

The XIII buiks o Eneados o the famous poet Virgil



translatit by Gavin Douglas and modrenised by John Law

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Buik 9

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

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The Prologue o the Nynt Buik

Thir lusty warks o hie nobility,
Agilyte did write o worthy clerks,
and therein merks wisdom, utility,
nae vilitie,¹ nor sic unthrifty sparks.
Scurrility is but for dogs at barks;
wha theretae harks faas in fragility.

Honesty is the wey tae worthiness;
virtue doutless the perfit gate tae bliss.
Thou dae nae miss, and eschew idleness;
pursue prowess; haud naething at is his;
be nocht reckless tae say sune yea, iwis,
and syne o this the contrar wark express.

Dae til ilk wicht as thou duin tae wad be;
be never slee and double, nor yit owre licht;
uise nocht thy micht abuve thine ain degree;
clim ne'er owre hie, nor yit too law thou licht;
wirk nae maugré, tho thou be ne'er sae wicht;
haud wi the richt, and press thee ne'er tae lee.

Eneuch o this, we needis preach nae more,
but accordin the purpose sayed tofore.
The ryal style, cleipit heroical,
fu o worship and nobleness owre all,
sud be compiled but tenches² or void word,
keepin honest wise sportis whaur thay bourd,
aa louse langage and lichtness lattin be,
observin beauty, sentence and gravity.
The sayer eik sud weill conseider this
his maiter, and wham-tae it entitlit is
efter mine author's words: "We ocht tak tent
that baith accord, and been convenient:
the man, the sentence, and the knichtlike style,
sen we maun carp o vassalage a while.
Gif we describe the wuids, the trees," quod he,
"sud conform tae that man's dignity,

¹ vilitie: vileness

² tenches: contentious words? (only here)

wham-tae our wark we direct and indyte.
What helpis it? Fu little it wad delight
tae write o scrogs, bruim, heather or rammail.³
The laurer, cedar, or the palm triumphale,
are mair gainand for nobles o estate.
The muse sud wi the person agree algate.
Stray for to speak o gait tae gentle wicht –
a hund, a steed, mair langis for a knicht,
wham-tae effeiris haunt nae ribald dale;
there sud nae knicht reid but a knichtly tale.
What forces⁴ him the buzzard on the breir,
set⁵ weill him seems the falcon heroner?
He compts nae mair the gled than the fewlume,⁶
tho weill him likes the goshawk gled o plume.
The cur, or mastis,⁷ he hauds at smaa avail,
and culyies spaniels tae chase pertrick or quail.”
No byde I nocht intae my style, forthy,
tae speak o truffis,⁸ nor nane harlotrie,
sen that mine author wi sic eloquence
his buik illuminat haes and hie sentence,
sae fresh indyte, and sang poetical,
that it is cleiped the wark imperial,
indyte untae the gret Octavian,
the Emperor excellent and maist sovereign,
by wham – the gospel makkis mentioun –
the haill warld put was tae descriptioun,
tae nummer aa the people therein sud be;
sae, but rebellion, aawhaur obeyit was he.
But, sen that Virgil staundis but compare,
tho in our leid his sayings tae declare
I hae in rhyme thus faur furth tane the cure,
nou war me laith my lang laubour misfure.
Altho my terms be nocht polished alway,
his sentence sall I haud as that I may.

³ rammail: twigs

⁴ forces: maiters

⁵ set: tho

⁶ fewlume: ? (only here)

⁷ mastis: mastiff

⁸ truffis: trick

Gif ocht be weill, thank Virgil and nocht me.
Whaur ocht is bad, gaes miss, or out o gree,
my lewitness,⁹ I grant, haes aa the wyte,
couth nocht ensue¹⁰ his ornate fresh indyte,
but, wi fulehardy courage malapert,
shupe tae interpret, and did per chance pervert
this maist renownit prince o poetrie.
Whaur I sae did, *mea culpa*, I cry.
Yit, by mysel, I find this proverb perfite:
the black crow thinks his ain birds white.
Sae fares wi me, beau sirris, will ye hark,
can nocht perceive a faut in aa my wark,
affectioun sae faur my reason blinnds.
Whaur I misknaw mine error, wha it finnds,
for charity amends it, gentle wicht,
syne pardon me, sat sae faur in my licht,
and I sall help to smuir your faut, leif brither.
Thus *vailye que vailye*, ilk guid deed helpis ither.
And for I hae my work addressed and dicht,
I daur say, baith tae gentle baron and knicht,
whase name abuve I hae duin notify,
and nou o prowess and hie chevalrie
behuves me tae write and carp a while,
the mair gledly I sall enforce my style
and for his sake dae sherp my pen aa new,
my maist renownit author tae ensue,
that there sall be, will God, little offence,
sauvin our busteous vulgar difference.

Nae mair as nou in preamble me list expone.
The nynt buik thus begouth Eneadon.

⁹ lewitness: rochness

¹⁰ ensue: follae

The Nynt Buik

Chapter I

*Juno tae Turnus in message Iris sent,
tae siege the Trojans, Eneas than absent.*

While on this wise, as I hae sayed ere this,
sic maiters and ordinances wirkin is
in diverse places, set fu faur itwin,¹¹
Saturnus' get, Juno, that list nocht blin¹²
o her auld malice and iniquity,
her maiden Iris frae heiven sendis she
tae the bauld Turnus, malapert¹³ and stout;
whilk for the time wis wi aa his rout
amid a valley wunner lown and law,
sittin at ease within the hallowed shaw
o God Pylumnus, his progenitor.
Thaumantis' dochter kneelis him before –
I mean Iris, this ilk forenamit maid –
and wi her rosy lippis thus him sayed:

“Turnus, behaud on case revolved¹⁴ the day,
and o his¹⁵ free will sendis thee, perfay,
sic advantage and opportunity,
that set¹⁶ thou wad hae askit it,” quo she,
“thare wis ne'er ane o aa the goddis ding¹⁷
whilk durst hae thee promisit sic a thing.
Eneas, desolate leavin his ceity,
his navy eik, his feirs, and haill menyie,
is til Evander socht, and Palatine,
that burgh. But nocht eneuch – for faurer syne
tae the extreme ceities o Tuscanie

¹¹ itwin: apairt

¹² blin: desist

¹³ malapert: overweening, audacious

¹⁴ on case revolved: by chance conseidert

¹⁵ his: *sic*

¹⁶ set: altho

¹⁷ ding: dignified

in Munt Corythus haudis he in hy,
and daes assemble the wild lauboureirs,
that whilom cam frae Lyd, til arms in weirs.
Whit dreidis thou? Nou time is tae prick horse.
Nou time for til assay your cairts and force.
Hae duin, mak nae mair tarry nor delay,
set on thair strenthis suin, gie thaim affray,”
quo she; and tharewith, in his presence even,
wi equal wingis flaw up in the heiven,
unner the cluddis shapin, whaur she went,
a gret rainbow o diverse hueis ment.¹⁸

The young man knew her weill, and hastilie
up baith his haundis heaves tae the sky,
wi sic wordis follaein, as she did flee:
“Iris, thou beauty o the heivens hie,
throu aa the cluddis and thir skyis broun,
wha haes thee sent tae me in erd a-doun?
Hou is becomen on this wise,” quo he,
“sae bricht wather and clear serenity?
I see the heivens openit and divide,
and movin starnis in the lift’s side.
Sae gret taikens and revelations shaw
I sall pursue, and follae whit befaa.
Whit-e’er thou be that callis tae the weirs,
thy command sall I obey, as effeirs.”
And thare withal, wi wordis augural,
efter thair spaein ceremonies divinal,
untae the fluid anon furth steppis he,
and o the stream’s crap a little wee
the watter liftis up intil his hauns,
fu gretumly the goddis, whaur he stauns,
beseekin til attend tae his prayeir,
the heivens chairgin wi feil avows sere.

Wi this the hostis aa in the plain field
held furth arrayit, shinin unner shield.
Men nicht behaud fu mony ryal steeds,
fu mony pentit targe and weirlike weeds.
O gilten gear did glitter bank and buss.
The formaist battle leadis Messapus.

¹⁸ ment: mingelt

The hindmast hostis haed in governing
o Tyrrhius the sons or childer ying.
Turnus thair duke rules the middle host;
wi glave in haun made awfu fear and boast;
thaim til array rade turnin tae and frae,
and by the heid aahaill, whaur he did gae,
heicher than aa the rout men nicht him see.
In sic order furth haudis his menyie;
like as some time Ganges, the fluid Indian,
seiven swellin rivers efter spate o rain
receivit in his large bosom in hy,
in his deep troch nou floweis easilie;
or as umquhile the fertile fluid, Nilus,
owreflectin aa the fieldis, bank and buss,
syne, efter the gret fluidis wattry rage,
returnis suagit tae his auld passage.

Chapter II

*Turnus sieges the Trojans in gret ire,
and aa thair ships and navy set in fire.*

By this the Trojans in thair new ceity
a dusty sop¹⁹ uprising gan dae see,
fu thick o stour up-thringin in the air,
and aa the fieldis mirkent mair and mair.
Caicus first cries, as he war wuid,
doun frae the hie garret whaur he stuid,
“Oh ceitizens, hou gret a host,” quo he,
“is lappit in yon dusty stew I see!
Swith hint your armour! Tak your wappons aa!
Bring hither dartis! Speil upon the waa!
Our enemies comes at haun, but doubt.”
“Hey, hey, gae tae!” than cry thay wi a shout,
and wi a huge bruit Trojanis at short
thair waas stuffit, and closit every port.
For sae Eneas, maist expert in arms,
at his depairtin, dreidin for thir harms,
gave thaim command, gif thay assailit wer,
ere his returning, by hard fortune o weir,
that thay nocht suld in battle thaim array,
nor in the plain thair enemies assay,
but bade thay suld allanerly withhaud
thair strenth within thair fosses, as he wad,
and keep thair wallis forcily and weill,
wi fosse, ditches, and wappons stiff o steel.
Therefore – altho baith shame and felloun ire
thair breistis haed inflamit het as fire,
in the plain field on thair faemen tae set –
yit ne’ertheless thair portis hae thay shet,
for til obey the command o Enee.
On boss turrettis and on touers hie
enarmit stuid, thair faeis til abide.

Turnus, the chieftain on the tither side,
cam tae the ceity ere that ony wist,
furth fleein swipperly, as that him best list,
before the host whilk went but easy pace.

