

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 2

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

Contents o the Saicont Buik

The Prologue o the Saicont Buik

- I. Hou the Greekis withdrew thaim o the raid, and o the meikle subtle horse thay made.
- II. The takkin o the treasonable Sinon, and o his feignit wordis mony one.
- III. Yit o the traitor's fause contrivit slicht, that wis believed, alas! wi every wicht.
- IV. Hou strangelt wis the priest hecht Laocoön, and hou the horse clam owre the waas o stone.
- V. Greekis enters by treason in the ceity, and hou Hector appearis tae Enee.
- VI. Hou Eneas the treason did persave, and whit debate he made the toun tae save.
- VII. The waefu end, per order, here, alas! follaes o Troy, and gests o Eneas.
- VIII. Hou tae the King's palace sped Enee, that syne wis tak, thare helpit nae supplie.
- IX. Intae this neist chaipiter may attend o Priam King o Troy the fatal end.
- X. Hou Venus gan tae Eneas appear, and o his faither and ither maiters sere.
- XI. Hou Eneas his faither bare away, and hou he lost Creusa by the way.
- XII. Hou Eneas socht his spous, aa the coast, and hou tae him appearis her gret ghost.

The Prologue o the Saicont Buik

Daurk been my muse wi dolorous harmony;
Melpomene,¹ on thee warld clerkis call
for tae compile this deidly tragedy,
tuichin o Troy the subversion and fall;
but sen I follae the poet principal,
what needis purchase feignit termis new?
God grant me grace him dignely² tae ensue!

The dreary fate wi tearis lamentable
o Troy's siege widewhaur ower aa is sung;
but follaein Virgil, gif my wit war able
another wise nou sall that bell be rung
than ever was before heard in our tung.
Saturn, thou auld faither o melancholie,
thine is the cure my waefu pen tae gy.³

Harkis, leddies, your beauty wis the cause;
harkis, knichtis, the wud fury o Mart;
wise men attends mony sorrafu clause
and, ye deceivers, read here your proper art;
and finally, tae specify every part
here verifyit is that proverb tuichin sae
aa erdly gledness finisheth wi wae.

¹ Melpomene: the muse o tragedy

² dignely: worthily

³ gy: guide

The Saicont Buik

Chapter I

*Hou the Greekis withdrew thaim o the raid,
and o the meikle subtle horse thay made.*

“The Greekis’ chieftains, irkit o the weir
bypast or than sae mony langsome year,
and aft rebuttit by fatal destinie,
a huge horse, like a gret hill, in hy
craftily thay wrocht in worship o Pallas;
o sawen beech the ribbis forgit was,
feignin an oblation as it haed be
for prosper returnin hame in thair kintrie;
the voice thiswise throu-out the ceity wuke.
O chose men syne, walit by cut, thay teuk
a gret nummer, and hid in bilges dern
within that beast, in mony huge cavern;
shortly, the belly wis stuffit every deal
fu o knichtis armit in plate o steel.

Thare standis in the sicht o Troy an isle,
weill knawn by name, hecht Tenedos umquhile,
michty o guids while Priamus’ reign sae stuid;
nou is it but a firth in the sea fluid,
a raid⁴ unsiccar for ship or ballingair.⁵
In desert coastis o this island thare
the Greekis thaim fu secretly withdrew;
we weenin thaim hame passit and adieu,
and, wi guid wind, o Myce the realm haed socht.
Whaurfore aa thae o Troy, blythe as thay mocht,
thair langsome dule and murnin did away,
kest up the ports and issued furth tae play,
the Greekis’ tents desirous for tae see,
and void places whaur thay war wont tae be,
the coast and strandis left desert, aa clean.
‘Here stuid the airmy o Dolopes,’ some wad mean,
‘cruel Achill here stentit his pavilion;
whaur stuid the navy, lo the place yonder doun;

⁴ raid: sea-road, anchorage

⁵ ballingair: a smaa sea-gaun vessel

here the hostis war wont tae join in field.’
And some, wunnerin, the skaithfu gift beheld,
suld be offered tae the unweddit Pallas,
thay mervelled fast the horse sae meikle was;
but Thymoetes exhortis first o aa
it for tae lead and draw within the waa,
and for tae set it in the chief palace;
whether for deceit, I not,⁶ or for malice,
or destiny o Troy wad sae suld be.
But Capys than, wi anither menyie
whilk better advice thair mindis set upon,
bade cast or droun intae the sea anon
that suspect present o the Greeks’ dissait,
or kennle thareunner flame o fires hait,
or for tae rype that howkit huge bellie,
and the hid hirms⁷ tae search and weill espy.
Whit needis mair? The unstable commoun voce
dividit wis in mony sere purpose;
whan hither cam before thaim aa anon,
follaein a gret rout, the priest Laocoön
frae the chief temple rinnin in fu gret hy.
‘On faur, o wretchit people,’ gan he cry,
‘hou gret wudness is this at ye nou mean,
your enemies awa sailed, gif ye ween,
or gif ye traist ony Greeks’ giftis be
without deceit, fauseheid and subtlety!
Knae ye nae better the quent Ulixes’ slicht?
Aither in this tree are Greeks closed fu richt,
or this engine is biggit tae our skaith,
tae watch our wallis, and our biggins baith,
or tae confound and owrewhelm our ceity.
Thare lurks some fauseheid tharein, traistis me;
lippen nocht, Trojans, I pray ye, in this horse,
hou’er it be, I dreid the Greekis’ force,
and thaim that sends this gift always I fear.’
Thus sayin, wi aa his strenth a gret spear
at the side o that bisning⁸ beast threw he,
and in joinings o the thrawn wame o tree
festent the lance, that trimmling gan tae shake;
the braid belly shuddert, and wi the strake

⁶ not: dinna ken (ne wot)

⁷ hirms: neuks an crannies

⁸ bisning: monstrous

the boss caves soundit and made a din.
And haed nocht been at aither his wit wis thin,
or than the fates o gods war contrary,
he haed assayed, but ony langir tarry,
hid Greeks covert wi aim tae hae rent out;
than suld thou, Troy, hae staunin yit, but dout,
and the proud palace o King Priamus
suld hae remainit yit fu glorious.”

Chapter II

*The takkin o the treasonable Sinon,
and o his feignit wordis mony one.*

“Lo, the ilk time, harlin untae the King
Trojan hirdis wi gret clamour did bring
a young man, baith his hauns behinnd his back
hard bunden, that wilfully for tae be tak
rendert himsel – unknowen the cause why –
for tae perform his deed mair secretlie;
by stout courage ready tae aither o twae:
aither tae bring his slicht tae guid assay,
or failin thareof, doutless ready for tae dee –
less than tae Greeks he opent the ceity.
On aither pairt him tae behaud at aince
fast flocks about a multitude young Trojanes
busy tae knack⁹ and pu the preisoneir.
Nou the deceit o Greekis may ye hear,
and aa thair fauseheid lairn by this ae slicht.
For, alsae fast in mids o aa our sicht
as that dreary unarmit wicht wis stad,
and wi een blent about, seemin fu rad¹⁰,
behaudin Trojan routs on aither hand,
‘Alas,’ quo he, ‘wad God some erd, or sand,
or some saut sea did swalla me alive!
Whit ither thing nou rests tae me caitive,¹¹
wham-tae sall ne’er amang the Greeks again
a place be funden suithly tae remain?
And mairatowre, Trojans, offendit eik,
tae shed my bluid by painfu daith doth seek.’
Wi this regrate¹² our herts steired tae peity,
aa molestation ceased and latten be,
we him exhort rehearse; and tae be bauld,
o whit lineage he wis, and whit he wald,
and tae remember, guid hope o firm supply
happens aft tae prisoners in captivitie.
He, at the last, this feigned dreid did away,

⁹ knack: mock

¹⁰ rad: feart

¹¹ caitive: caitiff, puir sowel

¹² regrate: lamentation

and on this wise anon begouth tae say:
‘Forsuith, Sir King, I sall, whit-e’er betide,
grant tae thee aa the verity, and nocht hide,
nor, by nae weys, me list nocht tae deny
that o the Greekis’ menyie ane am I.
This principally I wad thou unnerstuid:
tho frawart fortune meiserable and bare o guid
haes made Sinon, she sall nocht mak him als,
whit-e’er he says, naither lee-er nor fals.
Gif e’er untae your earis cam the name,
the hie worship, and the renownit fame
o Palamedes, frae Belus’ bluid descend,
wham Greeks by fause treason, as weill is kenned,
throu corrupt witness staned tae deid, but lees,
for he the weir forbade and procured peace?
Nou murn thay for his deid; and wi him here
in fellaeship, my puir faither in weir
send me o youth, as tae him near o bluid.
While in prosperity o the realm he stuid,
and Greeks’ reign by counsel wis ruled wycely,
some name o worship and authority bare I;
but efter that by envy and haterent
o the fause fleechin Ulixes sae quent –
I jape nocht, for that I say, weill I know –
frae he wis slain, alas, and brocht o daw,¹³
dolorous my life I led in sturt and pain,
hivvily weyin my innocent frein thus slain.
Cease cud I nocht, but in my frenezie,
gif e’er I happed my time for tae espy,
and victor hae returnit intae Arge,
I hecht tae be revenged. Wi wordis large
thus I provoked sherp feid and malice baith.
Tae me this wis first appearance o skaith.
Frae than forrat, Ulixes mair and mair
wi new crimes begouth affray me sair,
and diverse rumours amangs the commons’ heids
skailit and sew o me in diverse steids,
and, knawin himsel guilty, by his conceit
graithit his wappons o slicht and fause deceit;
nor ceased he ne’er his purpose tae pursue
while the sollisting o Calchas I micht rue.
But whaurtae tell I or rehearses this,
that by nae weys displeases you, iwis?

