

# **The XIII buiks o Eneados o the famous poet Virgil**



**translatit by Gavin Douglas and modrenised by John Law**

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## Buik 10

translatit out o Latin verses intae Scottish metre,  
by the Reverend Faither in God, Maister Gavin Douglas,  
Bishop o Dunkeld, and uncle tae the Earl o Angus,  
every buik haein his partecular prologue

modrenised by the late John Law,  
completit by Caroline Macafee

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## The Prologue o the Tenth Buik

Hie plasmatur<sup>1</sup> o things universal,  
Thou renewer o kind, that create all,  
incomprehensible Thy warks are tae consaive,  
whilk grantit haes tae every wicht tae have  
what thing maist gains untae his governaal.

Hou mervellous been diveisions o Thy graces,  
distribute sae tae ilk thing in aa places:  
the sun tae shine owre aa, and shaw his licht,  
the day tae laubour; for rest Thou ordained nicht;  
for diverse causes shupe sere seasons and spaces.

Fresh veir<sup>2</sup> tae burgoun herbis and sweet flouers,  
the het simmer tae nourish corn aa hours,  
and breed aa kind o foulis, fish and beast,  
hervest tae render his fruits maist and least,  
winter tae snib the earth wi frosty shouers.

Nocht at Thou needit ocht – aa thing Thou wrocht –  
but tae that fine<sup>3</sup> Thou made aa thing o nocht,  
o Thy guidness tae be participant;  
Thy Godheid nae richer, nor yit mair scant,  
naither nou nor than, set<sup>4</sup> Thou us wrocht and bocht.

Thy maist supreme indivisible substance,  
in ae nature three persons, but discrepance,  
reignin etern, receives nane accident.  
For why? Thou art richt at this time present,  
it at Thou was, and ever sall, but variance.

Set our nature God haes tae Him unite,  
His godheid uncommixt remains perfite,  
the Son o God haein verra natures twain  
in ae person, and three persons aa ane  
in deity, nature, majesty and delight.

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<sup>1</sup> plasmatur: moulder, makar

<sup>2</sup> veir: voar, spring

<sup>3</sup> fine: en

<sup>4</sup> set: tho

The Son the self thing wi the Faither is,  
the self substance the Haly Ghaist, iwis,  
is wi thaim baith, three distinct personage  
are, war, and be sall, ever o ane age,  
omnipotent, ae Lord, equal in bliss.

Whilk sovereign substance, in gree superlative,  
nae cunning comprehend may, nor describe,  
naither geners, generate is, nor doth proceed;  
alane beginner o everything, but dreid,  
and in the self remains etern on live.

The Faither, o nane generate, create, nor bore,  
His only Son engenders evermore;  
nocht maks, creates, but engenders aa way  
o His substance; and aa time o baith twa  
proceeds the Haly Ghaist, equal in glore.

O baith frae ae beginnin proceeds He;  
sae been the warkis o the Trinity,  
maist excellent and wonderfu to consaive.  
Yit thaim tae traist the mair merit we have  
that by nae man's reason proved may thay be.

The Faither knaws Himsel whilk knowledge spreids  
by generatioun etern that ever breeds  
His Son, His word and wisdom eternal.  
Betwix thir twa is lufe perpetual,  
whilk is the Haly Ghaist, frae baith proceeds.

Nocht at the Faither's nature minished is,  
o His substance He geners His Son in bliss,  
nor sae the Son o His kind is y-bore  
that He a pairt haes thareof, and nae more,  
but aa He gies His Son and aa is His.

The ilk thing He Him gies that He remains.  
This single substance indifferently thus gains  
tae three in ane, and ilk ane o the three  
the samen thing is in ae majesty,

tho thir persons be several in three granes.<sup>5</sup>

Like as the saul o man is ane, we wait,  
haein three pouers distinct and separate:  
understandin, reason, and memore.  
Intelligence conseiders the thing before,  
raison decerns, memore keeps the consait.

As thai been in ae substance knit aa three,  
three persons reignis in ae deity.  
We may tak als anither similitude  
grossly the samen purpose tae conclude:  
flame, licht and heat been in ae fire we see.

Whaurever the lowe is, licht and heat been there,  
and haed the fire been birnin evermair,  
ever suld the flame engendrit hae his licht,  
and o the birnin lowe, the flames bricht,  
perpetually suld heat hae sprung aawhere.

Sae geners the Faither the Son wi Him etern.  
Frae baith proceeds the Haly Ghaist co-etern.  
This rude exemples and feigures may we gefe,  
tho God by His ain creatures tae preif  
war mair unlikeness than likeness tae decern.

Frein, ferly nocht, nae cause is tae complein,  
albeit thy wit gret God may nocht attein,  
for, micht thou comprehend be thine ingyne  
the maist excellent majesty divine,  
He micht be repute a pretty god and mean.

Conseider thy reason is sae feeble and lyte,  
and His knowledge profound and infinite;  
conseider hou He is unmeasurable –  
Him as He is, tae know thou art nocht able.  
It suffices thee believe thy creed perfite.

God is, I grant, in aathing nocht includit;  
gies aa guidness and is o nocht denudit;  
o Him haes aathing pairt and He nocht minished;

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<sup>5</sup> granes: branches

haill He is aawhaur, nocht dividit, nor finished;  
without aa thing He is, and nocht excludit.

Oh Lord, Thy weys been investigable!  
Sweet Lord, Thysel is sae inestimable  
I can write nocht but wonders o Thy micht;  
that lawit sae faur Thy majesty and hicht  
tae be born man intil an ox's stable.

Thou teuk mankind o an unwemmit<sup>6</sup> maid,  
enclosit within a virgin's bosom glaid,  
wham aa the heivens micht ne'er comprehend.  
Angels, shepherds, and kings Thy godheid kend,  
set<sup>7</sup> Thou in crib betwix twa beasts was laid.

Whit infinite excellent hie bounty  
abuve Thy warkis aa, in wunnerfu gree!  
Lord, whan Thou man wrocht tae Thine ain eimage,  
that tint himsel through his fuilish dotage,  
Thou man became, and dee'd tae mak him free.

Made Thou nocht man first president under Thee,  
tae daunt the beastis, fous, and fish in sea,  
subdued tae him the earth and aa therein,  
syne Paradise grantit him and aa his kin,  
gave him free will and pouer ne'er tae dee?

Enarmit him wi reason and prudence  
only bade him keep Thine obedience  
and tae him suld aa creatures obey?  
Bitter was that fruit for his affspring and fey,  
made deid unknown be fund, and life gae hence.

Oh Thine inestimable luv and charity!  
Become a thrall tae mak us bondis free,  
tae quicken Thy slaves, tholit shamefu deid maist fell.  
Blissit be Thou virginal fruit, that herryit Hell  
and payit the price o the forbidden tree!

Tho Thou large streamis shed upo the ruid,

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<sup>6</sup> unwemmit: immaculate

<sup>7</sup> set: tho

a drap haed been sufficient o Thy bluid  
a thousan warlds tae hae redeemed, I grant;  
but Thou the well o mercy wad nocht scant,  
us tae provoke tae luvè Thee, and be guid.

Owre aa this syne, Thine infinite godheid,  
Thy flesh and bluid in form o wine and breid  
tae be our fuid o grace, in pledge o glore,  
Thou hest us gien, in perpetual memore  
o Thy passion and dolorous painfu deid.

What thankis due or gainyield,<sup>8</sup> Lord benign,  
may I, maist wrachit sinfu caitiff indign,  
render for this sovereign peerless hie bounty?  
Sen body, saul and aa I hae o Thee,  
Thou art my price: mak me Thy prey condign.

My makar, my redeemer and support,  
frae wham aa grace and guidness comes at short,  
grant me that grace my misdeeds til amend;  
o this and aa my warks to mak guid end –  
thus I beseek Thee, Lord, thus I exhort.

Frae Thee, beginnin and end be o my muse.  
Aa ither – Jove and Phoebus – I refuse.  
Lat Virgil haud his mauments tae himself;  
I worship naither idol, stock nor elf,  
tho furth I write sae as mine author daes.

Is nane but Thou, the Faither o Gods and Men,  
omnipotent eternal Jove I ken,  
only Thee, helply faither. Thair is nane ither.  
I compt nocht o thir pagan gods a fudder,<sup>9</sup>  
whase pouer may nocht help a haltin hen.

The scripture cleips Thee God, of goddis Lord;  
for wha Thy mandate keeps, in ane accord  
been ane wi Thee, nocht in substance, but grace;  
and we our Faither Thee cleips in every place.  
Mak us Thy sons in charity, but discord.

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<sup>8</sup> gainyield: recompense

<sup>9</sup> fudder: cairtload o hey, etc.

Thou haudis court owre crystal heivens clear  
wi angels, sancts, and heivenly spreitis sere,  
that, but ceasin, Thy glore and luvin sings;  
manifest tae Thee and patent by aa things,  
Thy spous and queen made and Thy mither dear.

Concord for e'er, mirth, rest and endless bliss,  
nae fear o Hell, nor dreid o deid there is  
in Thy sweet realm, nor nae kind o annoy,  
but aa weillfare, ease, and everlestin joy,  
whase hie plesance, Lord, lat us never miss!

Amen.

## The Tenth Buik

### Chapter I

*Hou Jupiter the court o gods did caa,  
and Venus maks complaint amangs thaim aa.*

On breid, ere this, wis warp and made patent  
the heivenly hauld o God omnipotent.  
The King o Men and Faither o Gods aa  
a council or a session made dae caa,  
amang the spreits abuve and goddis gret,  
within his sterrit heiven and milky saet,  
whaurfrae, amid his throne sittin fu hie,  
owre aa the erd he nicht behaud and see  
the Trojans' castles, and the people Latine.  
Doun sat the gods in thair sieges<sup>10</sup> divine,  
the fauldin yettis baith up warpit braid.  
First Jove himsel begouth, and thus he sayed:

“Oh heivenly wichtis, o gret pouer and nicht,  
hou is betide your mindis been sae licht,  
that your decret fatal and sentence hie  
retreatit thus and turned backwards suld be?  
Or why wi frawart mindis, nou o late,  
agin your reasonable oracles debate?  
My will wis nocht at the Italians  
in battle suld concur contrar Trojans.  
Whit mainer discord be this at we see,  
express agin our inhibitioun?” sayed he.  
“Whit dreid or reverence thaim, or thaim, haes moved  
tae rin til arms, and raises weir contruved?  
Or haes sicwise persuadit tae bargain,  
wi bluidy wappons rent, and mony slain?  
Haste nocht the season tae provoke nor prevene.<sup>11</sup>  
O battle come sall debtfu<sup>12</sup> time bedene,  
here-efter, whan the fierce burgh o Carthage

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<sup>10</sup> sieges: saets, thrones

<sup>11</sup> prevene: anticipate

<sup>12</sup> debtfu: proper

tae Rome's boundis, in thair fearfu rage,  
a huge mischief and gret quhalm<sup>13</sup> send sall,  
and thirl<sup>14</sup> the hie muntainis like a wall.  
Than war just time in wrath tae mak debate;  
than war the time tae rug and reive thusgate.  
Nou o sic things leave and desist. Wi me  
gledly tae mak freindly amity."

A few wordis on this wise Jupiter sayed.  
But nocht in when wordis him answer made  
the fresh gowden Venus. "Oh thou," quo she,  
"Faither o aa, o eternal poustie,  
reignin abuve aa men, and goddis eik,  
tae thee I come, thee ruthfully beseek,  
sen thare nane ither majesty been, nor glore,  
that in sic need may help us tae implore.  
Thou seeis hou, wi boast and felloun feir,  
the Rutulians maks gret deray and steir;  
and hou Turnus, prancin on seemly steeds,  
throu-out the hostis rides in steel weeds;  
and hou orpit<sup>15</sup> and proudly rushes he  
amid Trojans, by favour o Mars," quo she.  
"The strenth o wallis, nor the portis shet,  
may nocht sauf Trojans. Lo, within the yett,  
amid the close muralyies and pale  
and double dykis, hou thay thaim assail,  
while the fosses o bluid rinnis on spate.  
Eneas absent o this naething wait.  
Whither gif that thou list suffer nevermair  
thair siege skailit, nor thaim free o danger?  
Behaud again about New Troy's waa,  
yit but begin tae bigg, and nocht close aa,  
hou environ musters thair enemies.  
Anither host and siege about thaim lies,  
and newly, lo, Tydeus' son, nocht far  
frae Arpos ceity intae Calabar,  
tae weary Trojans moves, Diomede.  
I feel again my woundis newly bleed;

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<sup>13</sup> quhalm: calamity

<sup>14</sup> thirl: brak through

<sup>15</sup> orpit: valiant

and I, thy bluid, thy get, and dochter schene,  
yit mortal wappons maun thole eik and sustein!  
Gif the Trojans, but thy benevolence  
or repugnant tae thy magnificence,  
haes socht untae the coast o Italy,  
lat thaim be punished and thair crime aby;  
and I sall suithly staun content for me,  
thou mak thaim nae kin help nor yit supplie.  
But gif thay follaed hae for thair behuve  
sae feil responses o the gods abuve,  
wi sindry admonitions, charge, and reidis<sup>16</sup>  
o the infernal wichts and spreits that deid is,  
than wad I know the cause or reason why  
that ony micht pervert or yit bewry  
thy commandments? Hou, or whaurfore, may thay  
new fates mak, and the auld dae away?  
Whit needis tae rehearse, hou on the coast  
o Sicily thair shippis brint war lost?  
Or whaurtae suld I dwell, tae shaw you thus,  
hou by the God o Tempest, Eolus,  
the ragin windis sent war owre aawhere,  
or Iris chased throu cluddis o the air?  
Nou movit eik been fiendlik wichts affrayed.  
Before, only that chance wis unassayed.  
But nou Alecto newly is furth sent  
intae the over warld, that fell turment,  
wi Bacchus' fury enragit by and by,  
walkin throu aa ceiteis o Italie.  
Naething I pause on the empire," quo she,  
"altho we hope haed at sic thing suld be,  
whan fortune shew thareof some appearance –  
lat thaim be victor wham thou list advance.  
And gif nae realm in this warld remainis,  
wham thy stern spous list gif tae the Trojanis,  
I thee beseek, o Troy by thee riven,  
by that subversion reekin, and huge pyne,<sup>17</sup>  
suffer that ying Ascanius mot be  
sauf frae aa wappons, and o peril free,  
and, at the least, in this ilk mortal strife  
suffer thy nevoy tae remain alive.

