyus,
Nevo to kyng Dardan and to Venus.
For feir, to diuers stedis throu the feildis,

Thai seik to haldis, howsis, hyrnys and beildis:
The ryveris rudly ruschit our hillis bedene.
Within a cave is entrit Dido queyn,
And eik the Troiane duke, al thame alane,
By aventur, as thai eschewyt the rane.
Erth, the first moder, maid a takyn of wo,
And eik of wedlok the pronuba Juno,
And of thar cuplyng wittering schew the ayr:
The flambe of fyreslaucht lychnyt heir and thar
And on the hillys hie toppis, but les,
Sat murnand nymphis, hait Oreades.
This wes the formaste day of hir glaidnes,
And first morrow of hir wofull distres.
For nother the fasson nor the maner sche
Attendis now, nor fame, ne honeste;
Ne, from thens furthwart, Dido ony mor
Musis on lufe secrete, as of befor,
Bot clepis it spousage; and, with that fayr name,
Clokyt and hyd hir cryme of oppyn schame.

CAP. V

*Of Fame that monstre, and kyng Hyarbas fury,
And how fra Jove wes send the god Mercury.*

The fame heirof, belyve, gan walx and spreid
Throu cheif citeis of all Affrik on breid:
Fame is myscheif, quham na harm vndyr the lyft
In motioun nor sterage is mair swyft.
Movand scho growis, and, passand our alquhar,
Hir strenth encressis and walkis mair and mayr.
Lytill, for feir, the fyrst tyme semys sche;
Sone eftir rysys to the starnys on hie;
Apon the grond scho walkis fra sted to sted,
And vp amang the clowdis hydis hyr hed.
Throu greif of goddis commovyt, and nocht glaid,
Erth, the gret moder, bayr this child, as is said,
Last systir to Ceyos and Enchelades,
Ane huge, horribill, and strange monstre, but les,
Spedy of fut, and on weyngis swyft as wynd.
Quhou mony fedderis bene on hir body fynd,
Als mony walkryse eyn lurkis thar vndir,
Als feil tongis, that for to tell is wondir,
With als feil mouthis carpis sche and beris,
Als mony hes scho prik vpstandand eris.
By nycht scho fleys amynd the hevyn throu owt,
Circuland the schaddow of the erth about
With huge fard, nother cuyr gevand nor keip
Hir eyn anys to rest nor tak a sleip:
Al day scho syttis, wachand byssely,
Apon the top of nobillis howsis, to spy,
Or on thir princis palyce with towris hie,
And with hir noys gret citeis affrays sche;
Als weil ramembring fenzeit and schrewit sawys,

As scho the treuth and verite furth schawis.
Thys ilke wensch, that tyme, with mony a taill,
Gladly this rumour gan throu the pepill skaill,
Telland the thing wrocht, and not wrocht, togiddir:
Quhou of the Troiane blude wes cummyn thiddir
Ene, with quham the fair Dido be wed
Dedenyt, and as husband go to bed;
And how the wyntir session betwix thame tway
Thai spend in lang reffell, lust, and play,
Of thar realmys na thing remembring,
In fowle delyte ybond be Cupyd kyng.
Thys menskles goddes in euery mannys mouth
Skalys thir newis est, west, north, and sowth.
Hir cours, onon, but langar taryng,
Addressys scho ontill Hyarbas kyng;
With hir sawis his mynd inflambyng as fyre,
Prouokand hym to wreth and fellon ire.
To Amon he wes son, beget als wa
Apon the maid revist Garamantida:
Within his large realmys huge braid
Ane hundreth tempillis to Jupiter he maid;
Ane hundreth altaris, quharon the walkryfe fyre
He dedicate, al tymys byrnand schyre;
Set wachis in honour of goddis perpetually;
Of beistis blude the fat grond nevir dry,
Strowit with garlandis and flowris of diuers kynd.
This ilke kyng, wod wroith, half owt of mynd,
And for thir schrewyt rumouris for ammovit,
In presens of the goddis quhilk he luffit,

Befor the altar, to Jupiter, as thai say,
Hevand vp handis, devoutly thus gan pray:
Almychty Jove, quod he, quhamto, feill sys,
On brusyt beddis hie fest and sacryfys
Of Mawrusya the pepill hantis thus,
Offeryng to the the honour of Bachus,
Consideris thou this? or quhiddel, fader, gif we
For nocht the dredis, quhen thou lattis thundir fle?
Or gif thi fyreslauch, the blynd clowdis within,
To fley our myndis, in vane makis noys and dyn?
3one woman, lait exile and vagabund
Com to our boundis, that by pryce bocht the grund
A litil village to byg, and quhamto we
For to manuyr gave the strand of the see,
Quhamto our lawis and statutis we gart mak,
Our mariage gan lychtly and forsaik,
And in hir ryng hes tane Ene for lord.
And now that secund Parys, of ane accord
With his onworthy sort, skant half men beyn,
Abufe his hed and halffettis, weil beseyn,
Set lyke a mytir the Troiane foly hat,
Hys hair enoynt weil prunzeit vndir that,
By reif mantemys hir suld owris be;
Becaus onto thi templis dayly we
Bryngis offerand, and invane hallowis thi name.
With syk wordis kyng Hyarbas at hame
Makyng hys prayeris, and grippand the altar,
Him hard onon almychty Jupiter,
And hys eyn turnys towart the riall wallis

Of Cartage, and thir luffaris, quhilkis so fallis
At thai thar fame and gude renown forȝet.
Syne thus said to Mercuryus, but let,
And with sik maner charge gan hym direk:
Pas, son, inhaist, graith the wyndis in effek;
Slyde with thi feddyrame to ȝon Troiane prynce,
Quhilk now in Cartage makis residence,
Gevand no cuyr of citeis in Italy
To hym ygrant by fatale destany;
Do beir my message swyftly throw the skyis,
Sa to hym thus my wordis on syk wys:
His derrest moder promist ws not that he
Of hys gydyng sa faynt a man suld be,
Nor, for syk causys, hym delyverit twys
Furth of the Grekis handis, hys ennemys;
Bot at he suld haue beyn wys, sage, and grave,
Hie senȝeoreis and gret empyre to have,
And Itale dant, quhilk brandysis in battell,
And, by his dedis, declair and cleyrly tell
Hym cummyn of Teuceris hie genealogy,
And to subdew the warldis monarchy.
Of sa gret thingis thocht na wirschip hym steris,
Nor for hys honour list not laubour as efferis,
ȝyt than, the fader aucht na wys to envy
That Ascanyus bruke Romys senȝeory.
Speir quhat he beildis, or how that he dar dwell
Amang a pepill salbe hys ennemys fell.
Hys lynnage tocum in Itale forȝettis he,
And gevis na compt of Lavyne the cuntre.

