

The XIII buiks o Eneados o the famous poet Virgil



translatit by Gavin Douglas and modrenised by John Law

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Buik 11

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 Leivint Buik

Thou hie renown o Mart's chivalry,
whilk gleds every gentle wicht to hear,
gif thou micht Mars and Hercules deify,
whaurfore been nobles tae follae prowess sweir?
Weill auchten elders' examples us to-steir
til hie courage, aa honour til ensue;
whan we conseider whit worship thareof grew,
aa vice detest, and virtue lat us lear.

Prowess, but vice, is pruvit leafu thing
by haly scripture intae sindry place,
by Maccabeus, Josuah, David King,
Michael, and eik his angels fu o grace,
that gan the dragon furth o heivens chase
wi valiant dints o firm mindis contrar.
Nane ither strokes nor wappons haed thay thare,
naither spear, buge,¹ poleaxe, swourd, knife, nor mace.

In taikenin that in chivalry or ficht
our mindis sud hae just intentioun
the grund o battle fundit upo richt,
nocht for thou list tae mak dissentioun
tae seek occasions o contentioun,
but rype thy quarrel and discuss it plain,
wrangs tae redress sud weir be undertane
for nae conquest, reive, skat nor pensioun.

Tae speak o moral virtuous hardiment,
or raither o divine, is mine intent;
for warldy strength is feeble and impotent
in God's sicht, and insufficient.
The psalmist says that God is nocht content
in man's stalwart limbs nor strenth of cors,
but intae thaim that traistis in his force,
askin mercy, and dreidin judgement.

Strang fortitude, whilk hardiment cleip we,
abuve the whilk the virtue sovereign
accordin princes, hecht magnanimity,

¹ buge: bill heuk

is ae bounty set betwix vices twain,
o wham fuilhardiness cleipit is the tane,
that undertaks aa perils but advice;
the tither is namit shamefu cowardice,
void o courage, and dowf as ony stane.

The first is hardy aa outbye meisure;
o time nor reason gives he nae cure;
nae doubt he castis, but aa thinkis shuir;
nocht may he suffer, nor his heat endure.
The tither is o aa prowess sae puir,
that e'er he stauns in fear and felloun dreid,
and ne'er daur undertak a dochty deed,
but doth aa courage and aa manheid smuir.

The first soundis taewart virtue some-deal,
hardy he is, couth he be advise.
O hardiment, the tither haes nae feel.
Hou may courage and cowardice agree?
O fortitude to compt you every gree,
as Aristotle in his *Ethics* doth express,
it wad, as nou, contain owre lang process,
whaurfore o ither chivalry carp will we.

Gif Christ's faithfu knichtis list us be,
sae as we aucht, and promised haes at font,
than maun we bide bauldly, and never flee,
naither be abashit, tappit, nor yit blunt,
nor as cowards tae eschew the first dunt.
Paul witnesseth, that nane sall win the croun
but he whilk duly maks him ready boun
tae staun wichtly, and fecht in the forefront.

And wha that sall nocht win the croun o meed,
that is to say, the everlastin bliss,
the fire eternal needlins must thay dreid;
for Christ intae his gospel says, iwis,
"Wha bydes nocht wi me contrar me is,"
and gif thou be againis God, but weir,
than art thou wageour² unto Lucifer.
God sauf us aa frae sic a fire as this!

² wageour: mercenary

The armour o our chivalry, perfay –
sae the apostle teaches us express –
nocht corporal but spiritual been thay.
Our conquest haill, our vassalage³ and prowess
againis spreits and princes o mirkness,
nocht agin man, our ain brither and mate,
nor yit agin our makar tae debate,
as rebel til aa virtue and guidness.

The flesh debates agin the spiritual ghost,
his hie courage wi sensual lust tae law,
and, be the body victor, baith are lost.
The spreit wad up, the cors aye doun list draw.
The saicont frae the warld, anither thraw,
maks strang assaults o covatice and estate,
agin wham is fu perilous debate.
Thir faes familiar been fu quent tae know.

Live in thy flesh as maister o thy cors;
live in this warld as nocht aye tae remain;
resist the fiend's slicht wi aa thy force:
he is thy ancient enemy, warst o ane.
A thousan wiles he haes, and mony a trane;
he kennles aft thy flesh in birnin heat;
he causes wretchit pleasance seem fu sweet,
and, for nocht, o this fause warld maks thee fain.

He is thy fae and adversar principal,
o promission wad thee expel the land;
for he the samen lost, and caught a fall.
Enforce thee strangly contrar him tae stand;
raise hie the targe o faith up in thy hand,
on heid the haillsome helm o hope on-lace,
in cherity thy body aa embrace,⁴
and o devote orison mak thy brand.

Staun at defence, and shrink nocht for a shore;⁵

³ vassalage: knightly courage

⁴ embrace: surroun (as wi armour)

⁵ shore: shooer (o arrows)

think on the haly martyrs at are went;
think on the pain o Hell, and endless glore;
think hou thy Lord for thee on ruid was rent;
think, and thou flee frae Him, than art thou shent;
think aa thou suffers untae His pain nocht is;
think wi hou precious price as thy saul bocht is,
and aye the Mither o Grace in mind imprent.

Feil been thy faeis, fierce, and fu o slicht,
but be thou stalwart champion and knicht
in field o grace wi foresaid armour bricht,
thou may debate thaim lichtly in ilk ficht;
for o free will thine acton⁶ is sae wicht,
nane may it pierce, wilt thou resist and stand.
Become thou coward, crawdoun⁷ recryand,⁸
and by consent cry cock,⁹ thy deid is dicht.

Think hou that fae is waik and impotent,
may vanquish nane but thaim list be owrecome.
He sall thee ne'er owreset but thy consent.
Eith is defence tae say nay, or be dumb;
and for thy weill, lo, this is aa and some.
Consent never, and thou sall ne'er be lost.
By disassent thou may vanquish a host;
and for aince yea, tyne thy meed every crumb.

Nae wunner is, for by example we see,
wha serves his sovereign intil aa degree
fu mony days, and efter syne gif he
commits aince treason, sud he nocht dee,
less than his prince, o gret humanity,
pardon his faut for his lang, true service,
gif he wad mercy crave? The samen wise
we been forgiven, sae that repent will we.

But what avails begin a strang melée,
syne yield thee tae thy fae but ony why,

⁶ acton: paddit jaiket

⁷ crawdoun: coward

⁸ recryand: surrenderin

⁹ cry cock: admit to bein beat

or cowardly tae tak the back and flee?
Na, there sall nane obtain hie victorie,
less thay sustain the bargain dochtilie,
and whasae perseveres tae the end,
a conqueror and champion e'er is kened,
wi palm o triumph, honour, and glorie.

The maist unsely kind o fortune is
to hae been happy. Boethius teaches sae.
And to hae been in walth and hert's bliss,
and nou to be decayit and in wae.
Richt sae, wha virtuous was, and faas therefrae,
o verra reason malewrous¹⁰ hait is he,
and yit by grace and his free volunté,
he may recover merit again alsae.

I say, by grace, for whan thou art in grace,
thou may eik grace tae grace, aye more and more.
But whan thou faas by sin therefrae, alace!
o thy merit thou gets her nevermore.
Yit whan thou duly dispones thee tharefore,
daein aa that in thee thare may be duin,
o his guidness the etern Lord aa suin
restores the merit, wi grace in erles¹¹ o glore.

Hail thy merit thou haed tofore thy faa,
that is to say, thy warkis meritable,
restorit are again, baith gret and smaa,
and grace tharetae, whilk is sae profitable,
that thou thereby tae eik merit art able.
But nocht ilk gree o grace thou haed before,
that gets thou nocht sae suin while furthermore.
Beware therefore, faa nocht, but standis stable.

For like as wha offendit haed his lord,
that lang tofore his true servant haed been,
and syne again becomes at ane accord
wi his maister, altho his lord wad mein
on his auld service, yit naetheless, I ween,
he sall nocht suin be tender, as he was ere.

¹⁰ malewrous: unfortunate

¹¹ erles: earnest

Beware tharewith, and keep you frae the snare.
Tyne nocht your labour and your thank between.

Example tak o this Prince Enee,
that for his fatal kintrie, o behest
sae feil dangers sustained on land and sea,
sic strife in stour sae aft, wi spear in rest,
while he his realm conquest baith wast and est.
Sen aa this did he for a temporal ring,
press us to win the kinrick aye lesting;
address us fast for til obtain that fest.

He may be caaed, as says Sanct Augustine,
a delicate, owre easy Christian knicht,
refuses tae thole travail, sturt or pyne,
and but debate weens til obtain the ficht.
Tae win the field, and never preive thy micht,
that war nice thing. Thy king Christ in batell,
what sufferit He for thee, o caitiff wicht!
Lies thou at ease, thy prince in bargain fell?

Ashames o our sleuth and cowardice!
Seein thir gentiles and the pagans auld
ensue virtue and eschew every vice,
and for sae short renown weren sae bauld
to sustain weir and painis tere¹² untauld.
Than lat us strive that realm for tae posseid,
the whilk was hecht til Abraham and his seed.
Lord, at us wrocht and bocht, grant us that hauld!

¹² tere: teuch

The Leivint Buik

Chapter I

*Efter the field Enee made sacrifice,
offerin the spulyie tae Mars, as wis the guise.*

Durin this while, furth o the sea did spring
the fresh Aurora wi the bricht dawing.
Enee, albeit his hasty thochtfu cures
constrainit him, as tuiching sepultures
o his fowkis new slain, and beiryng,
for tae provide a time maist according;
and gretly eik in mind he trubbelt wis
for the slauchter and deid corpse o Pallas;
yit naetheless, as first the sun upsprent,
sheddin his beamis in the orient,
as victor he untae the gods as tye
wi sacrifice gan his vowis acquite.
An aiken tree, wis huge, gret and square,
the branchis sned and cut about aawhere,
upo a motte's hicht up-set haes he,
and aa wi shinin armour cled the tree.
The coat armour and spulyie thareon hang
o Mezentius, the valiant champion strang.
Tae thee, gret God o Strife, armipotent,
in sign o trophy thareon wis upstent
his crest and helmet aa besprent wi bluid,
the broken truncheons o his spearis rude,
and his fine haubrek, wi spear, swour, and maces,
assayed and piercit intae twice sax places.
His steelit shield did on the left side hing;
about his gorget, or his neck arming,
wis hung his swour wi ivor scabbard fine.
And thus exhorts Enee his feiris syne –
the chieftains aa about him loukit war,
whilk gledsome weren o this joyous fair.

“Oh dochty men,” quo he, “worthy in weirs,
the grettest pairt o our warks and effeirs
been endit nou, sae that in time coming
aa fear and dreid are passed o onything.
Thir been the spulyie, and first weirly weed,

reft frae the proud king by my hauns indeed.
Lo, here Mezentius vanquished lies dounbet.
Nou tae the waas o Laurent and the yett,
the wey is made tae King Latin tae wend;
tharefore address your mindis, and attend
tae armis and tae weirfare every ane,
providin in your conceits for bargain,
sae that ye ready be, and nae delay
may stoppen you, nor stonish¹³ anither day
by your ain sleuth, for lack o guid foresicht,
gif ye unwarnist beis caaed tae the ficht.
As suin as first the gods omnipotent
by some signis or taiken list consent
the ensenyies and banners be uphint,
and aa the younkers meet for swourdis' dint
o thair tentis convoyit in array –
see ye aa ready be than, but delay.
And, in the meanwhile, lat us tae erd have
the corpses o our fellaes unbegrave;
whilk only honour is hauden in dainté
at Acheron, the lawest Hell's sea.
Pass on," he sayed, "thae saulis valiant,
whilk, wi abundance o thair bluid besprent,
haes conquest us this realm upo sic wise.
Dae honour wi thair funeral service,
and worship wi thair final last rewards.
But first, before aa corpses o thae lairds,
untae Evandrus' dolorous ceity
o young Pallas the body send maun we;
wham, wantin nae virtue nor prowess,
the waefu day haes us bereft express,
and wi a waefu slauchter caught, alas!"