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<sup>16</sup> reidis: counsels

<sup>17</sup> pyne: sufferin

As for Enee, forsuith, I mak nae care –  
thole him in unco streams, as he wis ere,  
be drive, and warpit every sea about,  
tae follae furth in danger and in dout  
whit course and went at fortune list him send –  
mot it please the Faither omnipotent  
that I may but defend yon little page,  
and him withdraw frae this fierce weir's rage.  
I hae in Cyper the ceity Amathus,  
and the hie standand burgh that hecht Paphus,  
and eik the isle y-cleipit Cythera,  
the hallowit hauld als o Idalia,  
whaur, rendert up aa armis in that steid,  
durin his age he sober life may lead.  
And command eik, wi gret force and maistry  
the burgh o Carthage dounthring Italy –  
frae thyne<sup>18</sup> sall naething resist nor gainstand  
contrar ceities o Tyre or Afric land.  
Whit profit haes it duin, or advantage,  
o Troy's battle tae hae escape the rage,  
and throu amid the Greekis' fires eik  
hae fled away, and throu the sea hae seek  
sae feil dangeris, bywent and owredrive  
owre stream and landis, gif that thus belive  
Trojans haes socht til Ital tae up-set<sup>19</sup>  
New Troy's wallis, tae be again dounbet?  
Haed nocht been better thaim in thair native hauld  
haed sitten still, amang the aises cauld  
and latter isills<sup>20</sup> o thair kind kintrie,  
or barren soil whaur Troy wis wont tae be,  
than thus, frae deid tae deid, frae pain tae pain,  
be chasit on, and every day be slain?  
Restore, I pray thee, tae thae wretchit wichts  
Xanthus and Simois, fluids whilk o richts  
wis wont tae be thair proper heritage.  
Oh faither, suffer the fey Trojan barnage<sup>21</sup>  
tae seek again, whit hard mischance befaas,  
tae Troy or Ilion wi thair broken waas.”

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<sup>18</sup> frae thyne: efter that

<sup>19</sup> upset: set up

<sup>20</sup> isills: emmers

<sup>21</sup> barnage: company of knichts

## Chapter II

*Tae Venus' complaint Juno frae end til end  
made hasty answer, her action tae defend.*

The Queen Juno than, but mair abaid,  
prickit wi felloun fury thus furth braid:  
“Why daes thou,” sayed she, “tae me sic offence,  
constrainin me brek close profound silence,  
and wi thy wordis, whaur ere I wis coy,  
provokes tae publish and shaw mine hid annoy?  
Whit mainer man, or whilk o gods, lat see,  
tae move battle constrainit haes Enee,  
or tae ingyre<sup>22</sup> himsel tae Latin King  
as mortal fae, within his proper ring?  
I give the case: tae Italy socht he  
o the Fates by the authority,  
provokit tharetae by the wild dotage  
o wud Cassandra in her fury rage.  
Lat see, for aa this, gif that aince in sport  
tae leave his strenthis we did him exhort;  
or for tae put his life in ony dangeir,  
tae sail, or submit him tae windis sere?  
Lat see, gif we him caused tae walk at large,  
and til a babe commit the battle's charge,  
and governance hale o his ceity walls?  
Lat see gif we, hou'er the chance befalls,  
persuadit him for tae commove and steir  
ither quiet people wi him tae raise the weir,  
or til adjoin up freindship and ally  
wi Tyrrhene people and folk o Tuscany?  
Whit God amovit him wi sic a gad  
in his deedis tae uise sic slichts and fraud,  
or whilk o our hard pouers wrocht sic thing?  
Whaur wis Juno withal, this leddy ying?  
Or whaur wis she alsaе whan, yester nicht,  
Iris wis sent doun throu the cluddis bricht?  
Is this a thing fu unleisome, but lat,  
tho Italians wi flames umbeset  
the new ceity o Troy uprisin? Lo!  
And is it nocht fu gret dispite also

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<sup>22</sup> ingyre: intrude

that, in his native land and faither's ring,  
Turnus remain, or pretend tae be king,  
whamtae the God Pilumnus grandsire is,  
and haly nymph Venilia mither, iwis?  
Whit! thinks thou leisome is at Trojans infeir  
violence tae mak wi brands o mortal weir  
agin Latins, sic unco heritage  
til occupy and subdue in bondage,  
and thair cattle in spreath tae drive away?  
Whit! hauds thou leisome als, I pray thee say,  
frae itheris tae withdraw sae theftuously  
thair eildfaithers and maist tender ally;  
or, frae betwix thair breist and armis twae,  
thair troth-plicht spouses for tae reive away?  
Tae come and beseek truce in strange lands,  
wi sign or taiken o peace borne in thair hands,  
and, naetheless, tae mak ready for weir,  
purvey thair ships, provide armour and gear?  
Tae sauf Enee, haes thou nocht pouer and micht  
frae Greekis' hands him tae withdraw by slicht,  
and set instead o that man, licht as lind,<sup>23</sup>  
aither a clud or a waste puff o wind?  
And eik thou may transform the ships," quo she,  
"intil as mony goddessis o the sea.  
But, by the contrary, Rutulians' affspring  
we suld support – that is forbidden thing!  
Thy son Enee, misknawin this deray,  
as thou alleges, is absent nou away,  
and whit injuries, absent mot he remain,  
and ignorant for aye o this bargain?  
Thou haes Paphos, thine is Idalia,  
and thine mot be the isle o Cythera –  
sen thou haes aa thir at command and will,  
lat ither fowks in peace and rest dwell still.  
Whaurtae assailis thou a strang ceity,  
that haes been aft exercit in melée,  
and list invade people wi hertis keen?  
I can nocht finnd whit occasion ye mean.  
Hae we ettelt the Phrygian feeble gear  
doun frae the grun tae welt owre intae weir?  
Whither wis it we, or than Paris, that faultit,

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<sup>23</sup> licht as lind: licht as a leaf (literally linden)

that wretchit Trojans by Greeks war assaultit?  
Whit wis the cause, that Europe and Asia  
tae raise the weir in armis war sae thraw  
agin ithers, and thair auld alliance  
wi theftuous reive tae brek on sic mischance?  
Wis I nocht governor and chief leader thare,  
the time whan that the Trojan adulterar  
umbesiegit the ceity o Sparta,  
and the Queen Helen reft and brocht awa?  
Or whither gif I e'er intae that weir  
ministert dartis, wappons, or sic gear?  
Or yit that bargain stuffed or bet,<sup>24</sup> lat see,  
wi Cupid's blinnd lust and subtlety?  
Than haed been honest time, and gainand baith,  
til hae providit for thy freindis' skaith.  
Nou aa too late wi thine unjust complaints  
agin us thou rises, and attaints  
for tae warp out thy vain wordis chiding,  
whilk certes may avail thee in naething."

Wi siclike words Juno frae end tae end  
gan her quarrel sustain and als defend;  
and aa the heivenly wichts did whisper and roun,  
in opinions fu diverse, up and down;  
like as first, ere wind's blast be persaive,  
the swouch is heard within the wuidis wave,  
wi frasin soundis whustlin, yit unknow  
whaurof comes this bruit out-throu the shaw,  
altho it be tae mariners a sing,  
o wind's blast tae follae shure taikening.

The Faither than omnipotent maist hie,  
that owre aa things haes sovereign majesty,  
begouth tae say, and whan he spak aa ceasit.  
The heivenly heich hous o gods wis peacit.  
The erd's grun shuke trimmlin for fear,  
and still, but movin, stuid the heivens clear;  
the windis eik thair blastis lownit suin,  
the sea caulmit his fluidis' plain abune.  
"Receive," quo he, "my sawis, and tak tent,  
and thir my words within your minds imprent.

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<sup>24</sup> stuffed or bet: stoked

Sen that aagates yit may nocht suffert be  
Latins confeder wi Trojans and Enee,  
nor ye can nocht mak end o your debate,  
I sall me hauld indifferent, the mean gate,  
and as for that, put nae diversity  
whither-sae Italians or Trojans thay be.  
Houe'er this day the fortune wi thaim stauns,  
bruik weill thair chance and weird on aither hauns,  
lat each o thaim his hope and fortune sue.  
Whither-sae the Fates haes determed o new  
Trojans tae be assiegit wi Italians,  
tae thair mischief, or wrack o the Trojans,  
whilks wi frawart admonitions sae lang  
peradventure haes errit and gane wrang,  
naither Trojans nor Rutulians freith<sup>25</sup> will I.  
Lat aither o thaim thair ain fortune staun by,  
and bruik thair wark thay hae begun. But fail,  
King Jupiter sall be tae aa equale.  
The Fates sall provide a wey mair able.”  
And wi that word, for til hauld firm and stable  
his godly aith and promise sworn haes he,  
by Styx the fluid, Pluto his brither's sea,  
by that ilk pikky lake, wi braeis black  
and laithly gulf, tae keep aa that he spak;  
and, til affirm his aith, at his liking  
the heivens aa made trimmle, for a sing.

Thus endit wis the council, and aa done,  
and Jupiter rase frae his gowden throne,  
wham heivenly wichts amiddis thaim wi joy  
untae his chymmis ryal did convoy.

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<sup>25</sup> freith: exempt frae herm

### Chapter III

*Hou the Trojans defendis thair ceity,  
Eneas absent seekin mair supply.*

Durin this while, aa the Rutulians stout  
the ceity portis lappit round about,  
for tae dounbet the Trojans, every sire,  
environ aa the wallis wi het fire.  
Eneas' barnage, at mischiefis huge  
thus umbeset, and siegit but refuge,  
inclusit war but hope tae win away,  
and soberly at defence, as thay may,  
on the hie touers' heidis stuid on raw.  
Fu thin the circles o the wallis law  
thay manned about; for in the first front stuid  
Asius, Imbrusus' son, and eik the guid  
Thymoetes, son o strang Hicetane,  
and by thaim alsa the Assaracus twain,  
the elder Thymbris, wi Castor fu wraith,  
brether germane tae King Sarpedon baith,  
wham Clarus haed, and Thaemon, feiris twa,  
follaed frae the hie realm o Lycia.  
Ane Acmon o Lyrnesia fast thareby  
presses, wi aa the force in his bodie,  
a felloun stane tae welt the wallis til,  
whilk seemed be a gret pairt o a hill;  
nae less o stature than his faither Clytius  
wis he, nor else his brither Mnestheus.  
Wi dartis thay assail the ceity fast.  
And thay defend wi slingis and stane cast;  
some presses thick the wild fire intae sling;  
the arrows flaw spangin frae every string.  
The Dardane child, the ying Ascanius,  
principal thocht and cure o Dame Venus,  
amid the routs, in covert whaur he yeid,  
thare micht be seen in his fresh lustiheid,  
like as a gem, wi his bricht hue shining,  
departs the gowd set amidwart the ring,

or in the crownel<sup>26</sup> picht,<sup>27</sup> or rich hinger<sup>28</sup>  
whilk daes the neck array, or the heidgear;  
and mair seemly than ever bane tae see,  
craftily closit within the box o tree,  
or than amid the black terebinthine  
growes by Oricia, and, as the jet daes shine.  
His curlin lockis hingis doun weill deck  
about his shouthers owre his milk-white neck;  
a circulet o pliable gowd sae bricht  
abuve his hairs upo his heid weill picht.  
Thou Ismarus, o magnanimity  
fulfilled, eik thare micht men thee see,  
inunctin<sup>29</sup> venomous shaftis the ilk tide,  
address dartis, and wirk woundis fu wide;  
comen o the gentle bluid o Maeony,  
in Lyde kintrie born thou wis, fast by  
the plenteous soil whaur the gowden riveir  
Pactolus warps on grund the gowd ore clear.  
Ready at haun wis Mnestheus wicht,  
wham the renown o this yester nicht,  
for that he Turnus owre the ditches drave,  
fu proud made in his courage owre the lave.  
Wi him wis Capys thare alsae, wham by  
the toun Capua is named in Champanie.

Thus aither pairty intae hard bargaining  
stuid at debate, while Eneas the King,  
wi aa his feiris, baith day and midnicht  
slides throu-out the saut faems licht.  
For efter that frae King Evander he  
departit wis, as here abuve sayed we,  
and entert in amid the Tuscan tents,  
the King<sup>30</sup> he socht, and tauld him his intents,  
his name tae him rehearsing, and his bluid,  
and his desire, fully tae conclude,

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<sup>26</sup> crownel: coronet

<sup>27</sup> picht: set

<sup>28</sup> hinger: pendant

<sup>29</sup> inunctin: anointin

<sup>30</sup> the King: i.e. Tarchon

haes shawen plainly, tuichin whit he socht,  
and whit supply alsae wi him he brocht;  
and tauld whit army proud Mezentius  
haed convenit, and hou the bauld Turnus  
sae violent and fierce wis in his will;  
exhortin him tae tak guid heed heretil,  
and hou unstable wis aa warld's chance,  
aa man's surety hingin in balance;  
and untae this his request and prayer  
adjoinit haes, on fu guidly mainer.  
Thare wis nae mair delay, but Tarchon King  
aa ready wis tae fulfil his liking,  
wi mobles and aa riches at command,  
and up gan knit thare fordward and cunand<sup>31</sup>  
o amity and perpetual ally.  
Than o the Fates free, in thair navie,  
at command o the gods, people Tuscan  
are entert in thair shippis ever-ilkane,  
submittin thaim untae a strange duke.  
Eneas' barge than furth the voyage teuk  
before the lave, as admiral o the flote,  
and in her stevin kerven fu weill, God wot,  
the lions that the Phrygian armis been;  
abuve the whilks porturate fair and green  
wis Ida forest, tae fugitive Trojanes  
thair best beluvit wuid and native wanes.<sup>32</sup>  
In her wis set the gret prince Eneas,  
that wi himsel gan mony thing compass  
tuichin the chances o battle in that tide.  
Pallas adjoinit sat by his left side,  
and he at him did wycely ask and speir  
the course and names o the starnis clear,  
whilk in the still heiven shines on the nicht.  
Nou speiris he, franin wi aa his micht,  
tae knaw Eneas' wandrin by the sea,  
and hou huge pain he haed on landis dree.

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<sup>31</sup> fordward and cunand: agreement and covenant

<sup>32</sup> wanes: habitations

## Chapter IV

*Here compts Virgil the people o Tuscan,  
whilks wi Eneas cam tae the bargain.*

Ye Muses nou, sweet goddesses each one,  
open and uncloose your Munt o Helicon.  
Reveal the secrets lyin in your micht,  
entune my sang, address my style at richt,  
tae shaw whit puissance, hostis, and army,  
at this time frae the bounds o Tuscany  
in fellaeship cam wi the prince Enee,  
and stuffit ships o weir set tae the sea.

First, Prince Massicus comes wi his rout,  
intae his barge Tigress, wi steelit snout,  
swouchin throu-out the fluidis whaur she went;  
a thousan stout young men o his talent  
unner him leadin, for the battle boun,  
frae Clusium come umquhile, that noble toun,  
and frae the Tuscan ceity o Cosay.  
Baith casting darts and flanes uisit thay,  
wi arrow cases and ither quivers licht,  
and mortal bowis buckelt for the ficht.

Samen furth sailis Abas, and him by  
his barnage stuid enarmit richelie.  
His weirlike ship owre the fluidis ilkane  
o God Apollo's gowden statue shane.  
The rich ceity o Populonias,  
his native kintrie, whaurof born he wis,  
sax hunner men o arms in weir expert  
wi him haes sent; and the isle in that pairt,  
Elba callit, within the Tuscan Sea,  
sae rich o steel it may nocht wastit<sup>33</sup> be,  
three hunner eik haes sent wi him tae pass.