Byd hym mak sail: this is all in effek;
Thiddir on our message thus we the direk.
Said Jupiter: and Mercur, but arest,
Dressyt to obey hys gret faderis behest:
And first ontill hys feyt fast buklyt he
Hys goldyn weyngis, quharwith he doith fle,
Quhen so hym lyst, abuf the fludis on hyght,
Or on the erth, with gret fard and swyft flycht.
Syne tuke his wand, quharwith, as that thai tell,
The pail sawlis he cachis furth of hell,
And other sum tharwith gan schet full hoyt
Deip in the sorofull grisly hellys pote;
Quharwith he makis folk sleip, magre thar hed,
And revis fra othir al sleip, and to the ded
Closis thar eyn, and brekis the stryngis tway:
Throu help tharof he chasys the wyndis away,
And trubly clowdis dyvidis in a thraw.
Tho furth he fleys, till at the last he saw
The heich top and sydis braid onevyn
Of hard Atlas, baryng on his crown the hevyn;
The mysty clowdis cirkilland his hed about,
Quharon of fyrryn treis stant mony rowt,
With wynd and storm full oft to schaik and blaw;
Hys schulderis heildit with new fallyn snaw:
Furth of the chyn of this ilk hasard auld
Gret fludis ischis, and styf ise schokkyllis cauld
Doun from his stern and grysly berd hyngis.
Heir first Mercur, with evynly schynand weyngis,
Gan hym arest, and with hail fard fra thens

Vnto the sey fludis maid hys discens;
Lyke till a fowle that, endlang the cost syde,
About the strandis, of fysch plentuus, and wyde,
Fleys by the watyr, skummand the fludis law:
Betwix the hevyn and erth, the sam wys, flaw
Mercury, clepit the child Cyllenys,
Discendyng from hys moder granscher thus;
The sandy costis and desertis of Lyby,
And eik the wyndis, persyng by and by.
And, with the weyngit solys of hys feyt,
As he of Cartage fyrst tred on the streyt,
Eneas foundand towris he gan aspy,
And garrand beild new luyngis byssyly:
Belt he wes with a swerd of mettale brycht,
Of quham the scawbart with brown jasp wes pight;
His rych array dyd our hys schuldris hyng,
Bet of a purpour claith of Tyre glittering,
Fettysly stykkit with prynnyt goldyn thredis;
Of mychty Didois gift wrocht all his wedis.
Mercur recontris hym, and said onon:
Of Cartage now the prowde wallis of stone
Thou foundis, quod he, and biggis at al devyce
A cite, excersyt intill a wyfis seruyce,
Thyne awyn materis and realm for3etting, allace!
Hiddir onto the, from his bricht hevynly place,
The governour of goddis heth me sent,
Quhilk rewlys at will erd, hevyn, and elyment;
He bad me throw the skyis bair this charge:
Quhat beildis thou heir in Lyby or Cartage?

Or to quhat fyne or beleif takis on hand
To waist thi tyme into this fremmyt land?
Gif that na lavd ne honour move the list
Of sa hie thingis as ar to the promyst,
Nor thi selvyn thou wil not occupy
To purches thine awyn renown ne glory;
3yt than, behald Ascanyus vpwalxing,
And the gret hope of his seid and ofspring,
Quhamtil the realm and kynryk of Itail,
With Romys boundis, beyn destinate, sans fail.
On syk wys thus carpys Mercuryus,
And in the myddis of his sermond, thus,
He vanyst far away, I wait nevir quhar.
Furth of this mortale syght, in the schyre ayr.

CAP. VI

*Quhou Eneas hym grathys to depart,
To quhom Dido heir carpys with sayr hart.*

Bot than Ene half mad and dum stude als,
Vpstart his hair, the voce stak in his hals.
Sayr he langis to fle and to depart;
And that sweit cuntre, on the tother part,
To leif ful laith wes hym, or go at large.

Astonyst he wes to syt sa hie a charge,
Or dysobey the gret godis behest.
Allace! quhat suld he do? oneth he wist;
Or with quhat wordis suld he now assay
The amorus queyn forto requir and pray,
Or on quhat wys hys taill he mycht begyn;
Baith to and fra compasyng, hys breist within,
Feill purpossys for euery part about.
And, at the last, thus as he stude in dout,
Thys resson hym semyt fynaly the best:
He callys to hym Mynestheus and Sergest,
And strang Cloanthus; and bad thai suld, in hy,
Do graith hys schyppys and navyn secretly,
And gaddir hys folkis towart the cost togydder;
Armour and al thyng necessar bring thyddir,
And to dissymyll, gif ony axit quhy
Thai thus addressyt thar geyr sa suddanly:
Hym self, he said, the meyn quhile, suld assay
To purches leif to pas and go away,
And wait hys tyme to speke tharof maist habill,
Quhen that the queyn Dido, maist honorabil,
Suld not beleif sa sone he kouth depart,
Nor sa gret luf dissyvir mycht be na art.
At hys command thai al glaidly furth went,
And bissely begouth speid hys entent.
Bot sone the queyn persavyt al the slycht:
Quhay may begile a luffar, day or nycht?
Thar departing at hand fyrst scho aspyis,
Dredyng all sovyr thing, as is the gys

Of euery luffar al tyme to stand in feir.
This ilke cursyt Fame, we spak of eyr,
Bair to the amorus queyn noys, and gan rown,
The schippis ar grathand, to pas thai mak thaim boun.
Quharfor, inpacient, and myndles in hir rage,
Scho wyskis wild throu the town of Cartage;
Syk wys, as quhen thir nunnys of Bachus
Ruschis and relis our bankis, brays, and bus,
Quhen, euery thryd 3eir, on thar payane gys,
Thar goddis feist thai hallow with lowd cryis,
That, al the nycht, the mont of Cytheron
Resoundis of thar clamour, quhar thai gone.
And at the last, 3it thus, of hir fre will,
Eftir lang musyng, scho spak Eneas tyll:
With dissymulance wenyt thou, onfaithfull wight,
Thou mycht haue hyd fra me sa fals a slycht,
And, myne onwyttynge, steill furth of my land?
That nothir our gret lufe, promys, nor rycht hand
Gevyn me vmquhile, may the heir withhald,
Nor cruel deth of Didois cors so cald!
Gif thou depart, and forthir quhat wald thou do,
In wyntir session pres graith thi navy, lo!
And the addres to pas throu the wod see,
Myd tyme quhen stormys and wyndis blaw maist hie;
Art thou sa cruel? I put the cace, alsso,
That to nane onkouth landis the list go,
Nother to fremmyt place, nor stedis will,
Bot that auld Troy war 3yt vpstandand still;
Aucht thou, 3it than, leif this weilfair and joy,

