

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



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

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## Buik 13

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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### Virgil's Efterword

## The Prologue o the Thirteent Buik eikit tae Virgil by Mapheus Vegius

Towart the even, amid the summer's heat,  
whan in the Crab Apollo held his seat,  
durin the joyous month, time o June,  
as gane near wis the day, and supper duin,  
I walkit furth about the fieldis tyte,<sup>1</sup>  
whilks than replenished stuid fu o delight  
wi herbis, cornis, cattle and fruit trees,  
plenty o store, birdis and busy bees  
in amerant<sup>2</sup> meads fleein east and west,  
efter laubour tae tak the nicht's rest;  
and as I blinkit on the lift me by,  
aa birnin reid gan wauxen the even sky:  
the sun enfirit haill, as tae my sicht,  
whirlit about his baa wi beamis bricht,  
declinin fast taewart the north indeed,  
and fiery Phlegon, his dim nicht's steed,  
doukit his heid sae deep in fluidis gray  
that Phoebus rows down unner Hell away,  
and Hesperus in the west wi beamis bricht  
upsprings, as forrader o the nicht.  
Amid the hauchs, and every lusty vale,  
the recent dew beginnis doun tae skail,  
tae mease<sup>3</sup> the birnin whaur the sun haed shine,  
whilk than wis tae the nether warld decline.  
At every pile's<sup>4</sup> pynt and corn's craps,  
the techirs<sup>5</sup> stuid, as leamin beryl draps,  
and on the haillsome herbis clean, but weeds,  
like crystal knoppis or smaa siller beads.  
The licht begouth to kwinkle out and fail,  
the day to daurken, decline and devale;  
the gummis<sup>6</sup> rises, doun faas the donk rime;  
baith here and there scuggis and shaddas dim.

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<sup>1</sup> tyte: at the ilk time

<sup>2</sup> amerant: emerald

<sup>3</sup> mease: soothe

<sup>4</sup> pile's: blade's (o gress)

<sup>5</sup> techirs: tears

<sup>6</sup> gummis: mists

Up gaes the bauk wi her pealed leddren<sup>7</sup> flicht;  
the lark descends frae the sky's hicht  
singin her compline sang, efter her guise,  
tae tak her rest, at matine hour to rise.  
Out-owre the swire<sup>8</sup> swimmis the sops o mist;  
the nicht furthspreid her cloak wi sable list;  
that aa the beauty o the fructuous field  
was wi the erd's umbrage clean owreheild.  
Baith man and beast, firth, fluid and wuidis wild,  
involvit in thae shaddas weren siled.<sup>9</sup>  
Still war the foules, flees in the air;  
aa store o cattle seizit in thair lair;  
and everything, whoursae thaim likes best,  
bounis tae tak the haillsome nicht's rest  
efter the day's laubour and the heat.  
Close war aa and at thair saft quiet,  
but steirage or removing, he or she,  
aither beast, bird, fish, foule, by land or sea;  
and shortly everything that daes repair  
in firth or field, fluid, forest, erd or air,  
or in the scroggis, or the bussis ronk,  
lakes, morasses, or thir puilis donk,  
a-stabelt liggis still tae sleep, and rests;  
be the<sup>10</sup> smaa birdis sittin on thair nests,  
the little midges, and the urusum<sup>11</sup> flees,  
laborious emmots, and the busy bees;  
as weill the wild as the tame bestial,  
and every ither thingis gret and small,  
out-tak<sup>12</sup> the mirry nichtgale Philomene,  
that on the thorn sat singin frae the spleen.

Whase mirthfu notes langin for tae hear,  
untae a garth unner a green laureir,

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7 pealed leddren: nakit leathery

8 swire: pass, saddle atween peaks

9 siled: covert

10 be the: ?

11 urusum: ? (only here)

12 out-tak: excep

I walk anon and in a siege<sup>13</sup> doun sat,  
nou musin upo this and nou on that.  
I see the Pole and eik the Ursus bricht  
and hornit Lucine castin but dim licht,  
because the simmer skyis shane sae clear.  
Gowden Venus, the mistress o the year  
and gentle Jove, wi her participate,  
thair beauteous beamis shed in blythe estate;  
that shortly, there as I was leanit doun,  
for nicht's silence, and this bird's soun,  
on sleep I slade, whaur suin I saw appear  
an ageit man, and sayed, "Whit daes thou here,  
unner my tree, and willest me nae guid?"  
Me thocht I lurkit up unner my huid  
tae spy this auld, that was as stern o speech  
as he haed been a mediciner or leech;  
and weill perceivit that his weed was strange,  
tharetae sae auld, that it haed nocht been change,  
by my conceit, fully that forty year,  
for it was threidbare intae places sere.  
Side<sup>14</sup> was his habit, roun, and closing meet,  
that streikit tae the grund doun owre his feet,  
and on his heid o laurer tree a croun,  
like tae some poet o the auld fashioun.

Me thocht I sayed tae him wi reverence,  
"Faither, gif I hae duin you ony offence,  
I sall amend, gif it lies in my micht,  
but suithfastly, gif I hae perfit sicht,  
untae my doom, I saw you never ere.  
Fain wad I wit whan, on whit wise, or where,  
againis you trespassit ocht hae I."  
"Weill," quo the tither, "wad thou mercy cry  
and mak amends, I sall remit this faut,  
but itherwise, that saet sall be fu saut.  
Knaws thou nocht Mapheus Vegius, the poet,  
that untae Virgil's lusty buikis sweet  
the thirteen buik eikit Eneadane?  
I am the samen, and o thee naething fain,  
that haes the tither twal intae thy tung

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<sup>13</sup> siege: saet

<sup>14</sup> side: lang

translate o new – thay may be read and sung  
owre Albion Isle, intae your vulgar leid,  
but tae my buik yet list thee tak nae heed.”

“Maister,” I sayed, “I hear weill whit ye say,  
and in this case o pardon I you pray;  
nocht that I hae you onything offendit,  
but raither that I hae my time misspendit,  
sae lang on Virgil’s volume for tae stare  
and laid on side fu mony grave maiter,  
that wad I nou write in that treaty more,  
whit sud fowk deem but aa my time forlore?  
Als, sindry hauldis, faither, traistis me,  
your buik eikit but ony necessity,  
as tae the text accordin ne’er a deil,  
mair than langs tae the cairt the fift wheel.  
Thus, sen ye been a Christian man, at large,  
lay nae sic thing, I pray you, tae my charge.  
It may suffice Virgil is at an end.  
I wat the story o Jerome is tae you kenned,  
hou he was dung and beft intil his sleep  
for he tae gentiles’ buikis gave sic keep.  
Fu sherp repreif tae some is writ, ye wist,  
in this sentence o the haly psalmist:  
‘They are corruptit and made abominable  
in thair studyin things unprofitable.’  
Thus sair me dreidis I sall thole a heat  
for the grave study I hae sae lang forleit.”<sup>15</sup>

“Yea, smy,”<sup>16</sup> quod he, “wad thou escape me swa?  
In faith we sall nocht thus pairt ere we gae!  
Hou think we he essonyies<sup>17</sup> him tae astert,<sup>18</sup>  
as aa for conscience and devote hert,  
fenyiet him Jerome for tae counterfeit,  
whaur-as he ligs bedowen, lo, in sweit.  
I lat thee wit I am nae heathen wicht,  
and gif thou haes afore time gaen unricht,

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<sup>15</sup> forleit: neglectit

<sup>16</sup> smy: knave

<sup>17</sup> essonyies: excuses

<sup>18</sup> astert: escape

follaein sae lang Virgil, a gentile clerk,  
why shrinkis thou wi my short Christian wark?  
For tho it be but poetry we say,  
my buik and Virgil's moral been, baith twae.  
Len me a fourteen-nicht, hou-e'er it be,  
or by the faither's saul me gat," quo he,  
"thou sall dear buy that e'er thou Virgil knew."  
And wi that word, doun o the saet me drew;  
syne tae me wi his club he made a braid  
and twenty routs upo my riggin laid,  
while, "Deo, Deo, mercy!" did I cry;  
and by my richt haun streikit up in hy,  
hecht tae translate his buik, in honour o God  
and his apostles twal (in the nummer odd).

He, gled thareof, me by the haun upteuk,  
syne went away, and I for fear awoke,  
and, blent about tae the north-east weill far,  
saw gentle Jubar shinin, the day star,  
and Chiron, cleiped the sign of Sagittary,  
that wauks the simmer's nicht, tae bed gan carry.  
Yonder doun dwines the even sky away,  
and upspringis the bricht dawin o day  
intil anither place nocht faur in sunder,  
that tae behaud was pleasance, and hauf wonder.  
Furth quenchen gan the starnis, ane be ane,  
that nou is left but Lucifer alane;  
and furthermair tae blazon this new day,  
wha micht describe the birdis' blissfu bay?<sup>19</sup>  
Belive on wing the busy lark upsprang,  
tae salus the blythe morrow wi her sang;  
suin owre the fieldis shines the licht clear,  
welcome tae pilgrim baith and lauboureir.  
Tyte on his hines gave the grieve a cry,  
"Awauk, on fuit, gae til our husbandrie,"  
and the hird caas further upo his page,  
"Dae drive the cattle tae thair pasturage."  
The hine's wife cleips up Katherine and Gill;  
"Yea, dame," sayed they, "God wat, wi a guid will."  
The dewy green, poudered wi daisies gay,  
shew on the sward a colour dapple gray;

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<sup>19</sup> bay: birdsang



the misty vapours springin up fu sweet,  
maist comfortable tae gled aa man's spreit.  
Tharetae, thir birdis singis in the shaws,  
as minstrals playin, 'The jolly day nou daws'.  
Than thocht I thus, "I will my cunning keep,  
I will nocht be a daw, I will nocht sleep.  
I will complete my promise shortly, thus,  
made tae the poet maister Mapheus,  
and mak my upwark hereof, and close our buik,  
that I may syne but on grave maiters leuk.  
For, tho his style be nocht tae Virgil like,  
fu weill I wat my text sall mony like,  
sen efter ane my tung is, and my pen,  
whilk may suffice as for our vulgar men.  
Wha-e'er in Latin haes the bruit or glore,  
I speak nae waur than I hae duin before.  
Lat clerkis ken the poets different,  
and men unlettert tae my wark tak tent,"  
whilk, as tuichin this thirteen buik infeir,  
beginnis thus, as furthwith follaes here.

