

**THE FIRST TWO
BOOKS OF THE
ÆNEID OF VIRGIL**

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The First Two Books of the *Æneid* of Virgil by Publius Vergilius Maro

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PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO

**THE FIRST TWO
BOOKS OF THE
AENEID OF VIRGIL**

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,

BOOKS I. AND II.

THE FIRST TWO BOOKS
OF
THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY

EMPSON EDWARD MIDDLETON.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.



LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870.

298. f. 11.

In Memory
OF
MY FATHER,
BOSWELL MIDDLETON,
LATE
ADVOCATE-GENERAL OF JAMAICA.

THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

I SING of clashing steel, the Prince who first
Expelled from Troy, by heaven's vengeful thirst
Attained Lavinian shores, Italian land,
Ill-starred on earth and sea, by gods' command,
To slake fell Juno's ire: and battle-tost
Until his city rose, his gods had crossed
The sea to Latium, whence the walls of Rome,
The Latin race, the Alban fathers' home,
O Muse, explain the mysteries of his strife,
The godly wrath; why Jove's offended wife
Pursued the virtuous prince with woe on woe,
Can fiendish vengeance fell the gods so low?

The famous Carthage, built by men of Tyre,
Re-flashed the rays of Latin Tiber's fire.
Enormous wealth ; its fierce and warlike race
Won Juno's preference, Samos losing grace.
Her bristling steel, her chariot scorned the foe,
That nations bowed ; or fate discharged the blow.
But she had heard a conquering regal race,
Of Teucer's line, should subjugate, debase
The Libyan realm and Tyre—as fate presaged :
Distressed ; remembering, weary war she waged,
That Greece might level Troy—resenting sore
Her lord's neglect, and bleeding to the core,
That Paris judged ; her charms had failed to plead ;
That Jove embraced Electra, Ganymede :
She tossed the Trojan remnant on the main,
Nor Greece nor yet Achilles' wrath had slain !
And drove them far from Latium : Thus they sailed
For many years while adverse fates prevailed :
So vast the task to found the city Rome.
The Trojans scarce had left Sicilian foam,

When Juno's bleeding heartstrings thus lament.
'Desist? nor check this Trojan king's descent
On Italy? And why? that fates defeat!
Did not Minerva burn the Grecian fleet?
And drown the crew for insults but of one
The frenzied wrath of Ajax, Oileus' son?
She flashed the lightning from the riven sky,
Dispersed their ships o'er billows mountain-high,
And hurled the madman, pierced by heaven's fire,
With whirlwind-force, to die on rocky pyre.
But I, who march the Queen of queens, the wife
And sister to the Jove, must drag the strife
Through weary years against a single foe:
Pray who will worship where my altars glow?'
She fumes, and seeks Æolia's tempest-womb,
The cavern Æolus commands, to doom
The moaning gales; the whirlwind's swelling roars
To clank the chains, and beat the prison doors.
Their wrath re-echoes round the mountain cells
The king, enthroned, assuages or compels.

The sceptre rules, lest all become a grave,
As Jove perceived and hurled them in a cave,
And piled upon them mountains in a mass,
Ordaining them a king to guard the pass,
Who ruled; has learnt the strength of law to curb
The dignity to govern nor disturb.
The queen appeals: 'O Æolus, whose gales
Join hearts on earth, on high as soul prevails.
A hateful people sail the Tuscan sea,
About to carry into Italy
Their household gods, their custom and their joy,
Too soon to grow a new insulting Troy.
Impel the winds, and sink their floating ships,
Or else destroy their fleet-like fellowships,
And send them scattered o'er the ocean's face,
To wander separate tracks, a broken race.
And as reward, I give Deiopeia—
The fairest of my fourteen nymphs—to cheer
Your nuptial couch; be yours for evermore
To scatter lovely children o'er your floor.'