Thus sayed he, weepin saut tears owre his face;
syne teuk his voyage taewart the ilk steid
whaur Pallas' lifeless corpse wis liggin deid,
wham ancient Acoetes thare did keep,
wi flottert baird o tearis aa bewEEP;
the whilk Acoetes haed tofore y-be
squire tae King Evander, frae the ceity
o Parrha comen intae Arcady,

¹³ stonish: dismay (Latin *ne qua mora ignaros ... impediatur*)

and at this time wis sent in company
wi his dear foster child he haed in cure,
but nocht, as ere, wi happy adventure.
About the corpse aahaill the multitude
o servitures and Trojan commons stuid,
and dolorous Phrygian wemen, on thair guise
wi hair doun-shake, and peitious spraichs and cries.
But, frae that entert wis Eneas bauld
within the ports o that large hauld,
a huge clamour thay raised and womenting,
beatin thair breists while aa the lift did ring.
Sae loud thair waefu bewailing abounds,
that aa the palace dinnis and resounds.
This prince himsel, frae that he did behauld
the snaw-white veisage o this Pallas bauld,
his heid uphauld, nicht nocht the self sustein,
and eik the gapin deidly wound haes seen,
made by the spear's heid Rutuliane
amid his sneith¹⁴ and fair sleikit breistbane,
wi tearis bristin frae his een, thus pleined:

"Oh docthy child, maist worthy tae be meined,
has fortune me envied sae faur that, eft
our weill is comen, thus thou art me bereft,
sae that thou suld nocht see our reign?" said he,
"Nor yit as victor wi prosperity
untae thy faither's ceity hame retour?
Sic promise hecht I nocht the latter hour
tae thy faither Evandrus, whan that he
at my depairting last embracit me,
and sent me tae conques a large empire;
and dreidin eik for thee, that lordly sire
us monished tae be waur and avisé,
because the men wham-wi tae dae haed we
war bauld and stern; sayed we had weir at haun
wi busteous fowk that weill in strife durst staun.
Nou, certes, he, leivin in hope, in vain,
for thy prosper returnin hame again,
per chance doth mak prayer and offerands,
chairgin the altars aft wi his ain hands;
but we his lifeless child, whilk aw naething

¹⁴ sneith: erroneous for smuith (smooth)?

untae the goddis o the heivenly ring,
wi womenting here meinin tenderlie
and vain honour, accompanies by and by.
Oh fey unhappy king Arcadiane!
Nou thy son's deid corpse cruelly slain
thou sall behaud. Alas, the painis strang!
This is our hamecome thou desirit lang;
this sall be our triumph thou lang abaid,
tae see thy ae son on his bier-tree laid!
Ha! Whit? Is this my promise and gret faith?
But, oh Evander, beis nocht wi me wraith –
thou sall nocht see thy son wis drive aback
wi shamefu woundis that he caught in the back;
nor thou his faither, war he alive this day,
suld ne'er hae lack o him, nor for him pray
for his desert he dee'd a shamefu daith.
And nou wi honour haes he yauld the braith.
But naetheless, whit herm, fu wae is me!
Hou large support, hey! whit beild or supplie
in him haes tint Ausonia the ring,
and hou gret deal haes lost Ascanius ying!”

Chapter II

*Young Pallas' corpse is til Evander sent
wi aa honour according his turment.*

Whan he bewailit had on this manneir,
this waefu corpse he bade dae lift on bier,
and wi him sent a thousan men in hy
walit o every rout and companie
for tae convey and dae him fellaeship
at his last honour and funeral worship,
and tae be present at the lamenting
o his faither, tae comfort his mourning;
tho smaa solace wis that tae his regret
whilk wis sae huge, but tae his estate
accordit weill that sic thingis suld be
whan aa wichtis nicht rue on him tae see.
Some o Eneas' feiris busilie
flakes¹⁵ tae plait thaim presses by and by
and o smaa wickers for tae build a bier
o souple wandis and o brownis¹⁶ sere,
bund wi the sinnons or the twistis slee
o small ramail or stobs o aikin tree.
Thir beds buildit, or funeral litters,
sic tombs as for deid corpse effeirs,
wi green burgeouns and branches fair and weill
thay gan owreheid, and stentis every deal;
amid the whilks, o bluims upo a bing
strewit fu hie, thay laid this Pallas ying,
liggin thareon as seemly for tae see
as is the fresh flouers' shinin beauty,
newly pullit up frae his stalkis small
wi tender fingirs o the damisel,
or the saft violet that daes freshly shine,
or than the purpour flouer, hait jacinthine;
wham altho the erd, his mither, wi sap,
him nurish nocht, nor comforts on her lap,
yit than his schene colour and feigure glaid
is nocht aa went, nor his beauty defade.

¹⁵ flakes: hurdles, wicker frameworks

¹⁶ brownis: ?

Eneas syne twa robes furth gart fold
o rich purpouir and stiff burde¹⁷ o gold,
whilk umquhile Dido, Queen o Sidones,
o sic laubour fu busy than, I guess,
as at that time tae please him wunner glaid,
wi her ain haundis tae him wrocht and made,
woven fu weill, and brusit¹⁸ as rich weeds,
o costly stuff and subtle gowden threids.
And wi the tane o thir fu dolorously
Eneas cled the ying Pallas' body,
tae be his final and his last honour.
His lockis and his hairis the self hour,
whilks war for tae be brint in aises cauld,
intae the tither habit did he fauld.
Above aa this, rewardis mony ane,
y-conquest in this battle Laurentane,
in haill heaps wi him haes he send,
and bade thay suld tak guid keep and attend
tae lead the prey per order pompouslie.
Feil horses als he gave thaim by and by,
wi wappons eik, and ither precious gear,
that he haed reft his faemen in the weir.
The preisoners alsae, wham he haed tak,
he sent wi haundis bund behinnd thair back,
whilks, at the obsequies or interment,
tae the infernal ghaistis suld be sent,
and wi thair bluidis shed, as wis the guise,
the funeral flame strinkle in sacrifice.
He bade the capitains and the dukes all,
in sign o trophy or pomp triumphal,
gret perks¹⁹ bair o treen²⁰ sapling that square is,
cled wi the armour o thair adversars,
tae write and hing thareon baith aa and some
the names o thair enemies owrecome.
Furth led wis the unsely Acoetes,
owreset wi age, and sorra micht nocht cess;
nou bluidyin his ain breist wi his fists;

¹⁷ burde: border

¹⁸ brusit: embroidert

¹⁹ perks: poles

²⁰ treen: wuiden

nou wi his nails his face rentis and brists;
and aft doun fallis spauldit on the erd,
wi mony gowl, and a fu peitious rerd.
And furth war led rich cairtis for the naince,
besprent wi bluid o the Rutulianes.
And efter cam Aethon, his weirly steed,
dispulyiet o his harnessing and weed.
Weepin he went for wae, men nicht hae seen,
wi gret tears flodderit his face and een.
Ane bare his helm, anither bare his spear;
for the remains o his harness and gear,
sic as his rich girdle, and coat armour,
Turnus victor bereft him in the stour.
Furth haudis syne the dreary companie
o Trojans, and Tyrrhene dukes thaim by;
and waefu Arcades, in sign o dolour, weirs
shields reversit, and doun turnit thair spears.
And efter that, per order, by and by,
thay been furth passit every companie,
Eneas than gan stinten, and abaid,
and wi a peitious regret thus he sayed:
“The horrible battles o thir samen weirs
til ithers’ funeral womenting and tears
caas us frae thence. We may nocht follow thee,
thine interment for til behaud and see.
Adieu for aye, Pallas, beluivit best!
Fareweill forever intil eternal rest!”

Nae mair he sayed, but went taewart New Troy,
enterin tharein wi tearis o annoy.

Chapter III

*Hou Eneas untae the Latins gave
twelve days o respite the deid corpse tae grave.*

By this war come frae King Latin's ceity
ambassadors, wi branch o olive tree,
beseekin favours and benevolence:
that he wad suffer tae be cairried frae thence
thae corpses deid, whilks on the fieldis broun
lay strewit here and thare, wi swourid bet down,
and thaim restore again, o his gentré,
tae suffer thaim begraven for tae be;
assurin him, thare nicht be led nae weir
on vanquished fowks that lifeless nicht nocht steir;
and prayit spare thair people at sic mischance,
whilom cleipit his freins and acquaintance.
Whan that Eneas, heind, courteous, and guid,
thair petition sae reasonable unnerstuid,
as man that wis fulfillit o bounty,
thair haill desire fu gledly grantit he,
and further eik untae thaim thus he sayed:

“O Latin fowks, whit misfortune unglaid
haes you involved in sae unhappy weir,
that ye chase us away, your freindis dear?
Desire ye peace but for thaim that been lost
by martial fate, and slain intae this host?
And I, forsuith, til aa that leivin be
wad gledly grant the samen, I say for me.
Ne'er hither haed I comen, war nocht, perfay,
intae this steid the Fates hecht for aye
our restin place providit and herbrie;
nor nae weirfare wi your people lead I.
But your king haes our confederance upgive,
and raither haes setten aa his belief
on Turnus' vassalage and his hie prowess;
tho mair equal and gainand war, I guess,
tae this Turnus, the brekker o our peace
til adventure himsel tae dee in press.
Gif he pretends in battle wi a brand
tae end the weir, or Trojans o this land
for tae expel, here seemed him unner shield

wi wappons tae reconter me in field,
that nane but ane o us war left leivand,
whase life God list withhaud, or his richt hand.
Nou hauldis on, and aa the lifeless banes
and corpses o your wretchit ceitizens
dae birn, and beiry efter your ain guise,”
says Eneas, the Trojan ware and wise.

Than o his speech sae wunnerit war thay,
kept thair silence, and wist nocht whit tae say;
and aither taewarts ithers turns, but mair,
and gan behaud his fellae in a stare.
The eldest man amang thaim, finally,
cleipit Drances, that haed fu gret envy
at ying Turnus, aa wey tae him infest
for auld malice or o crime manifest,
begouth tae speak and answer thus again:
“Oh huge gret is thy fame, thou duke Trojane,
but faur gretter aa out we may aspy
thy deeds o armis and thy chivalrie.
Wi whit luvings equal may I compare
thee tae the gods in heiven abuve the air?
Whither sall I first extol, and wunner in thee,
thy gret gentrice and sae just equity,
or thy gret force and laubour bellical?
Gledly, forsuith, nou hamewart beir we sall
untae our native boundis and ceity
thir sae gret signis o humanity;
and, gif that ony chance can finnd the way,
we sall dae fully aa that e’er we may
thee tae conjoin wi King Latin in hy.
Lat Turnus whaur him list gae seek ally.
And further eik weill likes us at aa
tae help til raise this fatal massy waa,
and for tae beir upo our shouthers war joy
thir stanes gret tae this new wark o Troy.”

Thus sayed Drances, and aa the remanent
tharetae adheres wi haill voice and consent.
Twal days o truce thay band, tae staunch debate,
for tae keep peace and weiris sequesterate.
Than throu the wuidis and thir holtis hie
Trojans and Latins samen, he and he,

whaur-sae thaim list wanderis but dangeir.
The heich eshis, sounds thare and here
for dintis rude o the sherp steelit aix,
doun weltit are wi mony grainin strakes;
the fires reikin tae the starns on hie;
the meikle sillis²¹ o the warryn tree²²
wi wedges and wi proppis been divide.
The strang-goustin cedar is aa to-schyde;²³
nor cease thay nocht upo the jargin wains
the gret aikis tae turse away at aince.

²¹ sillis: bauks, beams

²² warryn tree: knotty tree, aik (only here, translatin Latin *robur*, hard wuid, aik)

²³ to-schyde: aathegither split

Chapter IV

*The King Evander complained sair and waryit,
whan his son Pallas deid wis tae him cairryit.*

Than Fame wi this, as fast as she micht spring,
as messenger o sae gret womenting,
flaw furth, and aa wi murning fillis she
Evander King his palace and ceity;
whilk late tofore haed shawin that Pallas
in Latium landis sae victorious was.
Nou says she, “Lo! is he brocht on bier!”
The Arcadies rushed tae the ports infeir,
and every wicht in haundis hint as tyte²⁴
a het firebrand, efter the auld rite,
in lang order and rabble, that aa the streets
o shinin flames leamis bricht and gleits,
while aa the large fields o the licht
micht severally be reckoned at ane sicht.
The Trojan routis, on the tither hand,
wi thaim adjoins thair fowkis sair weepand;
wham-as the matrons beheld on sic wise
sae dulefully wend tae the King’s palice,
the dolorous toun in every street and way
wi peitious skrikes and gowling fillit thay.
Than wis nae force Evander micht refrein,
but in amiddis thaim wi gret disdein
he rushis, pleinin on waefu manneir,
and fell on grouf²⁵ abuve deid Pallas’ bier,
weepin and wailin as his hert wad brek;
embracit him, but nae word micht he spick;
and scarce at last wi gret difficulty
the conduits o his voice war lowsit free.
Whan he micht speak, than thir his wordis wis:

“This is nocht thy last cunnand, son Pallas.
Thou promised nocht sae untae thy faither dear,
but at thou suld pass mair warily in weir,
and nocht in danger o the cruel Mart.