## The Thirteent Buik o Eneados eikit tae Virgil by Mapheus Vegius

### Chapter I

*Rutulian people, efter Turnus' decease,  
obeys Eneas, and taks thaim tae his peace.*

As Turnus, in the latter bargain lost,  
vanquished in field, yauld furth the fleein ghost,  
this martial prince, this ryal lord Enee,  
as victor fu o magnanimity,  
amiddis baith the routis bauldly stauns,  
that tae behaud him, upo aither hauns,  
astonished and aghast war aa him saw.  
And than the Latin people haill on raw  
a felloun murning made and waefu beir,  
and gan devoid, and hostit out fu clear,  
deep frae thair breistis the hard sorra smert,  
wi courage lost and doun-smitten thair hert;  
like as the huge forest gan bewail  
his granes dounbet and his branches skail,  
whan thay been chased and aa to-shaken fast  
wi the fell thud o the north wind's blast.  
For thay thair lances fixit in the erd,  
and leanis on thair swourdis wi a rerd;  
thair shieldis o thair shouthers flang away.  
That bargain and that weir fast wary<sup>20</sup> thay,  
and gan abhor o Mars the wild luv, e  
whilk lately thay desired and did approve.  
The bridle nou refuse thay nocht tae dree,  
nor yoke thair neckis in captivity,  
and tae implore forgiveness o aa grief,  
quiet, and end o hermis and mischief;  
as whan that twa gret bullis on the plain  
thegither rins in bitter gret bargain,  
thair lang debate middlin whaur thay staun  
wi large bluid-shedding on aither haun,  
while aither o thaim untae the battle's fine  
his ain beastis and hirdis daes incline;  
but, gif the price o victory betides

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<sup>20</sup> wary: curse

til ony o thir twa on aither sides,  
anon the cattle, whilks favoured lang ere  
the beast owrecomen as thair chief and herr,  
nou thaim subdues unner his ward in hy  
whilk haes the owrehaun wunnen and maistrie,  
and o free will, tho thair mindis be thra,  
assents him til obey. And e'en richt swa  
the Rutulianis, altho the gret syte<sup>21</sup>  
thair breistis haed bedowit and to-smite,  
wi gret affray o slauchter o thair duke,  
yit thocht thaim levar,<sup>22</sup> and hailt tae purpose teuk  
tae follae and obey, for aa thair harms,  
the gentle chieftain and better man o arms,  
and thaim subdue tae the Trojan Enee,  
and him beseek o peace and amity,  
o rest and quiet evermair frae the weir,  
for thaim, thair landis, mobles, and ither gear.

Eneas than wi pleasant voice furth braid,  
and, staunin abuve Turnus, thus he sayed:  
“Oh Daunus' son, hou cam this hasty rage  
intae thy breist wi folly and dotage,  
that thou nicht nocht suffer the Trojanes,  
whilks at command o gods untae thir plains,  
and by pouer o hie Jove are hither carry,  
within the bounds o Italy tae tarry,  
and, aa in vain, thaim sae expellen wald  
o thair land o behest and promist hauld?  
Learn for tae dreid gret Jove, and nocht gainstand,  
and tae fulfil gledly the gods' command;  
and for thair grief weill aucht we tae beware.  
Some time in ire will growe gret Jupiter;  
and aft remembrance o the wickit wraik  
solists<sup>23</sup> the gods thareof vengeance tae take.  
Lo, nou o aa sic furore and affear  
the latter methe and term is present here,  
whaur thou – agin reason and equity,

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<sup>21</sup> syte: sorra

<sup>22</sup> thocht thaim levar: it seemt best tae thaim

<sup>23</sup> solists: incites

agin lawtie,<sup>24</sup> and broken aa unity  
o confederation sworn and bund ere nou –  
the Trojan people sair trubbelt haes thou.  
Behaud and see the extreme final day,  
tae gie aa ithers guid example for aye,  
that it mot never leifu be again  
til ony tae contemn gret Jove in vain,  
as for tae raise wi sic dreid and affear  
sae unworthy motion o wickit weir.  
Nou beis gled, bruik thine armour but plead.  
Alas, a noble corpse thou liggis deid,  
the gret Turnus! And, as tae my deeming,  
Lavinia haes thee cost nae little thing;  
nor thou nae shame needis think in nae part,  
that o Eneas' haun thou killit art.  
Nou comes here Rutulians, but delay,  
the body o your duke turse hyne away.  
I grant you baith the armour and the man.  
Haud on, and dae tharetae aa that ye can,  
as langs untae the honour o beirying,  
or tae bewail the deid o sic a king.  
But the gret paisand girdle and sic gear  
that Pallas, my dear frein, wis wont tae wear,  
tae Evander I will send, for tae be  
nae little solace tae him, whan he sall see  
his felloun fae is killit thus, and knaw,  
fu gled thareof, Turnus is brocht o daw.  
And naetheless nou, ye Italians,  
that itherwise be cleip Ausonians,  
remember hereof, and learn in time coming  
wi better aspects and happy beginning  
tae move and tak on haun debate or weir;  
for, by the blissit starnis bricht I sweir,  
never nane hosts nor yit armour gledlie  
againis you in battle movit I;  
but constrained by your fury, as is kenned,  
wi aa my force I set me tae defend  
the Trojan pairty and our ain affspring,  
as, lo, forsuith this wis but leisome thing.”

Nae mair Eneas sayed, but tharewithal

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<sup>24</sup> lawtie: lealty

addresses him taewart his ceity wall,  
and throu the fieldis socht fu joyously  
tae his new Trojan reset<sup>25</sup> and herbry.  
Samen him follaes aa the rout at aince,  
the puissance haill and younkens o Teucranes  
and owre the plainis, gled and wunner licht,  
thair swift steeds, as the foule at flicht,  
throu speed o fuit assayis by and by,  
and aft wi bitter mouth did cryen, Fy!  
and gan accuse the Latin people aa;  
aft faint fowkis and slothfu did thaim caa,  
that wi thair rerd and beming, whaur thay fare,  
for the deray fu heich dinnis the air.

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<sup>25</sup> reset: refuge

## Chapter II

*Hou Eneas, gled o his victorie,  
luvit<sup>26</sup> the gods, and gan thaim sacrify.*

And than Enee the busy thochtfu cures  
constrainit haes, as tuichin sepultures  
o his fowkis y-slain, and beiryng  
wi funeral fire and flames according;  
yit, naetheless, in his breist rowes and steirs  
ae gretter maiter and larger, as effeirs.  
For first the sovereign honour, on thair guise,  
on the altars wi debtfu sacrifice  
he ordained haes, and than, frae hand tae hand,  
efter the rite and usance o thair land,  
the ying oxen gan thay steik and slay.  
Within thair temple hae thay brocht alsae  
the busteous swine, and the twinters snaw-white,  
that wi thair cluifs gan the erd smite,  
wi mony pelt sheddin thair purpour bluid.  
Furth hae thay rent thair entrails, fu unrude,  
and gan denude and strippen o thair hides;  
syne hacken thaim in tailyies,<sup>27</sup> and besides  
the het flames broochit<sup>28</sup> haes thaim laid.  
And furth thay yett the wine in cuppis glaid.  
God Bacchus' giftis fast thay multiply.  
Wi plates fu the altars by and by  
thay gan dae charge, and worship wi fat lyre;<sup>29</sup>  
the smellin cense upbleezes in the fire.  
Than throu that hauld thay feast and mak guid cheer.  
Upraise the merry rerd and joyous beir.  
Thay did extol and luven wi gret wunner  
gret Jupiter, the fearfu God o Thunner,  
and Dame Venus thay worshippingit also,  
and thee, Saturnus' dochter, Queen Juno,  
nou pacifyit, and better than before –  
a huge laud thay yauld tae thee tharefore.

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<sup>26</sup> luvit: praised

<sup>27</sup> tailyies: bits

<sup>28</sup> broochit: spittit

<sup>29</sup> lyre: flesh

And eik himsel Mars, the gret God o Arms,  
thay magnify, as wrecker o thair harms.  
Syne haill the remanent o the company  
o the goddis thay name furth by and by,  
wi hie voices and wi loud cries  
lunit and borne upheich abuve the skies.

Before thaim aa maist gracious Eneas  
his haundis twa, as than the custom was,  
taewart the heiven gan uplift and a-raise,  
and syne the child Ascanius did embrace,  
sayin a few wordis, that aa micht hear:  
“Oh thou my son and only child maist dear –  
in wham only rests thy faither’s belief,  
wham throu sae mony laubours o mischief  
I cairryit hae, chasit fu mony gates  
by the hard fortune and the frawart fates –  
lo, nou our rest and quiet fund for aye!  
Lo, nou the last and maist desirit day,  
tae mak end o our hermis and distress!  
Our painfu laubour passit is express.  
Lo, the acceptable day for evermore,  
whilk I fu aft hae shawin thee before,  
whan untae hard bargain callit wis I,  
this wis tae come and betide by and by  
by disposition o the gods abuve.  
And nou, my dearest child, for thy behufe,  
the morn, suin as Aurora waxes reid,  
tae the ceity o Laurent, that ryal steid,  
I sall thee send, as victor wi owerhand,  
tae be maister and tae maintain this land.”

And efter this he turnit him again  
untae his fowks and the people Trojane,  
and frae the boddom o his breist weill law  
wi saft speech furth gan thir words draw:  
“Oh ye my feiris and my freindis bauld,  
throu mony hard perils and thickefauld,  
throu sae feil stormis baith on land and sea  
hither nou cairryit tae this coast wi me;  
throu sae gret fervour o battle intae stour,  
and double fury o weirfare in armour,  
by sae feil winter’s blastis and tempests,

by aa waes noisome and unrests,  
and aa that horrible wis, or yit hivvy,  
waefu, hideous, wickit, or unhappy,  
or yit cruel or mischievous – nou stad  
in better hope, return your mind, beis glad.  
Nou is the end o aa annoy and woe.  
The term is comen. Here sall thay stynt and ho;<sup>30</sup>  
and, like as we desirit for the best,  
wi Latin people in firm peace and rest  
we sall conjoin, and leive in unity.  
And Lavinia, o that ilk bluid,” quo he,  
“wham I defendit hae in strang bargain,  
o Trojan kin, wi bluid Italian  
samen middelt, tae me as spous in hy  
sall yield lineage tae reign perpetuallie.  
Ae thing, my fellaes and my freindis dear,  
I you beseeken, and I you requier:  
beir your minds equal, as aa aince,  
and common freins tae the Italianes,  
and tae my faither-in-law, the King Latine.  
Obeyis aa, and wi reverence incline.  
A mighty sceptre and ryal beirs he.  
This is my mind. This is my will, perdee.  
But intae battle and dochty deeds o arms,  
you for tae wreak and revenge o your harms –  
learn for tae follae me, and tae be meek.  
Ye counterfeit my ruth and peity eik.  
Whit glorie is us betid fu weill is know,  
but the heich heiven and starnis aa I draw  
tae witnessing, that I, the samen wicht  
whilk you delivert haes intae the ficht  
frae sae huge hermis and mischievis sere,  
I sall you seize and induce nou, but weir,  
in faur larger rewardis nichtilie,  
and you render your desert by and by.”

Wi sic wordis gan he thaim comforting.  
And in his mind fu mony sindry thing  
o chances bypast rowein tae and frae,  
thinkin hou he is brocht tae rest alsae  
wi nae little laubouris, sturt, and pains;

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<sup>30</sup> ho: whoa, stop



and wi exceedin luve o the Trojanes  
fu ardently he floweis aa o joy,  
gled at the last frae danger and annoy,  
sae huge and hivvy perils monyfauld,  
thay war escaped, and brocht tae sover hauld;  
like as whan that the greedy gled on hicht  
skimmin up in the air aft turns his flicht,  
wi felloun faird watchin the chickens lyte,  
thair deid menacin, ready for tae smite,  
the crestit foule, thair mither, than fu smert  
for her pullets, wi hermis at her hert,  
affrayit gretly o thair waefu chance,  
gan rax hersel and her courage advance,  
for tae resist her sae sherpin her bill,  
and wi haill force, and micht, and eager will,  
upo her adversar bauldly sets she,  
while, at the last, tae gie the back and flee  
wi meikle pain and verra violence  
she him constrainis, and to-peck him thence.  
Her birdis syne, cluckin, she seeks on raw,  
and aa affrayit daes thaim samen draw,  
annoyit gretly for her childer dear;  
and whan thay been assembelt aa infeir,  
than gled she worthis, and thair meat gan scrape,  
for that thay hae sae gret peril escape.  
Nane itherwise, the son o Anchises  
wi freindly wordis thus amid the press  
the Trojan mindis gan mease and assuage,  
as man fulfilled o wit and vassalage,  
drivin furth o thair hertis aa on flocht  
the auld dreid and birnin hivvy thocht,  
that weill thaim likes nou thair joy and ease  
at last funden efter sae lang dis-ease  
and it that late tofore wis tedious  
tae suffer or sustain, and annoyous,  
nou tae remember the samen, or rehearsing,  
daes tae thaim solace, comfort, and liking.  
But maist o aa untae the gret Enee,  
whilk in excellent virtue and bonté  
exceedit aa the remanent a faur way;  
and for sae feil dangers and mony affray  
the goddis' pouer and mighty majesty  
wi giftis gret and offerings worships he;  
eik Jupiter, the Faither o Gods and King,  
gan tae extol wi maist sovereign luvng.

