

The XIII buiks o Eneados o the famous poet Virgil



translatit by Gavin Douglas and modrenised by John Law

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Buik 3

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 Thrid Buik

Hornit leddy, pale Cynthia,¹ nocht bricht,
whilk frae thy brither borrows aa thy licht,
ruler o passage and weys mony one,
mistress o streams, and gleder o the nicht,
shipmen and pilgrims hallowis thy micht,
leman tae Pan, dochter o Hyperion,
that sleepin kissed the hird Endymion,
thy strange wentis tae write God gif me slicht,
tuichin the thrid buik o Eneadon.

The fearfu streams and coastis wunnerful
nou must I write, altho my wit be dull,
wild aunters, monsteris, and quent affrays.
O uncouth dangers this neist buik hail is ful:
Nyce² labyrinth, whaur Minotaur the bul
wis kept, haed ne'er sae feil cahutes³ and ways;
I dreid men cleip thaim fables nou on days;
therefore wad God I haed thair ears tae pul
misknaws the creed, and threips ither forways.

In case thay bark, I compt it ne'er a mite;
wha can nocht haud thair peace are free tae flyte,
chide while thair heidis ryve, and hause worth hace.⁴
Ween thay tae murdris me wi thair dispite?
Or is it Virgil wham thay list backbite?
His armour wad thay pierce, whaur is the place?
He douts nae dint o pole-aix, swourd, nor mace.
Whit weens thou, frein, the craw be worthen white,
suppose the holks⁵ be aa owregrowne thy face?

Deem as ye list, that can nocht deemen weill;

¹ hornit ... Cynthia: the moon

² Nyce: Knossos?

³ cahutes: caibins (like on a boat)

⁴ worth hace: become hoarse

⁵ holks: pock merks

and, gentle courteous readers o guid yeil,⁶
I you beseek tae given advertence.
This text is fu o stories every deal,
realms and lands, whaur o I hae nae feel
but as I follae Virgil in sentence;
few knawis aa thir coastis sae faur hence;
tae pick thaim up per chance your een suld reel;
thus aucht thare nane blame me for smaa offence.

By strange channels, frontieris, and forelands,
uncouth coastis, and mony wilsome strands
nou gaes our barge, for naither houk⁷ nor crake⁸
may here bruik sail, for shauld bankis and sands.
Frae Harpies fell, and blinnd Cyclops' hands,
be my ledestern, Virgin Mither, but maik;
tho storm o temptation my ship aft shake,
frae swelch o Scylla, and daurk Charybdis' bands,
I mean frae Hell, sauf aa gae nocht tae wraik.

⁶ yeil: will

⁷ houk: hulk

⁸ crake: carrack (a kin o boat)

The Thrid Buik

Chapter I

*Hou Eneas frae Troy haes tane his race,
and Polydorus' grave is fund in Thrace.*

“Efter that seen and thocht expedient
wis by the goddis tae destroy and shent
o Asia the empire, and down tae bring,
but offence, Priamus’ people and affspring,
and proud Ilion wis broken and bet down,
and frae the soil aa Troy, Neptunus’ toun,
y-brint in smoke o flames and in reek;
sindry landis and kintries for tae seek,
and wend exile in diverse natiouns,
o the goddis by revelatiouns
we war admonished feil syse,⁹ as is sayed.
Shippis we graith, and navy ready made
betwix Antandros and the Munt o Idae.
Uncertain whither the Fates wad we suld gae,
or whaur we suld remain yit finallie,
our men thegither gaithert we in hy.
And scant begunnen wis the fresh veir¹⁰
whan that Anchises, mine ain faither dear,
bade us mak sail, and follae destinie.
Than, weepin sair, my native coast left I,
the havens, and the fieldis desolate,
whaur Troy’s ryal ceity stuid o late.
Furth sail I, banished throu the deep sea,
wi my young son Ascanius and our menyie
and wi our freindly gods, Penates hait,
and eik our gret goddis o mair estate.
Thare lies a weirly¹¹ kintrie weill faur thence,
wi large fields laubourit, fu o fens;
o Thrace the people are thare inhabiting,
whaur that umquhile strang Lycurgus wis king;

⁹ syse: times

¹⁰ veir: voar, spring

¹¹ weirly: weirlike

an ancient and a tender herbry¹² place
tae Trojans, while we stuid in fortune's grace;
our people thegither confederate and ally.
By ship thither, owre sea, cairryit wis I,
whaur, at the bay and coast's side o the sea,
begouth I first set waas o a ceity,
altho my foundment wis unfortunate.
The toun I namit efter mine estate,
and frae mine name it cleiped *Eneadas*.
Untae my mither, o Dione dochter was,
sacrifice I made, and tae the goddis aa,
wham for new warks men happy helpers caa;
and tae the King o heivenly wichts, that tide,
a white bul slew I by the coastis' side.

On case, thare stuid a little motte nearby,
whaur hepthorn¹³ bussis on the tap grew high,
and e'en saplins o myrthus, the tree funerale.
Thither I went, green leaves doun tae hale,
hard by the grund my altar for tae dicht
wi burgeouns and wi branches aa at richt.
A grisly taiken, fearfu tae tell, I see:
as frae the soil uprent wis the first tree
by the ruitis, the black drappis o bluid
distilled tharefae, that aa the erd whaur it stuid
wis spottit o the filth, and stained, alake!
The cauld dreid made aa my members quake,
and for affear my bluid thegither freezit.
Anither smaa twist o a tree I cheisit
for tae brek doun, the causes tae assay
o this maiter, that war unknowen aa way;
and yit the bluid follaed on the same manneir
furth o the bark o that ither, but weir.¹⁴
Than in my mind o mony things I mused,
and tae the goddess o wilderness, as is uised,
whilk Hamadryades hait, I worship made;
untae Gradivus' faither, that reignis glaid
owre aa the land o Getia and Tars,

12 herbry: sanctuary

13 hepthorn: wild rose

14 but weir: wi'out ony dout

whilk cleipit is the God o Armis, Mars;
beseekin this avision worth happie,
and the oracle prosperity suld signify.
But efter that the thrid scion o trees,
upo the sandis sittin on my knees,
I shupe tae hae up-riven wi mair press –
whether sall I speak nou, or haud my peace? –
furth o the grave a dulefu murnin law
I heard, and tae mine earis cam this saw:
'Enee, why rentis thou a wretchit creature?
Hae ruth on him nou laid in sepulture,
and for tae fyle thy devote haundis spare.
O Troy I born am, tae thee nae stranger.
This bluid draps nocht frae that stock in thy hand.
Flee suin, alas! furth o this cursit land.
Flee frae this avarous king's coast in hy;
for lo! thus Polydorus here I lie,
throu-girt wi darts, and thick steel heidis shot.
Upo sic wise owreheildit on this motte,
the sherp lances growes green and spreidis out.'
Than wist I nocht whit I suld dae for dout.
The fear affrayed my mind astonished als.
Upstert my hair. The word stak in my hals.