The thrid capitain, worthy Asilas,  
o goddis eik and men interpreture,  
o every spaying craft that knew the cure,  
whit the hert pipes and beastis' entrails meant,

---

<sup>33</sup> wastit: laid waste

whit signified the starnis whaur they went  
thair richt courses abuve the heivens hie,  
and every bird's voices weill knew he,  
and whit betaikent, shinin frae the heiven,  
thir fiery blastis or this thunner's levin.  
A thousan men assemblt wi him leads,  
wi awfu spearis and sherp grunden heids,  
wham the Etruscan ceity, Pisa guid  
(inhabit first frae Alpheus that fluid)  
sent til obey him as thair capitain.

Syne follaes Astur, the seemliest o ane<sup>34</sup>  
– Astur, maist sover horseman for tae seek.  
O variant colour wis his armour eik.  
Three hunner walit men wi him he led,  
aa o ae will, furth tae the battle sped.  
The fowks aahail dwelt in the ceity sweet  
O Agylline, itherwise caaed Caerete.  
And thay that dwellis in thae fields, iwis,  
endlang the banks o fluid Minionis,  
or intil ancient Pyrgus toun alsa,  
or inhabits the ceity Gravisca,  
fu contagious o tempest and grievous air.

Suld I thee pretermit, sen thou wis thare?  
I mean thee, Cinyrus,<sup>35</sup> o Ligurians  
the chief leader, amang ither captains  
ane the maist forcy intae battle steid.  
Nor will I nocht forget, suld I be deid,  
thee, strang Cupavus, wi thy few menyie,  
frae whase tymbret rises upo hie  
the lusty swan's fedram,<sup>36</sup> bricht and schene.  
The crime and cause o aa your waefu tene  
wis luv and amours, or pompous array,  
shroud in your faither's cognisance<sup>37</sup> aa too gay.  
For, as thay tell, fu dolorously Cygnus  
made his complaint amang the scroggy buss

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<sup>34</sup> o ane: o aa

<sup>35</sup> Cinyrus: the text haes Cygnus, by confusion wi Cupavus' faither (ablow)

<sup>36</sup> fedram: plumage

<sup>37</sup> cognisance: heraldic symbol

o popple tree branches risin lang and square  
(whaurin the twa sisters transformit war)  
and gan bewail Phaeton, his best beluivit;  
while that he sang and played, as him behuivit,  
the dowie tunes and lays lamentable,  
wi sic regret tae comfort and estable  
his hivvy amorous thochts annoyous,  
in white canous saft plumes joyous  
became owreheild, in likeness o a swan,  
and led his age nae mair furth like a man,  
but teuk his flicht up frae the erd in hy,  
and wi a swouchin voice socht in the sky.  
His son this tide, haein his fellaeships  
distribute equally intae sindry ships,  
amang the navy and the flote at large,  
wi airs rowes furth his busteous barge,  
cleipit Centaurus, and eidently syne he  
drives throu fluidis o the stormy sea.  
Big o stature stuid he like tae fecht,  
boastin<sup>38</sup> the stream wi ballast o huge wecht,  
and wi his lang and lusty ballingair<sup>39</sup>  
owreslides the deep fluidis in thair fare.<sup>40</sup>

The noble Ocnus frae his native land  
a fair army assemblt brocht at hand,  
son o God Tiber, the Tuscan riveir,  
beget upo Mantus the leddy clear,  
that wis baith nymph and famous prophetess.  
This Ocnus wis the ilk man whilk express  
o Mantua the ceity did he waa,  
and efter his said mither's name gan caa  
Mantua, mighty o auld ancestry  
and forefaithers; but his genology  
wis nocht o ane kinrent comen aa;  
for that toun haed three clannis principal,  
and unner every clan or tribe o thae  
war ithers sober faimilies twice twae.  
Mantua eik wis chief and principal heid

---

<sup>38</sup> boastin: commandin wi threits (Latin *minatur*)

<sup>39</sup> ballingair: a smaa sea-gaun vessel

<sup>40</sup> fare: passage

til aa thir people wonin in that steid,  
takkin thair force and hardiment ilkane  
frae the lineage and noble bluid Tuscan.  
Mezentius, throu his auld tyranny,  
furth o this ceity agin him in hy  
five hunner men til armis made tae steir;  
wham Mincius, the fresh rinnin riveir,  
that frae the Loch o Benacus issues doun,  
and is owreheidit aa wi reedis broun,  
haes cairried tae the braid seas large  
within thair weirly ship and awfu barge.

Furth held the stout and digest<sup>41</sup> Aulestes,  
whilk wi gret strenth o rowers in that press,  
raisin thaim on thair thoftis<sup>42</sup> for the naince,  
the fluidis smate wi hunner airs at ainice,  
while that the faemy stour o streamis lee  
upweltis frae the braid palmis o tree.  
The meikle hulk him bare wis Triton callit;  
for in her forestem wis the monster stallit,  
wi wattry trump fleyin<sup>43</sup> the fluidis gray.  
Whaur-as she sailit, men nicht see him aye  
wi birsy body porturate, and veisage  
aa roch o hairis, seemin o cullage<sup>44</sup>  
in man's form frae his coast tae his croun;  
but frae his belly, and thence forwart doun,  
the remanent straucht like a fish's tail,  
in similitude o huddoun<sup>45</sup> or a whale.  
Unner the breist o this ilk bisning<sup>46</sup> thing  
the sea wawis bullerin maks murning.

Sae mony walit captains, noble men,  
in help o New Troy, wi shippis thrice ten,  
slides throu the saut streamis o the sea  
wi steelit stevins and bowin bilge o tree.

---

<sup>41</sup> digest: grave

<sup>42</sup> thoftis: thwarts, binks

<sup>43</sup> fleyin: fleggin, scarin

<sup>44</sup> cullage: form (only here)

<sup>45</sup> huddoun: type o whale

<sup>46</sup> bisning: monstrous

## Chapter V

*Eneas' ships, translate in nymphs o sea,  
tauld him hou Turnus assieged the ceity.*

By this declinit wis the day's licht;  
the mune intil her waverin cairt o nicht  
held rowein throu the heivens' middle ward,  
as Eneas, the Trojan prince and lord,  
for thochtis nicht naewise his members rest,  
sae mony cures in his mind he kest,  
but sat in proper person, and nane other,  
tae steer his carvel and tae rule the ruther,<sup>47</sup>  
and for tae guide the sailis takkin tent.  
Anon, amid his course thare as he went,  
reconters him his fellaeship in hy  
o nymphis, wham o ships and his navie  
the haly mither, cleipit Cybele,  
made tae become goddesses in the sea.  
Aa samen swam thay, haun in haun y-feir,  
and throu the wawis fast did swouch and shear,  
as feil in nummer nymphis throu the fluid,  
as lately wi thair steelit stevins stuid  
o Trojan shippis by the coast's side.  
A weill faur wey, as owre the stream thay glide,  
thair king thay knaw, and aa in carolling  
about his ship went circled in a ring;  
amang wham, in speech the maist expert,  
Cymodocea tae the wale<sup>48</sup> astert,  
and wi her richt haun gan the eft castell  
dae grip anon, that aa her back ilk deal  
abuve the sea watter did appear.  
Beneath the caulmit streamis fair and clear  
wi her left haun craftily swimmis she;  
syne on this wise speaks til Enee,  
that o this wondrous mervel knew naething:

“Wauks thou or nocht, thou verra God's affspring,  
our prince and maister Eneas? Nou awake,

---

<sup>47</sup> ruther: rudder

<sup>48</sup> wale: gunwale

tackle thy shippis, and thy sheetis sclaik.<sup>49</sup>  
We been thy navy and thy flote,” quo she,  
“bowit some time o the fir and beech tree,  
grew in the haly tap o Munt Ida;  
and nou, as present thou behaud us may,  
nymphis we been, and sall be evermore.  
For, as yon faithless Turnus by the shore  
invadit us wi glaves<sup>50</sup> and wi fire,  
on force constrainit for the flames schire,  
thy cables we in sunder brak in haste,  
tae seek thee throu the sea, as we war chased.  
And than the Mither o Goddis, Cybele,  
haein o us compassion and peity,  
in this feigure haes us aa translate,  
for evermair tae be deificate,  
as goddesses, whaur-sae us likes best,  
amang the fluidis for tae leive and lest.  
But thy dear child, ying Ascanius stout,  
besiegit is, and closit round about  
wi waas, fossie, and trenches, aither side,  
amid dartis or quarrels fast daes glide,  
and dreidfu hosts o stern people Latine,  
by weir enforcin tae destroy aa thine.  
Evandrus’ horsemen, cleiped Arcadians,  
middelt samen wi Etrurians,  
wham in thy help thou sendis by the land,  
thae places nou, whaur-as thou gave command  
gan occupy, abidin thy coming,  
but Turnus haes determed, as certain thing,  
gret garrisons tae send betwix thaim suin,  
that your hostis sall nocht thegither join.  
Get up, hae duin, and suin in the morning,  
as swith as the bricht day begins tae spring,  
thy feiris haill thou first tae harness call,  
and wi thy shield invincible tharewithal  
thyselvin shroud, wham mighty God o Fire  
tae thee, as a maist sovereign lord and sire,  
haes wrocht and given, and wi gowd sae bricht  
the borders haes owregilt and forged at richt.  
Gif thou believes nocht my saws in vain,

---

<sup>49</sup> sclaik: skacken

<sup>50</sup> glaves: swourds

the licht o day the morn, I shaw thee plain,  
huge heapis sall behaud in field dung doun  
o Rutulians by fell occisioun.”<sup>51</sup>

Thus sayed she; and, depairtin wi a skip,  
by her richt haun she shoves furth the ship,  
as she that wis in that craft richt expert;  
and throu the wawis on the tither pairt  
glides away unner the faemy seas,  
as swift as ganyie<sup>52</sup> or feathert arrow flees,  
that strives for tae pingle<sup>53</sup> wi the wind.  
The remanent her follaes fast behinnd.  
Anchises’ son, the gret Trojan Enee,  
a-wunners, unwittin whit this micht be;  
and, naetheless, his courage did advance  
wi this ilk fatal augury or chance.  
Syne shortly, leukin tae the heiven abune,  
on this mainer gan pray and made his bune.

“Oh blissit Mither o the Gods,” quo he,  
“that hallowit art in the muntain Idee,  
wham-tae the tappis o Munt Dindymane,  
and eik the touerit ceities mony ane,  
wi reinit lions yokit tae thy chair,  
fu tender been and hertly evermair;  
be thou in battle nou my president,  
be my protectrix, duly takkin tent  
at this oracle be hastit tae our weill.  
Oh haly Goddess wi happy fuit o sele,<sup>54</sup>  
come and assistis tae thine ain Trojanes.”  
Nae mair he spak, but, wi that word at aince,  
in the meanwhile upspringis the bricht day,  
chasin the cluddis o the nicht away.  
And first Eneas gan his feirs command  
thair banners tae display and follae at hand,  
thair courage eik and cuirass tae address,  
and graith thaim for the battle aa express.

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<sup>51</sup> occisioun: slauchter

<sup>52</sup> ganyie: arrow

<sup>53</sup> pingle: contend

<sup>54</sup> sele: guid fortune

For he, by than, his Trojans nicht behauld;  
and o the eft ship intae his toun and hauld  
men nicht him see, and knaw, whaur-at he stuid,  
his shinin new shield frae amid the fluid  
intae his left haun raisit hie on hicht.  
The Trojans frae the wallis o that sicht  
war sae rejoicit, up thay raised a cry  
that rerdis tae the starnis in the sky.  
The hope o his returning het as fire  
doubled thair courage, and upraised thair ire,  
that wi thair haundis fast thay dartis sling,  
wi sic a din o clamour and crying,  
and trumpis' blast raisit within the toun:  
sic mainer bruit as tho men heard the soun  
o cranes crowpin, fleein in the air  
wi speedy faird in randoun here and thair,  
as frae the fluid o Thrace, hait Strymonie,  
unner the daurk cluds, aft we see,  
thay flee the wather's blast and rake o wind,  
thair gledsome soundis follaein thaim behinnd.

But whit nicht mean this affear and deray,  
a gret ferly and wunner wis, perfay,  
tae Turnus King o Rutulies, that tide,  
and the Italian dukes him beside;  
while thay at last beheld taewart the coast,  
and saw the navy come and meikle host,  
seemin the sea o shippis aa owreflet.  
The crest or shinin tymbret that wis set  
abuve Eneas' helm and tap on hicht,  
kest birnin flames wi a glitterin licht;  
and eik the gowden boss o his buckleir  
large fiery streams on breid shew fair and clear;  
like as the comet stern sanguinolent,  
wi his reid colour trist<sup>55</sup> and violent,  
shines some time upo the donk nicht;  
or frawart Sirius, that fervent starn bricht,  
whilk wi the scaudin heat at his rising  
birnis the erd o drouth, and is the sing  
pretendin til aa mortal fowk, I guess,  
contagious infirmities and seikness,

---

<sup>55</sup> trist: grievous

that wi his shrewit licht caniculare<sup>56</sup>  
infekkit aa the heivens and the air.

But Turnus' hardy stalwart hie courage,  
for aa this fear diminished ne'er a stage,  
whilk manfully shupe thaim tae withstand  
at the coast side, and ding thaim o the land,  
that on nae wise thare thay suld arrive;  
and wi gled semblant gan his fowk belive  
exhorten for tae raise thair spreits on hie,  
and wi his wordis furthermair eik he  
gan thaim repreive o thair sae hasty fear.  
"Lo! nou present," says he, "is comen here  
the maiter whilk ye lang desirit have.  
The time is nou tae grip in haun your glave.  
The time o battle ready is at hand,  
whaur strenth beis shawn in stalwart stour tae stand.  
Nou every man remember on his spous;  
think on thair native land and dwellin hous.  
Reduce ye nou untae your mind, ilkane,  
the worthy acts o your elders bygane,  
thair luvable fame, and your ain renowné;  
and lat us foremaist haste us tae the sea,  
and thare reconter our faes ere thay land,  
while as thay first set fute upo the sand,  
wi slide tae comen, hauf-deal in effray,  
ere thay thair fuitsteps firm, and tak array.  
Hap helpis hardy men, by mine advise,  
that weill daur tak on haun stout enterprise."

Thus sayed he; and tharewith in his thocht  
devises wham maist gainandly he mocht  
lead wi him, tae resist and meet his faes,  
or wham he suld nocht frae the siege upraise,  
but still remain tae firm and close the toun,  
the wallis and the trenches enviroon.