²⁴ as tyte: right away

²⁵ on grouf: flat on the face

Owre weill I wist, wi hermis at my heart,
whit adventure, and o hou meikle micht
til ony young man, the first field in ficht,
wis gret desire o new luve or glory,
and hou sweet wis renown o chivalry.
Alas! the first commencement and assays
tae young men been in weir fu fey always;
and richt hard been the first enteachment
o hasty battle tae thaim been nocht acquent.
My vowis nor my prayers gret and smaa
war nocht accept tae nane o goddis aa.
Thou my blissed spous, deceased ere nou,
fu happy o that deid in faith wis thou,
that tae this sorra nocht preservit was!
But by the contrar I, alas, alas!
owreleivit haes my fates profitable,
and am alive as faither miserable;
wham, wad God, in yon samen mortal weirs
Rutulians haed owrewhelmit wi thair spears,
that, follaein tae the field my feirs o Troy,
I micht hae yauld this saul fu o annoy,
sae that this funeral pomp, whilk here is wrocht,
my body, and nocht Pallas', hame haed brocht!
Nor bid I nocht you, Trojans, tae argue
o amity and alliance bund o new;
nor our richt hauns and promise, whilkis we
in freindship knit and hospitality –
this misfortune is mine o auld thirlage,
as tharetae debt-bund in my wretchit age.
But haed this hasty deid, sae undigest,
hae sufferit but my son a stound tae lest,
while o Rutulians he haed slain thousands,
and investit the Trojans in thair lands –
that is tae say, in Latium or Lavine –
weill likit me that he haed endit syne.
And further eik, Pallas, my son sae dear,
nae mair richly cud I thee lay on bier,
nor wi mair worship list me inter thee,
than is providit be ruthfu Enee,
by mighty Trojans and princes Tyrrhene,
for aa the Tuscan menyie as here is seen,
gret trophy and rich spulyie hither brings,
on perkis richly cled wi thair armings,

wham thy richt haun in field haed put tae deid.
But, thou Turnus, in this samen steid
amangis ithers here suld thou hae be,
in form and mainer o a stock o tree,
gif ye o age haed been equal and peers,
and baith alike comen tae your strenthy years.
But nou, alas! I, fey unhappy wicht,
whaurtae delay I Trojans frae the ficht?
Pass hame in haste, and remember tae say
thir my desires tae your prince, I you pray!
Evander says that thy richt haun, Enee,
is aa the cause that he delays tae dee,
or that this hatesome life sustain he wald,
sen nou is lost his son Pallas the bauld.
Say til him that he oblised is o debt,
baith tae the son and the faither, tae set
yon Turnus' slauchter for our recompense.
Tae thee Eneas only, but offence,
and tae fortune, remains this journey yit,
whaurwith thou may thankfully be acquit.
Tell him, nae lust tae life langir seek I.
Unleisome war sic pleasure I set by,
but for a thraw²⁶ desire I tae lest here,
Turnus' slauchter and deid wi me tae beir,
as gled tidings untae my child and bairn,
amang the ghaistis law in scuggis dern.

²⁶ thraw: moment

Chapter V

*Here aither pairty takkis busy cure
the deid bodies tae grave in sepulture.*

The mean season Aurora raised her licht,
richt comfortable for every mortal wicht,
rendering again the opportunity
o laubour and o wirking, as we see.
The prince Eneas, and the King Tarchon,
gret bingis haes o treeis mony one
upbuildit, by the bowin coast's bay.
Thither everyane did cairry, but delay,
efter thair elders' guise, untae that steid
the corpses o thair freindis that war deid,
as for tae dae thair observance o debt;
and thare-unner the smoky fire haes set,
while that the heivens hie did wauxin dirk,
involvit wi the reeky stewis mirk.
And thrice on fuit aa samen every man
in shinin armour about the fires ran;
and thrice the waefu funeral ingles thay
circled about on horseback in array,
wi gowling and wi voices miserable;
while that o tricklin tearis lamentable
the fieldis strewit war in every place,
armours aa wet wi weeping, and thair face.
The clamour o the men and trump's stevin
gan springen up on hicht untae the heiven.
Syne comes some, and in the fire did sling
the weirly weedis, spulyie, and arming,
rent frae the Latins slain intae the weir;
as helmis, swourdis and rich shieldis sere,
bridles, and aa thair steedis' trappours fair,
the hasty hurlin chariot wheelis square.²⁷
And ither some kest in the fire sic gear
as weill-bekent the corpse wis wont tae wear,
thair ain wappons, and thair unsely shields,
whilk micht thaim nocht defend intae the fields.
Fu mony carcass o thir oxen gret
about the fires war brittent and dounbet,

²⁷ square: solid, weill-made

and busteous boukis o the birsit swine.
Owre fieldis aa bereft, frae every hine,
thay steik the beasts, and swackis in the fire;
endlang the coastis aa than birnin schire;
and gan behaud hou that thair feiris brent,
observin weill the gleidis hauf out-quent,
and eik the aises hauf brint o the deid;
nor may thay thence be harlit o that steid,
while at the heiven owrewhelmit the daurk nicht,
that gainand is for fiery starnis bricht.

And, naetheless, the Latins lamentable
in places sere fires innumerable
upbuildit haes; and some wi waefu rerd
feil corpses deep bedelves unner erd;
and some alsaes in cairtis hae thay sent
tae tounis²⁸ in the fieldis adjacent;
and some alsaes war sent tae the ceity,
tae be interred as thaim accordit be.
The remanent aa samen assemblt owreane,
but nummer and but order, everyane,
o corpses slain in huge heap birn thay.
And thus, on aither sides, the hieway
and large fieldis did aft o fires shine;
as that the thrid day's licht efter syne,
the daurk nicht removed frae the sky,
the aises deep, murnin wi mony a cry,
doun did thay cast, and scrapes out at aince
the het emmers and the birselt banes;
and yit aa warm, uncuilit, suin thay have
bedelven thaim, and in the erd begrave.

But, certes, than renews the womenting
within the mighty burgh o Latin King.
The rumour rase and murmur principally
o bewailing aa out the maist pairty.
The waefu mithers and matrons weeps here,
the eildmithers,²⁹ and eik the sisters dear.
Thare micht be heard wi dulefu breistis greet
the ying babbies wailin on the street,

²⁸ tounis: fermtouns

²⁹ eildmithers: guid-mithers, mithers-in-law

that haed thair faithers slain this hinder day,
cryin, ochone! alas! and wallaway!
Thay curse and wary fast this vengeable weir,
and Turnus' wedlock bans³⁰ wi mony a tear.
Aa in ae voice thay cry, desirin he
suld undertak the battle and melée
and fecht alane tae mak end o this thing,
as he the whilk pretends tae wield the ring
o Italy wi honour principal,
desirin that he suld be lord o all.

The brim Drances aggreges³¹ weill this thing,
and buir on haun bauldly before the King
nane but this Turnus challenge wad Enee:
Turnus only tae fecht desires he.
And, by the contrar, mony sensiments³²
for Turnus shaws evident arguments.
O Queen Amatha the gret authority
deckis and defends him wi wordis slee;
and his gret fame and actis triumphal
his quarrel did sustain agin thaim all.

³⁰ bans: curses

³¹ aggreges: exaggerates

³² sensiments: opeenions

Chapter VI

*Before King Latin and his council indeed
Venulus shaws response o Diomede.*

Above aa this, lo, the ilk stound anon
thir messengers, aa trist and waebegone,
returnit hamewarts intae thair maist need
frae the gret ceity o Sir Diomede;
reportin answer, that aahaill wis lost
thair lang travail and maist sumptuous cost.
Shortly, thay haed duin thare naething at docht.
The rich giftis nor gowd availit nocht,
for aa thair large requestis and prayeirs,
tae help the Latin people in thair weirs.
Behuivit thaim tae seek ither supplie,
or tae mak peace wi Trojan prince Enee.

Hearin thir wordis, this auld Latin King
failis aa courage, wi gret lamenting,
for patently the goddis' wraik,³³ him thocht,
shew that by fate Enee wis thither brocht,
and manifest micht o gods him did sustein –
that shew the new graves before thair een.
Whaurfore, a gret council assembles he,
and callis the chief leaders o his menyie,
chairgin thay suld in his palace convene
untae the ryal chymmis. Than bedene
thay flock sae fast that every wey wis hid.
This ancient king did set him doun amid
the sceptred men, as first and principal,
but naething seemin gled o cheer at all.
Than the ambassat, that wis returned again
frae Diomede's ceity Aetolian,
he bade dae shaw the credence that thay brocht,
per order haill thair answer, failin nocht.
Silence wis made, ilk man his tung held than,
and Venulus, o thaim the grettest man,
begouth for til obey the King's charge,
and shew his credence plainly furth at large:

³³ wraik: persecution

“Oh ceitizens, we hae vissyt Diomede,
and seen thae strenths by thaim o Arge indeed
upbuildit in the bounds o Italie.
The weys thither we hae met by and by,
and escapit aa dangers by the gate,
altho our journey wis nocht fortunate.
We hae tuichit that samen dochty hand
by wham o Troy destroyed wis toun and land;
whilk nou as victor, in the fieldis plain
beside the skirtis o the Munt Gargane,
within bounds o Japygia sulyie,³⁴
that nou on days Apulie cleipen we,
upraisit haes the ceity Argyripas,
wham frae his native people named he haes.
Frae that we entert war in his presence,
and for tae speak wis give us audience,
the giftis and rewardis present we;
our credence, our estate, and our kintrie
declarit plain, and wha wi weir us socht,
and whit occasion haed us thither brocht.
He heard us weill, and on a freindly wise
thus answer made wi wordis ware and wise:

‘Oh fortunate fowk, whaur Saturn reignit sae,
ye ancient people o Ausoniae,
whit misadventure and unkindly heat
you steiris frae your lang rest and quiet,
provokin you tae moven, raise, and steir,
sae perilous, uncouth, and unthrifty weir?
For every ane o us that did offence
in Troy’s boundis wi swourd and violence,
or cruel haundis set for til invade
King Priamus, and o his realm degrade;
(I leave untauld aa thae that in the field
by Troy’s waas haes swelt unner shield,
or that the fluid o Simois by the toun
drounit in streamis warpis up and doun)
owre aa the warld o us hail the remains
been punished sair wi unrehearsable pains,
and sufferit haes aa mainer o turment.
Fu weill knawis my wordis, whit I meant,

³⁴ sulyie: soil

the sorrafu constellation o Minerve,
whilk causit mony dochtly man tae sterve;
and on the coastis o Euboica
the rockis beiris witness yit alsa,
and the muntain Caphareus, God wot,
that vengeance teuk and wraik upo our flote.
Frae that weirfare and cursit chivalrie
we chasit are tae sindry coasts, faur by
our native boundis and auld heritage.
Lo, Menelay, ane o the chief barnage,
and Atreus' son, y-cleipit Atrides,
tae Proteus' pillars, hait pyramides,
constrainit is in exile for tae wend.
Ulysses alsae, as fu weill is kenned,
bewavit is widewhaur owre aa the sea,
sae that the Cyclops o Etna saw he.
Whit suld I tell o Neoptolemus,
that itherwise tae name is hait Pyrrhus,
the hard mischance and tinsell³⁵ o his ring?
Or hou agin Idomeneus the King
his kindly gods and kintrie did rebel,
and him gan o his native realm expel?
Or hou the Locres, Ajax Oileus' host,
nou daes inhabit the waste Libyan coast?
Syne he himsel, the gret Agamemnon,
the King o Myce, and chief leader of one
o aa the Greekis' hostis in battel,
ha! shame tae say! foulily befell,
that by the hauns o his ain wife
the first nicht in his palace lost his life,
and he that vanquished Asia lies deid –
the slee adulterer occupies his steid.
The goddis eik sae faur did me envie,
that in my native land ne'er sall I spy
my chaste spousage, like as before haes been,
nor Calydon my realm, o crimes clean.
And nou alsae, a grisly thing tae see!
A selcouth monster,³⁶ lo, betid haes me.
My feiris lost, wi plumes in the air
as thaim best likes are fleein owre aawhere.

³⁵ tinsell: loss

³⁶ selcouth monster: byordnar phenomenon

Alas, o my fowkis the vengeable wraik!
Transformed in foules, wanders by the lake,
and o thair lamentable and waefu sounds
the large coastis dins and redounds.
Thir mischiefis for my trespass and crime,
I may traist, haes betid me sen that time
that I, witless and sae reckless, perfay,
the heivenly bodies durst wi swourd assay,
and wi smert wound wis owre presumptuous
tae violate the richt haun o Venus.
Solist nae mair,' quo he, 'persuade me nocht
that tae sae dangerous battles I be brocht
efter the bettin doun o Troy's waas.
Wi the Teucrans, whit chance that e'er befaas,
I'll nae mair debates mak nor weirs.
Nor o our auld strife thir hunner years,
that sae mischievous wis and bad tae see,
may I gledly remember nou,' sayed he.
'Thae giftis rich, and mony fair presands,
whilks ye tae me haes brocht furth o your lands,
return and beir untae the Prince Enee.
Contrar his keen dartis else staun hae we,
and haun for haun matchit him in ficht.
Believe me as expert, hou stout and wicht
is he aither in battle place or field,
and hou sternly he raises up his shield,
or wi hou gret a thud in the melée
a lance taewarts his adversar throws he.
Further,' he sayed, 'I certify you alsae,
that, gif the foresaid grund o Phrygiae
twa ither sic men fostert haed or breed,
the ceities aa o Arge micht sair hae dreid,
and the affspring o Dardan easilie
micht in our realms arrivit by and by,
sae that Greece suld hae murnit, every toun,
the fates auld reversit upside doun.
Aahaill the stop, resistance, and delay
made at Troy wallis, while the siege thare lay,
wis by the hauns o Hector and Enee.
The Greekis' conquest lang time, traistis me,
by thaim wis stintit, upo sic manneir
that it prolongit wis while the tenth year.
Aither o thaim in bounty and courage

excellent war, and fu o vassalage;
aither o thaim maist sovereign and dochty
in deeds o arms, prowess, and chivalry –
but this Enee wis first, aa out, express
o ruth, compassion, and o gentleness.
Therefore aa samen adjoinis your richt hands
in firm alliance o concord, and sic bands
by ony wise see ye obtain,’ quo he,
‘for, gif thay stert til armis in melée,
be waur wi thaim for til debate, I rede.’

