

THE AENEID

Virgil



Edited by David Quine
THE WORLD VIEW LIBRARY

VIRGIL

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THE AENEID
FROM THE WORLD VIEW LIBRARY
Edited by David Quine

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Every great work of art will communicate not just beauty but also ideas about the world we live in. And so, we encourage you to think carefully and ask questions while reading: What ideas are presented in this work? What do the characters and situations say about the nature of man and the universe? Is there a God, according to the text? If so, what is He like? And what happens to man after death?

It is our desire to help bring this classic literature to life, and we hope that the World View Library will lead you to a deeper understanding of the living God and His creation.

BEN QUINE
AUGUST 2007

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BOOK I

I sing of arms and the man who of old from the coasts of Troy came, an exile of fate, to Italy and the shore of Lavinium; hard driven on land and on the deep by the violence of heaven, for cruel Juno's unforgetful anger, and hard bestead in war also, ere he might found a city and carry his gods into Latium; from whom is the Latin race, the lords of Alba, and the stately city Rome.

Muse, tell me why, for what attainment of her deity, or in what vexation, did the Queen of heaven drive one so excellent in goodness to circle through so many afflictions, to face so many toils? Is anger so fierce in celestial spirits?

There was a city of ancient days that Tyrian settlers dwelt in, Carthage, over against Italy and the Tiber mouths afar; rich of store, and mighty in war's fierce pursuits; wherein, they say, alone beyond all other lands had Juno her seat, and held Samos itself less dear. Here was her armour, here her chariot; even now, if fate permit, the goddess strives to nurture it for queen of the nations. Nevertheless she had heard a race was issuing of the blood of Troy, which sometime should overthrow her Tyrian citadel; from it should come a people, lord of lands and tyrannous in war, the destroyer of Libya: so rolled the destinies. Fearful of that, the daughter of Saturn, the old war in her remembrance that she fought at Troy for her beloved Argos long ago,—nor had the springs of her anger nor the bitterness of her vexation yet gone out of mind: deep stored in her soul lies the judgment of Paris, the insult of her slighted beauty, the hated race and the dignities of ravished Ganymede; fired with this also, she tossed all over ocean the Trojan

AENEAS COMES TO
CARTHAGE

"I sing of ... the man who of old from the coasts of Troy came, an exile of fate, to Italy..."

Lavinium, an ancient town of Italy 19 miles south of Rome, the religious centre of the early Latin peoples, founded by Aeneas and his followers from Troy and named after his wife, **Lavinia**.

Queen of heaven, Juno, wife of Zeus (Jupiter), her Greek name is Hera, daughter of Saturn (Cronus)

Muse, tell me why, three daughters of Zeus, who were believed to inspire music, dance, and poetry

Troy, a city in Asia Minor, home of the Trojans, referred to as Ilium

According to Roman history **Carthage** was founded in 814 BC by Phoenician colonists from Tyre under the leadership of Dido and traditional enemy of Rome

shall carry the kingdom from its fastness in Lavinium, and make a strong fortress of Alba the Long. Here the full space of thrice an hundred years shall the kingdom endure under the race of Hector's kin, till the royal priestess Ilia from Mars' embrace shall give birth to a twin progeny. Thence shall Romulus, gay in the tawny hide of the she-wolf that nursed him, take up their line, and name them Romans after his own name. I appoint to these neither period nor boundary of empire: I have given them dominion without end. Nay, harsh Juno, who in her fear now troubles earth and sea and sky, shall change to better counsels, and with me shall cherish the lords of the world, the gowned race of Rome. Thus is it willed. A day will come in the lapse of cycles, when the house of Assaracus shall lay Phthia and famed Mycenae in bondage, and reign over conquered Argos. From the fair line of Troy a Caesar shall arise, who shall limit his empire with ocean, his glory with the firmament, Julius, inheritor of great Iulus' name. Him one day, thy care done, thou shalt welcome to heaven loaded with Eastern spoils; to him too shall vows be addressed. Then shall war cease, and the iron ages soften. Ancient Faith and Vesta, Quirinus and Remus brothers again, shall deliver statutes. The dreadful steel-riveted gates of war shall be shut fast; on murderous weapons the inhuman Fury, his hands bound behind him with an hundred fetters of brass, shall sit within, shrieking with terrible blood-stained lips.