Wi a gret sowl¹⁵ o gowd fey Priamus
secretly umquhile sent this Polydorus,
whilk wis his son, tae Polymnestor King
o Thrace, tae keep and hae in nursing,
whan first o Trojan defence begouth he dout,
and saw the toun besiegit aa about.
But this ilk King o Thrace, seein hou Troy
lossit his michts by fortune turned frae joy,
the pairty chuises o Agamemnon,
adherin tae the victor's side anon.
Aa faith and freindship brak he than in hy,
and Polydorus slain haes cruellie,
and thus, by force, the treisure he doth withhold.
Oh cursit hungir o this wretchit gold!
Whit wickitness or mischief may be dae,
at thou constrains nocht mortal minds tharetae?

¹⁵ sowl: amount

Efter this affray wis frae my banes went,
o the goddis thir fearfu wordis quent
untae the nobles and grettest o our men,
and tae my faither first, rehearse I then,
and, whit thair purpose wis, eik I inquire.
Thay war aa o ae will and ae desire
tae pass furth o this waryit¹⁶ realm o Thrace,
and for tae leave this pollute herbry place,
and set our navy tae the wind, but weir.
Tharefore, tae Polydorus up a bier
we ereckit, and o the erd a gret fluir
kest in a heap abuve his sepulture;
syne, in remembrance o the saul's went,¹⁷
the dolorous altars fast by war upstent,
crounit wi garlands aa o haw¹⁸ sea hues,
and wi the bleckent cypress' deidly bews.
The Trojan wemen stuid wi hair doun-shake,
about the bier weepin wi mony alake!
And on we kest o warm milk mony a scull;
and o the bluid o sacrifice cups ful.
The saul we beiry in sepulture on this wise,
the latter hailsing¹⁹ syne loud shoutit thrice,
roupin²⁰ at aince, 'Adieu! whan aa is duin,
ilkane per order, thee maun we follae suin.'"

16 waryit: accursit

17 went: journey (i.e. til the unnerwarld)

18 haw: leaden

19 hailsing: salutation

20 roupin: cryin out

Chapter II

*Hou that Eneas socht answer at Apolline,
and hou he tae the land o Crete sailed syne.*

“Syne, whan we see our time tae sail maist able,
the blastis measit, and the fluidis stable,
the saft pipin wind caain tae sea,
thair shippis than furth settis our menyie.
Ye nicht hae seen the coastis and the strands
fillit wi portage and people thareon stands.
Furth o the haven we sailit aa anon;
the sicht o land and ceity suin is gone.

Amid the sea y-cleipit Aegaeos
a haly island lies, that hait Delos,
beluvit o Neptune, and the mither alsa
o the Nereides, cleiped Doryda,
wham the cheritable archer, Apollo,
whan it flet rollin frae coastis tae and frae,
seizit and band betwix ither isles twa,
whilk cleipit are Mycon and Gyara,
stablishin sae that it nicht lauboured²¹ be,
and compts naither hie wind nor storm o sea.
Thither are we cairried, and, in that pleasant land,
a sover haven receivit us at hand.
Aa weary been we issued furth o ship
the ceity o Apollo tae worship.
The king thareof y-cleipit Anius,
prince o the men, and priest eik tae Phoebus,
wi bendis²² baith and haly laurer croun
set on his heid, met us without the toun.
His ageit frein Anchises kent this king.
Handis we sheuk wi hearty welcoming,
and tae his palace aa wi him we went,
whaur that I worship, as wis mine intent,
the God Apollo, within his hallowed hauld
or temple, buildit aa o stanes auld.

²¹ lauboured: cultivatit

²² bendis: heraldic heid-dress

‘Oh thou,’ quo I, ‘Apollo Thymbraeus,
some proper dwellin place thou grant tae us.
We thee beseek that shaw alsae thou wald
tae us, irkit,²³ some strenth and stalwart hauld,
and at thou grant us eik successioun,
and for tae dwell in a remainin toun.
Sauve us, latter wards o Troy, that we nae spill,²⁴
leavings o Greeks and o the fierce Achill.
Gie us thine answer whauron we sall depend –
whither wilt thou, faither, at we nou wend?
Whaur sall we set our ludging tae remain?
Condescend in our minds, and shaw this plain.’

Scarce war thir wordis sayed, whan that I see
aa things trimmle and shake near about me,
the duiris and the laurer tree, but dout,
and aa the muntain movit round about.
A murmur or a rummising heard we have
within the curtain and the secret cave.
The quiet closets opent wi a rerd,
and, we, plat law grovelins on the erd,
a voice cam til our earis, sayin thus:
‘Oh ye dour people descend frae Dardanus,
the ilk grund, frae wham the first stock came
o your lineage, wi blythe bosom the same
sall you receive thither returnin again.
Tae seek your auld mither mak you bane.²⁵
Thare sall Eneas’ lineage hae seignorie
o aa realmis and lands unner the sky,
and thair sonniss, and sonniss’ sonniss syne,
and aa at ere succeedis o thair line.’

Thus sayed Phoebus; and than, our fowks amang,
mixed wi blytheness a felloun din upsprang:
‘Whit place wis this?’ every ane fast gan frane.²⁶
‘Whither caas Phoebus? Bids he us turn again?’