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<sup>56</sup> caniculare: o the dog-starn (i.e. Sirius)

## Chapter VI

*Eneas frae the shippis lands his host,  
and Turnus thaim assailed at the sea coast.*

In the mean season, the Trojan Enee  
begouth his fowkis frae thair shippis hie  
on briggis and on plankis set on land.  
Mony abaid the ebbing o the sand,  
while the swarfin<sup>57</sup> wawis aback did draw,  
than in the shauldis did thay kep on raw;  
and some wi airis intae coggis smaa  
ettelt tae land. But than amang thaim aa  
the Prince Tarchon gan the shore behauld,  
thare as him thocht suld be nae sandis shauld,  
nor yit nae land-brist<sup>58</sup> lipperin on the wawis,  
but whaur the fluid went still, and caulmit aa is,  
but stour or buller, murmur or moving.  
His stevins<sup>59</sup> thither steeren gan the King,  
and on this wise his feiris did exhort:  
“Nou, oh ye walit flouer o weir, at short,  
bend up your airis stith, and raise your ships,  
haste owre the fluid, bare tae the shore wi skips,  
and wi your steelit stevins, ane and all,  
this grund unfreindly tae us and inimical  
dae shear and cleave in sunder like a stock.  
Lat every barge dae prent hersel a dock.  
Nor force<sup>60</sup> I nocht in sic port by this mean  
tae brek the ship, sae we the land attein.”

Frae Tarchon haed thir wordis sayed, but mair,  
his feiris stertis ilk man til an air.  
The stourin faemy barges did rebound,  
in-rowein fast taewart the Latin ground,  
while that thair stemmis teuk the bankis dry,  
and thair keelis stak in the slyke fast by,  
but ony herm or danger, every one.

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<sup>57</sup> swarfin: spent (literally fainting, translating Latin *languentis*)

<sup>58</sup> land-brist: breakers

<sup>59</sup> stevins: prows

<sup>60</sup> force: care

But sae tid nocht untae thy ship, Tarchon.  
For in the shauld she stoppis, and did stand  
apon a dry shingle or bed o sand,  
a lang time aa to-shakin wi the fluid;  
while finally, thare rockin as she stuid,  
to-brustis<sup>61</sup> she, and rives aa in sunder;  
warpit the men amid the faem thare under.  
The planks, hatches, and mony broken air,  
that on the stream went floatin here and thare,  
made tae thare landin gret impediment,  
and sliddery glaur sae frae wawis went  
that aft thair feet wis smitten up on loft.  
But finally, aa droukit and forwrocht,  
thay sauvit war, and warpit tae the coast.

Than nae delay o sleuth, nor fear, nor boast,  
withheld Turnus, but wi his haill army  
againis Trojans by the coast o the sea  
he did array aa samen in that stound.  
The trumpets blew thair bluidy weirlike sound,  
and first, in sign o guid luck in the weirs,  
Enee the routis o the lauboureirs,  
or rural husbands, invades and owreset,  
and haes the Latin commons haill dounbet,  
by slauchter first o thair chieftain, Theron,  
amang aa ithers the biggest man of one,<sup>62</sup>  
whilk set upo Eneas ere he wist;  
but he throu-out his side his swourd haes thrist,  
piercit the stalwart platit shield o steel,  
and throu the shinin haubrek every deal.  
The gilten mailyies makis him nae steid,  
for in the coast he tholes dint o deid.  
Syne smate he Lichas, and him haes aa to-torn,  
that o his deid mither's wame wis furth shorn,  
and untae Phoebus God wis consecrate;  
and wis sae chancy in his young estate  
that he the swourd escapit by his hap,  
but nocht at this time sae the deid's clap.  
And nocht faur thence this dochty Eneas  
killit the dour and stalwart Cisseas,

---

<sup>61</sup> to-brustis: aat hegither brusts, shatters

<sup>62</sup> of one: ava, o aa

and put tae deid the busteous Gyas strang,  
that wi his burdoun<sup>63</sup> doun haill routis dang.  
Thair strenty handis helpit thaim naething.  
Naither Hercules' wappons nor arming  
micht thaim defend; nor yit thair sire that hecht  
Melampus, and companion wis in fecht  
tae Hercules in his sair journeys feil,  
while he in erd wis leivin and in heil.  
And lo, as Pharon cryis and daes roust<sup>64</sup>  
wi hautane<sup>65</sup> wordis and wi meikle voust,<sup>66</sup>  
Eneas threw a dart at him that tide,  
whilk, as he gapit, in his mouth did glide.  
And thou alsae, the fey Greek, Cydon,  
whilk strangly luvit thir young childer each one,  
as thou the ying Clytius did pursue,  
whase yalla baird begouth tae spring o new,  
and wis aahaill thy new lust and desire,  
by the richt haun o this ilk Trojan sire  
thare haed been made end o thy amours green  
and wretchitly haed lain deid, I ween,  
war nocht the brether o the clan Phorcains  
upo Eneas assembelt aa at aince.  
In nummer seivin thay war, and dartis seivin  
aa samen thay kest, forcy as fiery levin;  
o wham some did, but herm or ither dere,  
stot frae his shield, his helmet, or heidgear,  
and some, that wad hae hit his cors in hy,  
Venus his haly mither choppit by.

Than tae the traist Achates sayed Enee:  
"Rax me dartis and casting spears," quo he,  
"that in the Greekis' bodies fixit stuid,  
whilom in Troy's plainis bedyed wi bluid,  
and my richt haun sall thraw thaim sae ilkane  
on Rutulians, that nane sall flee in vain."  
A busteous shaft wi that he grippit haes,

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<sup>63</sup> burdoun: cudgel

<sup>64</sup> roust: shout

<sup>65</sup> hautane: proud

<sup>66</sup> voust: braggin

and incontrar his adversaries gan taise,<sup>67</sup>  
whilk flaw towarts Maeonius fast by.  
Out-throu the shield platit wi steel in hy  
dushit the dint, and throu the corslets glides,  
gird<sup>68</sup> throu the coast piercin baith the sides.  
Untae him stertis Alcanor, his brither,  
tae beir him up – whan that he saw him shudder –  
wi his richt airm; but throu his gardy<sup>69</sup> suin  
the grunden heid and bluidy shaft are duin,  
furth haudin the self randoun<sup>70</sup> as it went.  
The richt airm, frae the shouther aa to-rent,  
upo the mankit sinnons<sup>71</sup> hingis by  
as impotent, quite lamit, and deidlie.  
Than Numitor furth o his brither's corps  
ruggis the truncheon, and wi aa his force  
it swackis at Enee; but he nae micht  
haed til attain nor wound the noble knight,  
yit wi the dint the gret Achates' thee  
he hurt and strainit haes a little wee.  
Wi this come Clausus, fu o vassalage,<sup>72</sup>  
confidin in his youth and flourished age  
(the Curitans wi him brocht in the press)  
and wi a lang stiff spear ane Dryopes  
smate in the hause, unner the chin, sae sair  
that him bereft wis in the place richt thare  
baith voice and spreit o life; and that nae wonder,  
for his neck bane and throat war carve in sunder,  
that down he dushes wi a felloun rerd,  
while that his forret rashit<sup>73</sup> on the erd,  
and o his mouth, a peitious thing tae see,  
the loppert bluid in deid-thraw voidis he.  
Three ithers syne this ilk Clausus haes slain,  
born intae Thrace o the clan Borean;

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<sup>67</sup> taise: aim

<sup>68</sup> gird: pierced

<sup>69</sup> gardy: forearm

<sup>70</sup> the self randoun: the ilk strecht course

<sup>71</sup> mankit sinnons: damaged sinews

<sup>72</sup> vassalage: knightly valour

<sup>73</sup> rashit: banged

and three come frae the ceity o Idas,  
and ither three o ceity Ismaras,  
by diverse chances put he aa tae deid.  
Halaesus him reconters in that steid,  
and aa the barnage come frae Aurunca,  
that auld ceity; and thaim follaes alsa  
tae that melée the son o Neptunus,  
that is tae know, the worthy Messapus,  
whilk intae horseman craft wis maist expert.  
Nou presses this side, and nou yonderwart,  
tae reel aback and tae expel in ficht  
thair adversaries, and mak thaim tak the flicht.  
Thus by the coast Ausonia that tide  
hard waux the battle upo aither side;  
as tho some time amid the large air  
the contrar windis strives here and thare,  
wi braithfu blastis in thair equal michtis –  
nane list obey til ither, aa sae wicht is,  
naither thay amang thaimsel, nor yit the cloudis,  
nor yit the ragin seas, whilkis sae loud is,  
sae that the bargain lang standis in dout,  
wha sall be victor, and wha underlout;  
sae forcily remains the elements  
contrary ithers tae thair ain intents.  
Nane itherwise the Trojan hosts in field,  
and Latin routis yokit unner shield,  
meets in the melée. Joinit samen than  
thay fewter<sup>74</sup> fuit tae fuit, and man tae man.

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<sup>74</sup> fewter: ? (only here)

## Chapter VII

*Hou Pallas comfortis his host o Arcady,  
whilk gave the back and teuk purpose tae flee.*

But whan that Pallas at an outer side  
perceivit his Arcade army that tide  
in sic a place haed taken land at aince,  
whaur-as a burn haed warpit rowein stanes  
and bussis wi the braeis doun haed bet,  
that thay war in sae hard mischief owreset,  
as men nocht uised for tae gae fecht on fuit,  
and than, constrainit, knew nane ither buit,  
for sherpness o that steid, but leave thair horse;  
that weill perceivit he hou that on force  
they gave the back, and shupe tae tak the flicht,  
the Latins follaein thaim in aa thair nicht.  
Than, while wi prayer, nou wi wordis sour,  
thair courage he inflames tae the stour,  
whilk mainer haein is suith, as is the creed,  
as utter pynt remedy at sic a need.

“My feiris,” says he, “whither dae ye flee?  
I you beseek, by your gret renowné,  
and by your forcy deedis duin o auld,  
and by your prince’s fame, Evander bauld,  
and by the hosts and mony victories  
that ye in weir and battle wan feil syse,  
and by my guid belief and hope, that nou  
wi haill confidence restis fixt in you,  
as tae attain untae my faither’s glore,  
tae undertak sic deedis duin before.  
Dae ne’er, for shame, untae yoursel that lack  
tae lippen in speed o fuit and gie the back.  
Wi swourd’s dint behuves us, perfay,  
throu amidst our enemies redd our way.  
Whaur yonder sop o men thicks in a rout,  
yonder is the passage whaur we must win out.  
Yonder your noble kintrie wills ye pass;  
yon wey tae wend exhorts your duke Pallas.  
Here is nae pouer o divinity,  
nor goddis’ nicht gainstandin us,” quo he.  
“Nane ither bargain hae we in thir fichts

but agin deidly and wi mortal wichts –  
as mony mortal bodies here hae we,  
and as feil haundis tae debate the melée.  
Behauldis, hou the sea wi obstacle gret  
incluses us, and at our back gan bet;  
on land is left us here nae place tae flee –  
whit! wad ye rin tae Troy out-throu the sea?”

Thus sayed he, and furthwith, ere he wad cess,  
amid his faeis rushit in the press,  
whaur-as the routis thickest war in stour.  
And first o ither, tae his fatal hour,  
him meetis Lagus, a Rutuliane;  
wham, first owre-roweit wi a meikle stane,  
throu-gird his coast syne wi a casting dart,  
piercin his ribbis throu, at the ilk part  
whaur been the couplung o the rig bane,  
and the ilk shaft stak in his cors onane.  
Pallas it joggelt, and furth drew in hy,  
wham ane Hisbon, staunin near thareby,  
weenit tae hae caucht, but the grip he failed;  
for as unaware he stoopit, and devald,  
wud-wroth for wae o this mischievous deed  
o his dear fellae, in the ilk steid  
Pallas him keppit sic-wise on his brand,  
that aa the blade, up tae the hilt and hand,  
amid his flaffin lungis hid haes he,  
on sic mainer that nae man micht it see.  
Syne Pallas set upo Anchemolus,  
and Sthenius, that o the King Rhoetus,  
Prince o Marrubians, ancient people, been;  
the whilk Anchemolus wis that ilk, I ween,  
defoulit his faither’s bed incestuouslie,  
and haed forlain his ain stepmither by.  
And ye alsae, stout gemel<sup>75</sup> brether twa,  
childer and sons untae him Daucia –  
Thymber, I mean, and thy brither<sup>76</sup> Laride –  
amid the field Rutulian did abide.  
Ye war sae like in form and similitude  
nane micht decern betwix you whaur ye stuid,

---

<sup>75</sup> gemel: twin

<sup>76</sup> brither: text haes *brether* plural

whilk mainer error, or sic misknawing,  
tae faither and mither is aft pleasin thing,  
seein thair childer resemble ane likeness.  
But at this time haes Pallas, as I guess,  
markit you swa wi sic rude difference,  
that by his keel<sup>77</sup> ye may be know frae thence;  
for swa stuid wi thee, ThyMBER, thou art deid –  
Evandrus' swourd<sup>78</sup> haes sweepit aff thy heid;  
and thy richt airm aff smitten, Laride,  
amid the field lies thee beside,  
and hauf lifeless thy fingirs war steirand,  
within thy neive daes grip and faik<sup>79</sup> the brand.

Than shame and dolour, middelt baith owre-ane,  
bauldis the people Arcad everyane  
tae the bargain agin thair enemies;  
for Pallas' wordis made thair courage rise,  
and eik, for thay beheld before thair een  
his dochtly deedis, thay him luv and mein.<sup>80</sup>  
For Pallas than throu-girt Rhoeteus the King,  
as he on case glade by on chair<sup>81</sup> fleeing.  
Nae mair space wis o tarry, nor delay,  
that Ilus' deid prolongit the ilk day;  
for as agin thee, Ilo, wi fell feir  
Pallas addressit haed a stalwart spear,  
Rhoetheus stert in betwix, and caught the dint,  
as he on case wis fleein fierce as flint  
frae thy haundis, the maist forcy Teuthras,  
and thy brither Tyres, that by thee was.  
Owreweltis Rhoetheus in deid-thraws at aince,  
and wi his heelis smate the Rutulian plains;  
tummelt frae his hie cairt charged whaur he sat,  
and on the grund reboundis wi a squat;<sup>82</sup>  
and like as some time in the simmer's drouth,

---

77 keel: sheep mark

78 Evandrus wis Pallas' faither.

79 faik: grasp

80 mein: admire

81 on chair: in a chariot

82 squat: heavy faa

whan windis rises o the north or south,  
in sere places the hird, at his desire,  
among the scroggy ramail<sup>83</sup> sets the fire,  
Vulcanus' hostis o brim flames reid  
spreidin on breid, upbleezes every steid;  
than he that set the kennlin, gled and gay,  
behaulds hou that the lowe daes mak deray,  
bleezin and crackin wi a nice reverie –  
nane itherwise, the Arcadians in hy  
aa samen socht in field wi aa thair micht,  
and made debate tae help Pallas in ficht.  
But than Halaesus, keen intae battail,  
thaim tae reconter ettles and assail,  
and gan himsel weill shroud unner his shield,  
syne manfully rushit amid the field,  
whaur that he slew ane Ladon, and Pheres,  
and Demodocus efter in the press.  
As him Strymonius by the gorget grippit,  
wi his bricht brand his richt haun he aff whippit;  
and Thoas syne sae smate upo the heid  
wi a gret stane, while mixed o bluid aa reid  
the harnis poppelt furth on the brain pan.