And in sik perrell seik throu the sey to Troy?
Quhat! wilt thou fle from me? allace! allace!
Be all thir teris trygland our my face,
And be that rycht hand vmquhile thou me gave;
Sen to my self nocht ellis left I have,
Now wrachit catyve; be our treuth plychting eyk,
And be our spowsage begunnyn, I the beseik,
Gif euer ony thank I deservit towart the,
Or ocht of myne to the wes leif, quod sche,
Haue mercy of our lynnage reddy to spill;
Gif tyme remanys 3it thou heir prayeris will,
This fremmyt mynd, I pray 3ou, do away.
For the I haue beyn hatyt, this mony a day,
With all the pepill of Affrik, and with the kyng
That rewlys the land of Numyda and ryng;
For the myne awyn Tyrianys ar with me wraith;
For the is womanheid went and wirschip baith,
And my first fame, lavd, and renownye,
Quharby I wes rasyt to the starnys hie.
Reddy to de, and my selvyn to spill,
My sweit gest, quhamto thou me leif will?
My gest, ha God! quhou al thyng now invane is,
Quhen of my spows nane othir name remanys!
Bot quharto suld I my ded langar delay?
Sal I abyde quhil thou be went away,
And quhil myne awyn brothir, Pigmaleon,
Bet down the wallis of my cite onon,
Or stern Hyarbas, kyng of Getule,
Led me away into captiuite?

Bot, at the leist, tofor thi wayfleyng,
Had I a child consavyt of thyne ofspryng,
Gif I had ony 3ong Eneas small,
Befor me forto play within my hall,
Quhilk representit by symylitude thi face;
Than semyt I nocht, thus wys, allace! allace!
Aluterly dissauyt nor dissolate.
Thus said the queyn Dido, in febil estate.
Bot, apon Jovis message fermly he
Stude musyng so, he movit nocht ane E;
Refrenyt his will, hydand in hart his thocht,
And, at the last, thir few wordis hes furth brocht:
O gentil queyn, that sall I nevir deny,
Thy gude deid and desart is mair worthy
Than thou with wordis or tong may expreme;
Nor it sal nevir me irk, na 3it mysseym,
The worthy Dido to hald in fresch memory,
So lang as that my self remembir may I,
Or quhil the spreit of lyfe this body steris.
As the mater requiris, a litil heris:
I purposyt nocht forto hyde thyftuusly
My vayage, nor, as 3e weyn, secretly
Away to steil; quhat nedis 3ou sa to feyn?
For I pretendit nevir, be na meyn,
With 3ou to mak the band of mariage,
Nor in that 3ok, ne frendschip in Cartage,
3yt come I nevir: bot gif the fatis, but pled,
At my plesour sufferit me lyfe to led,
At my fre wil my warkis to modyfy,

The cite of Troy than first agane suld I
Restore, and of our deir frendis remanys
Gaddir togiddir, and to the venquist Troianys
Raparal with my handis agane thar wallis,
And beild vp Priamus palyce at now fallis.
Bot sen Appollo, clepit Gryneus,
Gret Italy to seik commandis ws,
To Itale eik oraclys of Lycia
Admonyst ws, but mair delay, to ga;
Thar is my lust now, and delyte at hand,
Thar is my cuntre, and my natyve land.
Gif the, of Cartage the burgh and towris swa,
Quhilk art a woman of Phenycia,
And the aspect of citeis Affricane
Delytis, and withhaldis heir to remane,
Quhat wrang is it, caus of envy or schame,
Thocht Troianys seik to Itale for thar hame?
Or is it nocht als lesum and ganand
That fynaly we seik to onkouth land?
Als oft as day is gone, and the dyrk nycht
With hir donk schaddow hydis of the erth the sycht,
Als oft as schynyng starnys doith vprys,
My faderis gost, Anchises, als feil sys
Into my sleip mannanis me tharto fast,
And oft his feirfull ymage doith me agast;
And, in lyke wys, the child Ascanyus,
Quhais deir hed suffir iniurys is hard to ws,
Quham of the realm of Itail I defraud,
And fra the grond to hym promyst withhawd.

Be athir of our hedis this I sweir;
Now laity eik of goddis the messynger,
From hie Jupiter in hasty message sent,
Down throu the ayr brocht the ilk commandment:
On fair day licht, myne awyn self dyd I se
Mercur, the God, entyr in this cite,
And his wordis with thir sam eris hard I.
With thy complayntis ony langar, forthy,
Lat be to vex me, or thy self to spyll,
Sen I seik nocht to Itale with fre will.

CAP. VII

*Of the scharp wordys queyn Dydo dyd say,
And how Eneas bownys fast away.*

Dydo, aggrevit ay quhil he his tayl tald,
With acquart luke gan to wart hym behald,
Rollyng vmquhile hir eyn, now heir, now thar,
With syght onstabil waverand our alquhar;
And all enragyt thir wordis gan furth braid:
Nothir wes a goddes thy moder, as is sayd,
Nor 3yt kyng Dardanus cheif stok of thi kyn,
Thou treuthles wyght; bot, of a cald hard quhyn,
The clekkyt that horribill mont, Cawcasus hait;

Thou sowkyt nevyr womanis breist, weil I wait,
Bot of sum cruel tygir of Araby
The pappys the fosterit in the wod Hyrcany.
To quhat effect suld I hym langar perswaid,
Or quhat bettir may beleve than he hes said?
Quhiddir gif he murnyt quhen we wepiti and walyt?
Quhiddir gif he steryt his eyn, as ocht hym alyt?
Quhiddir gif, for rewth, he furthzet anys a teyr,
Or of hys lufe had piete? na, not to 3eir.
Quhou sal I begyn, quhat first, quhat last to say?
Now, now, nothir gretast Juno, wallaway!
Nor Saturnys son, hie Jupiter, with just eyn
Hes our querrell considerit, na ourseyn;
For no quhar now faith nor lawte is fund.
I ressavyt hym schyp brokkyn fra the sey grund,
Wilsum, and mystyrfull of al warldis thyng,
Syne, myndles, maid hym my fallow in this ryng:
Hys navy lost raparalyt I, but faili,
And hys feris fred from the deth alhaill.
Allace! enragyt or enchantit am I;
Quhen now Appollo, with hys sossery,
And quhilis, he says, the kavillys of Lycia,
And quhilis, fra Jupiter down sent alsswa,
The messynger of goddis bryngis throu the skyis
Sa feirful charge and command on this wys:
Lyke as the goddis abufe nocht ellys rocht,
Bot on thi passage war al thar cuyr and thocht.
Nothir wil I hald the, nor thi wordis contrar:
Pas on thi way, towart Itale thou fair;