¹³ brocht o daw: killt, literally removed frae days

Why tarry I my daith? And ye list, strike.
Gif that ye favour aa the Greeks alike,
this is enech that ye hae heard o me.
Nou haste my pain, sen aagates I maun dee.
Ulixes, whilk is King o Ithacie,
wad it war sae, and wi gret price wad buy
my daith; Agamemnon als, and Menelay.’
Than hastit we, and brunt tae hear him say,
desirous aa the mainer for tae hear,
misknawin the gret iniquities sere
and slee craftis o Greeks in every deed.
He quakin than, as it haed been for dreid,
begouth for tae tell furth the remanent,
sayin on this wise, wi fu dissembled intent:
‘The Greekis’ host in purpose war and will
tae flee frae Troy and lat it staunin still,
and, weary o thair lang weir, pass away –
wad God sae thay haed duin syne mony a day!
The seais’ rage and storm thaim stoppit aft,
and frae thair passage the north wind unsaft
held thaim aback, in anguish and in fear;
and principally nou, sen this horse wis here,
o hatter¹⁴ jystis buildit up, but dout,
the stormy cluds owre aa the air gan rout.
We, doutin hereon sent the priest Eurypylus
answer tae seek at the temple o Phoebus,
and frae the secret oratory, suith tae sayn,
thir sorrafu tidings he us brocht again:
“Wi bluid and by the slauchter o a maid,
Greekis, ye meased the windis first,” he sayed,
“Whan that ye cam o Troy tae the kintrie;
your hame passage by bluid maun funden be,
and hae your asking by daith o a Gregioun.”
Whan tae the commons’ earis ran the soun
o thir wordis, wi minds affrayed, at aince
the cauld dreid ran in throu thair banes,
for fear wham tae wis shape this destiny,
or wha it wis Apollo desired tae dee.
Ulixes than, amang thaim, wi gret din,
Calchas the gret diviner haes brocht in,
and busily at him inquires he,
by response o the goddis, wha suld dee?
Than mony ane deemit tae me, fu richt,

¹⁴ hatter: maple (literally beech, translating Latin *aceris*)

the cruel wrack o that deceitfu slicht,
and quietly perceived hou it wad wend.
This Calchas held his tung ten days til end,
keepin secret and close aa his intent,
refusin wi his word ony tae shent,
or tae pronounce the daith o ony wicht.
Scarce at the last, throu gret clamour and slicht
o Ulixes constrained, but mair abaid,
as wis devisit, the laith word furth braid,
and me adjudged tae send tae the altar.
Tharetae aahail the Greeks assentit are,
and suffert gledly sae the maiter pass;
whaur-as tofore everyane abashit was
for himselfin; than blythe wis page and knight
the chance returnit on a caitiff wicht.
Comen wis the dulefu day that doth me grice,¹⁵
whan that o me suld be made sacrifice,
wi saut melder,¹⁶ as weill the guise is kenned,
about my heid a garland or a bend.¹⁷
I grant that frae the daith mysel I freed;
the bands I brast, and fast awa syne fled,
untae a muddy morass, whaur, the daurk nicht,
amang the rispin reedis out o sicht,
fu law I lurkit, while up sails drew thay,
gif thay per chance be yit passit away.
Nou restis thare nae hope, alas, for me!
My native kintrie sall I never see,
nor dear children, nor faither weill beluved,
wham, as I traist, the Greekis, aa a-moved
for mine escaping, turment sall wi pain;
thay, saikless wichts, sall for my guilt be slain.
Whaurfore, Sir King, by the hie gods abuve,
and thair michtis that truth best knaws and luve,
and by the faith unfyled, and leal lawtie,
gif it wi mortal fowks may funden be,
hae ruth and peity o sae fell herms smert,
and tak compassion in thy gentle hert;
upo my wretchit saul hae some mercy
that guiltless suffers sic dis-ease wrangously.”

¹⁵ grice: affricht

¹⁶ melder: meal an saut mixtur

¹⁷ bend: heid-baund

Chapter III

*Yit o the traitor's fause contrivit slicht,
that wis believed, alas! wi every wicht.*

“Pardon and life tae thir tearis gie we,
quo Priamus, ‘and mercy grantis free.’
And, first o aa, the manacles and hard bands
chairgit he lowse o this ilk man’s hands;
wi freindly wordis syne thus untae him sayed:
‘Whit-e’er thou art, beis merry and glaid;
forget the Greeks that lost are and away,
frae thenceforward thou sall be ours, perfay.
But shaw truly this ae thing I inquire,
untae whit fine this huge horse wis here,
wi sae gret stature buildit up on hie.
Wha wrocht the wark? Whit may it signifie?
Whit is it? An offerin o some haliness?
Or some engine o battle, as I guess?’
sayed Priamus. But than the tither wicht,
fu weill instructit o Greeks’ airt and slicht,
lowsit and lately freed o aa his bands,
untae the starnis heavit up his hands:
‘Oh, ye!’ quo he, ‘everlestin lamps bricht,
and your divine pouer and your gret micht,
that aucht nocht been forsworn, I testify;
and ye altars, and cruel swourds, wham I
am escapit, and aa you goddis wyce
whase garlands bare I as your sacrifice,
leifu¹⁸ is nou tae brek, but mair abaid,
the sworn promise that I tae Greekis made;
leifu is eik thae people for tae hate,
and shaw furth plainly aa that e’er I wait,¹⁹
thair hid slicht als tae rype furth tae the grund:
tae nae kintrie nor lawis am I bund.
Sae mot thou, Troy, wham I sall save frae skaith,
keep me thy promise and thy lawtie baith,
as I sall shaw thee verity ilk deal,
and for my life sall render you a gret weill.

The Greekis’ traist and comfort, mony years,

¹⁸ leifu: permissible, lawfu

¹⁹ wait: ken

frae the beginning o thir mortal weirs,
on Pallas' help stuid haill this toun tae get;
but efter that Tydeus,²⁰ waryit²¹ get,
wi Ulixes, finder o wickitness,
the fatal relic o Palladium, I guess,
furth o her temple, and the hallowed hauld,
tae reive awa forcibly wis sae bauld,
and slay the watches o the chief castle,
the haly eimage, grisly for tae tell,
pollute and fylit, and wi thair bluidy hands
her virgin veils and blissed godly garlands
presumit tuich; sinsyne haes evermair
backward o Greeks the hope went and weillfare;
thair michtis and thair strenthis feebelt fast:
sae frawart thaim her mind this God haes cast,
that wi nae doutsome taikens, mair than twa,
her grief furth shew this ilk Tritonia.²²
Scarcely the statue wis in thair temple up-set,
whan aa her members bitter tearis sweat;
her een gloweit as ony gleid for ire,
whaurfrae thare flaw mony sperkis o fire;
a tearfu thing, and wunnerfu tae tell;
thrice shinin doun on the grund she fell,
her targe trimmlin, and shakkin fast her spear.
“Anon, aa must ye wend tae sea infeir,”
crys Calchas, “nor Greeks' instrument
o Troy the waas sall never hurt nor rent,
less than again the land o Arge be socht,
wi aakin portage whilk wis hither brocht
in barge or bilgit ballingair owre sea –
the goddis maun be measit als,” quo he.
And nou, set thay, wi this ilk wind, hae socht
thair land o Greece or Myce, this is thair thocht:
tae graith thair armour and wappons by and by,
and, wi supply o gods in companie,
in haste for tae return again owre sea;
ere ye be ware, upo you will thay be.
Thus aa per order declares thaim Calchas,
at whase monition als up-biggit was
this busteous form, in likeness o a horse,

²⁰ Tydeus: erroneously for Diomede (Latin *Tydides* son of Tydeus)

²¹ waryit: cursit

²² Tritonia: i.e. Pallas (Minerva, Athena), whase statue, the Palladium, protectit Troy

for Palladium, and tae appease the force
o the Goddess, and intae recompense
o thair wretchit and dolorous offence.
And mairatowre, o sae huge quantity²³
Calchas commandis build this statue o tree,
thus large and gret, weill near the heiven on hicht,
sae at the portis it nocht enter micht,
nor yit be brocht within your wallis wide,
nor your people favour, help, nor guide
efter the auld religion and usage.
For gif your hands haed violate in your rage,
this haly present o the God Minerve,
gret wrack suld follae that aa suld sterve,
Priamus' reign destroyed, and aa your pelf;
whilk destiny gods turn raither in himself!
But gif this ilk statue, staunis here wrocht,
war wi your hauns intae the ceity brocht,
than shew he that the people o Asia,
but ony obstacle, in fell battle suld gae,
bet down the touns o Arge that regioun,
and the same fate happen our successioun.'