So speaking, he sends Maia's son down from above, that the land and towers of Carthage, the new town, may receive the Trojans with open welcome; lest Dido, ignorant of doom, might debar them her land. Flying through the depth of air on winged oarage, the fleet messenger alights on the Libyan coasts. At once he does his bidding; at once, for a god willed it, the Phoenicians

Mars, the god of war, Ares

Romulus and Remus, twin brothers who were the sons of Mars and Rhea Silvia (a priestess of Vesta). They were raised by a she-wolf and were the legendary co-founders of Rome in 753 B.C.. Romulus gave his name to the city Rome and was its first king.

290

"Thence shall **Romulus**, gay in the tawny hide of the she-wolf that nursed him, take up their line, and name them Romans after his own name.... I have given them dominion without end.... From the fair line of Troy a Caesar shall arise, who shall limit his empire with ocean, his glory with the firmament, Julius, inheritor of great Iulus' name."

300

Assaracus, great-grandfather of Aeneas

310

Julius Caesar, general, and founder of the Roman Empire

Maia's son, Mercury (Hermes)

Dido, Queen and founder of Carthage, daughter of Belus, King of Tyre.

debar, to cut off from entrance (Webster)

tie the purple buskin high above their ankle. Punic is the realm you see, Tyrian the people, and the city of Agenor's kin; but their borders are Libyan, a race unassailable in war. Dido sways the sceptre, who fleeing her brother set sail from the Tyrian town. Long is the tale of crime, long and intricate; but I will briefly follow its argument. Her husband was Sychaeus, wealthiest in lands of the Phoenicians, and loved of her with ill-fated passion; to whom with virgin rites her father had given her maidenhood in wedlock. But the kingdom of Tyre was in her brother Pygmalion's hands, a monster of guilt unparalleled. Between these madness came; the unnatural brother, blind with lust of gold, and reckless of his sister's love, lays Sychaeus low before the altars with stealthy unsuspected weapon; and for long he hid the deed, and by many a crafty pretence cheated her love-sickness with hollow hope. But in slumber came the very ghost of her unburied husband; lifting up a face pale in wonderful wise, he exposed the merciless altars and his breast stabbed through with steel, and unwove all the blind web of household guilt. Then he counsels hasty flight out of the country, and to aid her passage discloses treasures long hidden underground, an untold mass of silver and gold. Stirred thereby, Dido gathered a company for flight. All assemble in whom hatred of the tyrant was relentless or fear keen; they seize on ships that chanced to lie ready, and load them with the gold. Pygmalion's hoarded wealth is borne overseas; a woman leads the work. They came at last to the land where thou wilt descry a city now great, New Carthage, and her rising citadel, and bought ground, called thence Byrsa, as much as a bull's hide would encircle. But who, I pray, are you, or from what coasts come, or whither hold you your way?"

At her question he, sighing and drawing speech deep from his breast, thus replied:

buskin, a kind of half boot, or high shoe, covering the foot and leg to the middle and tied underneath the knee (Webster)

360

HISTORY OF DIDO

Agenor, ancestor of Dido, king of Tyre

Phoenicians, inhabitants of **Tyre**, on the east coast of the Mediterranean

370

Sychaeus, husband of Dido, who was murdered by her brother Pygmalion

Pygmalion, brother of Dido, who killed **Sychaeus**

380

"... a woman leads the work. They came at last to the land where thou wilt descry a city now great, New Carthage, and her rising citadel... But who, I pray, are you, or from what coasts come, or whither hold you your way?"

AENEAS EXPLAINS HIS STORY

390

"I am Aeneas the good,
 who carry in my fleet the
 household gods I rescued
 from the enemy; my fame is
 known high in heaven. I seek
 Italy my country, my kin of
 Jove's supreme blood."

400

oracular tokens, hints of
 direction from the fates

**my goddess mother pointed
 the way**, Venus has directed
 the way

VENUS INTERVENES

Whoever you are, you are not
 hated by the gods ... only
 go on to the courts of the
 Queen.