### Chapter III

*Hou Turnus' fowks for him made sair regrait,  
and King Latin contemns his wretched estate.*

In the meantime the Rutulians each one  
the gret deid corpse ruthfu and waebegone  
o thair duke Turnus, slain, as sayed is ere,  
within the ceity o Laurentum bare,  
wi meikle murning in thair minds imprent,  
and frae thair een a large shouer furth sent  
o tearis gret, as tho the heiven did rain,  
and faur on breid did fill the earis twain  
o King Latin wi cry and womenting,  
that aa to-irkit wis the noble King,  
and in his breist, the self time, in balance  
wis rowein mony diverse selcouth chance.  
But whan he heard thair loud womenting  
increasin mair and mair, and Turnus ying  
wi sae grisly a wound throu-girt haes seen,  
than micht he nocht frae tearis him contein;  
and syne this rout, sae trist and waebegone,  
fu courteously charges be still anon,  
baith wi his haun and words in his presence  
enjoinit haes and commandit thaim silence.  
Like as whan that the faemy bair<sup>31</sup> haes bet  
wi his thunnerin awfu tuskis gret,  
throu-out the coast and eik the entrails all,  
ane o the rout, the hund maist principal;  
than the remanent o that questin sort,  
for this unsely chance affrayed, at short  
withdraws, and about the maister hunter  
wi whingin mouthis quakin stauns for fear,  
and wi gret yowling doth complain and mein;  
but whan thair lord raises his haun bedene,  
and biddis cease, thay haud thair mouthis still;  
thair whingin and thair questin at his will  
refrainis, and aa close gan thaim withhaud –  
the samen wise thir Rutulians, as he wad,

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<sup>31</sup> bair: boar

gan at command debate<sup>32</sup> thair voice and cease,  
tae hear the King's mind, and held thair peace.  
Than thus, weepin, frae his hert ruit weill law  
the King Latin begouth thir wordis shaw:

“Oh hou gret motion, whit alterin unstable,  
hou aft syse interchanged and variable  
been the actis and deeds o man!” quo he.  
“Wi hou gret trubble, but tranquility,  
is whirled about the life o man, behaud!  
Oh damnable pride and ambition, that wad  
bruik croun or sceptre, proud in thine intent,  
whilk been sae fragile, and nocht permanent!  
Oh fury, oh lust, that been owre gretumly  
bred in our breists, tae covet seignory!  
Thou blinnd desire insatiable, may nocht tarry,  
our mortal minds whither doth thou carry?  
Oh glory and renown o los,<sup>33</sup> in vain  
conquest wi sae feil perils and huge pain,  
tae whit condition or tae whit estate  
thou steiris furth thir proud mindis inflate!  
Hou mony slichtis and deceitis quent  
wi thee thou turses! Hou mony weys tae shent,  
hou feil mainers o deid and o distress,  
hou feil turments, gret herm, and wickitness!  
Hou mony dartis, hou feil swourdis keen,  
gif thou behaud, thou haes before thine een!  
Alas! thou sweet venom shawis, and yit  
this warldly worship haes the deidly bit.  
Alas! the sorrafu reward in aathing,  
o realmis, and thaim covets for tae ring,  
whilk costis aft nae little thing, but weir.<sup>34</sup>  
Alas! the hivvy burden o warldy gear,  
that never hour may suffer nor permit  
thair possessor in rest nor peace tae sit.  
Alas! the miserable chance and hard estate  
o kingly honour sae misfortunate.

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<sup>32</sup> debate: abate

<sup>33</sup> los: glory

<sup>34</sup> but weir: wi'out dout

The chance o kingis staundis underlout,<sup>35</sup>  
tae meikle dreid aye subject, and in dout  
frae thair estate tae decay suddenlie,  
that aa quiet and ease is thaim deny.  
Turnus, whit availed thee tae steir  
in huge bargain sae and feir o weir  
aa Italy wi sic deray at aince,  
and tae perturb the strang Eneadanes,  
constrainin thaim hard battle tae assay?  
Or whit availis nou, I pray thee say,  
for til hae broken, violate, or shent,  
the haly promise and the bandis gent  
o peace and concord oblisit<sup>36</sup> and sworn?  
Hou wis thy mind to-rent and aa to-torn  
wi sae meikle impatience on this wise,  
that thee list move the weir, but mine advice,  
wi thae people, sae strang, bauld, and sage,  
that been descendit o the goddis' lineage,  
and at command o Jove the God o Thunder  
are hither cairryit? And for tae mak sic blunder,  
that wilfully, but motive, sae belive  
enforcit thee thaim frae our coast tae drive,  
and for tae brek the band that promised we  
o our dochter til our guid-son Enee?  
And wi thy haun hard bargain raise and steir,  
whan I plainly denyit tae move weir?  
Hou wis sae gret folly and dotage  
involvit in thy mind wi fury rage?  
Hou aft, whan thou tae awfu battle wend  
amid thy routs, and on thy steed ascend,  
in shinin armour arrayed aa at richt,  
I assayit thee tae withdraw frae ficht!  
And feil times defendit<sup>37</sup> thee and forbade  
tae gae the wey that thou begunnen haed;  
and aa afearit, whan thou wad depairt,  
amid the yett thee stoppit wi sair hairt!  
But aa for nocht. Naething nicht stinten thee.  
Whit I hae suffert sinsyne, hou stauns wi me,

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<sup>35</sup> underlout: in subjection

<sup>36</sup> oblisit: pledged

<sup>37</sup> defendit: prohibitit

our ceity wallis witnessen fuit-het,  
wi tenements and biggins hauf dounbet,  
and the large fieldis strewit white o banes,  
and haill the puissance o Italianes  
aa wastit and destroyit thus, alake!  
The huge slauchter and mischievous wraik,  
and aa the fluidis wauxen reid or broun  
o man's quelling gret and occisioun;  
the lang abashit quakin fearfu dreid,  
and hard laubour, whilk in extreme need  
I in mine age sae aft haes undertane,  
in sae feil dangers whaur remeid wis nane.  
But nou, Turnus, here thou ligs deid.  
Whaur is the noble renown o thy youthheid?  
And whaur is thine excellent hie courage?  
Whither is went thy strenth and vassalage?  
Whaur is the stately beauty o thy face?  
Whaur is thy shinin feigure nou? alace!  
O thy fair veisage whither are gane, but weir,  
thy pleasin forret shapely and een clear?  
Ha! hou feil tears and waefu dolours smert  
sall thou, Turnus, render tae Daunus' hert!  
And wi hou large weepin, dule, and wae,  
owerfleit sall aa the ceity o Ardeae!  
But thay sall nocht behaud thee wi sic lack  
throu-girt wi shamefu wound caucht in the back,  
nor note thee o nae cowardice in thair mind,  
nor that thou wis degenerate out o kind;  
and tae thy waefu faither, wull o rede,  
at least this sall be solace o thy deid,  
altho thy herms daes him sair smert,  
that gret Eneas' swourd haes pierced thy hert."

And, sayin thus, wi tearis o peity  
his cheekis baith and face owrechargit he.  
Syne, turnin him taewart the meikle rout,  
the ruthfu corpse o this ilk Turnus stout  
bade turse away, and cairry furth anon  
untae his faither's ceity waebegone;  
and commandit tae dae the body cauld  
aa funeral pomp, efter the usage auld.

## Chapter IV

*Hou Turnus' corpse til Ardea wis sent,  
whilk wis by sudden fire brint down and shent.*

The Rutulians anon aa in a rout  
this deid corpse, that slain lay, stert about.  
The gentle body o this stout younkeir  
thay hae addressed, and laid on a rich bier;  
and wi him eik feil taikens by the way,  
reft frae Trojans in the bargain, bare thay,  
baith helmis, horse, swourdis, and ither gear,  
shields, gittarnis,<sup>38</sup> and mony stalwart spear.  
Syne efter this his weary cairt furth went,  
o Trojan slauchter and het bluid aa besprent.  
Furth haulds weepin Metiscus, the cairter,  
as he that in the craft wis nocht tae lear,  
leadin the steed bedowen aa o sweit,  
and cheekis wat o flotterin tearis greit;  
whilk steed haed cairryit Turnus aft tofore  
as victor hame wi gret triumph and glore  
fu pompusly, upo anither wise,  
efter fervent slauchter o his enemies.  
Yonder ithers, about him environ,  
beirs thair armour and shieldis turnit down.  
The remanent syne o the haill barnage  
followis weepin, knicht, swain, man, and page,  
wi abundance o mony tricklin tear  
weitin thair breistis, weeds, and ither gear.  
And thus weary furth went thay every wicht  
amid the daurk silence o the nicht,  
beatin thaimsel wi wunner dreary cheer.  
And King Latin, wi aa thaim wi him wer,  
taewart his palace gan return anon,  
wi mind trubbelt, trist, and waebegone,  
for sae excellent deid corpse as wis slain.  
Tearis aa samen furth yetts every ane;  
baith ageit men, matrons, and childer lyte  
the ceity fills wi womenting and syte.