Seik throu the fludis with wyndis to that ryng.
Forsuyth, gif reuthfull goddis may ony thing,
Amyd thi way, I traist, on rolkis blak
Thou sal deir by thy treuth thou to me brak,
And clepe oft my richt name, Dido, Dido!
With fyre infernale, in thine absens also,
I sal the follow; and, fra the cald ded
Reif from my membris this sawle, in euery sted
My gost salbe present the to agrys:
Thou salt, onworthy wyght, apou this wys,
Be punyst weil; and tharof wald I heyr;
The fame tharof sal cum onto myne eyr,
Vndir the erth, among the schaddowys law.
And this spokkyn, hir sermond, with the ilk saw,
Brak scho in twane, ful dolorus in hir thocht:
The lycht scho fled, and, als fast as scho mocht,
Turnys frawart hym, and wyskyt of hys sycht,
On seir materis leifand hym pensyve wight,
And purposyng to haue said mony thyngis.
The damycellis fast to thar lady thryngis,
That was in dedly swoun plat for dispar:
Vp thai hyr hynt, and to hyr chawmyr bayr,
Quhilk was of marbill wrocht, and in hir bed
Laid softly down apou rych carpettis spred.
Bot 3yt, althocht the reuthfull Eneas
The dolorus queyn to meys ful bissy was,
To do hir comfort, and hir dyseys asswage,
And with hys wordis return hir sad curage,
Bewalyng mekill hyr sorow and distres,

Propleخته in mynd by gret lufe; netheles,
The command of the goddis, by and by,
He execut, and vysseys hys navy.
Than byssely the Troianys fell to wark,
And mony gret schyp, ballyngar, and bark,
Langis the cost brocht in, and bet full weill.
Now fletis the mekil holk with tallonyt keyll:
The burgionyt treys on burd thai bring for aris,
Weltis down in woddis gret mastis, and na thing sparis,
Saysyng half onwrocht, so ithand thai war fair bown.
Rynnand heir and thar, and wendying fast of town,
3he mycht haue seyn thame haist, lyke emmotis grete
Quhen thai depulze the mekill byng of quhete,
And in thar byke it careis, all and sum,
Providing for the cald wyntir tocum:
The blak swarm our the feildis walkis 3arn,
Tursand throu the gers thar pray to hydlys darn:
Sum on thar nek the gret cornys vpwrelis,
And our the furris bissely tharwith spelys;
Sum constrenying the otheris fast to wirk;
And sum the sleuthful chasteis, that thocht irk
Of thar labour; quhil euery rod and went
Wolx of thar ithand wark hait, quhar thai went.

CAP. VIII

Quhou Dydo send hir systir Ene to pray,

Quhat thocht thou now, Dydo, seand thir thingis?
Quhou mony sobbys gave thou and womentyngis,
Quhen thou, out of thi castell from the hycht,
The large costis beheld thus at a sycht
Ourspred with Troianys, in fervent bissynes
Gan spedely for thar vayage addres,
And of thar clamour befor thine eyne dyd se
Dyn and resoundyng al the large see?
O wyttles lufe! quhat may be thocht or do,
At thou constrenys nocht mortell myndis therto?
Scho is compellit to fal agane to teris,
And Eneas assay with new prayeris;
And condiscendyt hir provd hart to submyt
Onto the strenth of lufe thus anys 3yt:
Les scho onwar, but caus, hir deth purvayt,
Hir list na thyng behynd leif onassayt.
Till hir scho gan hir systir call in hy:
Annes, quod scho, thou seys how byssely,
Our al the cost, for this vayage haist thai,
And now the wynd blawis weil to sail away:
The maryneris glaid lays thar schippis vndyr croys.
O systir! in tyme kouth I haue trowyt this loys,
And sa gret dolour, I had providyt, but weir,
That this displesour suld haue beyn eith to beir.
And netheles, for me, onhappy wight,

Do this a thing, Annes, with al thi mycht:
Sen 3on ilk faithles man, deir systir, the
Was wont to cherys, and hald in gret dante,
And als hys secretis onto the reveill;
Hys sweit entres sum tyme thou knew ful weill,
Nane bot thou only the tyme of hys cummyng.
Pas on, systir; in my name this a thyng
Say lawly to my provd fa, and declair,
That in the port Aulyda I neuer swair
With the Grekis the Troianys to distroy;
Nor I non navy send to sege Troy;
Nor 3yt his fader Anchises graf schent;
I nothir the muldis nor banys tharof rent.
Quhy doith he reffus my wordis and prayeris
To lat entir in his dul ontretabill eris?
Quhidder haistis he sa fast from hys behufe
Beseik hym grant until his wrachyt lufe
This lattir reward, sen algatis he wil fle;
Tary quhil wynd blaw soft, and stabill see.
His ald promys na mair wil I hym crave,
Nor band of wedlok, quhilk he hes dissave;
Nor 3yt him pray go not to Italy,
Ne leif fair realmys, onto him destany:
A litil delay I ask, but othir eys,
A space my furor to asswage and meys;
Quhill that my frawart fortoun and estait
Of my beleve schaw me I am frustrait,
And tech me for to murn mair patiently.
This lattir gift only at hym ask I.

Haue mercy, systir, of thy systir deyr:
Quhilk seruyce quhen thou done hes, without weir,
I sal the recompens weil twenty fald,
And, quhil my ded, the sam in memor hald.
With syklyke wordis hir request scho maid.
Hir supplicatioun, with teris ful onglaid,
Reportis hir systir, and answer brocht agane
Quhou al hir prayeris and desyre was invane:
For al thar wepyng mycht not him anys steir;
Nane of thar wordis lykis hym to heir,
Thocht he of natur was tretabill and curtas.
The fatis war contrar thar desyre netheles,
And hys benyng eris the goddis dyttit,
That of thar askyng thar was nocht admittit.
And lyke as quhen the ancyant aik tre,
With hys byg schank, by north wynd oft we se
Is ombeset, to bet hym down and ourthraw,
Now heir, now thar, with the fell blastis blaw,
The swouchand byr quhisland among the granys,
So that the hyast branchys, al atanys,
Thar croppys bowis towart the erth als tyte,
Quhen with the dynt the maister stok schank is smyte;
And, netheles, the ilk tre, fixit fast,
Stikkis to the rochis, not down bet with the blast:
For quhy? als far as his crop heich on breid
Strekin in the ayr, als far hys rut doith spreid
Deip vndir erth, towart the hell adoun:
The sammyn wys was this gentil baroun,
Now heir, now thar, with wordis ombeset,

And in his stout breist, ful of thochtis het,
Of reuth and amouris felt the perturbatione.
Bot euer his mynd stude ferm, for ony chance
Onmovyt, quhar hys fyrst purpos was set,
That al for nocht the teris war furthzet.
Than suythly, the fey Dydo, al affrayt,
Seand fatis contrar, eftir deth prayt:
Scho irkit of hir lyfe, or to tak tent
Forto behald the hevynnys firmament.
Tharfor, in takyn hir purpos to fulfill,
And leif the lycht of lyfe, as was hyr will,
As on the altaris byrnand ful of sense
The sacrifyce scho offerit, in hir presence,
A grisly thyng to tell, scho gan behald
In blak adyll the hallowyt watir cald
Changyt and altyr, and furthzet wynys gude,
Onon returnyt into laithly blude.
This visioune sche to nane reveil wald,
Nor 3yt to An, hir deir systir, it tald.
In wirschip eik, within hir palyce zet,
Of hir first husband, was a tempil bet
Of marbill, and hald in ful gret reverens,
With snaw quhite bendis, carpettis, and ensens,
And festuale burgeonys arrayt, on thar gys:
Tharin was hard vocis, spech, and cryis
Of hir said spous, clepand hir ful lowd,
Evir quhen the dyrk nycht dyd the erth schrowd;
And oft with wild scryke the nycht owle,
Heich on the rufe, alane, was hard 3owle

