

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



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

# The XIII buiks o Eneados o the famous poet Virgil

## Buik 1

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 parteecular prologue

modrenised by the late John Law,  
completit by Caroline Macafee

## Foreword and acknowledgements<sup>1</sup>

John Law's plan for tae mak a readin text o Gavin Douglas's *Eneados* wis typical o his veesion and virr. He appreciatit, first ava, whatna national disgrace it wis, no haein nae edeetion o Douglas' translation o Virgil in prent (wantin, for the nou, a repret o Coldwell's edeetion frae the Scottish Text Society). He haed, forbye, yin o thon ideas that seems obvious luikin back, but that needs a gleg kennin tae win at: that ye can mak the text o Douglas a thousan per cent mair readable by juist blawin awa the haar o Aulder Scots spellin.

As ayweys wi John, action follaed fast upo the thocht. First he gat a len o siller frae Perth an Kinross Cooncil tae scan edeetions o the twa main Douglas manuscripts, than there was the Scots Language Society conference on Douglas in Dunkeld in 2008, whaur he tane the temperature o the watter an socht views on whit like sicna readin text micht be. Efter that he tane the maist o the wark on hissel, pittin his heid thegither wi Christine Robinson an masel afore hemmerin oot a style sheet. O coorse, spellin is juist pairt o the deefficulty for the modren reader, an John was eident forby sortin maglit readins (whiles gangin tae the Latin oreiginal) an pittin in glosses.

He left the wark wi Buiks 1–8 in draft, an a when fell swoops made on the text o Books 9–13 yaisin search-an-replace, as weel as a puckle lines here and there and fower chaipthers o Buik Twal. (There thirteen beuks because Douglas tuk on tae translate yin that was eikit tae Virgil.) Texts o the Prologues haed been draftit an aa (maistly by masel, an editit by John).

John wad hae wintit tae thank Perth an Kinross Cooncil, the Scots Language Society, an aabody that wis involved in plannin, supportin and cairryin out this darg. Lat me thank thaim nou on his behalf. Ye ken wha ye are. For masel, Ah'm maist gratefu tae John for this spur tae read the *Eneados* in its entirety. Ah'd like tae thank Christine Robinson, Robert Wilson and Janet Law for their moral and practical support whan ma role suddenly went frae readin and commentin on John's wark tae feenishin the job he'd gotten sae faur through wi sae successfully. Muckle thank tae Michael Hance an Chris Third at the Scots Language Centre for aa thair wark in makin the text publishable an available.

The glosses in the present text is entirely dependent on DOST, and whiles the dictionar wis able to clarify deeficult readins, whaur the parteeular line had been includit in its quotations. The wark wad tane mony times as lang, haed it no been for the avilabeelity and searchabeelity online o *A Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue* (DOST, at Dictionary of the Scots Language <http://www.dsl.ac.uk/dsl/>). Likewise an invaluable resource wis the online Latin text o Virgil's *AEneid* (frae the edeetion o J. B. Greenough, 1900), wi parallel English translations by John Dryden and Theodore C. Williams, as weill as a hyperlinkit dictionar and gremmatical word analysis, at Perseus Digital Library (ed. in chief, Gregory R. Crane, Tufts Univairsity <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/>).

**Caroline Macafee**

---

<sup>1</sup> Pairt o this section appear in *Lallans* 76 (simmer 2010).

## **Contents o the Wark**

Foreword and acknowledgements

Contents

Introduction by Caroline Macafee

The *Eneados* o Virgil translatit out o Latin verses intae Scottish metre, by Gavin Douglas, every buik haein his partteecular prologue. Modrenised frae John Small's edeetion.

## The Contents o Every Buik Follaein

The first containis hou the prince Enee  
and Trojans war drive on tae Carthage ceity.

The saicont buik shawis the final annoy,  
the gret mischief, and subversion o Troy.

The thrid tells hou frae Troy's ceity  
the Trojans cairryit war throu-out the sea.

The feird rehearses o fair Queen Dido  
the double woundis, and the mortal woe.

The fift containis funeral gemmis glaid,  
and hou the fire the navy did invade.

Intae the saxt buik syne doth Virgil tell,  
hou that Eneas went and vissyit Hell.

The seivent Enee brings tae his grund fatale,  
and hou Italians Trojans shupe tae assail.

Untae Eneas gies the aughten buik  
baith fellaeship and armour, wha list leuk.

Daunus' son Turnus in the nynt, tak tent,  
sieges New Troy, Eneas than absent.

The tenth declares by the coast at aince  
the battle betwix Tuscans and Rutulianes.

In the eleivent Rutulians been owreset  
by the decease o Camilla dounbet.

The twalt maks end o aa the weir, but dout,  
throu the slauchter o Turnus, stern and stout.

The last, eikit tae Virgil's nummer even  
by Mapheus, convoys Enee tae Heiven.

## The Contents o the First Buik

- The Prologue o the First Buik
  - I. The poet first proponin his intent declares Juno's wrath and maltalent.
  - II. Hou Dame Juno til Eolus' kintrie went, and o the storm on the Trojans furth sent.
  - III. Hou that Enee wis wi the tempest shake and hou Neptune his navy sauved frae wraik.
  - IV. Hou Eneas in Afric did arrive, and thare wi shot slew seiven harts believe.
  - V. Hou Jove beheld the large coastis on far, and hou Venus carpis wi Jupiter.
  - VI. Enee, at morra raikin throu the shaw, met wi his mither intae habit unknow.
  - VII. Eneas at his mither's commandment, cled wi the misty clud, tae Carthage went.
  - VIII. Hou tae the temple comes Queen Dido, whaur that Enee his feiris fand also.
  - IX. Hou Eneas wi aa his rout bedene war thankfully receivit o the Queen.
  - X. Hou that Venus, aa perils tae seclude sent Cupid in Ascanius' similitude.
  - XI. O the banquet, and o the gret deray, and hou Cupid inflames the leddy gay.
  - XII. Eneas first excuses him, and syne addresses tae rehearse Troy's ruine.
- The Comment

## Introduction

*Caroline Macafee*

### Editorial policy and hints on readin the verse

The text here is a modrenisation in spellin and punctuation o John Small's 1874 edeetion,<sup>2</sup> which wis based on the Elphynstoun MS in the Library o the Univairsity o Edinburgh. John Law wis yaisin forbye the Bannatyne Club edeetion, by Andrew Rutherford and George Dundas, based on the Cambridge MS. Unfortunately, the present writer didnae feel able for tae tak the time tae read JL's text against baith MSS, especially as he made only verra occasional uise o Bannatyne. The text offert here is that o Small, apart frae verra occasional corrections, e.g. *cuchill* > *cuthill* (Buik 8:IV) and *swarf fard* > *swarffand* i.e. *swarfin* (Buik 10:VI). The names o fowk and places haes been brocht nearer tae the Latin, or tae fameeliar forms, excep that Douglas haes aften chynged the ends for the rhyme or metre. Douglas' marginal notes on whit's happenin in the story are missed out, but his Comments (as faur as they gang) are gien at the en o the First Buik, and keyed tae the text by fuitnotes at the appropriate pynts.

There wis twa-three areas o spellin that JL hadnae made a final decession on. I've yaised some discretion, aye haudin in mind that JL's intention wis tae mak Douglas readable. The outcome is mebbes a mair Inglis-luikin Scots than some wad likit, but 16th century Scots aye scrievit mony o the consonants that are drappit in modren writin, and it wad be a bittie thrawn tae mak the spellins haurder raither nor easier (acceptin that we're aa mair fameeliar wi Inglis spellins). Forbye, amang a fouth o strange and difficult words, it seemed unhelpfu tae wale spellins that cud be in ony wey ambiguous, sae JL haed reluctantly deciddit, for instance, tae keep Douglas's *by* and no chynged it tae *be*. Likewise he keepit Aulder Scots spellins and forms sic as *change*, *voice*, *way*, *gave*. Whan a word had nae modren equivalent, he whiles kept *sch* and *quh* spellins.

The yin area whaur I'm aware o gaein agin JL's sattlet choice – and I howp I'll be forgiven for this – is tae dae wi the variable *-is* endin. Nou, Douglas haes the faceelity, follaein the poetics o his day, tae mak the *-is* endin a syllable or no, accordin tae the requirements o metre at ony parteecular pynt. Sae, tae tak first ava the example o a plural noun, he could make *sonnis* (sons') ane syllable or twa. JL wad shaw this by writin aither *sons'* or *sonnis'*. In the case o a singular, however, *sonnis'* didnae seem tae me tae be a satisfactory solution, sae I've made the word *son's* e'en whan it's twa syllables, tho this daes mean the loss o some guidance tae the reader. Whiles tae, I thocht it clearer tae write the *-es* ending (plural or possessive), whaur *-is* wad mak for an unco-luikin word. These *-es* endings cud be syllabic an aa, e.g. *fates* cud be twa syllables.

It isnae possible aywis tae shaw the metre clearly, in ony case, as Douglas has mony poetic licences that he can faa back on. A puckle elided spellins, like *e'er* and *ne'er*, are

---

<sup>2</sup> William Paterson, Edinburgh; reprinted by Georg Olm Verlag, Hildesheim & New York, 1970, 4 vols.

yaised here, but maistly the reader wantin tae dae justice tae Douglas' metre will hae tae ponder ilka line. As the poet himsel sayed:

Conseider it warily, read after than aince,  
weill at ae blenk slee poetry nocht tane is.  
(‘The Prologue o the First Buik’)

Nevertheless, the help that JL gies, within the leemutations o spellin and intelligility, gangs a lang wey tae bring out Douglas's intentions. Likewise wi regaird tae rhyme, JL yaises spellin tae mint at the chynged forms o words that Douglas plays on.

## Metre

The puckle lines rewritten ablow micht gie an idea o Douglas' metrical licences:

This is determ't, this likes the gods, iwis:  
eft'r mony lustres 'n' years owreslidden is,  
the time sall come whan Anchises' affspring  
the realm o Pythia 'n' bondage sall down thring,  
and eik o Myce subdue the region large,  
'n' unn'r thair lordship daunt aa Greece and Arge.  
Caes'r o noble Trojan bluid born sall be,  
whilk sall th' empire dilate tae th' ocean sea.

Things tae bear in mind:

- Douglas is basically screivin in iambic pentameter, that is lines o five weak-strang feet;
- whiles the feet is jougled about, but by faur the maist o the lines haes ten syllables. There occasional lines o fower feet (echt syllables) and juist yin or twae wi an extra weak syllable at the en (eleivin syllables). An antrin line has a silent beat, e.g. “This land inhabit, \* vale, munt and swire”;
- there no mony lines that winna scan ava, aince aa the possible licences are tane intae account. Thir lines is maistly in dialogue, or in the Thirteenth Buik (eikit by Mapheus Vegius), whaur Douglas seems tae hae scunnert a bit;
- the ending *-is/-es* can be a syllable or no in places whaur it's juist a consonant the day (but it's aye a syllable efter certain consonants, the same yins as Modren Scots and Inglis, e.g. *chairges, bleezes, dishes, aises*);
- in mony contexts the ending *-it* can aither be a syllable or can be cuttit doun tae *t* or *d*;
- the ending *-ion* can be made twa syllables, *-ioun*;



- words like *aa, faa, caa* can be *all, fall, wall* for purposes o rhyme or metre, e.g. *waas/wallis*;
- in some words, prefixes can be drappit, e.g. *sembelt* for *assembelt*;
- some words, maistly past participles, can be extendit wi the strenthenin prefix *to-*, e.g. *to-frushit*;
- *the* can be run on tae the neist word, and no countit;
- an *er/ir/etc.* syllable in the middle or at the end o a word can be slurred and no countit;
- mair generally, at the end o a word, a syllable made up o a vowel an a nasal, liquid or *r* can be slurred an no countit, e.g. *en, em, le, er*. The ilk applies tae weak grammatical words wi the ilk sound-shape, e.g. *and, in, on, or*;
- *is, are*, etc. can be reduced and rin on tae the word afore;
- twa vowels comin thegither can be slurred intae yin. The name *Iulus* haes three syllables (I-u-lus), but can be reduced tae twa by this licence;
- tae get an extra syllable, an whiles for the rhyme, the Chaucerian Inglis ending *-en/-n* can be eikit tae an infinitive (or an antrin time tae a present tense verb in third person plural). Thon wis aften disguised as *-ing* endings (chynged here tae *-en/-n* excep whaur an antrin yin rhymes as *-ing*);
- tae get an extra syllable, the Chaucerian Inglis prefix *y-* can be eikit tae a past participle, e.g. *y-beiryit* ‘buried’;
- the word *can/gan* is yaised mair or less meaninglessly tae gie an extra syllable. It’s written here as *gan*. *Dae* can be yaised in the same wey;
- there a when tags, wi little or nae meanin, that can supply a metrical fuit and if necessar a rhyme, e.g. *but les/lees, but weir, for the naince, infeir, I wat/wait, iwis, on raw, per case, per order, sans fail*.

## Rhyme

Modren poetry tends tae tolerate weak (‘feminine’) rhyme, e.g. *leading : needing*, with an extra-metrical weak syllable at the end o the line whaur necessar. In Aulder Scots, strang rhyme is the rule, an there a puckle weys tae thraw the stress tae get it.

Things tae bear in mind:

- aareadies mentioned unner metre: *-is/-es* and *-it* can be a syllable or no, as best fits; *-io(u)n* can be twa syllables; *all/aa* words; tags;
- mony words haes variant forms, e.g. *gret/greit*, *wat/wait*, *eneuch/enew*, *mair/ma*;
- some words haes Inglis forms that can be yaised in poetry, e.g. *do*, *so*, *one*;
- a group o words wi *-gn* haes alternate *-ing* forms, e.g. *reign/ring*; *sign/sing*, *digne/ding*, *condign/conding*;
- a group o *-gn* or *-ail/-oil/-uil* words haes *-nyie* or *-lyie* forms that gie an extra syllable, e.g. *feign/fenyie*, *fail/failyie*, *soil/sulyie*;
- some French loan-words o twa syllables haes variant forms wi stress on the saicont syllable, e.g. *river/riveir*;
- there are variant forms o some endins, e.g. *consait/conceit*; *constrain/constrein*;
- juist about ony ending can be promotit tae a strang syllable;
- the *-and* ending o the present participle isnae written consistently in the original text, and JL has made it *-in*, excep whaur the rhyme caas for *-and*.

### **Faux amis**

The follaein are some common words in GD that luik fameeliar, but arenae, or arenae aywis, whit they seem:

bargain – fecht  
but – without  
carefu – fu o care  
coast – side (o a person)  
conceit – idea; pouer o thocht  
cure – care  
daunt – tame (e.g. horses)  
debate – fecht  
deid – daith n. as weill as deid adj.  
fatal – fated; fatefu  
flote – fleet  
gentle – noble  
haunt – tae frequent  
luve – praise  
mess – dish o fuid  
nice – byordnar  
ring – reign

rink – battle grund; course  
set – although  
silly – haly; innocent  
sing – sign  
sterve – dee  
stew – cloud o stour; commotion  
stour – battle  
tho – than  
weeds - clathes  
while – until

*Peity* is ultimately the ilk word as *piety*, and it's no possible tae separate thaim in the text. Sae 'peitious Eneas' (or 'ruthfu Eneas') is baith pious and fu o peity, compassion and mercy.

### **Some favourite words**

bedene – aathegither; straucht aff  
beir – 1. v. bear  
          2. v. roar  
          3. n. outcry, noise  
belive – quickly  
bews, bewis – boughs (plural o beuch)  
britten – hack in bits  
chymmis – mansion  
dainté – esteem  
dere – herm  
feid – feud  
feil – mony  
feir – 1. friend  
          2. behaviour  
felloun – fierce  
glave – swourd  
grane – branch, stalk  
haubrek – hauberk, chain mail  
hy – haste  
mease – soothe, assuage  
mein – lament; peity  
pyne – sufferin  
rout – 1. n. company o sojers; *melée*  
          2. n. loud noise  
          3. n. blow  
          4. v. (o wind or sea) roar  
schene – bonny  
schire – shinin

selcouth – byordnar

sere – mony

set – altho

stevin – 1. n. stem o a ship

2. n. voice

3. v. direct your course

swelt – dee

syse – times (plural o sithe)

syte – sorra

tene – 1. n. anger; sorra; herm

2. adj. angry

tymbret, tymbral – a crest

tyte – straucht aff; at the ilk time

(un)leifu, (un)leisome – (un)lawfu, (no) richt

(un)sely – (un)happy

wicht – 1. adj. strang

2. n. person

### **The main characters**

#### ***Frae Greece (Arge), the Greek (Grew, Gregion) enemies o Troy***

The Myrmidons, the Dolopes

Agamemnon, King o Mycenae (Myce), and his brither Menelaus (Menelay), together  
kent as the Atrides

Ulixes (Ulysses)

Achilles

Pyrrhus (Neoptolemus), Achilles' son

Sinon

Diomede ('son o Tydeus'), wha maks his hame in Italy

#### ***Trojans (Teucrians, Phrygians) frae Troy (Ilion, Pergama)***

King Priam

Hector, his son

Paris, also Priam's son, wha abductit Helen, the wife o Menelaus

Laocoön

Acestes, wha escapes tae Sicily

#### ***The faimily o Eneas (Enee)***

Anchises, his faither

Venus (Cytherea), the goddess, his mither

Creusa, his first wife

Ascanius (Iulus), the son o Aeneas an Creusa

Dido, Queen o Carthage (Punice, in Libya), his mistress, wha cam originally frae Tyre  
(Phoenicia, Sidon)

Lavinia, dochter o King Latin (see ablow), Eneas' saicont wife

#### ***Followers o Eneas***

Achates, Sergestus, Mnestheus, Cloanthus, Nisus, Euryalus (Euryll)

#### ***Italy (Hesperia, Ausonia, the Lavine kintrie)***

#### ***Arcadian (Arcad) allies o Eneas***

King Evandrus

Pallas, his son

#### ***Tuscan (Etrurian, Tyrrhene) allies o Eneas***

King Tarchon

#### ***Laurentians and Rutulians conquered by Eneas***

King Latin (Latinus)

Lavinia, his dochter

Turnus, Rutulian prince, Lavinia's fiancé

King Daunus, Turnus' faither

Mezentius, a tyrant driven out o Tuscany, and his son Lausus

Messapus, Volscens, Camilla

## Dedication

Ahint ma shouther as I write, three men:  
John Law, uphauder o Scots leid, aa ken  
wha visit here. Loo'in weel the hamelt soun  
o our ain tung, he made him boun  
tae hain intae a modren guise and kind  
a mighty, stirrin tale lang out o mind –  
nane ither than the gret Eneados  
translate in our ain leid syne by Douglas.  
Me seems I see Law haudin out his hand  
tae ane the grettest poets o our land,  
a noble o the kintrie, near the croun,  
proud o his wark, and fencit it aroun  
wi warnins no tae meddle wi his lines,  
wha glowers and sherps his quill a puckle times  
than on a suddent risin fae his saet  
claps Law upon the shouther, brither poet.  
He pinches out the caunle's gutterin licht,  
the waas recede, the room growes bricht,  
and in Italian sunlight, on a hill,  
seekin a breath o wind, is sage Virgil.  
We ken the tale Augustus Caesar speired –  
hou Rome began, that rules owre hauf the erd,  
wi bluidy conquest made by bold Eneas  
wha fled the sack o Troy and landit was  
in Italy – and he has nou it writ  
but feinished nocht. In dwaum o fevered wit  
he lifts his haun tae cast his pages high –  
“Na, wait!” Douglas maun cry, and Law, and I,  
and aa that lang the epic wark tae read.  
“Gin by the morra's mornin I am deid,  
burn it,” he says; tae Tucca daes it gie.  
I hae a nory Virgil heard the plea  
o Law, Douglas, and us, posterity,  
for though he bade destroy't, we see,  
by his ain haun, thanks be, it wasna duin.  
Nou tae my wark, Law's text tae gie ye suin.