---

<sup>38</sup> gittarnis: pennants

Daunus, his faither – naewise wittin tho<sup>39</sup>  
he suld remain tae see sic dule and woe,  
nor that his son his stalwart spreit haed yauld,  
and made end in the latter bargain bauld,  
that thus wis brocht tae toun deid by his feirs  
wi sic plenty o bitter weepin tears –  
the samen time wi ither dis-ease wis socht,  
at meikle sad dolour and hivvy thocht.  
For, as the Latin people war owreset  
intae battle by Trojans, and dounbet,  
and Turnus by his het and recent deid  
haed wi his bluid littit<sup>40</sup> the grund aa reid,  
a sudden fire within the wallis hie  
umbeset hailly Ardea ceity.  
The biggin o this faither waebegone,  
brint and dounbet, o reeky flames schene,  
and aa returnis intil aises reid.  
The fiery sperkis intae every steid  
twinklin upspringis tae the starns on hie,  
that nou nae hope o help may fundin be,  
whither sae it wis untae the gods' liking,  
or that the Fates before list shaw some sing  
o Turnus' deid, in horrible battle slain.  
And whan the people saw remeid wis nane,  
belive the waefu trubbelt ceitizens,  
thair dreary breistis beatin aa at aince,  
gan fast bewail wi peitious weepin face  
o this unhappy chance the wretchit case.  
In lang rabble the wemen and matrons  
wi aa thair force fled ruthfully at once  
frae the bauld flames and brim bleezes stout.  
And like as that o emmets the black rout,  
that eidently laubours; and busy bee,  
haed buildit, unner the ruit o a heich tree,  
intil a clift thair byke and dwellin steid,  
tae hide thair langsome wark and wintry breid;  
gif sae betide thay feel the aix smite  
upo the tree's shank, and thareon bite,  
sae that the crap doun-weltis tae the grund,  
that wi the felloun rush and grisly sound

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<sup>39</sup>        tho: than

<sup>40</sup>        littit: dyed

thair smaa cavernis aa to-broke and rent is;  
than speedily this little rout furth sprentis  
aa wull o rede, fleein thay wat nocht whaur,  
tursin thair burdens affrayitly here and thare.  
Or like as that on the hous side the snail,  
shakkin her coppit<sup>41</sup> shell, or than her tail,  
fleein the birnin heat that she doth feel,  
a lang time gan dae wrastle and to-wrele,  
thristin fast wi her feet ontae the waa,  
and yit her heid wi force and strenthis aa  
frawart the fervent flames fast withdraws;  
she scaudis, and wi mony wrekes and thraws  
presses for tae eschew the fearfu heat.  
Nane itherwise in sae feil perils greit  
thir waefu ceitizens gan thaimsel sling,  
rushin wi trubbelt mind intil a ling  
baith here and thare, and wist nocht whaur away.  
But maist o aa – alas! and wallaway! –  
wi ruthfu voices cryin tae the heiven,  
the ageit King Daunus wi waefu stevin  
gan on the goddis abuve cleip and call.

And than amid the flames furth withal  
Ardea the foule, wham a heron cleip we,  
beatin her wingis, thay behaulden flee  
furth o the fire heich up in the air;  
that baith the name and taiken owre aawhere  
beirs o this ceity Ardea the auld;  
whilom wi waas and touers hie untauld  
stuid weirly wrocht, as strenth o gret defence;  
that nou is changit and fu quate gane hence,  
wi wingis wide fleein baith up and doun,  
nou but a foule, wis ere a ryal toun.

Astonishit o this nice<sup>42</sup> and new case,  
and o the wondrous mervels in that place,  
whilk seemit naething little for tae be,  
as tho thay sent war by the goddis hie,  
the people aa confusit still did stand,  
thair burdens on thair shouthers cairryand,

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<sup>41</sup> coppit: peaked

<sup>42</sup> nice: byordnar



and moved naither fuit, tung, nor mouth.  
And King Daunus, for this affray uncouth,  
wi ardent luv smitten and het desire  
o his chief saet destroyed and brint in fire,  
the hard dolour and the sorra smert  
haudis fu close, deep graven in his hert.

## Chapter V

*Frae that Daunus his son Turnus saw deid,  
huge lamentation made he in that steid.*

Amid aa this deray and gret affear,  
Fame, o dis-ease forrader and messengeir,  
cam hurlin wi huge moving fast tae toun,  
and wi large clamour fillis environ  
thair mindis aa: hou a deid corpse new than  
wis comin at haun, wi mony waefu man,  
and Turnus lifeless laid wi mortal wound,  
in field discomfist, slain, and brocht tae ground.  
Than every wicht, trubbelt and waebegone,  
the black bleezin firebrandis mony one,  
as wis the guise, haes hint intae thair hands.  
O shinin flames glitteris aa the lands.  
Thus thay recontert thaim that comin wer,  
and samen jointit companies infeir;  
wham as fast as the matrons gan espy,  
thay smate thair hauns, and raisit up a cry,  
that tae the starnis went thair waefu beir.

But frae Daunus the corpse o his son dear  
beheld, he gan stint and arrest his pace;  
and syne, hauf-deal enragit, in a race,  
wi huge sorra smite, in rushes he  
amid the rout, that ruth wis for tae see,  
and upo Turnus' corpse him streikis doun,  
embracin it on grouf<sup>43</sup> aa in a swoon;  
and, as fast as he speak micht, haes furth braid  
wi words lamentable, and thus-wise he sayed:

“Son, the dis-ease o thy faither thus drest,  
and o my feeble eild the ruthfu rest  
nou me bereft, why haes thou sae, alace!  
intae sae gret perils and in sic case  
me chasit thus, and drive whither?” quo he.  
“And unner cruel bargain, as I may see,  
nou finally thus vanquished and owrecome,  
whaur is thy worthy valour nou become?”

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<sup>43</sup> on grouf: flat on his face

Whaur haes the dochtly constance o thy spreit  
me cairryit thus frae rest and aa quiet?  
Is this the notable honour and luving  
o thy manheid, and glory o thy ring?  
Is this the gret worship o thine empire?  
O my dear son, whilom thou bauld sire,  
brings thou us hame sicna triumph as this?  
Is this the rest and ease thou did promise  
tae thy faither, sae trist and waebegone,  
and aft owreset wi enemies mony one?  
Is this the methes, and final term or end  
o aa laubours, as we desired and wend?<sup>44</sup>  
O waes me, wretched and waefu wicht!  
Hou hastily doun-fallen frae the hicht  
thir slidder warldly chances drives fast!  
Wi hou gret faird owre-roweit and douncast  
sae hastily been thir fates, behauld!  
He that wis lately sae stout, heich, and bauld,  
renownit wi gret honour o chivalry,  
and hauden gret throu-out aa Italy,  
wham the Trojans sae awfu felt in arms,  
and dreid sae aft his furore, wrocht thaim harms,  
mine ain Turnus, lo! nou upo sic wise  
a lamentable and waefu corpse thou lies.  
Nou dumb and speechless that heid liggis thair,  
whilom in aa Italy nane sae fair,  
nor nane mair gracious intae eloquence,  
nor nane sae big but harness, nor at defence!  
Son, whaur is nou thy shinin lustiheid,  
thy fresh feigure, thy veisage white and reid,  
thy pleasin beauty, and thine een twain  
wi thair sweet blenkin leukis mony ane;  
thy gracious glitterin seemly neck lang,  
thy voice's soun whilk as a trumpet rang?  
The glore o Mars in battle or in stour  
is conquest wi sic adventures sour.  
Haed thou sic will thyselfin tae submit  
tae fervent bargain, and tae deid's bit,  
whan thou depairtit o this steid frae me,  
for tae return wi sic pomp as we see?  
Hatefu deid! that only, whaur thou likes,

---

<sup>44</sup> wend: weened, expectit

wi thy revengeable wappons sae sair strikes,  
that thou thir proud minds bridle may.  
Tae aa people alike and common aye  
thou haudis even and beirs thy sceptre wand,  
eternally observin thy cunnand,  
whilk gret and smaa doun-thringis, and nane racks,  
and stalwart fowks tae feeble equal maks,  
the common people wi the capitains;  
and youth and age assembles baith at aince.  
Alas, detestable deid, daurk and obscure!  
Whit chance unworthy or misadventure  
haes thee constrained my child me tae bereave,  
and wi a cruel wound thus deid to-leave?  
O sister Amata, happy Queen,” quo he,  
“be gled o sae thankfu chance haes happent thee,  
and o thine ain slauchter be blythe in hert,  
whaurby thou haes sae gret dolour astert,  
and fled sae huge occasions o mischief,  
sae hard and chargin huge wae and grief!  
Goddis abuve, whit ettle ye mair tae do  
untae me, wretchit faither? sen else, lo,  
my son ye hae bereft, and Ardea,  
my ceity, intae flames brint, alsa  
consumit is and turned in aises reid;  
wi wingis flees a foule in every steid.  
But ha, Turnus! mair trist and wae am I  
for thy maist peitious slauchter sae bluidie.  
Wantit this last mischance yit or sic thing  
tae thine unwieldy faither, auld Daunus King.  
But siccarly, wi sic condition aye  
thir warldly thingis turns and writhes away;  
that wham the furious fortune list infest,  
and efter lang quiet bring tae unrest,  
brayin upo that caitiff for the naince,  
wi aa her force assailyies she at aince,  
and, wi aa kind o turment, in her grief  
constrainis him wi stoundis o mischief.”

Thus sayed he, weepin sadly, as man shent,  
wi large fluid o tears his face besprent,  
drawin the sobbis hard and sichis smert,  
throu ragin dolour, deep out frae his hert;  
like sae as whaur Jove’s big foule, the ern,

wi her strang talons and her punces stern  
lichtin, haed claucht the little hind cauf ying,  
torn the skin, and made the bluid out-spring;  
the mither, this behauldin, is aa owreset  
wi sorra for slauchter o her tender get.

## Chapter VI

*King Latin til Eneas sent message  
for peace and eik his dochter's mairriage.*

The neist day follaein wi his beamis bricht  
the warld on breid illumnit haes o licht.  
The King Latinus than seen, but lat,  
Italians discomfist and owreset  
by the fatal adventure o weir,  
and weill perceivit hou and whit manneir  
the fortune haill turnit tae strang Enee.  
And in his mind revolvit eik haes he  
the huge dout o battle and deray,  
fu mony fearfu chance and gret affray,  
his confederation and his sworn band,  
the wedlock promist, and the firm cunnand,  
and spousal o his dochter hecht withal.  
O aa the rout untae him gart he call  
a thousan worthy men walit at richt,  
the whilks the Trojan duke and dochty knight,  
wham he desirit, suld convoy tae toun.  
In robes lang alsae, or trail<sup>45</sup> side<sup>46</sup> gown,  
wi thaim he jointit orators infeir,  
and tae thaim gave feil strait commandis sere.  
And further eik, whan thay depairt gan,  
o his free will thaim chargit every man,  
that – sen by favours and admonishings  
o the goddis by mony fearfu sings  
expedient it wis the kin Trojan  
conjoin and middle wi bluid Italian –  
at tharefore gledly tae thaim gang wad thay,  
and wi guid willis vissy and assay  
for tae convoy the said Eneadanes  
wi joy within his hie wallis at aince.

In the mid while, himsel fu busy went,  
the ceity, whilk wis disarrayed and shent,  
tae put tae pynt and ordinance again;

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<sup>45</sup> trail: trailin (only here)

<sup>46</sup> side: lang

and the unwielderly common people ilkane  
tae cause address efter thair faculty.  
Thair mindis meases and estables he,  
and gan thaim promise rest in time coming;  
and hou, within short time, he suld thaim bring  
intil eternal peace for evermair.  
Syne chargit he the people owre aawhere,  
in joy, blytheness, solace, and deray,  
triumph tae mak, wi mirth, gemm, and play,  
as wis according; and in ludgins hie  
thair kingly honour and sport ryal tae be;  
and merrily commandis man and page,  
wi ane assent, blythe wit, and gled veisage,  
his guid-son thay suld dae welcome and meet,  
and wi haill hert receive upo the street  
the Trojan people, feasting thaim in hy  
wi gled semblant, riot, and melodie;  
and tae furthshaw sere taikens o kindness,  
and o new peace sae lang desired solace.

By this the rout, as thay instructit wer,  
in fu guid rule and ordinance infeir  
are entert in the Trojans' new ceity,  
and on thair heids garlands o olive tree.  
Peace thay besocht as chief o thair message,  
wham gentle Eneas, every man and page,  
within his palace ryal tae presence  
chargit convoy, and gave thaim audience,  
and o thair coming the causes and manneir  
wi veisage fu debonair did inqueir.