Maist noble King o Kingis, in this steid
his answer haes thou heard, as I hae tauld,
and tuichin this gret battle whit he wald.”

Chapter VII

*The King propones wi Enee tae tak peace
incontrar Turnus; tharetae persuades Drances.*

Scarce haed the messengers thir wordis sayed,
whan aa the Latins, trubbel, fu unglaid,
frae haun tae haun whisperis fast and rounds,
on diverse wise deemin wi murmur sounds;
like as the swift watter streamis clear
some time routin, men on faur may hear,
whaur it is stoppit wi the stanes round,
that o the river's bruit and broken sound,
bristin on skellies owre thir dammit linns,
the bankis endlang aa the fluidis dins.
But efter that thair muidis measit wer,
thair waverin wordis staunchit and sic beir,
wi reverence first blissin the goddis' micht,
the King thus carpis frae his throne on hicht:

“Oh Latin people, forsuih I wad aagate,
and sae had been faur better, weill I wait,
fu lang ere nou advisit haed we be
tuichin the common weill and maiters hie,
and nocht at sic a pynt, upo this wise,
our council tae assemble and tae advise,
whan that our faes and adversars are boun
for tae besiege the wallis o our toun.
Oh ceitizens, we move and leads at hand
a weir inopportune, whilk is ungainand,
againis fowks o god's clan descend,
that been invincible, and weill can defend,
sae that nae bargain may thaim irk nor tire;
nor tho thay vanquished war, baith man and sire,
may thay desist, nor withdraw the melée.
Gif ony hope or confidence haed we
in chivalry o the Aetolians,
whilks in Naples wi Diomedes remains,
and for thir men o armis thither send,
dae aa sic traist awa, and you defend.
Lat every man in his ainsel hae hope.
But hou feeble sic traist is, ye may grope,
and eik before your een clear may ye see

in hou gret peril and perplexity
aa ither maiters lieis nou or stauns –
aa sic thingis been brayed³⁷ amang your hauns.
I will accuse nor argue nou nae wicht.
Aahaill the force or strenth micht be in ficht
exercit wis, I wat; sen aa the flouer
and puissance o this realm did strive in stour.
Nou sae it is that I will briefly end,
and in short wordis mak untae you kened
the doutsome purpose in my mind remains.
Attendance gie, and harkis aa at aince.
I hae, beside Tiber the Tuscan fluid,
an auld field unprofitable and rude,
faur streikin wast tae the bounds whaur remains
the Sicil people, whilks cleiped are Sicanes.
The fowk Auruncan and o Rutuly
this grund saws fu unthriftily,
wi sherp ploos and steel sockis sere
thae hard hills hirstis³⁸ for tae aer,³⁹
and on thir wild holts harsk alsa
in faint pasture doth thair beasts gae.
Aa that kintrie and band o hillis hie,
sae fu o rocks' pinnacles, as we see,
lat it be give for amity and concord
tae the Trojans, and Eneas thair lord.
Syne offer thaim equal treaty conding,
and, as our peers, dae caa thaim in this ring;
aa samen lat thaim dwell here by and by,
gif thay hae sic desire tae Italie.
Dae lat thaim build thair ceity wallis square.
But gif sae be that thay list elliswhere
tae ither coasts or people for tae wend,
thair dwellin place for aye tae apprehend,
and possible be that o our boundis thay
may sae depairt, and frae thence wend away;
twice ten ships lat us build again
o strang timmer and trees Italiane,

³⁷ brayed: crummlit

³⁸ hirstis: ridges

³⁹ aer: ploo

and gif thay wad complete ma⁴⁰ in this land,
the stuff lieis aa ready by the strand.
O thair shippis the nummer and manneir
lat thaim command, and we sall furnish here
the airn graith, the warkmen, and the wrichts,
and aa that tae the shippis langs⁴¹ o richts.
And further eik it likes me,” quo he,
“tae beir my wordis tae this Prince Enee,
and tae confirm our freindship and our peace,
a hunner gay ambassadors, but lees,
o grettest bluid o the Latin menyie,
and in thair hauns reik furth the peacable tree;
and beir him giftis and rewardis large,
o gold and ivor mony sum and charge,
the chair or saet accordin for the ring,
our robe ryal, ensenyies o a king.
Advise hereon amang you for the best,
and help tae bring our feeble weill tae rest.”

Ane Drances than upstuid, and speak began –
the whilk Drances wis the self man
that, as we sayed hae lately here tofore,
wis richt molest tae Turnus evermore;
wham the renown o Turnus and glory
prickit fu sair wi lurkin hid envy.
O mobles rich and plenteous wis he,
and maist expert in speech and wordis slee;
but o his haundis intae battle steid
fu cauld o courage, dowf as ony lead,
and intae counsels giein he wis hauld
a man nocht indigest, but wyce and cauld;
but a sedition or a brek tae make
sae maisterfu, tharein wis nane his maik.
The noble kinrent o his mither’s side
made him fu gret o bluid, and fu o pride;
his faither wis uncertain and unknow.
And up he sterts in this ilk thraw,
wi thir words Turnus tae owrecharge,
aggregin on him wrath and malice large.

⁴⁰ gif thay wad complete ma: gin thay wad fill mair (Latin *seu pluris complere valent*)

⁴¹ langs: belongs

“Oh dochty King, thou asks counsel,” sayed he,
“o that maiter whilk, as seems me,
is naither daurk nor doutsome, but fu clear
that misters⁴² nocht our advices been here.
The people haill grants that thay wait
whit fortune shawis, and in whit estate
our maiters stauns; but thay are arch tae shaw,
whisperin amang thaim, thay staun sic awe.
But cause him gie thaim liberty tae spick,
dae wey his boast, at thair braith may outbrek –
I mean o him, by whase unhappy weird,
and frawart thewis, nou deid on the erd
sae mony chief chieftains and dukes lies.
Forsuith, I sall say furth aa mine advice,
altho wi brag and boast, or wappons, he
me doth await, and menace for tae dee –
for by his deedis may we see express
this ceity hailly plungit in distress,
whiles that he haes made him tae assay
the Trojans’ strenth, and stall sae suin away,
haein assurance tae withdraw and flee,
and intae arms daes boast the heivens hie.
But, oh thou aa thare best and ryal king,
tae aa thir giftis eikis but ae thing:
untae thir presents, and wyce wordis sere,
that tae Trojans thou haes bid say and beir,
eikis ae gift, and lat ne’er deemit be
the busteousness o ony may daunt thee,
but that thy dochter, oh thou faither guid,
untae yon worthy prince o gentle bluid
be gien, tae be thy son-in-law, iwis,
as he that worthy sic a wedlock is;
and knit up peace, but mair disseverance,
wi that eternal band o alliance.
And gif sae gret raddour⁴³ or dreid hae we
within our mindis or our breists,” quo he,
“that, for Turnus, we daur nocht dae sic thing;
than lat us for the weillfare o this ring
beseek him tharefore, and wi haill intent
require him at he wad grant his consent,

⁴² misters: needs

⁴³ raddour: fear

sae that the King, at his free volun^{té},
micht uise and dae his proper duty,
and, for the weill public o this land,
desire that he naewise tharetae gainstand.
Oh Turnus, heid and causer verily
o thir mischiefis gret in Italy,
whaurtae sae feil syse in plain perils nou
thir silly wretchit ceitizens warps thou?
Nane hope o weillfare hae we in this weir.
For peace hailly we aa thee requeir,
thegither wi Livinia, the schene may,
whilk is the pawn or pledge, this daur I say,
o peace tae be keepit inviolate.
And I forsraith, whilk, as by thy consait,
thou feignis thine ill-willer for tae be,
and for the common weill, sae mot I thee,⁴⁴
sae for tae come I refuse nocht, guid brither;
but lo me here, nou foremaist o aa ither
humilly thee beseekin. I requeir,
hae mercy, lord, o thine ain freindis dear;
lat be thy stout mind, gae thy wey but lack,
wi ane mair strang rebutt and drive aback.
Deid corpses bet down enew hae we seen.
Our large fieldis and boundis aa between
left desolate and waste o in-dwellers.
But gif thy fame and gret renown thee steers,
gif in thy breist sae hie courage and micht
thou haes conceivit, thinkin thee sae wicht;
and gif that on sic wise this hauld ryal
suld be thy dowry, and rich gift dotall⁴⁵
thou beirs in hert, and is tae thee sae dear –
dae unnertak this thing, and end the weir.
Address thy body bauldly, and nocht spare
for tae reconter alane thine adversar,
tae that intent, that Turnus aa his life
may wield the King's dochter tae his wife;
sae that we, dowf o courage as the lead,
be nocht down strewit in the fieldis deid,
in companies unbeiryit or bewailit.
But thou, that haes in field sae feil assailit,

⁴⁴ sae mot I thee: sae micht I thrive, I sweir

⁴⁵ dotall: belangin a tocher

gif ony strenth thou haes or hardiment,
or martial prowess steerin thine intent
for thy kintrie – agin thee, for his richt,
behaud thy fae provokin thee tae ficht,
yonder aa ready tae mak his pairty guid.
Delay nae mair, but manfully gae to't.”

Chapter VIII

*Turnus, at Drances' speech commovit sair,
richt subtly alleges the contrair.*

The fierce muid o Turnus, this bauld sire,
at sic saws kennelt het as fire;
sichin richt sair deep in his breist onane,
thir words pronounces wi a peitious main:

“Drances,” said he, “forsuith e'er haes thou been
large and too meikle o speech, as weill is seen.
Nou, whan the battle desires wark at haun,
the council sittin, first thou daes upstaun.
But nocht wi wordis suld the court be filled,
set thou be gret tharein, and fu ill-willed,
wi hautane wordis fleein frae thee here,
whan thou assoverit art o aa dangeir,
sae lang as that our strenthy wallis guid
our enemies debarrit daes exclude;
or while the fosses o our forteress
rinnis nocht owre o bluidy spate, I guess.
Tharefore trump up, blaw furth thine eloquence,
as thou wis wont tae dae. Mak thy defence.
But than thou may, Drances, by mine advice,
me tae reproach o fear and cowardice,
whan that thy richt haun intae battle steid
sae mony heaps o Trojans haes laid deid,
and whan thou taikenit haes sae worthilie
wi sign trophial the fieldis as hae I.
Fu eith it is for til assay, and see
whit may our spreity force in the melée;
and, as fu weill is knawen tae us eik,
our faeis been nocht faur frae hence tae seek,
but plant about the wallis o our toun.
Againis thaim gae mak us ready boun.
Why dwellis thou and tarries thus aa day?
Whither, gif thy martial deeds, as thay war aye,
intae thy windy clatterin tung sall be,
and in thae coward feet, ever wont tae flee?
Says thou I wis repulsed and drive away?
Oh maist unworthy wicht, wha can that say?
Or me justly reproachen o sic lack,

that I rebuttit wis or dung aback?
By me whan thou behaud micht Tiber fluid
bolden and rin on spate wi Trojan bluid;
and aa the faimil o Evander King
brocht untae grund aahaill and his affspring,
and the Arcads confoundit and owreset,
wi mony ma in armis I dounbet?
The grisly Bitias, and Pandarus his brither –
thay are expert gif I fled ane or ither;
and eik thae thousan saulis on a day
as victor I tae Hell sent hyne away,
whan that I wis inclusit at distress
amid mine enemy's waas and fortress.
Thou says, in weir nae hope is o weillfare.
Oh witless wicht! Pronounce that, and declare
sic chance betide yon Dardan capitain,
and spae sic thing untae thy deeds ilkane.
And further eik, sen thou art mad become,
cease nocht for tae perturble aa and some,
and wi thy felloun raddour thaim tae fley.
The feeble michtis o yon people fey,
intae battle twice vanquished shamefully,
spare nocht for til extol and magnify;
and, by the contrar, the puissance o Latin King
dae set at nocht, but lichtly,⁴⁶ and dounthring.
Nou the noble Myrmidon capitains
quakes in arms for fear o the Trojanes;
and nou Tydeus' son, Diomedes,
aghaist is, and Larissian Achilles;
and Aufidus, the swift flowein riveir,
rins countermont⁴⁷ frawart the sea for fear.
And while alsaie this ilk shrewed wicht,
that is contriver o mony wickit slicht,
feignis him fleyit or abashed tae be,
that he daur nocht chide furth incontrar me,
than wi his dreid and sleet contrivit fear
my crime aggregates he on his manneir.
Desist, Drances, be nocht abashed, I pray,
for thou sall never loss, shortly I thee say,
by my wappon nor this richt haun o mine,