This ilk Halaesus' faither, as witty man,  
for tae eschew his son's fates strang,  
hid him privily the thick wuids amang;  
but, frae the auld Halaesus lay tae dee,  
and yauldis up the braith wi waulin<sup>84</sup> ee,  
the Fatal Sisters set tae haun anon,  
and gan this young Halaesus sae dispone,  
that by Evandrus' wappons, the ilk stound,  
he destinate wis tae caucht the deid's wound;  
taewart wham Pallas bounit<sup>85</sup> haes fu suin,  
and in his rink<sup>86</sup> on this wise made his buin:<sup>87</sup>  
“Nou grant, thou God and Faither Tiberine,

---

83 ramail: brushwuid

84 waulin: rollin

85 bounit: directit his course

86 rink: course

87 bune: prayer

guid chance and fortune tae this heid o mine  
the whilk I taise<sup>88</sup> upo this casting spear,  
that it may throu Halaesus' body shear;  
and yon harness, coat armour, and spulyie bricht,  
whilk nou sae weirly shines on yon knight,  
sall hing upo an aik fast by thy brae."

The God his asking heard, as he did pray,  
for while Halaesus unadvisitlie  
cled wi his shield Imaonus, him by,  
that wis tae him his frein and fellae dear,  
his breist stuid nakit, but armour or gear,  
whaurin he Pallas' deidly shaft resaivit.

But Lausus, wilfu his side tae hae savit,  
as he that wis a gret pairt o the host,  
and list nocht suffer wi sic feir nor boast  
or slauchter made by Pallas and deray,  
at his companies suld caucht mair affray,  
rushit in the melée; and first in his tene<sup>89</sup>  
slew Abas, that gret bargain did sustein.  
The thickest sop or rout o aa the press,  
thare as maist tarry wis, ere he wad cess,  
this Lausus aa to-sparpelt<sup>90</sup> and invades.  
Dounbetten war the barnage o Arcades;  
dounbetten eik war the Etrurians;  
and ye alsaе, feil bodies o Trojans,  
that war nocht put by Greeks tae utterance.<sup>91</sup>  
Than aa the hostis sembelt<sup>92</sup> wi spear and lance;  
the chieftains aa jointit wi haill pouers;  
the hindmaist wardis<sup>93</sup> swarmit aa y-feirs;<sup>94</sup>  
sae thick in stale<sup>95</sup> aa marrit waux the rout,

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88 taise: aim

89 tene: fury

90 to-sparplet: completely dispersit

91 put ... tae utterance: killt

92 sembelt: assemblt

93 wardis: diveesions

94 y-feirs: thegither

95 stale: battle array

unese<sup>96</sup> micht ony turn his haun about  
tae wield his wappon, or tae shute a dart.  
Fu dochtily Pallas on the tae part  
enforces him tae grieve his faes that tide;  
Lausus resistis on the tither side.  
Thair ages wis nocht faur indifferent,  
and o maist seemly stature, whaur thay went;  
thay war excellent o beauty baith twae;  
but sae it stuid, that fortune, wallaway!  
wad naither suffer tae his realm resort.  
And, naetheless, tae meet samen, at short,  
as intae field tae preive thair hardiment,  
the Governor o Heiven omnipotent  
list nae wey thole; for, belive efter this,  
tae aither o thaim thair deidly fates, iwis,  
tae ane faur gretter adversar remains,  
as here anon daes follae unner aince.

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<sup>96</sup> unese: haurdly

## Chapter VIII

*Hou that fierce Turnus haes young Pallas slain,  
for wham his fowks maks gret dolour and mane.*

Durin this fervour o the bargain swa,  
the haly nymph, cleipit Juturna,  
her brither Turnus did monish and exhort  
tae succour Lausus and his fowk support;  
the whilk Turnus, as in his speedy chair  
the mid routis went sloppin<sup>97</sup> here and thair,  
beheld his feirs debatin wi Pallas.  
“Lo, nou is time tae desist, and lat pass  
aa sic bargain,” quo he, “and cease in hy;  
for I will set on Pallas anerlie.  
Only tae me, and tae nane ither wicht,  
the victory pertains o sic a knight.  
Gledly I wad his faither stuid hereby,  
this enterprise tae discern and aspy.”  
Thus sayed he, and his feiris at command  
voidit the field, and aa plain left the land.

Than young Pallas, seein Rutulians  
withdraw the field sae swith, and room<sup>98</sup> the plains,  
at the proud biddin o thair prince and king,  
a-mervellit fu gretly o this thing,  
and ferly gan on Turnus tae behaud,  
owre aa his busteous body, as he wad,  
rowein his een, and aa his cors in hy  
wi thrawin leuk on faur begouth aspy.  
Syne movin forwart, wi sic words on hie,  
tae answer Turnus’ speech thus carpis he:

“Aither nou,” quo he, “for aye be luvd I sall  
o rich kingly spulyie triumphal,  
whilk here I sall rent frae my adversar,  
or than sall be renownit evermair  
o an excellent end maist glorious.  
Dae wey thy boast and menace made tae us,

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<sup>97</sup> sloppin: breachin, brekkin (the lines)

<sup>98</sup> room: vacate

for my faither, wham thou desires beside,  
reputes aa alike, hou-e'er the chance betide."  
And sayin thus, amid the plain furth sterts.  
The bluid congealed about Arcadian herts.

Turnus doun leaps frae his twa-wheelit chair,  
and bounis fast taewarts his adversair;  
like as a lion, frae the hill's hicht,  
amid the valley haed sherply gotten a sicht  
o some proud bul, wi his horn in the plain  
addressin him ready tae mak bargain,  
comes braidin on the beast fast in a ling.  
On siclike wise wis Turnus' to-coming.  
And whan that Pallas saw him come sae near  
he micht areik tae him a casting spear,  
foremaist he bounis tae the joinin place,  
gif sae betide that fortune, o her grace,  
his enterprise for stout undertaking  
wad help, or him support in onything,  
as he that young wis, and o strenth aa out<sup>99</sup>  
naewise compeer tae Turnus stern and stout.  
And tae the gret goddis in heiven abune  
upo this mainer prayin sayed he suin:

"I thee beseek, thou mighty Hercules,  
by my faither's guestning, and the ilk dess  
whaur thou stranger wis received tae herbrie,<sup>100</sup>  
assist tae me, come in my help in hy,  
tae perform this excellent first journey;<sup>101</sup>  
that Turnus, in the deid-thraw, may me see  
bereive frae him his bluidy armour reid,  
and, yauldin up the braith in the ilk steid,  
mot wi his een behaud me him before  
in hie triumph, wi owrehand as victore."

Gret Hercules the young man heard anon,  
and frae the boddom o his hert gan groan,  
hidin his smert for ruth o Pallas ying,

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<sup>99</sup> aa out: absolutely

<sup>100</sup> herbrie: ludgin

<sup>101</sup> journey: combat

sein the Fates wad hae his ending;  
and for annoy saut tearis, aa in vain,  
furth yettin owre his cheekis thick as rain.  
Than Jupiter, his courage tae astable,  
thus tae his son spak wordis amiable:

“Til every mortal waefu wicht, perfay,  
determit stauns the fixit latter day.  
A short and unrecoverable term is set  
o life, whan aa must needlins pey that debt.  
But tae prolong thair fame by noble deeds –  
frae virtuous wark that comes and proceeds.  
Hou many sons and dear children,” sayed he,  
“o goddis’ kin, unner Troy wallis hie  
war duin tae deid, and brittent, bluid and bone!  
Sae that amangs aa ithers Sarpedon,  
my tender get, my kin and bluid, lies slain.  
Forsuith alsae, I say thee intae plain,  
the final fate awaits Turnus in field;  
the date and methes<sup>102</sup> approachs o his eild.”<sup>103</sup>

On this wise spak gret Jove tae Hercules;  
and, wi that word, his een taewart the press  
on the Rutulian field addressis he.  
And, the ilk stound, young Pallas lattis flee  
wi meikle force at Turnus a gret spear,  
and syne anon his bricht brand burnished clear  
hintis furth o the sheath tae mak debate.  
The shaft flaw taewart Turnus, and him smate  
upo the shouther, abuve the gardis hie  
that rises amaist thareupon we see,  
and throu the border o the shield swa piercit,  
while finally in some deal it traversit,  
and hurt a pairt o Turnus’ big body.

Than Turnus smitten, fu o felony,  
a busteous lance wi grunden heid fu keen,  
that lang while taisit he in proper tene,  
lat gird at Pallas, and thuswise sayed he:  
“Conseider, younker, gif our lances be

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<sup>102</sup> methes: boundaries

<sup>103</sup> eild: age, lifespan

better o temper and mair penetrative.”  
And, wi the word, the shaft flaw furth belive,  
sae the sherp pynt o the branglin spear  
throu-out amiddis o the shield gan shear,  
piercin sae mony plates o airn and steel,  
and sae feil ply is o bul hides ilk deal,  
aa samen couchit in his tairget strang.  
The busteous strake throu aa his armour thrang,<sup>104</sup>  
that stintit naething at the fine haubrek,  
while throu the coast thirlit the deidly prick.  
Pallas, nocht shrinkin for the mortal dint,  
in vain the het shaft o his wound haes hint;  
for aathegither by the samen way  
the bluid and saul passes hyne baith twae.  
Upo his wound anon he rushes down.  
Abuve him rang his harness wi a soun.  
And that unfreindly erd inimical,  
that in his deid he suld nocht skreik nor call,  
as wis the guise, wi bluidy mouth bit he.  
Turnus, abuve him staunin, carps on hie:

“Oh ye people o Arcad, takkis tent,  
and my wordis dae rehearse and present  
tae King Evander, sayin him plainlie,  
that his son Pallas tae him sent hae I  
in sic array as that he haes deservit.  
And, o my gentrice, will he be preservit  
tae aa estate and honour funeral,  
wi aa solace pertainin burial  
o tomb and o interment, as effeirs.  
Nae little thing, perfay, intae thir weirs,  
haes him bycost<sup>105</sup> the freindship o Enee.”  
And sayin thus, wi his left fuit haes he  
Pallas’ deid corpse owrewelt or e’er he stent,<sup>106</sup>  
and syne about his sides suin haes rent  
his gowden girdle, paisin<sup>107</sup> a gret deal,  
whaurin wis graven craftily and weill

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<sup>104</sup> thrang: drave

<sup>105</sup> bycost: cost (only here)

<sup>106</sup> or e’er he stent: afore he had duin

<sup>107</sup> paisin: weighin

o Danaus' dochters the iniquity:  
hou that the fifty young men, shame tae see,  
war foully murtherit on the first nicht,  
as thay war spousit tae thair leddies bricht;  
the chaumers portured war bysprent wi bluid;  
whilk histories Eurytion, warkman guid,  
haed carvit weill and wrocht fu craftily  
in wechty plates o the gowd massy;  
o whase spulyie nou is Turnus glad,  
joyfu and blythe that he it conquest had.

Oh man's mind, sae ignorant at aa  
o things tae come, and chances whilks may faa!  
uphieit suin in blinnd prosperity,  
can nocht beware, nor meisure hauld wi thee!  
The time sall come whan Turnus sall, perfay,  
hate and wary<sup>108</sup> this spulyie and this day,  
desirin he nicht buy for meikle thing  
that he haed never tuichit Pallas ying.

About the corpse assemblt than his feirs,  
wi meikle murning and huge plenty o tears.  
Upo a shield Pallas' body thay laid,  
and bare him o the field, and thus thay sayed:  
"Oh Pallas, hou gret dolour and worship  
tae thy faither, and aa his fellaeship,  
sall thou render and bring hame," sayed thay.  
"This wis tae thee in weirfare the first day,  
whilk first in battle dressit thee tae go.  
The ilk for aye haes thee bereft tharefro!  
And, nocht-the-less, thy swourd leaves in the plains  
gret heapis deid o the Rutulians."

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<sup>108</sup> wary: curse

## Chapter IX

*The rich Magus, nae ransom micht rescue,  
and priest Haemonides, baith Eneas slew.*

Than nane uncertain rumour nor deeming,  
but sover bodeword cam thare, and warning,  
untae Eneas o this gret mischance,  
shawin hou that his fowks stuid in balance,  
as but in little distance aa frae deid.  
The time requirit for tae set remeid,  
and succour Trojans whilks haed tane the flicht.  
Than, as wud lion, rushed he in the ficht,  
and aa wham he areikis nearest hand  
without rescue doun mawis<sup>109</sup> wi his brand.  
The bitin blade about him enviroun  
amid the routis reddis large room.  
Enragit and inflamit thus in ire,  
throu-out the hostis Turnus, that proud sire,  
whilk haed this new slauchter made, socht he,  
aye prentin in his mind before his ee  
the guidly Pallas, wis sae stout and ying,  
and the gret gentrice o Evander King,  
the cheer and feast him made but a stranger,  
per order aathing, hou and whit mainer  
he wis received, and treatit thankfullie;  
syne o his band o freindship and ally  
wi aithis sworn and interchangit hands,  
remembrin than his promise and cunnands.  
Amovit in this heat, or e'er he stint,  
fower young men quick he haes in haundis hint,  
that born wis o the ceity hecht Sulmon.  
As mony syne he taken haes anon  
bred and upbrocht beside the fluid Ufens,  
wham that he ettles for tae send frae thence  
tae Pallas' lykewakes and obsequies,  
tae strow his funeral fire o birnin trees,  
as wis the guise, wi bluid o preisoneirs,  
efter the auld rites intae mortal weirs.

Syne hint Eneas a perilous lance in hand,

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<sup>109</sup> mawis: mows

and it addresses faur furth on the land  
tae ane Magus, that subtle wis and slee,  
and joukit in unner the spear haes he.  
The shaft shakkin flaw furth abuve his heid;  
and he Eneas in that samen steid  
about the kneeis grippit hummilie,  
wi peitious voice syne thus begouth tae cry:  
“By thy dear faither’s ghaist I thee beseek,  
and by that guid belief whilk thou haes eik  
o Ascanius’ uprisin tae estate,  
this silly saul o mine, sae faint and mate,<sup>110</sup>  
thou sauf, tae me a son and faither dear.  
I hae a hous, rich, fu o mobles sere,  
whaurin bedelven lies a gret talent  
or charge o fine siller, in vessel quent  
forgit and punsit<sup>111</sup> wonder craftilie;  
a huge wecht o finest gowd thareby,  
uncunyiet<sup>112</sup> yit, nor never put in wark.  
Sae thou me sauf, thy puissance is sae stark,  
the Trojans’ glory nor thair victory  
sall naething change nor diminue thareby,  
nor a puir saul, thus hingin in balance,  
may sic division mak nor discrepance.”

Thus sayed this silly Magus, aa in vain,  
whamtil Eneas answeris thus again:  
“Sae mony talents o fine siller and gold,  
whilks thou rehearsin here before haes told,  
dae keep untae thy smaa childer and heirs.  
Lat thaim bruik weill; I consent it be thairs.  
Aa interchange and ransoming, perfay,  
in this battle Turnus haes duin away,  
nou lately slayin young Pallas, alas!  
That ruthfu herm, and that mischievous case,  
feels baith Ascanius and my faither’s ghaist,  
for thay nae little thing thareby haes lost.”  
Thus sayin, by the helm him grippis he  
wi his left haun, and fast as he micht dree

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<sup>110</sup> mate: checkmated, beat

<sup>111</sup> punsit: embossed

<sup>112</sup> uncunyiet: no coined

writh<sup>113</sup> doun his neck, whaurin, but mair abaid,  
his bluidy brand up tae the hiltis slade.