Than the ageit Drances wi courage hot  
begouth the first his tung for tae note,  
as he that wis baith gled, joyfu, and gay  
for Turnus' slauchter, that than wis duin away.  
And thus he sayed: "Oh gentle duke Trojan,  
firm hope and glory o the people Phrygian,  
tae wham o peity and deeds o arms fair  
in aa the warld thare may be nae compare,  
we vanquished fowks tae witnessen daes caa,  
and by the goddis sweirs and goddessis aa,  
contrar his willis sair the King Latine  
beheld the gret assembly and convine

o the Italians and fowk o Latin land.  
Agin his stomach eik, I beir on hand,  
outrageously the kontrak is y-broken,  
nor never he in deid nor word haes spoken  
that micht the Trojan honour trubble ocht;  
but faur raither, baith in deed and thocht –  
sen that the gods' responses swa haes tauld –  
the wedding o his dochter grant ye wald,  
and wi fu gret desire, fu weill I knaw,  
aft covet you tae be his son-in-law.  
For aa the brek and steirage that haes been  
in feir o weir and burnished armour keen,  
wi sae gret rage o laubour and o pain,  
the wild fury o Turnus, nou lies slain,  
inflamit wi the stang o wickitness,  
and infeckit wi hie haterent express,  
haes brocht on haun, and movit sae tae steir;  
agin thair will tae raise battle and weir  
the Latin people constrainin by and by,  
whilk thay plainly refused and gan deny.  
Him aa the host, turnin backward again,  
besocht tae cease and draw frae the bargain,  
and suffer the gret Anchises' son o Troy  
his wedlock promised enjouce but annoy.  
Syne the maist noble King Latin, fu fain  
him for tae brek and tae withdraw again,  
his auld unwieldy haunis twa did hauld,  
him tae require his purpose stint he wald;  
for weill he saw, in our ardent desire  
o the bargain he scaudit het as fire.  
But aa our prayers and requestis kind  
micht naither bou that dour man's mind,  
nor yit the taikens and the wunners sere  
frae gods sent wi divine answeir,  
but that ever mair and mair fiercely he  
furth spoutit fire, provokin the melée.  
And, for sic succudrous<sup>47</sup> undertakin nou,  
his ain mischief, weill worthy til allou,  
he funden haes; whilk finally, on the land  
thou beein victor wi the owrehand,  
him bet tae grund haes made dae gnaw and bite

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<sup>47</sup> succudrous: arrogant



the black erd intil his mortal syte.  
Nou lat that ilk rehatour<sup>48</sup> wend in hy  
the black Hell's biggins tae vissie,  
unner the dreary deep fluid Acherone.  
Lat him gae search, sen he is thither gone,  
ither hostis or bargains in his rage,  
and als anither mainer o mairriage.  
Thou, faur better, and gret deal worthier  
tae beir the ryal sceptre, and tae be heir,  
succeed tae realm and heritage sall  
o Laurent kintrie wi the mobles all.  
In thee aahail the hous o King Latine,  
and his unwieldy age, like tae decline,  
his hope and aa belief restis in thee.  
And thee only, Italians aa," sayed he,  
"abuve the shinin starnis, as gowd bricht,  
fu wilfu are for til up-hie on hicht.  
As maist excellent worthy warriour  
thay thee extol in battle and in stour;  
thy heivenly armour eik, wi loud stevin,  
and thy verra renown sings tae the heiven.  
The grave faithers o counsel venerable  
in thair digest decreitis sage and stable,  
the ancient people unwieldy for age,  
the gled ying gallants stalwart o courage,  
the lusty matrons newfangle o sic thing,  
wenches unwed, and little children –  
aa, wi ae voice and haill assent at accord,  
desires thee as for thair prince and lord,  
and joyous are that intae field, fuit-het  
unner thy wappons Turnus lies dounbet.  
Thee aa Ital, cleipit Ausonia,  
beseeks hereof, and furthermair als  
doth thee extol maist worthy, wise, and wicht.  
In thee only returnit<sup>49</sup> is thair sicht.  
The King himsel Latinus, nou fu auld,  
his ancient unwieldy life tae hauld,  
haes only this belief and traist," quo he,  
"that he his dochter may dae wed wi thee,  
whilk o kin, succession, and lineage,

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<sup>48</sup> rehatour: a term o abuse

<sup>49</sup> in thee ... returnit: turnt roun tae you

by that ilk sovereign band o mairriage,  
o Trojan and Italian bluid descend  
sall children furth bring, while the world's end  
perpetually tae reign in hie empire.  
Tharefore, hae duin. Come on, thou guidly sire,  
thou gret leader o the Trojan rout;  
come enter in our weirly wallis stout;  
receive this worthy notable fair profer,  
and sasine tak o honours whilks we offer.”

Thus endit he; and aa the remanent  
intil ae voice samen gave thair consent;  
wham the ruthfu Eneas wi gled cheer  
receivit haes fu tenderly infeir,  
and, in few wordis and a freindly mind  
thaim answerin, he carpis on this kind:

“Nocht you, nor yit the King Latin, but lees,  
that wont wis for tae reign in pleasant peace,  
will I argue o this mainer offence.  
Forsuith I wat, the wilfu violence  
o Turnus aa that gret wark brocht about;  
and I am sover eik, and out o dout,  
sae gret danger o battle it wis he  
provokit swa and movit tae melée,  
for ying desire o hie renown, perfay,  
and los o prowess mair than I bid say.  
And naetheless, hou-e'er it be, iwis,  
this spousage Italian, at me promised is,  
no will I nocht refuse on nae-kin wise,  
nor for tae knitten up, as ye devise,  
this haly peace wi freindly alliance,  
wi etern concord, but disseverance.  
The same King Latin, my guid-faither auld,  
sall his empire and venerable sceptre hauld;  
and I, Trojan, for me up in this field  
a new reset and wicht wallis sall beild,  
whilk ceity sall receive his dochter's name;  
and my gods domestical, that frae hame  
wi me I brocht, I sall wi you conjoin  
in concord and unity aa common.  
In time tae come samen aither fellaeship  
unner ae law sall leive in gret freindship.

In the meantime gae tae, and speed us suin  
untae our wark that restis yit unduin,  
and lat us birn the bodies, and beiry eft,  
wham the hard waefu rage haes us bereft,  
and intae battle killit lieis deid.

Syne, the morn early, as the sun worths reid,  
and wi his clear day's licht doth shine,  
blythely we seek tae ceity Laurentine.”

Thus sayed he; and the Latins, while he spak,  
wi veisage still beheld him stupefak;  
o his wise gracious answers wunnerin all,  
and o sic words debonair in special,  
mair evidently gan mervel he and he  
o his gret warks o ruth and sic peity.  
Belive, wi aa thair forces, every wicht  
weltis doun treeis grew fu hie on hicht,  
and hastily thegither gaithert haes  
in heapis gret, the funeral fire tae raise;  
and thare abuve thair ceitizens haes laid,  
unner wham syne thay set in bleezes braid.  
The flame and reek upglides in the air,  
that o the laithly smokes here and thair  
the heiven daurkent and the firmament.  
Thay hint frae aa the fieldis adjacent  
innumerable roch twinter sheep syne,  
and o thir acorn swalliers, the fat swine;  
and tidy ying oxen steik thay fast,  
and in the funeral fires did thaim cast.  
The large plainis shines aa o licht,  
and, throu thir het scaudin flames bricht,  
stuid blout<sup>50</sup> o beastis, and o treeis bare.  
Wi huge clamour smit dindillit the air.

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<sup>50</sup> blout: barren

## Chapter VII

*Hou King Latinus meets wi Eneas keen,  
and freindly talking wis thir twa between.*

By this the shinin saicont day's licht  
upraisit Phoebus wi gowden beams bricht.  
Than aa the Trojans and Ausonians,  
fu blythely in a rout assembelt at aince,  
mountit on horse, and held thair weyis syne  
untae the maister ceity Laurentine,  
wi wallis hie and biggins weirly made.  
Before thaim aa ruthfu Eneas rade;  
and neist per order Drances, that tae the King  
as ageit man carpis o mony thing;  
syne come his only child Ascanius,  
that itherwise wis cleipit Iulus;  
neist him Aletes, wi mind fu digest,  
grave Ilioneus, Mnestheus, and stern Serest;  
syne follaes thaim the forcy Sergestus,  
Gyas alsaе, and stalwart Cloanthus;  
efter wham, middelt samen, went arrayen<sup>51</sup>  
the ither Trojans and fowk Italian.

In the meanwhile the Latin ceitizens  
without thair wallis issued furth at aince,  
that wi gret laud, in much solemnity  
and triumph ryal haes received Enee.  
By this thay comen war untae the toun;  
wham wi blythe front, tae meet thaim ready boun,  
the King Latin wi huge companie  
thaim welcomes and feastis by and by.  
And frae that he beheld amid the rout  
Eneas comin, the Dardane captain stout,  
his verra feigure did him nocht dissaive;  
for, whaur he went, excellin aa the lave  
and hie-er faur a gret deal seemis he,  
that faur on breid his ryal majesty  
and princely shinin countenance did appear.  
And whan that he comen wis sae near  
that aither guidly tae ither speak nicht,

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<sup>51</sup> arrayen: text has *arayn*

and hear the wordis carpit upo hicht,  
and, like as thay desirit, on the land  
tae lap in airms and adjoin hand in hand,  
the King Latinus, as a courteous man,  
wi gled semblin thus first tae speak began:

“Weill be ye comen finally, Enee,  
and the firm hope haes nocht deceivit me  
o my desirous mind, nou fu o joy.  
Shinin glorious licht tae fowks o Troy!  
Wham the command o the gret goddis’ micht,  
throu sae feil chances chasit and ill dicht,  
in Italy within our boundis plain  
haes destinate and ordained tae remain;  
altho that man’s wanton wilfu offence,  
by owre malapert and undauntit licence,  
in thair fury wi brag and meikle unrest  
thae haly lawis trubbelt and infest,  
provokin and commovin the gods’ grief,  
sae that alsae, whither me war loth or lief,  
fu aft resistin and denyin the weir,  
constrained I wis, and warpit thair and here,  
that, maugré my heid, me behuved sustein  
the hard dangers o Mars and meikle tene.  
Nou is it endit; but, certes, nae little thing  
haes it cost some man sic undertaking.  
The godly pouer wilfu vengeance tae tak,  
haein disdain at sic deray wis mak,  
untae thae wickit saulis for the naince  
haes sent condign punishment and just pains.  
Hae duin, gret Trojan prince, nou I thee pray,  
sen baith the crap and ruitis are away  
o aa sedition and discord, iwis,  
and wirkers o sae gret trespass and miss.  
Come and receive thy spous and mairriage  
tae thee promised. Succeed tae heritage.  
Realms I hae, and ceities mony ane  
fu strangly beltit wi hie waas o stane,  
and some alsae that I in weir conquest,  
and thair barmkins tae grund bet and doun kest.  
But only the belief and beild,” quo he,  
“o my weary age and antiquity,  
ae dochter hae I, whilk suld be mine heir,

whaurfore in time comin for evermair  
I thee receive, and haudis in dainté,  
as son-in-law and successor tae me.”