¹⁹ sop: clud

Wi him a twenty chosen men he haes.
Upo a steirin²⁰ steed o Thrace he sat,
o colour dapple gray and weill fat;
fu hie risin abuve his knichtly heid
his gowden helm, wi tymbral²¹ aa bluid reid.
“Gae tae, ying gallants, wha that list,” quo he,
“thair enemies assailyie first wi me.”
And, wi that word, threw a dart in the air,
as he tae give battle aa ready war,
syne in plain field, wi browden²² banners gay,
bargain tae byde drew him til array.
His feiris aa received the clamour hie,
and follaein thair chieftain, he and he,
the bruit raisit wi grisly sound at aince,
and gan tae mervel the dowf-hertit Trojanes,
that durst nocht, as thaim seemit, in plain field
thaimsel adventure, nor yit wi spear and shield
match wi thair faemen in patent bargain,
but haud thaim in thair strenthis every ane.
And aa commovit, brim, and fu o ire,
baith here and thare Turnus, the grievit sire,
went on horseback, searchin about the waa
every dern wey and secret passages aa,
gif ony entry or to-come espy
he micht, for till assail the ceity by;
like as we see, watchin the fu sheepfauld,
the wild wolf owreset wi shouers cauld
o wind and rain, at middis o the nicht,
about the bucht, plait aa o wandis ticht,
bays and girmis. Tharein bleatin the lambs
fu soverly liggis unner thair dams;
he, brim and felloun, his rage and furour²³
agin the absents,²⁴ ready tae devour,
raises in ire, for the wud hungir’s list;²⁵

20 steerin: speiritit

21 tymbral: crest

22 browden: embroidert

23 furour: fury

24 agin the absents: literally agin the absentees (Latin *in absentia*)

25 list: appetite

his wizzent throat, haein o bluid sic thrist,
genders o lang fast sic an appetite
that he constrainit is in extreme syte.²⁶
Nane itherwise, the fearfu fervent ire
in Turnus' breist upkennles het as fire,
seein thir waas and fortresses at aince.
The huge annoy birnis him throu the banes,
imaginin by whit reason or way
his enemies he nicht win til assay,
and on whit wise the Trojans frae thair strenth
he nicht expel, and in plain field on lenth
mak thaim tae ische²⁷ in patent battle place.
And as he musin wis hereon, per case,
the navy o thair ships he did invade,
that fast by jointit tae the waa wis laid,
wi ditches and wi fosses dern about,
in the fluid watter, as near out o dout;
wham frae he haed espyit, but abaid,
at his feirs, whilkis wilfu war and glaid,
efter the fire and kennlin did he cry,
and in his ain hauns hintis up in hy
a bleezin firebrand o the firren tree.
Than busily Rutulians, he and he –
sae the presence o Turnus did thaim steir
that every man the reekin schydes infeir
rent frae the fires, and on the shippis flang.
The seamis cracks; the watter bised and sang;
the tallownt²⁸ buirdis kest a pikky²⁹ lowe;
up bleezes owrelaft, hatches, wraings,³⁰ and howe;³¹
while mixed wi reek the fell sperkis o fire
heich in the air upglides birnin schire.

26 syte: distress

27 ische: issue furth

28 tallownt: creashed wi tallow

29 pikky: pitchy

30 wraings: timmers

31 howe: hull

Chapter III

*Hou the fire wis expelled frae the navy,
the ships translate in nymphs or goddess o the sea.*

Say me, oh Muses, rehearse and declare,
whilk o the gods sae cruel flames sair
held frae Trojans? Wha sae vehement fire
drave frae thair shippis, thuswise birnin schire?
The deed is auld for tae believe or wry,³²
but the memore remains perpetuallie.

The first time whan the Trojan Eneas
by sea tae tak his voyage shupe tae pass,
and gan tae build his shippis up ilkane
in Ida forest, that munt Phrygiane,
the Mither o Gods, Berecyntia,³³
spak tae her son gret Jupiter, thay say,
wi sic kin wordis, sayin, “My child dear,
grant this ane askin whilk I thee requeir.
Grant thy beluvit mither but ae thing,
thou at art maister o the heivenly ring.
Upo the tap o Gargarus,” quo she,
“thare grew a fir wuid, the whilk intae dainté
fu mony yearis held I, as is knaw.
This wis my cuthill³⁴ and my hallowed shaw,
whaur-that the Phrygians made me sacrifice.
Fu weill me likit thare tae walk aft syse,
wi pikky trees black scugged about,
and abundance o hatter³⁵ jystis stout;
whilk gledly I hae gien a young Trojan,
strang Eneas, descend frae King Dardan,
for til support the misters³⁶ o his navy.
And nou the doutsome dreid, for the ilk why,
fu pensive hauldis me and doth constrein.

³² wry: comprehend

³³ Berecyntia: Cybele

³⁴ cuthill: shaw, smaa wuid

³⁵ hatter: maple (literally beech, translating Latin *acernis*)

³⁶ misters: needcessities

Deliver me o this fear by some mean,
my dear son. Suffer at thy mither's request
be admittit this ae time by the lest,
sae that thae ships be never mair owreset
wi contrair course, nor yit wi storm dounbet,
whaurby thay may hae some avail," quo she,
"at thay umquhile grew on our hillis hie."
Her son, the whilk rules at his liking
the heiven, the starnis, and aa erdly thing,
answerit and sayed, "Mither best beluved,
hou art thou thus agin the Fates amoved?
Or whaurtae askis thou tae thir," quo he,
"wi mortal haundis wrocht o stocks and tree –
that is tae say, thir shippis sae able tae sail –
that leisome war thay suld be immortale?
And that Enee, in deidly corps unsure,
assovert fermly, throu aa dangers fure?
Whit god haes tae him grantit sic frelage?³⁷
But for thy sake, whan fully thair voyage
thay hae complete, and at coasts o Itale
arrivit are, and in thae ports set sail,
and thair duke Trojan cairryit owre the sea
tae bounds o Laurentum, that kintrie –
as mony o thaim as than haes escape
the wawy fluidis sall I turn and shape
furth o thair mortal forms corruptable,
and sall command thaim for tae be mair able
frae thence forrat, as immortal," quo he,
"in nymphs turned and goddesses o sea,
like as Nereus' dochter, Doto gay,
and Galatea, throu faemy fluidis gray
shearin wi braid breistis delightable,"
quo Jupiter. And til haud firm and stable,
by Styx the fluid (Pluto his brither's sea)
his godly aith and promise sworn haes he –
by that ilk pikky lake, wi braeis black
and laithly sworlis,³⁸ til keep at he spak.
He did affirm his hecht, and in taikening
the heivens aa made trimmle at his liking.

³⁷ frelage: immunity

³⁸ sworlis: swirls, eddies

Tharefore the day that he by promise set
is nou at haun, and the fu time o debt,
by the weird sisters shape, is nou complete.
Whan Turnus thus in his injurious heat
admonished haes his people, and commands,
wi dry schydes and wi het firebrands,
the Mither o Goddis by sic flames fell,
furth o her hallowed shippis tae expel,
at this time first appearis in thair sicht.
A new taikening o gret pleasant licht,
and a braid shinin clud thay did aspy
come frae the east, rinnin owre aa the sky.
The routis eik anon thay gan behauld
o Ideains, thae wichts that in the hauld
are o the Mither o the Goddis close.
Doun throu the air eik cam a fearfu voce,
and fillit aa the hostis baith at aince
o Trojan people and Rutulianes,
sayin, “Trojans, dreid naething, haste you nocht
for til defend my ships, albeit ye mocht;
for that cause tak nae wappons in your hauns.
For raither, nou as that the maiter stauns,
sall it be leifu Turnus fire the sea,
or that he birn my barges made o tree?
Oh ye my shippis, nou tae you I say,
gae free at large whaur ye list away.
Gae furth and sweem as goddesses o the sea.
The Mither o Gods commandis sae tae be.”
And, wi that word, as tyte furth frae the brae
ilk barge bounis,³⁹ cuttin her cable in twae;
like dolphin fish anon, as thay teuk keep,⁴⁰
thair snoutis doukin held unner the deep.
Syne frae the grund,⁴¹ a wunner thing tae say,
wi as feil virgin faces upsprang thay,
and throu the fluidis, whaur thaim list, did fare,
hou mony steel-stemmit barges that ere
stuid by the coast’s side, ere thay war firit.
Rutulians waux affrayed wi minds mirit.

³⁹ bounis: sets out

⁴⁰ as thay teuk keep: as thay (i.e. the fowk watchin) teuk heed

⁴¹ grund: i.e. the sea bottom

Messapus musin gan withdraw on dreich,⁴²
seein his steedis and the horses skeich;
and eik the river brayit wi hace⁴³ sound,
while Tiberinus backwards did rebound,
as tho his course did stop and step aback.
But naetheless, for aa the feir thay mak,
the hie courage and forcy hardiment
bade unamoved in Turnus' stout intent,
sae that bauldly wi hardy words on hie
thair spreitis raisit, and richt fiercely he
gan thaim reprove, that teuk for nocht affray.
“Thir monstrous taikens at ye see, perfay,
seeks mischief tae the Trojanis,” sayed he,
“and by this wey gret Jupiter, as ye see,
haes nou bereft thair help and confidence,
whaurby thay wont war tae flee for defence.
Nou naither Rutulian fire nor swourdis' dint
may thay withstand, for aa thair force is tint.
Sen that thay may nocht escape by the sea,
nor haes nae mainer hope awa tae flee,
the maist half o the Trojan help is lost.
This land is in our pouer, field and coast,
sae that thay sall naewise escape our brands.
Hou mony thousan dochty men o hands
are here assemblt, aa Italians?
I compt naething altho yon faint Trojans
reckon thair fates that thaim hither brocht.
Aa sic vain ruise⁴⁴ I fear as thing o nocht,
in case thay proud be o the God's answeirs,
and thaim avaunt thareof wi felloun feirs.
It may weill suffice, and eneuch, iwis,
baith tae thair fates and Venus grantit is,
that e'er thir Trojans in this coast fast by
haes aince tuichit the bounds o Italie.
My weirdis eik and fatal⁴⁵ destiny
by the contrar is grantit untae me,
this cursit people tae bet down wi my glave,

42 on dreich: tae a distance

43 hace: hairse

44 ruise: boastin

45 fatal: fatit

for my dear spous, wham bereft me thay have.
Nor this annoy alanerly tuichis nocht
the twa Atrides, that Troy tae ruin brocht –
I mean the principal chieftains, brether twa,
that is tae know, Agamemnon and Menelay –
nor yit alane this cause tae armis steirs
the people o Myce tae move battle and weirs;
but principally this quarrel mine I know.
Gif it haed been eneuch, as that thay shaw
at thay but aince destroyit aucht tae be,
it war eneuch and nicht suffice, think me,
that thay hae fautit aince lang time before.
Why double thay thair trespass more and more?
Altho that weemen brocht thaim tae folly,
yit hate thay nocht weemen alutterly.
Whit mean thay be this middle mantle waa?
This little stop o dykes and fosses aa?
Ween thay this be a strenth that may thaim save?
Thair life is nou in jeopardy, thay rave.
Fu near thair deid thay staun. Aa men may know
whither, gif the wicht waas o Troy thay saw,
built by the haun o Neptunus, that sire,
rent and bet down, and aa the toun in fire?
But oh, ye walit knichtis o renoun –
wham I behaud wi pikes brekkin doun
yon forteress, and nou present wi me
assailyein this affrayed strenth we see –
us needis nocht Vulcanus' armour here
agin thir maist faint Trojans in our weir,
nor yit *we* mister nocht a thousan ships.
Altho haill Tuscany intae fallaeships
wi thaim adjoin, and come on every side,
lat thaim nocht dreid that *we*, by nicht's tide,
sall thiftuously⁴⁶ Palladium steal away,
nor slay thair watches sleepin. Nay, perfay,
dern in a horse's belly large and wide,
thaim tae deceive, *we* sall us never hide.
For we determit hae by force in ficht,
in plain battle, and on day's licht,
wi fire and swourd yon wallis umbeset.

⁴⁶ thiftuously: thievishly

Sae dochtily we shape tae dae our debt,⁴⁷
that thay sall nocht believe weir undertane
againis Greeks, nor people Pelasgane,
whilks in thair weirs pruivit sae spreitless men
that Hector thaim delayit yearis ten.
Nou, chosen men, and walit warriours,
sen the maist pairt o this day's hours
is gane," sayed he, "I hauld it for the best
after this guid journey⁴⁸ ye tak you rest.
Dae ease your bodies and your horse while day,
but haud you ready for the battle aye.
In the meantime, o the nicht watch the cure
we gie Messapus, the yetts tae discure,⁴⁹
and for tae bete bricht fires about the waas."
Twice seivin Rutulians, for aa chance befaas,
wis chosen wi knichtis for tae watch the toun;
ilkane a hunner fellaes ready boun
o young gallants, wi purpour crestis reid,
thair gilten gear made glitteren every steid;
whoursae thay walk and roamis, still and saft
thay stalk about, and wardis changes aft.
And some time, on the green herbis dounset,
thay birl the wine, and ilk man did his debt
for til owreturn goblets o metal bricht.
The shinin fires owre aa the land kest licht;
and aa the forenicht thir watches siccan way,
but sleep, did spend in revel, gemm, and play.