⁴⁶ lichtly: disparage

⁴⁷ countermont: uphill

sic a peevish and caitiff saul as thine.
Nay, lat it dwell wi thee, as best may gain,
within that wretchit cors, and thare remain.
Nou, oh thou gret faither and prince sovereign,
tae thee and thy council I turn again.
Gif thou list naething traisten, nor affy⁴⁸
intae our armis nor our chivalrie;
gif that we be o help aa desolate,
and haill at unner⁴⁹ intae this last debate;
destroyit for aye, and nae help may mak,
for that our host wis aince driven aback,
and fortune haes nae return nor regress –
lat us beseek for peace at sic distress.
Mak him request tae rue upo our harms,
and rax him furth our richt haun bare o arms.
Houbeit, oh! wad God, in this extreme need,
that onything o courage or manheid
remainit, as wis wont wi us tae be!
Abuve the lave thaim worthy thinkis me,
maist fortunate in fates martial,
and excellent in hie courage owre all,
whilk wilfully, as that thaimselfin wad,
at thay no sulden sic mischief behaud,
fell deid tae grund by fatal happy weird,
and wi thair mouth aince bit the erd.
But gif we hae riches and mobles sere,
and ne'er-assayit yit fresh young pouer,
and, in our helping, o Italians
ceities and peoples abounds and remains;
or gif that alsaе tae the Trojan side,
wi effusion o bluid and woundis wide,
this victory betid is – traistis me,
thay hae as feil deid corpses as hae we.
Gif this tempestuous traik o the battle
on baith the haufis is aa-out equal,
why failyie we sae shamefully our micht
intae the first entry o the ficht?
Why quakes thus our members up and down,
before the bluidy blast and trump's soun?
For time, feil syse, and eik the variant chance

⁴⁸ affy: lippen, trust

⁴⁹ at unner: suppressit

o our unstable life hung in balance,
reducit haes fu mony unlikely thing
tae better fine⁵⁰ than wis thair beginning;
and fortune interchangeable, wi blinkis quent
fu mony ane deceivit haes and shent,
syne efter in a thraw, this weill I wait,
restorit thaim again tae thair firm state.
I put the case, set the Aetolians,
wi Diomede and the people Arpanes,
list nocht come in our helping nor supplie;
yit than the bauld Messapus weill will be,
and the happy Tolumnius alsaе,
wi aa thae ither dukes mony ma,
that frae sae feil peoples been hither sent.
And nae little renown, by mine intent,
follaes the chosen fowks o Italie,
nor thaim that dwells in Laurent fields hereby.
Hae we nocht eik the stalwart Camilla,
o the faimil and kinrent o Volsca,
leadin thair armit hostis and stern fields,
in burnished plate arrayed and shinin shields?
But gif the Trojan people, every ane,
desires me tae fecht in field alane,
gif that be pleasin untae thee, Sir King,
and I sae faur, efter Drances' meaning,
gainstands the common weill – intae that case,
that shame sall ne'er betide me in nae place,
for victory me hates nocht, daur I say,
nor list sicwise withdraw thir haundis twae,
that I refuse suld tae assay onything
whilk micht sae gret belief o weill inbring.
Wi stout courage agin him wend I will,
tho he in prowess pass the gret Achill;
or set in case sic armour he wears as he,
wrocht by the hauns o God Vulcanus slee.
Tae you, and King Latin my faither-in-law,
I, Turnus, here, wham fu weill ye know
naething behinnd, nor tae be repute less
tae nane o aa our elders in prowess,
this saul and life, the whilk sae weill I lufe,
doth promise and avows for your behuif.

⁵⁰ fine: end

Thay say, alane me challenges Enee;
and I beseek gret God he challenge me.
Nor bid I nocht that Drances dear aby
ocht wi his deid, whaur that apposite am I;
nor – whither this turn tae gods' wrathfu wraik,
or hardiment and honour – we unnertake
naething at aa thareof sall be his pairt.
The chance is mine. I will it nocht astert.”

Chapter IX

*During this disputation, as is sayed,
Enee his host about the toun haes laid.*

While thay thus at gret altercation wer
amang thaimself in doutsome thingis sere,
Eneas aa his host and haill armie
haes raisit, trumpin⁵¹ tae the toun in hy.
A messenger cam rushin in wi haste,
amid the routis ran as he war chased,
that wi huge rumour and a fearfu din
fillit anon the King's ryal inn,
and wi gret dreid the ceity stuffed aawhaur;
shawin hou that thair faeis comen war
in plain battle arrayit, tae conclude,
the Trojan barnage frae Tiber the fluid,
wi ordinance o Tuscan that did spreid
in forefront aa the large fieldis on breid.
Anon the people's herts affrayit wer,
and commons' breists perplexit aa for fear.
In some, the grief and ire did fast abound,
raisit wi braithfu stangis fu unsound,
and wi a felloun dreid aa on steir
thay hint tae harness, and cries efter thair gear.
“Harness, harness!” aa the young ceitizens
wi fellon bruit and noise shoutis at aince.
The feeble and ageit faithers, waebegone,
gan plein and weep wi mony a peitious groan.
In every pairt the gret clamour and cries
in diverse opinions rase up tae the skies;
nane itherwise than as some time we know
the flicht o birds fordinnis the thick shaw,
or than the rawk-voiced⁵² swannis in a rabble,
soundin and swouchin wi noise lamentable
endlang the bemin⁵³ stanks and streamis clear
o Padusa, sae fu o fishes sere.
Turnus, that fand his time sae oportune,

⁵¹ trumpin: assemblin at the soun o the trumpet

⁵² rawk-voiced: raucus

⁵³ bemin: resoundin

nou bauldly says he, “Ceitizens, hae duin.
Dae *caa* your council, takkis advisement,
sittin at ease ilkane say his intent;
carpis o peace, and rues it nou, lat see,
whan that thay yonder invades your kintrie,
your mortal faes enarmit you tae assail.”
Nae mair he sayed, but stertis up sans fail,
and o the chief palace issued furth in hy,
thus carpin tae the nobles, stuid him by:

“Gae tyte, Volusus, tae the bannereirs
o the Volscans, and thaim that standarts beirs.
Chairge thaim thair ensenyies for tae raise on hicht,
and in thair armour address thair men tae ficht.
And ye, Messapus, Coras, and your brither,
the horsemen aa enarmit, ane and ither,
convoyis furth untae the fieldis braid,
a pairty o the ceitizens,” he sayed.
“Dae stuff the entries, and the ports defend.
Some tae the toueris and waa-heids ascend.
The remanent o aa our haill menyie,
whan I command, lat thaim set on wi me.”

Anon owre aa the ceity, by and by,
upo the wallis rin thay than in hy.
The King Latin his council, fu unglaid,
and gret maiters whilks he begunnen haed,
left and deferrit while anither day,
trist in his mind, and trubbelt o that delay;
and mony weys himsel he accusit,
that he sae lang haed sleuthit⁵⁴ and refusit
tae receive gledly the Trojan Enee.
Repentin sair, for weill o his ceity,
that he haed nocht requirit him and draw
ere than, tae be his maich and son-in-law.
Some than, thair ceity entry for tae keep,
before the portis delves trenchis deep.
Some tae the yettis weltis wechty stanes,
and some gret jysts and sillis⁵⁵ for the naince.
The bass trumpet wi a bluidy soun

⁵⁴ sleuthit: delayed

⁵⁵ sillis: bauks, beams

the sign o battle blew owre aa the toun.
The wallis than thay stuffit round about
wi diverse sorts o mony sindry rout,
baith wifes, bairnis, childer, men, and page –
nae kind o state wis sparit than, nor age.
The hiest pynt and latter resistance
caaed every wicht tae laubour and defence.

The Queen alsae, Amata, furth gan hauld
untae the temple and Pallas⁵⁶ sovereign hauld,
borne in her chair, and walkin her about
o matrons and noblewemen a rout.
Offerings and giftis brocht wi her she haed.
Neist haun her went Lavinia the maid,
the cause o aa this herm and waefu tene,
that doun for shame did kest her lusty een.
The matrons enters in the God's presence
and smokes the temple wi sweet vapour and cense,
and ruthfu voices warpis loud on hie.
As suin as thay attainit the entry,
“O thou,” sayed thay, “Pallas armipotent,
Tritonia cleipit, maid, and president
o battle and o weiris every one,
wi thy virginal haundis brek anon
yon Trojan reiver's wappons and his spear.
Himsel as tyte doun tae the grund thou beir.
Unner our portis and our wallis hie
doun warp him deid, that we that sicht may see.”

⁵⁶ Pallas's: the goddess Pallas Athene's

Chapter X

*Here Turnus and Camilla gan devise
practicks o weir; the Trojans tae surprise.*

Turnus himsel, as fierce as ony gleid,⁵⁷
fu busily addressit on his weed,
desirous o the battle and bargain.
Intil a close cuirass Rutulian
by than his body weill embraced⁵⁸ haed he;
his burnished armour, awfu for tae see,
wi limbis clasped in plates gilt wi gold,
and heid aa bare; yit, as himselfin would,
his deidly brand he beltis by his side;
and, shinin aa o bricht gowd, fast gan glide
throu-out the palace ryal here and thare,
rejoisit in his mind, as tho he war
in firm belief for til owreset his fae.
and on sic wise gan walken tae and frae,
wi hert hingin on the jolly pin;⁵⁹
as, some time, daes the courser stert and rin,
that broken haes his band, furth o his stall;
nou gaes at large out-owre the fieldis all,
and hauds taewart the studdis in a rage,
whaur meirs rakes in thair pasturage;
or than untae the deep rinnin riveir,
whaur he wis wont tae drink the watter clear,
he sprentis furth, and fu proud wauxis he,
heich streikin up his heid wi mony a neigh;
out-owre his spaulds and neck lang, by and by,
his lokkerit mane shakkin wantonlie.
Siclike this Turnus seemis, whaur he went
and, as he braidis furth upo the bent,
the maid Camilla comes him again,
accompanit wi her hostis Volscane.
Before the portis doun lichtis the Queen,
wham aa the rout haes followit bedene
descendin frae thair horses easilie.

⁵⁷ gleid: burnin coal

⁵⁸ embraced: encircled

⁵⁹ wi hert hingin on the jolly pin: in a blythe muid

Syne on sic wise this leddy spak on hy.

“Turnus,” says she, “gif ony hardy wicht
may traist or assure in thair ain nicht,
I unnertak, and daur promise, alane
tae match in field the hosts Eneadane,
and bauldly daur reconter in melée
aa the horsemen o the Tuscan menyie.
I thee require, suffer me tae assay
wi my retinue and thir haundis twae
the first danger in battle, ere I stent.
Bide thou behinnd on fuit in ambushment,
and keep the wallis o this toun,” she sayed.
Turnus his een haes fixit on this maid,
that weirlike wis, and awfu on tae see,
syne on this mainer tae her answers he:

“Oh thou virgin, glory o Italie,
whit thankis yield or render thee may I,
or whit may I refer o thy renown?
But, sen thou art tae aathing ready boun,
surmountin aa in courage sovereign,
nou at this time o sic laubour and pain
grant me my pairt, sae that on aither side
betwix us twae the bargain be divide.
Hark, I sall shaw ye mine advice,” quo he.
“Yon detestable and mischievous Enee,
as that the rumour shuirly haes made kenned,
and as my spies shaws, wis thither send,
a certain horsemen, licht armed for the naince,
haes sent before for tae foray the plains.
Himsel, ascends the hie band o the hill
by wentis strait and passage sherp and wull,
shape on our ceity for tae come privilie.
Therefore a prattik o weir devise will I,
and lie at wait in quiet ambushment
at aither peth’s heid or secret went.
In the howe slack, by yonder wuid’s side,
fu dern I sall my men o armis hide.
Set thou upo the Tuscan horsit rout,
wi pensells sembelt samen, wi a shout.
The stalwart Messapus wi thee sall gae,
the Latin barnage, and the brether twae,

thay captains come frae Tiburtine ceity,
wi aa thair ordinance and haill menyie.
Tak thou the cure wi thaim tae rule and steer
aahail that ryal army intae weir.”

Thus sayed he, and wi sic wordis at short
Messapus tae the ficht he did exhort,
and aa his feiris syne, every captain,
and syne taewart his adversars is gane.

Thare lay a valley in a cruikit glen,
gainand for slicht til ambush armit men,
wham, wunner narra, upo aither side
the bewis thick hamperis and daes hide
wi scuggis dern and fu obscure, perfay,
whaurthrou thare streiked a road or a strait way,
a narra peth, baith outgang and entry,
fu sherp and shrewit passage wunner slee;
abuve the whilk, upo the hill on hicht,
whaur men may spy about a weill faur sicht,
thare lies a plain tae the Trojans unknow;
but, wha sae list taewart that steid tae draw,
it is a stelling place⁶⁰ and sover herberie,
whaur host in stail⁶¹ or ambushment may lie,
whither men list the bargain tae abide
aither on the richt haun or on the left side,
or on the hicht debate thaim for the naince,
and on thair faeis welt doun wechty stanes.
Thidder young Turnus held and did ascend,
as he that aa the passage weill bekenned.
The place he teuk, and fu privy, unknow,
liggis at wait unner the dern wuid shaw.