## The Prologue o the First Buik

Laud, honour, praisings, thankis infinite  
tae thee, and thy douce ornate fresh indyte,  
maist reverend Virgil, o Latin poets prince,  
gem o ingyne and fluid o eloquence,  
thou peerless pearl, patron o poetry,  
rose, register, palm, laurer and glory,  
chosen cherbukle,<sup>3</sup> chief flouer and cedar tree,  
lantern, leidstarn,<sup>4</sup> mirror, and *a per se*,  
maister o maisters, sweet source and springin well,  
widewhaur owre aa reignis thy heivenly bell –  
I mean thy crafty warkis curious,  
sae quick, lusty, and maist sententious,  
pleasable, perfit, and feelable in aa degree,  
as wha the maiter held tofore thair ee;  
in every volume whilk thee list dae write,  
surmountin faur aa ither mainer indyte,  
like as the rose in June wi her sweet smell  
the marigold or daisy doth excel.  
Why suld I than, wi dull foreheid and wan,  
wi rude ingyne and barren emptive brain,  
wi bad harsk speech and lewit<sup>5</sup> barbar tung,  
presume tae write whaur thy sweet bell is rung,  
or counterfeit sae precious wordis dear?  
Na, na, nocht sae, but kneel whan I thaim hear.  
For whit compare betwix midday and nicht,  
or whit compare betwix mirkness and licht,  
or whit compare is betwix black and white,  
faur gretter difference betwix my blunt indyte  
and thy sherp sugarit sang Virgilian,  
sae wycely wrocht wi ne'er a word in vain,  
my waverin wit, my cunning feeble at aa,  
my mind misty – thir may nocht miss a faa.  
Strae for<sup>6</sup> this ignorant blabbring imperfite  
beside thy polite termis redemite!  
And naetheless wi support and correction,  
for naitral luv and freindfu affection,

---

<sup>3</sup> cherbukle: carbuncle, garnet

<sup>4</sup> leidstarn: lodestar, guidin starn

<sup>5</sup> lewit: uneducatit

<sup>6</sup> strae for: a strae for

whilks I beir tae thy warkis and indyte  
(altho, God wat, I knaw tharein fu lyte<sup>7</sup>)  
and that thy fecund sentence micht be sung  
in our langage as weill as Latin tung ...  
as weill? na, na, impossible war, *perdee* –  
yit wi your leave, Virgil, tae follae thee,  
I wad intae my rural vulgar gross  
write some savoring o thy Eneados.  
But sair I dreid for tae distene<sup>8</sup> thee quite,  
throu my corruptit cadence imperfite.  
Distene thee? Na forsuth, that may I nocht.  
Weill may I shaw my burell busteous thocht,  
but thy work sall endure in laud and glory,  
but spot or fate, condign etern memory.  
Tho I offend, unhermit is thine fame,  
thine is the thank, and mine sall be the shame.  
Wha may thy verses follae in aa degree,  
in beauty, sentence, and in gravity?  
Nane is, nor wis, nor yit sall be, trow I,  
haed, haes, or sall hae sic craft in poetrie.  
O Helicon sae drank thou dry the fluid  
that o the copious flowith or plenitude,  
aa maun purchase drink at thy sugarit tune.  
Sae lamp o day thou art, and shinin muin;  
aa ithers on force maun thair licht beg or borrow;  
thou art Vesper, and the day starn at morrow;  
thou Phoebus, lichtner o the planets all,  
I not<sup>9</sup> whit dully I thee cleip sall,  
for thou art aa and some – whit needis more? –  
o Latin poets that since wis or before.  
O thee writes Macrobius, sans fail,  
in his gret volume cleipit *Saturnail*:  
thy sawis in sic eloquence doth fleet,  
sae inventive o rhetoric flouers sweet  
thou art, and haes sae hie profound sentence  
theretae perfit, but ony indigence,  
that nae luvings may dae increase thy fame,  
nor nae reproach diminue thy guid name.  
But sen I am compelled thee tae translate –  
and nocht anely o my courage, God wait,

---

<sup>7</sup> lyte: wee, little

<sup>8</sup> distene: tarnish

<sup>9</sup> not: dinna ken (ne wot)



durst enterprise sic outrageous folly –  
whaur I offend, the less reпреif serve I.  
And at ye knaw at whase instance I teuk  
for tae translate this maist excellent buik –  
I mean Virgil's volume maist excellent –  
set<sup>10</sup> this my wark fu feeble be o rent:  
at the request o a lord o renoun,  
o ancestry noble and illuster baroun,  
faither o buiks, protector tae science and lear,  
my special guid lord Henry Lord Sanct Clair,  
whilk wi gret instance diverse times sere,<sup>11</sup>  
prayit me translate Virgil or Homer;  
whase pleisure suithly as I unnerstuid,  
as near conjunct tae his lordship in bluid,  
sae that me thocht his request a command,  
hauf despairit, this wark teuk on hand,  
nocht fully grantin, nor aince sayin yea,  
but only tae essay hou it might be.  
Wha nicht gainsay a lord sae gentle and kind,  
that ever haed ony courtesy in thair mind,  
whilk beside his innative policy,<sup>12</sup>  
humanity, courage, freedom and chivalry,  
buikis tae recollect, tae read and see,  
haes gret delight as ever haed Ptolemy?<sup>13</sup>  
Whaurfore tae his nobility and estate,  
whit sae it be, this buik I dedicate,  
written in the langage o Scots nation,  
and thus I mak my protestation.

First I protest, beau sirris, by your leave,  
beis<sup>14</sup> weill advised my wark ere ye repreive,  
conseider it warily, read after than aince,  
weill at ae blenk slee poetry nocht tane is;  
and yit, forsuith, I set my busy pain  
as that I suld, tae mak it braid and plain,  
keepin nae Sudroun but our ain langage,  
and speakis as I learnt whan I wis page.

---

<sup>10</sup> set: altho

<sup>11</sup> sere: several, separate

<sup>12</sup> innative policy: innate prudence  
Douglas' ain Comment 1

<sup>13</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 2

<sup>14</sup> beis: be (plural imperative)

Nor yit sae clean aa Sudroun I refuse,  
but some word I pronounce as neibour does;  
like as in Latin been Grew<sup>15</sup> termis some,  
sae me behuivit whilom, or than be dumb,  
some bastard Latin, French, or Inglis use;  
whaur scant war Scots I haed nae ither chuse.  
Nocht for our tung is in the selfin scant,  
but for that I the fouth o langage want,  
whaur-as the colour o his property  
tae keep the sentence tharetae constrained me,  
or than tae mak my sang short some time,  
mair compendious, or tae likely my rhyme.  
Tharefore guid freins, for a jimp or a bourd,<sup>16</sup>  
I pray you note me nocht at every wourd.  
The warthy clerk hecht Laurence o the Vail,  
amang Latins a gret patron sans fail,  
grants whan twal years he haed been diligent  
tae study Virgil, scant knew he whit he meant;  
than thou or I, my frein, whan we best ween  
tae hae Virgil read, unnerstaun, and seen,  
the richt sentence per chance is faur tae seek.  
Thilk wark twal years first wis in makkin eik,  
and nocht correct whan the poet can decease;  
thus for smaa fauts, my wyce frein, haud thy peace.

Adherin tae my protestatioun,  
tho William Caxton, o Inglis natioun,  
in prose haes prent a buik o Inglis gross,  
clepin it *Virgil his Eneados*  
whilk that he says o French he did translate –  
it haes naething adae tharewi, God wait,  
nor nae mair like than the Deil and Sanct Austine;  
hae he nae thank therefore, but lost his pyne,  
sae shamefully that story did pervert.  
I read his work wi hermis at my hert,  
that sic a buik, but sentence or ingyne,  
suld be entitled efter the poet divine.  
His ornate gowden verses mair than gilt,  
I spittit for dispite tae see sae spilt  
wi sic a wicht, whilk truly by mine intent,  
knew ne'er three words o aa that Virgil meant.

---

<sup>15</sup> Grew: Greek

<sup>16</sup> jimp or a bourd: trifle or a joke

Sae faur he chowps,<sup>17</sup> I am constrained tae flyte.  
The three first buiks he haes owrehippit quite,  
saufin a little tuichin Polydorus,  
and the tempest sent furth by Eolus,  
and that fu simply on his ain guise;  
Virgil thaim wrote aa on anither wise.  
For Caxton pits in his buik out o tune,  
the storm furth sent by Eolus and Neptune;  
but wha that readis Virgil suithfastly,  
sall find Neptune sauf Eneas' navy.  
Me list nocht shaw hou the story o Dido  
by this Caxton is haill pervertit so,  
that beside whaur he feigns tae follae Bocas,<sup>18</sup>  
he rins sae faur frae Virgil in mony place,  
on sae prolix and tedious fashion,  
sae that the Feird<sup>19</sup> Buik o Eneadon,  
tuichin the luv and daith o Dido Queen,  
the twa pairt o his volume doth contein,  
that in the text o Virgil, traistis me,  
the twalt pairt scarce contains, as ye may see.  
The Fift Buik – o the feastis funeral,  
the lusty gemms, and playis palustral –  
that is owrehippit quite and left behind:  
naething thareof ye sall in Caxton finnd.  
The Saxt Buik eik, he grants that wantis haill,  
and for thareof he unnerstuid nocht the tale.  
He caas it feigned, and nocht for tae believe –  
sae is aa Virgil per chance, for, by his leave,  
Juno nor Venus goddis never were,  
Mercure, Neptune, Mars, nor Jupiter.  
O Fortune eik, nor her necessity,  
sic thingis nocht authentic are, wat we;  
nor yit admits that quent philosophy  
hauds saulis hops frae body tae body,  
and mony things whilk Virgil did rehearse,  
tho I thaim write furth, follaein his verse.  
Nor Caxton shrinks nocht siclik things tae tell,  
as nocht war fable, but the passage tae Hell;  
but traistis weill, wha that ilk Saxt Buik knew  
Virgil tharein a hie philosopher him shew,

---

<sup>17</sup> chowps: mummies

<sup>18</sup> Bocas: Boccaccio

<sup>19</sup> feird: fourth

and, unner the cluds o daurk poetry  
hid lies thare mony notable history.  
For sae the poets by thair crafty cures,  
in similitudes, and unner quent feigures,  
the suithfast maiter tae hide and tae constrain:  
aa is nocht fause, traist weill, in case thay feign.  
Thair airt is sae tae mak thair warkis fair,  
as in the end o Virgil I sall declare.  
Wis it nocht eik as possible Eneas,  
as Hercules or Theseus tae Hell tae pass  
whilk is nae gabbing suithly, nor nae lee,  
as John Bocas in the *Genology*  
*o Gods* declares, and like as ye may read  
in the *Recuyell o Troy*, wha list tak heed.  
Wha wat gif he in vision hither went,  
by art magic, sorcery, or enchantment,  
and wi his faither's saul did speak and meet,  
or in the likeness wi some ither spreit,  
like as the spreit o Samuel, I guess,  
raisit tae King Saul wis by the phitoness?<sup>20</sup>  
I will nocht say aa Virgil been as true,  
but at sic things are possible this I shew;  
as in thae days war mair illusiouns  
by devilish warks and conjuratiouns,  
than nou thare been, sae doth clerkis determ,  
for, blissit be God, the faith is nou mair firm.  
Eneuch thareof, nou will I nae mair sayn,<sup>21</sup>  
but on tae Caxton thus I turn again.

The names o people or ceities been sae bad  
put by this Caxton, that, but he haed been mad,  
the fluid o Tovar for Tiber he haed nocht write;  
aa men may knaw there he forvayit quite.  
Palenth the ceity o Evander King,  
as Virgil plainly makkis rehearsing,  
stuid whaur in Rome nou stant the chief palace;  
this same buik eik in mair heapit malice,  
on the self river o Tovar says plainlie,  
Eneas did his ceity edify.  
Thus aye for Tiber, Tovar puttis he,  
whilk mony hunner miles sindry be;

---

<sup>20</sup> phitoness: i.e. the Witch o Endor  
Douglas' ain Comment 3

<sup>21</sup> sayn: say (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

for siccarly – less than<sup>22</sup> wyce autouris leen<sup>23</sup> –  
Enee saw never Tovir wi his een,  
for Tovir divides Greece frae Hungary,  
and Tiber is chief fluid o Italy.  
Tovir is kent a grane<sup>24</sup> o that river  
in Latin hecht Danubium or Hester;  
or gif it be Tanaïs he cleipsis sae,  
that fluid divides Europe frae Asia.  
In like wise eik this Caxton aa in vain  
Crispina cleipsis Sibilla Cumane,  
that in the text o Virgil, traistis us,  
hait Deiphebe dochter o Glaucus,  
whilk wis Eneas' convoyer tae Hell.  
Whit suld I langir on his errors dwell?  
Thay been sae plain, and eik sae monyfauld,  
the hunderth pairt thareof I leave untauld.  
The last sax buiks o Virgil aa infeirs,  
whilk containis strang battelis and weirs,  
this ilk Caxton sae blately lats owre slip,  
I haud my tung, for shame bitin my lip.  
The gret effeirs o aither host and array,  
the armour o Eneas fresh and gay,  
the quent and curious casts poetical,  
perfit similitudes and examples all  
whaurin Virgil beiris the palm o laud,  
Caxton, for dreid thay suld his lippis scaud,  
durst never tuich ... thus shortly for the naince.  
A twenty deil mot faa his wark at aince,  
whilk is nae mair like Virgil, daur I lay,  
nor the owl resembles the papingay.  
Whaurfore, ye gentle readers I beseek,  
traist on nae wise at this my work be sic,  
whilk did my best, as my wit micht attain,  
Virgil's verses tae follae, and naething feign.  
Ye worthy nobles reads<sup>25</sup> my warks forthy,  
and cast this ither buik on side faur by,  
whilk, unner colour o some French strang wicht,

---

22 less than: unless

23 leen: lee (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

24 grane: branch

25 reads: read (plural imperative)

sae frenchly lees, uneth<sup>26</sup> twa words gaes richt.  
I nald<sup>27</sup> ye traist I sayed this for dispite,  
for me list wi nae Inglis buikis flyte,  
nor wi nae bogle nor brownie tae debate,  
naither auld ghaists nor spreitis deid o late,  
nor nae man will I lacken or despise,  
my warkis til authorise by sic wise.  
But tuichin Virgil's honour and reverence,  
wha-e'er contrary, I maun stand at defence.  
And but my buik be funden worth sic three  
whan it is read, dae warp it in the sea,  
thraw 't in the fire, or rent it every crumb,  
tuichin that pairt – lo, here is aa and some!

Syne I defend and forbids every wicht,  
that can nocht spell thair paternoster richt,  
for tae correct, or yit amend Virgile,  
or the translator blame in his vulgar style.  
I knaw whit pain is tae follae him fuit-hait,  
albeit thou think my sang intricate.  
Traist weill, tae follae a fixed sentence or maiter,  
is mair practick, diffcil, and mair straiter,  
tho thine ingyne be elevate and hie,  
than for tae write aa weys at leibertie.  
Gif I haed nocht been tae a bounds constrained,  
o my bad wit per chance I cud hae feigned  
in rhyme a ragmen<sup>28</sup> twice as curious,  
but nocht by twenty pairt sae sententious.  
Wha is attached ontill a stake, we see,  
may gae nae faurer, but wrele about that tree.  
Richt sae am I tae Virgil's text y-bound;  
I may nocht flee, less than a fate be found,  
for tho I wad transcend and gae beside,  
his wark remains, my shame I can nocht hide;  
and thus I am constrained, as near I may,  
tae haud his verse and gae nae ither way,  
less some history, subtle word, or the rhyme  
causes me mak digressioun some time.  
Sae tho in my translation eloquence scant is,  
nae lusty cast o oratry Virgil wantis;

---

<sup>26</sup> uneth: haurdly

<sup>27</sup> nald: wadna (no wald)

<sup>28</sup> ragmen: rigmarole

my studious brain tae comprehend his sentence,  
lat me ne'er taste his fluid o eloquence.  
And thus forsuith, because I wis nocht free,  
my wark is mair obscure and gross, *per de*,  
whaurof, God wat, Virgil haes nae wyte,  
tho mine be blunt, his text is maist perfite.  
And yit perceive I weill, by my consait,  
the king o poets gains nocht for rural estate,  
nor his fresh memor for bumbards; he or she  
wha taks me nocht, gae whaur thay hae adae –  
the sun's licht is ne'er the waur, traist me,  
altho the bauk his bricht beamis doth flee.  
Green gentle ingynes and breists couragious,  
sic are the people at gainis best for us.  
Our wark desires nae lewit rebaldaill.  
Fu o nobility is this story aahaill,  
for every vertue belangin a noble man,  
this ornate poet, better than ony can  
painten, describes in person o Eneas;  
nocht for tae say sic ane Eneas was,  
yit than by him perfitley blazons he  
aa worship, manheid and nobility.  
He hated vice, abhorrin craftiness;  
he wis a mirror o virtue, and o grace,  
just in his promise e'er, and stout in mind,  
tae God faithfu, and tae his freindis kind,  
virtuous, wyce, gentle, and liberal,  
in feats o war, excellin itheris all,  
wi every bounty belangin a gentle knight,  
a prince, a conqueror, or a valiant wicht.  
In luve's cure<sup>29</sup> eneuch here sall ye finnd.  
And shortly, Virgil left nae things behinnd,  
that micht his volume illumine or crafty mak.  
Read wha him knaws, I daur this undertak,  
as aft as ye him read, fu weill I wait,  
ye finnd ilk time some merry new consait.