⁴⁷ dae our debt: dae our duty

⁴⁸ journey: day's wark

⁴⁹ discure: discover, reveal

Chapter IV

*Here Nisus carpis tae his frein Eurylly,
til unnertak an adventure unsely.⁵⁰*

The Trojans, frae thair fortress whaur thay stuid
aa thair deray beheld and unnerstuid,
and baith wi armour and wi wappons bricht
the touer heids thay stuffit aa that nicht;
and feil times, in hasty affear for dreid,
the portis vizzy thay gif ocht war need,
and drawbriggis before the yetts upraised,
junct tae the waas, at thay suld nocht be traced;
and every man stuid ready in his gear
enarmit weill, and in his haun a spear.
Mnestheus stern, and eik Serestus stout,
fu busy war tae walk and gae about,
til ordinance for tae put everything;
for thaim Eneas, at his depairting,
haed depute rulers tae his young son dear,
and maister captains o his host in weir,
gif sae betide ony adversity
or adventure before his returné.
A haill legion about the wallis large
stuid watchin, bodin⁵¹ wi bow, spear, and targe.
The danger wis by cuttis suin decide,
at every corner wha, or wha, suld byde;
and every man his course about did sleep,
while that his fellae haed his ward tae keep.
Nisus, Hyrtacus' son, that time wis set,
as for his stand, tae byde and keep the yett,
as he that wis in armis bauld and stout,
ane the maist valiant intil aa that rout;
wham Ida, his mither, a huntrice,
in fellaeship sent wi Enee fu wyce.
Tae cast dartis nane sae expert as he,
nor for tae shuit swift arrows hauf sae slee.
Euryalus, his fellae, stuid him by,
o aa Eneas' host nane mair guidlie,

⁵⁰ unsely: unfortunate

⁵¹ bodin: armed

nor yit mair seemly cled in Trojan arms –
stout, o hie courage, dreidin for nae harms.
His flourished youth revest⁵² his veisage ying,
yit never shaven, wi piles⁵³ newly spring.
Tae thir twa wis ae will in unity,
ae lust, and mind in uniformity;
samen thay yeid tae meat, tae rest, or play,
and baith thegither in battle rushit thay.
Nou samen eik thay war in station set,
as baith infeir tae keep the common yett.

Nisus thus speaks: “Oh brither mine, Eurylly,
whether gif the gods, or some spreitis silly,
moves in our minds this ardent thochtful fire,
or gif that every man’s shrewit desire
be as his god and genius in that place,
I wat ne’er hou it stauns; but this lang space
my mind moves tae me, here as I staun,
battle or some gret thing tae tak on haun.
I know nocht tae whit purpose is it dressed,
but by nae wey may I tak ease nor rest.
Behauds thou nocht sae shuirly, but affray,
yon Rutulians haudis thaim gled and gay?
Thair fires nou beginnis shine fu schire;
soupit in wine and sleep baith man and sire
at quiet ludging yonder at thair will.
Queme⁵⁴ silence hauds the large fields still.
Conseider this profoundly, I thee pray –
whit suld I dreid, whit thinkis thou, nou say.
Baith common people and the herris bauld
tae bring again Eneas fu fain thay wald;
langing fu sair efter his hamecoming,
and o his mind tae hae shuir wittering.
Thay aa desire some authentic⁵⁵ men be send.
Gif, as I wad, thou haed licence tae wend,
sen weill I know thy famous noble deeds,
in sic a case, me think, nae mair thare needs –

52 revest: clathed

53 piles: hairs

54 queme: peacefu

55 authentic: i.e. truistworthy

unner yon motte the wey fund weill I see
tae haud untae the waas o Pallantie.”

Euryalus, smit wi hie fervent desire
o new renown, whilk brint him het as fire,
and hauf eshamit o this bodword glaid,
thus til his best beluvit fellae sayed:
“Nisus, brither in sovereign actis hie,
for ony cause hou may thou refuse me
wi thee tae gae in fellaeship as feir?
Suld I thee send alane in sic dangeir?
My faither, Opheltes, the whilk aa his days
the weirs hauntit, never upo that ways
instruckit me, nor taucht sic cowardy.
Wis I nocht learnit tae haunt chivalry
amid the Greekis’ brag, and Trojan weirs?
Hae I me born wi thee, at thou afears
o my courage? The maist dochty Enee,
and o fortune tae the last extremity,
hae I nocht follaed, refusin nae pyne?
Here is, here is, within this cors o mine,
a forcy spreit that doth this life despise,
whilk reputes fair tae wissell⁵⁶ upo sic wise
wi this honour thou thus pretends⁵⁷ tae win,
this mortal state and life that we been in.”

Nisus answers, “Forsuith, my brither ding,
o thee, God wat, yit dreid I ne’er sic thing;
for sae tae think, in faith, unleifu wer.
Sae haill and feir mot sauf me Jupiter,
and bring me sound again wi victorie,
as ever yit sic conceit o thee haed I.
Tae witness draw I that ilk God,” quo he,
“wi freindly een whilk daes us hear and see,
and in my mind first movit this consait.
But gif that sae betide – as weill ye wait
in sic adventures thare been dangers sere,
by hard fortune or adventure o weir,
or goddis’ disposition happen it sall –
my will wis thee tae save frae perils all.

⁵⁶ wissell: exchange

⁵⁷ pretends: i.e. proposes

Thy flourished youth is mair worthy tae leive
than for tae put in danger o mischief.
I wad alsae at hame some frein hae haed,
that gif at I war takken and hard stad,
or frae me reft the life, and sae withhaud,
whilk my body or banes ransom wad,
and lay in grave, efter our Trojan guise;
or, gif fortune wad suffer on nae wise
my body micht be brocht tae burial,
than tae his frein the service funeral
wi obsequies tae dae for corpse absent,
and in my memore up a tomb tae stent.
Nor wad I nocht alsae that I suld be
cause or occasion o sic dule,” quo he,
“tae thy maist ruthfu mithers, traist and kind,
whilk anerly o her maist tender mind,
frae aa the ither matrons o our rout,
haes follaed thee, her luvit child about;
nor for thy sake refusit nocht the sea,
and gave nae force o Acestes’ ceity.”

The tither than him answert suin again:
“My frein, for nocht thou says sic wordis vain,
ingyrin⁵⁸ cases are o nane effeck –
my first intent I list nocht change nor brek.
Haste us,” quo he. And tharwithal baith twae
the neist watch thay waukenit whaur thay lay,
whilk gat on fuit, and tae thair roamis went.
Euryalus, tae fulfil his intent,
wi Nisus forth gan haud his wey anon,
and tae the Prince Ascanius are gone.

⁵⁸ ingyrin: pressin

Chapter V

*Hou at the council the forenamit two
untae Eneas purchased leave tae go.*

Upo the erd the ither beastis aa,
thair busy thochtis ceasin, gret and smaa,
fu sound on sleep did caught thair rest by kind,
aa irksome laubour forget out o mind.
But the chief leaders o the Trojan rout,
and flouer o fencible young men stern and stout,
in the meantime sat at wyce council
for common weill and maiters hie befell,
conseiderin wycely whit adae thare was,
or wha suld message beir tae Eneas.
Amids thair tentis, in field whaur thay stand,
wi shieldis shroud,⁵⁹ upo thair spears leanand,
than Nisus and Euryalus, baith twain,
gled o this cast, seein thair time maist gain,⁶⁰
besocht thay micht be admittit tae say
a gret maiter o wecht, whase delay
micht herm gret deal, and eik by thair advice
thair errand wis worth audience and o price.
Ascanius first, seein thair hasty way,
admittit thair desire, and bade thaim say.
Than this Nisus, Hyrtacus' son, thus sayed:
“Gentle Trojans, wi equal mindis glaid
receive my wordis, for this thing,” quo he
“whilk I you tell may nocht conseidert be
wi sic as us, nor men sae young o years,
but tae your wisdoms til advise effeirs.
The Rutulians, owreset wi sleep and wine,
liggis sowpit, fordovert, drunk as swine –
tae set upo thaim, and await wi skaith,
the place surely we hae espyit baith,
whilk ready may fu easily be get
in yonder forkit wey, streiks frae the yett
doun tae the sea's coast the nearest went,
whaur the fires fast fails, near out-brent,
sae that the black reek daurkens aa the air.

⁵⁹ shroud: protectit

⁶⁰ gain: suit

Gif that ye suffer wad, as I sayed ere,
that we nicht use this opportunity
whilk fortune haes us grant, suin suld ye see
Eneas socht by us at Pallantine,
and hither brocht in short while efter syne,
wi rich spulyie, and meikle slauchter made.
We know the wey thither fu weill,” he sayed,
“and aa the watter o Tiber up and doun;
in daurk vales aft we saw the toun,
as we by custom aft the hunting hauntit.”

Ageit Aletes, that nae wisdom wantit,
but baith wis ripe in counsel and in years,
untae thir words digestly made answeirs:
“Oh kindly goddis o our native lands,
unner whase michtis aa time Troy upstands,
altho the weill thareof in dout remains,
yit list you nocht destroy aa the Trojanes,
nor thaim sae clean defeat alutterly,
sen sae stout mindis, as we here aspy,
and sae bauld ready breistis gien hae ye
tae thir younkens.” And sayin thus, gan he
the richt hauns and shouthers o baith embrace,
wi tearis trinklin owre his cheeks and face.
“Oh manly knichtis, whit reward conding
may gainandly be give for sic a thing,
forsuith I can nocht in my mind devise;
but your maist chief gainyield and gift tae price
the gret goddis mot render you,” sayed he,
“and your ain virtue mot be renowné.
The remanent anon ye sall resaive,
sae that naewise ye sall your meedis crave,
by the haundis o ruthfu Eneas;
or, gif he suin frae this life happens pass,
Ascanius, whilk as yit is but page,
young and forrat intae his haillsome age,
sall render your desert, I tak on hand,
and sic thankis, while that he is leivand,
sall never be forget nor dae away.”

The samen word, anon, as he did say,
furth o his mouth Ascanius haes hint:
“I hecht forsuith that deed sall ne’er be tint,

for aa my weill alanerly daes hing
upo my faither's prosper hamecoming.
Nisus," sayed he, "I you pray and beseek,
by our Penates, kindly goddis meek,
and by Assaracus, gods domestical,
wham ye the chief stock o our kinrent call,
and by the secret closets or entry
o the venerable auld canous⁶¹ Vestie,
bring hame my faither suin, I you exhort.
Aa that pertaining is tae me, at short,
baith tuichin counsel and commandment,
or adventures o fortune, in your intent,
in your willis, I put aahail," quo he,
"bring hame my faither that I may him see.
For haed we him receivit, I daur say,
is naething suld annoy us nor affray.
Twa siller cuppis, wrocht richt curiously
wi feigures grave and punchit imagery,
I sall you gie, the whilk my faither wan
whan conquest wis the ceity Arisban;
twa chairis rich, or trestis⁶² quaintly fold,
and twa gret talents o the finest gold;
and eik the crafty ancient flagons two
whilks tae me gave the Sidoness Dido.
And gif, certes, as victors us betides
tae conques Ital, as the Fates provides,
Thare-in tae bruik the croun and sceptre wand,
and tae distribute the prey, as lord o land;
beheld ye nocht whit kin a courser wicht,
hou proud armour, weill gilt and burnished bricht,
that Turnus bare this yester nicht?" quo he.
"The samen shield, and helm wi crestis three,
seemin o fire aa reid, and the ilk steed,
frae this samen hour, Nisus, sall be thy meed.
I sall thaim sort frae aa the remanent.
And further eik my faither, o his assent,
twal chosen matrons sall you gie aa free,
tae be your slaves in captivity,
wi aa thair children and thair haill affspring,
thair mobles, cattle, rents, and arming;

⁶¹ canous: gray-haired

⁶² trestis: trestles

and eik that field and principal piece o land,
whilk King Latinus haes nou in his hand.
And oh, thou worshipfu young child, whase age
is tae my youthheid in the nearest stage,
wi aa my hert I thee receive e'en here,
in aa cases as tender fellae and feir.
But thee, nae glorious act in my maiteirs
sall be exerced, naither in peace nor weirs.
In everything, baith intae word and deed,
the maist traist sall be gien thee for thy meed.”