⁶⁰ stelling place: beild

⁶¹ stail: ambush

Chapter XI

*Hou that Opis wis doun frae Diane send,
and o whit kin Camilla wis descend.*

The mean season, Latona's dochter Diane,
within her saet o heivens sovereign,
the swift Opis, a nymph, ane o her feirs,
a haly virgin o her sort mony years,
tae her callis, richt dolorous and unglaid,
and, sichin sair, tae her sic wordis sayed:

“Oh virgin dear, lo nou, Camilla gaes
tae cruel battle agin her mortal faes,
and, aa in vain, wi her intae sic weirs
our wappons and our armour wi her beirs.
I thee declare and certifies,” quo she,
“abuve aa ither fu dear is she tae me;
nor this luv, suithly, is nocht comen o new,
nor yit o late in Diane's breist upgrew,
and wi a haisty sweetness moved my spreit,
but o auld kindness lang time unforleit.⁶²
For whan her faither, Metabus the King,
wis throu envy expelled his ancient ring
o Privernum, and for the cruelty
o his people fled frae that ceity,
wi him he bare this young infant sae dear,
tae be his fellae in exile, and playfeir,
and efter her mither's name, hait Casmilla,
Camilla haes cleipit, a letter tane awa.
Before him in his bosom he her bare,
and socht untae the wilsome holtis hair.⁶³
His cruel faeis wi thair wappons keen
him umbeset on aa pairtis in tene.
Wi armit men and wageours⁶⁴ the Volscanes
sae near aamaist bylappit him at aince
thare wis nae passage whaur away tae flee.
For lo! amid the went whaur ettelt he,

⁶² unforleit: unforsaken

⁶³ holtis hair: hoary wuids

⁶⁴ wageours: mercenaries

Amasenus, that river and fresh fluid,
abuve the braeis bullert as it war wuid.
Frae the cluddis wis brist sic spate o rain,
the river flowes owre the large plain.
He, dressin him tae swim, at the bank side
for luv o the young bab must need abide,
and, for his dear burden dreidin sore,
ilk chance in haste did rowe in his memore.
And scarce this sentence prent intae his mind,
his dochter for tae close within the rind
and stalwart sapling or bark o cork tree;
for in his haun the self time haed he
a busteous spear, per case, baith stith and stour,
as he that wis a worthy warriour.
The shaft wis sad and sound, and weill y-bake.⁶⁵
Y-wimpled in this bark than did he take
his young dochter, and wi his ain hand
amiddis o this lance fu shuirly band;
whilk taisin wi his richt haun suin on hie,
untae the heiven abuve thus carpis he:

‘Oh blissit maid Latonia, owre aawhere
o wild forestis the inhabiter,
I, faither, here profess servant tae thee
this tender youngling, bund untae this tree,
fleein his faeis – throu the skyis, lo,
knit tae thy shaft, lawly beseekis sho.
Receive her, leddy, and testify, God wait,
as thine, aahaill untae thee dedicate,
whilk nou thou sees stauns in danger,
committit tae the windis and the air.’

Thus sayed he, and anon wi a swack
his gardy⁶⁶ up haes bendit faur aback,
and threw the spear wi aa his force and micht.
The streamis soundit o the shaft’s flicht.
Owre this fierce river, tae the further brae,
this fey unsely bab, young Camillae,
flaw knit untae this whirrin shaft o tree.
But this Metabus, whan that he did see

⁶⁵ y-bake: baked, i.e. fire-haurdent

⁶⁶ gardy: foreairm

the gret press o his faeis come sae near,
nae langir dwelt, but swam throu the riveir;
and, comen tae his purpose blythe and glaid,
the spear anon, sae buckelt wi the maid,
in present untae the thrinfauld Diane,
furth o the gressy sward he haes uptane.
Nae rural biggins, nor yit nae strang ceity,
wad him receive within thair wallis hie,
nor, tho thay wad him tae herbry hae tane,
his fierce mind couth nocht subdue tae nane;
sae that, in mainer o hirds in pasturage,
on wild muntains he wonit aa his age;
whaur that his dochter, amang bussis ronk,
in dern slades⁶⁷ and mony scroggy slonk,⁶⁸
wi milk he nourished o the beastis' wild,
and wi the pappis fostert he his child
o savage stud meiris in that forest.
Aft times he thair breistis milkit and pressed
within the tender lippis o his get.
And, frae the child micht fuit tae erd set,
and wi her soles first did mark the grund,
wi dartis keen and heidis sherply grund
her fistis and her haundis chairgit he;
and at her shouther buckelt haes on hie
a proper bow and little arrow case.
And for her gowden garland or heid lace –
insteid eik o her side⁶⁹ garment or pall –
owre the shouthers, frae her neck doun withal,
the grisly tiger's skin o rent⁷⁰ did hing.
The self time yit she but tender youngling
thir dartis and the tackles swift lat glide;
and aft about her heid the ilk tide
wad warp the stringis o the stout staff-sling,
whaurwith feil syse tae grund deid wad she ding
the cran o Thrace, or than the white swan.
For nocht she wis desired wi mony a man,
and mithers feil throu the tounis Tuscan

⁶⁷ slades: dells

⁶⁸ slonk: howe

⁶⁹ side: lang

⁷⁰ o rent: valuable

desirit her thair guid-dochter, in vain;
for she only, fu firm in her intent,
o Diane, Goddess o Chastity, stuid content,
and list tae haunt ever in wuids wi me,
the darts shuiten, and luve virginity,
remainin incorrupt and a clean maid.
I wad forsuih, at this time she abaid,
and haed nocht hastit tae sic chivalry,
for tae molest the Trojans' stout army;
but that ane o my feiris she suld be,
as she that is at aa time dear tae me.
Hae duin anon, thou nymph Opis," she sayed.
"Wi wickit Fates sen bestad is yon maid.
Thou slide doun frae the heiven, and that in hy;
the Latin fields thou vissy and aspy,
whaur, in the waefu battle and melée,
tae an unhappy chance betaucht is she.
Tak thir dartis, and suin out o my case
that ilk revengeable arrow thou out-raise.
Wha-e'er wi wound daes hurt or violate
her haly body untae me dedicate,
whither he be Trojan or Italiane,
aa is in like, that he anon be slain,
and wi his bluid mine offence dear aby.
Mysel tharefter the ruthfu corpse in hy
amid a boss clud sall cairry away,
unspulyiet o her armour or array,
and her begrave, reduced tae her kintrie,
in sepulture fu glorious," sayed she.
Than Opis lichtly o the heivens glade,
throu-out the skyis souchin fast doun slade,
piercin the air wi body aa owreshroud
and deckit in a wattry sable cloud.

Chapter XII

*Hou that Eneas wi his haill pouer
taewart the ceity wallis drawis near.*

During this while, the Trojan pouer aa
approaches fast taewart the ceity waa,
the Tuscan dukes and horsemen routs aahail
arrayed in battle, every ward and stale.⁷¹
Owre aa the plainis brays the stampin steeds,
fu galyeard⁷² in thair bards⁷³ and weirly weeds,
upo thair strait-borne⁷⁴ bridles brankin⁷⁵ fast,
nou thrimpin⁷⁶ here, nou thare, thair heids gan cast.
The large grund worth grisly on tae see
o steel wappons and sherp spearheidis hie;
and, as the fire, aa birnin shane the fields
o bricht armour, heich helmis, and braid shields.
Againis thaim alsae anon appears
the bauld Messapus, valiant in weirs.
The agile Latin people wi him was,
and Duke Catillus, wi his brither Coras,
and eik the wing o Volscan people in field
wi the stout wench Camilla unner shield.
And furth thay streik thair lang spearis weill faur,
drew in thair arms wi shaftis chairged on faur,
taisit up darts, tackles, and fleein flanes.
The conter or first to-come for the naince
fu ardent waux, and awfu for tae see,
the men birnin tae join in the melée,
and furore grew o steeds steerin astray.

Nou thay approachen samen in array
within an arrow shot on aither side;
syne made a little stop, and still did byde,

⁷¹ stale: diveision

⁷² galyeard: gallant

⁷³ bards: horse armour

⁷⁴ strait-borne: close-fittin

⁷⁵ brankin: prancin

⁷⁶ thrimpin: jostlin

raised up a shout, bade, “On thaim!” wi a cry,
while bruit and clamour fordinnit the sky.
Thair fierce steedis did for the bargain shear.
On aither hauf thay mak a weirlike feir,⁷⁷
and tharewithal at aince on every sides
the dartis thick and fleein tackles glides,
as doth the shooer o snaw, and wi thair flicht
daurkent the heivens and the sky’s licht.

Tyrrhenus than, ane o the Tuscan rout,
and Aconteus, a Rutulian fu stout,
thegither sembelt, wi thair spearis ran,
tae preive the first faa samen, man for man.
Thay meet in melée wi a felloun rack,⁷⁸
while shaftis aa to-schulders⁷⁹ wi a crack.
Thegither dushes the stout steeds at aince,
that aither’s conter frushit ither’s banes.
And Aconteus, like tae the thunner’s blast,
smite frae his saddle a faur wey wis cast;
or like a stane warpit frae the engine,
that aa to-frushit down he did decline,
wi sic rebound and ruin wunner sair
that he his life haes sparpelt⁸⁰ in the air.

Aa suddenly the Latins teuk affray,
and gave the back bedene, and fled away,
thair shieldis owre thair shouthers kest behinnd,
and tae the toun spurris as fierce as wind.
The Trojans did pursuen on the chase,
and fast invades thaim Prince Asilas.
Whan thay approachen tae the portis near,
the Latin people returns aa in fear,
thair weill-dauntit horse neckis wheeled about,
syne gave a cry, and on thaim wi a shout.
The tither pairty than haes tane the flicht,
lat gae the bridle, and fled in aa thair micht;
like as the flowein sea, wi fluidis rude,

77 feir: array

78 rack: shock o impact

79 to-schulders: aathegither splinters

80 sparplet: dispersed

nou rushes tae the land as it war wuid,
and on the skellies at the coast's bay
upswackis fast the faemy wawis gray,
and wi his jaupis covers in and out
the faur sands owre the bay about;
nou wi swift faird gaes ebbin fast aback,
that wi his bullerin jasches⁸¹ and out-swack
wi him he souks and drawis mony stane,
and leaves the strandis shauld and sandis plain.
The Tuscan fowk the Latins on sic wise
untae the ceity wallis chasit twice;
and twice thairsel did flee and gie the back,
wi shieldis at defence behinnd thaim swack.
But tharefter the thrid assay thay mak,
the hostis samen jointit wi a crack,
that every man haes chosen him his feir;
and than, forsuith, the grainis men micht hear
o thaim that sterven and dounbetten been,
that armour, wappons, and deid corpse bedene,
and steedis thrawin on the grund that welts,
middelt wi men whilk yauld the ghaist and swelts,
bedowen⁸² lay fu deep in thair ain bluid.
The stour increases furious and wuid.

Orsilochus, a Trojan, wi aa his force
dresses his lance at ane Remulus' horse –
for him tae meet he stuid a mainer fear.
The heid remained unner the horse's ear.
The steed enragit for the cruel dint,
and lances up on hicht as fierce as flint,
as he that wis impatient o his wound,
that Remulus doun weltis on the ground.
Catillus, ane o the brether Tiberine,
Iollas dounbet, and tharefter syne
the gret Herminius, wunner big o cors,
but faur bigger o courage and o force;
whase heid and shouthers nakit war and bare,
and on his croun but lokkerin yalla hair.
And tho he nakit wis, and void o gear,
nae wound nor wappon micht him aince affear.

⁸¹ jasches: dashes (only here)

⁸² bedowen: drookit

Forgain the spears sae busteous bluimit he,
that this Catillus' stalwart shaft o tree
throu-girdis baith his braid shouther banes,
and wi the dint stuid shakkin aa at aince;
transfixit sae, and piercin every part,
it doubles and renewis the man's smart.
The blackent deidly bluid on aither side
furth rushes out o warkin woundis wide;
the swourdis bathit waux in bargain reid;
feil corpses killit in the field fell deid,
and caught a dochty end tae swelt in ficht,
by hurtis feil for tae maintain thair richt.

Chapter XIII

*Hou Camilla her faeis down gan ding,
and vanquished Aunus, for aa his fair fleeching.*

The awfu maid Camilla the ilk tide,
wi case o arrows tachit⁸³ by her side,
amid the slauchter and melée upo her foen⁸⁴
proudly prances like a wench Amazon,
that, for tae haunt the bargain or assay,
her richt pap haed cut and brint away.
And nou the souple shaftis bauldly she
on aither sides thick sparples and lat flee;
nou, nocht irkit in battle stith tae staun,
a stalwart aix she hintis in her haun;
upo her shouther the gilten bow Turcase,
wi Diane's arrows clatterin in her case.
And gif that sae betid intae that ficht
her feiris gave the back and teuk the flicht,
intae the chase aft wad she turn again,
and, fleein, wi her bow shuit mony a flane.
About her went her walit stalwart feirs,
the maid Larina, and Tulla young o years,
and Tarpeia, that stoutly turns and swacks
wi the weill-steelit and braid-billit axe –
Italians born; wham the noble Camilla
haed tae her luving and honour depute swa,
tae been her servants in gainand time o peace,
and in battle tae staun by her in press.
Like as o Thrace the wenches Amazons
dinnles the fluid Thermodoön for the nonce,
as in thair paintit armour dae thay ficht,
aither about Hippolyta the wicht,
or by the weirlike maid Penthesile,
rowein her cairt o weir tae the melée.
The wemen routis bauldly tae the assay,
wi felloun bruit, gret reverie,⁸⁵ and deray;
furth hauldis samen owre the fieldis suin,

⁸³ tachit: attachit

⁸⁴ foen: faes (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

⁸⁵ reverie: din

wi cruikit shieldis shapin like the muin.