The venerable Chaucer – principal poet but peer,  
heivenly trumpet, horlege and reguleir,  
in eloquence balmy, conduit and dial,  
milky fountain, clear strand, and rose ryal,  
o fresh indyte, throu Albion island braid –  
in his *Legend o Notable Leddies*, sayed

---

<sup>29</sup> luve's cure: praise's care

that he cud follae word by word Virgil,  
wycer than I nicht fail in lacker<sup>30</sup> style.  
Some time the text maun hae an exposition;  
some time the colour will cause a little addition,  
and some time o ae word I maun mak three,  
in witness o this, term *oppetere*.<sup>31</sup>  
Eik, weill I wat, certain expositors sere  
maks on ae text sentence diverse tae hear,  
as thaim appears, accordin thair intent;  
and for thair pairt shaw reasons evident.  
Aa this is gainand, I will weill it sae be,  
but ae sentence tae follae may suffice me.  
Some time I follae the text as near I may;  
some time I am constrained anither way.  
Beside Latin our langage is imperfite,  
whilk in some pairt is the cause and the wyte,  
why that o Virgil's verse the ornate beauty  
intil our tung may nocht observit be;  
for there been Latin wordis mony ane,  
that in our leid gainand translation haes nane,  
less than we minis<sup>32</sup> thair sentence and gravity,  
and yit scant weill exponed – wha trows nocht me,  
lat thaim interpret *animal* and *homo*,<sup>33</sup>  
wi mony hunner ither termis mo,<sup>34</sup>  
whilks in our langage suithly, as I ween,  
few men can tell me clearly whit thay mean.  
Betwix *genus*, *sexus*, and *species*,<sup>35</sup>  
diversity tae seek in our leid I cease.  
For *objectum* and *subjectum* alsa,  
he war expert cud find me termis twa,  
whilks are as rife amang clerkis in schule  
as ever foulis plunged in lake or pule.  
Logicians knawis herein mine intent,  
unner whase boundis lurks mony strange went<sup>36</sup>

---

<sup>30</sup> lacker: puirer

<sup>31</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 4

<sup>32</sup> minis: dimish

<sup>33</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 5

<sup>34</sup> mo: mair (Inglis form o ma)

<sup>35</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 6

<sup>36</sup> went: state o affairs



whaurof the process, as nou, we maun lat be.  
But yit tuichin our tung's penurity,  
I mean unto compare o fair Latine,  
that knawen is maist perfit langage fine,  
I micht alsaе, per case, come lidder speed,<sup>37</sup>  
for *arbor* or *lignum*, intil our leid  
tae finnd different proper termis twain,  
and theretae put circumlocution nane.  
Richt sae, by about speech aften times,  
and suitable words we compile our rhymes.  
God wat, in Virgil are termis mony a hunder  
for tae expone made me a felloun<sup>38</sup> blunder.  
Tae follae alanerly Virgil's words, I ween,  
there suld few unnerstaun me whit thay mean –  
the beauty o his ornate eloquence  
may nocht aa time be kept wi the sentence.  
Sanct Gregor eik forbids us tae translate  
word efter word, but sentence follae algate.  
“Wha hauds,” quo he, “o words the properties,  
fu aft the verity o the sentence flees.”  
And tae the samen purpose we may apply  
Horatius in his *Art o Poetrie*:  
“Press nocht,” says he, “thou traist interpreter,  
word efter word tae translate thy maiter.”  
Lo, he repreives, and hauds misseeming,  
aye word by word tae reduce onything.  
I say nocht this o Chaucer for offence,  
but til excuse my lawit<sup>39</sup> insufficiency.  
For as he stauns beneath Virgil in degree,  
unner him as faur I grant mysel tae be;  
and nocht-the-less intae some place, wha kenned it,  
my maister Chaucer gretly Virgil offendit.  
Altho I be too bauld him tae repreive,  
he wis faur baulder, certes, by his leave,  
sayin he follaed Virgil's lantern toforn,  
whan Eneas tae Dido wis forsworn.  
Wis he forsworn? Than Eneas were false –  
that he admits, and caas him traitor als.  
Thus, weenin alane Enee tae hae repreivit,  
he haes gretly the prince o poets grievit.

---

<sup>37</sup> come lidder speed: mak slaw progress

<sup>38</sup> felloun: awfu

<sup>39</sup> lawit: secular, unlearnit

For, as sayed is, Virgil did diligence,  
but spot o crime, reproach, or ony offence,  
Eneas for tae luv and magnify;  
and gif he grants him mansworn foulely,  
than aa his cure and crafty ingyne gaes quite,  
his twelve years' laubours war nocht worth a mite.  
Certes, Virgil shaws Enee did naething,  
frae Dido o Carthage at his depairting,  
but whilk the gods commandit him toforn;  
and gif that thair command made him mansworn,  
that war repreive tae thair divinity,  
and nae reproach untae the said Enee.<sup>40</sup>  
As in the first, whaur Ilioneus  
speaks tae the Queen Dido, says he nocht thus:  
thair course by Fate wis set tae Italy?  
Thus micht she nocht pretend a just cause why,  
tho Trojans efter depairts o Carthage,  
sen thay before declared her thair voyage.  
Read the Feird Buik whaur Queen Dido is wraith,  
there sall ye finnd Enee made never aith,  
promit, nor band wi her for tae abide;<sup>41</sup>  
thus him tae be mansworn may ne'er betide,  
nor nane unkindness shew for tae depairt  
at the bidding o Jove wi ruthfu hairt,  
sen the command o God obey suld aa,  
and unner his charges nae wrangous deed may faa.  
But siccarly, o reason me behuves  
excuse Chaucer frae aa mainer repruves,  
in luving o thir leddies lily white  
he set on Virgil and Eneas this wyte;  
for he wis ever, God wat, wemen's freind.  
I say nae mair, but gentle readers heind,<sup>42</sup>  
lat aa my fauts wi this offence pass by.  
Thou prince o poets, I Thee mercy cry,  
I mean Thou King o Kingis, lord etern;  
Thou be my muse, my leader and leidstern,  
remittin my trespass and every miss,  
throu prayer o Thy mither, Queen o Bliss,  
aefauld godheid, aye lestin, but discrepance,  
in persons three, equal o ae substance.

---

<sup>40</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 7

<sup>41</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 8

<sup>42</sup> heind: kind

On Thee I caa and Mary virgin mild –  
Calliope nor pagan goddis wild  
may dae tae me naething but herm, I ween.  
In Christ is aa my traist, and Heiven's Queen.  
Thou, virgin mither and maiden, be my muse,  
that never yit nae sinfu<sup>43</sup> list refuse  
whilk thee besocht devoutely for supplie.  
Albeit my sang tae thy hie majesty  
accordis nocht, yit condescend tae my write,  
for the sweet liquor o thy pappis white  
fosterit that prince, that heivenly Orpheus,  
grund o aa guid, our saviour Jesus.  
But furthermair, and lawer tae descend,  
forgie me, Virgil, gif I thee offend,  
pardon thy scholar, suffer him tae rhyme,  
sen thou wis but a mortal man some time.  
In case I fail, hae me nocht at disdain,  
tho I be lawit, my leal hert can nocht feign;  
I sall thee follae, suld I therefore hae blame.  
Wha can dae better, say furth in God's name.  
I shrink nocht aince correckit for tae be  
wi ony wicht grundit in charity,  
and gladly wad I baith enquire and lear,  
and tae ilk cunning wicht lay tae my ear;  
but laith me war, but ither offence or crime,  
a brutal body suld intertrick my rhyme;  
tho some wad sweir that I the text hae varyit,  
or that I hae this volume quite miscairryit,  
or threip plainly that I cam never near hand it,  
or that the wark is waur than ever I fand it,  
or yit argue Virgil stuid weill before,  
as nou war time tae shift the waur our score;<sup>44</sup>  
else hae I sayed, thare may be nae compare  
betwix his verses and my style vulgare.  
Altho he staun in Latin maist perfite,  
yit stuid he ne'er weill in our tung indyte,  
less than it be by me nou at this time.  
Gif I hae failed, bauldly reprove my rhyme,  
but first, I pray you, graip the maiter clean,  
reproach me nocht while the work be owreseen.

---

<sup>43</sup> sinfu: i.e. sinfu bodie

<sup>44</sup> shift ... owre score: reject

Beis<sup>45</sup> nocht owre studios tae spy a mote in my ee,  
that in your ain a ferry boat cannae see,  
and dae tae me as ye wad be dune tae.  
Nou hark, sirris, there is nae mair adae,  
wha list attend, gies<sup>46</sup> audience, and draw near.  
Me thocht Virgil begouth on this manneir:

I the ilk umquhile that in the smaa ait reid  
tunit my sang,<sup>47</sup> syne frae the wuidis gaed  
and fields about taucht tae be obeysand  
tho he war greedy, tae the busy husband,<sup>48</sup>  
a thankfu wark made for the plooman's art –  
but nou the horrible stern deeds o Mart.<sup>49</sup>

---

<sup>45</sup> beis: be (plural imperative)

<sup>46</sup> gies: gie (plural imperative)

<sup>47</sup> a reference tae Virgil's earlier wark, the *Bucolics*

<sup>48</sup> husband: husbandman, fermer

<sup>49</sup> Mart: Mars

## The First Buik

### Chapter I

*The poet first proponin his intent  
declares Juno's wrath and maltalent.<sup>50</sup>*

The battles and the man<sup>51</sup> I will describe,  
frae Troy's bounds first that fugitive  
by Fate tae Ital cam and coast Lavine;<sup>52</sup>  
owre land and sea chasit wi meikle pyne,  
by force o gods abuve, frae every steid,  
o cruel Juno throu auld remembert feid.<sup>53</sup>  
Gret pain in battle sufferit he also,  
or he his goddis brocht in Latio,<sup>54</sup>  
and built the ceity, frae wham, o noble fame,  
the Latin people taken baith thair name,  
and eik the faithers, princes o Alba<sup>55</sup>  
cam, and the wallers o gret Rome alsa.

Oh thou my Muse,<sup>56</sup> declare the causes why,  
whit majesty offendit, shaw wham by,  
or yit whaurfore o gods the dreary Queen  
sae feil<sup>57</sup> dangers, sic travail made sustain  
a worthy man fulfillit o peity –  
is thare sic grief in heavenly minds on hie?

Thare wis an ancient ceity, hecht Carthage,  
wham hynes<sup>58</sup> o Tyre held intil heritage,  
enemy tae Ital, staunin fair and plain  
the mouth o lang Tiber owre forgain,

---

<sup>50</sup> maltalent: ill-will

<sup>51</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 9

<sup>52</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 10

<sup>53</sup> feid: enmity

<sup>54</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 11

<sup>55</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 12

<sup>56</sup> Douglas' ain Comments 13 & 14

<sup>57</sup> feil: mony

<sup>58</sup> hynes: memmers o a househaud

michty o mobles,<sup>59</sup> fu o schules sere,<sup>60</sup>  
and maist expert in crafty feat o weir:  
o whilk a land Juno, as it is sayed,  
as tae her special abuve aa ithers made;  
her native land for it postponit she,  
callit Samo; in Carthage set her see;<sup>61</sup>  
thare war her airmies, and here stuid eik her chair.  
This goddess ettelt, gif weirds war nocht contrair,  
this realm tae be superior and mistress  
tae aa landis; but certes, naetheless,  
the fatal sisters revolve and shew, she kenned,  
o Trojan bluid a people suld descend,  
valiant in weir, tae reign widewhaur<sup>62</sup>, and syne  
Carthage suld bring untae final ruine,  
and clean destroy the realm o Libya.<sup>63</sup>  
This dreidin, Juno, and furthermair alsa  
remembrin on the ancient mortal weir  
that for the Greekis, tae her leif<sup>64</sup> and dear,  
at Troy lang time she led before that day –  
for yit the causes o wrath war nocht away,  
nor cruel herm forgot nor out o mind;  
fu deep engraven in her breist unkind  
the judgement o Paris,<sup>65</sup> hou that he  
preferrit Venus, despisin *her* beauty;  
als, Trojan bluid til her wis odious,  
for Jupiter engendert Dardanus,  
frae wham the Trojans cam in adultrie,  
and Ganymede ravished abuve the sky,  
made him his butler, whilk wis her dochter's<sup>66</sup> office –  
Juno inflamed, musin on thir cases nice,<sup>67</sup>  
the while owre sea that sailit the Trojanes,  
whilk haed the deid escapit, and remains

---

<sup>59</sup> mobles: movable guids

<sup>60</sup> sere: mony

<sup>61</sup> Douglas' ain Comments 15 & 16

<sup>62</sup> widewhaur: faur an wide

<sup>63</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 17

<sup>64</sup> leif: beluvit

<sup>65</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 18

<sup>66</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 19

<sup>67</sup> nice: byordnar

unslain o Greeks or o the fierce Achill,  
she thaim fordrives, and causes aft gae will  
frawart Latium (whilk nou is Italy)  
by fremmit weird fu mony years thareby,  
chasit and blaw widewhaur aa seas about.  
Lo, hou gret cure, whit travail, pain and dout,  
wis tae begin the worthy Romans' bluid!

And as the Trojans frakkis<sup>68</sup> owre the fluid,  
scarce frae the sicht o Sicily the land,  
wi bent sail fu, richt merrily sailand,  
thair stevins<sup>69</sup> scourin saft throu the saut faem,  
whan that Juno, til her everlestin shame,  
the etern wound hid in her breist aye green,  
untae hersel thus spak in proper tene:<sup>70</sup>  
“Is this gainand, that I my purpose fail  
as clean owrecome, and may nocht frae Itail  
withhaud this King o Troy and his navy?  
Am I abandoned wi sae hard destiny,  
sen Pallas mocht on Greekis tak sic wraik,  
tae burn thair ships, and aa, for aince's sake,  
droun in the sea, for Ajax Oileus' wrang?<sup>71</sup>  
Frae Jupiter the wild fire doun *she* flang  
furth o the cluds, destroyed thair shippis aa,  
owrewhelmed the sea wi mony windy waw;<sup>72</sup>  
Ajax' breist, pierced, gaspin furth flamin smoke,  
she wi a thud stickit on a sherp rock.  
But I, the whilk am cleiped<sup>73</sup> o goddis Queen,  
and untae Jove baith spous and sister schene,<sup>74</sup>  
wi ae people sae feil years' weir sall lead.  
Wha sall frae thence adorn in ony steid  
the pouer o Juno, or altars sacrify,<sup>75</sup>  
gif I owercomen be thus shamefullie?”

---

<sup>68</sup> frakkis: moved swith Douglas' ain Comment 20

<sup>69</sup> stevins: prows

<sup>70</sup> tene: ill tid

<sup>71</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 21

<sup>72</sup> waw: wave

<sup>73</sup> cleiped: caaed

<sup>74</sup> schene: bonnie

<sup>75</sup> sacrifie: mak sacred

## Chapter II

*Hou Dame Juno til Eolus' kintrie went,  
and o the storm on the Trojans furth sent.*

And on this wise, wi hert burnin as fire,  
musin alane, fu o malice and ire,  
til Eolus' kintrie, that windy regioun,  
a broody land o furious stormy soun,  
this goddess went, whaur Eolus the King,<sup>76</sup>  
in gowstie caves the winds loud whustilling  
and brathly<sup>77</sup> tempests by his pouer refrains,  
in bandis hard shut in preison constrains;  
and thay, hereat haein fu gret disdein,  
while aa the hill resoundis, whryne and plein  
about thair closures brayin wi mony a rair.  
King Eolus set hie upo his chair,<sup>78</sup>  
wi sceptre in haun, thair muid tae mease<sup>79</sup> and still,  
tempers thair ire, lest thay suld at thair will  
beir wi thair birr the skies, and drive about  
erd, air an sea, whane'er thaim list blaw out.  
Thus the hie Faither aamichty in caves dirk  
thir windis hid, for dreid sic wrangs thay wirk,  
and thare abuve set wechty hillis huge,  
gave thaim a king, whilk, as thair lord and judge,  
at certain time thaim staunchen and withhaud,  
and, at command alsae, nicht when he wad  
lat thaim go free at large tae blaw out braid.  
Tae wham as than lawly thus Juno sayed:

“Eolus, a people unto me enemy,  
sails the Sea Tuscan, cairryin tae Italy  
thair vanquished hamehauld gods and Ilion;<sup>80</sup>  
but, sen the Faither o Goddis every one  
and King o Men gave thee pouer,” quo she,  
“tae mease the fluid, or raise wi stormis hie –

---

<sup>76</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 22

<sup>77</sup> brathly: violent

<sup>78</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 23

<sup>79</sup> mease: pacify

<sup>80</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 24



inforce<sup>81</sup> thy winds, sink aa thair ships infeir,<sup>82</sup>  
or scatter widewhaur intae kintries sere;  
warp<sup>83</sup> aa thair bodies in the deep bedene.  
I hae,” quo she, “lusty leddies fowerteen,  
o wham the fairest, cleipit Diope,  
in firm wadlock I sall conjoin tae thee  
for thy reward, that lily white o swair,<sup>84</sup>  
wi thee for tae remain for evermair;  
whilk proper spous and eik thy leddy mild  
sall mak thee faither tae mony fair child.”

Eolus answers, “Oh thou my leddy Queen,  
whit thou desires tae thee it doth pertain  
for tae devise, and me behuves<sup>85</sup> thy command  
obey; for thou the sceptre gives me in hand<sup>86</sup>  
o aa this realm, whit sae it be, and aft  
Jupiter wi me conseiders, and fu saft  
causes me feast amang the gods at rest,  
and maks me maister o windis and tempest.”  
By this wis sayed, a grunden dart lat he glide,  
and piercit the boss hill at the braid side;  
furth at the ilk port winds brade in a rout,  
and wi a whirl blew aa the erd about.  
Thay umbeset the seas busteouslie,  
while frae the deep, til every coast fast by,  
the huge waws welters upo hie,  
rollit at aince wi storm o windis three,  
Eurus, Notus, and the wind Africus,  
whilks east, south, and wast winds hait<sup>87</sup> wi us.  
Suin efter this, o men the clamour rase,  
the tackles graisles<sup>88</sup>, cables gan fret and frays.  
Swith the cluds, heiven, sun, and day’s licht

---

81 inforce: empouer

82 infeir: sailin in company

83 warp: cast down

84 swair: neck

85 me behuves: it behuves me

86 Douglas’ ain Comment 25

87 hait: are namit  
Douglas’ ain Comment 26

88 graisles: craiks unner strain

hid, and bereft furth o the Trojans' sicht;  
daurkness as nicht beset the seas about;  
the firmament gan rummellen, rair and rout,  
the skyis aft lichtent wi fiery levin,<sup>89</sup>  
and shortly baith air, sea and heiven,  
and everything menaced the men tae dee,  
shawin the deid present tofore thair ee.