Euryalus made this answer for his side:
“That day sall never come, nor time betide,
for my default unworthy sall I be
for til attain sae sovereign dignity.
Lat fortune send us guid luck, gif she list,
or misadventure – I sall dae my best.
Lo, this is aa, nae mair I may promit.
But, abuve aa things, ae gift grant me yit,
that I beseek thee aft and monyfauld:
a mither, comen o Priamus' bluid o auld,
within this toun I hae, whilk silly wife
me for tae follae nocht comptin her life,
the realm o Troy nicht nocht withhaued,” sayed he,
“nor yit in Sicil Acestes' fair ceitie.
Nou her I leave unhausit as I ride,
o this danger, whit-sae-ever betide,
aa ignorant and wat naething, puir wicht.
Tae witness draw I here this ilk guid nicht,
and thy richt haun, my lord and prince maist hie,
the weepin tears may I nocht suffer nor see
o my dear mither, nor that ruthfu sicht.
But I beseek thy gentle hert o richt
for tae comfort that carefu creature.
That desolate wicht tae succour shaw thy cure.
Grant this ae thing, and suffer that o thee
this ae guid hope I beir o toun wi me;
and faur the baulder, whit-sae fortune send,
untae aa dangers gledly sall I wend.”

The Trojans aa for ruth, at speak him hears,
smit wi compassion, brastis furth o tears,

wi tender herts meinin⁶³ Euryalus,
but principally lusty Ascanius –
the image o his faitherly peity
prent in his mind him strainis sae that he
weepin answert, and sayed, “My brither dear,
I promise aa thou desires, out o weir,⁶⁴
for thy commencement and stout beginning
is sae dochty I may thee nyte⁶⁵ naething.
Forsuith this wumman, whit-sae-e’er she be,
frae thyne forrat sall mither be tae me,
wanting nae mair o my mither, in plain,
alanerly but Creusa her name;
and thus o sic a birth nae little bliss
sall her betide, houever efter this
the chance turnis, aither tae weill or wae.
By this ilk heid I sweir tae thee alsae,
by whilk my faither wont wis for tae sweir,
aa that I hae untae thee promised here,
gif thou returnis in prosperity,
failyein thareof, as Jove defend sae be,
tae thy mither and untae thy kindred
sall fully been observit, in thy stead.”
Thus sayed he weepin; and tharewith alsae
his gilten sword he hint his shouthers frae,
wham wunner craftily in the land o Crete
Lycaon forgit haed, and wrocht it meet
within a burnished sheath o ivor bane –
thaim baith thegither he gave Euryll onane.
Syne Mnestheus a busteous lion skin,
that roch and weirlike tabard naething thin,
tae Nisus gave; and the traist Aletes
wi him haes helms cossit,⁶⁶ and gave him his.

⁶³ meinin: sympathisin wi

⁶⁴ out o weir: nae danger

⁶⁵ nyte: deny

⁶⁶ cossit: exchanged

Chapter VI

*Furth hauds Nisus and Euryalus baith twae,
and huge slauchter thay hae made by the way.*

Anon thay held enarmit furth thair way;
wham aa the nobles young and auld, perfay,
convoyit tae the portis, naething fain,
prayin fu aft Jove bring thaim weill again.
But principally the fresh Ascanius ying,
abuve aa ithers in his communing
shawin the wisdom, conceit,⁶⁷ and foresicht
o ageit men, and eik the courage wicht,
gave thaim feil charges and commandments
tae beir his faither, tuichin his intents –
but wi the wind thay scatterit war on raw,
and aa for nocht amang the cluddis flaw.

Furth issued thay, and by the fosses' went
in silence o the daurk nicht amangs the tents
and perilous palyouns,⁶⁸ tae thaim enemie,
thay entert are, and caught gret herm thareby.
But naetheless, ere ony skaith thay hint,
the deid o mony wis thair dochty dint.
Upo the gress, owreset wi sleep and wine,
fordovert, faaen doun as drunk as swine,
the bodies o Rutulians here and thare
thay did perceive; and by the coast aawhere
the cairtis staun wi limmours bendit strek,⁶⁹
the men liggin, the hames about thair neck,
or than amangs the wheelis and the theats.
Aa samen lay thair armour, wine, and meats,
baith men and cairtis middelt aa owre-ane.
Wi a bass voice thus Nisus spak again:
“Euryalus, the maiter nou thus stauns
for tae be stout and forcy o our hauns.
This is our passage, whilk wey we maun wend.
Thy pairt sall be tae keep and tae defend

⁶⁷ conceit: i.e. pouer o thoct

⁶⁸ palyouns: pavilions, tents

⁶⁹ limmours bendit strek: bent shafts struck (in the grun)

that nane onset come on us at the back.
Spy faur about, tharetae guid tent thou tak.
I sall before mak void passage and way,
and thee convoy throu a large street away.”
Rehearsin this, anon he held him close,
sae that nae noise micht thare be heard or voce;
and tharewith eik wi drawen swourd in press
he gan assail the pompous Rhamnetes,
whilk lay, per case, sleepin saft and sound
on proud tapetis⁷⁰ spread upo the ground.
A king he wis, and a spaeman, suith tae sayen,
tae Turnus King maist traist auguriane,
but wi his divination nor augurie
the traik⁷¹ o deid no couth he nocht put by.
Three o his servants, that fast by him lay,
fu recklessly he killit, altho thay
amang thair spearis liggin war infeir;
and quellit ane tae Remus wis squiere.
The cairter syne, liggin upo the street,
he hint anon amang the horses’ feet,
and wi his swourd his neck, hingin on side,
in twain haes hackit; and the samen tide
thair lord’s heid, I mean this said Rhamnete,
aff smites he, while aa the bed waux weit.
Like a deid stock the corpse wantin the heid
lay bullerin, aa besprent wi spraingis⁷² reid,
and als the erd grew warm wi tepid bluid.
Attour he steikit haes eik, whaur he stuid,
twa forey men, Lamus and Lamyus,
and als the likely young child, Serranus,
that aa the forenicht in riot and in play
haed spendit as he list, and nou he lay
wi members streiked, and pleasant veisage bricht,
owreset wi God Bacchus meikle o micht.
Fu happy and weill fortunate haed he be,
in sport and gemm on the same wise gif he
aa the remanent o that nicht haed spent,
while the licht day, and til himsel tane tent.

⁷⁰ tapetis: carpets

⁷¹ traik: ruin

⁷² spraingis: streaks

Like as the empty lion, lang unfed,
by nicht's tide whan aa fowk sleep in bed,
trubblin the fauld fu o silly sheep,
the wud rage o his hungir is sae deep
that he constraint is sicwise tae fare;
he rives and he harlis here and thare
the tender beastis, that for awfu fear
o his presence daur naither bleat nor steir;
he rummis wi bluidy mouth, and brays;⁷³
sae did Eurylly, and nane itherways,
and nae less slauchter made he in the plain,
o ire inflamed in his wud brain.
A multitude o commons o birth law,
by whilk reason thair names are unknow,
he umbeset and put tae confusioun;
and Fadus syne, wi Herbesus dang he down,
and Abaris alsae, unwarnistly;
and Rhoetus eik, lay wauken hard thaim by,
behaudin aa thair steerage and deray,
but o the stout Euryalus for affray,
behind a wine butt or a pipe⁷⁴ him hid,
wham Euryalus, as the case betid,
keppit on his swourd's pynt, that aa the blade,
hid in his coast, up tae the hiltis glade.
Tae deid he dushes down baith stiff and cauld,
and up the purpour spreit o life he yauld,
and bluid and wine mixit he gan furth shaw,
at he last drank out yisks in the deid-thraw.
And, by sic slicht, fu brim thus he enforces
tae mak huge slauchter o unweildy corpses,
ettlin wichtly tae the neist stuid fast by.
Thare as Messapus' feiris aa did lie,
and the last fires aamaist quenchit out,
the horse, per order, tieit weill about,
eatin thair meat he nicht behaud and see;
wham shortly Nisus bade cease and lat be;
for he perceivit Euryalus by his feirs⁷⁵
haed owre gret lust tae slauchter, and dangeirs

⁷³ brays: roars

⁷⁴ pipe: cask

⁷⁵ feirs: behaviour

perceivit nocht whilks war appearin eft.
“Desist,” quo he, “this maiter maun be left,
for the daylight, whilk is tae us unfriend,
approaches near. We may nae langir lend.
Gret herm is duin, eneuch o bluid is shed,
throu-out our faes a patent wey is redd.”

And sayin thus, thay sped thaim on thair way.
Behinnd thaim, for uptakkin whaur it lay,
mony bricht armour richly dicht thay left;
cuppis and goblets forgit fair, and beft⁷⁶
o massy siller, liein here and thare;
proud tapestry, and meikle precious ware;
save that Euryalus wi him tursed away
the ryal trappours,⁷⁷ and mighty patrells⁷⁸ gay,
whilkis war Rhamnetes’ steeds’ harnessing;
and, for the mair remembrance in taikening,
a rich tisch⁷⁹ or belt hint he syne,
the pendants wrocht o burnished gowd maist fine,
whilk girdle ane Caedicus, that wis than
durin his time ane the michtiest man,
bereft a strang Rutulian, as thay tell,
wham he vanquished in singular batell,
and sent it syne tae ane Remulus haes he,
that duke wis o the Tibertine ceitie,
in sign o freindship and firm acquaintance –
thus aither absent jointit alliance.
Syne this ilk prince, intae his legacie,
that time upo his deid-bed did he lie,
this girdle left tae younger Remulus,
his tender nevoy, that is here slain thus.
Euryll, as sayed is, haes this jewel hint,
about his sides it bracing, ere he stint;
but aa for nocht, suppose the gowd did gleit.
Messapus’ helm syne, for him wunner meet,
wi shinin tymbret and wi crestis hie,
upo his heid anon buckelt haes he.

76 beft: beaten

77 trappours: horse trappings

78 patrells: breistplates

79 tisch: girdle

Furth o the tentis wi this bounit thay,
and frae thair faeis held the sover way.

Chapter VII

*Hou capitane Volscens, comin Turnus til,
recontert Nisus and his fellae Euryll.*

In the meantime, as this ither armie
thus at the siege gan in the fieldis lie,
frae Laurentum, King Latinus' ceitie,
war horsemen sent tae Turnus, for tae see
whit he pleasit, and the King's intent
til him tae shaw. Three hunner men furth went
wi shield on shouther unner Captain Volscens
and by this comen war tae the distance
near tae thair host; and, as the case did faa,
thay held fast unner this new ceity waa,
whaur-as on faur taewart the left haun thay
turnin thair course backward perceivit twae:
for the bricht helm in twinklin starny nicht
mythis⁸⁰ Eurylly wi beams' shinin licht,
whilk he, unware, perceivit nocht, alace!
And as thay scarce war thus aspied on case,
Volscens the captain, frae amid his rout,
sayed, "Stand fellaes!" and cryis wi a shout,
"Whit is the cause o your coming," sayed he,
"that rides thus enarmit? Whit ye be,
and whither are ye boun, ye shaw us plain."
The tither twa made nane answer again,
but in the wuids hies at the flicht,
assured gretly in daurkness o the nicht.
The horsemen than prickis, and fast furth spreints
tae weill-beknawen paths, and turnis went
baith here and thare; suin umbeset hae thay
the outgates⁸¹ aa – thay suld nocht win away.
The wuid wis large, and roch o bussis rank,
and o the black aik shaddas dim and dank,
o breiris fu; and thick thorn ronnis stent.⁸²
Scarcely a straucht road or dern narra went
tharein nicht funden be that men nicht pass,

⁸⁰ mythis: reveals

⁸¹ outgates: escape routes

⁸² ronnis stent: unnergrowth extendit

whaurthrou Euryalus gretly cumbert was.
Whit for mirkness, thick bussis, branch, and breir,
and wecht alsae o the new-spulyiet gear,
tharetae the hasty onset and affray
made him gang wull in the unknowen way.