O thou stern maid Camilla, whit sall I say,
wham first, wham last, thou smate tae erd that day?
Or hou feil corpses in the battle steid
thou laid tae grund, owrethrew, and put tae deid?
Wi the foremaist, Eunaeus, that wis ane,
son tae Clytius; whase braid breistbane
wi a lang stalwart spear o the fir tree
throu-smitten tyte and piercit suin haes she.
He caais owre, furth boakin streams o bluid,
and wi his teeth eik, shortly tae conclude,
the bluidy erd he bit; and, as he swelts,
upo his wound aft wriths, tummles, and welts.
Above this neist she eikis ither twae,
Liris, and ane Pagasius alsae;
o wham the tane, that is tae say, Liris,
as that he forrat stoopin wis, iwis,
tae hint his horse's rein that gan tae funder,
and the tither present, tae kep him under,
furth straucht his feeble airm tae stint his faa;
tae grund thegither rushit ane and aa.
And tae thir syne the son o Hippotes,
Amastrus hait, deid she adjoined in press;
and leanin forrat on her lance o tree,
Tereas and Harpaltcus chases she;
pursuin eik fu busteously anon
the bauld Chromys, and strang Demophoön.
Hou feil dartis wi her haun kest this maid,
as mony Trojans deid tae grund she laid.

Ane Ornytus, a hunter, faur on raw,
in armour and in cognisance unknow,
rade on a courser o Apulia throu the field.
His braid shouthers weill cled war and owreheid
wi a young bul's hide newly aff hint;
his heid covert, tae sauf him frae the dint,
wis wi a hideous wolf's gapin jows,
wi chaftis braid, white teeth, and busteous pows.
Tae mak debate, he held intil his hand
a rural club or culmas⁸⁶ insteid o brand;

⁸⁶ culmas: sabre

and, whaur he went amid the routs, on hie
abuve thaim aa his haill heid men nicht see.
Camilla him at mischief haes on-set.
She bare him throu, and tae the grund dounbet;
nor nae gret courage, forsuith, wis that, nor nicht,
for aa his rout tofore haed tane the flicht.
But further eik this foresaid Camillae,
wi mind unfreindly, gan thir wordis say:
“Thou Tyrrhene fellae, whit? weened thou tae be
in wuidis chasin the wild deer?” quo she.
“The day is comen that your proud wordis het
a wumman’s wappon sall resist and debate.
And, nocht-the-less, nae little renowné
frae thence thou sall dae turse away wi thee,
and tae your faithers’ ghaistis blythely shaw
that wi Camilla’s glave thou art owrethraw.”

Incontinent this maiden efter this
slew Orsilochus, and ane that hait Butis,
twa biggest men o body and o banes
o aa the host and fellaeship Trojanes.
But this ilk Butis, staunin her before,
out-throu the neck did she pierce and bore,
betwix the haubrek and the helm in hy,
whaur that his hause she did nakit aspy;
for owre his left shouther hang his shield.
But this Orsilochus fled her in the field,
and gan tae trump⁸⁷ wi mony a turnin went;
in circles wide she drave him owre the bent,
wi mony a curse and jowk, about, about –
whaure’er he fled she follaes in and out;
and at the last she haes owretak the man,
and throu his armour aa, and his harnpan,
her braid pole-axe, raised sae on hie,
wi aa her force and nicht syne strikes she.
As he besocht for grace wi gret request,
she doubelt on her dints, and sae him pressed,
wi feil woundis his heid haes tort and rent;
his harnis het owre aa his veisage went.

Than Aunus’ son (whilk alsae Aunus hait)

⁸⁷ trump: trick

on case betid approach in the debate
taewart this maid, and, as suin he her saw,
abashit huves⁸⁸ still for dreid and awe.
Intae the Munt Apenninus dwelt he,
amang Ligurian people o his kintrie;
and nocht, forsuith, the lackest⁸⁹ warrior,
but forcy man, and richt stalwart in stour –
sae lang as Fates suffert him in ficht
tae excerse prattiks, juperty, or slicht.
This Aunus, frae that weill perceivit he
nae wey tae flee nor eschew the melée,
nor micht escape the Queen, stuid him again.
Than he begouth assay her wi a trane,⁹⁰
and wi a slee deceit thus first he sayed:
“Whit honour is til a stout wench or maid
for til assure and traist in a strang horse?
Lea thy swift steed, and traist in thine ain force.
At nane advantage, whan thou list tae flee,
licht on this plain, and haun for haun wi me
address us tae debate on fuit alane.
Thare sall thou see, thare sall thou know onane,
whamtae this windy glore, voust, or avaunts,
the honour, or, wi pain, the luving⁹¹ grants.”
Thus sayed he. But she than, as het as fire,
aggrievit sair, inflamed in felloun ire,
alicht, and tae her mate the horse betaucht.
At his desire anon on fuit upstraucht,
wi equal armour boden wunner licht,
the drawn swourd in haun that shane fu bricht,
and unabashed abaid him in the field,
habilyiet only but wi a white shield.
The young man, weenin wi his slee deceit
he haed beguilit her by his conceit,
about his bridle turned but mair delay,
and at the flicht sprent furth and brak away,
and feil syse lat the horse’ sides feel
the sharp airn spurris prick upo his heel.

88 huves: stauns still (on horseback)

89 lackest: maist inferior

90 trane: trick

91 luving: praise

“Oh,” quo the maid, “thou fause Liguriane,
owre wanton in thy proud mind, aa in vain.
Oh variant man, for nocht perfay,” quo she,
“haes thou assayed thy kintrie craftis slee.
Deceitfu wicht, forsuith I tae thee say,
thy slicht and wiles sall thee nocht beir away,
nor haill-scarth hyne dae turse thee hame frae us
untae thy faither’s hous, the fause Aunus.”
Thus sayed the wench untae this ither sire,
and furth she spreit as sperk o gleid or fire;
wi speedy fuit sae swiftly rinnis she,
by-passed the horse’s rink, and furth gan flee
before him in the field wi gret disdain,
and claucht anon the courser by the rein;
syne set upo him bauldly, whaur she stuid,
and her revengit o her fae’s bluid;
as lichtly as the happy goshawk, we see,
frae the hicht o a rock’s pinnacle hie
wi swift wingis pursueis wunner sair
the silly doo heich up intae the air;
wham finally he clippis at the last,
and loukit in his punces sairis⁹² fast,
thristin his tallons sae throu her entrails
while-at the bluid abundantly furth rails,⁹³
and, wi her beak deplumin, on aa sides
the licht downis up tae the skyis glides.

⁹² sairis: injures

⁹³ rails: gushes

Chapter XIV

*Tarchon, gret chieftain o the Tuscan host,
the fleein fowks tae turn again gan boast.*

The Faither o Gods and Men wi diligent een
haes aa her deedis unnerstaun and seen,
and, situate in his heivenly hous on hie,
induces and commoves tae the melée
Tarchon, o Tuscans principal lord and sire,
in brethfu stoundis⁹⁴ raisit brim as fire;
sae that amid the fu mischievous ficht,
the gret slauchter and routs takin the flicht,
on horseback in this Tarchon bauldly drave,
wilfu his people tae support and save;
the wardis aa o every natioun
wi admonitions sere and exhortatioun,
and diverse wordis tysts tae fecht, for shame,
cleipin and caain ilk man by his name,
while thay that driven war aback and chased
relieves again tae the bargain in haste.

“Oh Tuscan people, hou happens this?” sayed he,
“That ye sall e’er sae doilt⁹⁵ and bowbarts⁹⁶ be,
unwroken⁹⁷ sic injuries tae suffer here!
Oh, whit be this? Hou gret a dreid and fear,
hou huge dowfness, and shamefu cowardice,
haes umbeset your minds upo sic wise,
that a wumman alane, and thus belive,⁹⁸
upo sic wise sall scatter you and drive,
and gar sae large routs tak the flicht?
Whaurtae beir we thir steel edges in ficht?
Or whit avails tae haud in haun, lat see,
for nocht thir wappons, gif we a wife sall flee?”

⁹⁴ brethfu stoundis: angry times

⁹⁵ doilt: dowf

⁹⁶ bowbarts: neep-heids

⁹⁷ unwroken: unavengit

⁹⁸ belive: immediately

Ye war nocht wont tae be sae lidder⁹⁹ ilkane
at ‘nicht battles’ and warks venerian;
or whaur the bouin trumpet blew the spring,
at Bacchus’ dance tae gae in carolling,
syne gae tae feast at table, and sit at dess,
see cuppis fu, and mony denty mess.
Thare wis your lust, pleisure, and appetite.
Thare wis your busy cure and your delight,
whan that the happy spaeman, on his guise,
pronounced the festal haly sacrifice,
and the fat offerings did you caa on raw
tae banquet amid the dern blissit shaw.”

And, wi that word, amidwart the melée,
ready tae sterve, his horse furth steeris he,
and awfully anon wi aa his main
rushed upo Venulus, stuid him again;
and wi his richt airm gan his fae embrace,
sicwise he did him frae his horse arace,¹⁰⁰
and wi huge strenth syne did him couch and lay
before his breist, and bare him quite away.
The Tuscans raised a clamour tae the sky,
and Latins aa thair een about did wry.
This Tarchon, ardent as the fiery levin,
flaw furth swift as a foule up taewart heiven,
beirin wi him the armour and the man;
and frae his spear’s pynt aff brak he than
the steelit heid, and syne searches aa airts,
everilk entry, and aa the open pairts,
whaur he nicht finnd intae sae little stound
a place patent tae gie him deid’s wound.
And, by the contrar, Venulus, fu wicht,
made aa debate and obstacle at he nicht,
and gan his haun frae his throat aft times chop
wi aa his strenth, his violence tae stop;
like as, some time, the yalla eagle by sicht
the edder hintis up and cairries on hicht,
syne, fleein, in her feet strainis sae fast
that aft her punces out-throu the skin daes thrust;
but the serpent, woundit and aa to-shent,

⁹⁹ lidder: slack

¹⁰⁰ arace: pu down

in lowpit thrawis wriths wi mony a sprent,
her spruttelt scales up-set grisly tae see,
wi whislin mouth streikin her heid on hie;
altho she wreel, and sprinkle, bend, or skip,
ever the sairer this ern¹⁰¹ strains his grip,
and wi his bouin beak rents grievously,
samen wi his wings soursin in the sky;
nane itherwise this Tarchon turses his prey
throu-out the Tiburtine routs gled and gay.
The people Tuscan, whilom come frae Lyde,
seein the example and prosper chance that tide
o thair stout duke, follaes his hardiment,
and wi a rush samen in the bargain sprent.

Whan-as ane Arruns, by his mortal fate
untae mischievous deid predestinate,
circles at the wait, and aspies about
the swift maiden Camill, o aa the rout
in honest feat o armis maist expert,
and best betaucht tae shuit or cast a dart.
He seekis by whit weyis or fortune
tae finnd the fashion and time opportune
maist easily this leddy tae assail;
and aa the wentis and rinkis, sans fail,
this furious maid held midwart the melée,
the samen gate and passage hauldis he,
and privily her fuitsteps did aspy.
And whaur she did return wi victorie,
wi fuit backward frawart her adversar,
this ilk Arruns wis fu ready thare,
and theftuously anon the same wey he
withdrew his pace, and held on her his ee,
lurkin at wait, and spyin round about,
nou this to-come, nou that onset, but dout,
at every pairt this peevish man o weir,
and shuke in haun his uneschewable spear.

¹⁰¹ ern: eagle

Chapter XV

*Arruns the priest slays Camilla by slicht,
syne cowardly anon takkis the flicht.*

Per chance that tide Chloerus, o gret estate,
a spiritual man blissit and consecrate,
that tae Cybele some time priest haed be
a weill lang space, yond in the melée,
habilyet richly and fu glorious, shane
in pompous armour and array Phrygiane.
Furth drives he the faemy steirin steed,
wi weirlike bardis cled, and sover weed
o cuirbulyie¹⁰² or ledder wi gilt nails,
couchit wi plate o steel as thick as scales;
and he himsel, in broun sanguine weill dicht
abuve his uncouth armour blumin bricht,
shaftis he shot and tackles wrocht in Crete,
wi Lycian bow nokkit wi hornis meet,
and clatterin by his shouther for the weir
his ganyie¹⁰³ case and gowden awblasteir.¹⁰⁴
The helm o gowd shane on the priest's heid.
O saffron hue, betwix yalla and reid,
wis his rich mantle, o wham the forebreist laps,
rattlin o bricht gowd wire, wi gilten traps
or cordis fine wis buckelt wi a knot.
O needlewark aa brusit¹⁰⁵ wis his coat.
His hosen shane o wark o Barbary
in portraiture o subtle brusery.
This man only o aa the meikle rout
the maid Camilla follaes fast about.
Whether sae it wis that Trojan armour she
list hing in temple for memore o trophy,
or than desirit this wanton huntress
in gowden attire herselfin tae address,
whilk she in field bereft her adversar,
throu-out the host unwarly went aawhaur,

¹⁰² cuirbulyie: leather byled hard

¹⁰³ ganyie: arrow

¹⁰⁴ awblasteir: cross-bow

¹⁰⁵ brusit: embroidert

blinnd in desire this Trojan tae assay,
in wummanly appetite ardent o this prey,
this precious spulyie and array sae proud,
whaurwith, as sayed is, wis this priest y-shroud.