Nocht faur thence stuid Haemonides alane,  
priest untae Phoebus and the thrinfauld Diane,  
on whase heid wimpillit haly garlands  
wi thair pendants like tae a mitre stands;  
his habit as the schene son leimin licht,  
and aa his armour white and burnished bricht;  
wham Eneas assailit michtilie,  
and gan dae chase out-throu the field in hy,  
that fleein stummert<sup>114</sup> and tae grund went suin.  
The Trojan prince doun lowtis him abune,  
and wi his brand him brittens<sup>115</sup> at device,<sup>116</sup>  
in mainer o an offering sacrifice.  
The large shadda o Eneas in field  
did haill the deid corps o this priest owreheid.  
Serestus sortis up his armour gay,  
and on his shoutheris cairryit haes away,  
tae hing as trophe or sign victorial  
til Mars the God, whilk Gradius is call.

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113      writh: twistit

114      stummert: stummled

115      brittens: hacks tae bits (text has *bryntys*)

116      at device: deliberately

## Chapter X

*Whit dochty chieftains o the Latin land  
that day Eneas killit wi his hand.*

Caeculus, discendit o Vulcan's bluid,  
and Umbro eik, the stalwart chieftain rude,  
that come wis frae the muntains Marsian,  
the bargain stuffs, relievin in again.  
But Eneas, descend frae Dardanus,  
gainstandis thaim, fu brim and furious,  
and untae ane, hecht Anxurus, in the field  
aff strake the left airm aa doun wi the shield;  
whilk haed made some gret vaunt, speakin proudlie,  
weenin that in his sawis by and by  
thare haed been gret effeck and hardiment,  
as tho he wad extol in his intent  
his manheid tae the heiven and starnis hie,  
and promise tae himsel, for his bounty,  
ageit canous hair and lang process o years.  
Lo, nou he liggis law, for aa his feirs!<sup>117</sup>  
Syne bauldly wi gled courage, as I guess,  
agin Eneas gan Tarquitus dress,<sup>118</sup>  
in shinin armour wunner proud and gay  
(o Dryope born, the nymph or schene may,<sup>119</sup>  
tae Faunus wonin in the wuidis green)  
and, tae reconter Enee inflamed in tene,  
kest himselfin. But the tither, but fear,  
buir at him michtily wi a lang spear  
throu-out his shield o pais<sup>120</sup> and haubrek fine,  
that tae the grund gan doun his heid decline;  
altho he than fu hummily him besocht,  
and shupe tae say meikle, aa wis for nocht.  
His pallat<sup>121</sup> in the dust bedowen stuid;  
and the body bathit in the het bluid

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<sup>117</sup> feirs: behaviour

<sup>118</sup> dress: direct hissel

<sup>119</sup> may: maiden

<sup>120</sup> o pais: wechty

<sup>121</sup> pallat: 'nut', heid

Enee owrewelts, sayin thir words withal,  
wi trubbelt breist and mind inimical:

“Nou lie thou thare, that weenit thee sae wicht,  
that thou wis fearfu untae every wicht.  
Thy best beluved mither sall thee nocht have  
tae erd, as custom is, nor delve in grave,  
nor dae thy banes honour wi sic cure  
as thaim tae lay in faither’s sepulture;  
but sall be left tae the wild beastis’ fuid,  
or than the spate watter o this fluid  
sall beir thee in the deep, and thare on raw  
wi empty throatis sall thy banes gnaw  
thir sea monsters in thair wud rage,  
and lap thy bluid thair hungir tae assuage.”

Syne, but delay, Antaeus and Lucas,  
whilks that o Turnus’ first ward leaders was,  
pursues he, and alsae Numa bold,  
and Camertes, bricht shinin aa o gold,  
son o the manly Volscens Capitain –  
in aa the fertile grund Ausonian,  
the richest man, and king wis this Volscens  
o Amyclis, the ceity o silence.

And like as Aegaeon, the King o Giands,  
whilk haed, thay say, a hunner airms and hands,  
and fifty mouths o wham the fire did shine,  
as he intae the battle gigantine  
incontrar Jove’s thunner and fire-flaucht  
wi as mony sherp drawn swourds focht,  
clatterin in bargain wi sae mony shields –  
the samen wise, enragent throu the fields  
went Eneas, as victor wi owrehand,  
frae time that aince bedyed his burnished brand  
and wat he haed in het Rutulian bluid.

Sae that alsae, in this ilk fury wuid,  
he drave at Niphaeus amid the breistbane,  
set in his fower-wheeled chariot alane.  
But frae the horse on faur did him aspy  
sae grim o cheer stalkin sae busteouslie,  
for fear thay stert aback, and furth gan swack  
the Duke Niphaeus wide open on his back,  
and brak away wi the cairt tae the shore,

wi stendis<sup>122</sup> feil and mony bray and snore.

The self stound, amid the press fuit-hot  
Lucagus enters in his chariot,  
wi white horse drawin wunner lustilie,  
his brither Liger sittin near him by.  
This Liger led the reinis wi his hand,  
but bauld Lucagus swacks a burnished brand.  
Eneas nicht nocht suffer nor sustein  
o thaim sic fervour in thair felloun tene,  
but rushit furth, and wi a gret spear  
forgainist thaim gan intae sicht appear.  
Whamtae this Liger carpis upo hie:  
“Thou sees nocht Diomede’s steeds here,” sayed he,  
“nor yit Achilles’ chair perceives draw,  
tho aither vanquished thee in the field, we knaw;  
nor yit the Trojan plains behauldis thou.  
The end o thine age and o bargain nou  
sall be made in thir landis on this ground.”

Sic wordis vain and unseemly o sound  
furth warpis wide this Liger fuilishly.  
But the Trojan baron unabashitly  
nae words pressis tae render him again,  
but at his fae lat flee a dart or flane,  
that hit Lucagus; whilk, frae he felt the dint,  
the shaft hingin intae his shield, but stint  
bade drive his horse and chair aa forrat strecht,  
as he that him addressit tae the fecht,  
and streikit furth his left fuit in his chair.  
But suin Eneas’ spear wis ready thair,  
beneath his shinin shield reversit law,  
sae that the grunden heid, the ilk thraw,  
at his left flank or lisk pierced tyte,  
while clear out-owre the chariot is he smite,  
and on the grund weltis in the deid-thraws.  
Wham on this wise wi sour wordis and saws  
the peitious Eneas begouth tae chide:  
“Lucagus,” sayed he, “forsuith as at this tide  
nae slaw course o thy horses unwieldy  
thy cairt haes rendert tae thine enemy,

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<sup>122</sup> stendis: bounds

nor yit nae vain wraithis nor ghaistis quent  
thy chair constrainit backward for tae went,  
and maugré thine withdraw thy faeis' grips;  
but lo nou, o thy free will, as thou skips  
out-owre the wheelis o thy cairt, God wait,  
leavin the reins and horse aa desolate.”  
This bein sayed, the horses' reins he hint.  
The tither fey brither, or e'er he stint,  
lap frae the cairt, and kneelin peitiouslie,  
upheavin his bare haundis, thus did cry:  
“Oh Trojan prince, I lawly thee beseek,  
by thine ain virtues and thy thewis<sup>123</sup> meek,  
and by thy parents maist o renowné,  
that sic a child engendrit haes as thee,  
thou spare this waefu silly saul at least.  
Hae ruth o me, and admit my requeist.”  
Wi wordis feil as he thus gan requeir,  
Enee at last on this wise made answeir:  
“Sic sawis war lang ere<sup>124</sup> furth o thy mind.  
Sterve<sup>125</sup> thee behuves, less than thou war unkind  
as for tae leave thy brither desolate  
aa him alane, nor follae the same gate.”  
And tharewithal the hirn<sup>126</sup>is o his ghost  
he rypit wi the swourd amid his coast.  
Sae til his hert stoundis the prick o daith  
he weltis owre, and yauldis up the braith.

This Dardane prince as victor thus in weir  
sae mony dochtly corpses brocht on bier,  
amid the plains reddin large gate,  
as daes a rowtin river reid on spate,  
that for his dintis waux his faes aghast,  
as for the fearfu drumly thunner's blast;  
while finally Ascanius the ying page,  
and the remanent o Trojan barnage,  
whilk war, as sayed is, besiegit in vain,  
thair strenth<sup>127</sup> haes left, and taken haes the plain.

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<sup>123</sup> thewis: mainers

<sup>124</sup> lang ere: afore, previously

<sup>125</sup> sterve: tae dee

<sup>126</sup> hirn<sup>is</sup>: hidin places

<sup>127</sup> strenth: stranghold

## Chapter XI

*Juno richt quaintly causes Turnus tae flee,  
a fenyiet feigure pursuin o Enee.*

The ilk stound, o his ain free volenté,  
Jove callis Juno, and thus carpis he:  
“Thou my sister germane and my feir,  
my best beluvit spous, maist leif and dear,  
thine opinion haes nocht deceivit thee  
as thou believit. Nou may thou nocht see  
hou Venus daes sustain and fortify  
the Trojan routs and puissance by and by?  
‘Nane active hauns, nor stout mindis, I ween,  
nor bodies ready aa perils tae sustein  
hae thay,’ thou may see by experience.”

Whamtae Juno, wi hummle reverence,  
answert: “My sweet and maist guidly husband,  
whaurtae list thee renew my sorra at hand,  
as carefu wicht that likes nocht sic bourds?  
Aa affeard o thy fatal dreidfu words  
I am bestad. But war I nou, I ween,  
as strangly beloved as I some time hae been –  
tho yit, God wat, accordit sae tae be  
baith tae mine honour and thy dignity –  
I say, war I beloved as I wis ere,  
thou Jove aamichty reignin evermair  
suld nocht deny me sae sober a thing,  
but at I micht withdraw, at my liking,  
furth o the field Turnus, and him save  
untae his faither Daunus, that owre the lave  
beluvit him, as reason wad,” quo she.  
“Nou sall he perish, and nou sall he dee,  
and shed his gentle bluid sae patient,  
in grievous pains by Trojans tort<sup>128</sup> and rent.  
And naetheless his kin original  
is renownit o godly stock ryal,  
descendit o our seed and heivenly clan,

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<sup>128</sup> tort: hurt

frae God Pilumnus tae reckon the feird man;<sup>129</sup>  
and eik, thou wat, fu aft wi large hand,  
wi mony hosts, and richt fair offerand,  
thy temples and thine altars charged haes he,  
in worship o thy mighty majesty.”

The sovereign King o Heiven etherial  
in few wordis made answer thus at all:<sup>130</sup>  
“Gif thou askis a respite or delay,  
but for a time, or til a certain day,  
o this evident deid o Turnus ying,  
desirin I suld grant thee sic a thing,  
altho he mortal be richt suin we know;  
I leave thee tae remove him and withdraw,  
and frae this instant perilous hard fate  
steal him away, and guide him by the gate;  
for sae lang space yit rests at will o me.  
But gif sae beis that unner thy request  
mair hie pardon lurkis, I wad thou cessed:  
for gif thou weens that aa the victorie  
o the battle, and chances by and by,  
may be reduced and alterate clear again,  
a misbelief thou fosters aa in vain.”

Tae wham Juno on this wise sayed weeping:  
“Whit herm micht faa, tho by some taiken or sing  
thou shew thy mind, and grantit that?” quo she,  
“Whilk by thy words o fatal destiny  
nou grunshes thou tae gie or tae concede?  
That is tae say, whit force, tho thou indeed  
waldest approve and ratify again  
that Turnus’ life a lang time suld remain?  
But nou approaches tae that innocent knicht  
a fearfu end. He sall tae deid be dicht,  
or than my saws are void o verity.  
And oh, wad God, at raither sae suld be  
that I deceivit war but wi fause dreid,  
and at thou list, as thou haes micht indeed,  
thy fatal promise and thy statutes strange  
in better purpose tae translate and change!”

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<sup>129</sup> the feird man: i.e. at fourth remove (Latin *quartus pater*)

<sup>130</sup> at all: in aa respects

Frae she thir wordis haed sayed, the ilk tide  
doun frae the heiven she lat herselfin slide,  
before her drivin a tempestuous wind,  
and aa about, before and eik behinnd,  
within a clud o mist circulit clean.  
Sae throu the air bouned furth this Queen,  
taewart the Trojan hostis in the plains,  
and tae the tents socht o Laurentians.

This Goddess than furth o a boss cloud  
in likeness o Enee did shape and shroud  
a void feigure, but strenth or courage bauld,  
the whilk wonderous monster tae behauld  
wi Trojan wappons and armour graiths she,  
wi shield, and helm, and tymbret set on hie,  
by semmlin<sup>131</sup> like Eneas' godliheid;  
and tharetae eikis she in every steid  
quent fenyiet wordis, faint and counterfeit,  
wi voice but mind, or ony ither conceit;  
and fenyies eik his countenance and paces;  
siklike as that, thay say, in diverse places  
the wraithis walks o ghaistis that are deid,  
or as the sleepy dreams, frae steid tae steid  
fleein in swevin, maks illusions,  
whan men's minds aft in drivelling groans.  
And aa before the forefront o the field  
richt hautanely,<sup>132</sup> as courageous unner shield,  
musters this image, that wi dartis keen  
aggrievit Turnus, and did him chide in tene,  
provokin him tae bargain and til ire.  
And Turnus than as het as ony fire  
this feigure did invade, and thare-at he  
in gret dispite a whirrin dart lat flee.  
But this ilk shadda, as some deal a-dread,  
turnit about, and gave the back and fled.  
Than Turnus, weenin Enee haed tane the flicht,  
and aa a-wunnert o that selcouth sicht,  
within his mind a vain comfort caught he,  
and cries loud: "Whither flees thou nou, Enee?"

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<sup>131</sup> semmlin: resemmlin

<sup>132</sup> hautanely: proudly

Leave ne'er, for shame, thus desolate and waste  
thy new alliance promised thee in haste,  
o Lavinia the spousin chaumer at hand,  
and aa this ilk regioun and this land,  
whilk thou sae faur haes socht owt-owre the sea.  
My richt haun sall thee sasine<sup>133</sup> gie," quo he.  
Wi sic wordis he shoutin did pursue,  
and aye the glimmerin brand baith sheuk and shew,  
naething perceivin hou this mirth and bliss  
away quite wi the wind bewavit is.

On case thare stuid a meikle ship that tide,  
her wale<sup>134</sup> joined til a shore rock's side,  
wi plankis and wi briggis laid on land –  
the entry ready graithit weill thay fand –  
in the whilk ship Osinius King, iwis,  
come lately frae the ceity o Clusis.  
Thidder went this wraith or shadda o Enee,  
that seemit, aa abashit, fast tae flee,  
and hid her dern unner hatches tharein.  
Nae slawer Turnus hastes him tae rin,  
that but delay he speedis tae this ship,  
ran owre the brig, and inwith buird gan skip;  
and scarce wis entert in the forecastle,  
whan Saturnus' dochter<sup>135</sup> saw her time befell,  
than suin the cable in sunder smites she,  
and frae the shore drave the ship throu the sea.