Nisus wis went, and by this chapit⁸³ clear
his enemies, unware whaur wis his feir;
and as he stuid at that steid (efter syne
frae Alba ceity cleipit wis Albine,
whaur, for the time, this foresaid Latin King
his horse at pasture held in stabling)
he blent about tae see his frein sae dear,
but aa for nocht – thare wis nae man him near.
“Euryll,” quo he, “alas unhappilie
in whit pairt o this land thee left hae I?”
Or whaur sall I thee seek? Oh wallaway!”
Tharewith this ilk wilsome perplexit way
backwart he held, every fuitstep again,
throu the dern wuid deceitfu and unplain,
while, at the last, amang rank bussis he
erred by the wey, because he nicht nocht see.
The horse stampin and the din he hears;
the wordis and the taikens come tae his ears
o thaim whilk pursueit him at the back.
A little space efter tent gan he tak,
and heard a scry. Harknin whit that suld be,
Eurylly taen in haundis did he see;
wham the deceitfu unbekent dern way,
the mirk nicht, and the hasty doutsome fray
betraisit haed, that aa the meikle rout,
ere he wis waur, him loukit⁸⁴ round about.
Fu gret debate⁸⁵ he made, as that he mocht;
owreset he wis, defence wis aa for nocht.
Whit nicht than silly Nisus dae or say?
By whit force or wappons daur he assay
for tae deleiver his tender cousin dear?
Suld he or nocht adventure himsel here,

⁸³ chapit: escapit

⁸⁴ loukit: enclosit

⁸⁵ debate: i.e. struggle, fecht

and rush amid his enemies in that steid,
tae procure in haste by wounds an honest deid?
Upraises he anon his airm backward,
tae thraw a javelin, or a casting dart,
and, leukin upward taewart the clear muin,
wi aefauld voice thus-wise he made his buin:
“Latonia, Goddess o meikle micht,
mistress o wuids, beauty o starnis bricht,
be thou present, and send me thy supplie;
address my wark, be directrix,” sayed he.
“Gif e’er that Hyrtacus, my faither dear,
offert for me some gift at thy alteir;
or gif that I o my hunting and prey
eikit thy honour ony mainer o way,
or, at thy standart knoppit post o tree,
thy haly temple’s ruif, or baulkis hie,
gif e’er I hung or fixit onything –
wild beast’s heid, wapponis, or arming –
thole me tae trubble this gret rout o men;
dae dress my dartis in this wilsome den,
sae that my shot and meisure may gae richt
throu the daurk air and silence o the nicht.”

Thus sayin, wi aa force o his bodie
the grunden dart he lat dae glide in hy.
The fleein shaft the nicht shaddas divides,
and richt forgain him on the tither sides
it smate Sulmonis’ shield, hung on his back,
whaurin the quarrel aa in sunder brak;
but wi the dint the rind is riven sae,
his hert pipes the sherp heid pierced in twae.
Doun dushis he in deid-thraw aa forlost,
the warm bluid furth boakin o his coast;
and for the cauld o deid his lungis lap;
wi sobbis deep blawis wi mony clap.
His feiris leuks about on every side,
tae see whaurfrae the grunden dart did glide.
But lo, as thay thus wunnert in affray,
this ilk Nisus, worthen proud and gay,
and baulder o this chance sae wi him gone,
anither tackle⁸⁶ assayed he anon,

⁸⁶ tackle: i.e. arrow

and wi a sound smate Tagus, but remeid,
throu aither pairt or temples o his heid;
in the harnpan the shaft he haes affixed,
while bluid and brain aathegither mixed.
The felloun captain, Volscens, near wud wends,
seein nae man wham o tae get amends.
He micht dae staunch his ire, and syth⁸⁷ his thocht,
for wha that threw the dartis saw he nocht.
“Thou, nocht-the-less,” quo he, “that staundis by,
wi thy het bluid for baith twa sall aby
the pain for this mischief.” And wi that word
he ran upo Euryll wi drawn swourd.

Than Nisus, dreidin for his fellae kind,
begouth tae cry, aa wud and out o mind,
nor nae langir in dern him hide he micht,
nor o his frein behaud sae ruthfu sicht.
“Me, me, ye slay! Lo, I am here,” he sayed,
“that did the deed; turn hither in me your blade
and swourdis aa, oh ye Rutulianis!
Aa by my slicht nou your feiris slain is.
That silly innocent creature sae ying
micht, nor yit durst, on haun tak sic a thing.
By heivens hie, and aa the starns, I sweir,
that us behauldis wi thair beamis clear.”
Sic wordis sayed he, for on sic manneir,
and sae strangly, his frein and fellae dear
that sae mischancy wis, beluvit he,
that raither for his life himsel list dee.
But thare wis nae remedy nor abaid.
The swourd, wichtly stockit, ere than wis glade
throu-out his coast. Alas, the herm’s smert!
That milk-white breist is piercit tae the hert.
Doun deid rushit Euryalus richt thare,
the bluid brushin⁸⁸ outowre his body fair,
and on his elbuck leanin a little on-wry,
his heid and hause bowis he hivvilie;
like as the purpour flouer in fur or sheuch,
his stalk in twa smit newly wi the pleuch,
dwines awa, as it doth fade or dee;

⁸⁷ syth: assuage

⁸⁸ brushin: gushin

or as the chesbow⁸⁹ heidis aft we see
bou doun thair knoppis, sowpit on thair grane,⁹⁰
whan thay be chairgit wi the hivvy rain.

But Nisus than rushit amid the rout,
amangs thaim aa seekin Volscens the stout,
and on Volscens alanerly arrestis,
tho round about wi enemies he prest is,
whilk here and thare anon at every side
him umbeset wi warkin⁹¹ woundis wide.
But naetheless thaim stoutly he assailit,
nocht amovit, as naething him haed ailit;
and e'er his shinin swourd about him swang,
while at the last in Volscens' mouth he thrang,
as he, forgain him staunin, cried and gaped.
Alas, whit ruth wis it he nocht escaped!
For he, deein, bereft his fae the life;
steekit and hurt sae aft wi spear and knife,
fell doun abuve his frein's deid bodie,
whaur best him likit deid tae rest and lie.

Oh happy baith, oh fortunate and ding!
Gif mine indite or style may onything,
ne'er day nor process o time sall betide,
that your renown sall out o memore slide,
while the faimil and affspring o Enee
the stane immovable o the Capitolie
inhabits, and sae lang as Romans bauld
the monarchy o the empire sall hauld.

The shamefu victors, thir Rutulians,
the prey and spreath, and ither gear that gains,
joicing but obstacle, Volscens' deid bodie
untae the tentis weepin bare in hy.
And nae less murnin heard thay in that steid
for Rhamnetes, fund heidless, pale, and deid,
thegither wi sae mony capitainis,
and gret herris sae wretchitly as slain is –

⁸⁹ chesbow: poppy

⁹⁰ knoppis, sowpit on thair grane: seed-heids, exhaustit on thair stalk

⁹¹ warkin: achin, severe

Serranus ying, and the gentle Numae,
and noble corpses brittent mony ma.
Gret press flockit tae see the bodies shent,
some men yit thrawin hauf deid on the bent.
O recent slauchter and the het affray
the field about aa warmit whaur thay lay,
that aa wi spate wis blandit⁹² and on fluid
in bullerin streamis o the faemy bluid.
The spulyie led away wis know fu richt:
Messapus' rich helmet shinin bricht,
the gowden girdle, and trappours proudly wrocht,
wi meikle sweit and laubour again brocht.

⁹² blandit: mixed

Chapter VIII

*Euryllus' mither her son's deid bewails,
and hou Rutulians the ceity first assails.*

By this Aurora, leavin the saffron bed
o her lord Tithon, haed the erd owrespread
wi new clearness, and the sun schene
begouth defund⁹³ his beamis on the green,
that everything worth patent in the licht.
Turnus, enarmit as a dochty knicht,
til armis steiris every man about,
in plate and mail fu mony forcy rout
provokin tae the bargain and assay.
Ilk capitain his fowks sets in array,
and gan thair courage kennle in ire tae ficht,
by shamefu murmur o this yester nicht.
And further eik, a meiserable thing tae see,
Euryll and Nisus' heids, on spearis hie
fixit, thay raisit haudin tae the waa,
wi huge clamour follaein ane and aa.
The forcy and the stout Eneadanes,
that for the time in this ceity remains,
the brunt and force o thair army that tide
endlang the wallis set on the left side;
for on the richt haun closit the river.
Thay held the forefront whaur thare wis danger,
keepin the braid fosses and touers hie;
and as thay staun fu dolorously, thay see
the twa heids stickin on the spears –
a meiserable sicht, alas! untae thair feirs.
Thair faces war owre weill bekent, baith twae,
the bleckent deidly bluid drappin tharefrae.

In the meanwhile, throu the dreary ceitie,
the winged messenger, Fame, did swiftly flee,
and slippin come tae thy mither, Eurylly.
Than suddenly that wretchit wicht unsely
aa pale become, as nae bluid in her left.
The natural heat wis frae the banes reft.
Furth o her haun the spinnin wheel smate she,

⁹³ defund: pour down

the yarn clewis, spindle, and brooch⁹⁴ o tree
aa swackit owre, and fu unhappilie
furth fleeis she wi mony shout and cry,
wi weeping, and wi wifely womenting,
rivin her hairis, tae the waas gan thring,
aa wud enraged, and wi a speedy pace
did occupy thareon the foremaist place,
takkin nane heid, nor yit nae mainer shame,
sae amangs men tae rin, and roup⁹⁵ or rame.⁹⁶
Nae mainer fear o peril seeis she,
nor mind o dartis cast that fast did flee.
And as that frae the waa her son's heid
behauldis she, waefu, and wull o rede,⁹⁷
wi her peitious ruthfu complaints sair
the heivens aa she fillit and the air.

“Oh my Eurylly,” lamentably she cries,
“sall I thee see demeanit on sic wise?
Thou, the latter quiet o mine age,
hou micht thou be sae cruel in thy rage
as me tae leave on life, thus mine alane?
Oh my maist tender hert, whaur art thou gane?
Nae licence grantit wis, nor time, nor space,
tae me, thy wretchit mither, alace, alace!
whan thou thysel untae sic perils set,
that I wi thee micht sae meikle leisure get
as for tae tak my leave for ever and aye,
thy last regret and quething-words⁹⁸ tae say.
Ochone, alas! intil an uncouth land,
nakit and bare thy fair body on sand,
tae fouls o reif⁹⁹ and savage doggis wild
sall lie as prey, mine ain dear only child!
Nor I, thy mither, laid nocht thy corpse on bier,
nor wi my haundis louked thine een sae clear,

94 brooch: pirn

95 roup: cry out

96 rame: scream

97 wull o rede: lost for a plan, no kennin whit tae dae

98 quething-words: last farewells

99 fouls o reif: birds o prey

nor wesh thy woundis tae reduce¹⁰⁰ thy spreit,
nor dressit thee in thy latter claes meet,
the whilks I wrocht, God wat, tae mak thee gay,
fu busily spinnin baith nicht and day;
and wi sic wabs and wark, for thee, my page,
I comfort me in mine unwieldy age,
and irkit nocht tae laubour for thy sake.
Whaur sall I seek thee nou? Alake, alake!
Or in whit land lies nou, maggelt and shent,
thy fair body, and members tirved¹⁰¹ and rent?
Oh dear son mine, oh tender get,” quo she,
“is this the comfort at thou daes tae me,
whilk haes thee follaed baith owre seas and lands?
Oh ye Rutulians, steik¹⁰² me wi your brands.
Gif thare be ruth or peity in your banes,
dae swack at me your dartis aa at aince.
Wi your wapponis first ye sall me slay.
Oh thou gret Faither o Goddis,” gan she say,
“hae ruth upo me, wretch o wretches aa,
and on my caitiff heid thou lat down faa
thy thunner’s dint o wildfire frae the heiven,
law unner Hell tharewith tae smite me even;
sen that this langsome cruel life I no may
consume nor enden by nane ither way.”