---

<sup>89</sup>

levin: flaucht o lichtnin

### Chapter III

*Hou that Enee wis wi the tempest shake  
and hou Neptune his navy sauved frae wraik.*

Belive Eneas' memmers sheuk for cauld,<sup>90</sup>  
and murnin, baith his haundis up did hauld  
taewart the starns; wi peitious voice thus gan say;  
"Oh seiven times hou happy and blissted war thay,  
unner hie waas o Troy, by dint o swerd,  
dee'd in thair faithers' sicht, bitin the erd!<sup>91</sup>  
Oh thou, o Greeks maist forcy, Diomede,  
why micht I nocht on fields o Troy hae dee'd,  
and by thy richt haun yaulden<sup>92</sup> furth ma spreit?  
Whaur that the valiant Hector lost the sweit<sup>93</sup>  
on Achilles' spear, and grisly Sarpedon,<sup>94</sup>  
and unner the fluid Simois mony one  
wi shield and helm stalwart bodies lies warpit."<sup>95</sup>  
And aa in vain thus while Eneas carpit,  
a blastrin bub, out frae the north braying,  
gan owre the foeship in the back sail ding,  
and tae the starnis up the fluid gan cast;  
the airis,<sup>96</sup> hatches, and the tackles brast;  
the ship's stevin frawart her went gan writh,  
and turnit her braidside tae the waws swith.  
Heich as a hill the jaw o watter brak,  
and in a heap cam on thaim wi a swack.  
Some heizit hoverin on the wawis' hicht,  
and some the swouchin sea sae law gart licht,  
thaim seemed the erd opent amid the fluid;  
the stour up bullert sand as it war wuid.  
The south wind Notus three ships drave away  
amang blinnd crags, whilk huge rockis, thay say,

---

<sup>90</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 27

<sup>91</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 28

<sup>92</sup> yaulden: gien up, submittit

<sup>93</sup> lost the sweit: i.e., tint his life's bluid (text has *lowsit*)

<sup>94</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 29

<sup>95</sup> warpit: cuissen down

<sup>96</sup> airis: oars

amid the sea, Italians *altars* caas;<sup>97</sup>  
and ither three Eurus frae the deep waws  
chasit among the shauld<sup>98</sup> bankis o sand –  
dolorous tae see thaim chop on grund, and stand  
like as a waa wi sand warpit about!  
Anither – in wham sailit the Lycians stout,  
whilom fellaes tae King Pandar in weir,  
and Orontes, Eneas' fellae dear –  
before his een, hastily frae the north wind  
a hideous sea shippit at her stern behinnd,  
smate furth the skipper cleipit Leucaspi;<sup>99</sup>  
his heid doun warpit; and the ship wi this  
thrice thare the fluid whirlit about round;  
the soukin swelch sank unner sea and drowned.  
On the huge deep, when sailors did appear;  
the Trojans' armour, tables, and ither gear  
flet on the waws: and the strang barge tho  
bare Ilioneus,<sup>100</sup> and she that bare also  
forcy Achates, and she that bare Abas,  
and she whaurin ancient Aletes wis,  
the storm owreset, rave roves<sup>101</sup> and side seamis;  
thay aa leakit, the saut watter streamis  
fast bullerin in at every reft and bore.  
In the meanwhile, wi mony rout and roar  
the sea thus trubbelt, and this tempest furth sent  
felt Neptune,<sup>102</sup> and his watter moved and shent,  
the deep furthset in shauldis here and thare;  
gretly commoved, out o the sea gan stare,  
his pleasin heid raised on the hie-est waw,  
leukin about, behauds the sea owre aa,  
Eneas' navy scattered faur asunder;  
wi fluids owreset the Trojans, and at under  
by flags<sup>103</sup> and rain did frae the heiven descend:  
Juno's deceit and ire fu weill he kened.

---

<sup>97</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 30

<sup>98</sup> shauld: shalla

<sup>99</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 31

<sup>100</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 32

<sup>101</sup> roves: cleddins, hull-covers

<sup>102</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 33

<sup>103</sup> flags: gowsts o wind, or fireflauchs

He caas til him Eurus and Zephyrus,  
thae east and wast winds, and sayed thaim thus:  
“Are ye sae gretly assured in your hie kin,  
ye winds,” quo he, “but my leave durst begin  
baith erd and air wi sae stout stormis steir?  
I’se<sup>104</sup> you chastise. But me behuves first mease  
the motion o fluidis, and thaim appease;<sup>105</sup>  
traist weill, unpunished ye sall me nocht astart,<sup>106</sup>  
on sic a wise gif ye faut efterwart.  
Withdraw you hence, and tae your king say ye,  
he haes nae pouer nor authority  
on seas, nor on the three-graned sceptre wand<sup>107</sup>  
whilk is by cut gien me tae beir in hand;  
haud him on crags and amang rockis hie,  
“Thare is your dwellin place, Eurus,” quo he;  
“Bid Eolus keep him in that hauld condig,<sup>108</sup>  
dae close the preison o winds, and thareon ring.”<sup>109</sup>

Thus sayed he, and wi that word hastilie  
the swellin seas haes suaged, and frae the sky  
gathere the cluds and chasit suin away;  
brocht hame the sun again and the bricht day.  
His dochter Cymothoe,<sup>110</sup> and his son Triton  
enforces thaim the Trojans’ ships anon  
tae raise and lift aff the sherp rockis blinnd.  
The God himsel gan heizen thaim behinnd  
wi his big sceptre haein granes three;  
opens shauld sands and tempers weill the sea,  
owreslidin lichtly the craps<sup>111</sup> o the waws.  
And as ye see, as aft amangs commons faas  
strife and debate in thair wud fulish ire,  
nou flees the stanes, and nou the broynds<sup>112</sup> o fire –

---

<sup>104</sup> I’se: I sall

<sup>105</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 34

<sup>106</sup> astart: jouk

<sup>107</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 35

<sup>108</sup> condig: fittin, condign

<sup>109</sup> ring: reign, wield pouer

<sup>110</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 36

<sup>111</sup> craps: taps

<sup>112</sup> broynds: brands

thair grief and fury ministers wappins plenty;  
but than per case, gif thay behaud or see  
some man o gret authority and effeirs,  
thay cease, and aa still staunin gies him ears;  
he wi his words gan slaik thair mind and suage –  
on the samen wise fell aa the faes' rage.<sup>113</sup>

---

<sup>113</sup> Douglas' ain Comments 37 & 38

## Chapter IV

*Hou Eneas in Afric did arrive,  
and thare wi shot slew seiven harts belive.*

Efter that the Faither o the Fluids, Neptune,  
haed on sic wise behauden the seas abuin,  
unner the stabelt heiven moved in his chair,  
slakkin his reins wi prosper course and fair.  
Eneas and his feiris, on the strand  
weary and forwrocht, sped thaim tae the nearest land,  
and at the coast o Libya arrivit he.  
A haven place wi a lang hause or entry  
thare is, wi an isle environed on aither pairt,  
tae brek the waws and storm o every airt.  
Within, the watter in a bosom<sup>114</sup> gaes;  
baith here and thare stant large craigs and braes;  
tae see the hews<sup>115</sup> on aither haun is wunner,  
for heicht that seems pingle<sup>116</sup> wi heiven; and unner,  
in a braid sound sover<sup>117</sup> frae aa winds blaws,  
flowes the shore deep, e'er stable but ony waws.  
A wuid abuve owerheilds wi his rank bews,<sup>118</sup>  
and casts a pleasin shaddae owre the clews.<sup>119</sup>  
Richt owre forgain<sup>120</sup> the foreheid o a brae,  
unner the hingin rockis, wis alsae  
a cove, and tharein fresh watter springand,  
and saets o stane ne'er hewen wi man's hand  
but wrocht by nature, as it a hous haed been  
for nymphs, goddesses o fluids and wuids green.<sup>121</sup>  
Perbrakit ships but cables thare nicht ride:  
nane anchor needs mak thaim arrest nor byde.  
O aa his navy thither Eneas brocht  
but seiven ships. Wi gret desire and thocht

---

<sup>114</sup> bosom: i.e. bay

<sup>115</sup> hews: heuchs

<sup>116</sup> pingle: contend

<sup>117</sup> sover: siccar

<sup>118</sup> bews: beuchs

<sup>119</sup> clews: cleuchs

<sup>120</sup> forgain: forenent, owre against

<sup>121</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 39

tae be on grund, Trojans sped thaim tae land,  
as thay desired set saftly on the sand;  
thair liths<sup>122</sup> and limbs in saut watter bedyed,<sup>123</sup>  
streiked on the coast, spreid furth, beikit and dried.  
But first Achates slew<sup>124</sup> fire o the flint,  
kept in dry leafs, as tinder, while thay brint;  
syne stickis dry tae kennle thare about laid is,  
while aa in flame the bleeze o fire upbraidis.<sup>125</sup>  
Than wis the wheat, wi fluidis chaffed<sup>126</sup> and wet,  
and instruments tae purge it, swith out set.  
For scant o vittle, the corns in querns o stane  
thay grund, and syne buke<sup>127</sup> at the fire ilkane.  
In the meanwhile, Eneas<sup>128</sup> the bank on hie  
haes clummen, widewhaur behaudin the large sea,  
gif ony ship thareon micht be persaived  
whilk late tofore<sup>129</sup> the windis haed bewaved,<sup>130</sup>  
or ony Trojan galley, barque or barge,  
Antheus', Capys', or Caicus' streamers large  
wavin or shawin frae thair tap on hicht.  
Nae ship he saw; but suin he gat a sicht  
o three hartis<sup>131</sup> waverin by the coast side,  
wham at the back, throu-out the groves wide,  
the meikle herdis follaed in a rout,  
and pastured aa the large valley about.  
Thareat he stints, and hint<sup>132</sup> his bow in hand –  
swift fleein arrows fast by him haed beirand  
the traist Achates – and first the leaders three,  
whilk on thair heidis bare the tines hie,

---

122 liths: jynts

123 bedyed: drookit

124 slew: strak

125 braidis: moves suddenly

126 chaffed: warmed (by damp)

127 buke: bakit

128 Douglas' ain Comment 40

129 late tofore: nae lang afore

130 bewaved: soupit awa, swept awa

131 Douglas' ain Comment 41

132 hint: gruppit



smertly he slew, syne aa the rangald<sup>133</sup> pursues  
wi grunden arrows amang the thick wuid bews;  
and stintis nocht wi dartis thaim tae beat  
while he tae grund haed brocht seiven harts greit,  
and wi his ships thair nummer equal made.  
Syne tae the haven sped him forout abaid,  
and thaim distribute amangs his feiris aa.  
The wine tharewi, in vessel gret and smaa,  
whilk til him gave Acestes,<sup>134</sup> his ryal host,  
at his depairting frae Sicily the coast,  
tae thaim he birls and skinkis fast, but weir,  
and wi sic words comforts thair dreary cheer:  
“Oh ye my feiris, and dear freins,” quo he,  
“o bywent perils nocht ignorant been we;  
ye hae sustained gretter dangers unkenned,  
like as hereof God sall mak suin an end.  
The rage o Scylla, that huge swelch in the sea,  
ye hae escaped, and passit eik hae ye  
the ever routin Charybdis’ rockis fell.  
The crags whaur monstrous Cyclops dwell<sup>135</sup>  
ye are expert.<sup>136</sup> Pluck up yer herts, I you pray,  
this dolorous dreid expel and dae away.  
Some time hereon tae think may help per chance.  
By diverse causes, sere perils and suffrance,  
untae Italy we ettle, whaur destiny  
haes shape for us, in rest and quiet, herbery.  
Predestinate is thare Troy sall rise again.  
Beis<sup>137</sup> stout, on prosper fortune tae remain.”  
Sic pleasin words, carpin, he haes furth brocht,  
set<sup>138</sup> his mind trubbelit mony grievous thocht;  
wi feignit comfort by his cheer outward  
the dolorous pain hid deep graven in heart.  
His feiris haes this prey resaivit raith,<sup>139</sup>  
and tae thair meat addresses, it tae graith;

---

<sup>133</sup> rangald: ranks, follaers

<sup>134</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 42

<sup>135</sup> Douglas’ ain Comments 43 & 44

<sup>136</sup> are expert: hae experienced

<sup>137</sup> beis: be (plural imperative)

<sup>138</sup> set: altho

<sup>139</sup> raith: eagerly

hint aff the hides, made the boukis bare,  
rent furth the entrails; some in tailyies<sup>140</sup> shair,  
syne broochit flickerin; <sup>141</sup> some gobbets o lyre<sup>142</sup>  
kest in caudrons; and ither some bet<sup>143</sup> the fire,  
thaim tae refresh; thus aa, the coast on lenth,  
sped thaim wi fuid tae recover thair strenth;  
on the green gress sat down, and filled thaim syne  
o fat venison and noble auld wine.<sup>144</sup>  
Whan hungir thus wi meats wis chased away,  
and dishes drawn, than, wi lang sermon, thay  
bewailed thair feiris lossit on the fluid.  
Betwix guid hope and dreid in dout thay stuid  
whether thay war leivin, or tholed extreme deid aa.  
Thay answer nocht, set thay aft plein and caa.  
But principally, the peitifu<sup>145</sup> Eneas  
regrettis aft the hard fortune and case  
o stern Orontes new drount in the sea,  
and nou Amycus' herm complainis he,  
nou him alane the cruel fate o Lycus,  
nou strang Gyan, nou stalwart Cloanthus.

---

<sup>140</sup> tailyies: cuts

<sup>141</sup> broochit flickerin: spittit quiverin

<sup>142</sup> lyre: flesh

<sup>143</sup> bet: mendit

<sup>144</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 45

<sup>145</sup> peitifu: compassionate

## Chapter V

*Hou Jove beheld the large coastis on far,  
and hou Venus carpis wi Jupiter.*

Gane wis the day, and aa thair lang sermoun,  
whan Jupiter,<sup>146</sup> frae his heich sphere, adoun  
blent on the sailrife<sup>147</sup> seas and earth thareby,  
wi people dwellin on coastis faur sindrie.  
Heich in the heivens' tap he bade hoverand,  
and o Libya beheld graithly the land.  
Within his breist on diverse cures as he thus  
muses and thinks, untae him spak Venus  
aa dolorous, her een fu o bricht tears:  
“Oh thou,” quo she, “whilk governs, rules and steers  
baith gods and men by thine etern empire,  
and aft affrays wi thunner and wildfire,  
hou micht mine Enee sae gretly thee offend?  
Or what micht Trojans trespass, whilk nou at end  
are brocht and suffert, sae feil corpses laid deid,  
throu-out the warld debarred in every steid,  
and dreiven frae Italy? Thou hecht umquhile, perfay,  
o thaim suld come, efter this mony a day,  
the worthy Romans, and o Trojans' affspring  
princes o pouer owre sea and land tae ring.  
Whit wickit counsel, faither, haes turned thy thoct?  
Forsuith, at Troy's destruction, as I mocht,  
I teuk comfort hereof, thinkin but baid,<sup>148</sup>  
that hard wanweird suld follae fortune glaid.  
But yit the samen mischance pursues thaim  
in sindry dangers chasit here and thare.  
O thair travail whit end grants thou, gret King?  
Sen Antenor<sup>149</sup> micht throu mid hostis thring  
o Greeks, and pierce the sounds Illyria,<sup>150</sup>  
and soverly<sup>151</sup> pass the strait regions alsa  
o Liburnans, and owre Timavie the fluid –

---

<sup>146</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 46

<sup>147</sup> sailrife: hoachin wi sails

<sup>148</sup> but baid: wiout delay

<sup>149</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 47

<sup>150</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 48

<sup>151</sup> soverly: securely

whaurat nine mouths rinnin as it war wuid,  
the hills resounds, sae rudely doth it rout,  
and like a sea beats on the braes about –  
thare naetheless, o Padua the ceity,  
a dwellin place for Trojans bigged haes he,  
and named the people efter him, and fu yore,  
the arms o Troy haes set up in memore.  
But wi thy bluid, thy kinrent and affspring,  
tae wham in heiven thou grants a place tae ring,  
shame for tae say, aa throu the feid o ane,  
haes lost our ships, and are betraist ilkane,  
and faur frae Italy, been withhauden eik.  
Is this reward gainand for thaim are meek?  
Is this the honour duin tae thaim been godlik?  
Restores thou us on sic wise our kinrik?”

Smiling some deal, the Faither o Gods and Men,  
wi that ilk sweet veisage, as we ken,  
that meases tempests and maks the heivens clear,  
first kissed his child, syne sayed on this manneir:  
“Awa sic dreid, Cytherea,<sup>152</sup> be nocht affeared,  
for o thy lineage unchanged remains the weird.  
As thou desires, the ceity thou sall see,  
and o Lavine the promised wallis hie;  
eik thou sall raise abuve the sterrit sky  
the manfu Eneas, and him deify.<sup>153</sup>  
My sentence isna alert, as thou traists;  
but I sall shaw thee, sen sic thochts thee thraists,  
and here declare o destinies the secreit,  
fu mony years tofore thay be complete:  
this Eneas, wi hideous bargaining,<sup>154</sup>  
in Ital thrawart people sall down thring;  
syne efter statute lawis for thae men,  
and build tounis, and waa his ceities then,  
whan three summers in Latium or Itail,  
and three winters he rungen haes aahaill,  
frae time Rutulians been subdued in fecht,  
than the young child, whilk nou Ascanius hecht,  
and tae surname cleiped Iulus,<sup>155</sup> sans fail –

<sup>152</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 49

<sup>153</sup> Douglas’ ain Comments 50, 51, 52

<sup>154</sup> bargaining: fechtin

<sup>155</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 53

for he in Ilion wis o the bluid ryale,  
while that o Troy and Ilion stuid the ring –  
threty lang twalmonths rowen owre sall be king;  
frae Lavine realm the saet translate alsa,  
and forcily waa the ceity Lang Alba.<sup>156</sup>  
Thare sall three hunner years thegither remain  
the reign unner the people Hectorian,<sup>157</sup>  
while Ilia, nun and dochter o a king,  
conceived o Mars twa twinnis dae furth bring.  
Than wi the glitterin wolf skin owre his array,  
cled in his nurse's tabard gled and gay,  
Romulus<sup>158</sup> sall the people receive and weld,  
and he the martial waas o Rome sall beld,  
and efter his name caa the people Romanes.  
Tae thir fowks hou lang thair reign remains,  
naither term o space nor bounds o seignory  
nane will I set: for tae thaim grant hae I  
perpetual empire, but end tae lest.<sup>159</sup>  
Apirmsert<sup>160</sup> Juno, that wi gret unrest  
nou cummers erd, air and sea," quo he,  
"sall turn her mind better weys, and wi me  
foster the Romans, lords o aa erdly gear,  
and Latin people keep baith in peace and weir.  
This is determed, this likes the gods, iwis.<sup>161</sup>  
Efter mony lustres<sup>162</sup> and years owreslidden is,  
the time sall come whan Anchises' affspring  
the realm o Pythia in bondage sall doun thring,  
and eik o Myce subdue the region large,  
and unner thair lordship daunt aa Greece and Arge.<sup>163</sup>  
Caesar o noble Trojan bluid born sall be,  
whilk sall the empire dilate tae the ocean sea,  
and tae the starnis upspring sall the fame  
o Julius, that takken haes his name

---

<sup>156</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 54

<sup>157</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 55

<sup>158</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 56

<sup>159</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 57

<sup>160</sup> apirmsert: severe

<sup>161</sup> iwis: certes

<sup>162</sup> lustres: periods o five year

<sup>163</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 58

frae Iulus, thy nevoy, the gret king,  
as prince descend o his bluid and affspring;  
wham, efter this, sover o thine intent,  
chairged wi the spoil o the orient,  
amang the nummer o gods receive thou sall,  
and as a god men sall him cleip and call.<sup>164</sup>  
The cruel time suin tharefter sall cease,  
and weiris staunch. Aa sall be rest and peace.  
Ancient faith, and valiant knichtheid,  
wi chaste religion sall than the laws lead;  
the dreidfu portis sall be shut, but fail,  
o Janus' temple, the taiknar o battail.<sup>165</sup>  
Wi hard airn bandis claspit fast in cage,  
o wickit bargain tharein the furious rage  
set upo grisly armour in his seat,  
and wi a hunner brazen chainis greit  
behinnd his back hard bund his haundis twae,  
the horrible tyrant wi bluidy mouth sall bray.”