With langsum voce and a ful petuus beir.
And eik bygane the feirful sawis seyr
Of the dyvynys, with terribil monysyngis,
Affrayt hir by mony grysly syngis.
And in hir sleip, wod wroth, in euery place
Hir semyt cruel Eneas gan hir chace;
And evir, hir thocht, scho was left al alane,
And, but cumpany, mony far way had gane,
To seik hir folkis in a wilsum land.
Lyke kyng Pentheus, in his wod rage dotand,
Thocht he beheld gret rowtis stand in stail
Of the Ewmenydes, fureys infernale,
And in the lyft twa sonnys schynand cleir;
The cite of Thebes gan dowbil to hym appeir:
Or lyke Orestes, son of Agamenon,
On theatreis, in farcis mony one,
Rowpyt and sung how he his moder fled,
With fyre brondis and blak serpentis ourcled,
And saw the furyis, and grisly goddis fed,
Sittand in the tempill port to wreck hir ded.

CAP. IX

*Quhou Dydo queyn, hir purpos to covert,
Of enchantment dyd contyrfait the art.*

Thus quhen Dydo had caught this frenasy,
Ourset with sorow and syk fantasy,
And determyt fermly that scho wald de;
The tyme quhen, and maner quhou it suld be,
Compasyng in hir breist, but mair abaid
Onto hir dolorus systir thus scho sayd,
Hir purpos by hir vissage dissymuland,
Schawand by hir cheir gude hope and glad sembland:
Systir germane, quod scho, away 3our smart;
Beys of 3our systeris weiflar glaid in hart.
I haue the way fundyn, quharby 3one syre
Salbe to me rendryt at my desyre,
Or me delyvir from hys lufe al fre.
Neyr by the end of the gret occiane see,
Thar as the son declynys and goys down,
At the far syde of Ethiope regioun,
A place thar is, quhar that the huge Atlas
On schuldyr rollys the round speir in cumpas,
Full of thir lemand starnys, as we se:
Thar dwellys, systir, as it is schaw to me,
Ane haly nun, a ful gret prophetes,
Born of the pepill of Massylyne, I ges,
And wardane of the ryal tempil, thai sa,
Set in the gardyngis hecht Hesperida,
And to the walkryfe dragon mete gave sche,
That kepyt the goldyn apyllis in the tre,
Strynkland to hym the wak hunny sweit,
And sleipryfe chesbow seyde, to quykkyn his spreit.

This woman hechtis, with hir enchantmentis,
From luffis bandis to lows al thar ententis
Quham so hir lyst, and bynd other sum also
In langsum amouris vehement payn and wo:
The rynnand fludis thar watir stop kan scho mak,
And eik the starnys turn thar cours abak;
And on the nycht the ded gastis assemmyll:
Vndir thi feyt the erd rayr and trymmyll
Thou most se, throw hir incantatioun,
And from the hillys treys discendyng down.
To wytnes the gret goddis draw I heyr,
And thy sweit hed, myne awyn systir deir,
Agane my wil, ful sayr constrenyt am I
Art magyk to excers or sossory.
Richt secretly intil our innar clos,
Vndir the oppyn sky, to this purpos
Pas on, and of treys thou byg a byng
To be a fyre, and tharapon thou hyng
3on mannys sword, quhilk that wikkyt wight
Left stykand in our chawmyr this hyndir nyght;
Hys cote armour, and othir clethyng all,
And eik that maist wrachit bed coniugall,
Quharin I perychit and wes schent, allace!
For so the religyus commandyt has,
To omdo and distroy al maner thyng
Quhilk may 3on wareit man to memor bring.
This sayd, scho held hir tong; and tharwithall
Hir vissage wolx als pail as ony wall.
Thocht Annes wenyt not hir systir wald

Graith sacryfice for hir ded body cald,
Nor that syk fury was in hyr breist consavyt;
For by na resson dred sche, nor persavyt
Now mor displesour or harmys apperand
Than for Sycheus ded, hir first husband:
Quharfor, scho hes hir command done ilk deill.
Bot quhen the gret byng was vp beildit weill
Of ayk treys and fyrryn schydis dry,
Within the secrete clos, vndyr the sky,
The place with flowris and garlandis stentis the queyn,
And crownys about with funerale bewis greyn:
Abuf the mowe the forsaid bed was maid,
Quharin the figur of Ene scho layd,
Hys clethyng, and hys sword at he had left,
Ramembryng weill the thyng that followyt eft.
Feill altaris stude about the fyre funerale,
And the religyus nun, with hair down skaill,
Thre hundreth goddis with hir mouth rowpyt sche;
Herebus, the grysly of the deyp hellys see,
Chaos, confoundar of Elymentis, alssua,
And the thrynfald goddes Proserpina,
The thre figuris of the virgyn Dyan.
And evir the watir strynklis scho onan,
Contyrfait to be of Avernus the well,
Quhilk lowch is situat at the mouth of hell:
Spryngand herbys eftir the cours of the moyne
War socht, and with brasyn hukis cuttit soyn,
To get thar mylky sap and vennom blak:
Thai seik also, and owt gan rent and tak

The lump betwix the new born folys eyn,
And fra the moder byreft the lufe sa greyn.
The queyn hir self fast by the altar standis,
Haldand the meldyr in hir devote handis;
Hir ta fute bayr, and the bandis of threyd
Nocht festynnyt, bot hung by hyr lowys weyd:
And, remembring scho was in poynt to de,
The goddis all onto wytnes drew sche,
The starnys and planetis, gydaris of fatis,
And gif thar ony deite be, that watis
Or persavys luffaris inequale of behest,
To haue in memor hir just caus and request.