This foresaid Arruns liggin at the wait,
sein this maid on flocht at sic estate,
chooses his time that wis maist opportune,
and taewart her his dart addressit suin.
Wi voice express his prayer thus made he:
“O bricht Apollo, sovereign god maist hie,
o haly Munt Soractis the warden,
wham principally we worship every ane;
wham-tae the fiery smoke o cense, we see,
bleezes in the kennelt bings o fir tree;
as we that worships thee wi obeisance,
by support o thy devote observance,
aft wi our fuitsteps and our nakit soles
doun thringis feil het cinnors and fiery coals;
grant me, Faither aamichty, nou I pray,
wi our wappons this shame tae dae away.
I ask nae trophy, nor the pompous weed
o this maid dounbet or repulsed in deid,
naither bid I thareof spulyie nor renown –
my ither deedis syne mot mak me boun
tae report honour and laud efter this.
But at this time I byde nae mair, iwis,
sauf that this wench, this vengeable pest or traik,¹⁰⁶
be bet doun deid by my wound and smert strake,
and syne that I may tae my kind ceity
but ony glore return alive,” quo he.
Phoebus him heard, and grantit tae fulfil
o his askin a pairty, at his will;
but for the tither pairt, suith tae say,
he lat dae wave wi the swift wind away,
consentin that he suld dounbet and slay
by hasty deed the awfu Camillae,
but, at his kintrie haill-scarth hamewart brocht
suld see him efter that, he grantit nocht;
and in the cloudy blastis o the sky
that voice and wordis flaw away in hy.

¹⁰⁶ pest or traik: pestilence or plague

Sae that, as fast as frae his haun, that stound,
thirlin the air this tackle gave a sound,
the routis gan advert and takkis tent,
turnin thair sichtis, ilk wicht, wi a blent
taewart the Queen, thair leddy, this Camill.
But she nane heed nor tent haes tane tharetil,
naither o the hasty motion o the air,
nor yit the birrin sound this flicht made thare,
nor yit perceived this awfu shaft o tree
descendin swiftly frae the heiven on hie
while that the lance her smate and hurt, perfay,
whaur that her pap wis shorn and cut away,
and wedged deep within her coast stuid
furth soukis largely o this maiden's bluid.
Her complices aa samen in this need
stert tae thair leddy in affray and dreid,
and suin thay claucht and lappit in thair erms
this Queen, that funderin wis for her smert herms.
But first o aa, for fear and fell affray,
this Arruns fled fu fast and brak away,
wi blytheness middelt haein painfu dreid,
for he nae langir durst intae this need
assure for tae debate him wi his spear,
nor yit abide the virgin's wappon, for fear.
And like as that the wild wolf in his rage
knawin his recent feat and gret outrage,
whan that he haes some gret young oxen slain,
or than werryit the nowt hird on the plain,
tofore his faes, wi wappons him pursue,
anon is he tae the heich munt adieu,
and hid himsel fu faur out o the way.
His tail, that on his rig before times lay,
unner his wame lats faa abashitlie,
and tae the wuid gan haste him intil hy;
nane itherwise Arruns, that fleyit wicht,
fled, and belive withdrew him out o sicht;
content only tae gie the back and flee,
amang the thickest press him hid haes he.
And this Camilla, stervin the ilk stound,
the shaft haes pullit o her deidly wound
wi her ain haun; but yit amang the banes
the sherp steel heid fixt tae the ribs remains,
in a fu deep wound and a grievous sair.

Aa pale and bluidless swarfis¹⁰⁷ she richt thare,
and in the daith closes her cauld een.
The ruddy colour, umquhile as purpou schene,
blackent, and fades quite out o her face;
and, yauldin up the ghaist in the ilk place,
untae ane o her damisels and feirs,
cleipit Acca, that haed been mony years
only maist traist, and held in special
tae Camilla abuve the ithers all,
that knew aahaill the secrets o her hairt,
wi wham her thochtfu cures wad she pairt,
that time she spak, and sayed on this manneir:

“Acca, Acca, my leif sister dear,
untae this hour I hae duin at I nicht,
but nou this dolorous wound sae haes me dicht,
that aathing dims and mirkens me about.
Gae fast away and hy thee o this rout;
shaw Turnus thir my last commands,” quo she.
“Bid him enter in ficht insteid o me,
and frae the ceity thir Trojans drive away.
Adieu forever! I hae nae mair tae say.”

Samen wi that word the reinis slip lat she,
and slade tae grund, nocht o free volunté.
Than the cauld daith and last stoundis mortal
the spreit dissolvit frae the cors owre all.
Her souple craig inclinin and neck bane,
bowed down her heid that wis wi daith owretane.
Furth spreit her airmis in the deid-thrawing,
and frae her kest her wappons and arming.
The spreit o life fled murnin wi a grain,
and wi disdain doun tae the ghaists is gane.

¹⁰⁷ swarfis: faints

Chapter XVI

*Opis the nymph wi dartis o Diane,
Camilla tae revenge, haes Arruns slain.*

A huge clamour that tide did rise on hicht,
that seemit smite the gowden starnis bricht.
The bargain wauxis mair cruel and het
whaur that the stout Camilla wis dounbet.
For aa the routis o the bauld Trojanes,
the Tyrrhene dukes sembelt aa at aince,
and eik Evandrus' wardis o Arcades,
samen in the press thair adversars invades.

But Opis than, the nymph, that weill nearby
by thrinfauld Diane sent wis tae espy,
sat a lang space upo a hill's hicht,
and unabashit did behaud the ficht.
Syne tharefter on faur she gan aspy,
adjoined whaur-as thir younkens raised this skry:
wi shamefu daith owretane, Camilla the maid.
She weepit sair, and pleinin thus she sayed,
sobbin fu deep law frae her breist within:

“Alas! virgin, too meikle, and that is sin,
too meikle aa out sae cruel punishing
haes thou suffert, certes, for sic a thing,
because thou haes enforced wi aa thy might
for til annoy the Trojans in this ficht.
Whit profits thee in bussis thine alane
tae hae servit sae lang the blissed Diane?
Or by thy side, or than on shouther hie,
sae lang our quivers tae hae borne?” quo she.
“And, naethless, but honour in this steid
thy Queen haes nocht thee left in pynt o deid;
nor this thy slauchter but remembering
amang aa people sall nocht be, nor meining;
nor sall thou nocht that shame suffer, traist me,
for tae be tauld thou suld unwroken be.
Whae'er wi wound haes shent or violate
thy fair body, tae Diane dedicate,
he sall repent the time that e'er thou sterved,
and wi his daith aby, as he haes served.”

Unner the muntain law thare stuid fuit-hot
a bing o erd, upheapit like a motte,
containing the cauld aises and brint banes
o auld Dercennus, King o Laurentanes,
owreheid wi aiken trees and bewis rank.
Thither this goddess, hastin down the bank,
hersel haes cairryit, and thare huves still;
and frae this knowe's hicht, or little hill,
abides this ilk Arruns til aspy.
And frae she him perceives glidin by,
in rich armour shinin wunner bricht,
and aa in vain, proud, wanton, gay, and licht,
"Why haudis thou awaywart sae?" quo she.
"Dress hithermair thy fuitsteps taewart me.
Nou comes hither tae perish and tae sterve,
and caught duly, as that thou haes deserve,
thy reward for Camilla's deid, perdee.
On Diane's dartis, ha! suld sic ane dee?"
And wi that word, like a stout wench o Thrace,
the swift gilt arrow shuke out o her case,
and, richt amoved, her hornit bow haes bent,
whaurin anon the tackle up is stent;
syne hales up in ire and felloun haste,
while that the bow and nokkis met aamaist.
And nou her haundis raxed hit every steid –
hard on the left neive wis the sherp steel heid,
the string, up-pu'ed wi the richt haun infeir,
went by her pap aamaist untae her ear.
Arruns anon the motion o the air
samen wi the whustlin o the tackle square
perceivit haes, and eik the dint at aince.
The deidly heid throu-girt his body and banes.
His feiris aa haes him forget alane,
whaur-as he swelt wi mony a waefu grain,
and in an uncouth field haes left him deid,
bedove in dust and pouder, wull o rede.
Syne Opis wi her wingis swift gan flee
abuve the skyis heich in the heivens hie.

Chapter XVII

*Acca tae Turnus shaws Camilla's chance –
her airmy fled, and left aa ordinance.*

The swift army and active rout, wi this,
o Camilla fled first the field, iwis,
for thay haed lost thair leddy and captain.
The puissance haill and hostis Tiburtane,
affrayit, aathegither gave the flicht.
The back haes tane Atinas bauld and wicht;
the chieftains brak array and went thair gate;
the banners left aa blout¹⁰⁸ and desolate;
socht tae warrant¹⁰⁹ on horseback, he and he,
frawart thair faes, and held tae the ceity.
Nor nane o them, sae mate¹¹⁰ and sae aghast,
the fierce Trojans whilk thaim assayit fast,
untae the deid and mischief did invade,
wi wappons aince tae stinten made a braid;¹¹¹
nor thaim sustain nor yit resist thay nicht,
but aa at aince samen teuk the flicht,
and on thair weary shouthers wi gret shame
thair big bowis unbent haes tursit hame;
and the stout steedis wi thair huifis' sound
wi swift rinkis dindelt the dusty ground.
The black stour o powder in a stew
as daurk as mist taewart the wallis threw.
On the barmkin abuve, and turrets hie,
the wemen beat thair breists – wis ruth tae see –
raisin at aince a waefu wifely cry,
went tae the starns and thirlit throu the sky.
And wha nicht foremaist, wi swift course haes thaim set
tae brek in at the open patent yett,
the routis o thair enemies, mixed owre-ane,
upo thaim rushes, and owrethraus mony ane;
nor thare escape thay nocht the wretchit daith,
but in the portis yauldis up the braith,

¹⁰⁸ blout: barren

¹⁰⁹ warrant: saufety

¹¹⁰ mate: checkmatit, beat

¹¹¹ braid: attack

steikit amid thair native wallis hie,
and amang houses whaur sover seemed thaim be.
A pairt closit the entry and the ports;
nor tae thair feirs, nor yit nane ither sorts,
the yettis listen¹¹² open, nor mak way;
nor, tho thay aft beseeken thaim and pray,
durst thaim receive within thair wallis square.
A duilfu slauchter anon uprises thare
o thaim in armis stuid the ports tae defend,
and thaim wi glaves war killit and made end.
The sons furth shet,¹¹³ that peity wis tae seen,
before thair weepin waefu faithers' een.
Some in the howe fossie war tummelt down,
sae thick thaim cummers the press thrang tae the toun.
Some hasty and unwarely at the flicht,
slacks thair bridles, spurrin in aa thair nicht,
gan wi a ram-race tae the portis dush,
like wi thair heidis the hard bars tae frusch.
The mithers eik and wemen aa bedene,
frae time Camilla killit hae thay seen,
knewin thare wis extreme necessity,
wi aa debate stuid on the wallis hie,
sic thing tae dae that time and tak on hand,
the perfit luvie thaim caught o thair kind land,
and aa aghast dartis and stanes down threw;
the sillis square and heidit stings anew,
and perkis¹¹⁴ gret wi birslit ends and brunt,
fu hastily doun swackis, dunt for dunt;
and, for defence o thair kind wallis hie,
offert thairsel wi the foremaist tae dee.

In the meanwhile, as Turnus at the wait
lay in the wuid, fast by the passage strait,
aa the maist cruel tidings fills his ears,
for Acca shaws tae him and aa his feirs
the huge affray, hou the battle wis gane,
the Volscan hosts destroyed, and Camill slain,
thair noisome faes increasing furious rage,

¹¹² listen: list, want tae (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

¹¹³ furth shet: shut out

¹¹⁴ perkis: poles

and by thair prosper Mart's vassalage
discomfist aa his hostis, every rout,
that nou the ceity wallis stuid in dout.
He wauxis brain¹¹⁵ in furore bellical,
sae desirous o deedis martial;
for the hard fates and strang michtis he
o the gret Jove wad that it sae suld be.
The hill's heich he left whaurat he lay,
and frae the dern wuids went away.
And scarcely wis he passit out o sicht,
in the plain field comen aa at richt,
whan that the Prince Enee wi aa his men
haes entert in and passit throu the glen,
and owre the swire,¹¹⁶ shawis up at his hand,
escape the dern wuid, and won the even land;
sae that baith twa wi thair haill routs at last
in aa thair speed held tae the ceity fast.
And nae lang space thair hostis war in sunder,
but that Enee the fieldis reik, like tinder;
o dusty stour perceivit a faur way,
and saw the Latin routis ride away;
and fierce Eneas, wirker o his harms,
Turnus perceivit alsae ride in arms.
The dinning o thair horse' feet eik heard he,
thair stampin steirage, and thair steedis' neigh.
Incontinent thay haed tae battle went,
and in the bargain preived thair hardiment,
nocht war, as than, the rosy Phoebus reid
his weary steeds haed doukit owre the heid
unner the streamis o the ocean sea,
reducin the daurk nicht; thay micht nocht see.
Aahaill declinit haed the day's licht.
Tae tentis than before the toun ilk wicht
bounin tae rest, aa thay that war without,
and delves trenches aa the waas about.

¹¹⁵ brain: brain-wud, furious

¹¹⁶ swire: pass