This bein sayed, Jupiter fu even  
his son Mercury<sup>166</sup> sent doun frae the heiven,  
sae that o Carthage baith realm and new ceity  
tae ludge the Trojans suld aa ready be;  
less than Dido, the destiny misknawand,  
wad thaim expel her boundis or her land.  
He wi greit faird o wings flaw throu the sky,  
and tae the kintrie o Libya cam on hy;  
thare did his chairge; and the fowks o Carthage  
thair fierce muidis and hertis gan assuage  
at the pleisure o the god, whilk thaim taucht.  
And, first o aa, the Queen hersel haes knaucht<sup>167</sup>  
taewart the Trojans a fu freindly mind,  
as untae thaim tae be bousome and kind.

---

<sup>164</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 59

<sup>165</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 60

<sup>166</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 61

<sup>167</sup> knaucht: caught

## Chapter VI

*Enee, at morra raikin throu the shaw,  
met wi his mither intae habit unknow.<sup>168</sup>*

But aa this nicht the ruthfu Eneas,  
that in his mind gan mony thing compass  
belive as that the haillsome day waux licht,  
dressit him furth tae spy and hae a sicht  
o new places; for tae search and know  
tae whit kin coasts he wi the wind wis blaw,  
wha thaim inhabit, whether wild beasts or men –  
for aa seemit but wilderness tae him then –  
and as he fand, shupe tae his feirs tae shaw.  
His navy dern<sup>169</sup> amang the thick wuid shaw,  
unnerneath the howkit hingin rockis<sup>170</sup> hie,  
deckit about wi mony seemly tree,  
whase shaddas daurk hid weill the ships ilkane;  
and he but wi ae fellae furth is gane,  
wi traist Achates.<sup>171</sup> In aither's haun y-feir<sup>172</sup>  
the braid steel heid sheuk on the huntin spear.  
Amid the wuid his mither met thaim twae,  
seemin a maid in veisage and array,  
wi wappons like the virgins o Sparta,  
or the stout wench o Thrace, Harpalyca,<sup>173</sup>  
hastin the horse her faither tae rescue,  
speedier than Hebrun, the swift fluid, did pursue.  
For Venus, efter the guise and mainer thare,  
an active bow upo her shouther bare,  
as she haed been a wild huntress,  
wi wind wavin her hairs lowsit o tress,  
her skirt kiltit til her bare knee,  
and, first o ither, untae thaim spak she:  
“Hou, say me, younkers, saw ye walkin here

---

<sup>168</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 62

<sup>169</sup> dern: hid

<sup>170</sup> hingin rockis: i.e. craigs abuin watter

<sup>171</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 63

<sup>172</sup> y-feir: thegither

<sup>173</sup> Douglas' ain Comments 64 & 65

by aunter,<sup>174</sup> ony o my sisters dear,  
the case o arrowis taucht<sup>175</sup> by her side,  
and cled intae the spottit lynx hide,  
or wi loud cry follaein the chase  
efter the faemy bair,<sup>176</sup> in thair solace?”  
Thus sayed Venus. And her son again  
answers and sayed, “Truly, maiden, in plain,  
nane o thy sisters did I hear nor see –  
but, oh thou virgin, wham sall I caa thee?  
Thy veisage seems nae mortal creature,  
nor thy voice sounds nocht like tae human nature –  
a goddess art thou suithly tae my sicht.  
Whether thou be Diane, Phoebus’ sister bricht,  
or than some goddess o the nymphis’ kind,  
mistress o wuids, be tae us happy and kind.  
Relieve our lang travail whit-e’er thou be,  
and, unner whit airt o the heiven sae hie,  
or at whit coast o the warld finallie  
sall we arrive, thou teach us by and by –  
o men and land unknow, we are drive will  
by wind and storm o sea chased hithertil –  
and mony fair sacrifice and offerand  
before thine altar sall dee wi my richt hand.”  
Venus answerd, “I deign nocht tae resaive  
sic honour certes, whilk feres<sup>177</sup> me nocht tae have;  
for tae the maidens o Tyre this is the guise,  
tae beir a case o arrows on this wise,  
wi reid bottinis<sup>178</sup> on thair shankis hie.  
This is the realm o Punice whilk ye see,  
the people o Tyre, and the ceity, but more,  
built by the fowk descend frae Agenor.<sup>179</sup>  
Ye been in the mairches o Libya, sans fail,  
inhabit wi people undoutable in battail,  
whaur Dido Queen rules the empire,  
hither, frae her brither, fled frae the realm o Tyre –

---

<sup>174</sup> by aunter: per adventure, by chance

<sup>175</sup> taucht: attachit

<sup>176</sup> bair: boar

<sup>177</sup> feres: pertains  
Douglas’ ain Comment 66

<sup>178</sup> bottinis: buits

<sup>179</sup> Douglas’ ain Comment 67



lang war the injuries, the douts, lang tae be tauld,  
but I the umaist<sup>180</sup> o the maiter sall hauld.  
A husband, whilk Sichaeus hecht, haed she,  
richest in aa the grund o Phoenicie,  
and strangly luv'd o the silly Dido;  
for by her faither, as wis the mainer tho,  
by chance she wis in clean virginity  
weddit wi him; but o Tyre the kintrie  
in heritage held Pygmalion her brither,  
in wickitness cruel abuve aa ither,  
whilk, but offence or occasion o grief,  
for blinnd covatice o gowd throu his mischief,  
before the altar, sleely wi a knife,  
or he wis waur, reft Sichaeus the life;  
and, o the gret luve o his sister shuir,  
concealit this cruel deed lang unner cure;  
that fause man, by deceit and wordis fair,  
wi wanhope trumpit the leal luvver.<sup>181</sup>  
But o her husband begravit the eimage  
tae her appears in sleep, wi pale veisage  
on mervelous wise, and gan at lenth declare  
hou he wis cruelly slain at the altair:  
he shew the knife out-throu his breist threst,  
and aa the hid crime o her hous manifest;  
syne in gret haste exhortis her tae flee,  
and leave her native land, and tak the sea;  
and, for tae help her onwart by the way,  
unner the erd whaur auld hoardis hid lay,  
o siller and gowd revealit a huge wecht.  
Dido hereat commovit, I you hecht,  
for her depairtin fellaeship ready made;  
thegither convenes, but ony langir abaid,  
aa thae whilk hates the cruel tyrant's deeds,  
or yit his felloun violence sair dreids.  
The shippis that on case war ready thare  
thay teuk, and chairgit fu o gowd but mair.  
The treisure o the wretchit Pygmalion  
is thus cairryit owre the sea anon –  
a wumman captain is o aa this deed.  
Tae yon place are thay comen, thou may tak heed,  
whaur nou rises yon large waas stout,

---

<sup>180</sup> umaist: gist

<sup>181</sup> luvver: yin that luvves or praises

o new Carthage, wi hie touers about.  
As meikle grund thay bocht, at the first tide  
as thay micht compass wi a bul's hide.<sup>182</sup>  
Yonder chief castle staunin on the brae  
intae thair langage cleipit is *Byrsa*,  
and o this deed the name beirs witness yit.  
But, whit be ye, finally wad I wit?  
Or o whit kintrie comen? Or pass wad where?"  
She speirin this, Eneas sichin sair,  
the voice drawin deep frae his breist within,  
sayed, "Oh thou goddess, gif I sall begin  
and tell our laubour frae the foremaist end,  
tae hear our stories – set<sup>183</sup> thou wad attend –  
or I made end, Vesper the even starn bricht  
suld close the heiven and end the day's licht.  
We are o ancient Troy, gif ever ye  
the name o Troy haes heard in this kintrie,  
and cairried out-throu diverse seas alsa,  
and nou by fortune tae coast o Libya  
driven wi tempest. Ruthfu Eneas am I,<sup>184</sup>  
that Trojan gods turses<sup>185</sup> in my navie,  
wham frae amid my enemies I rent;  
my fame is knaw abuve the element;  
I seek Ital and our auld kintrie far,  
and lineage cam frae hie-est Jupiter.  
Wi ships twice ten the Phrygian Sea,  
my mither, a goddess, teachin the wey,<sup>186</sup> teuk we,  
follaein destiny, whilk wis tae me grant.  
O aa our fleet, frae wind and wawis, scant  
seiven, ill perbrakit<sup>187</sup>, sauf remains wi me.  
Unkent and misterfu<sup>188</sup> in deserts o Libya  
I wander, expelled frae Europe and Asia."  
Venus nae mair suffered him plein nor say;  
amid his dolorous plaintis thus sayed she:

---

<sup>182</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 68

<sup>183</sup> set: altho, supposin

<sup>184</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 69

<sup>185</sup> turses: packs, bundles

<sup>186</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 70

<sup>187</sup> perbrakit: damaged

<sup>188</sup> misterfu: impoverished, in need

“Whit-e'er thou art, I traist weill that thou be  
favoured wi the gods, and draws this haillsome air,  
whilk is the spreit o life, tae thy weillfare,  
sen thou art comen tae Carthage the ceity.  
Nou haud thy wey, and at the Queen's entry  
present thysel. I shaw thee for certain  
thy feirs are sauf, thy navy is comen again,  
in saufy brocht free o north windis als,  
less than my parents<sup>189</sup> taucht me speyin craft fals.  
Behaud twal swans in randoun<sup>190</sup> gled and fair,  
wham, newly frae the region o the air  
Jove's foule, the eagle,<sup>191</sup> descendin frae his hicht,  
haes sair affrayed amid the skyis bricht;  
nou wi lang range tae licht thay been addressed,  
and spies the erd about whaur thay sall rest;  
as thay return, thair wings swouchin jollilie,  
and wi thair course circles about the sky,  
cryin or singin efter thair ain guise;  
thy ships and fellaeship on the samen wise  
aither are herboured in the haven, iwis,<sup>192</sup>  
or wi bent sail enters in the port by this.  
Nou pass thy wey e'en furth that samen went.”  
Thus sayed she, and turnit incontinent.  
Her neck shane like untae the rose in May;  
her heivenly hairis, glitterin bricht and gay,  
keist frae her foreheid a smell glorious and sweet;  
her habit fell doun coverin tae her feet,  
and in her passage a verra god did her kythe,  
and frae that he knew his mither. As swythe,  
wi sic words he follaes as she did flee:  
“Why art thou cruel tae thy ain son,” quo he,  
“deceivin him sae aft wi fause sembland?  
Why grants thou nocht we may join hand in hand,  
and for tae hear and render voices true?”  
Thus he repruves, but she is went adieu.  
Than tae the ceity he haudis furth the way.  
But Venus wi a sop o mist baith twae,  
and wi a daurk clud, closit round about,  
that nae man suld thaim see nor tuich but dout,

---

<sup>189</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 71

<sup>190</sup> in randoun: in line o flicht

<sup>191</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 72

<sup>192</sup> iwis: certes

nor by the weyis stop or ellis dere,<sup>193</sup>  
or yit the causes o thair comin speir.  
Hersel uplift tae Paphum passit swythe,  
tae vissy her restin place, jolly and blythe;  
there is her temple intae Cyprus land,  
whaurin thare doth a hunner altars stand,  
het burnin fu o Sheba cense<sup>194</sup> aa hours,  
and smellin sweet o fresh garlands o flouers.

---

<sup>193</sup> ellis dere: itherwise herm

<sup>194</sup> cense: incense

## Chapter VII

*Eneas at his mither's commandment,  
cled wi the misty clud, tae Carthage went.*

Thay, in the meantime, hastit furth the way  
as the road led thaim, while ascend are thay  
the hill faur risin abuve the toun on hicht,  
whaur aa the ceity forgain thaim see thay micht.  
Eneas wunnered the gretness o Carthage,  
whilk late before haed been a smaa cottage.  
The fair portis alsae he ferlied fast,  
and o the bruit o people thareat in-passed,  
the large streets pathit by and by,  
the busy Tyrians laubourin ardentlie.  
A pairt hastes tae build the wallis wicht,  
and some tae raise the gret castle on hicht,  
and welt up stanes tae the wark on hie;  
some graithis fast the thack and ruif o tree,  
and some about delves the fossie deep;  
some chuses officers the laws tae keep,  
wi councillors and senators, wyce fowks;  
yonder ither some the new haven howks,  
and here alsae, anither end fast by,  
lays the fundament o the theatry;  
and ithers eik the huge pillaris greit  
out o the quarrells<sup>195</sup> gan tae hew and beat,  
for tae adorn that place in aa degree,  
in time comin whaur gret triumph suld be.  
Like tae the bees, on fieldis flourished new,  
gaiterin thair wark o mony diverse hue,  
in saft summer the bricht sun het shining,  
whan o thair kind thaim list swarmis furth bring,  
or in kaimis include the hinny clean,  
and wi sweet liquor stuffs thair cellis schene,  
or receives the burdens frae ither thareout,  
or frae thair hive thegither in a rout  
expels the bowbart<sup>196</sup> beast, the faint drone bee;  
thair laubour is busy and fervent for tae see,  
the hinny smellis o the sweet thyme seed.  
“Oh!” quo Enee, “fu happy are ye indeed,

---

<sup>195</sup> quarrels: quarries

<sup>196</sup> bowbart: sluggard

whase large waas rises thus on hie!”  
A while he vizzied the bounds o this ceity,  
a wunner thing, covert wi a clud about;  
he enters syne amid the thickest rout,  
amang the men he thrang, and nane him saw.

Amid the ceity stuid a seemly shaw,  
wi his maist pleasin sober shaddas, whaur,  
as the Phoenicians first upwarpit<sup>197</sup> war,  
efter the stormis’ blasts and seais’ rage,  
thay, delvin, fand the taikener<sup>198</sup> o Carthage,  
a meikle horse heid that wis, I ween,  
as Juno haed shaw tofore, o goddis Queen,  
that signifyit the ceity excellent in battail,  
and plenteous eik aa times o victual.  
In the ilk place, the Sidoness Dido,  
begouth tae bigg a proud temple o Juno,  
wi dowries sere and giftis o riches,  
and eik the gowden statue o the goddess.  
The entry rase wi hie stages o brass;  
wi brass alsae the couples festent was;  
the brazen duiris jargs on the marble hirst.<sup>199</sup>  
In this temple, sere novelties first  
shawn til Eneas meased gretly his fear.  
The first assurance o comfort wis here,  
and hope o relief efter adversity;  
for as he went diverse thingis tae see,  
roamin about the large temple schene,  
for tae behaud the comin o the Queen,  
and o the ceity the gret prosperity,  
the mony warkmen, and thair craftis slee  
in due proportion, as he wunnert for joy,  
he saw per order aa the siege o Troy,  
the famous battles, vulgate<sup>200</sup> throu the warld ere this,  
o King Priam, and aither Atrides –  
*Atrides* bein in Latin cleipit thus,  
thir nevoys repute o King Atreus,  
that in our langage are the brether twae,  
King Agamemnon, and Duke Menelay –

---

<sup>197</sup> upwarpit: kest ashore

<sup>198</sup> taikener: taiken object

<sup>199</sup> hirst: threshold

<sup>200</sup> vulgate: commonly kent, divulgat

and, baulder than thaim baith, the fierce Achill.  
He stints, and weepin sayed Achates til:  
“Hou nou, whilk place is this, my frein?” quo he,  
“Whit regioun in erd may funden be,  
whaur our misfortune is nocht fully proclaim?  
Alas! behaud, see yonder King Priam,  
lo, here his worship is hauden in memore;  
thir lamentable taikens passed before  
our mortal minds aucht tae compassion steir.  
Awa wi dreid, and tak nae langir fear.  
Whit? Weens thou no this fame sall dae thee guid?”  
Thus sayed he, and fed his mind, whaur he stuid,  
wi thir pleasin feignit eimagery,  
murnin sair, and weepin tenderly,  
the fluid o tearis halin owre his face;  
for as he leukit on the work per case,  
he saw porturate whaur, in sic a place,  
the Greekis fled and Trojans follaes the chase,  
about the waas o Troy as thay did ficht;  
at yonder pairt the Trojans tak the flicht,  
wi crest on heid Achilles in his chair  
pursuin strangly. Nocht faur thence saw he, where  
the white tentis o King Rhesus, ill keep,  
betraisit war upo the first sleep;  
whaur, wi gret slauchter bluidy Diomede  
destroyit aa, and tae his tent gan lead  
the milk-white horse, fierce, swift and guid,  
or e’er thay tastit ony Trojan fuid,  
or drunken haed o the fluid Exanthus.  
And yonder, lo! beheld he Troilus  
wantin his armour, the fey bairn fleeand,  
for tae reconter Achilles ungainand;  
the horse him harlin behinnd the void cairt  
hingin wide open, and his heid dounwart;  
suppose he held the reinis fast, but fail,  
his neck and hairs upo the erd gan trail,  
the spear owreturnit in the dust did write.  
The samen time, the Trojan maidens white,  
wi hair doun skailed, aa sorrafu gan pass  
untae the temple o the grieved Pallas,  
tae ask supply, wi thaim a womple<sup>201</sup> bare thay,  
wi hauns beatin thair breistis by the way.  
This fremmit goddess held her een fixed fast

---

<sup>201</sup> womple: hap

upo the grund, nocht ae blink list thaim cast.  
About the waas o Troy he saw whitwise  
Achilles harlit Hector's body thrice;  
the deid corpse syne for gowd he saw him sell.  
Law frae his breist murnin he gave a yell,  
seein the wud cairt, and spulyie o the knicht,  
and the corpse o his dearest frein sae dicht.  
Priam unarmed streik furth hauns did he spy,  
frae Achilles his son's body tae buy.  
Himsel alsae, middelt, perceivit he,  
amang princes o Greece in the melée.  
The orient hostis knew he one by one,  
and Vulcan's armour on black Memnon.  
The maidens cam frae Amazon saw he suin,  
wi cruikit shieldis shapen like the muin,  
led by thair furious Queen Penthesilie;  
amid the thousans eagerly fechts she,  
and whaur her pap wis for the spear cut away,  
o gowd thareon wis belt a rich tishay.<sup>202</sup>  
A worthy warrior suithly thay nicht her ken,  
this wench stoutly reconter durst wi men.