By sic wiles and slichtis, mony one,
o fause contrivit and mansworn Sinon,
the maiter is believed wi aa it hears;
and taken are, by deceit and feignit tears,
thae people wham the son o Tydeus,²⁴
nor fierce Achilles, cleiped Larissaeus,²⁵
nor Greece ten years in battle micht owrecome,
nor yit the thousan shippis aa and some."

²³ quantity: i.e. bulk

²⁴ son o Tydeus: Diomede

²⁵ Larissaeus: i.e. Larissian, frae Larissa

Chapter IV

*Hou strangelt wis the priest hecht Laocoön,
and hou the horse clam owre the waas o stone.*

“Betide, the ilk tide, a faur gretter wunner,
and mair dreidfu tae caitiffs by sic hunner,
whilk o Trojans trubbelt mony unwarned breist:
as Laocoön, that wis Neptune’s priest,
and chosen by cavill untae that ilk office,
a fair gret bul offert in sacrifice
solemnitly before the haly alteir,
throu the still sea, frae Tenedos, infeir,
lo! twa gret lowpit edders, wi mony thraw,
fast throu the fluid taewart the land gan draw.
My spreit abhors this maiter tae declare;
abuve the watter thair hause stuid evermair,
wi bluidy crests outwith the wawis hie;
the remanent swam aa weys unner sea,
wi grisly bodies linkin monyfauld;
the saut faem stouris frae the faird²⁶ thay hauld;
untae the grund thay glade wi glowin een
stuffed fu o venom, fire, and felloun tene,²⁷
wi tungis whustlin in thair mouthis reid
thay lick the twinklin stangis in thair heid.
We fled away aa bluidless for afear;
but, wi a braid, tae Laocoön infeir
thay stert at aince; and his twa sonnis ying
first aither serpent lappit like a ring,
and, wi thair cruel bite and stangis fell,
o tender members teuk mony sary morsel;
syne thay the priest invadit, baith twain,
whilk wi his wappons did his busy pain
his children for tae helpen and rescue;
but thay about him lowped in wimples threw,
and twice circelt his middle round about,
and twice fauldis thair spruttelt skins, but dout,
about his hause; baith neck and heid thay shent;²⁸
as he ettles thair hankis tae hae rent,
and wi his haundis thaim awa hae draw,

²⁶ faird: impetus

²⁷ tene: rage

²⁸ shent: hermed

his heid bendis and garlands aa war blaw
fu o venom and rank pyson at aince,
whilk infecks the flesh, bluid, and banes;
and tharewi eik sae horribly shouts he,
his cries dinned tae the skies on hie;
like as a bul doth rummesin and rair,
whan he escapes hurt frae the altair,
and charris by²⁹ the aix wi his neck wicht,
gif on his foreheid the dint hits nocht richt.
Syne thir twa serpents hastily glade away;
untae the chief temple fled are thay,
o stern Pallas tae the hallowit place,
and crap in under the feet o the Goddess,
hid thaim behinnd the boss o her buckleir.
Than trimmelt thare mony stout hert for fear;
the uncouth dreid intae thair breistis crap;
aa sayed, Laocoön justly, sic wis his hap,
haes dear y-bocht his wickit and shrewit deid,
for he the haly horse or stalwart steed
wi violent strake presumit for tae dere,³⁰
and thareintil tae festen his cursit spear.
'Untae the hallowed steid bring in,' thay cry,
'the gret feigure, and lat us sacrifice
the haly Goddess, and magnify her nicht
wi orisons and offerings day and nicht.'
Whit will ye mair? The barmkin doun we rent,
and waas o our ceity we made patent;
untae thair wark aa sped thaim busilie;
turnin wheelis thay set in, by and by,
unner the feet o this ilk bisning jape;
about the neck knit mony bassin³¹ raip.
The fatal monster clam owre the waas then,
gret-wamed, and stuffit fu o armit men;
and thare about ran children and maidis ying,
singin carols and dancin in a ring;
fu weill wis thaim, and gled wis every wicht,
that wi thair hauns aince tuich the cordis nicht.
Furth drawn hauds this subtle horse o tree,
and menacin strides throu the mid ceity.
Oh native kintrie, and ryal realm o Troy!

²⁹ charris by: turns aside

³⁰ dere: herm

³¹ bassin: made o bast (i.e. bark fibre)

Oh goddis' hous Ilion fu o joy!
Oh worthy Trojan wallis chivalrous!
Fower times stoppit that monster perilous,
e'en at the entry o the portis wide,
and fower syse the armour, that ilk tide,
clinkit and rang amid the large belly.
But naetheless, intil our blinnd fury,
forgettin this, instantly we wirk,
and for tae drug and draw wad never irk,
while that mischancy monster, quently bet,
amid the hallowed temple up wis set.
Cassandra than the fates tae come tauld plain,
but, by command o Phoebus, aa wis in vain;
for tho she spaed the suith, and made nae bourd,
whit-e'er she sayed, Trojans trowed ne'er a wound.
The temples o goddis and sanctuaries aa,
we fey people – alas! whit say I sall?
wham-til this wis the dulefu latter day –
wi festal flouers and bewis, as in May,
did weill adorn, and fest and riot made
throu-out the toun, and for mischief wis glaid.”

Chapter V

*Greekis enters by treason in the ceity,
and hou Hector appearis tae Enee.*

“Wi this, the heiven sae whirled about his sphere
out o the sea the dim nicht gan appear –
nicht, wi her daurk weed baith erd and firmament
involvin, by her secret shaddas quent
coverin Gregion and Myrmidonis’ slicht.
Within the waas tae bed went every wicht;
still weren³² aa, and saft vapour o sleep
upo thair weary limbis fast doth creep.
By than the airmy o mony a Gregion,
stuffit in shippis, cam frae Tenedon,
still, unner freindly silence o the muin,
tae the kent coastis speedin thaim fu suin;
and whan the taikenin or the bail o fire,
rase frae the King’s ship, upburnin schire,
o the goddis by frawart destinie
Sinon preservit cud this sign aspy;
the firren³³ closers opens, but noise or din,
and Greekis, hid the horse’s coast³⁴ within,
patent war made tae sicht and tae the air.
Joyfu and blythe, frae that boss statue thare
descendin than downlap by cords at aince
Thessander, and Sthenelus, twa captains,
the dour Ulixes als, and Acamas,
Peleus’ nevoy Pyrrhus,³⁵ and King Thoas,
the first Machaon, and Menelaus,
and the engine forger hait Epeus.
The ceity thay invade, and fast infest,
wi wine and sleep y-beiryit and at rest.
Slain are the watches liggin on the waa;
opent the ports, lat in thair feiris aa,
thegither jointit every companie;
throu the ceity suin rase the noise and scry.

³² weren: were (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

³³ firren: made o fir

³⁴ coast: i.e. side

³⁵ Pyrrhus wis the grandson o Peleus and son o Achilles.

This wis that time whan the first quiet
o naitural sleep, tae wham nae gift mair sweet,
steals on fordovert mortal creatures,
and in thair swevins meetis quent feigures.
Lo! in my sleep, I see staun me before,
as tae my sicht, maist lamentable Hector,
wi large fluid o tearis, and aa besprent,
as he, umquhile, efter the cairt wis rent,
with barkent bluid and pouder – oh God, whit skaith! –
boldent³⁶ fu gret war feet and limbis baith,
by bandis o the cordis whilk thaim dreuch.
Ha! Wallaway! Whit herm and wae eneuch!
Whit ane wis he! Sae faur changit frae joy
o that Hector, whilom returned tae Troy,
cled wi the spulyie o him Achilles,
or whan the Trojan fire bleezes, iwis,
on Greekis' ships thickfauld he slang that day,
whan that he slew the Duke Protheselay!
His face and baird wis fadit whaur he stuid,
and aa his hair wis glittent fu o bluid.
fu mony wounds on his body bare he,
whilk, in defence o his native kintrie,
about the waas o Troy received he haed.
Methocht, I first, weepin and naething glaid,
richt reverently begouth tae cleip this man,
and wi sic dolorous wordis thus began:
'Oh thou, o Troy the leamin lamp o licht!
Oh Trojan hope, maist firm defence in ficht!
Whit haes thee tarried? Why made thou this delay,
Hector, wham we desirit mony a day?
Frae whit kintrie this wise comen art thou,
that, efter fell slauchter o thy freins nou,
and o thy fowks and ceity efter huge pain,
whan we been irked, we see thee here again?
Whit hard mischance fyled sae thy pleasin face?
Or why see I thae fell woundis, alace?'
Untae thir wordis he nane answer made,
nor tae my wud demandis naething sayed,
but wi a hivvy murmur, as it war draw
furth o the boddom o his breist weill law:
'Alas! alas! thou Goddess' son,' quo he,
'Sauf thysel frae this fire, and fast thou flee.
Our enemies haes thir worthy waas tane.