410

420

roseate, of a rose color; as
 roseate beauty (Webster)

'Ah goddess, should I go on retracing from the fountain head, were time free to hear the history of our woes, sooner would the evening star lay day asleep in the closed gates of heaven. Us, as from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath haply passed through your ears) we sailed over alien seas, the tempest at his own wild will hath driven on the Libyan coast. I am Aeneas the good, who carry in my fleet the household gods I rescued from the enemy; my fame is known high in heaven. I seek Italy my country, my kin of Jove's supreme blood. With twenty sail did I climb the Phrygian sea; oracular tokens led me on; my goddess mother pointed the way; scarce seven survive the shattering of wave and wind. Myself unknown, destitute, driven from Europe and Asia, I wander over the Libyan wilderness.'

But staying longer complaint, Venus thus broke in on his half-told sorrows:

'Whoso thou art, not hated I think of the immortals dost thou draw the breath of life, who hast reached the Tyrian city. Only go on, and betake thee hence to the courts of the queen. For I declare to thee thy comrades are restored, thy fleet driven back into safety by the shifted northern gales, except my parents were pretenders, and unavailing the augury they taught me. Behold these twelve swans in joyous line, whom, stooping from the tract of heaven, the bird of Jove fluttered over the open sky; now in long train they seem either to take the ground or already to look down on the ground they took. As they again disport with clapping wings, and utter their notes as they circle the sky in company, even so do these ships and crews of thine either lie fast in harbour or glide under full sail into the harbour mouth. Only go on, and turn thy steps where the pathway leads thee.'

Speaking she turned away, and her neck shone roseate, her immortal tresses breathed the fragrance of

**Girt in the cloud he passes
amid them, wonderful to tell,
and mingling with the throng
is descried of none,** he was
walking among the people,
yet invisible as if covered by
a cloud

470

Ilium, Troy

Atreus, King of Mycenae,
father of Agamemnon and
Menelaus

Priam, King of Troy

Achilles, the Greek hero in
the Trojan War (The Iliad)

480

“...Here too is the **meed**
(reward; recompense; that
which is bestowed or rendered
in consideration of merit,
Webster) of honour, here
mortal estate touches
the soul to tears. Dismiss
thy fears; the fame of this
will somehow bring thee
salvation.”

490

AENEAS RECALLS THE BATTLES

Phrygians, a district of Asia
Minor allies of the Trojans;
Trojans are sometimes called
Phrygians

passes amid them, wonderful to tell, and mingling with the throng is descried of none.

In the heart of the town was a grove deep with luxuriant shade, wherein first the Phoenicians, buffeted by wave and whirlwind, dug up the token Queen Juno had appointed, the head of a war horse: thereby was their race to be through all ages illustrious in war and opulent in living. Here to Juno was Sidonian Dido founding a vast temple, rich with offerings and the sanctity of her godhead: brazen steps rose on the threshold, brass clamped the pilasters, doors of brass swung on grating hinges. First in this grove did a strange chance meet his steps and allay his fears; first here did Aeneas dare to hope for safety and have fairer trust in his shattered fortunes. For while he closely scans the temple that towers above him, while, awaiting the queen, he admires the fortunate city, the emulous hands and elaborate work of her craftsmen, he sees ranged in order the battles of Ilium, that war whose fame was already rumoured through all the world, the sons of Atreus and Priam, and Achilles whom both found pitiless. He stopped and cried weeping, ‘What land is left, Achates, what tract on earth that is not full of our agony? Behold Priam! Here too is the meed of honour, here mortal estate touches the soul to tears. Dismiss thy fears; the fame of this will somehow bring thee salvation.’

So speaks he, and fills his soul with the painted show, sighing often the while, and his face wet with a full river of tears. For he saw, how warring round the Trojan citadel here the Greeks fled, the men of Troy hard on their rear; here the Phrygians, plumed Achilles in his chariot pressing their flight. Not far away he knows the snowy canvas of Rhesus’ tents, which, betrayed in their first sleep, the blood-stained son of Tydeus laid desolate in heaped slaughter, and turns the ruddy steeds away to