---

<sup>202</sup> tishay: tissue, fine cleidin



## Chapter VIII

*Hou tae the temple comes Queen Dido,  
whaur that Enee his feiris fand also.*

While as the manfu Trojan Eneas  
tae see thir nice feigures thocht wunner was,  
and as he musit, studyin in a stare  
but on a sicht whauron he blenkit thare,  
the Queen Dido, excellent in beauty,  
tae temple comes wi a fair menyie  
o lusty younkens walkin her about;  
like tae the Goddess Diane wi her rout,  
endlang the fluid o Eurot on the brae,  
or unner the taps o her hill Cynthea,  
leadin ring dances, wham follaes owre aawhere  
a thousan nymphis flockin here and thare;  
on her shouther the arrow case bare she,  
and whaur she walks abuve the lave on hie  
may weill be seen; tae Latone, her mither, this  
gies rejoicing and secret hert's bliss.  
Sic ane wis Dido, sic ane her blythely bare  
amid thaim aa, the warkis and weillfare  
providin for the realm in time tae come.  
And whan she tae the temple duir is come,  
syne enterin unner the mid vault, teuk her seat  
heich in a throne, and companies greit  
on aither half staunin o armit men,  
the dooms o law pronounces she tae thaim then;  
the feeis o thair laubours equallie  
gart distribute; gif dout fallis thareby,  
by cut or cavil that plead suin pairtit wis.

But suddenly perceives Eneas  
whaur wi gret haste cam rinnin Antheus,  
Sergest he sees, and stalwart Cloanthus,  
wi diverse ithers o the Trojan menyie,  
wham the black storm haed scattert on the sea,  
and at anither coast driven tae the land.  
He and his fellae a-wunners, this seeand,  
Achates hauf astonished, stuid in affray  
wi fear and joy some time baith war thay,  
and langit sair tae shak hauns; but thair hairt  
the uncouth case a-movit in some pairt

for tae dissemble, as naething seen thay haed,  
and, wi the daurk clud hid, tae spy thay bade  
hou it stuid wi thair feirs, or chancit eft,  
or on whit coast thair navy thay haed left,  
whit thay desirit – for, as fu weill thay saw,  
frae thair ships per order thay cam on raw,  
beseekin grace and peace fast, as thaim thoct,  
and tae the temple wi gret clamour socht.

Frae thay war entert in the temple tho,  
and licence grantit thaim tae speak also,  
the grettest orator, Ilioneus,  
wi pleasin voice begouth his sermon thus:  
“Oh hie princess, wham tae Jupiter haes graunt  
tae build a new ceity, and tae daunt  
the violence o proud fowk by just law,  
we wretchit Trojans, wi the windis blaw  
thru strange streamis and mony diverse sea,  
forbid yon cruel fire, beseekis thee,  
suffer nocht tae burn our shippis in a rage,  
hae ruth upo our peitious auld lineage.  
Conseider freindly our maiter hou it stauns –  
we cam nocht hither wi drawn swourds in hauns,  
tae spoil temples or riches o Libya,  
nor by the coast nae spreath<sup>203</sup> tae drive awa;  
sic violence nane within our mindis is,  
nor sae gret stoutness tae vanquished fowk, iwis.  
There is a place wham the Greekis, thay say,  
untae his name cleipis Hesperiae,  
a noble land, richt potent in battle,  
and fructuous grund, plenteous o victual,  
by King Oenotrius inhabit first, we trow,  
but in our days lately, the fame is nou,  
efter thair Duke it is named Italy.  
Thitherwart our course wis laid; whan suddenly  
the fluid boldent, and stormy Orion  
amang blinnd bankis chasit us anon;  
the bitter blasts, contrarious aa ways,  
thru wawis huge, saut faem, and wilsome ways,  
and thru the perilous rockis gan us drive;  
hither at your coast are few o us arrive.  
Whit kind o people dwellis here?” quo he,

---

<sup>203</sup> spreath: plunder o kye

“Hou been sic thews<sup>204</sup> suffert in this kintrie?  
We are defendit tae herbry<sup>205</sup> on the sand,  
provokit eik tae battle, and, driven tae land  
by force o storm – the slyke<sup>206</sup> thay us deny.  
Albeit the strenth o men ye set nocht by,  
and mortal weirs contemns and comptis nocht,  
believes weill yit than, and hae in thocht,  
the goddis sall remember, traistis me,  
baith o guid deedis and iniquity.  
Tae us wis king the worthy Eneas,  
a juster man in aa the warld nane was,  
nor mair ruthfu, nor wiser intae weir,  
and mair valiant in deeds o armis sere;  
wham gif the Fates alive conservit hath  
tae tak this heivenly air and draw his braith,  
and nocht wi cruel ghaists hid unner erd,  
we need nocht dreid, sall nocht mak us affeard;  
nor thou sall ne’er repent thee siccarly  
tae shaw us first freindship and courtesy.  
Intae the realm o Sicily als hae we  
freins and ceities, wi armit men plenty,  
and o the Trojan bluid Acestes King.  
Gif us war leaved<sup>207</sup> our fleet on land tae bring,  
that wi the wind and storm is aa to-shak,  
and grantit eik leave wuid tae hew, and tak  
timmer tae bete<sup>208</sup> airs<sup>209</sup> and ither misteirs,<sup>210</sup>  
sae that our king we micht finnd and our feirs,  
blythely we suld haud taewart Italie,  
and tae the coast o Latium seek in hy.  
But gif our weillfare and belief clean gane is,  
and thee, maist sovereign faither o us Trojanis,  
the Libyan Sea withhauds, gif thou be gane,  
nor o Ascanius comfort remains nane,  
than suithly, at the least, the Sicily Sea

---

204 thews: behaviour

205 defendit tae herbry: forbidden tae herbour

206 slyke: silt, i.e. beach

207 leaved: gien leave

208 bete: mak, or mend

209 airs: oars

210 misteirs: needcessities

and places ready frae wham hither driven are we,  
we sall seek, and tae the King Acestes.”  
Thus sayed Ilioneus, and sae gan he cess.  
But than the noise rase amang the Trojanes,  
thay murmured and complainit aa at aince.

Than shortly Dido spak wi veisage douncast:  
“Remove aa dreid, Trojans, be nocht aghast,  
pluck up your herts, and hivvy thochts doun thring.  
A hard mischance and novelty o this ring  
constrainis me sic maistry for tae shaw,  
and wi discoverers keep the coast on raw.  
Wha knawis nocht the lineage o Enee?  
Or wha miskennis Troy, that ryal ceity?  
The great worship o sic men wha wad nocht mean,<sup>211</sup>  
and the huge ardent battles at thare haes been?  
The Phoenicians nane sae blate breistis haes,  
nor sae fremmitly the sun list nocht address  
his course frawart Carthage ceity awa.  
Whither ye will tae gret Hesperia,  
the grund o Saturn (whilk nou is Italy)  
or tae the coast o Sicily fast thareby,  
and at the King Acestes list thou be,  
thither sall ye shuirly pass wi my supplie.  
I sall support ye wi aa gear may gain.  
And please ye wi me in this realm remain,  
the ceity whilk I bigg is youris free;  
bring in your shippis hither frae the sea;  
betwix a Trojan and a Tyriane  
nae difference, aa sall I rule as ane.  
And, wi this samen wind hither blaw infeir,  
wad God Enee your king war present here!  
Endlang the coasts and faur pairts o Libyie  
I sall forsuith explorators send tae spy  
in ony wuid gif that he be updrive,  
or yit per chance at ony ceity arrive.

---

<sup>211</sup> mean: think about

## Chapter IX

*Hou Eneas wi aa his rout bedene  
war thankfully receivit o the Queen.*

Wi thir wordis the spreit o Eneas  
and o the strang Achates rejoiced was,  
gretly desirin the clud tae brek in twae;  
but first Achates til Enee gan say:  
“Son o the Goddess, whit purpose nou,” quo he,  
“rises in thy breist? Aa is sover, thou may see,  
thy navy and thy feirs reconvert been,  
wantin but ane, amang the fluidis green  
wham we saw droun. Aa ither things, thou knaws,  
is nou conform untae thy mither’s saws.”  
And scarcely haes he aa thir wordis spoken,  
whan that the clud about thaim swith wis broken,  
and vanished tyte<sup>212</sup> awa amang the air.  
Up stuid Enee, in clear licht shinin fair,  
like til a god in body and in face,  
for his mither grantit her son sic grace;  
his crisp hairis war pleasin on tae see;  
his favour guidly, fu o fresh beauty,  
like til a younker wi twa lauchin een;  
as gracious for tae behaud, I ween,  
as ever bane by craft o haun weill dicht,  
or as we see the burnished siller bricht,  
or yit the white polished marble stane shine,  
whan thay been circuled about wi gowd sae fine.  
Or e’er thay wist, before thaim aa in hy,  
untae the Queen thus sayed he reverentlie:  
“Him wham ye seek behaud nou present here,  
Enee the Trojan, delivert frae dangeir  
o storm and wawis o the Libyan Sea.  
Oh thou anely, whilk ruth haes and peity  
on the untellable pyne o the Trojanes,  
whilk us, the Greekis’ leavins and remains,  
owreset wi aa mainer necessities,  
and every peril baith by land and seas,  
within thy ceity receives til herbrie,  
and tae fameiliar freindship and ally:

---

<sup>212</sup> tyte: immediately

tae quite<sup>213</sup> thee, renderin gainand thankis richt –  
that lies nocht, Dido, intil our micht,  
nor aa the lave o the Trojan menyie,  
throu-out this warld scattert whaure'er thay be;  
but the hie gods, gif ony deity taks tent  
tae thaim that peitious been and patient,  
for justice eik gif e'er reward beis get,<sup>214</sup>  
and richteous minds remembert and nocht forget,  
thae ilk goddis mot duly reward thee  
accordin thy desert in aa degree.

Hou happy and joyous wis that time serene  
that thee producit haes, sae noble a queen!  
Hou worshipfu eik war thae parents o micht  
whilk thee engendert haes, sae worthy a wicht!  
While fluidis rinnis in the sea but dout,  
while sun's shadda circles hillis about,  
and the firmament starnis doth contein,  
thy honour and thy fame sall e'er be green,  
and thy renown remain perpetuallie  
throu aa realms whaurtae that driven am I.”

Thus sayin, tae his frein Ilioneus  
his richt haun gave he, and tae Serestus  
gave his left haun; syne welcomed every man,  
the strang Cloanthus and the stout Gyan.

The Queen Dido, astonished a little wee  
at the first sicht, behaudin his beauty,  
a-wunnerin by whit wise he comen was,  
untae him syne she sayed wi mild face:  
“Son o the Goddess, whit hard adversity  
throu-out sae feil perils haes chasit thee?  
Whit force and violence drave thee hither til us,  
upo thir coasts that been sae dangerous?  
Art thou nocht the ilk compatient Eneas,  
that upo haly Venus engendert was  
by the Trojan Anchises, as thay say,  
beside the fluid Simois in Phrygia?  
Weill I remember, tae Sidon the ceity  
sen Teucer cam, banished frae his kintrie,  
seekin supplie at Belus, and some new land.  
My faither than, Belus, I unnerstand

---

<sup>213</sup> quite: requite

<sup>214</sup> beis get: is gotten

the rich realm o Cyprus wastit by weir  
and wan it syne, and gave it tae Teuceir.  
And ever syne o Troy, that gret ceity,  
the destruction haes been weill knawn tae me;  
thy name alsae, and princes o Greece sans fail,  
wi wham thou focht sere times in battail.  
This ilk Teucer his enemies o Troy  
rusit and luvit, and wi excellent joy  
fu aft himsel extol and vaunt he wald  
o Trojan bluid tae be descend o auld.  
Tharefore hae duin, gallants, come on your way;  
enter within our ludgin, we you pray;  
siclik fortune, throu mony feil dangeir,  
at last untae this land haes drive *me* here.  
Thus, nocht misknawin whit pain is annoy tae dree,  
I lairned tae help aa tholes adversity.”  
Rehearsin this, convoys she Eneas  
taewart the place whaur her rich palace was,  
and tharewi eik commandis holiday,  
throu-out the ceity aa suld be gemm and play.  
And naetheless, the samen time sends she  
doun tae his fowks, at the coast o the sea,  
twenty fed oxen, large, gret and fine,  
and a hunner busteous bouks o swine,  
a hunner lambs and thair mithers thareby,  
wi ither presents, and wine abundantlie.  
The place within maist glorious and gay  
adornit wis aa owre wi ryal array;  
amid the hie ruif o the meikle hall,  
for the banquet, mony rich claith o pall<sup>215</sup>  
wis spreid, and mony baudkin<sup>216</sup> wunnerly wrocht;  
o siller plate a huge wecht furth wis brocht  
tae set on buirds; and vessel forged o gold,  
whaurin wis grave, maist curious tae behold,  
the valiant deeds o forefaithers past by,  
sen first beginning o thair genologie,  
man efter man like as thay did succeed,  
in lang remembrance o thair worthyheid.  
Enee, for that his faitherly peity  
wad nocht suffer his mind in rest tae be,  
in haste Achates tae the shippis send,

---

<sup>215</sup> pall: costly claith

<sup>216</sup> baudkin: embroidert claith

tae shaw Ascanius aa frae end tae end,  
untae the ceity that he anon war brocht:  
on young Ascanius wis hail the faither's thocht.  
Sere giftis eik he bade bring wi him syne,  
hint and deleivert frae the Trojan ruine:  
a rich garment brusit<sup>217</sup> wi stiff gowd wire,  
the purpour mantle and rich quent attire  
that pliable wis wi the gilt border large,  
some time array o Helen Queen o Arge,  
whilk frae the realm o Myce wi her she brocht,  
whan she tae Troy forbidden hymeneus socht,  
this wondrous gift gotten at her mither Leda.  
And further eik, o fair Ilionea  
he bade him bring wi him the sceptre wand,  
whilom Priamus' eldest dochter bare in hand;  
the collar picht wi orient pearls als,  
that she umquhile wore about her hals;  
o gowd alsa the close or double croun,  
set fu o precious stanes enviroun.  
Tae dae his charge, Achates busilie  
the wey taewart the shippis socht in hy.

---

<sup>217</sup>

brusit: embroidert



## Chapter X

*Hou that Venus, aa perils tae seclude  
sent Cupid in Ascanius' similitude.*

In the meantime, Venus a slee wile socht,  
by new conceit in her mind hou she mocht,  
in form and veisage o sweet Ascanius tho  
transformit send her ain son Cupido  
tae beir thir presents, sae that the amorous Queen  
he nicht inflame, within her banes green  
the hot fire o luve tae kennle and steir;  
for in her mind she haed a mainer fear  
o this lineage waverin and untrue –  
Tyrians double-tungit weill she knew.  
O cruel Juno the dreid brunt her inwart,  
wi mony thocht ran hastily til her heart.  
Untae the wingit God o Luve, but weir,  
forthy she spak, and sayed on this manneir:  
“Oh thou, my child, my strenth and my gret micht,  
thou, my son, whilk anely art sae wicht  
that thou the darts o Jupiter daur gainstand,  
whaurwi he slew Typhon the fell giand,<sup>218</sup>  
tae thee I come, tae thee I seek,” quo she,  
“lawly askin thy pouer and supplie.  
Whitwise thy brither, Eneas, but dout,  
is blawn and warpit every coast about,  
o wickit Juno throu the cruel envie,  
aa this tae thee is manifest, weill wat I,  
for whan I wept tharefore, thou murred also.  
Nou him withhauds the Phoenician Dido,  
and cuilyies<sup>219</sup> him wi sleekit wordis slee;  
but tae whit fine,<sup>220</sup> richt sair it dreidis me,  
sall turn this pleasin guestnin in Carthage,  
whilk is the burgh o Juno; for in her rage  
as is begun the maiter sall nocht remain.  
Whaurfore I umbethink<sup>221</sup> me o a trane,<sup>222</sup>

---

<sup>218</sup> Douglas' ain Comment 74

<sup>219</sup> cuilyies: entices

<sup>220</sup> fine: conclusion

<sup>221</sup> I umbethink me o: I am inclined tae conseider

<sup>222</sup> trane: trap

this Queen first for tae caucht in luve's lace,<sup>223</sup>  
and sae wi flame o amours tae embrace,  
that by nae micht tharefrae she may remove,  
but strangly sall wi me Eneas luve.  
Hark my conceit, whitwise this may be duin;  
the ryal child Ascanius fu suin,  
on wham maist is my thocht, graithis tae pass,  
at command o his faither Eneas,  
tae the ceity o Carthage, and giftis sere  
turses wi him o the auld Trojan gear,  
whilk frae the storm o sea is left untint,  
and frae the fire remainis yit unbrint;  
him sall I sound sleepin steal awa,  
and hide upo the hicht o Cythera,  
or in Idalium my hallowed shaw,  
that our deceit he naither perceive nor know,  
nor unprovisitly<sup>224</sup> come thither, tho he micht.  
Tak thou his likeness, nae mair but ae nicht,  
for tae beguile Queen Dido o Carthage.  
My child, cleed thee wi yon kent child's veisage,  
sae that whan she aa blythest haudis thee  
intae her skirt per chance, or on her knee,  
at her feast ryal sittin at her table  
amang denties and wines amiable,  
and gan thee for tae hause and tae embrace,  
kissin sweetly thy white neck and thy face,  
than may thou sleely thy venomous ardent fire  
o fraudfu luve amid her breist inspire.

The God o Luve obeyis hastilie  
his mither's words, and laid his wingis by,  
and blythely steppis furth like Iulus.  
But Venus tae this ilk Ascanius  
the sweet vapour o pleasin sleep and rest  
on aa the members o his body kest,  
and saftly the goddess in her lap him bare  
amid her shaw o Idalium, where  
tendir marjolene<sup>225</sup> and sweet flouers thareout  
wi thair douce smell him shaddaed round about.

---

<sup>223</sup> lace: snare, noose

<sup>224</sup> unprovisitly: unexpectitly

<sup>225</sup> marjolene: marjoram

## Chapter XI

*O the banquet, and o the gret deray,<sup>226</sup>  
and hou Cupid inflames the leddy gay.*

Nou passes furth Cupid, fu diligent  
for til obey his mither's commandment,  
beirin wi him the kingly giftis schene,  
whilks suld be present tae the ryal Queen,  
blythely follaein his leader Achates.  
And as thay cam, the Queen wis set at dais,  
unner her glorious stentit capitale;<sup>227</sup>  
amang proud tapets<sup>228</sup> and mich rich apparail  
her place she teuk, as wis the guise that tide,  
owrespreid wi gowd amid a bed's side.  
Above aa ither the faither Eneas,  
and syne young gallants o Troy, tae meat set was,  
upo rich beds' sides, per order,  
owrespreid wi carpets o the fine purpour.  
Tae wesh thair hauns servants brocht watter clear,  
syne breid in baskets, efter thair manneir,  
wi saft serviettes tae mak thair haundis clean.  
Fifty damsels tharein servit the Queen,  
whilk bare the cure<sup>229</sup> efter thair order haill,  
on purveyance o houshauld and victuale,  
tae graith the chaumers, and the fires beild,  
a hunner maidens haed she young o eild  
and alike mony o the same age young swains,  
the courses and the messes,<sup>230</sup> for the naince,  
tae set on buirds – sic as we call sewars<sup>231</sup> –  
and tae fill cups, goblettis and ewers.  
And mairatowre, the Tyrians hailly  
at the blythe yetts flocks tae the mangery;<sup>232</sup>  
and as thay cam, thay war doun set anon,

---

226 deray: revelry

227 stentit capitale: extendit canopy

228 tapetis: tapestries

229 bare the cure: tane responsibility

230 messes: servins o fluid

231 sewars: attendants at table

232 mangery: banquet

on brused<sup>233</sup> or pentit tapets every one.  
Thay mervellit the rich gifts o Eneas;  
upo Ascanius feil a-wunnert was,  
the shinin veisage o the God Cupite,  
and his dissembelt sleekit wordis white,  
the precious mantle and the quent garment also;  
but principally the fey unsely<sup>234</sup> Dido,  
for the mischief tae come predestinate,  
micht nocht refrain nor satisfy her consait,  
but ardently behauldis aa on steir,  
nou likin weill the child, and nou the gear.  
As Cupid hings about Eneas' hause,  
embraced in airmis, feignin luve fu fause,  
by semblin as he his faither haed been,  
fu sleely than he blent<sup>235</sup> upo the Queen.  
She, wi her sicht and aa her mind, richt thare,  
him tae behaud, sat musin in a stare;  
sometime unware him in her bosom held she,  
misknawing, alas! by fause subtlety,  
hou the gret God o Luve, wi aa his micht,  
watchit for tae deceive her, waefu wicht:  
but he, remembrin on his mither's command,  
the mind<sup>236</sup> o Sichaeus, her first husband,  
furth o her thocht piece and piece begouth drive,  
and wi sherp amours o the man alive  
gan her dowf spreit for tae prevene<sup>237</sup> and steir,  
haed been disused frae luve that mony year.