³⁶ boldent: swollen

Troy frae the tap doun faas, and aa is gane.
Eneuch haes lestit o Priamus the ring;
the Fates will nae mair it enduring.
Gif Pergama, the Trojan wallis wicht,
nicht langir hae been fendit intae ficht,
wi this richt haun thay suld hae been defendit.
Adieu! Fareweill! Forever it is endit.
In thy keepin committis Troy, but les,
her kindly goddis cleipit Penates;
tak thir in fellaeship o thy fates all,
and large waas for thaim seek thou sall,
whilk at the last thysel sall build up hie,
efter lang wanderin and error owre the sea.’
Thus sayed Hector, and shew furth in his hands
the dreidfu veilis, wimples, and garlands
o Vesta, Goddess o the Erd and Fire,
whilk in her temple eternally burns schire.”

Chapter VI

*Hou Eneas the treason did persaive,
and whit debate he made the toun tae save.*

“In sere places throu the ceity, wi this,
the murmur rase, aye mair and mair, iwis,
and clearer waux the rumour and the din;
sae that, suppose Anchises my faither’s inn
wi trees about stuid secret by the way,
sae busteous grew the noise and furious fray,
and rattlin o thair armour on the street,
affrayed, I glistent o sleep, and stert on feet;
syne tae the hous-heid ascendis anon,
wi earis pressed stuid thare as still as stone.
A sound or souch I heard thare at the last,
like whan the fire, by felloun windis’ blast,
is driven amid the flet o corn’s rank;
or whan the burn on spate hurls down the bank,
aither throu a watter brek, or spate o fluid,
ryvin up reid erd as it war wuid,
doun dingin corns, aa the pleuch laubour at aince,
and drives on swiftly stockis, trees and stanes;
the sely hird, seein this grisly sicht,
set on a pinnacle o some craig’s hicht,
aa abashit, nocht knawin whit this may mean,
wunners o the sound and ferlie at he haes seen.
Richt sae I than, by clear taikens enew,
manifestly aa the Greeks’ fauseheid knew,
thair hid deceit waux patent than til us.
The noble ludgin o worthy Deiphobus
wis faa tae grund, the fire upspreid anon;
the neist hous burnis o Ucalegon:
the large seais and coastis Sigeon,
throu licht o flames and bricht fires, shane.
Upsprang the cry o men and trumpis’ blast;
as out o mind, mine armour on I thrast,
tho by nae reason perceive I nicht, but fail,
whit than the force o armis cud avail;
yit, haun for haun, tae thring out-throu the press
wi my feiris, and rinnin ere we cess
tae the castle, our herts brint for desire;
the fury catched our mindis het as fire,
sae that we thocht maist seemly in a field

tae dee fechtin, enarmit unner shield.
But lo! Panthus slippit the Greekis' spears –
Panthus Othryades' son, that, mony years,
wis o the strenth, and Phoebus' temple priest –
intae his airmis, lappit tae his breist
the haly relics o the sanctuarie,
and eik our vanquished goddis, by and by
wi him beirin, and in his haun also,
harlin him efter, his little nevo,
comes like a wuid man til our yett rinning.
'Hou nou, Panthus, whit tidings dae ye bring?
In whit estate is sanctuary and haly gear?
Tae whilk ither forteress sall we speir?'
Scarce sayed I this, whan, gowlin peitiouslie,
wi thir wordis he answert me in hy:
'The latter day is comen o Dardanus' end,
the fatal time wham nae wailin may mend.
We war Trojans. Umquhile wis Ilion.
The shinin glore o Phrygians nou is gone.
Fierce Jupiter tae Greece aa haes translate.
Owre aa the ceity, kennelt in flames hait,
the Greekis nou are lords but ony force.
Within the waas, yon meikle staunin horse
yetts furth armed men; and nou Sinon
is victor haill, kennlin ever on
the new fires gledly, as it war sport.
At aither yett been rushed in sic a sort,
sae mony thousands cam ne'er frae Myce nor Arge;
some companies, wi spearis, lance and targe,
walkis watchin in rues and narrow streets;
arrayit battles, wi drawn swourds at gleits,
stauns ready for tae stick, gore and slay:
scarcely the watches o the portis twae
begouth defence and melée as thay nicht,
whan blinndlins in the battle fey thay ficht.'

Throu thir wordis o Panthus, and gods' hest,
amid the flames and armour in I pressed;
rushin thither whaur sorrafu Erinys,³⁷
the noise and bruit me drew, and whaur, iwis,
the clamour heard I rise up tae the air.
And o our fellaes tae me cam twa pair:
Rhipeus first by the licht o the muin,

³⁷ Erinys: a Fury

valiant in arms Epytus follaed suin,
Hypanis syne, and eik Dymas in hy,
fast tae our side adjoint by and by;
Mygdoneus' son alsae, Choroebus ying,
whilk in thae days, for fey luve het burning
o Cassandra, tae Troy wis comen that year,
tae help Priam and Trojans in the weir.
Unhappy he wis; wad nocht believe fermly
his sayed spous's command and prophecy!
Whan I thaim saw thiswise adjoint tae me,
and wilfu for tae strike in the melée,
thus I begouth thaim furthermair tae steir:
'Oh ye maist forcy young men that been here
wi breistis strang, and sae bauld courage hie,
in vain ye press tae succour this ceity
whilk burnis aa in fire and flames reid;
the goddis aa are fled out o this steid,
throu whase nicht stuid our empire mony day;
nou aa thair temples and altars waste leave thay.
But gif your desire be sae fermly pressed
tae follae me, daur tak the uttermaist
whit fortune is betide, aa things ye see;
there is nae mair; lat us thegither dee,
and in amid our enemies' army shuit.
Tae vanquished fowks is a comfort and bute
nane hope o help tae believe, or rescue.'
Sae, wi thir words, the young men's courage grew,
that in the daurk like ravenous wolfs, on raws,
wham the blinnd fury o thair empty maws
drives furth o thair den tae seek thair prey,
thair little whalps left wi dry throats while day;
sae, throu the wappons and our faes went we
upo the deid undoutit, and wad nocht flee.
Amid the ceity we held the maister street;
the daurk nicht hid us wi close shaddas meet."

Chapter VII

*The waefu end, per order, here, alas!
follaes o Troy, and gests³⁸ o Eneas.*

“Wha sall the hermis o that waefu nicht
expreme? Or wha wi tung tae tell haes nicht
sae feil deid corpses as thare lies slain?
Or, tho in case thay weep while tearis rain,
equally may bewail thae sorras aa?
The ancient worthy ceity down is faa,
that mony yearis held hie seignorie;
stickit in streetis here and thare thay lie,
feil corpses deid o mony unwieldy wicht,
dung down in houses, fey thay faa aa nicht,
in sanctuaries and temples o gods eik;
naewhaur mercy nor succour micht thay seek.
And nocht only o Trojans – throu-out the toun,
the bluid is shed, thus martyrit and slain down,
but some time eik tae thaim, owrecomen and shent,
again returns in breistis hardiment,
sae that some Greekis victors war smit deid.
Cruel womenting occupied every steid;
owre aawhaur dreid, owre aawhaur wae and care,
and o the daith fell ghastly shaddas thare.