Wi this regret the Trojan mindis aa
war smit wi ruth. Endlang the large waa
the dulefu murnin went and womenting.
Thair hie courage, tae tell a wunner thing,
that unaffrayed wis battle tae sustein,
waux dowf and dull the peitious sicht tae seen.
But as she thus kennles sorra and wae,
ane Idaeus, and Actor, Trojans twae,
at the command o Ilioneus passed,
and ying Ascanius weepin wunner fast,
and hint her up betwix thair airmis square,
syne hamewart tae her ludging thay her bare.

¹⁰⁰ reduce: restore

¹⁰¹ tirved: stript

¹⁰² steik: stab

But than the trumpet's weirly blasts abounds
wi terrible brag o brazen bluidy sounds.
The skry, the clamour, follaes the host within,
while aa the heivens bemit¹⁰³ o the din.
The Volcenars assemblt in a sop,
tae fill the fosses and the waas tae slop,¹⁰⁴
aa samen hastin wi a pavis¹⁰⁵ o tree
heizit thegither abuve thair heidis hie,
sae sairly knit that mainer ambushment
seemit tae be a close vault whaur thay went.
Anither sort pressit tae hae entry,
and sclim the waas wi ledders large and hie,
whaur-as the airmy o the Trojan side
wis thinnest scattert on the wallis wyde,
and bricht arrayit company o the men
war dividit or sloppit, at thay micht ken
the weirmen no sae thick in sic a place.
But the Trojans, that aft in siclike case
by lang usage o weir war learnt, and kenned
hou thay thair toun and wallis suld defend,
aa kind o wappons and darts at thaim slings,
and dang thaim doun wi pikes and pyntit stings,
doun weltin eik o huge wecht gret stanes,
by ony wey gif thareby for the naince
thay micht on force dissever that punyie,¹⁰⁶
whilk thaim assailit theeked wi pavis hie;
for weill thay knew thair faes aa mainer o tene¹⁰⁷
unner that vault o targes micht sustein,
sae lang as thay samen unseverit war.
But nou thay micht thair order haud nae mair,
for the Trojans, ere ever thay wad cess,
thare as the thickest rout wis and maist press,
a huge wecht or heap o meikle stanes
rushes and weltis doun on thaim at aince,
that diverse o Rutulians lay thare under.

¹⁰³ bemit: resoundit

¹⁰⁴ slop: mak a slap in, breach

¹⁰⁵ pavis: shield

¹⁰⁶ punyie: smaa force

¹⁰⁷ tene: herm

The lave skailit on breid; broke wis in sunder
the covertures and ordinance o thair shields.
Frae thence, the hardy Rutulians in the fields
pressit nae mair in hiddlis¹⁰⁸ for tae ficht,
but thaim enforces nou wi aa thair micht,
wi ganyies,¹⁰⁹ arrows, and wi dartis' sling,
thair faemen frae the wallis for tae ding.
And at anither side wi felloun fere,¹¹⁰
Mezentius the grim, upo a spear
or heich sting or stour o the fir tree
the black fire bleezes o reek in-swacks he;
and Messapus, the daunter o the horses,
Neptunus' son, wi his menyie enforces
tae unnermine the dyke and rent the pale.
Ledders he asks the wallis tae assail.

¹⁰⁸ hiddlis: concealment

¹⁰⁹ ganyies: arrows

¹¹⁰ fere: demeanour

Chapter IX

*Hou Turnus set the yett touer intae fire,
and made gret slauchter o Trojans in his ire.*

Calliope, and oh ye Muses aa,
inspire me til indite. On you I caa
tae shaw whit slauchter and occisioun,¹¹¹
hou feil corpses thare war brittent doun
by Turnus' wappons and his dartis fell;
wham every man killit and sent tae Hell.
Help and assist tae revolve here wi me
the extreme dangers o that gret melée.
Ye blissit wichts, forsuith, remembers weill
sic thingis, and whaur you list may reveal.

Thair stuid a touer o tree, huge o hicht,
wi batelling and crenels aa at richt,
set in a needfu place nearby the yett,
wham tae assailyie, owrecome, and dounbet,
wi haill puissance aa the Italianes
at utter pouer umbeset at aince.
And by the contrar, on the tither side
alkin defences gan Trojans provide –
threw stanes doun, and sillis¹¹² here and thare;
at every pairt or open fenester¹¹³
the grunden dartis lat doun flee thickfauld.
Turnus the prince, at wis baith darf and bauld,
a birnin bleeze lat at the fortress glide,
and festenit the fire hard tae the touer's side,
whilk wi the wind's blast, thare as it stak,
upbleezit in the buirdis and the thack,
and spreidis wide amangs the jystis greit.
The birnin lowe consumit aa throu heat.
Within thay shuddert for the fell affray;
but aa for nocht tae press tae win away,
nae leisure wis the danger tae escape,
for as thay ran aback, and gan thaim shape

¹¹¹ occisioun: carnage

¹¹² sillis: beams

¹¹³ fenester: windae

for til withdraw taewart the tither side
whaur-as the fire wis nocht yit ower glide,
and hurlit aa thegither in a heap,
than wi thair swechtis,¹¹⁴ as thay reel and leap,
the birnin touer doun rowes wi a rush,
while aa the heivens dindelt o the dush.
Doun welts the men hauf deid wi broken banes –
the huge heap thaim follaed aa at aince –
on thair ain wappons stickin, he and he.
Some steikit throu the coast wi spills o tree
lay gaspin; o thaim aa that scarcely twae,
ane Helenor, and Lycus, gat away;
o wham the foremaist, this ilk Helenor,
nou in his florished youth, wis get and bore
betwix Maeonius King, in privitie,
and Licymnia the bond-wench wunner slee,
whilk him tae Troy haed sent that hinner year,
unkent, in armour forbidden, for weir.
Deliver¹¹⁵ he wis wi drawn swourd in hand,
and white tairget, unseemly and unfarrand.
This Helenor, seein himsel in dout
amid thousands enarmed o Turnus' rout,
behauldin graithly upo aither haun
arrayit hosts o Latin people staun,
like the wild rageit beast, wham hunters stout
haes umbeset wi thick range¹¹⁶ aa about,
seein by nae mean that she micht evade,
upo the wappons rinnis wi a brade,¹¹⁷
slippis hersel, and wi gret force her beirs
upo the pyntis o the hunting spears –
nane itherwise, this ilk young Helenor,
thus umbeset behinnd and als before,
amid his faes rushes ready tae dee;
whaur thickest wis the press thare ettles he,
whilkis, but abaid, as suin haes him slain
as sperk o glede wad in the sea remain.
But Lycus, speedier faur on fuit than he,

¹¹⁴ swechtis: impetus

¹¹⁵ deliver: agile

¹¹⁶ range: line

¹¹⁷ brade: sudden rush

throu-out the hosts and armit men gan flee,
and tae the wallis wan, and up on hicht
enforces him tae sclim wi aa his micht,
and for tae grip some o his feiris' hands;
wham Turnus, lancin¹¹⁸ lightly owre the lands,
wi spear in haun pursueis for tae spill,
and whan he haes owretane him at his will,
thus did him chide: "Oh caitiff reckless knape,¹¹⁹
whit? weenit thou our haundis tae escape?"
and tharwith drew him down, whaur he did hing,
and o the waa a gret pairt wi him bring;
like as the eagle, Jove's squire, straucht
within his bowin cleukis haed upclaucht
a young cygnet, or white swan, or a hare,
tharewith resursin¹²⁰ heich up in the air;
or as a ravenous bluidy wolf throu slicht
hints in his gowl, furth o the fauld by nicht,
the little tender kid, or the young lamb,
wi feil bleatings socht by the gait, her dam.
Rutulians throu joy than raised a shout,
and fast invades the ceity aa about.
Wi heaps o erd the fossie dae thay fill;
some ithers pressed wi schydes and mony a sill
the fire bleezes about the ruif tae sling.
But Ilioneus that time did doun ding
wi a gret whin or rock o craggy stane
ane Lucetius, and brak his neck bane,
as that he did approach taewart the yett,
the het flames o fire tharein tae set.
Liger, a Trojan, frae the waa also
dounbet a Rutulian hecht Emathio.
A Phrygian eik, Asilas, stern and stout,
aa to-frushit Corynaeus without,
whilk wis in dartis casting wunner slee.
On faur tae shuit sherp flanes and lat flee
nane mair expert than this Emathio.
Caeneus owrewhelmit Ortygius also;
and this Caeneus, whilk than gat the maisterie,

¹¹⁸ lancin: boundin (on horseback)

¹¹⁹ knape: knave

¹²⁰ resursin: fleein up again

belive Turnus wi a dart deid gart lie,
and doun dingis alsae this ilk Turnus
Itys, Clonius, and eik Dioxippus,
Promolus als, and busteous Sagaras,
and syne the huge big Trojan hait Idas,
staunin for tae defend the touers hie.
Capys, a Trojan, bet doun Privernie,
wham Themillas wi a sherp casting dart
haed newly hurt and woundit in some part;
and he his haun plat tae the wound in hy,
his shield beside him swackin fuilishlie,
sae that the feathert arrow furth did glide,
and nailit his haun plat tae the left side;
the shaft and heid remainit in his coast –
by deidly wound the life thus haes he lost.
Arcens, Arcentis' son, stuid on the waa,
in bricht armour fu seemly shinin aa;
his mantle o the purpour Iberine,
wi needlewark brused¹²¹ rich and fine.
O veisage wis he pleasin for tae see.
His faither Arcens sent him wi Enee.
Fostert he wis and upbrocht tenderlie
within his mither's hallowed shaw, fast by
the fluid Symaethus intae Sicil land,
whaur-as the plenteous fat altar did stand
o the placable Goddess, Palicy hecht.
A gret staff-sling,¹²² birrin wi felloun wecht,
hint Mezentius. His shield syne by him lays.
The stringis thrice about his heid assays,
and this ilk Arcens staunin him forgain
haes smertly wi a leiden pellock¹²³ slain.
His harnpan and foreheid aa to-clave,
while-at the leid in sunder broke and rave,¹²⁴
that he owretummles speldit on the sand.
Thus gret slauchter wis made frae hand tae hand.