Efter the first pause, and that course near gane,  
and voiders<sup>238</sup> and fat trenchers awa tane,  
the goblets gret wi mighty wines in hy  
thay fill, and covert set in, by and by.  
Than rase the noise whilk dinnit ruif and waas,  
sae thick the voices flees throu the large haas.  
Frae the gilt spars hang doun fu mony a licht;  
the flame o torches vanquished the daurk nicht.

---

233      brused: embroidert

234      unsely: unfortunate

235      blent: glanced

236      mind: recollection

237      prevene: subvert

238      voiders: basins for left-owres

The Queen than askis o gowd, for the naince,  
a wechty cup set aa wi precious stanes,  
bade fill it fu o the rich Hippocras,  
intae the whilk gret Belus accustomed was  
tae drink umquhile, and frae him every king  
descend o his genology and affspring.  
And, whan silence wis made owre aa the haa,  
“Jupiter,” quo she, “on thee we caa,  
for this reason, that by wise men is sayed,  
tae guests thou grants the herbry glaid.  
We thee beseek, this day be fortunate  
tae us Tyrians, happy and agreeable,  
tae strangers comen frae Troy on thair voyage.  
In time comin remembrance o our usage  
tae our succession and posterity;  
the gie-er o gledness, Bacchus, here mot be,  
and gentle Juno tae us favourable and meek;  
and you, my ain Tyrians, I command eik,  
hallow this feast wi blytheness and wi joy,  
beir freindly fellaeship tae thir nobles o Troy.”  
This bein sayed, the cup o the rich wine  
upo the buird she blissed, and efter syne  
wi her lip first thareof teuk but a taste,  
and, carpin blythely, gave it Bitias in haste.  
He merrily receives the reamin tasse,  
aa out he drank, and whelmed the gowd on his face.  
Syne aa the nobles thareof drank about –  
I will nocht say that ilk man played cup out.  
But on his gilt harp bairdit Iopas,  
playin the gestis<sup>239</sup> o the gret Atlas,  
the muin’s change and oblique course sang he,  
and why the sun eclipses, as we see;  
whaurof mankind wis made he shew fu plain,  
whaurof beastis; and whit engenders rain,  
whaurof comes thunner and fiery levin;  
the rainy Hyades, whilk are the starnis seiven,  
and eik Arcturus, whilk we caa the leidstern,  
the double Ursus weill cud he discern;  
and why the sun, intae the winter tide,  
hastes in the sea sae fast his heid tae hide;  
why maks the nicht that time sae large delay,  
and in summer why sae lang is the day.

---

<sup>239</sup> gestis: tales

The gild<sup>240</sup> and riot Tyrians doubelt for joy,  
syne the rerd<sup>241</sup> follaed o the younkers o Troy.  
Unhappy Dido als set aa her nicht  
wi sermons sere for tae prolong the nicht,  
the langsome luv drinkin inward fu cauld.  
Fu mony demand o Priam speir she wald,  
and questions sere tuichin Hector alsa;  
nou wi whase armour the son o Aurora  
cam tae the siege; and nou inquire wad she  
whitkin horse Diomedede haed in melée,  
hou large o stature wis fierce Achilles.  
“Hae duin, my gentle guest, suin tell us this  
per order,” says she, “frae the beginning, aa  
the deceit o the Greekis, and the faa  
o your people, and o Troy the ruine;  
thy wanderin by the wey thou shaw us syne;  
for nou the seivent simmer hither cairries thee  
wilsome, and errant, in every land and sea.”

---

<sup>240</sup> gild: clamour

<sup>241</sup> rerd: uproar

## Chapter XII

*Eneas first excuses him, and syne  
addresses tae rehearse Troy's ruine.*

Thay ceasit aa at aince incontinent,  
wi mouthis close, and veisage takkin tent.  
Prince Eneas, frae the hie bed, wi that,  
intae his siege ryal whaur he sat,  
begouth and sayed: “Thy desire, leddy, is  
renewin o untellable sorra, iwis:  
tae shaw hou Greeks did spulyie and destroy  
the gret riches and lamentable realm o Troy,  
and huge misery whilk I thare beheld,  
whaurof mysel a gret pairt bare and felt;  
whit Myrmidon, or Gregion Dolopes,  
or knicht wageour<sup>242</sup> tae cruel Ulixes,  
sic maiters tae rehearse, or yit tae hear,  
micht thaim contain frae weepin mony a tear?  
And nou the heiven owrewhelmis the dank nicht,  
whan the declinin o the starnis bricht  
tae sleep and rest persuades our appetite;  
but sen thou haes sic pleasure and delight  
tae know our chance, and faa o Troy in weir,  
and shortly the last end thareof wad hear,  
albeit my spreit abhoris, and doth grise<sup>243</sup>  
thareon for tae remember, and aft syse<sup>244</sup>  
murnin, eschews tharefae wi gret dis-ease,  
yit than I sall begin you for tae please.”

---

<sup>242</sup> wageour: mercenary

<sup>243</sup> grise: fill wi horror

<sup>244</sup> syse: times

## The Comment

### *Gavin Douglas*

I hae alsae a short comment compiled tae expone strange histories and termis wild.

1. *Innative* is as meikle tae say as ‘inborn’, or that whilk comes til ony person by thair natural inclination o kind, throu thair forebears.

2. Ptolemy King o Egypt, the famous gret clerk, astronomer and decrifer o the warld, that causit seiventy-twa interpreters tae translate the Bible, haed sae gret pleasure and delight o buiks that he gaithert thegither in a library thirty-sax thousan volumes.

3. The history o Saul and the spreit o Samuel raisit by the Phitoness is in the first Buik o Kings, in the xxxviii chaipiter.<sup>245</sup>

4. *Oppetere* is as meikle tae say as *ore terram petere*, like as Servius expones the samen term, whilk tae translate in our tung is ‘wi mouth tae seek, or bite, the erd’. And lo, that is a haill sentence for ane o Virgil’s words.

5. As for *animal* and *homo* in our langage is nocht ae proper term, and thay be but beasts that expones *animal* for ‘a beast’. A beast is caaed in Latin *bestia* and *pecus*, and *animal* betaikens aa corporal substance that haes a saul whilk feels pain, joy or annoy, and unner *animal* been contained aa mankind, beast, bird, fish, serpent, and aa ither sic things at leives and steirs, that has a body; for aa sic, and every ane o thaim, may be properly caaed *animal*. And thus *animal* is a general name for aa sic mainer things whitsomeever.

*Homo* betaikens baith a man and a wumman, and we hae nae term correspondent tharetae, nor yit that signifies baith twa in ae term alane.

6. *Genus* is that thing whilk is common, and may be verifyit o mony ither things different in kind, or o diverse kinds; as this word a *beast* may be verifyit and is common til aa and sindry kind o beasts; for a horse is a beast, an ox a beast, a sheep a beast, a dug a beast ... and sae o ithers.

*Species* is that thing or word that is common, or may be verifyit o mony things different in nummer; as this word a *man* may be verifyit and is common til aa mainer o man parteecular; for John is a man, Thomas a man, William a man ... and furth o ithers. Siclike, this word a *horse* is common tae this horse and that horse; the grey is a horse, the black a horse, the white a horse.

*Sexus* is the discretion, diversity or difference in shape betwix the male and the female in aa mainer corporal creatures; for tho a man and a woman been baith o ae kind and nature,

---

<sup>245</sup> In fack, the First Buik o *Samuel*, ch.28.



yt are thay different and diverse in thair shape. Richt swa is a horse frae a meir, whilk are baith o ae kind; siclike a cock frae a hen, a coo frae a bul; and sae is o aa kinds whaur the male is distinct frae the female.

7. This argument excuses nocht the treachery o Eneas, nor his manswearing, conseiderin whit is sayed here before, in the saicont chaipther o this Prologue; that is

Juno nor Venus goddis never were,  
Mercure, Neptune, Mars, nor Jupiter.  
O Fortune eik, nor her necessity,  
sic thingis nocht authentic are, wat we.

It follaes than, that Eneas wrocht nocht by command o ony gods, but o his ain free will, by the permission o God, whilk suffers aathing, and stops nocht, nor puts nocht necessity tae free will. He failit than gretly tae the sweet Dido; whilk faut repruvit nocht the goddess's divinity, for thay haed nae divinity, as sayed is before.

8. Here he argues better than before.

9. Virgil rehearses nocht Eneas' name, but caas him *the man*, by excellence, as tho he sayed 'the maist sovereign man'.

10. Lavin, Lavinium, Laurentum, stuid aucht miles frae the mouth o Tiber and wis ceity o the King Latinus, o wham efter in the Sevent Buik, while the end o this volume.

11. Whit is Latium, or Latio, luik efter in the saxt chaipther o the Aucht Buik. The ceity o wham here is mention wis New Troy, wham Eneas biggit at the mouth o Tiber, and frae Enee bein namit the Latins, and naither frae the ceity nor the land.

12. O Alba ceity luik efter in the fift chaipther o this buik and in the first chaipther o the Aucht Buik.

13. *Musa*, in Greek, signifies an inventrice, or intention in our langage, and o the nine Muses something in my *Palace of Honour*, and by Maister Robert Henryson in *New Orpheus*.

14. The poet inquires whit majesty or pouer offendit o Juno, whilk is feignit tae hae mony pouers. She is cleipit Queen o Gods, mistress and leddy o realms, president o births, spous and sister tae Jupiter, etc.

15. Samo is an isle in Thrace, whaur Juno wis weddit and born, as says Servius; and thare, as witnesseth St Jerome, stuid the fairest temple o Greece, dedicate tae Juno.

16. Her *see*, her 'saet'.

17. Libya, or Liby, is the thrid pairt o the warld, caaed Afric, wham nou we call the land or coast o Barbary.

18. The Judgement o Paris is common tae aa knaws the Siege o Troy.

19. Hebe, dochter o Juno, and Goddess o Youth, servit Jupiter o his cup, whilk at a feast amang the gods makkin her service, slid and shew her shame in aa thair presence, for the whilk lack Jupiter gied tae this Ganymede, son tae King Troyus, her office. O the ravishing o this Ganymede ye hae beneath, in the fift chaipiter o the Fift Buik; and o this Hebe something in the Prologue o the Seivent Buik.

20. “And as the Trojans, etc.” First abuve the poet propones his intent, sayin “The battles and the man etc.”; neist maks he invocation, caain on his Muse tae teach him thare (“Oh thou my Muse etc.”) and thare, like as his Muse spak tae him, declares the causes o the feid o Juno, sayin, “Thare wis an ancient ceity, hecht Carthage.” Nou here thridly proceeds he furth on his narration and history, and begins at the seivent year o Eneas’ depairtin o Troy, as ye may see in the end o this First Buik; and efter the decease o his faither Anchises, wham he erdit in Sicily at Drepanon, as ye hae in the end o the Thrid Buik; the remanent o his adventures bein reservit, by craft o poetry, tae the banquet o Queen Dido, whaur thay be than at lenth rehearsit by Eneas in the Saicont and Thrid.

21. This offence wis the ravishin o Cassandra furth o the Temple o Pallas, as ye hae in the seivent chaipiter o the Saicont Buik follaein. And some says this Ajax oppressit her in the temple; whilk Ajax wis son tae King Oileus, prince o Locria or Locrida, and his people been namit Locri or Locrans.

Tho in verity Juno wis but a wumman, dochter tae Saturn, sister and spous tae Jupiter, King o Crete, yit whan poets names her sae, thay unnerstaun some time by Juno the erd and the watter, and by Jupiter the air and the fire; and for as meikle as the air and the fire is active, and the watter and the erd patient, and that aa corporal things been engenderit thareof, herefore been thay cleipit spouses. But, for that some time Juno betaikens alane the air, and Jove the fire, than by reason o thair contiguity and quality convenient, been thay cleipit sister and brither; and for that aa things, by the influence o the planets, starns and heivens abuve, be made o thir elements, tharefore been thay cleipit King and Queen, Faither and Mither tae gods and men. And further as tuichin this Juno, her ither names and properties, I refer tae John Bocas<sup>246</sup> in the *Genealogy of Gentle Gods*, untae the nint buik thareof, and first chaipiter o the samen.

22. The kintrie or realm o Eolus, cleipit Aeolia, lies betwix Sicily and Italy, seiven islands in the sea, o wham thir be the names: Lipara, Hiera, Strongile, Didyme, Eriphusa, Phoenicusa, and Euonymos.<sup>247</sup> And for as meikle as thir isles been fu o caverns, wi

---

<sup>246</sup> Bocas: Boccaccio

<sup>247</sup> Lipara (Lipari), Hiera (Vulcano), Strongile (Stromboli), Didyme (Salina), Eriphusa (Alicudi), Phoenicusa (Filicudi), and Euonymos (Panarea).

brimstane blawin and birnin unner the erd, that thareby, throu the swouch o the fire, may be perceivit a day or twa before frae whit pairt or airt the wind is for tae come; and this Eolus King thareof, as a natural man, first by experience perceivit this, and wad shaw the people thareby, weill twa or three days before, the wind wis tae blaw frae sic an airt; for the whilk reason, wi the rude people wis he namit King or God o Winds. And thay pit that he had sax sons and sax dochters, whilks are nocht else but the twal winds, o wham the names, tae begin at the east and gae round about, been thir: Subsolanus, Eurus, Notus, Auster, Africus, Zephyrus, Favonius, Circius, Corus, Boreas, Aquilo and Vulturnus.

23. John Bocas, by Eolus set hie in his chair to rule and daunt the winds, unnerstauns Reason set hie in the man's heid, whilk suld daunt and include law in the cave or boddom o the stomach, the winds o perversit appetite, as lord and sire set by God aamichty thareto.

24. Ilion, or Ilium, was the ceity o Troy, haein his name frae King Ilius, faither tae Laomedon. The haill kintrie wis caaed Troy frae King Troyius, faither tae this Ilius. The auld name thareof is Phrygia, but aft been aither o aa thir names tane for ither; as Troy as weill for the ceity and the realm. And here, by a mainer dispite, Juno for the people or guids o Ilion, names the haill ceity.

25. For as meikle as I hae sayed abuve Juno betaikens the air, in wham blaws thir winds, and by wham the maiter whaurof winds bein engendered been produced tae thair perfection, tharefore justly and o richt Eolus grants him tae haud his reign o Juno.

26. Eurus is here tane for the gret east wind, tho it be but the wind east-tae-southing. Siclike, Notus for the main south, tho it be south-tae-east; and Africus is tane for plat wast wind, that is baith south-south-wast. And here the three principal gret winds contrarious blew at aince upo thaim, and the nor wind alsae in the neist chaipter (“a blastrin bub, out frae the north braying etc.”).

27. Here first names Virgil Eneas. This cauld, says Servius, cam o dreid – nocht that Eneas dreid the deid, but this mainer o deid; and alsae he that dreids naething, nor can hae nae dreid, is nocht hardy, but fuilhardy and beastly.

28. The mainer wis sae in thae days, that nobles slain in field tuik thair mouth fu o erd, tae that effeck that in the deid-thraws nane mis-sittin word nor voice suld be heard o thair mouth.

29. Sarpedon, son o Jupiter and Laodomia, dochter tae Bellerophon, wis King o Lycia; o huge stature, and slain by Patroclus.

30. Thare lies betwix Africa and the Isle o Sardinia, amid the sea, a hirst or rig o craggy rocks, whilk been caaed ‘altars o supply or help’, because thareat, on a time, the people o Africa and Romans bund up perpetual peace. And thir shauld banks o sand, here namit,

been the twa dangers o the Sea African, caaed Syrtis, the mair and the less, mair perilous than Yarmouth sands or Holland coast.

31. O Orontes and Leucaspis something in the fift chaipiter o the Saxt Buik; and o this Pandar or Pandarus, in the nint chaipiter o the Fift Buik.

32. O this Ilioneus, and the ithers Trojanes here namit, been aft beneath made mention.

33. Neptune, or Neptunus, brither tae Jove and Pluto and son tae Saturn. For that the pairts o his heritage lay in Crete by the sea coast, and for he uisit meikle sailing and rowing, and fand the craft or art thareof, therefore is he cleipit God o the Sea. He wis alsae ane the first taucht tae daunt and tame horses; and untae him been consecrate the fundment o waas, for as meikle as it is sayed he biggit the waas o Troy, or than because the watter inclusit unner the erd is aft times cause o erdquaking and trimmling or moving o the erd, as we see by experience in watter breks. And per chance, thir three pouers signifies the three-granit sceptre, whilk his statue in auld days bare in haun, like a creeper or graip wi three granes. Thay describe him ridin in a cairt, whilk betaikens the welting owre o the sea waws, that rolls, hurls, and brays, like cairtwheels. Wha likes mair o him, gae read Bocas, in the first chaipiter and tent buik o the *Genealogy o Gods*.

34. Here is a notable doctrine, that nane noble man suld hastily revenge him efter his grief. Therefore wis gien counsel tae August Octavian, the emperor, that efter his commotion, or ever he did or sayed ocht he suld write twenty-fower letters.

35. This three-granit sceptre in some pairt hae I tuichit abuve; it may betaiken alsae the three properties o the watter, whilk is flowein, drinkable, and gainand tae sail or swim intil.

36. Cymothoe, as says Servius, is in Greek, as meikle tae say in our langage as the flowein or rinnin fluid, whilk may be cleipit a gainand dochter o Neptune, God o Seas. Triton, as says Bocas, is the bruit or routin o the wawy sea; whaurfore justly is he feignit trumpet tae the ocean, and son tae Neptune. Naetheless, Pliny in his *Natural History* rehearses that Triton is a verra monster o the sea, and that in the time o Tiberius the emperor sic aye wis heard and seen. His shape and portraiture is describit in the Tent Buik in the feird chaipiter, and he slays Misenus in the third chaipiter o the Saxt Buik.