But first encounters us Androgeos,
wi a gret company o the Gregious,
unwarily weenin his fallows we haed be;
in hamely words tae us thus carpis he:
‘Haste you, mates, whit sleuth tarryit ye this late?
Our ither feirs rubs, tursin away, fuit-hait,
the spreath o Troy, whilk nou is brunt tae gleids,
and ye, first frae your shippis nou ye speeds.’
Thus sayed he, whan that, suddenly and anon,
he felt himself happenit amid his foen,³⁹
for we him gave answer nocht traist eneuch.
Astonished wi the word, aback he dreuch;
as wha unwaur tread on a roch serpent
liggin in the buss, and for fear backward sprent,
sein her, ready tae stang and tae infeck,

³⁸ gests: heroic tales

³⁹ foen: faes (wi Chaucerian English plural endin)

set up her venomous yalla bowden neck;
on the samen wise, Androgeos, o our sicht
gretly affrayit, fled in aa his micht.
On thaim we shot, and in thair mid rout dushit,
hewit, hackit, smate down, and aa to-frushit
thae fey Gregions, on ilk side here and thare
wi dreid owreset, and wist nocht whaur thay war.
The first laubour thus leukit weill wi us.
Joyous in hert o this chance Choroebus:
'Oh ye feirs! Haud furth this wey,' quo he,
'whaur fortune first haes shawn us sic supplie –
haud thither whaur our manheid haes us taucht.
Nou lat us change shieldis, sen we been socht.
Greekis' insignias dae we counterfeit.
Whether by slicht, or strenth o armis greit,
a man owrecome his enemy, wha racks?
Thay sall us render thir harness o thair backs.'
And sayin this, Androgeos' crestit helm
he hint in hy, and owre his heid gan whelm;
his shinin shield wi his baudgie⁴⁰ teuk he,
and hang a Gregion swourd down by his thee.
Siclike did Rhipeus, myself eik, and Dymas,
and aa the ither young men at thare wis.
Fu gledly in that recent spulyie warm
belive ilk man did thaimsel enarm.
Amang the Greekis middelt than went we,
nocht wi our ain taiken nor deity.
Mony debates and onsets hae we duin,
and, throu the silence o the nicht, unduin
feil o the Greeks, and sent tae Hell adoun.
Anither menyie fled fast out o toun
tae thair shippis, and thae traist coastis nice;
some pairt alsae, for shamefu cowardice,
clamb up again in the gret horse's maw,
and hid thaim in that belly weill beknaw.

Alas! unleifu is ony man tae ween,
contrair the pleasure o gods, ocht may sustein.
Lo! Priamus' dochter, the virgin Cassandra,
wis, frae the temple and saet o Minerva,
drawn forcibly bareheid, wi hair doun-shake,
ruthfully in vain behaudin heiven, alake!
wi glottent een; for baith her tender hands

⁴⁰ baudgie: badge

war strainit sair, y-bounden hard wi bands.
This dolorous sicht Choroebus nicht nocht see,
but rushed wi furious mind in the melée,
ready tae dee, and we aa follaed fast,
amang glaves⁴¹ and armour in we thrast.
Here war we first to-frushed and hard beset,
wi dartis and wi stanes aa to-bet
by our ain feiris frae the temple's hicht;
a miserable slauchter thare begouth that nicht.
The portraiture o armis wis misknaw,
aa war but Greekis' tymbrals⁴² at thay saw.
Als whit for wailing o ireous wordis fell,
agin rescued, sayed by the damisel,⁴³
Greekis flockis thegither here and thare,
and umbesettis cruelly and sair;
the felloun Ajax, and aither Atrides,
and aa the routis cleipit Dolopes.
Like as, sometime, the fierce windis ye see,
Zephyrus, Notus, and Eurus aa three
contrarious blaw thair busteous bubs wi birr;
the wuidis rerdis, baith aik, elm, and fir
owreturns tae grund, and Nereus the faemie
frae the sea grund wud-wrath is chased in hy –
on siclik wise the Greekis us invadit.
For than thae als that fled war, and evadit
throu the daurk nicht, whan some thair feirs slew we,
and thaim haed chased throu-out aa the ceity,
thay war the first cam nou tae dae us dere;
our feignit shieldis, wappons, and ither gear
fu weill thay knew, and, by our voices eik,
thay notify that nane o us wis Greek.
By multitude and nummer on us set
aa gade tae wrack, thare war we haill dounbet;
and first o aa, doun smite wis Choroebus
by the richt haun o Greek Peneleus,
before the altar o armipotent Pallas.
Rhipeus doun fell, ane the maist just man was,
amang Trojans best keepin equity;
but itherwise the goddis thocht suld be.
Hypanis eik, and Dymas than alsa

⁴¹ glaves: swourds

⁴² tymbrals: crests

⁴³ damisel: i.e. Cassandra

war by thir fellaes throu-girt baith twa.
Nor yit thee, Panthus, whan that thou fell down,
thy gret peity, and godly religioun,
nor habit o Apollo hid frae skaith.

Oh ye cauld ashes o Troy, and flames baith,
and extreme end o kintrie fowks, here I
draws ye tae witness, and daes testify,
whan that ye fell tae grund thus and war slain,
I naither sparit wappons, strenth, nor pain,
nor nane onset eshewed o Greekis' micht;
and gif Fates wad I haed fallen in ficht,
thare wi my haundis wrocht I worth my deid.
But wi the press we war reeled⁴⁴ o that steid;
only wi me Iphitus and Pelias;
for age Iphitus waik and feeble was,
and Pelias slawly micht uneiths⁴⁵ gae,
by Ulixes for he wis woundit sae."

⁴⁴ reeled: routit

⁴⁵ uneiths: haurdly

Chapter VIII

*Hou tae the King's palace sped Enee,
that syne wis tak, thare helpit nae supplie.*

“Anon untae the palace o Priamus
the shoutis and the cryis callis us.
Thare wis a hideous battle for tae seen,
as thare nane ither bargain e'er haed been,
like as nane slain war throu aa the ceity,
sae wud undauntit melée thare we see,
the Greekis rushin tae the thack on hicht;
sae thick thay thrang about the ports aa nicht
that like a waa thay umbeset the yettis;
up tae the side waas mony ledder set is,
whauron thay press fast owre the ruif tae speil,
covered wi shields agin the dartis feil,
thair left haun heich abuve thair heid gan haud,
and aft wi richt hauns grip the batalling wad.
Trojans again, shapin defence tae mak,
rent turrets down, and o hous-heids the thack –
whan aa wis lost thay see, at latter end
wi sic wappons thay shupe thaim tae defend.
The gilt sparris, and jystis gowd-begane
doun on thaim sling thay, and mony costly stane,
the proud and ryal wirks o faithers auld.
And ither some, law doun within that hauld,
wi drawn swourds stuid ready tae keep the yett;
in a thick rout thareat wis mony set.
Our spreitis war restored, and courage grew
the King's palace tae succour, and rescue
the men tharein wi aa help and supplie,
tae strenthen thaim war vanquished ne'er, we see.
A smaa wicket thare wis, or entry dern,
a little yett cleiped a postern,
on the back hauf Priamus' palace aamaist,
amang biggins stuid desolate and waste;
whaurat wis wont alane Andromacha
tae enter aft tae Priam and Hecuba,
and Astyanax her young son, wi her bring
untae his grandsire Priamus the King.
Thareat I entert, and tae the waas' hicht
up went, whaur wretchit Trojans, as thay nicht,
threw doun dartis, tho aa wis but in waste.

We stert untae a hie turret in haste,
the tap upstreikin tae the starnis hie,
whauron we wont war aa Troy for tae see,
the Greekis' shippis, and thair tentis eik.
Wi instruments o airn we pyke, and seek
round aa about whaur the joinings war worn,
ready tae faa, and corbals aa to-torn;
we howk and mined the corners for the naince,
while doun, belive, we tummle it aa at aince.
A felloun rush it made, and sound withaa,
and large on braid owre Greekis' routs did faa.
But suin anither sort stert in thair steids;
naither stanes, nor querrels wi sherp heids,
nor nae kind o wappons war sparit than.
And first o aa, before the porch in ran,
hard tae the entry, in shinin plate and mail,
Pyrrhus, wi wappons fiercely tae assail;
like tae the edder, wi shrewit herbis fed,
comes furth tae licht, and on the grund lies spread,
wham winter lang hid unner the cauld erd;
nou slipped her slouch wi shinin skin new breired,
her sliddry body in hankis round aa run,
heich up her neck streikin forgain the sun,
wi forkit tung intil her mouth witterand.
Tae the assault wi Pyrrhus cam at hand
Periphas, and Automedon his squire
wis wont tae govern Achilles' cairt in weir;
and aa the fencible men o Scyria
bouns owre the waas and houses' heids alsa,
and fire bleezes abuve the ruif gars flee.
But first o aa, a stalwart aix hint he,
the stern Pyrrhus, tae hew and brek the yett,
and furth o harr⁴⁶ the staples haes he bet,
and bandis aa o brass y-forgit weill;
by that in twa the maister bar ilk deal
is aa to-frushed; syne the hard buirds he hacks,
and throu the yett a large windae maks;
by the whilk slap the place within appears;
the wide hallis waux patent aa infeirs
o Priamus and ancient kings o Troy;
secret througangs are shawn, wont tae be coy;
armit men see thay stand at the first port.
But than throu-out the inner palace, at short,