23 irkit: gey wearied

24 spill: come tae grief

25 bane: ready, willin

26 frane: speir, ask

My faither than, revolvin in his mind,
the descens o forefaithers o our strynd:
'Nobles,' quo he, 'harkis whit I sall say,
and lear²⁷ at me your weillfare, I you pray.
The Isle o Crete lieis amid the sea,
the native land o Jupiter maist hie;
thare is the first hill, y-cleipit Idae,
thare our forebears first in thair cradles lay;
the land maist plenteous o wine, ile, and wheat,
inhabit wi a hunner ceities greit,
whaurfrae thare cam, gif I remember richt,
our gret forefaither Teucus the wicht,
first tae the coast o Rhoetea in Phrygy,
and for his ceity chuised the saet fast by.
For yit than wis nocht Ilion upbeild,
nor the strang waas o Troy; but on the field
thay dwelt in ludges and mony little cave.
The adorning eik o our realm we have
frae that land, the Mither o Gods Cybele,
and blast o brazen trumpets, as ye see;
frae thence cam eik the Wuid o Ida,
and the traist ceremonies o sacrifice alsa;
the fashion eik and guise we lairnit thare
hou the lions suld draw the leddy's chair.
Hae duin anon, therefore, and lat us wend
thither whaur the God's oracle haes us kenned.
The wind first lat us mease, ere that we gae,
syne seek the realm o Crete and Gnosia:
it is nocht thence lang course nor voyage far;
our navy sall, wi help o Jupiter,
the thrid morra be at the coast o Crete.'

This bein sayed, gainand offerings fu meet
before the altaris he slew in sacrifice,
a bul first tae Neptune, as is the guise;
a bul tae bricht Apollo for his behest;
and tae the God o Tempests a black beast,
and tae the chancy windis a milk-white.

The fame wis than, o Crete the coast stuid quite
desolate, but prince, for Idomeneus the King

²⁷ lear: laim

wis by the people expellit frae his ring;
the ludgins void and ready tae thair faes;
the saet left waste til ony it uptaes.
The port tharewi, Ortygia, leave we,
and wi swift course flaw throu the saut sea.
By the island swept we anon
wi hillis fu o wines, hait Naxon,
by Donyisa whaur growes the marble green,²⁸
and by Paron wi his white marble schene,
by Olearon, and mony isles, but les,
scattert in the sea, y-cleipit Cyclades.
We slid throu fluids, endlang feil coastis fair.
The noise upsprang o mony marinair
busy at thair wark, to-tacklin every tow,
thair feirs exhortin, wi mony Heize! and How!
tae speed thaim fast taewart the realm o Crete,
wi thair forefaithers and progenitors tae meet.
The follaein wind blew strek in our tail,
while finally arrive we, wi bent sail,
upo the ancient coast o Curetanes,
a kind o people whilk intae Crete remains.
And suin I me enforce wi diligence
tae bigg a wallit ceity o defence.
Pergamea I namit it, but bade
our fowkis than, that weren blythe and glaid
o this couth surname o our new ceity,
exhort I tae graith houses, and leive in lea,²⁹
and raise on hicht the strenth and fortaless.³⁰
Our ships, ere this, fu weill we gart address,
and lay aamaist upo the dry sand.
The young men for tae laubour thair new land,
and in honour o wedlock, as is the guise,
maks thair offering and sacrifice,
and I thair statutes and sere laws thaim taucht,
assignin ilkane proper hous and aucht;
whan suddenly a cruel pest and traik,³¹
sae that cornis and fruitis gaes tae wraik,

²⁸ Donyisa whaur growes the marble green: translatin Latin *viridem ... Donyisam*

²⁹ lea: security

³⁰ fortaless: fortress

³¹ pest and traik: blight an plague

throu the corruppit air and course o heiven,
a deidly year, faur warse than I can nevin,³²
fell on our members wi sic infectioun,
wis nae remeid, cure, nor correctioun.
The sweet sauls leaves the bodies deid,
or seik thay lie, gaspin in every steid;
and further eik, Sirius, the frawart star,
whilk cleipit is the sign canicular,
sae brunt the fieldis, aa wis barren made;
herbs waux dry, wallowen, and gane tae fade;
the seik grund denies his fruit and fluids.
My faither exhorts us turn again owre fluids
tae Delos, and Apollo's answer speir,
beseekin him o succours us tae lear,
whit end untae our irksome pains he sends,
and by whit wey we micht assay amends
o this turbation, or whither and whaur that he
will at we seek or set our course owre sea."

³² nevin: put a nem til

Chapter III

*Hou Trojan gods appearis tae Enee,
and hou that he wis stormstad on the sea.*

“Come is the nicht, that every beast on ground
desires rest by kind, and sleepis sound;
whan that the feigures o our goddis blist,
and the Phrygian Penates, ere I wist –
whilks frae amid the fires o Troy I brocht
thither wi me – whaur I lay and slept nocht,
gan tae appear staunin afore my een.
Wi fu gret licht graithly I hae thaim seen,
whaur-as the fu muin shawin beamis bricht
in throu the tirlist³³ windae shane by nicht.
Than sayed thay thus, wi wordis tae assuage
my thochtis and my hivvy sad courage:
‘That thing,’ quo thay, ‘whilk Apollo wad say,
and thou war brocht untae Ortygia,
here he thee shaws, and eik, as thou may see,
unrequirit haes sent us hither tae thee.
Whan Troy wis brunt, we follaed thy prowess;
unner thy guaird tae ship we us address,
owrespannin mony swellin seais salt,
and tae the starnis eik we sall exalt
the children for tae come o thine affspring;
thy ceity sall we gie empire tae ring
owre aa the erd. Tharefore tae goddis greit
begin tae graith gret waas and ryal seat.
Leave nocht thy langsome laubour, but flee away.
This dwellin place thou maun change, we thee say.
Delius Apollo, certes, as thou thocht,
tae come untae this coast persuadit nocht,
nor chairgit ne’er in Crete thou suld remain.
A land thare is, in Greekis’ langage plain
Hesperia cleiped, a bauld kintrie in weir,
a fructuous grund o corn and riches sere;
by King Oenotrius inhabit first wi wine,
but in our days lately, the fame is syne,
efter thair duke it is named Italy –
thare been our proper saetis and herbry;

³³ tirlist: trellised

thareof cam Dardan and his brither Jasius,
and frae that ilk prince, Sir Dardanus,
is the descence o our genology.
Get up anon, tell thy ain faither blythely
thir tithings, whilk been true and certain thing.
Seek tae Coryth, and Italy the ring;
for the fieldis in Crete near Dictaeus
Jupiter denies tae granten untae us.’