CAP. X

*Quhat sorow dreys queyn Dydo all the nycht,
And how Mercur bad Ene tak the flycht.*

The nycht followys, and euery wery wight
Throu owt the erth hath caucht, onon rycht,
The sownd plesand sleip thame lykit best;
Woddis and rageand seys war at rest:
As the starnys thar myd cours rollys down,
All feildis still, but othir noys or sown,
All beistis and byrdis of diuers cullouris seir,

And quhatsumeuer in the braid lochis weir,
Or, amang buskis harsk, leyndis vndir the spray,
Throu nychtis sylence slepit quhar thai lay;
Mesyng thar bissy thocht and curis smart,
All irksom laubour for3et and owt of hart.
Bot the onrestles fey spreit dyd not so
Of this onhappy Phenyssane Dydo;
For neuer mair may scho sleip a wynk,
Nor nychtis rest in eyn or breist lat synk:
The hevy thochtis multipleis euer on ane:
Strang luf begynnys to rage and rys agane
And fellon stormys of ire gan hir to schaik
Thus fynaly scho owt bradis, allaik!
Rollyng alane seir thyngis in hir thocht:
Ha! quhat do I? quod scho, all is for nocht.
Sall I thus mokkit, and to hething dryve,
My fyrst luffaris agane assay belyve?
Or sal I lawly sum lord Numydane
Pray and beseik of mariage now agane,
Quhom I sa oft lychtlyit to spows or this?
Na, wyll I not: quhat? sal I than, I wys,
Follow the Troiane navy in strange landis.
And reddely obey al thar commandis?
I hope it sal profyte, na litill thyng,
My gret help done thame and suppowellyng;
For amang kynd folkis this is na dreid,
Weil is remembrit the ald thankful deid.
Bot thocht, in cace, to do this war my will,
Quha wald me suffir my purpos to fulfyll,

Or in thar prowld schippis me ressaue?
Thus drevyn to hethyng, and al thi grace bywave,
Tynt woman, allace! baris thou not 3yt in mynd
The maynsweryng of fals Laomedonis kynd?
And maratour, quhat ettill I for to do?
A Queyn alane to steil away thus, lo!
Accumpanyit bot with mery maryneris?
Or than with all my Tyrianys, as efferis,
And all my power assemblit me about,
On schipburd entyr with al that huge rowt
Quhilk furth of Sydon scarsly draw I mycht,
Sal I thame cach agane our seys lycht?
Byd thame mak saill onon, and a new rays?
Na, rather de, as thou deservyt has,
And with a swerd mak of this duyl ane end.
O systir germane, thou me fyrst taucht and kend,
Allace the quhile! and offerit me to my fo;
Thou with thir harmys ouchargit me alsso,
Quhen I fell fyrst into this rage, quod sche,
Bot so to do my teris constrenyt the.
Was it not lefull, allace! but cumpany,
To me but cryme in chawmyr alane to ly,
Or led my lyfe lyke to thir beistis wild,
And not beyn thus with thocht nor harmys fild?
Allace! onkepit is the trew cunnand
Hecht to Sycheus assys, my first husband.
Syk gret complayntis from hir breist bryst kan.
Bot Eneas, sovyr to depart or than,
And al hys neidful thyngis grathit, by and by,

Heich in hys eft schyp sownd slepand kan ly;
Quhamto in visioun the sam god dyd appeir,
In syklyke figur as that he dyd eyr,
Onto Mercuryus lyke, in al fasson,
Baith cullour of vissage, and of vocis sown,
In form of a 3ongker with membris fair,
Plesand of cheir, and 3allow glytterand hair.
Hym thoct agane he monyst on this wys:
Son of the goddes, quhou is this heir thou lyis?
Quhat? may thou vndir sa gret danger sleip,
And, al forvayit, takis nothir cuyr nor keyp
For to behald quhat perrellys about the standis,
Nor harknys the fair wynd blawys of landis?
Scho quham thou knawys, within hir breist ful hait
Sorowfull vengeans compasis and dissait,
And certainly determyt for to de,
In diuers stowris of ire brandysys sche:
Quhy wilt thou not fle spedely be nycht,
Quhen forto haist thou hes laser and mycht?
Thou salt, onon, behald the seys large
All ombeset with toppyt schyp and barge,
The feirful brandis and blesys of hait fyre,
Reddy to byrn thi schippys, lemand schyre,
And al the cost belyve of flambyys scald,
Gyf, quhil to morow, tary in this land thow wald.
Haue done, speid hand, and mak na mair delay,
Variabill and changeand thyngis beyn wemen ay.
And sayand this, into the dyrk nyght
He gan hym hyde, and vanyst out of sycht.

Eneas, of this hasty visiou affrayit,
Gan start on fut, and fast his feris assayit:
A walk onon, get vp my men in hy,
Tyte to 3our wardis, span aris bissely,
Schaik down the salys sone, and lat ws wend.
From the hie hevyn the god agane is send,
Lo! spurrand ws to haist and fle away,
And byddis smyte the twyne cabyll in tway.
O blissyt wyght! quhat god at evir thou be,
We sal obey thi charge, and follow the,
And thy command fulfyll agane blithly;
Besekyng the assist to ws frendly
Help and support, with prospir influens
The hevyn and starris dres our vayage hens.
And, with that word, hys scherand sword als tyte,
Hynt owt of scheith, the cabil in twa gan smyte.
The sam maner of haist caucht al the lave:
Thai hurl away, ankyrris vphynt and rave;
Left the costis desert on athir sydis;
The stabil sey vndir the schippis slydis;
The stour of fame vpwelt thai egyptly,
And swepis our the haw fludis in hy.

CAP. XI

*Quhou queyn Dydo beheld Ene depart,
And quhat scho said with harmys at hir hart.*

Be this Aurora, leifand the purpour bed
Of hir lord Titan, heth the erd oursprede
With new days licht: and quhen the queyn
The first grekyng of the day hes seyn,
And fra hir hie wyndoys gan espy,
With bent sail furth caryand, the navy;
The costis and the schor al desolate
Behaldis eik, but owthir schip or bate;
Hir fayr quhite breist, thar as scho dyd stand,
Feil tymys smate scho with hir awyn hand,
And, ryvand hir bricht haris petuusly,
Jupiter, quod scho, sal he depart, ha, fy!
And leful tyll a vavengeour stranger
Me and my realm betrump on this maner?
Sal not my menȝe to harnes ryn in hy
Our al the town, and follow bissely?
Speid, tak ȝon schippis, on burd fast to the raid,
Haist sone, and kast on thame fyre blesis braid,
Schute dartis thik, and qwel thame with ȝour glavys.
Quhat said I? or quhar am I? now thou ravys;
Quhat wodnes, fey Dydo, movis thi mynd?
Now art thou hyt with frawart werdis onkynd?
Sa til haue done than had bene mair ganand
Quhen thou hym gave the ceptour of thi land.
Ha! now behald hys gret prowes, quod sche,
Hys reuthful piete, and faith! is not ȝon he,