⁴⁶ harr: hinge

wi dulefu skreik and wailin aa is confoundit;
the haill houses yowlit and resoundit
for womenting o leddies and wemen;
the clamour upstraik tae the starnis then.
The waefu mithers ran feart on aither side
fu lamentable throu-out the chaumers wide,
bracin⁴⁷ the posts in airms, and duiris cauld,
and feil sithe⁴⁸ wi mouths kiss thaim wad.
Instantly Pyrrhus assays wi aa his micht,
by naitural strenth o his faither⁴⁹ the wicht,
that naither closures, nor barred yettis stout,
nor yit the keepers may haud thaim langir out.
Aft wi the ram the port is shake and dushit,
dounbet yett cheeks, and bandis aa to-frushit;
the wey is made by force, and entry brukken;
Greekis insprent, the foremaist hae thay stukken
and slain wi swourds; the large hauld here and thare
wis fillit fu o Greekis owre aawhere.
Nocht sae fiercely the faemy river or fluid
breks owre the banks, on spate whan it is wuid,
and, wi his brushin faird o watter broun,
the dykes and the shores bettis doun,
owrespreidin crofts and flattis wi his spate,
owre aa the fields that thay may row a bait,⁵⁰
while houses and the flockis flits away,
the corn granges, and staunin stacks o hay.
I saw mysel thare Neoptolemus⁵¹
mak felloun slauchter, wud and furious,
and aither brither o Atrides als.
Eildmither⁵² tae a hunner thare saw I Hecuba,
and Priamus at the altar, whaur he stuid,
aa owre besprent and sparkit fu o bluid
o sacrifice, wham-tae he bet the fire.
Fifty chaumeris held that ryal sire,

⁴⁷ bracin: embracin

⁴⁸ sithe: time

⁴⁹ his faither: i.e. Achilles

⁵⁰ bait: boat

⁵¹ Neoptolemus: anither name o Pyrrhus

⁵² eildmither: guid-mither, mither-in-law

whaur weren⁵³ his guid-dochters, leddies ying –
sic fair belief is lost o his affspring!
The proud jystis and duiris gilt wi gold
o Barbary wark, and hungen monyfold
wi riches and spulyie o sere natiounis,
sae faur as frae the fire unbet adoun is,
the Greekis occupies hailly. Aa is thairs.
Whit-sae thaim list tae spyle is nane that spares.”

53

weren: war

Chapter IX

*Intae this neist chaipiter may attend
o Priam King o Troy the fatal end.*

“Per adventure, o Priamus ye wad speir
hou tide the chance; his fate, gif ye list, hear.
Whan he the ceity saw tane and dounbet,
and o his palace broken every yett,
amid the secret closets eik his faes,
the auld gray, aa for nocht, tae him ta’es
his hauberk, whilk wis lang furth o usage,
set on his shouthers, trimmlin than for age;
a swourd, but help, about him beltis he,
and ran tae wait his faes, ready tae dee.
Amid the close, unner the heiven aa bare,
stuid thare that time a meikle fair altair,
near wham thare grew a richt auld laurer tree,
bouin taewart the altar a little wee,
that wi his shadda the gods did owreheild.
Hecuba thither, wi her childer, for beild
ran aa in vain, and about the altar swarms,
bracin the godlike eimage in thair arms,
as for the storm doos flocks thegither ilkane.
But whan she saw hou Priamus haes tane
his armour, sae as tho he haed been ying:
‘Whit fuilish thocht, my wretchit spous and king,
moves ye nou sic wappons for tae wield?
Whither hastes thou?’ quo she. ‘O nae sic beild
hae we nou mister,⁵⁴ nor yit defenders as ye;
the time is nocht gainand tharetae, we see.
In case Hector war present here, my son,
he micht nocht succour Troy, for it is won.
Whaurfore, I pray ye, sit doun and come hither,
and lat this altar sauf us aa thegither,
or than at aince aa here lat us dee.’
Thus sayed she, and, wi sic semblin as micht be,
him taewart her haes brocht, but ony threit,
and set the auld doun on the haly seat.

But lo! Polites, ane o Priamus’ sonniss,
whilk frae the slauchter o Pyrrhus awa run is,
throu wappons fleein and his enemies aa,

⁵⁴ mister: need

by lang througangis and mony void haa.
Woundit he wis, and cam tae seek rescue.
Ardently Pyrrhus gan him fast pursue,
wi grunden lance at haun sae near furth streikit,
aamaist he haed him tuichit and areikit.⁵⁵
While at the last, whan he is comen, I ween,
afore his faither's and his mither's een,
smate him doun deid, in thair sicht whaur he stuid.
The ghaist he yauld wi abundance o bluid.
Priamus than, tho he wis hauf-deil deid,
nicht nocht contain his ire nor words o feid,
but cryis furth: 'For that cruel offence,
and outrageous fuilhardy violence,
gif thair be peity in the heiven abuin
whilk takkis heed tae this that thou haes duin,
the goddis mocht condignly thee foryield,⁵⁶
efter thy desert renderin sic gainyield,⁵⁷
caused me behaud my ain child slain, alace!
and wi his bluid fylit his faither's face.
But he, wham-by thou feigns thysel beget,
Achill, wis nocht tae Priam sae hert set;
for he, o richt and faith ashamit eik,
whan that I cam him lawly tae beseek,
the deid body o Hector rendert me,
and me convoyit hame tae my ceity.'
Thus sayin, the auld weakly, but force or dint,
a dart did cast, whilk, wi a pick, gan stint
on his harness, and in the shield did hing,
but ony herm or ither damaging.
Quo Pyrrhus, 'Aaweys sen thou says sae,
tae Pileus' son, my faither, thou must gae;
beir him this message, remember weill thou tell
him aa my warks and deedis sae cruel.
Shaw Neoptolemus is degenerit clean –
nou sall thou dee.' And wi that word, in tene,
the auld trimmlin taewart the altar he drew,
that in the het bluid o his son, shed new,
foundert; and Pyrrhus grips him by the hair
wi his left haun, and wi the ither aa bare
drew furth his shinin swourd, whilk in his side

⁵⁵ areikit: reachit

⁵⁶ foryield: repay

⁵⁷ gainyield: recompense

festent, and untae the hilts did it hide.

O Priamus thus wis the final fate;
fortune here endit his glorious estate.
Seein Ilion aa burnin in fires broun,
and Troy's waas faa and tummelt doun;
that ryal prince, umquhile, owre Asia,
upo sae feil people and realms alsa
reignit in walth, nou by the coast lies deid
but as a stock, and aff hackit his heid;
a corpse, but life, renown, or ither fame,
unknawn o ony wicht whit wis his name."

Chapter X

*Hou Venus gan tae Eneas appear,
and o his faither and ither maiters sere.*

“First than the grisly dreid about me stert:
astonished I waux, for suin prent in my hert
the eimage o my dear faither, whan I
the King, his evin eild,⁵⁸ beheld sae cruellie
by deidly wound yieldin up the spreit.
On desolate Creusa, my spous sae sweet,
I thocht alsae, and dangers o my place,
o little Ascanius sair I dreid the case.
About I blent, tae behaud here and thare,
wha o our feirs remainit wi me thare.
Aa war thay fled fu weary, left me alane;
some tae erd lowpin frae the hie touers o stane,
some in the fire thair irked bodies lat faa.
Thare wis nae mair but I left o thaim aa,
whan in the temple o Vesta the Goddess
lurkin fu law, intil a secret place,
Tyndareus’ dochter, Queen Helen I aspy –
the fires shine sae bricht, as I went by,
aathing wis patent whaur-sae-e’er I went.
She, dreidin less the Trojans wad her shent,
and cast some wey for her destructioun,
because aa Troy, for her, wis thus bet doun,
sair punishment o Greekis dreid she, als
her husband’s wrath, wham she left and wis false,
and eik the common fatal Fury o Troy;
hersel she hid tharefore, and held her coy,
beside the altar sittin uneithis seen.
My spreit for ire brunt for proper tene,
and, aa in grief, thocht cruel vengeance tak
o my kintrie, for this mischievous wrack,
wi bitter pains tae wreak owre hermis’ smart.
Thocht I, ‘Sall she pass tae the realm o Spart
hailscart, and see Mycene her native land,
and wi triumph follae her first husband?
Or, like a queen, sall she wend hame owre sea?
Her freins again and children sall she see,
accompanied wi mony Trojan maid,
and Phrygian servants in bondage wi her haed?

⁵⁸ his even eild: i.e. a man o the ilk age (as Eneas’ faither)

Sen nou, by her, wi swourd lies Priam deid,
and ryal Troy aa brunt in flames reid;
o Dardane eik the strandis and the fluid
sae aft haes been wattert or bathed in bluid.
Na, na, nocht sae, iwis, that sall she nocht.
And, set it be nocht lueable nor seemly thocht
tae punish a wumman, but shamefu her tae slay,
nae victory, but lack follaein alsae;
yit, naetheless, I aucht luvit tae be,
vengeance tae tak on her deserves tae dee.
It will my mind assuage for tae be wroken
on her wham-by Troy brunt is and doun broken,
and, for tae eik the mischief o her deid
til our sorras, fillit wi aises reid.’