O this vision astonished whaur I lay,
and o thae wordis whilks the gods gan say;
for this wis naither dream nor fantasie,
thair proper veisage before me staund knew I,
wi garlands and thair circlets on thair hair;
thair feigure saw I present tae me thare.
The cauld sweit ower aa my body ran;
furth o my bed on fuit suin sprent³⁴ I than,
and, streikin up my haundis taewart heiven,
mine orison I made wi devote stevin.³⁵
A clean sacrifice and offering made I syne,
intae the fires yettin cense³⁶ and wine.
The ceremonies endit, blythe and glaid
tae my faither per order aa I sayed
as ye hae heard – whit needis tell again? –
and o this maiter made him fu certain.
Anon he knew our elders’ douts ilk deal,³⁷
and o our clan the double stock fu weill.
He grants the uncouth error him deceivit
o ancient places, whilk he nocht perceivit.
Syne sayed he: ‘Son, thou irkit art aagates
by the contrarious frawart Trojan fates.
Nou I remember only hou Cassandra
fu aft made mention o Hesperia,
and aft als o the realm hait Italie,
thir maiters me declarin by and by.
That land nou knaw I destinate tae our kin;

³⁴ sprent: lowpit quick

³⁵ stevin: mainer o voice

³⁶ yettin cense: poorin incense

³⁷ ilk deal: aathegither, completely

but wha wad hae believed that e'er within
the realm o Ital Teucrus' bluid suld come?
Or wha wad than, mair than she haed been dumb
set by the prophetess' words Cassandra?
Lat us obey Phoebus, and wend awa,
as we been monished, follae our chance, but pleas.'

Thus sayed he, and we, gled aa, him obeys;
and few fowkis thair left tae keep the toun.
This steid alsa leave we, and tae sail made boun;
in boued barges throu the large stream we slide.
Whan sicht o land wis tint on every side,
sae that nae coast appears whilk we nicht see,
but the ships hauldin the deep sea,
the heiven abuve, and fluidis aa about;
a wattery clud, black and daurk, but dout,
gan thare appear abune our heid fu richt,
and doun a tempest sent as mirk as nicht.
The stream appears ugsome o the dim sky;
the winds welters the sea continuallie,
that huge waws bowdens upo laft;
scatterit widewhaur owre the faem fu aft
war our shippis; and the brichtness o day,
involvit aa wi cluddis, hid away.
The rain and rok³⁸ reft frae us sicht o heiven;
the broken skyis raps furth thunderous levin;
forswiftit³⁹ frae our richt course, gane we are
amang the blinnd waws waverin far.
For Palinurus himsel maist expert,
for aa his cunning o shipman craft and airt,
amid the sea forget the richt way,
denyin als that the nicht frae the day
he nicht discern by sicht o firmament.
Upo sic wise uncertainly we went
three dayis wilsome throu the misty stream,
and as mony nichtis but starnis' leam,
that whether wis day or nicht uneith wist we;
but at the last, on the feird day we see
on faur the land appear, and hillis rise,

38 rok: thick sea-mist

39 forswiftit: soupit awa

the smoky vapour upcastin on thair guise.
Doun fallis sails, the airis suin we span;
but mair abaid, the mariners every man
eagerly rowis owre the faemy fluid,
and the haw sea welts up as it war wuid.
Sauf frae the waws at the coasts o Strophie,
wi aa our navy first arrivit we.”

Chapter IV

*Hou til Enee the Harpies did gret woe,
and o the dreary prophet Celaeno.*

“*Strophades* in Grew leid are namit sae,
in the gret sea staunin isles twae,
the whilk sea cleipit is Ionium;
and, in thir islands whither we are become,
dwelt and inhabit the cruel Celaeno,
wi aa the ithers Harpies mony mo,
e’er sen thay war expellit frae the land
o Arcady, whaur King Phineus wis dwelland,
and for dreid at his table durst nocht remain.
Mair wickit monsters than thay can be nane,
nor nane mair cruel pestilence is fund,
nor fury o gods that comes frae Hell’s grund,
furth o the fluid o Styx, that sary place.
Thir foulis haes a virgin’s vult⁴⁰ and face,
wi haundis like tae boulin⁴¹ birdis’ clews;
but the vile bellies o thae cursit shrews
abounds o fen⁴² maist abominable,
and pale aa time thair mouthis miserable
for wud hungir and greedy appetite.

At this ilk coast as we arrived as tyte⁴³
and in the port enterit, lo! we see
flockis and hirds o oxen and o fee,⁴⁴
fat and tidy, raikin owre aawhere,
and troopis eik o gait, but ony keeper,
in the rank gresses pasturin on raw.
Wi wappons thaim we britten,⁴⁵ but dreid or awe;
tae goddis syne and Jupiter we pray,
and thaim distribute a pairty o our prey.

40 vult: countenance

41 boulin: curvin

42 fen: filth

43 tyte: suin

44 fee: livestock

45 britten: hack

Syne efter, endlang the sea coast's bay,
up sonkis⁴⁶ set, and dессis⁴⁷ did array.
Tae meat we set wi abundance o cheer –
whan suddenly, wi horrible din and beir,
frae the muntains the Harpies on us fell,
wi huge faird o wingis and mony yell.
Our messes and our meat thay reft away,
and wi thair laithly tuich aathing fyle thay.
Thair voice alsae wis ugly for tae hear,
wi sae corruppit fleur⁴⁸ nicht nane byde near.
Frae that place syne untae a cave we went,
unner a hingin heuch, in a dern vent,
wi treeis close belappit round about,
and thick harsk granite pykis staunin out.
Thare, up again, our tables hae we dicht,
and on the altars bet the fires bricht.
But, o the heiven again, frae sindry airts,
out o the quiet hirns⁴⁹ the rout upsterts
o thae birdis, wi birr and mony a bray,
and in thair cruikit clawis grips the prey;
e'er as thay flee about frae saet tae saet,
wi thair vile mouths infeck thay aa our meat.
Whan I saw this, our feirs command I than
tak thair wappons, and bargain every man
agin thae cruel people or birdis fell.
As I thaim chairgit, shortly for tae tell,
suin hae thay duin; and, unner the gress aa bare
fu privily thair swourdis in thay stair,⁵⁰
and dernly eik thair targes aa owreheilds;
sae that, whan the sea coastis and the fields
resoundis at douncome o thir Harpies,
Misenus, the wait,⁵¹ on the hie garret sees,
and, wi his trumpet, thaim a taiken made.
Our fellaeship thir foulis gan invade,

46 sonkis: turf saets

47 dессis: tables

48 fleur: flavour, smell

49 hirns: neuks

50 stair: steered

51 wait: watchman

and uncouth kind o battle did assay,
wi wappons for tae beat and drive away
thir laithly sea birdis o sic affear.
But thair wis nae dint nicht thair fedders shear,
nor in thair bodies wound receive thay nane.
But suddenly awa thay whisk ilkane
furth o our sicht, heich up in the sky;
the prey hauf etten behinnd thaim lat thay lie,
wi fuit-steids⁵² vile and laith tae see.