37. Note Virgil in this comparison and similitude, for tharein and in siclike bears he palm o laud, as I hae sayed in my proem. It is tae be considered alsae that owre aa this wark he compares battle til spate or deluge o watter, or than tae sudden fire, and tae nocht else.

38. Christopherus Landinus, that writes morally upo Virgil, says thus: “Eneas purposes tae Italy, his land o promission; that is tae say, a just perfit man intends tae maist sovereign bonté and guidness, whilk, as witnesseth Plato, is situate in contemplation o godly things or divine warks. His unmeasable enemy Juno, that is feignit Queen o Realms, intends tae drive him frae Italy tae Carthage, that is Evasion, or concupisence tae

reign or hae warldly honours, wad draw him frae contemplation tae the active life; whilk whan she fails by herself, treats she wi Eolus, the nether pairt o reason, whilk sends the storm o mony warldly counsels in the just man's mind. But, houbet the mind lang flowes and delights here-intil, finally by the free will and reason predominant, that is unnerstaun, by Neptune, the storm is ceasit, and as follaes in the neist chaipter, arrivit in sound haven, whilk is tranquility o conscience; and finally Venus, in the saxt chaipter follaein, shaws Enee his feirs recoverit again, whilk is fervent luv and charity shaws the just man his sweet meditations and furore o devotion, wham he tint by warldly cures, restorit tae him again, and aa his ships but ane, by wham I unnerstaun the time lost."

39. Nympha may be cleipit a spous, or a damisel. But thay been tane wi poets for a goddess o wuids, wildernesses, fluids or wells, and Nympha is a general name tae aa sic. Nymphs o wells bein caaed Naides; o hills or muntains, Oreades; o wuids and forests, Dryades; o saut fluids, Nereides; o flouers, Napee and Hamadryades are feignit tae growe and dee wi the tree, as wha wad say the saul o the tree.

40. Ye sall unnerstaun, Virgil in aa pairts o his proses, whit mainer or fashion he describes ony man at the beginning, sae continues he o that samen person aa throu, and Eneas in aa his wark secludes frae aa vile office; but as tuichin maiters o peity<sup>248</sup> or devotion, thare laubours he ever wi the first, as ye may see in the beginnin o the Saxt Buik.<sup>249</sup>

41. Tho some wad say, perchance, that in Africa been nae harts, tharetae answers Landinus, that albeit perchance nou thare be nane, in thae days thay war nocht tae seek; or tho in the further pairts o Africa thare be nane, in the hither pairts, whaurtae wis Eneas driven, thare been mony.

42. Acestes, King o Sicily, o wham in the first chaipter o the Fift Buik.

43. Scylla and Charybdis been twa gret dangers in the Sicilian Sea, o wham in the sixt and seivent chaipters o the Thrid Buik.

44. O thir Cyclopes alsaie in the nynt and tenth chaipters o the Thrid Buik.

45. Wine the elder the better (sae that it be fresh) and every man knaws venison out o ply<sup>250</sup> tines the season.

46. Jove, or Jupiter, by the gentiles wis cleipit the maist sovereign god, Faither o Gods and Men, and aa the ithers war but hauden as pouers diverse o this Jupiter, caaed *juvans pater* 'the helply faither'; but wham we cleip saw I hae written in my Prologue o the

---

<sup>248</sup> On the equivalence o the wirds *piety* and *peity*, see the Introduction.

<sup>249</sup> Douglas' marginal note at this pynt reads, "He descriveth a prince tae hae mair cure o his people than o himsel." (The marginal notes haes been missed out o the present wark.)

<sup>250</sup> ply: condeition

Tenth Buik. O Jupiter, as writes St Augustine in his volume cleipit *The City of God*, in the seivent buik and nint chaipther thareof, thus writes poets:

Jupiter omnipotens, regum rex ipse, deusque,  
Progenitor genitrixque deum, deus unus, et omnes.

(Jupiter omnipotent, king o kings, and god, faither and mither o gods, ae god and aa the gods.) O him largely speaks he alsa, reprovin the gentile opinions, in the same volume, in the first buik and eleivent chaipther thareof; and in the twalt chaipther reproves the opinion o Plato, that hauds God the saul o the warld. O Jupiter says the poet Lucan:

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

(Jupiter is aa that ever thou sees, and aa that ever moves.) But hou thare been three sindry Jupiters, read John Bocas in his *Genealogy of Gods*, in the first chaipther o the eleivent buik, whaur he treats o Jupiter, King o Crete, whilk wis Jupiter the thrid; and thare at the ful, o aa the fiction and fables thareof, and why he is cleipit gret god, and o this Jupiter in the *Recuyell o Troy*. O the saicont Jupiter, King o Arcady, and syne o Athens, which slew Lycaon, and wis faither tae Dardanus, o wham cam the Trojans, he writes in the first chaipther o his fift buik; and o Jupiter the first, caaed Lysanian, and King Athenes, in the saicont chaipther o his saicont buik, whaur he treats the properties o Jupiter the planet. And nou tae speak o Jupiter the planet, whilk is saicont in order and unnermaist neist Saturn: he is gentle and meek, and fu o guid influences and profitable aspects, in sae faur that gif he conjoins wi a fraewart planet, sic as Mars or Saturn, he meases thair wrath; gif he conjoins wi a mean planet, as the Sun, the Muin or Mercury, he draws thaim and maks incline tae his guidness. Whan he conjoins wi Venus, or is participant wi her, as he stuid in the ascendant at this time o Eneas' landing, whilk is feignit the communing betwix him and Venus, than, as here appears, betaikens aa guid; for Jove is cleipit *Fortuna major* and Venus *Fortuna minor*. He completes his course in twal years; and by this constellation betwix him and Venus, Servius unnerstauns felicity tae come by a wumman, as follaes by Dido; and that Venus wis sorrafu, that is tae knaw, descendant, and nocht in her strenth, signifies the sorrafu depairting and mischance o Dido.

47. Because thare is mention o Antenor, wham many, follaein Guido de Columnis, hauds traitor, something o him will I speak, tho it may suffice for his purgation that Virgil here hath namit him, and aamaist comparit him tae the maist sovereign Eneas; whilk comparison naewise wad he hae made, for lack o Eneas, gif he haed been traitor. But tae shaw his innocence, lat us induce the maist noble and famous historian and milky fluid o eloquence, gret Titus Livius, whilk o Athenor and Eneas says thir words in his beginning: "It is weel wit that, Troy bein tane, in aa the ithers Trojans crudelity wis exercised, exceptin twa, Antenor and Eneas; tae wham the Greeks did nae herm, but abstainit frae aa pouer o battle as tuichin thaim, because o the reason o hospitality, for thay had been thair auld hosts, and aa times thay war solicitors and warkers tae render Helen and tae procure peace." Nou I beseek you, courteous readers, conseider gif this be pynts o treason, or raither o honour; and wey the excellent authority o Virgil and Titus Livius wi your

peevish and corrupt Guido. Landinus says alsae o this Antenor that, for his son Glaucus follaed Paris, he depeschit<sup>251</sup> him o him, and for that same cause, whan he wis efter slain by Agamemnon, he made nae dule for his deid.

48. Illyria haes his name frae Illyrius, son tae Polyphemus, and, as says Sextus Rufus, it contains seiventeen provinces. It extends endlang aa the gret fluid Danube, caaed Hister, on baith the sides, and in it is Hungary, Panonia, Slavonia, Bohemia, Denmark and Macedonia; and this Liburnia is but a pairt thareof, containin certain isles. Timaeus is a fluid in Lombardy, in the Venetian lands, that comes furth o the Deutsch muntains at nine beginnins, whilk aa rins in ae loch, wham the people adjacent caas a sea; and frae this loch comes the fluid that rins tae Padua, biggit by Antenor, as here ye may see. But it is tae be notit that Virgil says abuve, in the first chaipter, Eneas come first frae Troy tae Italy; and here it appears Antenor cam before him. Tae that says Servius, thae pairts whamtae can Antenor been nocht hauden o Italy but o Lombardy, caaed Gallia Cisalpina. Or mair evidently may we say that Enee wis the first cam tae Italy by fate, and at the gods' command: Antenor cam at his ain adventure, and nocht by destiny.

49. Venus is cleipit Cytherea frae the isle Cythera, beside Crete, whaur she wis nursed, or frae the Munt Cytheron, whaur she wis gretly worshipped.

50. The ceity o Rome, or than o New Troy.

51. The deification o Eneas is efter, in the last chaipter o the Thirteent Buik.

52. O the bargaining or battles o this Eneas, here in diverse buiks follaein; and o the building o this ceity, and hou lang his reign endurit, in the last and penult chaipter o the Thirteent Buik.

53. Iulus is three syllables, spellit wi *I per se* and *U per se*.

54. The ceity Alba, biggit by Ascanius, son o Creusa, efter Virgil haed his name frae the white swine, as ye may see in the first chaipter o the Aucht Buik, and wis cleipit Lang Alba, for it wis set endlang the band or rig o a law hill, as writes Titus Livius, and wis destroyed by Tullus Hostilius, thrid King o Rome; and thareof in the eleivint chaipter o the Thirteent Buik.

55. People Hectorian, hardy as Hector, or o the kinrent and bluid o Hector – for this Ascanius wis his fift son.

56. O Romulus ye sall knaw, that Porcas, the eleivent king o Alba or Albanis, gat twa sons, Numitor and Amulius, betwix wham he dividit his realm. But this Amulius banished his brither Numitor, and slew his son Lausus, and his dochter, caaed Ilia or Rhea, consecrate a nun untae the goddess Vesta, tae that effeck she suld hae nae succession; for

---

<sup>251</sup> depeschit: rid

in thae days sic nuns, gif thay brak thair virginity war erdit quick. But this Ilia conceivit and brocht furth twa children male, wham thay feign tae hae been engendered o Mars, because thay war bellicose and chivalrous, and begetten o some dochtly man; and than this Amulius gart pit this Ilia tae deid, and bade cast the children in Tiber. But the fluid bein spate wis flowein sae faur ower the braes thay nicht nocht win tae the courses o the watter, and thus war thay left on the brae; and ane Fastulus, a hird, had thaim borne tae his hous, and made Acca, his wife, itherwise caaed Lupa, nurse thaim; and for that Lupa betaikens a wolf and she wis caaed Lupa, therefore it is sayed a wolf fosterit Romulus and Remus. And because this said Acca or Lupa made Romulus her heir, therefore says Virgil he wis cled in his mither's or nurse's tabard. And efter, whan thay worth men, thay becam for the naince brigands o the wuid and by a mainer policy or pratick convenit that the tane o thaim suld tak his brither and all his complices, and sae thay did, and brocht him before thair uncle, the King Amulius, as tho he wald accuse him o a deidly crime. And whan thay war in presence comen, thay baith at aince raise upo Amulius and slew him, and thare declarit thair bluid and genealogy; and tharefter brocht hame thair grandsire Numitor and restorit tae him his realm; syne went thair wey, and for thaimsel biggit Rome and wallit first. And for thay war baith o ae birth, thay begouth debate for the name o the ceity. Than wis appointit that on the morn wha saw the maist noble sign, or taiken augurian, suld gie the ceity his name; and Remus first saw sax grips,<sup>252</sup> and Romulus efter him twal grips. Than sayed the tane his taiken wis maist noble, for that he saw thaim first; and the tither nay, because he saw mair; but whither it wis for that debate or for the gaein owre the waas, as ithers will say, Remus wis slain by Fabius, chieftain o weir tae Romulus, and the ceity cleipit Roma efter Romulus. And hou or why that he is caaed Quirites, and o his doutsome end, and o the sun's eclipse the time o his deid, and why he wis repute a god, read Titus Livius, John Bocas in the last chaipiter o the *Genealogy of Gods*, in the nint buik, and Augustine in the *City of God*, in the fifteent chaipiter o the thrid buik. And something here efter in the thirteent chaipiter o the Saxt Buik and the tenth chaipiter o the Aucht Buik.

57. St Augustine in his volume cleipit *De Verbis Domini*, in the twenty-nint sermon, mocks at this word, sayin, "Yit is nocht the end, and the empire is translate tae the Allemagnes; but Virgil wis crafty," says he, "that wad nocht on his ain behalf rehearse thir words, but made Jupiter pronounce thaim; and as he is a hauf-feigned god, sae is his prophecy."

58. Pythia wis the kintrie o Achilles; Myce or Mycene the realm o Agamemnon; Arge the realm o Kind Adrastus, pertainin efter tae Diomede by reason o his mither, and it is aft tane for aa Greece, and the Greeks been aft cleipit Argivi, or people o Arge.

59. O Julius Caesar, whan I behauld his *Commentaries* and the gret volume o Lucan, and whit o him writes Suetonius, I think better haud still my pen than write little o sae large a maiter, and sae excellent a prince. But ye sall knaw that the principal intent o Virgil wis tae extol the Romans, and in special the faimly or clan Julian, that cam frae this Ascanius,

---

<sup>252</sup> grips: vultures



son tae Eneas and Creusa, itherwise caaed Iulus; because the emperor Augustus Octavian, whamtae he direckit this wark, wis o that hous and bluid, and sister-son tae Caesar Julius. And therefore, whan Caesar wis slain by the senators, Octavian haed revengit his daith; and reigned peacably at the birth o our Saviour, whan the starn o Bethlehem appearit. Than, tae please Octavian, sayed the Romans, that was the saul o Caesar whilk wis deified; and this opinion here tuiches Virgil, and alsae in his *Bucolics*.

60. O the steik and o closing o the Temple o Janus in time o weir and o peace, ye hae in the Twalt Buik, in the tenth chaipiter. And this Temple o Janus wis twice closit before Octavian: aince by Numa Pompilius, and the saicont time by Titus Manlius; and thrice by Octavian; and this time here merkit wis the last time, at the coming o Christ, whan aa the world wis in peace. In witness thareof the angels sang, "Peace in erd," the time o birth (the saicont chaipiter o St Luke).

61. O Mercury read in the fift chaipiter o the Feird Buik; and that Mercury here wis sent doun frae Jupiter is nocht else but the planet Mercury wis at descens, and Jove ascendant; whilk signified freindship in haste tae come, but nocht tae lest lang.

62. In this chaipiter ye hae that Eneas met his mither Venus in likeness o a virgin, or a maid; by the whilk ye sall unnerstaun that Venus is feignit tae be mither tae Eneas, because that Venus wis in the ascendant, and haed domination in the heiven, the time o his nativity; and for that the planet Venus wis the signifier o his birth, and haed domination and special influence taewart him; therefore is she feignit tae be his mither; and thus it is that poets' feigns been fu o secret unnerstaunin unner a hid sentence or feigure. And ween nocht for this tho poets feigns Venus the planet for the cause foresaid tae be Eneas' mither, at thay believe nocht he wis mitherless, but that he haed a fair leddy tae his mither, whilk for her beauty wis cleipit Venus; and that Venus meets Eneas in form and likeness o a maid is tae be unnerstuid that Venus the planet that time wis in the sign o the Virgin, whilk betaikent luv and favours o wemen. And o Venus and her son Cupid I sall say something in the tenth chaipiter o this same buik.

63. Mony expounds Achates for thochtful cure or solicitude, whilk aa times is feir and companion tae princes and gret men.

64. The maidens o Sparta been the Amazons.

65. Harpalyce, dochter tae Lycurgus [sic] King o Thrace, her faither bein tane by the people o Getia, assembelt her pouer and wi sae gret haste pursued thaim that she seemit in swiftness to-forn the swiftest fluid o Thrace, caaed Hebrun; and wi mair agility and hardiment than is aamaist tae be believed, rescued her faither and owrecam her adversaries.

66. Thus sayed she for tae dissemble hersel, or than because that in Cyprus wis she worshippingit only wi incense and flouers, and nane ither sacrifice, sae that it wis unleifu ony bluid war shed in her temple.

67. O Agenor ye sal know that Jupiter engendered Ephaphus, whilk gat Belus the First, that engendered this Agenor, and he begat Phoenix, frae wham the realm o Tyre wis namit Phoenicia, and the people baith o Tyre and Carthage Phoenicians or Punicians. This Phoenix begat Belus the Saicont, itherwise caaed Methres, and he wis faither tae this Pygmalion, and Queen Dido, itherwise namit Elissa. This ilk Phoenix alsaengendered Philistenes, whilk begat this Sichaeus, itherwise caaed Sicarbas, spous tae this ilk Dido, and gret priest tae Hercules.

68. Some says she gied as meikle gowd as wad gang in a bul hide for this grund; some hauds the opinion that in thae days the money wis made o cuirbulylie or ledder, and this castle haes his name tharefrae, for in the langage o Africa, *byrsa* betaikens ledder, or a hide; but Servius is o Virgil's opinion, sayin Dido made carve the bul hide in sae smaa whangs that it compassed about the space o twenty-twa stages, that is three miles quarter less.

69. That Eneas here commends hissell, it is nocht tae be tane that he sayed this for arrogance, but for tae shaw his skill; as a king or a prince unknowin in an uncouth land may, but reпреif, rehearse his estate and dignity tae mak him be treatit as effeirs. And alsaengendered because he traistit he spak wi a goddess, that she suld nocht ashame tae remain and talk wi him tharefore; and because she was a wumman, he shew that he wis a man o authority, wi wham thay needs nocht ashame tae speak; for he wis that man whilk, by the common voice, wis cleipit 'Eneas fu o peity'. And for that Virgil cleips him swa aa throu this buik, and I interpret that term, whiles for 'ruth', whiles for 'devotion' and whiles for 'peity' and 'compassion'; tharefore ye sall know that peity is a virtue or guid deed, by the whilk we gie our diligent and debtfu laubour tae our native kintrie and untae thaim been conjoint tae us in near degree; and this virtue, peity, is a pairt o justice, and haes unner him twa ither virtues: amity, caaed freindship, and liberality.

70. Varro says that Eneas, frae his departing o Troy while he cam in the fields o Laurentum, aa the day saw the starn o Venus; and whan he was thither comen he saw it nae mair, whaurby he unnerstuid that wis his grund fatal.

71. Parentis betaikens the child's faither and mither baith.

72. The eagle by poets is feignit tae be Jove's foule, and that he made ministration tae him o the thunner and wappons the time o the battle betwix the god Dis and the Giants. But war it leifu tae compare profane fables tae haly scripture, St John the Evangelist is verra Jove's eagle, and cleipit Son o Thunner.

73.

*Atrides* bein in Latin cleipit thus,  
thir nevoys repute o King Atreus,  
that in our langage are the brether twae,  
King Agamemnon, and Duke Menelay<sup>253</sup>

74. O Typhon, or Typhoeus, in the eleivent chaipiter o the Nint Buik.

*Caetera desunt.*<sup>254</sup>

---

<sup>253</sup> These lines are repeated from the text.

<sup>254</sup> The lave is wantin.