Tae wham the gentle Eneas reverentlie  
this answer made again, and sayed in hy:  
“Maist ryal King, aa time accustomate  
tae leive in pleasant peace, but aa debate,  
o this weirfare and sae gret strife,” quo he,  
“I traistit e’er thare wis nae wyte in thee.  
Tharefore, my dearest faither, I thee pray,  
dae aa sic douts o suspicion away  
gif ony sic thochts restis in thy mind,  
and traistis weill Enee aefauld and kind.  
Nou am I present, ready as ye wald,  
that you receives and frae thence sall hauld  
as faither-in-law, and in aa chance, perdee,  
as verra faither that me begat, but lee.  
The feigure o the gret Anchises deid  
I see here present tae me in this steid;  
and I again in fervent het desire  
you for tae please, my faither, lord, and sire,  
sall birn in luvé, as some time wont wis I  
taewarts him me engendert o his bodie.”

## Chapter VIII

*Here Eneas, that worthy noble knight,  
wis spousit wi Lavinia the bricht.*

Wi sicna sermon aither ither grat,  
and samen tae the chief palace wi that  
they held infeir. Than micht thou see wi this  
the matrons and young damisels, iwis,  
that gret desire haes sic thing tae behauld,  
thring tae the streets and hie windaes thickfauld.  
The ageit faithers, and the ying gallands,  
per order eik assembelt ready stands  
in gret routis, tae vissy and tae see  
the guidly persons o the Trojan menyie,  
but specially, and first o aa the lave,  
the gret captain Enee notit thay have,  
attentfully behauldin every wicht  
his stout courage, his big stature and hicht,  
and in thair mind comprised his kin maist hie,  
his pleasin veisage, and knichtly large bonté;  
and, gled and joyfu, extol and luvè thay gan  
the gret appearance o guid in sic a man,  
and sae fair giftis and belief, but lees,  
as thay desired, o final rest and peace;  
like as, whan the gret eident weit or rain  
frae the cluddis furth yett owre aa the plain,  
haudis the husbands idle agin thair will,  
lang wi his cruikit beam the pleuch lies still;  
syne, gif bricht Titan list dae shaw his face,  
and wi swift course faur furth a large space  
daes each his steedis and his gilten chair,  
and kythes his gowden beamis in the air,  
makkin the heivenis fair, clear, and schene,  
the weather smout,<sup>52</sup> and firmament serene;  
the landwart hines than, baith man and boy,  
for the saft season owreflowes fu o joy,  
and aither ithers gan exhort in hy  
tae gae tae laubour o thair husbandrie.  
Nane itherwise the people Ausoniane  
o this gled time in hert waux wunner fain.

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<sup>52</sup> smout: fine

By this the King Latin, lord o that land,  
wi maist noble Eneas hand in hand,  
within the chief palace, baith he and he,  
are entert in the salle ryal on hie;  
wham follaes neist the ying Ascanius fair,  
that wis his faither's only child and heir.  
Syne fowk o Ital, middelt wi Trojanes,  
are entert in that ryal haa at aince.  
Wi pompous feast and joyous mirth owre aa  
resoundis than baith palace, bower, and haa,  
and aa the chymmis ryal round about  
wis fillit wi thair train and meikle rout.  
And tharewithal, o chaumer by and by,  
wi sae guidly a sort and companie  
o leddies fair and damisels unwed,  
innumerable aamaist, as furth wis led  
the fair fresh Lavinia the may,  
amid thaim shinin in her ryal array.  
The crystal beams o her een twain,  
that as the bricht twinklin starns shane,  
some deal ashamed, taewart the erd doth haud;  
wham as this Trojan prince first gan behaud,  
o beauty, shape, and aa effeirs, perfay,  
sae excellent that wunner war tae say,  
at the first blenk astonished hauf waux he,  
and musin hovers still on her tae see;  
and in his mind gan rue the hard mischance  
o Turnus, wham nae little appearance  
sae bauldly movit tae derene bargain,  
tae raise the weir, and fecht for siccan ane;  
for weill, he thocht, the hope o sic a wicht  
tae deeds o arms aucht constrain ony knight.

Syne, tae abridge our maiter, hand in hand  
thay war conjunct intil eternal band  
o matrimony; and than at aa device  
thair wedlock wi honour, as wis the guise,  
by minstralis and heralds o gret fame  
wis played and sung, and throu the court proclaim.  
Than joy and mirth, wi dancing and deray,  
fu mirry noise, and sounds o gemm and play,  
abuve the bricht starns hie upwent,



that seemit for tae pierce the firmament,  
and joyous voices ringis furth alsae  
owre aa the palace ryal tae and frae.

And sic riot endurin amid the press,  
Enee thus carpis tae traist Achates,  
and bade him gae belive, but mair delay,  
dae fetch the rich robes and array,  
the fresh attire, and aa the precious weeds,  
wrocht craftily, and weave o gowden threids  
whilom by fair Andromache's hand,  
by wham thay war him given in presand;  
and eik the collar o the fine gowd bricht,  
wi precious stanes and wi rubies picht,  
wham she alsae about her hause white  
wis wont tae wear in maist pomp and delight,  
while that the Trojan weillfare stuid abuve;  
the gret cup eik, the whilk in sign o luve  
whilom King Priam tae his faither gave,  
auld Anchises, o fine gowd weill engrave.  
Than, but delay, Achates at command  
brocht thir rich gifts, a wunner fair presand.  
Syne tae his faither-in-law, the King Latine,  
the precious cup gave he o bricht gowd fine,  
and tae his spous, Lavinia the may,  
the weedis ryal and the collar gay.

Than aither did thare duly observance  
wi breistis blythe and pleasant daliance,  
tae feasten, entertain, and cherish  
thair feirs about on the maist guidly wise.  
Wi diverse sermon carpin aa the day,  
thay short the hours, and drives the time away.

## Chapter IX

*Gret mirth and solace wis made at the fests,  
rehearsin mony histories auld and gests.<sup>53</sup>*

By this it wauxis late taewart the nicht,  
and fast declinen gan the day's licht,  
the time requirin, efter the auld mainer,  
tae gae tae meat and sit tae the supper.  
Anon the banquet and the mangerie  
for feast ryal accordin, by and by,  
wi aa abundance pertainin tae sic thing,  
as weill effeired in the hous o a king,  
wi alkin mainer ordinance wis made  
amid the haas heich, lang, and braid,  
apparellit at aa devise and array.  
Untae the banquet haill assembelt thay,  
and on the carpets spreid o purpou fine  
tae tables set, whaur thay war servit syne  
wi alkin denties, and wi meatis sere,  
that aa tae reckon prolix war tae hear:  
as hou the crystal ewers tae thair hauns  
the watter gave, and hou feil servants stauns  
tae mak thaim ministration in aa cures,  
and hou thay tracen<sup>54</sup> on the large flours  
wi blythe veisage intil every steid,  
and hou that first on buirdis thay set breid.  
Some wi messes gan the tables charge;  
anither sort doth set in aa at large  
the cuppis gret and drinking tassies fine,  
and gan dae skink and birl the noble wine,  
that tae behaud thaim walkin tae and frae  
throu the room hallis, and sae busy gae,  
and thaim at tables makkin sae gled cheer,  
a paradise it wis tae see and hear.

But wi his een unmovit Latin King  
gan fast behaud the child Ascanius ying,  
wunnerin on his effeirs and veisage,

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<sup>53</sup> gests: heroic tales

<sup>54</sup> tracen: trace, step

and o the speech and wordis grave and sage  
o sic a child's mouth sicwise suld fall,  
and o his digest and ready wit withal,  
before the yearis o maturity.  
And o feil thingis him demandis he,  
aither tae ither renderin mony a saw;  
and syne wad he alsae, anither thraw,  
fu tenderly dae kiss his lusty face,  
and lap him in his airmis and embrace;  
and, wunnerly rejoiced, declare wad he  
happy and tae the gods bedebtit Enee  
whilk him haed given sic a child as that.  
And whilst thay thus at the supper sat,  
efter that wi sae mony denties sere  
thair appetite o meats assuagit wer,  
wi commoning and carping every wicht  
the lang declinin and owreslippin nicht  
gan shape fu fast tae mak short and owredrive,  
nou the Trojans hard adventures belive  
rehearsin owre, and aa the Greekis' slicht;  
nou the fierce bargain and the awfu ficht  
o Laurent people callin tae thair mind;  
as hou, and whaur, wham by, and by whit kind,  
the hostis first discomfist war in field,  
and whaur that aither routis unner shield,  
wi dartis casting, dint o swourd and mace,  
constrainit wis tae flee in sic a place,  
and leave the field; and wha best did his debt,  
wha bauld in stour eik made the first onset,  
and wha first, on a stertlin courser guid,  
his burnished brand bedyit wi reid bluid.  
But principally Eneas, Trojan bauld,  
and Latinus the King sage and auld,  
o conquerors and sovereign princes digne  
the gestis gan rehearse frae king tae king,  
tuichin the state, whilom by dayis gone,  
o Latium that mighty region:  
hou umquhile Saturn, fleein his sun's brand  
lurkit and dwelt in Italy the land,  
by whilk reason he did it Latium caa;<sup>55</sup>  
that kind o people, dwelt scattert owre aa

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<sup>55</sup> he did it Latium caa: from Latin *latere*, to be concealed (as explaint in Buik Echt, chaipster VI)

in muntains wild, thegither made convene  
and gave thaim laws and statutes, and fu bein  
taucht thaim tae grub the wines, and aa the airt  
tae aer,<sup>56</sup> and saw the corns, and yoke the cairt;  
and hou the gret Jupiter, God divine,  
tae this his faither's reset socht haes syne;  
and hou that he engenerit thair alsa  
on Atlas' dochter, the fair wench Electra,  
Sir Dardanus, that efter, as thay sayen,  
his ain brither Jasus haes slain;  
syne frae the ceity Choryte in Italy  
tae sea is went wi a gret company,  
and gan arrive efter in Phrygia,  
and built the ceity on the Munt Ida;  
and hou that he, in sign, for his banneir,  
frae Jupiter received, his faither dear,  
the fleein eagle displayed fair and plain,  
a knawn taiken tae people Hectoriane,  
as the first noble arms and ensenyie,  
baith o the Trojan ancestry and menyie  
by him erectit and upraisit stuid,  
wis first begun, and chief stock o that bluid.

Thus, wi sic mainer talkin, every wicht  
gan driven owre and shortis the lang nicht.  
Tharewith the bruit and noise raise in thae waness  
while aa the large haas rang at aince  
o man's voice and sound o instrumentis,  
that tae the ruif on hie the din up went is.  
The bleezin torches shane and serges<sup>57</sup> bricht,  
that faur on braid aa leamis o thair licht.  
The harpis and the citherns plays at aince.  
Upstert Trojans, and syne Italianes,  
and gan dae double brangils and gambats,<sup>58</sup>  
dances and roundis tracin mony gates,  
aither throu ither reelin, on thair guise.  
Thay fuit it sae that lang war tae devise  
thair hasty fair, thair revelling and deray,

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<sup>56</sup> aer: ploo

<sup>57</sup> serges: muckle caunles

<sup>58</sup> double brangils and gambats: lively dances an lowps

thair morrises and sic riot, while near day.  
But for tae tellen hou wi torch licht  
thay went tae chaumer, and syne tae bed at nicht,  
mine author list nae mention thareof draw.  
Nae mair will I, for sic thingis been knaw:  
aa are expert, efter new mairriage,  
on the first nicht whit suld be the subcharge.