¹²¹ brused: embroidert

¹²² staff-sling: a catapult on the en o a staff

¹²³ pellock: pellet

¹²⁴ rave: split

Chapter X

*Here ying Ascanius the strang Numanus slew,
whilk words outrageous tae the Trojans shew.*

Ascanius this ilk time, as is sayed,
that wont wis wi his shot but tae invade
the wild beasts, whilkis couth dae nocht but flee,
first here in bargain lat swift arrows flee,
and by his haundis slew strang Numanus,
that wis tae surname cleipit Remulus,
haed lately Turnus' youngest sister wed
as for his spous, and brocht untae his bed.
This ilk Numanus Remulus, in that steid,
before the frontis o the battle yeid,
furth shawin mony diverse sawis sere,
baith gainand and ungainand for tae hear.
Richt proud and hely¹²⁵ in his breist and hairt
that newlins o the kinrick wis a pairt
tae him befaa, his gret estate this wise
voustin¹²⁶ he shew wi clamour and loud cries:

“Ashame ye nocht, Phrygians, that twice tane is,
tae be enclosed amid a fauld o stakes,
and be assiegit again sae aft syse
wi aiken spills and dykes on sic wise?
Shame ye nocht tae prolong your lives?” sayed he.
“Thir vanquished cowart wichts behaud and see,
that daur our spousage intae battle crave!
Whit wild dotage sae made your heidis rave?
Or whit unthrifty god in sic folly
haes you bewavit here til Italy?
Here are nocht the slaw weirmen Atrides,
nor the feigner o fair speech, Ulixes.
But we, that been a people darf and dour
comen o kind, as keen men in a stour.¹²⁷
Our young children, the first time born thay are,
untae the neist rinnin fluid we bear,

¹²⁵ hely: arrogant

¹²⁶ voustin: braggin

¹²⁷ stour: fecht

tae harden thair bodies and tae mak thaim bauld
wi the chill frostis and the watter cauld.
Our childer ying exercise busilie,
huntin wi hundis, hornis, shout, and cry,
wild deer throu-out the wuidis chase and mate.¹²⁸
Tae daunt and rein the horses ear¹²⁹ and late,
that is thair gemm and sport thay haunt on raw,
or wi thair bowis shuit, or dartis thraw.
Our young springalds may aa laubours endure,
content o little fuid, I you assure –
o youth thay be accustomate tae be scant.
The erd wi pleuch and harrows for tae daunt,
or than in battle beatis ceities down.
In every age wi airn graith are we boun,
and passin by the ploois, for gadwands¹³⁰
brods the oxen wi spearis in our hands.
Nor yit the slaw nor feeble unweildy age
may waik our spreit, nor minish our courage,
nor o our strenth tae alter ocht or pare –
the steel helmis we thrist on heidis hare.¹³¹
Best likes us aa time tae rug and reive,
tae drive away the spreath, and thareon leive.
Your pentit habits daes o purpours shine –
your hertis likes best, sae I divine,
in idleness tae rest abuve aathing,
tae tak your lust, and gae in carolling.
Your coats haes trailin sleeves owre your hands,
your folly hats trappours and bracing bands.
Oh verra Phrygian wives, dazit wichts!
Tae caa you men o Troy that unricht is –
ye be unworthy tae sae hie style tae claim.
On Dindyma tap gae, and walk at hame
whaur-as the whustle renders soundis sere,¹³²
wi tympanis,¹³³ tabors ye war wont tae hear;

¹²⁸ mate: checkmate, vanquish

¹²⁹ ear: early

¹³⁰ gadwands: goads

¹³¹ hare: hoar

¹³² sere: separate

¹³³ tympanis: drums

and boss shawmis o turnit buschbome¹³⁴ tree
that grew in Berecyntia muntain hie,
untae the mither o Ida dedicate,
caas efter you tae dance, and no debate.¹³⁵
Yield you tae men, and leave aa your arming.
Render your swourds, and aa wappons resing.”¹³⁶

Ascanius ying, birnin for proper tene,
sae gret outrage o words micht nocht sustein,
hearin sae hie avaunt o pompous pride,
and sic dispite blawn out upo his side.
His bow wi horses sinnens¹³⁷ bent haes he;
tharein a tackle set o sover tree,
and taisin¹³⁸ up his airmis faur in twin,
thus untae Jove lawly did begin
tae mak his first petitioun and prayer:
“Omnipotent hie Jupiter, me here
assist tae this hardy commencement!
Mysel untae thy temples sall present
solemnit gifts, maist guidly may be get,
and eik before thine altar sall I set
a young bullock o colour white as snaw,
wi gowden shakkers his foreheid arrayed on raw.
The beast sall be fu tidy, trig, and wicht,
wi heid equal til his mither on hicht,
can already wi hornis foin and putt,
and scrape or scatter the saft sand wi his fut.”
The Faither o Heiven acceptit his prayeir,
and, on that pairt whaur the lift wis maist clear,
taewart the left haun made a thunnering.
Aa samen soundit the deidly bow’s string,
whirrin smertly furth flaw the tackle tyte;
quite throu the heid thee, Remulus, did smite.
The grunden steel out-throu his temples glade.
“Haud on thy weys in haste,” Ascanius sayed,

¹³⁴ buschbome: boxwood

¹³⁵ debate: fecht

¹³⁶ resing: resign

¹³⁷ sinnens: sinews

¹³⁸ taisin: streikin, stretchin

“thysel tae luv¹³⁹, knack *nou* scornfullie
wi proud words aa at staundis by.
Sic bodword here the ‘twice-takken Trojans’
sendis for hansel tae Rutulians.”
Thus faur speaks Ascanius, and nae mair.
But the Trojans raised a scry in the air
wi rer^d and clamour o blytheness, man and boy,
that tae the starns thair courage sprang for joy,
Ascanius extollin abuve the skies.
And, as thay mak this riot on sic wise,
doun frae the region o the heiven tho
the bricht curling hairit Apollo,
upo a clud sittin whaur he wad,
the hostis o Italians gan behaud,
and eik New Troy’s ceity, wi cheer glaid.
Til Iulus the victor thus he sayed:
“Eik and continue thy new valiant deeds,
thou young child; for that is the wey thee leads
up tae the starnis and the heivens hie,
thou verra God’s affspring,” quo he,
“that sall engender goddis o thy seed.
In thee, by verra reason and o need,
aa battles, whilks by weird are destinate
agin Assaracus’ hous tae move debate,
sall be appeasit, and tae quiet brocht.
This little toun o Troy, that here is wrocht,
may nocht withhaud thee in sic boundis lyte.”

And sayin thus, frae the heich heiven as tyte
descendis he, movin the haillsome air,
and tae the child Ascanius socht richt thare.
His feigure changit that time as he wad
in likeness o ane Butes, hare¹⁴⁰ and auld,
that pursuivant tofore and squire haed be
tae Trojan Anchises, faither o Enee,
and traisty keeper o his chaumer duir.
Nou haed Enee commit tae him the cure
for til attend upo Ascanius ying.
Like tae this ancient Butes in aathing
furth steppis Phoebus, baith in voice and hue,

¹³⁹ luv: reeze, praise

¹⁴⁰ hare: hoar

wi lockis white, and armour naething new,
rousty, and wi a felloun sound clattring,
and sic words spak tae Iulus ying
(that itherwise is hait Ascanius),
wi ardent mind o bargain desirous:

“Eneas’ verra dochty son and heir,
it may suffice, thee needis dae nae mair,
sen, thou unhurt, wi thy shot in this steid
the strang Numanus thou haes dung tae deid.
This first luving and eik renowné hie
the sovereign Apollo grantis thee,
nor nae disdain at thee sall hae, suithly,
tae be his peregal¹⁴¹ intae archery.
Leave, oh my child, and o sic battle cess.
Nae mair at this time – draw thee out o press.”

On this wise carpis the bricht Apollo,
and in the middis o his sermon tho
he vanished faur away, I wat ne’er where,
furth o this mortal sicht in the schire air.
The nobles, and the Trojan captains true,
by thir taikens the God Appollo knew,
and heard his arrows clatterin in his case.
Tharefore thay hae withdraw furth o that place
Ascanius, at bricht Phoebus’ mighty charge,
and wad nae langir thole him gae at large,
altho tae fecht he haed desire and joy.
Hame tae his innis did thay him convoy,
syne tae the bargain haes thaim sped again,
in open perils, dangers, and aa pain,
thair persons and thair lives for thair toun
offerin, and for defence made thaim boun.

¹⁴¹ peregal: equal

Chapter XI

*Hou Pandarus and Bitias, brether twain,
kest up the yetts, and thare wis Bitias slain.*

Endlang the wallis' crenels every staun,
the bruit and clamour rase frae haun tae haun;
thair busteous bowis keenly dae thay bend,
sherp quarellis and casting darts furth send,
whilk thay wi lyams¹⁴² and whangis lang out-threw;
sae thick the ganyies¹⁴³ and the flanes flew,
that o shaftis and tackles aa the fields
war strewit, and the large plainis owreheids.
On boss helmis and shields the weirly shot
made rap for rap, reboundin wi ilk stot.
Sherp and awfu increases the bargain,
as violent as e'er the yett-doun rain
furth o the wast daes smite upo the wald,¹⁴⁴
in October, whan the twa starnis cauld,
that cleipit been the Kiddis, first upsprings;
and as thick as the hail shouer hops and dings
in fuirdis shauld, and braeis here and thair,
whan trubbelt been the heivens and the air
wi stormy tempest and the northen blasts,
while cluds clatters, and aa the lift owrecasts.

Pandarus and Bitias, twa brether germane,
by Alcanor engendrit, that Trojane,
wham Hybera, the wild foresteress knaw,
bred and upbrocht in Jove's haly shaw,
sae big young men thay war, sae gret and wicht,
that equal seemit thaim tae be o hicht
wi fir trees o thair lands and hills;
and tharetae eik sae eager o thair wills
at thay the port, whilk by Eneas' charge
wis commandit tae keep steiked, aa at large
haes warpit open on breid tae the waa,
and bauldly did thair faeis cleip and caa

¹⁴² lyams: thongs

¹⁴³ ganyies: arrows

¹⁴⁴ wald: wold, open kintrie

tae enter gif thay durst, and thaim assay.
Sae gret confidence in thair force haed thay.
And thay within stuid by the yett, that tide,
whilk open wis on the richt and left side,
as thay haed touers been baith gret and square,
enarmit wi thair wappons bricht and bare.
The hie tymbrettis o thair helmis shane;
like tae behaud as busteous aikis twain
beside the bein river Athesis grow,
or flowein fluid's banks o the Po,
upstreikin thair big crappis¹⁴⁵ tae the air,
and unsned branches wavin here and thare.
As swith as the Rutulianis did see
the yett open, thay rush tae the entry –
Quercens foremaist; and Aquiculy,
a lusty knicht in armis richt seemly;
wicht Tmarus, fierce-mindit tae assail;
and bauld Haemon, wi courage martial.
But thay wi aa thair complices in ficht
war dung aback, and constrainit tak flicht,
by Trojan routis, or than in that strife
wha that abaid lost in the port thair life.
Than brimmer¹⁴⁶ grew thair fierce muidis within,
sae that the Trojanis gan flock and samen rin
taewart that place, and made felloun debate.
Sae bauld thay waux that in the plain gate,
issuin without the portis on the land,
thay durst reconter thair faes hand for hand.