Ane, on a rock's pinnacle parkit hie,
Celaeno cleiped, a dreary prophetess,
furth o her breist thir wordis warps express:
'Thievish lineage o fause Laomedon,
address ye thus tae mak bargain anon?
Because ye hae our oxen reft and slain,
brittent our stirks and young beasts mony ane,
shape ye, tharefore, Harpies expel and ding,
but ony offence, furth o thair faither's ring?
Receive for that, and in your breists imprent
my words, whilks I, grettest fury and turment
shaws you; that thing whilk Jupiter maist hie
shew tae Phoebus, and bricht Phoebus tauld me.
I know ye set your course tae Italie.
Ye caa efter guid winds and prosper sky.
Tae Ital sall ye wend and thare tak land –
but yit first, ere waas o the ceity upstand
whilk by the gods is you predestinate,
for strang hungir sall ye staun in sic state,
in wrack o our injuries and beasts slain,
that wi your chafts tae gnaw ye sall be fain,
and runge⁵³ your tables, aa and buirds,' quo she;
and suin awa in the thick wuid gan flee.

The sudden dreid sae stonished our feirs than,
thair bluid congealed and aa thegither ran;
dowf waux thair spreits, thair hie courage doun fell;
nae mair thaim likes assayen sic battle;
but, wi offerings and eik devote prayeir,
thay wad we suld pardon and peace requeir,

⁵² fuit-steids: fuitprents

⁵³ runge: chow

in case gif thay war goddesses or fowls,
vengeable wichts, or yit laithly owls.
But our faither, heavin up his hands,
the gret goddis did caa, and on the sands
hallows thair micht wi debtfu⁵⁴ reverence:
'Oh hie goddis, forbid sic violence.
Staunch this boast and undae this mischief.
Save peitious fowks. Amease your wrath and grief,'
quo he. And tharewi chairgit, 'Anchors hale,
dae lowse the rabands,⁵⁵ and lat doun the sail!'
The south winds stents furth straucht our sheet;
swiftly we slide owre bullerin wawis greit,
and follaed furth the samen went we have,
whoursae the wind and steerisman us drave;
while that, amid the fluidis gan we see
the wuidy isle Zacynth, wi mony tree;
Dulichium syne, and Same we aspy,
and eik Neritos wi his rockis high;
by craigs and hews o Ithaca,
that wis Laertes' realm, we slide alsa,
and fast we wary and cursit aft, but les,
that land whilk bred the cruel Ulixes.
Belive the misty taps o Munt Leucas
appears, whauron Apollo's temple was,
that fearfu is tae every marineir.
Aa weary o our voyage thither we steer,
and cam anon before a little toun,
and o our foeship anchors lat we doun:
endlang the coast's side our navy rade.

And thus at last brocht tae land blythe and glaid,
whaur-as tae hae arrived we nocht believit,
we cleanse us first, less Jupiter war aggrievit;
syne on the altars kennelt sacrifice,
and, langs⁵⁶ the channel, efter the Trojan guise,
the Actian gemms and sportis did assay.
Our fellaeship exerce palestral play,
as thay war wont at hame, wi ile anoint,

⁵⁴ debtfu: due, proper

⁵⁵ rabbands: sail-ties

⁵⁶ langs: alang

nakit wrestlin and strugglin at nice point.
Joyous thay war tae hae escaped at hand
sae mony ceities o the Greekis' land,
and tae hae fled sae safely on this wise
throu the mid routis o thair enemies.”

Chapter V

*Hou Eneas arrives at Eperia,
and hou he spak thare wi Andromacha.*

“By this the sun haed circled his lang year,
and frosty winter sherped the watter clear
wi cauld blasts o the northern airt.
Whan season cam that time wis tae depairt,
upo a post o the temple I hang
a bouin shield o plate, whilk Abas strang
bare umquhile, and the mainer tae rehearse
I notify and titles wi this verse:
Eneas haec de Danais victoribus arma –
that is tae say, Eneas festent thus
thir armis o the Greeks victorious.
Syne, tae depairt o that haven, I command,
sit down on hatches, and span airs⁵⁷ in hand.
Busily our fowks gan tae pingle and strive,
sweepin the fluid wi lang rowthis⁵⁸ belive,
and up thay welt the stour o faemy sea;
while suin the ceities o Corsyra tyne we,
and up we pike the coast o Epirus,
and landit thare at port Chaonius;
syne tae the hie toun o Buthrot ascendit,
whaur tidings, incredible tae thaim no kenned it,
cam tae our ears, shawin that Helenus,
the lawfu son o the King Priamus,
reigned king owre mony ceities in Greek land,
beirin thareof the sceptre and the wand,
by reason o his spous adjoined, but les,
by Pyrrhus umquhile son o Achilles,
and that Andromache wis wed again
untae anither husband and man Trojane.
Hereof a-wunnert, wi breist het as fire,
by fervent luve kennelt in gret desire
our kintrieman tae vizzy, and wi him talk
tae know thir strange cases, on I stalk