Quham, as thai say, the goddis of hys land
In hys navy careis our sey and sand?
Is not 3on he, quhom on his schulderis, thai say,
For reuth his agit fader bair away?
Mycht I not caught and rent in pecis his cors,
Syne swak the gobbettis in the sey by fors
Of hym and all hys fallowys? weill I mocht:
And eik 3one sam Ascanyus mycht I nocht
Haue trynschit with a sword, and maid a meys
To his fader tharof to eyt at deys?
Forsuyth, in cace the aventur of bataill
Had beyn doutsum; wald God it war assaill!
Quham sall I dreid, now reddy for to de?
Wald God I mycht, in 3on navy I se,
The hait fyre brandis set, and euey boyr
Fyll all with flambyes red, and forthirmor
Baith fader and son, with hail generacioun,
That I had brynt, distroyit, and bryttynynt down,
And thame abuf syne ded my self had laid!
O thou brycht son, that, with thi bemys glayd,
All erdly laubour clengis, circuland about;
And thou Juno, mediatrix, but dout,
Of al thir hevy thoctis, and weill thame knawis;
And thou Proserpyne, quhilk, by our gentile lawys,
Art rowpit hie, and 3ellyt lowd by nyght,
In forkyt ways, with mony muddy wight;
And 3e infernale fureys, that wrekis al wrang;
And 3e goddis eik, quham now amang
Dido standis reddy to cum in poynt to de;

Ressaue thir wordis quhilkis I sal say, quod sche,
Withdraw fra hyne 3our gret mychtis, quharby
Schrewis awcht be punyst for thar cryme, and not I;
And thir our prayeris accept, we 3ou beseik.
Gyf it be necessar, and determyt eik,
3on wikkit hed in portis of Itale
To entir and cum, or to thai boundis sail;
And gyf the fatis and Jove wil it be so,
And hes decreit he fynaly thyddir go;
3it, at the lest, thar mot he be assail,
With hardy pepill ay trublyt in bataill;
By fors of armys expellyt hys boundis eik,
Far from Ascanyus help, constrenyt beseik
Ayd and supple; and als that he behald
Feil cayrfull corsys of hys folk ded and cald:
And quhen also hym self submyt hes he
Vndir payce and lawis of inquite,
That he bruke nowthir realm, nor gude lyfe led,
Bot fal fey or his day, and sone be ded,
And ly onerdyt in myddis of the sandis.
Thys I beseik 3ou, hevand vp my handis:
This is my lattir word at I conclude,
Furth3ettand it togidder with my blude.
And forthirmor, O 3e, my Tyrianys,
Quhilk now in Affrik at Cartage remanys,
3one clan, with thar successioun and kynrayd,
Persew with haitrent perpetual, and invaid:
Onto my assys grant this a gift, quod sche.
Nevir luf nor payce betwix thir pepill be:

Of our levingis sum revengar mot spryng,
With fyre and sword to persew and down thryng
The lauboreris discend from Dardanus.
Now fra thyne furth, all that succedis til ws,
Quhen euer thai may fynd tyme, with strenth and mycht
Batail to batail mot thai debait in fyght:
Thir costis mot be to tharis contrar ay,
And to thar stremys our seys frawart, I pray,
Thar ofspring eik among thame self mot debate.
Thus said scho, and with that word, God wate,
Hir faynt spreit in al partis writhis sche,
Sekand the way, allsone as it mycht be,
Forto bereif hir self the irksum lyve.
Tho callys scho to hyr Barcen belyve,
Nurys vmquhile to Sychey hir husband;
For hir awyn nurys in hir native land
Was beryit in to assis broun or than.
Deir nurys, quod scho, fech my sister An;
Byd hir in haist with watir of a flude
Hir body strynkil; the bestis, and the blude,
And clengyng graith scho knawis, with hir bring:
Se on this wys scho cum, forȝet na thyng;
And thou thy self thine halffettis als array
With haly garland. My will is to assay,
And now perform the sacryfyce in hy,
That onto Pluto dewly begun haue I;
To mak end of my dolorus thochtis all,
And byrn ȝon Troiane statw in flamb funeral.
Thus said Dido; and the tother, with that,

Hychit on furth with slaw pays lyke a trat.

CAP. XII

*Heir followis of the famus queyn Dydo
The fatale dynt of deth and mortale wo.*

Bot now the hasty, egyr, and wild Dydo,
Into hyr cruell purpos enragyt so,
The bludy eyn rollyng in hir hed,
Wan and ful paill for feir of the neir ded,
With chekis freklyt, and al of tythirris bysprent,
Quakyng throu dreid, ruschit furth, or scho wald stent,
Onto the innar wardis of hyr place,
As wod woman clam on the byng, allace!
And furth scho drew the Troiane swerd, fute hait,
A wapyn was neuer wrocht for syk a nate.
And sone as sche beheld Eneas clething,
And eik the bed bekend, a quhile wepyng,
Stude musyng in hir mynd; and syne, but baid,
Fel in the bed, and thir last wordis faid:
O sweit habyte, and lykand bed, quod sche,
So lang as God lyst suffir and destane,
Ressaue my blude, and this sawle that on flocht is,
And me delyvir from thir hevvy thochtis.

Thus lang I levyt haue, and now is spent
The term of lyfe that forton heth me lent;
For now my gret gost vndir erth mon go.
A richt fair cite haue I beild also:
Myne awyn wark and wallys behald haue I:
My spows wrokyn of my brothir ennemy,
Fra hym byreft hys tressour, and quyt hym weill.
Happy, allace! our happy, and ful of seyll,
Had I beyn, only gyf that neuer nane
At our cost had arryvit schip Troiane.
And sayand this, hir mouth fast thristis sche
Doun in the bed: Onwrokyn sal we de?
De ws behufis, scho said, and quhou; behald!
And gan the scharp sword to hir breist vphald;
3a, thus, thus lykis ws starve and to depart:
And, with that word, rave hir self to the hart.
Now lat 3on cruel Troiane swelly and se
This our fyre funerale from the deip see,
And of our deth turs with hym fra Cartage
Thys takyn of myscheif in hys vayage.
Quod scho: and, tharwith, gan hir seruandis behald
Hir fallyn and stekit on the irne cald;
The blude outbullyrand on the nakyt swerd;
Hir handis furthsprent. The clamour than and rerd
Went to the toppys of the large hallis;
The noys ran wild out our the cite wallis,
Smate all the town with lamentabill murnyng.
Of greting, gowlyng, and wyfly womentyng,
The ruffis dyd resound, bray, and rayr,

Quhil huge bewalyng al fordynnyt the air:
Nane other wys than thocht takyn and doun bet
War al Cartage, and with ennemys ourset,
Or than thar natyve cite, the town of Tyre;
And furyus flambe, kendillit and byrnand schyre,
Spredyng fra thak to thak, baith but and ben,
Als weil our templis as howsis of othir men.
Hir systir An, spreitles almaist for dreid,
Heirand sa feirful confluens thyddir speid,
With nalys ryvand reuthfully hir face,
And smytand with hir nevis hir breist, allace!
Fast ruschis throu the myddis of the rowt,
And on the throwand, with mony sprauch and schout,
Callys by name: Systir germane, quod scho,
Och! was this it thou fenzeit the to do?
Hes thou attempyt me with syk dissait?
This byng of treys, thir altaris, and fyris hait,
Is this the thyng thai haue onto me dycht?
Quhat sall I first compleyn, now dissolate wight?
O deir systir, quhen thou was reddy to de,
Ha! quhy hes thou sa far dyspysyt me
As to reffus thi systir with the to wend?
Thou suld haue callyt me to the sammyn end;
That the ilk sorow, the sammyn swerd, both tway,
And the self hour, mycht haue tane hyne away.
Thys funeral fyre with thir handis biggyt I,
And with my voce dyd on our goddis heir cry,
To that effect as, cruel, tobe absent,
Thou beand thus sa duyfully heir schent!