But Turnus absent thus that samen hour  
Eneas searches throu amid the stour,  
and in his rink whame'er he met lay deid.  
Fu mony a man he killit in that steid.  
And tharewithal his licht and fenyiet ghost,  
frae time the ship wis chargit frae the coast,  
nae langir seekis hirn is her tae hide,  
but flaw up in the air the samen tide,  
and aa dissolvit intae a daurk cloud.  
The mean season, gan force o windis loud

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<sup>133</sup> sasine: legal possession

<sup>134</sup> wale: gunwale

<sup>135</sup> Saturnus' dochter: i.e. Juno

Turnus faur furth amid the deep sea drive.  
He did behaud about him than belive,  
aa ignorant whitwise this chance wis wrocht,  
and o his life sauvin naething he rocht.<sup>136</sup>  
Wi haundis junct upheavit taewart heiven,  
sic wordis he furth braid wi dreary stevin.<sup>137</sup>

“Aamichty Faither o the heivens hie,  
haes thou me repute on sicwise tae be  
confusit in this shame for mine offence?  
And will I suffer sic turment and penance?  
Whither am I driven, and frae whence am I comen?  
Whit mainer eschewing or fleeing hae I nummen?<sup>138</sup>  
In whit estate sall I return again?  
Sall I e'er see the wallis Laurentane,  
or ever eft my tentis sall I see?  
Whit may yon host o men nou say o me,  
whilks my quarrel and me follaed tae field,  
wham nou, alas! lo, fechtin unner shield  
yonder, shame tae say the herm, sae wickitlie  
ready tae mischievous deid beleft hae I?  
Lo, I behaud thaim fleein pale and wan,  
and hears the grainin o mony dochtly man  
in my default fallin fey tae the ground.  
Whit sall I dae? Alas the waefu stound!<sup>139</sup>  
Or whilk land, tho a thousan times I stervit,<sup>140</sup>  
may swalla me sae deep as I hae servit?  
But, ye winds, raither hae mercie,  
on rockis and on craggis by and by  
dae swack this ship, sen here nae erd I see,  
and hae o wretchit Turnus some peity,  
whilk o his free will, stad in this mainer,  
beseekis you wi aa hertly prayer,  
dae warp my body on the shaulds unkend,  
faur furth on Syrtis at the warld's end,

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<sup>136</sup> rocht: recked, cared

<sup>137</sup> stevin: voice

<sup>138</sup> nummen: tane

<sup>139</sup> stound: time

<sup>140</sup> stervit: dee'd

whaur Rutulians me never finnd again,  
sae that nae fame nor rumour may remain  
efter my deid o this shamefu trespass.”

And sayin thus, in mind did he compass  
fu mony chances rowein tae and frae  
whither gif he suld, for proper lack and wae,  
intae this fury smite him wi his brand,  
and thrist the bluidy blade in wi his hand  
throu-out his ribbis, and shed his hert bluid;  
or than tae swack himsel amid the fluid,  
swimmin tae seek the nearest coast's bay,  
in field again the Trojans tae assay.  
Aither wey til assay thrice pressed haes he,  
and thrice him stintis Juno, Queen maist hie,  
haein compassion o this young man bauld,  
and gan assuage his mind, and haun withhauld.  
Furth held the ship, slidin out-owre the fluidis,  
wi prosper wind and follaein tide sae guid is,  
while he is cairryit shuirly throu the sea  
til Ardea, his faither's auld ceity.

## Chapter XII

*In Turnus' stead Mezentius did succeed,  
killt down his faes, and spulyiet o thair weed.*

Durin this while, in fates martial,  
Mezentius moved wi ardour bellical,  
by instigation o Jove in that need,  
gan tae the battle in his place succeed;  
and the Trojans tae invade naething spares,  
that seemit proud as aa the field war thairs.  
Than samen tae reconter him at aince  
sembelt haill hostis o Etrurians,  
and aa assailed Mezentius alane.  
Agin ae man thay routis every ane,  
inflatit aa in malice, made pursuits,  
and thick as haill shooer at him shafts shuits.  
But he, like tae a firm rock, whilk we see  
streikit on lenth amid the large sea,  
situate agin the ragin wind's blast  
and brim waws boldenin wunner fast,  
frae aa that violence daes himsel defend,  
and haill the force sustainis tae the end,  
baith o the heivens and birr o sea's rage,  
remainin unremovit firm in his stage.  
As stern staundis Mezentius in that stound.  
And first he haes fellit and laid tae the ground  
Hebrus, the son o ane Dolicaon,  
and him beside Latagus slew anon,  
and Palmus eik, accustomate tae flee.  
But wi a stane Latagus brittent he  
whilk o a muntain seemit a gret neuk,  
wi wham him on the veisage he owreteuk;  
and Palmus' hoch sinnonis smate in twae  
made him sae slaw he nicht nocht flee away.  
Thair armour syne tae Lausus gien haes he  
tae wear on his shouthers, and croun on hie  
thair crestis set, the whilk sae richly shane.  
He slew alsaе Euanthes a Trojane,  
and Mimas syne he killis in the field,  
whilom tae Paris companion and even-eild;  
wham on a nicht Theana, guid and fair,  
tae his faither Amycus in Troy bare

(whan Hecuba, dochter o Cysseus,  
dreadit she wis gret, the story tellis thus,  
wi a firebrand, and the self samen nicht  
wis deliver o Paris, the fey knicht,  
whilk in his native ceity made his end).  
But thir fieldis Laurentane unbekenned  
withhauldis nou the body o Mimas.  
Sae brim in stour that stound Mezentius was,  
like tae the strenthy sangler<sup>141</sup> or the boar,  
wham hundis quest wi mony whryne and roar  
doun drivin frae the hichtis made descend,  
whilk mony winter tofore haed him defend  
in Vesulus, the cauld muntain hie,  
that is owreheildit wi mony fir tree;  
or than the busteous swine weill fed, that breeds  
amang the bussis rank o risp<sup>142</sup> and reeds,  
beside the Lake o Laurens, mony years,  
whan that he is betrappit frae his feirs  
amid the hunting railis<sup>143</sup> and the nets,  
stauns at the bay, and up his birses sets,  
graslin<sup>144</sup> his tusks, wi austere fiery een,  
wi spauldis hard and harsk, awfu and tene,  
that nane o aa the huntmen thare present  
him tae engrieve haes strenth or hardiment,  
nor daur approachen within his bite near,  
but staunin faur on dreich<sup>145</sup> wi dart and spear,  
assoverit o his reach, the beast assays,  
wi felloun shoutis, busteous cries and brays.  
Nane itherwise stuid aa the Tuscan rout  
this stalwart knicht Mezentius about;  
and, tho thay just cause haed o wrath and feid,  
thare wis nane o thaim durst him put tae deid,  
nor courage haed wi drawen swourd in hand  
him til assail nor match upo the land,  
but wi tackles and casting darts on far

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<sup>141</sup>       sangler: wild boar

<sup>142</sup>        risp: type o sedge

<sup>143</sup>        railis: barricades

<sup>144</sup>        graslin: gnashin

<sup>145</sup>        on dreich: at a distance

thay warp at him, but durst nocht ane come nar,<sup>146</sup>  
and wi huge clamour him infests that tide.  
He, unabashed, about on every side  
behauldis, girnin fu o proper tene,  
and wi his shield choppit by shafts bedene.

Furth o the ancient bounds o Coryth tho  
wis come a Greek, whilk cleipit wis Acro,  
that fugitive intae his lusty heat  
haed left his spousal troth-plicht uncomplete;  
wham-as Mezentius saw amid the rout  
him grievin sair, as warrior stern and stout,  
and saw the pleasant plumes set on hicht  
o his tymbral, and eik the purpour bricht,  
whilk o his troth-plicht luv he bare in sing;  
than, like a hungry lion rummesing,  
constrainit by his ragin empty maw,  
the beastis' dens circulin aa on raw,  
gif he on case aspies a swift rae,<sup>147</sup>  
or the ying hert wi springin tines twae,  
joyfu he braids thareon dispeitiouslie,  
wi gapin gowl, and upraises in hy  
the lockeris lyin in his neck roch,  
and aa the beastis bowels trimmles throch,  
hurklin thareon whaur he remained and stuid,  
his greedy gams bedyes wi the reid bluid –  
on the samen wise, Mezentius richt bauldlie  
midwart his faeis' rout rushit in hy;  
doun smites fey Acron amid the host,  
that in the deid-thraw, yauldin up the ghost,  
smate wi his heels the grund in maltalent,  
and broken shaftis wi his bluid besprent.

This ilk Mezentius eik dedeignit nocht  
tae slay Orodes, whilk than wis on flocht,  
that is tae knaw, while frawart him he went,  
and repute naewise, as by his intent,  
sic ane fleein tae wound intae the back,  
unwarnist, whan he nae defence micht mak,  
but ran about and met him in his race.

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<sup>146</sup> nar: nearer

<sup>147</sup> rae: roe deer

Than aither man assembelt face for face.  
Orodes mair o prattik wis aa out,  
but the tither in deeds o arms mair stout,  
that tae the erd owrethrawn he haes his feir,  
and, possin<sup>148</sup> at him wi his stalwart spear,  
upo him set his fuit, and thus he sayed:  
“Oh nou, my feiris, beis baith blythe and glaid.  
Lo, a gret pairty o this weir, but les,  
here lies at erd, the dochty Orodes.”  
His feiris samen raisit up a cry,  
wi joyous sound in sign o victorie,  
and blew the prise triumphal<sup>149</sup> for his daith.  
But this Orodes, yauldin up the braith,  
untae Mezentius carps thus on hie:

“Me unrevenged, thou sall nocht victor be,  
for weill I wat that suin I sall be wroken.<sup>150</sup>  
Nay, for aa thy proud wordis thou haes spoken,  
thou sall nocht lang endure intae sic joy,  
but siclike chances and semblant annoy  
abides thee. Tho thou be ne’er sae bauld,  
this samen field sall thy deid corpse withhaul.”  
Tae wham Mezentius smilin sayed in tene:  
“Thou sall dee first, whit-e’er tae me forseen  
or providit haes mighty Jove,” quo he,  
“wham Faither o Gods and King o Men cleip we.”  
And sayin thus, the shaft the ilk thraw  
furth o his wound and body did he draw.  
Than Orodes the hard rest doth oppress,  
the cauld and irny sleep o deid’s stress,  
and up the braith he yauld anon richt  
wi een closit in everlestin nicht.

Caedicus aa to-trinchit Alcahous,  
and Sacrator tae grund laid Hydaspus;  
Rapo, an Arcad, haes Parthenius slain,  
and Orses, wunner big o bluid and bane.  
And Messapus killit the stout Clonius

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<sup>148</sup> possin: thrustin

<sup>149</sup> blew the prise triumphal: blew the huntin caa signallin the kill

<sup>150</sup> wroken: avengit

and Erichaetes wi Lycaonius –  
the foremaist liggin at the erd he owreraucht,  
that by his heidstrang horse a faa haed caucht;  
and Lycaonius eik, a fuit man, he  
lichtit on fuit and slew in the melée.  
Againis him than went a man o Arge,  
hait Lycius, boden<sup>151</sup> wi spear and targe;  
but by the wey Valerus, guid in needs,  
nocht inexpert in dochtly elders' deeds,  
recontert him, and put him tae the deid.  
Salius, a Trojan, in that samen steid  
Athronius slew; and Nealces, expert  
tae shuit the fleein arrow or casting dart  
whilk invades a man ere he be waur,  
slew Salius wi shot, bein on faur.

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<sup>151</sup> boden: equippit

### Chapter XIII

*Hou Eneas the ying Lausus haes slain,  
whilk freed his faither hurt in the bargain.*

Thus awfu Mars equally wi his brand  
the sorra raisit upo aither hand.  
Huge slauchter made wis and seir woundis wide.  
Thay kill and are bet down on every side,  
that samen in the field thay faa infeir,  
baith the victors, and thay that vanquished wer,  
and naither pairty wist, naither he nor he,  
tae sauf himsel, or whaur away tae flee.  
Sae that the goddis in Jove's heivenly hauld  
haed compassion and ruth for tae behauld  
the wrath and ire o aither in the fichts,  
that sic distress rang amang mortal wichts.  
Venus taewart the Trojan side teuk tent,  
againis wham, aa fu o maltalent,  
Saturnus' dochter Juno, that fu bauld is,  
taewart the pairty adversar behauldis;  
and the pale furore o Tisiphone  
walkis wud-wrath amidwart the melée.

But principally Mezentius aa engrievit,  
wi a gret spear, whaurwith he feil mischievit,  
went branglin throu the field aa him alone,  
as busteous as the hideous Orion,  
whan he on fuit wude throu the meikle sea,  
shearin the stream wi his shouthers hie,  
abuve the wawis o the fluid appears;  
or like an ancient aik tree, mony years  
that grew upo some muntain tap's hicht,  
seemin sae hie tae every man's sicht,  
whilk, tho his ruits spread in the grund aa sides,  
his crap upstraucht amid the cluddis hides.  
Siclike Mezentius musters in the field  
wi huge armour, baith spear, helm, and shield,  
againis wham Eneas fast him hies,  
frae time amid the rout he him aspies.  
The tither, unabashed, aa ready thare  
the coming o his dochty adversar  
abides stoutly, fermit in his force,

and massily upstude wi busteous cors;  
and, meisurin wi his ee as large space  
as he nicht thraw a casting spear, thus says:  
“My richt haun, and this fleein dart mot be,  
whilk nou I taise, as verra god tae me!  
Assisten tae my shot I ye beseek;  
for I avow, and here promittis eik,  
in sign o trophy or triumphal methe,  
my luved son Lausus for tae clathe  
wi spulyie and aa harness rent,” quo he,  
“o yonder robber’s body, fause Enee.”

Thus sayed he; and frae his haun the ilk tide  
the casting dart fast birrin lattis glide,  
that fleein sclentis on Eneas’ shield;  
syne, staunin faur on room yond in the field,  
smate worthy Antores the ilk thraw,  
betwix the bowels and the ribbis law –  
Antores, ane o gret Hercules’ feirs,  
that cam frae Arge intae his lusty years,  
adherin tae Evander the Arcade,  
and haed his dwelling and his residence made  
in Palentine, ceity Italiane,  
unhappily nou liggis thus doun slain,  
aa o ae wound and dint whilk in the ficht  
addressit wis taewart anither knight.  
Yit, deen, he beheld the heivens large,  
and gan remember his sweet kintrie o Arge.