## Chapter X

*Eneas founds a wallit toun and square;  
whamtae Venus gan diverse things declare.*

And thus thay feasten dayis nine at all,  
wi large pomp and kingly apparel,  
accordin sic a spousage as wis this.  
And, whan the tenth morra comen is,  
than this ilk sovereign and maist dochty man,  
Eneas, for tae found his toun began.  
First gan he merk and circle wi a pleuch  
whaur the wallis suld staun; thare drew a sheuch;  
syne Trojans founds tenementis for thaimself,  
and gan the fosses and the ditches delve.

But lo, anon, a winner thing tae tell!  
A huge bleeze o flames braid doun fell  
furth o the cluddis, at the left haun straucht,  
in mainer o a lichtning or fire-flaucht,  
and did alicht richt in the samen steid  
upo the croun o fair Lavinia's heid;  
and frae thyne hie up in the lift again  
it glade away, and tharein did remain.  
The faither Eneas astonished waux some-deal,  
desirous this sign suld betoken sele;<sup>59</sup>  
his haundis baith upheaves taewarts heiven,  
and thus gan mak his buin<sup>60</sup> wi mild stevin:

“Oh Jupiter, gif e'er ony time,” sayed he,  
the Trojan people, baith by land and sea,  
thine admonitions, command, and empire,  
obeyit haes, page, man, or sire;  
or gif that I your pouer and godheid  
dreid, and adornit intil ony steid,  
your altars, or ony worship did tharetae;  
and by that thing yit restis for tae dae,  
gif onything behinnd yit doth remain;  
wi this your happy taiken augurane

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<sup>59</sup> sele: prosperity

<sup>60</sup> buin: prayer

yield us your pleasant rest and firm peace.  
Mak end o aa our herms, and cause thaim cease.”

As he sic wordis warpis out that tide,  
his gowden mither appears him beside,  
confessin her tae be the fair Venus,  
and wi her blissit mouth she carpis thus:  
“Son, dae sic thocht and dreid furth o thy mind.  
Receive thir godly signs in better kind,  
and joyously enjoice, my ain Enee,  
the gret weillfare frae thence sall betide thee.  
Nou is thy rest and quiet fund and kenned.  
Nou o thy harrass is comen extreme end.  
Nou at the last, as thou desires, perfay,  
this warld wi thee sall knit up peace for aye.  
Abhor thou nocht the fire and flames bricht,  
frae thy dear spous’s heid glade tae the hicht,  
but constantly thy mind thou nou address.  
It sall be she, I thee declare express,  
that sall wi bluid ryal thy dochty name,  
thy succession, renown, and noble fame,  
and Trojan princes, o thy seed descend,  
abuve the cluddis hie and starnis send.  
She sall o thy lineage, my son Enee,  
beir children fu o magnanimity,  
o whase affspring sic men sall succeed,  
that aa this large warld faur on breid  
wi thair excellent worship sall fulfill,  
and by thair mighty pouer, at thair will,  
as conquerors, unner thair seignory  
subdue and rule this warld’s monarchy;  
o wham the shinin sovereign glore sall wend,  
and faur beyond the ocean sea extend,  
makkin thaim equal wi the heivens hie;  
wham, finally, thair ardent gret bonté  
and sovereign virtue, spreid sae faur on breid is,  
efter innumerable sae feil dochty deedis,  
sall mak thaim goddis, and thaim deify,  
and thaim upheize fu hie abuve the sky.  
This flame o fire the worship and renown  
doth signify o thy successioun.  
The God aamichty frae his starnit heiven  
haes shawn tharefore this sign o fiery levin.

Tharefore, in recompense o siccan thing,  
and sae meikle worship o her sall spring,  
this ceity, whilk thou closes wi a wall,  
efter thy spous's name cleip thou sall.  
And further eik, the goddis wham thou hint  
o Troy, that time whan it in flames brint,  
Penates, or the gods domestical,  
thou set alsae within the samen wall.  
Tharein thou gar thaim suin be brocht in hy,  
in hie honour and time perpetualie,  
thare tae remain, eternally tae dwell.  
I sall tae thee o thaim a wunner tell:  
thay sall sae strangly luvè this new ceity,  
that, gif thaim happens cairryit for tae be  
til ony ither steid or place thareby,  
aa by thaimsel again fu hostile  
thay sall return tae this ilk toun o thine,  
that thou buildis in bounds o King Latine.  
Yea, hou aft syse that thay away be tane,  
thay sall return hamewart again ilkane.  
Oh happy ceity, and weill fortunate wall,  
wi wham sae gret relictis remain sall,  
whaurin thou sall in time tae come, but lees,  
govern the Trojan fowk in pleasant peace!  
Efter this at last Latin, thy faither-in-law,  
weary o his life, and faur in age y-draw,  
doun tae ghaistis in the Camp Elysé  
sall wend, and end his dully days, and dee.  
Untae his sceptre thou sall dae succeed,  
and unner thy seignory, faur on breid,  
sall wield and lead thir ilk Italians,  
and common laws for thaim and the Trojans  
statute thou sall; and syne thou sall ascend,  
and up tae Heiven gledly thysel send.  
Thus stauns the goddis' sentence and decretit."

Nae mair she sayed; but, as the gleam doth gleit,  
frae thence she went away in the schire air,  
I wat nocht whither, for I come never thare.  
Enee astonished, haein his mind smite  
wi sic promise o renown and delight,  
his blissit mither's command gan fulfill.  
And nou at pleasant rest, at his ain will,



the Trojan people rulit he in peace.

Wi this the King Latinus gan decease,  
and left the sceptre vacant tae his hand.  
Than the ruthfu Enee owre aa the land  
o Italy succeedis in his steid,  
and gan fu large boundis in lordship lead,  
that hailly obeyed tae his wand,  
and at his liking rulit aa the land.  
Nou equally o free will every ane,  
baith people o Troy and fowk Italian,  
aa o ae rite, maineris and usance,  
becomen are freindly but discrepance;  
thair minds and thair breistis in amity,  
in firm concord and gret tranquility,  
gan leive at ease, confederate in ally,  
as unner ae law samen conjunct evinlie.

## Chapter XI

*Hou Jupiter, for Venus 'cause and luve,  
haes set Eneas as god in Heiven abuve.*

Venus wi this, aa gled and fu o joy,  
amid the heivenly hauld, richt mild and moy,<sup>61</sup>  
before Jupiter down hersel set,  
and baith her airmis about his feet plet,  
embracin thaim and kissin reverentlie.  
Syne thus wi voice express she sayed in hy:

“Faither aamichty, that frae thy heivenly ring  
at thy pleasure rules and steers aathing,  
that man’s deedis, thochtis, and adventures,  
reckons and knaws, and thareof haes the cures –  
weill I remember, whan that the people Trojane  
wi hard unfreindly fortune wis owretane,  
thou promist o thair laubours and distress  
help and support, and efter dis-ease solace.  
Naither thy promise, faither, nor sentence  
haes me deceived: for lo, wi reverence  
aa the faithers o Italy haes see,  
but discrepance, fully thir yearis three,  
in blissit peace my son enjoys that land.  
But certes, faither, as I unnerstand,  
untae the starnit heivenly hauld on hie  
thou promist raise the maist dochty Enee,  
and, for his merit, abuve thy shinin sky  
him for tae place in Heiven, and deify.  
Whit thochtis nou doth rollen in thy mind?  
Sen, else, doth the virtuous thewis kind  
o this ruthfu Eneas thee require  
abuve the poles bricht tae raise that sire.”

The Faither than o men and goddis all  
gan kiss Venus his child, and thairwithal  
thir profound wordis frae his breist furth braid:  
“My dear dochter Citherea,” he sayed,  
“thou knaws hou strangly the mighty Enee,  
and the Eneadans aa o his menyie,  
eidently and unirkit luvud hae I,

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<sup>61</sup> moy: demure

on sea and landis chasit by and by,  
in perils sere; and hou that aft time eik,  
haein peity o thee my dochter meek,  
for luve o thee, for thair dis-ease wis wae;  
and nou I hae, lo, finally alsae  
aa thair hermis and annoy brocht til end,  
and made Juno, as that fu weill is kenned,  
for tae become freindly and favourable.  
Nou likes me, forsuith, aa firm and stable  
my sentence promist tae complete,” quo he,  
“whan that the ryal Trojan duke Enee  
amang the heivens institute I sall,  
and him tae nummer o the goddis call.  
Aa this I grant wi guid willis perfay.  
Tharefore, see that thou cleanse and dae away,  
gif thare be in him ony mortal thing,  
and syne abuve the starnis thou him bring.  
I sall alsae heich ony o his kin,  
whilk o thair proper virtue list dae win  
perpetual luvings by deeds honourable,  
and doth contemn the wretchit world unstable.  
Thaim in likewise abuve the heivens hie  
I sall dae place and deify,” quo he.

The gods abuve aahaill gave thair consent,  
nor ryal Juno, at that time present,  
list nocht contrary, but gan persuade fu even  
tae bring the gret Enee up tae the Heiven,  
and freindly wordis o him carpis thair.  
Than Venus slade descendin throu the air,  
and socht untae the fieldis Laurentane,  
nearby whaur that Nomicus throu the plain,  
that fresh river, flowes tae the sea,  
deckit about wi reedis growein hie;  
whaurin the body o her son sae dear  
she made dae wesh, and unner the streams clear  
aa that wis mortal or corruptable thing  
gart dae away. And syne, at her liking,  
the recent happy saul wi her hint she,  
and bare it up abuve the air fu hie  
untae the Heiven, whaur ruthfu Eneas  
amid the starnis chosen haes his place;  
wham the faimil and kinrent Juliane

doth cleip and caa amangs thaim every ane  
Indigites; whilk is as meikle tae say  
as god indweller at thair sojourns aye;  
and, in remembrance o this ilk turn,  
thay gan his temples worship and adorn.

## Douglas' Efterword

### The Conclusion o this Buik o Eneados

Nou is my wark aa feinished and complete;  
wham Jove's ire, nor fire's birnin heat,  
nor trinshin swourd sall deface, and doun-thring,  
nor lang process o Age, consumes aathing.  
Whan that unknowen day sall him address,  
whilk nocht but on this body pouer haes,  
and ends the date o mine uncertain eild,  
the better pairt o me sall be upheild  
abuve the starns perpetually tae ring,  
and here my name remain, but enparing.<sup>62</sup>  
Throu-out the isle y-cleipit Albione  
read sall I be, and sung wi mony one.  
Thus up my pen and instruments fu yare<sup>63</sup>  
on Virgil's post I fix for evermair,  
never, frae thence, sic maiters tae describe.  
My muse sall nou be clean contemplative,  
and solitar, as doth the bird in cage;  
sen faur byworn is aa my childish age,  
and o my days near passit the hauf date  
that nature suld me granten, weill I wait.  
Thus, sen I feel doun sweyin the balance,  
here I resign up younker's observance.  
Adieu, gallants, I gie ye aa guid nicht,  
and God save every gentle courteous wicht!

Amen.

---

<sup>62</sup> enparing: lessenin

<sup>63</sup> yare: eident

**Here the translater direcks his buik and excuses himsel.**

My Lord, tae your nobility in effeck,  
tae wham this wark I hae abuve direck,  
Gavin, your cousin, provost o Sanct Gile,  
greeting in God aye lestin and guid hele.  
Receive guid will, whaur that my cunning fails,  
and gif within this volume ocht avails,  
or is untae your pleasure agreeable,  
than is my laubour something profitable.