⁵⁷ airs: oars

⁵⁸ rowthis: straits o the oar

frae the port, my navy left in the raid.⁵⁹
That ilk season, per case, as I furth glade,
before the ceity, in a shaw, iwis,
beside the feignit fluid o Simois,
Andromache made anniversar sacrifice
and funeral service, on fu dolorous wise,
tae Hector's pouder or his aises brint.
Aft wad she cleip and caa, and uneith stint,
upo the saulis that unbodied war,
beside Hector's void tomb staunin thare,
whilk she upbuildit haed o herbis green,
wi twa altars; and aft wi weepin een
bewailis she that hard disseverance.
And as suin as she me espies per chance,
and Trojan armour and ensenyies wi me saw,
affrayed o the ferlie, she stuid sic awe,
and at the first blenk becam sae mate,⁶⁰
naitral heat left her members in sic state
while tae the grund hauf mangit⁶¹ fell she down,
and lay a lang time in a deidly swoon
ere ony speech or word she micht furth bring.
Yit thus, at last, sayed efter her dwaaming:
'Is that thine ain face, and suithfast thing?
Shaws thou tae me a very sover warning?
Leives thou yit, son o the Goddess?' quo she.
'Gif thou be deid, whaur is Hector, tell me?'
And, wi that word she brist out mony a tear,
and wailit sae that peitie wis tae hear,
while aa about dins o her womenting.
A few words scarce as I micht furth bring,
for tae comfort that maist lamentable wicht,
wi langsome speech sayed, whisperin as I micht:
'I leive forsuith, and leads life as ye see,
in aa hard chance o fortune's extremity.
Be nocht aghast, ye see but suithfast thing.
Alas! Whit aunter in this uncouth ring
is thee betid, and haes degradit,' quo I,
'efter thy husband's daith, wis maist dochty,

⁵⁹ raid: roadstead, anchorage

⁶⁰ mate: confoundit (literally checkmated)

⁶¹ hauf mangit: hauf-crazed

or whit fortune nicht sufficient happen thee,
spous tae maist worthy Hector, Andromache?
Art thou, or nae, tae Pyrrhus yit be-wed?
Her veisage doun she kest, for shame a-dread,
and, wi a bass voice, thus sayed, as she micht:
‘Oh thou alane, before aa maidens bricht,
happy wis, virgin dochter o Priam King,
whilk unner the waas hie o Troy’s ring,
upo thine enemy’s grave wis made tae dee –
thou suffered nae cut nor cavils cast for thee,
nor in bondage awa wis thou nocht led,
nor yit tuichit nae victor lord’s bed.
But we, whan that y-brunt war our kind lands,
cairryit owre fremmit seas and diverse strands,
the dortyness⁶² o Achilles’ affspring,
in bondage, unner the proud Pyrrhus ying,
by force sustainit thraldom mony a day,
while he at last ensued anither may,⁶³
Hermione, the dochter o Helena,
in fey wedlock at Lacedaemonia;
than sent he me, his servant, hither thus,
tae be spoused wi his servant Helenus.
But Orestes, chasit in furious rage
for crime o his mither’s slauchter, and savage,
in luvet het burnin for his spous bereft,
ere he wis waur, set on this Pyrrhus eft,
and in Delphos – whit needis wordis mair? –
smate aff his heid before his faither’s altair.
Thus, by decease o Neoptolemus,
o the realm a pairt fell tae Helenus,
the whilk boundis and fieldis braid alsae
he haes tae name cleipit Chaonia,
efter his brither o Troy Chaonius,
and Trojan wallis here haes built up thus,
and on thir mottes a strenth hait Ilion.
But whit windis thy course haes hither gone?
And whit adventure haes thee hither drive?
Or o the gods wha made thee here arrive
at our mairches, misknawin our estate?
Hou fares the child Ascanius nou o late,

⁶² dortyness: haughtiness

⁶³ may: maiden

wham tae thee bare Creuse, thy spous and joy,
that time endurin the siege lay about Troy?
Leives he yit in heill and in weillfare?
Ha! hou gret herm and skaith for evermair
that child haes caucht throu lossin o his mither!
Lord! whit ancient virtues, ane or ither,
and knichtly prowess in him steirs freins before,
baith faither Eneas, and his uncle Hector!’

Sic words she spak, weepin wi peitious mane,
and wi lang sabs furth yettin tears in vain;
whan that her lord himsel comes frae the toun,
King Priamus’ son, Helenus o renoun.
Near he approached wi fu gret companie,
and his ain native freindis knew in hy,
and blythely tae his ceity haes us led.
Betwix ilk word feil bricht tears furth he shed.
We passit on, and Little Troy I know,
like the gret ceity counterfeit on raw,
wi Ilion, and waas like Pergama,
and a smaa burn hauf gane dry alsa,
untae his surname cleipit Exanthus.
At Port Scaea I enter, and eik wi us
aa our Trojans thegither walcome war
intae thair freindly ceity familiar.
In his wide palace the King received thaim aa,
and, in the middis o the meikle haa,
thay birl the wine in honour o Bacchus.
Gret feast wi joy wis made for luve o us;
the messes and the denties thick did staun,
and gowden cuppis went frae haun tae haun.”

Chapter VI

*Hou Helenus declares tae Enee
whit dangers he suld thole on land and sea.*

“Thus drave we owre in solace day by day,
while at the wather provokes us tae essay
our sails again; for the south wind’s blast
our peggies⁶⁴ and our pinsels⁶⁵ wavit fast.
Untae the prophet Helenus than, went I,
and wi sic words besocht him reverentlie:
‘Oh gentle Trojan, divine interpretour –
whilk the response o Phoebus haes in cure,
whilk knawis eik the revelatiouns
o God Apollo’s divinatiouns,
unner his trestles and buirds at Delphos schene,
and intae Clarius unner the laurer green;
that unnerstauns the course o every star,
and chirm o every bird’s voice on far,
and every foule on wing fleein in the sky,
whit thay betaiken, and whit thay signify –
say me, I pray, whit dangers principallie
intae my course and voyage eschew sall I,
or hou I may, or by whit mean, escape
sae gret adversities whilks been tae me shape.
For as tae me aa devote godly wichts
shew we suld hae a prosper race at richts,
and every oracle o gods admonished eik
that we the realm o Italy suld seek,
ensue thae lands whilks war for us provide
alanerly newlings on that ither side –
shame for tae say, the Harpy Celaeno
spaes untae us a fearfu taiken o woe;
a vengeance frae the gods pronounces she,
wi shamefu hungir sall happen our menyie.’