Than the ruthfu Eneas kest his spear,  
whilk throu Mezentius’ armour aa did shear  
throu-gird his targe platit thrice wi steel,  
and throu the couchit linen every deal,  
and thrinfauld plies o the bul’s hides,  
that law doun in his flank the dint abides.  
But it bereft him naither life nor nicht.  
Eneas than, whilk wis expert in ficht,  
joyfu whan that Mezentius’ bluid saw he,  
furth hint his swourd at hang law by his thee,  
and fervently taewart his fae gan pass,  
whilk, for the dint, some deal astonished was.

Whan Lausus saw this adventure o weir,

he weepit weill sair for his faither dear.  
Sae waebegone becam this lusty man  
that saut tearis fast owre his cheekis ran.  
Forsuith, I sall nocht owreslip in this steid  
thy hard mischance, Lausus, and fatal deed,  
and thy maist dochty actis bellical.  
Fresh younker, maist digne memorial  
I sall rehearse, gif ony faith may be  
gien tae sae gret deeds o antiquity.

Wi this Mezentius, mainyiet,<sup>152</sup> drew aback,  
harlin his leg whaurin the shaft stak,  
that whaur he went he beiris owre the field  
his enemy's lance fixit in his shield.  
Betwix thaim rushes in the young Lausus,  
amid thair wappons, stern and courageous.  
Himsel haes set for tae sustain the ficht.  
Unner Eneas' richt haun raised on hicht,  
that ready wis tae smite a deidly wound,  
in steppis he, and bauldly the ilk stound  
the bitin brand upheavit keppit he,  
and gan resist and stint the gret Enee.  
His feiris follaes wi a felloun shout.  
While that Mezentius o the field wan out,  
defend and coverit wi his son's shield,  
thay cast dartis thickfauld thair lord tae heild,  
wi shaftis shot, and flanes gret plenty,  
perturbin thair stern adversar Enee,  
that aa enraged his sover targe erekkit,  
and thare unner him haudis closely dekkit.  
And like as some time cluddis brists at aince,  
the shouer furth yettin o hoppin hailstanes,  
that aa the ploomen and thair hines in hy  
flees o the crafts and fieldis by and by;  
and eik the traveller yond, unner the wald,<sup>153</sup>  
lurkin withdrawis tae some sover hauld,  
aither unner watter braes and banks dern,  
or in some crag's clift, or deep cavern,  
sae lang as that the shouer lests on the plain,  
that he may, when the sun shines again,

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<sup>152</sup> mainyiet: cripplet

<sup>153</sup> wald: hill, wold

exerce his journey, or his wark as fast –  
sicwise Enee wi shot and dartis cast  
wis aa owreheid, and umbeset ilk side,  
while he the press o battle stints that tide,  
and aa thair force sustainit and deray;  
reprivin Lausus, thus begouth tae say,  
and menaced him wi brand o bluid aa reid:

“Whither hastes thou sae fast upo thy deid?  
Or hou daur thou undertak intae ficht  
sic enterprise, whilk is abuve thy micht?  
Thou art nocht wyce. Thy tender hert,” quo he,  
“and ruthfu mind aa out deceives thee.”

But for aa this young Lausus, *vail que vail*,<sup>154</sup>  
wad naewise cease Eneas til assail.  
Than hie-er raise the wrath and felloun ire  
o the ilk manfu Trojan lordly sire,  
and eik the Fatal Sisters than indeed  
haed wimpelt up this Lausus’ latter threid;  
for sae Eneas stokes<sup>155</sup> his stiff brand  
throu-out this younker, hard up tae his hand.  
That swourd, before made menacing and boast,  
throu-gird that gentle body and his coast,  
his tairget piercin, and his armour licht,  
and eik his coat o gowden threidis bricht,  
whilk his mither him span; and, tae conclude,  
his bosom aa is fillit o het bluid.  
Suin efter is the spreit o life furth went  
doun tae the ghaistis law wi sad intent,  
and left the body deid, and hyne did pass.  
But whan Anchises’ son, fierce Eneas,  
beheld his vult<sup>156</sup> and countenance in deeing,  
his sweet veisage sae in the deid thrawing,  
becomin wan and pale on diverse wise,  
he siched profoundly aither twice or thrice,  
and drew aback his haun, and ruth haes hint;  
for sae intae his mind, efter the dint,

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<sup>154</sup> *vail que vail*: nae maiter whit

<sup>155</sup> stokes: thrusts

<sup>156</sup> vult: face

the eimage o his faitherly peity  
imprentit wis, that on this wise sayed he:

“Oh dochty yingling, worthy tae be meinit,  
worthy tae be bewailit and compleinit,  
whit sall the ruthfu compatient Enee  
for sae gret luvable deedis render thee?  
Or whit may he thee yield sufficient  
for sic natural and inborn hardiment?  
Thine armour, whaurof some time thou rejoicit,  
wi thee I leave, for aye tae been enjoicit.  
Untae thy parents’ hauns and sepulture  
I thee beleave tae be interred,” quo he,  
“gif that sic mainer o triumph and cost  
may dae thaim pleasure, or ease untae thy ghost.  
But thou, unsely child, sae wull o rede,<sup>157</sup>  
dae comfort herewith thy lamentable deid,  
that thou owrematchit art and thus lies slain  
by the grettest Eneas’ haundis twain.”  
Syne he his feiris gan repreive and chide,  
that thay sae lang delayit him beside,  
makin nae haste tae beir his corpse away;  
and he himsel betwix his airmis twae  
the deid body upliftis frae the ground,  
that wi the reid bluid o his new green wound  
besparkit haed his yalla lockis bricht,  
that ere war kaimit and addressit richt.

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<sup>157</sup> wull o rede: at a loss whit tae dae

## Chapter XIV

*Frae Mezentius knew ying Lausus' decess,  
him tae revenge his life lost in the press.*

The mean season, his faither,<sup>158</sup> wi his feirs  
doun at the fluid's side o Tiber's,  
staunchit his wounds wi watter by and by,  
waashin the bluid and sweit frae his bodie.  
His helm o steel beside him hang weill ne<sup>159</sup>  
upo a grane or branch o a green tree.  
His ither wechty harness, guid in need,  
lay on the gress beside him in the mead;  
his traisty chosen varlets him about.  
And he fu sair woundit, aa in dout,  
stuid leanin wi his weary neck and banes  
out-owre a bowin tree, wi sair grains.  
His weill-kaimed baird, hingin fu straucht  
upo his breist, untae his girdle raucht.  
And feil times on Lausus meanis he,  
prayin fu aft he micht him saufly see,  
and mony messengers untae him haes send,  
tae withdraw him the field, and tae defend  
that he abide nae langir in bargain,  
and shaw whit sorra for him his faither haed tane.

But than Lausus deid out o the field  
his waefu feirs cairried upo a shield,  
weepin sae gret a man wis brocht tae ground,  
and discomfit wi sae grisly a wound.  
Mezentius' mind and conceit, the ilk tide,  
suspeckin the hermis whilks war betide,  
on faur conseiderit the cause o thair murning,  
and on his canous hair the dust gan sling,  
wi meikle powder fylin his hasart heid;  
and baith his haundis in that samen steid  
taewart the heiven upheaves in a fairy,<sup>160</sup>  
and he the gods and starnis fast did wary.

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<sup>158</sup> his faither: i.e. Lausus' faither, Mezentius

<sup>159</sup> ne: near

<sup>160</sup> fairy: dwaam

Syne, leanin on his son's corpse, thus cries:  
"Oh my dear child and tender get here lies!  
Haed I sae gret appetite and delight  
untae this wretchit life sae fu o syte,<sup>161</sup>  
that I thee suffert tae enter in my steid  
unner our fae's haun, and wi thy deid  
my life is saufit? Ha, I thy faither here,  
whilk thee begat, my only son sae dear,  
suld I be sauf and leivin efter thee,  
throu thae sae grisly woundis that I see?  
Alas, untae me, wretchit caitiff thing,  
mine exile nou at last and banishing  
becomen is hard and insufferable!  
The stound o deid, the pains lamentable,  
is deep engraven in my hert unsound.  
Nou am I smitten wi the mortal wound!  
I, the self man, wis the cause o thy deid.  
Wi my trespass, my child, in every steid  
fylit the glore and honour o thy name;  
thy hie renown bespottin wi my shame,  
as I that wis, by invy and haterent  
o my ain people, wi thair haill assent,  
expellit frae my sceptre and my ring,  
and wis adebtit, for my misdaeing  
untae our kintrie, til hae suffert pain.  
I aucht and worthy wis tae hae been slain,  
and tae hae yauld this wikkit saul o mine  
by aa mainer o turment and o pyne,  
for til amend mine offences and feid.  
Ha, nou I leive, alas! and thou are deid!  
Yit want I nocht o men the companie,  
naither licht o life, nor clearness o the sky,  
but suin I sall thaim leave and pairt tharefrae."

And sayin thus, samen wi mind fu thra<sup>162</sup>  
he raised him up upo his woundit thee,  
and determit tae revenge him or dee;  
for tho the violence o his sair smert

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<sup>161</sup> syte: sorra

<sup>162</sup> thra: eident, eager

made him unfery,<sup>163</sup> yit his stalwart hert  
and courage undecayed wis guid in need.  
He bade gae fetch Rhoebus, his ryal steed,  
whilk wis his worship and his comfort haill,  
and his support his faeis tae assail;  
for by this horse in every gret journey<sup>164</sup>  
hame frae the field victor escapit he.  
Whamtae Mezentius, but mair abaid,  
seein the steed droopin and sad, thus sayed:  
“Rhoebus, we twa haes leivit lang y-feir,  
gif that tae mortal wichts in this erd here  
ony time may be repute lang,” quo he.  
“Aither this day beis thou revenger wi me  
o Lausus’ dolorous deid, and wreck our shame,  
and sall as victor wi thee bringen hame  
yon bluidy spulyie, and Eneas’ heid;  
or, gif nae force nor strenth intae that steid  
will suffer ony wey that it be sae,  
we sall in field samen dee baith twae.  
For, maist forcy steed, my luvit foal,  
I can naewise believe at thou may thole  
tae be at ony ither’s commandment,  
nor that thee list dedeign, gif I war shent,  
til obey ony maister or lord Trojane.”

And sayin thus, fu taewartly onane  
the steed bekent held tae his shouther plat,  
and he at ease upo his back doun sat;  
and baith his hauns fillit wi dartis keen,  
wi helm on heid burnishit bricht and schene,  
abuve the whilk his tymbret buckelt was,  
like til a lockert mane wi mony fas.<sup>165</sup>  
And intae sic array wi swift course he  
furth steers his steed, and drave in the melée.  
Deep in his hert boldens the felloun shame,  
mixit wi dolour, anger, and defame.  
The fervent luvie o his son ying o age  
gan chasen him intae the furious rage.

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<sup>163</sup> unfery: waik

<sup>164</sup> journey: combat

<sup>165</sup> fas: tassel

Tharetae alsae persuades tae the ficht  
his horse, weill knawin his hardiment and micht;  
and, in sic pynt, throu-out the routis aa  
wi mighty voice thrice did Eneas caa.

Eneas heard him cry, and weill him knew,  
and gled thareof gan taewarts him pursue,  
and prayin says: “The Faither o Gods hie,  
and eik mighty Apollo, that grant tae me,  
thou wad begin in bargain on this land  
tae mell wi me, and tae meet hand for hand.”  
Thus carpit he, and wi stern lance, but tarry,  
furth steppis for tae meet his adversary.

But Mezentius, seein him comand,  
cryit tae him anon and bade him stand.  
“Oh thou maist cruel adversar,” sayed he,  
“whit weens thou sae tae effray and boast me,  
sen thou my son haes me bereft this day,  
whilk wis only the mainer and the way  
whaurby thou micht owrecome me and destroy?  
Nou, sen that I hae tint aa warld’s joy,  
naither I abhor the deid, tae sterve in ficht,  
nor reck I ocht o ony god’s micht.  
Desist, and cease tae boast me or menace,  
for I am come tae dee in this ilk place.  
But first I bring thee thir rewards,” quo he.  
Wi that word, at his fae a dart lat flee,  
and efter that anither haes he cast,  
and syne anither haes he fixit fast,  
about him prickin in a compass large.  
But aa thir dints sustained the gowden targe.  
Thrice on the left hauf, fast as he war wuid,  
about Eneas rade he whaur he stuid,  
thick wi his haundis swackin dartis keen;  
and thrice this Trojan prince owre aa the green,  
intil his stalwart steelit shield stickin out,  
like a hair<sup>166</sup> wuid, the dartis bare about.  
At last, as he annoyit o this deray,  
this irksome traisin, jowkin, and delay,  
and cummerit waux sae mony darts in vain,

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<sup>166</sup> hair: hoary

thus aft tae draw furth and tae cast again,  
as he that wis matchit that time, but fail,  
wi his faeman in bargain inequale,  
whilk aye wis at advantage and on flocht,  
fu mony thing revolvit he in thoct.  
Syne on that weirman rushit he in tene.  
In the foreheid, betwix the horse's een,  
he kest his spear wi aa his force and nicht.  
Upstandis thair the stalwart steed on hicht,  
and wi his heelis flang up in the air,  
doun swacks the knight suin wi a felloun fair,  
founders forrat flatlins on his spauld,  
owrewhelmed the man, and gan his feet unfauld.

Than the Latins, and eik people Trojanes,  
the heivens dindelt wi a shout at aince.  
Eneas girt abuve him wi a brade,  
hint furth his swourd, and further thus he sayed:  
“Whaur is he nou, Mezentius, sae stern?  
Whaur is the fierce stout courage o that bern?”

Whamtae Mezentius, this ilk prince Tyrrhene,  
frae that he nicht aliften up his een  
tae see the heiven's licht, and draw his braith,  
and his richt mind again recoverit hath,  
thus answers: “Oh thou dispeitious fae,  
whaurtae me chides thou, reproachin sae,  
and menaces me tae the deid by and by?  
O my slauchter I think nae villainie,  
nor on sicwise here cam I nocht in field,  
that I staun awe tae swelt<sup>167</sup> unner my shield.  
Nor, I believe, nae freindship in thy hands,  
nane sic treaty o sauchtning<sup>168</sup> nor cunnands,  
my son Lausus band up wi thee, perfay.  
But o ae thing I thee beseek and pray –  
gif ony pleisure may be grantit or beild  
til adversars that lies vanquished in field,  
that is tae know, suffer my body hae  
a sepulture, and wi erd be begrave.  
I know about me staunin in this steid

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<sup>167</sup> staun awe tae swelt: be afraid tae dee

<sup>168</sup> sauchtning: reconciliation

my fowkis' bitter haterent and gret feid –  
defend me frae thair furore, I requair,  
and grant my corpse, beside my son's infeir,  
intae some tomb interrit for tae be.”  
And sayin thus, knawin at he must dee,  
before his een perceived the burnished brand  
that throu his gorge went frae Eneas' hand.  
Within his armour, shortly tae conclude,  
furth brushed the saul wi gret streamis o bluid.

By this the sun declinit wis almost,  
sae that the Latins and Rutulian host,  
whit for the absence o thair duke Turnus,  
and new slauchter o bauld Mezentius,  
withdrew thaim tae thair reset in affray,  
and Trojans went untae thair rest while day.