Whaur I offendit, or misters correctioun,  
unner your saufguard and protectioun  
I me submit. Ye be my shield and defence  
agin corruptit tungis' violence,  
can nocht amend, and yit a faut will spy.  
Whan thay backbite, whane'er thay cleip and cry,  
gif need beis, for your kinsman and clerk  
than I protest ye answer, and for your werk.  
Gif thay speir why I did this buik translate,  
ye war the cause thareof, fu weill ye wait.  
Ye causit me this volume tae indite,  
whaur-throu I hae wrocht mysel sic dispite,  
perpetually be chidit wi ilk knack,<sup>64</sup>  
fu weill I knaw, and mocked behinnd my back.  
Say thay nocht, I mine honesty hae degrade,  
and at mysel tae shuit a butt haes made?  
Nane ither thing thay threip, here wrocht hae I  
but feignit fables o idolatrie,  
wi sic mischief as aucht nocht namit be,  
openin the graves o smert iniquity,  
and on the back-hauf writes widdershins  
plenty o lesings, and auld perversed sins.

Whaur that I hae my time super-expendit,  
*mea culpa*, God grant I may amend it,  
wi grace and space tae up-set this tinsell.<sup>65</sup>  
Tho nocht by faur sae largely as thay tell,  
as that me seems, yit offendit hae I;

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<sup>64</sup>       knack: baur, joke

<sup>65</sup>       tinsell: loss, i.e. spiritual lapse

for weill I wat, our wark tae mony a wy  
sall baith be pleasin and eik profitable,  
for tharein been sere doctrines fu notable.  
It sall eik dae some fowk solace, I guess,  
tae pass the time, and eschew idleness.  
Anither profit o our buik I mark,  
that it sall be repute a needfu wark  
tae thaim wad Virgil tae children expone;  
for wha list note my verses, one by one,  
sall finnd tharein his sentence every deal,  
and aamaist word by word, that wat I weill.  
Thank me tharefore, maisters o grammar schuils,  
whaur ye sit teachin on your binks and stuils.  
Thus hae I nocht my time sae occupy  
that aa suld haud my laubour unthriftie.  
For I hae nocht interpret nor translate  
every burell rude poet divulgate,  
nor mean indite, nor empty wordis vain,  
common ingyne, nor style barbarian;  
but in that art o eloquence the fluid  
maist chief, profound and copious plenitude,  
source capital in vein poetical,  
sovereign fountain, and flume imperial;  
wham, gif I hae offendit, as thay mean,  
deem as ye list, whan the wark is owreseen.  
Be as be may, your freindship, weill I wait,  
wrocht mair at me than did mine ain estate;  
for kindness sae mine een aamaist made blinnd,  
that, you tae please, I set aa shame behinnd,  
offerin me tae my waryers<sup>66</sup> wilfully,  
whilk in mine ee fast stares a mote tae spy.  
But wha-sae lauchs here-at, or heidis nods,  
gae read Bocas in the *Genology o Gods*:  
his twa last buiks sall suage thair fantasy,  
less than nae reason may thaim satisfy.  
I reck nocht whither fuils haud me deil or sanct –  
for you made I this buik, my lord, I grant,  
naither for price, debt, reward, nor supplie,  
but for your tender request and amity,  
kindness o bluid grundit in natural law.

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<sup>66</sup> waryers: cursers

I am nae cake-fiddler,<sup>67</sup> fu weill ye knaw.  
Naething is mine whilk sall nocht youris be,  
gif it effeirs for your nobility;  
and o your mobles and aa ither gear  
ye will me serve siclike, I hae nae weir.

But as tuichin this our wark nou in hand  
(whilk, aft is sayed, wis made at your command),  
tae whit effeck, gif ony wad inquire,  
ye may answer, tho I need nocht you lear,  
that Virgil micht intil our langage be  
read loud and plain by your lordship and me,  
and ither gentle companions wha-sae list.  
Nane are compelled drink nocht but thay hae thrist,  
and wha-sae likes may tasten o the tun  
unforlatit,<sup>68</sup> new frae the berry run;  
read Virgil baldly, but meikle offence  
except our vulgar tung's difference,  
keepin nae fecund rhetoric castis fair,  
but hamely plain termis familiar,  
naething alert in substance the sentence,  
tho scant perfit observed been eloquence.  
I will weill ithers can say mair curiously,  
but I hae sayed efter my fantasy.  
I covet nocht tae prefer ony wicht.  
It may suffice I sayed naething but richt;  
and, set that empty be my brain and dull,  
I hae translate a volume wonderful.  
Sae profound wis this wark at I hae sayed,  
me seemit aft throu the deep sea tae wade,  
and sae misty umquhile this poesy,  
my spreit wis reft hauf deal in ecstasy.  
Tae pyke the sentence as I couth as plain,  
and bring it tae my purpose, wis fu fain,  
and thus, because the maiter wis uncouth,  
nocht as I suld I wrate, but as I couth.  
Wha weens I say thir wordis but in vain,  
lat thaim assay as lang laubour again,  
and translate Ovid, as I hae Virgile –

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<sup>67</sup> cake-fiddler: parasite

<sup>68</sup> unforlatit: nocht decantit (in contrast to Caxton's version, cf. 'The Prologue o the Fift Buik' abune)



per chance that wark sall occupy thaim a while.  
Yit hae I heard aft sayed by men no clerks,  
til idle fowk fu licht been leukin<sup>69</sup> warks.

Tae you, my lord, whit is thare mair tae say?  
Receive your wark desirit mony a day;  
whaurin alsae nou am I fully quit,  
as tuichin Venus, o mine auld promit  
whilk I her made weill twal yearis tofore,  
as witnesseth my *Palace of Honour*,  
in the whilk wark, ye read, on haun I teuk  
for tae translate at her instance a buik.  
Sae hae I duin abune, as ye may see,  
Virgil's volume o her son Enee  
reducit, as I couth, intil our tung.  
Be gled, Enee, thy bell is hiely rung;  
thy fame is blaw; thy prowess and renown  
divulgate are, and sung frae toun tae toun;  
sae hardy frae thence, that aither<sup>70</sup> man or boy  
thee ony mair repute traitor o Troy;  
but as a worthy conqueror and king  
thee honour and extol, as thou art digne.

My Lord, altho I did this wark compile,  
at your command, intil our vulgar style,  
suffer me borrow this ae word at the least,  
tharewi tae quit my promise and behest,  
and lat Dame Venus hae guid nicht adieu  
(whamtae some time ye war a servant true).  
I hae alsae a short comment compiled  
tae expone strange histories and terms wild;  
and gif ocht lackis mair, whan that is duin,  
at your desire it sall be written suin.  
And further, sae that I be nocht prolix,  
the etern Lord, that on the ruid wis fixt,  
grant you and us aa in this life weillfare,  
wi everlestin bliss whan we hyne fare!

Amen.

Quo Gaewinus Dowglas.

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<sup>69</sup> leukin: onlookin

<sup>70</sup> aither: *sic* (naiter?)

*Ane exclamation agin detractors and uncourteous readers, that been owre studious, but occasion, tae note and spy out fauts or offences in this volume, or ony ither crafty warks.*

Nou throu the deep fast tae the port I mark,  
for here is endit the lang-despairit wark,  
and Virgil haes his volume tae me lent.  
In sover rade<sup>71</sup> nou anchored is our bark.  
We dout nae storm, our cables are sae stark.  
We hae escaped fu mony perilous went.  
Nou God be luved, haes sic grace tae us sent!  
Sen Virgil beis wide-whaur in Latin sung,  
thus be my laubour read in our vulgar tung.

But whit danger is ocht tae compile, alace!  
Hearin thir detractors intil every place,  
or e'er thay read the wark, bids birn the buik.  
Some been sae frawart in malice and wangrace,  
whit is weill sayed thay luvè nocht worth an ace,  
but casts thaim e'er tae spy out faut and cruik.  
Aa that thay finnd in hiddils, hirn, or neuk,  
thay blaw out, sayin in every man's face,  
"Lo, here he fails! See thare he leeis, leuk!"

But, gif I lee, lat Virgil be our judge.  
His wark is patent – I may hae nae refuge.  
Thareby gae note my fautis one by one.  
Nae wunner is, the volume wis sae huge,  
wha micht perfitley aa his hie termes ludge  
in barbar langage, or thaim duly expone?  
But weill I wat, o his sentence wants none.  
Wha can dae better, lat see whaur I forvayit –  
begin anew, aathing is guid unassayit.

Faur either<sup>72</sup> is, wha list sit doun tae mote,<sup>73</sup>  
anither sayer's fauts tae spy and note,  
than but offence or fate thaimsel tae write,  
but for tae chide some been sae brim and hot,

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<sup>71</sup> rade: roadstead

<sup>72</sup> either: easier

<sup>73</sup> mote: fin faut (only here as verb)

haud thay thair peace, the word wad scaud thair throat;  
and haes sic custom tae jangle and tae backbite,  
that, but thay shent some, thay suld brust for syte.  
I say nae mair, whan aa thair rerd is rung,  
that wicht maun speak that can nocht haud his tung.

Gae, vulgar Virgil, tae every churlich wicht.  
Say, I avow thou art translatit richt.  
Beseek aa nobles thee correck and amend,  
beis nocht affeart tae come in pricer's<sup>74</sup> sicht.  
Thee needis nocht tae ashame o the licht,  
for I hae brocht thy purpose tae guid end.  
Nou shalt thou wi every gentle Scot be kenned,  
and tae unlettert fowk be read on hicht,  
that erst wis but wi clerkis comprehend.

Quod Douglas.

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<sup>74</sup> pricer: literally valuer

**Here follaes the time, space, and date, o the translation o this buik.**

Completit wis this wark Virgilian,  
upo the feast o Mary Magdalene,  
frae Christ's birth, the date wha list tae hear,  
a thousan five hunner and thirteen year;  
whilk, for ither gret occupation, lay  
unsteirit close beside me mony a day;  
and naetheless, whither I serve thank or wyte,  
frae time I tharetae first set pen tae write –  
tho God wat gif thir boundis war fu wide  
tae me that haed sic business beside –  
upo this wise, as God list len me grace,  
it wis compiled in auchteen month space;  
set I feil syse, sic twa monthis infeir  
wrote ne'er a word, nor micht the volume steir  
for grave maiters and gret solicitude,  
that aa sic laubour faur beside me stuid.  
And thus gret scant o time and busy cure  
haes made my wark mair subtle and obscure  
and nocht sae pleasin as it aucht tae be,  
whaurof ye courteous readers pardon me.  
Ye writers aa, and gentle readers eik,  
offendis nocht my volume, I beseek,  
but readis leal, and tak guid tent in time,  
ye naither maggle nor mis-metre my rhyme,  
nor alter nocht my wordis, I you pray.  
Lo, this is aa. Nou, beau sirs, hae guid day.

Quod Gaewinus Douglas.

Opere finito sit laus et gloria Christo.

## Virgil's efterword

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces.

O Mantua am I beget and bore,  
in Calabre deceasit and forlore.  
Nou stant I grave in Naples the ceity  
that in my time wrate notable warks three:  
o pasturage and eik o husbandry,  
and dochty chieftains fu o chivalry.