Helenus than, efter the rites and guise,
the young beasts slew in sacrifice,
purchasin favour o gods tae staunch thair feid,

⁶⁴ peggies: smaa masts

⁶⁵ pinsels: pennons

and loused the garlands o his haly heid;
syne me, Phoebus, he leadis by the hand
untae thy temple, on sere maiters musand;
whaur this gret preist gan speaken and declare
tae me thir wordis o the God's answer:
'Son o the Goddess, sen traist is manifest
that throu deep seas thy voyage is addressed,
and eik, o fortune by the boundis hie,
the purveyance divine will sae it be;
the King o Gods sae distributes the fates,
rollin the chances, and turnin thaim thusgates:
o mony words, shortly, a queen sall I
declare, at thou mair soverly thareby
may seek out-throu the strange streamis unkenned
and at a port o Italy arrive at end;
the remanent hereof, whit-e'er be it,
the weird sisters defends that suld be wit,
and eik the dochter o auld Saturn, Juno,
forbids Helenus tae speak it, and cries, ho!
First say I thee, that tuichin Italy,
whilk thou traistis be at haun and fast by,
and thee addresses ignorantly, but weir,
tae enter suin in the port, as it war near,
lang wilsome weys, and faur landiis alsae,
a fu gret space dissevers you tharefrae.
Your airis first intae the Sicil Sea
bedyit⁶⁶ weill and bendit aft maun be;
and o Ausonia the saut streams eik
round about wi your shippis maun ye seek,
and Avernus, cleipit the Lake o Hell,
and Aeae, the isle whaur Circes dwell,
or ever thou may soverly upbeild
thy ceity in land o Italy or field.
I sall thee shaw taikens thareof fu meet,
whilks thou sall haud within thy mind secreit –
whan thine alane musin as thou sall gae,
by adventure, endlang a watter brae,
and unner an aik finnds intae that steid,
a gret sou ferryit o grices threty heid,
liggin on the grund, milk-white; aa white brodmel
about her paps soukin, thare, I thee tell,

⁶⁶ bedyit: droukit

is the richt place and steid o your ceity,
and o your travail firm haud tae rest in lea.
Nor thee needs nocht tae grouch, in time tae come,
the gnawin o your tables every crumb.
Destiny sall find tharefore a gainand way,
and Phoebus sall ye help, whan ye list pray.
But umbeschew⁶⁷ this coast o Italie,
whilk neist untae our borders ye see lie,
bedyit wi flowein o our sea's fluid,
sen aa thae ceities wi wickit Greeks, nocht guid,
inhabit are; for the Narycians
(itherwise namit Locri) thair remains,
whilk cam wi Ajax Oileus tae the fecht;
and, near the hill that Sallentinos hecht,
the fieldis aa are occupied fu meet
by Idomeneus the King expelled frae Crete.
Thare is alsae the little ceity, but les,
o the Duke o Meliboe, Philoctetes,
cleipit Petelia, closed wi a waa.
Eschew thir ceities and thir coastis aa.
Further, whan that beyond the sea sall stand
aa thy navy, and thare upo the strand
sets up an altar thy sacrifice tae yield,
thine hairis wi a purpour veil owreheid,
less than amid the godly fire, per case,
thy enemies micht occur, and knaw thy face,
and sae perturben aa thy sacrifice.
Thou cause thy feiris keep the samen guise
in thair oblations, and this usage conding.⁶⁸
Observe – thysel and thy chaste affspring –
every ceremony o our religioun.
And, frae the wind haes set thy course adoun
frae Italy taewart the coast o Sicily,
and the strait sounds o the Munt Pelory
vanishes awa piece and piece, than the land
streikis aa time taewart the left hand,
and the left side lang sall thou, but dout,
circle, and sail mony seas about.
On the richt side the coast and waws evade;
for thae pairts umquhile, as it is sayed,

⁶⁷ umbeschew: avoid

⁶⁸ conding: appropriate

by force o storm war in sunder rive,
and a huge deep gat⁶⁹ thare howked belive.
Behaud whit change and sae uncouth a cast
may be misknaw, throu times lang bypast,
for, whan that baith thae landis war aa ane,
the sea's rage drave in, and made thaim twain,
and force o stream frae the side o Itail
the Isle o Sicil dividit haes aahail.
A narra firth flowes, baith even and morn,
betwix thae coasts and ceities in sunder shorn.
The richt side thareof wi Scylla umbeset is,
and the left wi insatiable Charybdis,
whaur, in her bowkit bysm,⁷⁰ that hellish belch,
the large fluidis suppis thrice in a swelch,⁷¹
and ither whiles spouts in the air again,
drivin the stour⁷² tae the starns, as it war rain.
But Scylla lurkin in dern hiddils lies
within her cave, spreidin her mouth feil syse
tae souk the ships amang the rocks unshuir.
Like til a wumman her over⁷³ portraiture,
a fair virgin's body doun tae her shear;
but her hind pairtis are as gret, weill near,
as been a hideous huddoun,⁷⁴ or a whale,
whaurtae been coupelt mony meirswine⁷⁵ tail,
wi empty maws o wolves ravenous.
Eschew, therefore, this passage dangerous,
for better is thou seek the coast about
o Pachynus in Sicil than staun in dout,
and turn thy course on bawburd,⁷⁶ a weill faur way,
than aince tae be intae sae hard assay
as for tae see the ugly monster fell,

⁶⁹ gat: channel

⁷⁰ bysm: abyss

⁷¹ swelch: whirlpool

⁷² stour: spray

⁷³ over: upper

⁷⁴ huddoun: type o whale

⁷⁵ meirswine: dolphin or porpoise

⁷⁶ bawburd: larboard

Scylla, and hear the craigis rout and yell
for barkin o sea doggis in her wame.
And mairatowre, gif aither wit, or fame,
or traist may be gien Helenus the propheit,
or gif wi verity Phoebus inspires his spreit,
this ae thing, son o the Goddess, I thee teach,
abuve aa ither, this ae thing I thee preach,
and principally repeats the samen again,
and sere times monishes here in plain:
first o Juno thou worship the gret micht,
and gledly hallow wi sacrifice aa at richt
the pouer o Juno, and that mighty princess
tae please lawly wi offerings thee address;
and on sic wise whan thou her favours haes get,
and haes alsaе thy course frae Sicil set
taewart the bounds o Italy owre sea,
syne, whan thou art cairried tae that kintrie,
and comen is tae the ceity o Cumas,
and by the lakes dedicate tae gods doth pass
out-throu the soundin forest o Avern,
unner a rock, law within a cavern,
thare sall thou find the godly prophetess,
fu o the spreit divine, that shaws express
the revelations and fates for tae come,
in palm tree leafs thaim notin aa and some,
writin up every word as sall betide,
direckin the leafs per order furth on side.
Whit-e'er this virgin describe in her indyte,
without the cave closit she lays the write.
Thae leafs remains unsteirit o thair place,
nor pairtis nocht furth o rule, while per case
the pipin wind blaw up the duir on char,⁷⁷
and drive the leafs, and blaw thaim out o harr⁷⁸
in at the entry o the cave again,
that aa her first laubour wis in vain.
But, frae the blast and yett perturbit thus
thae thin leafs, she is sae dangerous,
ne'er efter deignin her within the cave
tae gaither thegither thaim wi the wind bewave,
nor for tae put thaim intae rule again,