Sistir, allace! with my counsell haue I
The, and my self, and pepill of Sydony,
The heris all, and eik thi fayr cite,
Distroyt and ondoyn for ay, quod sche.
Fech hiddir sone the well watir lew warm,
To wesch hir woundis, and hald hir in myne arm;
Syne with my mowth at I may sowk, and se
Gyf spreit of lyve left in hir body be.
This sayand, the hie byng ascendis onane,
And gan enbrays half ded hir systir germane,
Cul3eand in hir bosum, and murnand ay,
And with hir wympil wipynt the blude away.
And scho agane, Dydo, the dedly queyn,
Pressyt fortill vplift hir hevy eyn,
Bot tharof falys; for the grysly wound
Deip in hir breist gapis wyde and onsound.
Thrys scho hir self raxit vp to rys;
Thrys on hir elbok lenys; and als feill sys
Scho fallys bakwart in the bed agane:
With eyn rolyng, and twynkland vp ful fane,
Assays scho to spy the hevynys lyght;
Syne murmouris, quhen scho tharof gat a sycht.
Almychty Juno havand reuth, by this,
Of hir lang sorow and tarysum ded, I wys,
Hir mayd Irys from the hevyn hes send,
The throwand sawle to lowys, and mak ane end
Of al the juncturis and lethis of hir cors:
Becaus that, nothir of fatis throu the fors,
Nor 3it by natural ded, peryschit sche,

Bot fey, in hasty furour emflambyt hie,
Befor hir day had hir self spilt;
Or that Proserpyne the zallow haris gilt
From hir fortop byreft, or dubbyt hir hed
Onto the Steygian hellis flude of ded.
Tharfor dewy Iris throu the hevyn
With hir safron weyngis flaw ful evin,
Drawand, quhar scho went, forgane the son cleir,
A thousand cullouris of diuers hewys seir;
And abufe Dydoys hed arest kan:
I am commandyt, said scho, and I man
Omdo this hayr, to Pluto consecrate,
And lowis thi sawle out of this mortale stait.
Thys sayand, with rycht hand hes scho hynt
The hair, and cuttis in twa, or that scho stynt;
And thar withall the naturale heyt outquent,
And, with a puft of aynd, the lyfe furthwent.

THE PROLOUG OF THE FYFT BUKE

Gladys the grond the tendir florist greyn,
Byrdys the bewys and thir schawys scheyn,
The wery huntar to fynd hys happy pray,
The falconeyr rych ryver onto fleyn;
The clerk reiosys hys bukis our to seyn,
The luffar to behald hys lady gay;
3ong folk thame schurtis with gam, solace, and play:
Quhat maist delytyth or lykis euery wight,
Tharto steris thar curage day and nycht.

Knychtis delytis to assay sterand stedys,
Wantoun gallandis to trayl in sumptuus wedis;
Ladeys desyris to behald and be seyn;
Quha wald be thrifty courtyouris says few credis:
Sum plesance takis in romans that he redis,
And sum hes lust to that wes nevir seyn:
Quhou mony hedis als feil consatis beyn;
Twa appetitis oneth accordis with othir;
This lykis the, perchance, and not thi brothir.

Plesance and joy richt hailsum and perfyte is;
So that the wys tharof in proverb wrytis,
A blith spreit makis greyn and floryst age.
Myne author eyk in Bucolykis endytis,
The 3ong enfant fyrst with lauchtir delytis

To knaw hys moder, quhen he is litil page:
Quha lauchis not, quod he, in thar barnage,
Genyus, the God, delytyth not thar tabill,
Nor Juno thame to kepe in bed is habill.

The hie wysdome and maist profound engyne
Of myne author Virgile, poete dyvyne,
To comprehend, makis me almaist forway,
So crafty wrocht hys wark is, lyne by lyne.
Tharon aucht na man irk, compleyn, nor quhryne:
For quhy? he altyrris hys style sa mony way;
Now dreid, now stryfe, now lufe, now wo, now play,
Langeir in murnyng, now in melody,
To satyfy ilk wightis fantasy;

Lyke as he had of euery thyng a feill,
And the willys of euery wight dyd feill;
And tharto eyk so wysly writis he
Twiching the proffyte of the common weill,
Hys sawys beyn full of sentencis, euery deill,
Or morale doctryne, that men suld vycis fle:
Bot gyf he be nocht joyus now lat se;
For quha so lyst seyr glaidsum gemmys leyr,
Ful mony myrry abaytmentis followis heir.

Now harkis sportis, myrthis, and myrry plays,
Full gudly pastans on mony syndry ways,
Endyte by Virgil, and heir by me translate,
Quhilk William Caxton knew never al hys days:

For, as I sayd befor, that man forvays;
Hys febil proys beyn mank and mutulate;
Bot my propyne come from the pres fute hait,
Onforlatit, not jawyn fra tun to tun,
In fresch sapour new from the berry run.

Bachus of glaidnes, and funeral Proserpyne,
And Goddes of triumphe, clepyt Victorie,
Sal I 3ou call as 3our name war dyvyne?
Na, na, it suffysyth of 3ou ful smal memorie:
I byd nothir of 3our turmentis nor 3our glorie;
Bot he quhilk may ws glaid perpetually,
To bryng ws tyll hys blys on hym I cry.

Sen erdly plesour endis oft with sorow, we se,
As in this buke nane exemplis 3e want,
Lord, our protectour to all trastis in the,
But quham na thing is worthy nor pyssant,
To ws thy grace and als gret mercy grant,
So forto wend by temporal blythnes
That our eternale joy be nocht the les!

THE FYFT BUKE OF ENEADOS

CAP. I

*Ene fra Cartage salys, and quhon belyve
He with the tempest was in Sycill dryve.*

In the meyn quhile tho gan Eneas hald
Sovirly hys cours throu the gray fludis cald,
Hys navy with north wynd scherand the seys:
Towart Cartage he gan behald, and seys
Be than the wallys lemand brycht and schyre
Of the onhappy Dydoys funeral fyre.
Quha had this gret fyre maid, and to quhat end,
Thai marvellyt, for the causys war onkend:
Bot by the sorofull takynyng, not the les,
The Troianys in thar breistis tuke a ges
Quharfor it was; for weil wist Eneas
In violait lufe quhat strenth of dolour was,
And knew also quhat thyngis mycht be controvyt
By women in fury rage that strangly luffyt.
Bot fra the schippys held the deyp see,
That now na mair sycht of the land thai se,
Salve hevyn abufe, and fludis all about,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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