A messenger tae Turnus come that tide –
that wunner fiercely at anither side
the toun assails – and thare he til him shew
whit het slauchter his faeis made o new,
and sic a port haed aa wide open set.
His first purpose he left, and tae that yett,
wi felloun ire movit, furth sprent he tho,
taewart the Trojans and proud brether two;
and first haes slain big Antiphates,
that him on case met foremaist in the press,
son tae the busteous noble Sarpedon,

¹⁴⁵ crappis: tree taps

¹⁴⁶ brimmer: mair furious

in purchase got a Theban wench upon –
him smate he doun wi the cast o a dart.
The fleein shaft Italian tae his heart
glidin, throu-out the schire air dushit suin,
the stomach pierced, and in the coast is duin.
The howe cavern o his wound a fluid
furth brushit o the blackent deidly bluid;
sae deep the grunden steel heid out o sicht is,
fu het and warm it festent in his lichtis.¹⁴⁷
Syne Meropes and Erymantus he
and Aphidnus slew wi his haun aa three;
and efter that, wi a stern mind fu tene,
slew Bitias, for aa his glowrin een.
But that wis naither wi dart, swour, nor knife;
for nae sic wappon micht him hae reft the life;
but wi a hideous bissin fiery spear,
that cleipit is *phalarica* in weir,
whilk wi sae vehement force this Turnus threw
that as the thunner's dint at him it flew;
wham naither shield o twa bul hides thick,
nor yit the double mailit traist haubrek,
aa gilt wi gowd, micht it resist nor stint.
The busteous body doun dushed wi the dint,
while aa the erd to-grainit wi a rattle.
The hideous shield abuve him made a brattle.
Like as the hie pillar o marble stone
staunin upo the coast Euboicon,
umquhile beside Bayis, the rich ceitie,
wi grisly swouch doun dushit in the sea;
whilk wis o auld o massy stanes a bing,
and by the fluidis siewise doun wis ding;
his faa drew doun the ceity whaur it stuid,
and rushit in a faur wey in the fluid;
the seas mixit owre-ran, and aa owreheid
black slyke and sand up poppled in the steid;
while o the fearfu sound the islands twa
trimmelt – Inarime, and eik Prochyta
(whilk Inarime, at Jupiter's command,
fu hard bed is tae Typhoeus the giand).
At this time Mars, the God armipotent,
eikit the Latins force and hardiment,

¹⁴⁷ lichtis: lungs

wi felloun ire pricklin sae thair minds,
that as him list he turnis sae and winds;
and maks the Trojans tak the flicht guid speed,
on them he kest sic fear and shamefu dreid.
The Latin people flocks on every side
whan thay beheld the port sae opent wide,
sein thay haed a room tae fecht at will.
The God o Strife thair courage steirs thartil.

Chapter XII

*Hou Turnus, the big Pandarus smate down,
like a wud lion passed within the toun.*

Pandarus, seein his brither's corpse at erd,
and on whit wise thus fortune wi thaim ferd,
and hou the chance o battle yeid aa wrang,
fu forcily wi his braid shouthers strang
he thristis tae the leaves o the yett,
and closit queme the entry, and furth shet
without the port a gret sort¹⁴⁸ o his feirs,
in hard bargain amid the mortal weirs;
and o his enemies some enclosit he,
receivin aa at thrang tae the entry.
A fuil he wis, and witless in ae thing –
perceived nocht Turnus, Rutulian king,
sae violently thring in at the yett;
wham he unaware within the ceity shet,
like as a ragein wild tiger unstable
amang the feeble beastis unfencible.
Suin as Turnus him haes inclusit seen,
a glowein new licht bristis frae his een,
his armour rings or clatters horriblie;
his crestis trimmelt on his heid in hy,
that in his sanguine bluidy shield as straucht
kest shinin fire beamis like fireflaucht.
Aa suddenly, affrayit Eneadanes
his face unfreindly perceived and big banes.
The hideous Pandarus than himsel furth shew,
that wunner fervent in his furore grew,
his brither's slauchter tae revenge in will.
Thus austernly he speaks Turnus until:

“This is no Queen Amata's cheif ceity,
suld thee be gien intae drowry,” sayed he.
“Nor yit the middis o Ardea ceity bauld,
thy faither's burgh, Turnus, daes thee withhauld.
Thou sees thy faeis' strenth and wallis wide.
Yield thee forthy – thou may escape nae side.”

¹⁴⁸ sort: troop

Turnus again, wi courage blythe and glaid,
nocht abashit, fu bauldly tae him sayed:
“My frein, begin, gif thou haes hardiment,
and match wi me alane upo this bent,
and haun for haun, gif at it be thy will,
thou sall shaw Priam here thou haes fund Achill.”
The tither than a huge spear o hail tree,
wi bark and knots aatgether, lat flee
in aa his force. But the dint did no dere;
nocht but the air wis woundit wi the spear;
for wickit Juno, the auld Saturnus’ get,
chopped¹⁴⁹ by the shaft, and fixt it in the yett.
“Ha!” quo Turnus, “sae sall thou no astart¹⁵⁰
this wappon nou in faith ere we depart,
nor on sic wise escape this bitin brand,
whilk my gret force thus roweis in my hand.
For he that awe¹⁵¹ this swourd, and wound sall wirk,
is no sae faint, nor sae suin sall nocht irk.”¹⁵²
And wi that word, staunin on his tiptaes,
heavin his swourd, heich his haun did raise;
doun wi the dint dushit the steel blade keen
amid his foreheid, hard betwix his een;
his bairdless cheekis or his chaftis round
in sunder shorn haes wi a grisly wound.
Sae felloun sound or clap made this gret clash,
that o his huge wecht, fell wi a rash,
the erd dindelt, and aa the ceity sheuk.
Sae large field his gowsty¹⁵³ body teuk,
that faur on breid owrespred wis aa the plain.
His armour sparkit wi his bluid and brain.
Baith tae and frae, upo his shouthers twae,
his heid cloven in equal haufis lay.

O dreidfu radour¹⁵⁴ trimmlin for affray,

¹⁴⁹ chopped: knocked

¹⁵⁰ astart: avoid

¹⁵¹ awe: owns

¹⁵² irk: growe tired

¹⁵³ gowsty: ghastly

¹⁵⁴ radour: fear

the Trojans fled richt fast and brak away;
and gif Turnus haed than incontinent
remembert him, and caught in mind tae rent
the lockis up, and open the yetts wide,
sae that his feirs without the port that tide
nicht hae entert, and comen in the ceity,
the last day o the battle that haed be,
and latter final end tae the remains
o Phrygian fowkis and people Trojanes.
But sic ardent hie furore martial
and o slauchter desire insatiable
drave him tae follae thaim that him gainstauns.
And first he killt Phaleris wi his hauns,
and anither, that Gyges hecht, alsa,
o wham the hochis baith he smate in twa;
syne spearis rent and hint up aa on raw,
and at the fleears' backis fast did thraw,
that wunner wis tae see him whaur he went,
for Juno eiked his strenth and hardiment.
Syne ane Hales untae the corpses deid
in company he eikit in that steid;
and Phegeas doun brittens in the field,
spittit throu-out the body and his shield;
Alcandrus syne, and the proud Halius,
Noemonas eik, and keen Prytanius,
whilks misknew Turnus wis within the waa,
and tae the bargain did thair feiris caa.
Upo the grund anon aa deid he laid,
in bargain fu expert; syne did invade
wi shinin swourd, hard at the dyke's side,
ane Lynceus, the whilk the samen tide
resistis, as he nicht, wi fell affears,
and efter help cryis upo his feirs;
but wi a strake he smate his neck in twae –
baith helm and heid flaw faur the body frae.
And, efter thir, ane Amycus he slew,
that bane haed been tae wild beastis enew –
wis nane ither mair happy nor expert
tae graith and til inunct¹⁵⁵ a casting dart,
and wi venom tae garnish the steel heidis.
By Turnus' hauns the ilk time duin tae deid is

¹⁵⁵ inunct: anoint

Aeolus' son, hecht Clytius the heind,¹⁵⁶
and Cretheus alsa, wis the Muses' freind –
Cretheus, poet tae Muses fameiliar,
that in his mind and breist aa times bare
sangis and jestis, music and harping.
Upo his stringis played he mony a spring,
layis and rhymes on the best advise,
and evermair his mainer and his guise
wis for tae sing, blazon, and describe,
men and steeds, knichtheid, weir, and strife.

¹⁵⁶ heind: skilfu

Chapter XIII

*The Trojans set on Turnus dintis rude,
while-at he fled, and lap intae the fluid.*

At last Mnestheus and strang Serestus,
the Trojan captains, hearin hou that thus
thair people slain war down, did convene.
Thair feirs fleein pale and wan hae thay seen,
and thair chief enemy closed in thair waas.
Mnestheus on thaim cleips thus and caas:
“Whaur ettle ye tae frae hyne? Whither wad ye flee?
Whit ither wallis seek ye, or ceity?
Whaur hae ye ither strenth or forteress?
Ceitizens, behauldis here express
nane but a man staunin you agains,
closit within your dykes and waas o stanes;
unrevengit, sae gret occisioun¹⁵⁷
and huge slauchter sall mak within your toun,
or sae feil valiant ying captainis kenned,
unresistit, thus doun tae Hell sall send!
Maist unworthy cowarts, fu o sleuth,¹⁵⁸
o your unsely kintrie hae ye nae ruth,
nor peity o your ancient goddis kind?
Think ye nae lack and shame intae your mind,
tae dae sae gret outrage tae strang Enee,
in his absence thus caitively tae flee?”

The Trojans by sic wordis as he sayed
in courage grew, and fermly aa abaid,
about thair faemen flockin in a rout.
Turnus a little, tho he wis stern and stout,
begouth frawart the bargain tae withdraw,
and sattle¹⁵⁹ taewarts the river’s side alaw,
aye piece and piece, tae that pairt o the toun
wis closit wi the river, rinnin down.
Trojans, that seein, the mair apertlie
assailit him wi mony shout and cry,

¹⁵⁷ occisioun: carnage

¹⁵⁸ sleuth: sloth

¹⁵⁹ sattle: gie grund

and thicket fast about him environ;
as whan about the awfu wild lion,
wi thair invasible¹⁶⁰ wappons sherp and square,
a multitude o men belappit war;
and he fu fierce, wi thrawn wit, in the start,
seein the sherp pyntis, recuils backward;
but for tae gie the back, and flee away,
naither his grief nor courage suffer may;
and, tho he wad, for aa his meikle micht,
agin sae mony men and wappons bricht
tae press forrat may he come nae speed.
Nane itherwise Turnus, at sic a need,
steppis aback wi huly¹⁶¹ pace fu still,
his mind scaudin in grief and eager will;
and further eik amid his faeis he
twice rushit in, and shuddert the melée;
and twice alsae that unrebuttit knight
endlang the wallis put thaim tae the flicht.
But aa thegither, intil a convyne,
upo him haill the toun assemblt syne,
nor Saturnus' get, Juno, in that ficht
agin thaim durst him minister strenth nor micht;
for Jupiter haed frae the heivens fair
sent down Iris, whilk dwellis in the air,
untae his spous and sister thare at hand
fu sherp chairges brings and command,
less than Turnus, hou-e'er the chance befaas,
withdrew him frae the fatal Trojan waas;
whaur-throu this valiant champion young and keen
naither wi his shield sae meikle micht sustein,
nor sic defence mak wi his haun, as ere,
wi dartis at him swackit here and thare.
On sic wise is he whelmed and confoundit,
that e'er in ane¹⁶² his boss helm rang and soundit,
clinkin about his hauf-heids¹⁶³ wi a din.
His sover armour, strang, and naething thin,

¹⁶⁰ invasible: offensive

¹⁶¹ huly: slaw

¹⁶² in ane: continuously

¹⁶³ hauf-heids: haffets, temples

is broken and birsit¹⁶⁴ wi feil stanes cast.
Sae thick war dints, and strakes smit sae fast,
that o his helm dounbettit war the crestis;
sae sair the bosses o his tairget pressed is,
his shield nae langir micht sic routs sustain.
The Trojans, wi this Mnestheus in thair tene¹⁶⁵
doubles thair dints at him wi spearis cast,
as it haed been the hideous thunner's blast.
Owre aa his body furth yett the sweit thick,
like tae the trimmlin black streamis o pik.
Nor gat he leisure aince his aynd¹⁶⁶ tae draw –
the feebelt braith fu fast gan beat and blaw
amid his weary breist and limbis lasch.¹⁶⁷
Than at the last, aa suddenly, wi a plash,
harness and aa thegither whaur he stuid,
himsel he swacks and lap intae the fluid.
Wi gilten streams him keepit the riveir,
and bare him up abuve his wawis clear;
syne blythely cairryit tae his feirs bedene,
aa bluid and slauchter awa wis weshen clean.

164 birsit: dentit

165 tene: anger

166 aynd: braith

167 lasch: slack