Sic things I thocht hauf wud and furious,
as out o wit my mind wis chasit thus,
whan that my blissit mither, o sic beauty,
appeared fairer than e’er I did her see,
shinin fu clear for aa the daurk nicht,
confessin her tae be a goddess bricht,
in sic form o quantity and estate,
as she is seen wi spreits deificate.
Me by the richt haun hint she, and held fast,
and wi her rosy lips thus sayed at last:
‘Son, wha sae gret and furious cruelty
and hie undauntit ire haes raised in thee?
Why gaes thou mad? Whither is went thus unkind
our remembrance, or we forget o mind?
Suld thou nocht first think whaur thou left, but les,
thy very faither, the ageit Anchises?
Weens thou, or nocht, Creusa yit leivin be,
and Ascanius thy young son? Wham aa three
the Greekis’ airmies walkis round about;
and, but my micht resistit thaim, sans dout
they haed been brunt or this in flames reid,
and wi thair faeis’ swourdis smit tae deid.
Nocht the beauty o Helen Laconiae,
wham thou hates, nor Paris, whilk alsae
is blamit aft, this riches haes thou reft;
but the wrath o the goddis haes doun beft
the ceity o Troy frae tap doun untae ground.
Behaud – for I within a little stound,
the clud o daurkness frae thy sicht sall clear,
that on your mortal een, while ye been here,

like tae a wattery slouch stauns dim about.
Thy mither's hest on nae wise needs thee dout,
nor her command refusen tae obey.
Whaur thir touers thou sees down faa and sway,
and stane frae stane dounbet, and reek uprise,
wi stew, pouter, and dust mixed on this wise,
Neptune the fundments o thir wallis hie,
wi his gret mattock haein granes three,
undermines roun about the toun,
furth o the grund howkin the barmkin doun.
Maist cruel Juno haes, or this, alsa
seized wi the first the port cleipit Scaea,
and frae the ships the hostis in she caas,
staunin wud-wraith enarmit on the waas.
The hie castles and strenthis tae and frae,
behaud, nou Pallas o Tritoniae
aa occupies, shinin in weirlike weed,
fell Gorgon's heid intae her shield, tak heed.
The gret Faither Jupiter strenth and micht
distributes happily tae the Greeks in ficht,
and eik the goddis' ire provokes he
againis Trojans' pouer in the melée.
Flee thou, my son, in haste awa thou wend,
and o this laubour unprofitable mak an end.
I sall be wi thee soverly and fu coy,
while tae thy faither's yett I thee convoy.'

This sayin, she her hid in the close nicht.
Than terrible feigures appears tae my sicht
o gret gods, seemin wi Troy aggrievit,
and than beheld I aa the ceity mischievit,
fair Ilion aa faa in gleidis doun,
and, frae the soil, gret Troy, Neptunus' toun,
owretummelt tae the grund; sae as ye see
the laubourers, intae the muntains hie,
wi steel axes busily hack and hew
a meikle aik that mony year thare grew;
the tree brangles boastin tae the faa,
wi tap trimmlin, and branches shakin aa,
while finally it get the latter strake,
than, wi a rair doun dushes the meikle aik,
and wi his faird brekkis doun bews about.

Furth o that steid I went, and throu the rout
o enemies and flames I me sped.

The fire and wappons gave me place, and fled,
sae happily the Goddess guidit me,
while that within the portis and entry
o my faither's ludging am I comen.
My faither, than, wham I shupe tae hae nummin,
and cairryit tae the nearest hill's hicht,
and him tharetae solict wi aa my micht;
but he refuses or e'er tae leive in joy
efter the ruin and destruction o Troy.
Tae suffer exile he sayed at he no couth.
'Oh ye!' quo he, 'in bluid and flourished youth,
that haes your strenth yit, and your forcy micht,
pass on your wey anon, and tak the flicht.
Gif goddis liked lenth my life langir space,
thay wad hae sauved tae me this little place.
It is eneuch, eneuch and mair, I ween,
ae destruction o Troy at we hae seen,
remainin alive efter the ceity tane.
Sae, sae, haud on, leave this deid body alane;
say the last queathing-word,⁵⁹ adieu tae me.
I sall my daith purchase thus,' quo he,
'whan our enemies sees me enarmit stand,
some sall hae ruth, and slay me wi his brand,
tae get my spulyie; whit o the body nae cure;
the corpse is suin warpit in sepulture.
Hatit o the gods, tae aa needis unable,
thir mony years I leived unprofitable,
aye sen the Faither o Gods and King o Men
wi thunner's blast me smate, as that ye ken,
and wi his fiery levin, me umberaucht,⁶⁰
that we intil our langage cleip fireflaucht.'

Rehearsin this, fermly he did remain
at his first purpose fixed, and we again
furth yettin tears, and our spous Creusa,
Ascanius ying, and aa our menyie alsa,
besocht my faither tae sauf his very banes,
and nocht be wilfu tae perish aa at aince,
and tae achieve the chance as it wis went.
Plat he refuses, adherin tae his intent,
the first sentence haudin ever ane.

⁵⁹ queathing-word: farewell spick (bequeathing word)

⁶⁰ umberaucht: surroundit

Tae stert tae harness I am compelled again,
And as maist wretchit and miserable caitiff,
deid I desirit, and irkit o my life;
for by nae wisdom, nor chance, perceive I micht
we couth escape, nor yit by force in ficht.
'Oh dear faither, whit weenis thou, for deid,
a fuit,' quo I, 'me tae steir o this steid,
and leave thee here? Oh God! Wha ever couth
sic crime tae me be sayed o faither's mouth!
But gif it likes tae the goddis hie
naething be left o sae fair a ceity,
or gif thou haes in mind decretit eik,
and weill likes thysel and thine tae eik
unto the ruin o Troy, and tae be shent,
deid at our duir is ready and patent.
Frae meikle bluid sheddin o Priamus
hither, belive, sall come cruel Pyrrhus,
whilk brittens the son before the faither's face,
and gores the faither at the altar but grace.
Is this the wey, my haly mither, at thou
suld keep me, faes and fires passin throu,
that I behaud, within my chaumer secreit,
mine enemies, and see Ascanius sweet,
my dear faither, and Creusa my wife,
aither on aither's het bluid loss thair life?
Harness, servand, harness bring hither suin!
The latter end, thus vanquished and unduin,
caas us again tae battle and assay.
Hae duin, come on, this is our latter day.
Render me tae the Greeks, or suffer me
the bargain again begun at I may see.
This day unwroken we sall ne'er aa be slain.'
About me than my swourd I belt again,
and shot my left airm in my shield aa meet,
bounin me furth; whan lo! about my feet
my spous, lappit,⁶¹ fell down intae the yett,
and little Iulus forgain his faither up set.
'Gif thou list pass,' quo she, 'thysel tae spill,
harl us wi thee in aa peril whaur thou will;
but gif thou traists, as expert in thy deeds,
ony help by force o arms, than thee needs
first tae defend and keep this hous,' quo sho,
'whaurin thy faither, and thy young son been, lo!

⁶¹ lappit: wrappit roon

And I umquhile whilk sall be cleiped thy spous,
wham-tae sall we be left in this waste hous?"

Chapter XI

*Hou Eneas his faither bare away,
and hou he lost Creusa by the way.*

“Wi skirls and wi skreikis thus she beirs,
fillin the hous wi murnin and saut tears;
whan suddenly, a wunner thing tae tell,
a fearfu thing betid o gret marvel.
For lo! the tap o little Ascanius’ heid,
amang the dulefu airmis, wull o rede,
o his parents, frae the shed o his croun,
shane aa o licht untae the grund adoun.
The leam o fire and flame, but ony skaith,
in his hairis, about his haffets baith,
kennels up bricht; and we than, aa in weir,
abashit, trimmlin for the dreidfu fear,
the bleezin hairs bet furth at brunt sae schire,
and shupe wi watter tae sloke the haly fire.
But Anchises, my faither, blythe and glaid
lift een and hauns tae heiven, and thusgates sayed:
‘Thou aamichty Jupiter,’ quo he,
‘wi ony prayers inclined gif thou may be,
tak heed tae us, and gif we hae deserved,
for our peity and ruth, tae be conserved,
haly Faither, send us thy help as yore,
and confirm aa thir taikens seen before.’

Scarcely the auld thir words haed warpit out,
whan suin the air begouth tae rummle and rout
on our left haun, taewart the north fu richt,
and frae the heiven fell, in the daurk nicht,
a fair bricht starn, rinnin wi beamis clear,
whilk on the tap o our ludging, but weir,
first saw we licht, syne shinin went away
and hid it in the forest o Iday,
merkin the wey whither at we suld spur;
thare follaes a stream o fire, or a lang fur,
kestin gret licht about whaur that it shane,
while aa environ reekit like brunstane.
Wi that, my faither, vanquished, stert on fuit,
and tae the goddis carps tae be our buit,
the haly starn adorit he richt thare:
‘Nou, nou,’ quo he, ‘I tarry nae langir;

I follae, and whither ye guide me sall I wend.
Oh native gods, your ain kinrent defend.
Sauve your nevoy. Yours is this oracle.
In your protection is Troy, for this miracle
I will obey, and grants untae your will.
My dear son, whither ever thou wend will,
I sall nae mair refuse tae be thy feir.’
Thus sayed he, and by than, thare and here,
throu-out the waas the rerd o fires grew
aye mair and mair, and the heat nearer drew.
‘Hae duin, faither,’ quo I. ‘Climb up anon,
and set thee even abuin my neck bone;
upo my shouthers I sall thee bear, but weir,
nor this laubour sall dae tae me nae dere;
whit-e’er betide, ae weillfare and ae skaith
sall be common and equal tae us baith.
Little Iulus sall beir me companie;
my spous on dreich⁶² efter our trace sall hy.
And ye, my servants, tak heed whit I say:
as pass furth o the ceity this ilk way,
thare is a motte, whaur an auld temple, but les,
nou stands desert o the Goddess Ceres,
beside wham growes a cyprus tree fu auld,
wi forefaithers, feil years, in worship hauld –
in that place lat us meet on aither side.
Faither, sen that we may nae langir byde,
tak up thae haly relics in thy hand,
and our Penates or gods o this land.
It war unleifu and wickitness tae me,
frae sae gret slauchter, bluid-shedding, and melée
newly depairtit, tae tuich thaim, for the bluid,
while I be washen intae some rinnin fluid.’
And sayin thus, I spreid my shouthers braid,
syne owre my neck, abuve the weedis, laid
a yalla skin wis o the fierce lioun,
and thareupon gart set my faither doun.
Little Iulus grips me by the hand,
wi unmeet pace his faither fast follaeand.
Near at our back Creuse, my spous, ensues.
We pass by secret wents and quiet rues.
And me, wham lately nae wappon, nor darts cast,
nor press o Greekis’ routis made aghast,
ilk souch o wind, and every whisper nou,

⁶² on dreich: at a distance

and alkin steerage affrayed, and causit grue,
baith for my burden and my little mate.
Whan we war comen aamaist tae the gate,
and aa danger we thocht escapit near,
a felloun din, believe, o feet we hear.
My faither than leukin furth throu the sky
cries on me fast, 'Flee son, flee son, in hy!
Thay come at haun!' Behinnd me I gat a sicht
o lemin armour and shinin shieldis bricht.
Thare knaw I nocht whit fremmit god unkind
sae me astonished, and reft frae me mine mind,
for throu the secret streetis fast I ran
before the lave, as weill bekennit man.
Alas tae me, caitiff! I wat ne'er whether
my spous Creuse remained ere we cam thither,
or by some fate o gods wis reft away,
or gif she erred, or irkit by the way,
for never syne wi een saw I her eft;
nor ne'er aback, frae she wis lost or reft,
blent I again, nor perfit mind haes nummin,
while tae the motte o Ceres war we comen.
And finally, whan we been gaihert thither,
fast by the haly temple aathegither,
she wis away, and betrumpit⁶³ suithly
her spous, her son, and aa the company.
Than wud for wae, sae wis I quite miscairryit,
that naither god nor man I left unwaryit.
For whit mair hard mischance, whan Troy doun fell,
appeared tae me as that, or sae cruel?
Ascanius than, and my faither Anchises,
and eik our Trojan goddis Penates,
untae my feirs betauch I, for tae keep
and hid thaim dern within a valley deep.
Tae toun again I sped wi aa my micht,
claspit fu meet intae fine armour bricht,
wilfu aa adventures newlings tae essay,
and for tae search Troy, every street, and way,
and eik my heid again in peril set.
But first the waas, the dern entry, and yett,
whaurat we issued furth, I seek again,
haudin backward ilk fuitstep we haed gane,
leukin and searchin about me as I micht.
The ugsomeness and silence o the nicht

⁶³ betrumpit: eludit

in every place my spreit made sair aghast.
Frae thyne untae our ludgin hame I passed,
tae spy per chance gif she haed thither returned.
It wis wi Greeks beset, and haill owreturned,
aahail wi thaim the hous sae occupyit,
belive the fire aa wastin I espyit
bleeze wi the wind; owre the ruif, here and thare,
the flame upsprang and het lowe in the air.”

Chapter XII

*Hou Eneas socht his spous, aa the coast,
and hou tae him appearis her gret ghost.*

“Tae Priam’s palace efter socht I than,
and syne untae the temple fast I ran,
whaur, at the porches or cloister o Juno,
than aa but waste, tho it wis girth,⁶⁴ stuid tho
Phoenix and dour Ulixes, wardens twae,
for tae observe and keep the spreath or prey:
thither in a heap wis gaithert precious gear,
riches o Troy, and ither jewels sere
reft frae aa pairtis; and, o temples brunt,
o massy gowd the vessel war furth hint
frae the goddis, and gowden tables all,
wi precious vestments o spulyie triumphal.
The ying children, and frayit⁶⁵ matrons eik,
stuid aa on raw, wi mony peitious skreik
about the treisure, whimperin wunner sair.
And I alsae mysel sae bauld waux thare,
that I durst shaw my voice in the daurk nicht,
and cleip and cry fast throu the streets on hicht
fu dolorously, ‘Creusa! Creusa!’
Again, feil syse, in vain I callit swa,
throu houses and the ceity whaur I yude,
but aither rest or reasoun, as I war wuid;
while that the feigure o Creusa and ghost,
o faur mair stature than ere whan she wis lost,
before me, caitiff, her seekin, appeared thare.
Abashed I waux, and widdershins stert my hair;
speak micht I nocht, the voice in my hause sae stak.
Than she, belive, on this wise tae me spak,
wi sic wordis my thochtis tae assuage:
‘My sweet spous, intae sae furious rage
whit helpis thus thyselfin tae turment?
This chance is nocht, but goddis’ willis went;
nor it is nocht leifu thing,’ quo she,
‘frae hyne Creuse thou turse awa wi thee,
nor the hie Governor, o the heiven abuve is,
will suffer it sae tae be; but thee behuvis

⁶⁴ girth: sanctuary

⁶⁵ frayit: affrayit, feart

frae thence tae wend fu faur intae exile,
and owre the braid sea sail fu mony a mile,
ere thou cam tae the land Hesperia,
whaur, wi saft course, Tiber o Lydia,
rinnis throu the rich fields o people stout.
Thare is gret substance ordained thee, but dout,
thare sall thou hae a realm; thare sall thou ring,
and wed tae spous the dochter o a king.
Thy weeping and thy tearis dae awa,
whilk thou maks for thy luvit Creusa,
for I, the niece o mighty Dardanus,
and guid-dochter untae the blissed Venus,
o Myrmidons the realm sall ne'er behauld,
nor yit the land o Dolopes sae bauld,
nor gae tae serve nae matron Gregion;
but the gret Mither o Goddis ilkone
in thir kintries withhauds me forever.
Adieu, fareweill, for aye we maun dissever!
Thou be guid frein, luvie weill, and keep frae skaith
our ae young son, is common til us baith.'

Whan this wis spoken, awa frae me she glade,
left me weepin, and feil words wad hae sayed:
for she sae lichtly vanished in the air,
that wi mine airmis thrice I pressit thare
about the hause her for tae hae belappit,
and thrice aa weys my hauns thegither clappit;
the feigure fled as licht wind, or sunbeam,
or maist likely a waverin swevin or dream.

Thus finally, the nicht aa past and gane,
untae my fellaeship I return again,
whaur that I fand assembled, aa newlie,
sae huge a rout o our fowkis, that I
wunnert the nummer, thay sae mony wer
o men and wemen gathert aa infeir,
and young people tae pass in exile able,
and o commons a sort sae miserable,
frae every pairt that flocken fast about,
baith wi guid will and thair mobles, but dout,
ready tae wend in whit land or kintrie
that e'er me list tae cairry thaim owre sea.

Wi this the day starn, Lucifer the bricht,
abuve the tap o Ida rase on hicht,

guidin the day hard at his back follaein:
the Greekis than we see in the mornin
staun for tae keep the entries o the portis;
and thus, whan nae hope o rescue at short is,
my purpose I left, obeyin destiny,
and cairried my faither tae Ida Hill on hie.”