⁷⁷ on char: ajar

⁷⁸ out o harr: out of order (literally aff the hinges)

nor join her writes as thay did first remain.
Thus aft the people but answer gaes thair ways,
and waries⁷⁹ the saet o Sibyl aa thair days.
Fail nocht, for loss o time that may betide,
but thou pass tae that prophetess, tho the tide
and prosper winds challenge thee tae the sail,
yea, tho thy fellaes cry out, “Hillir hail!
On buird! A fair wind blaws betwix twa sheets!”
Beseeke her ere thou wend, tho thine hert beats,
openin her voice, she pleasit shaw thee even
thy destinies, by her ain mouth’s stevin.⁸⁰
She sall ripely declare tae thee in hy
the mainers o aa people in Italie;
the battles for tae come she will thee shaw,
and on whit wise aa danger thou sall withdraw,
or hou thou may aa laubourous pain sustein.
Worship this haly religious wumman clean.
She sall thee grant a prosper course at haun.
This is the effect, shortly tae unnerstaun,
that I am leaved wi my words thee tae charge.
Adieu, pass on, and by thy fates large
the fame o meikle Troy beir up tae heiven!’

Efter that this prophet, wi his freindly stevin,
thir divine answers thus prenosticate,
sere wechty gifts o massy gowden plate
ontae our shippis charged he beir anon,
and gret riches o polished ivor bone;
our carvels’ howes lades and primes he
wi huge chairge o siller in quantity,
wi caudrons, and ither sere vessel ma,⁸¹
in Epir land made at Dodonaea.
Tae me he gave a thick clowt⁸² habergeon,
a thrinfauld hauberk wis aa gowd-begone,
a round rich helm wi crest and tymbret⁸³ fair,

79 waries: curses

80 stevin: voice

81 ma: mair

82 clowt: studdit

83 tymbret: crest

the armour whilom Neoptolemus bare;
syne tae my faither, offerin tae his age,
rich rewards he gave o hie parage;⁸⁴
tharetae alsae he eiks and gave us then
gentle horses, pilots, and lodismen.
He us supplied wi rowers and marineirs,
and armour plenty at aince for aa our feirs.”

⁸⁴ parage: lineage

Chapter VII

*O Helenus and o Andromache,
and hou frae thaim depairten gan Enee.*

“In the meanwhile Anchise, my faither, in hy
ready for tae sail chairges mak our navie,
less than, per case, it micht our course delay,
gif sae the wind blew fair that ither day;
wham til this wise interpreter o Phoebus,
Helenus, wi gret honour carpis thus:
‘Oh thou Anchises, that worthy wis,’ quo he,
‘wi fair Venus conjointit for tae be,
and twice deleivert by purveyance⁸⁵ divine,
and twice escaped o Troy the sair ruine,
lo! yonder for thee Ausonia or Itail;
untae yon coast side yonder sall thou sail.
And naetheless, tho it be necessar
outowre the sea tae yonder grund ye fare,
that pairt o Italy is a faur wey hyne,
whilk is providit your kin by Apolline.
Wend on,’ says he, ‘thou happy and fortunate
o thy devote son by the godly estate.
But whaurtae suld I mak langir delay?
As I hae sayed, fareweill, pass on your way.
Whit needis wi my speech ye tarry more
or stop, this fair wind blawin e’en before?’

This nocht-the-less, Andromache, waebegone,
the latter time we suld depairt anon,
brocht tae us brusit⁸⁶ claithis, and rich weeds,
feigured and pirnit⁸⁷ aa wi gowden threids,
and tae Ascanius a proud tabard gave,
sic as wis honourable him tae weir and have;
him and his feiris o her needlewark
and woven drowries furnished, worth mony mark.
And thus she sayed: ‘My child, receive alsa
thir remembrance wrocht wi my haundis twa,

⁸⁵ purveyance: proveision

⁸⁶ brusit: embroidert

⁸⁷ pirnit: interwoven

in taiken lang time tae thinken upo me,
thine uncle Hector's wife, Andromache.
Tak thir wi thee as latter presents sere
o thy kind native freindis' guidis and gear.
Oh leif is me!⁸⁸ The likest thing leiving,
and very eimage o my Astyanax ying:
sic een haed he, and sic fair haundis twae,
for aa the warld, sic mouth and face, perfay;
and, gif he war in life, while nou infeir,
he haed been even-eild wi thee, and heidie-peer.⁸⁹

Whit will ye mair? Whan we behuved depairt,
tears bristin furth on force, and wi sair heart,
tae thaim I sayed: 'Dear freindis, weill ye be,
weill mot ye leive in your felicity,
wham-til the prosper fortune is brocht tae end;
but we frae weird tae weird and chance maun wend.
Your rest is fund, ye needs seuch⁹⁰ throu nae seas,
nor seek fields o Itail, that e'er us flees:
similitude o Xanthus, and Troy ye see,
whilk your ain wirks haes buildit up on hie.
God grant in better time it be begunnen,
and never eft wi Greekis' force owrecomen!
Gif in Tiber tae enter me betides,
and, on the fieldis nearby Tiber sides,
may behaud waas up set for my menyie,
or may the freindly ceities sometime see,
lat us o Epirus and o Italy,
comen baith o Dardanus' genology,
and whamtae eik the chance o fortune is ane,
mak but ae Troy o aither realmis twain;
and this same league wi our posterity
sall e'er remain in faith and unity.'"

⁸⁸ leif is me: a phrase expressin personal affection

⁸⁹ heidie-peer: a peer, ages wi him

⁹⁰ seuch: mak a furrow throu

Chapter VIII

*Whaur first Eneas Italy did espy,
and mony strange wentis haes sailit by.*

“Furth on, wi this, out-throu the sea we slide,
by the foreland Ceraunia fast beside,
whaurfrae, outowre the fluidis for tae sail,
the shortest wey and course lies tae Itail.
Doun gaes the sun by than, and hillis high
waux daurkent wi shadowis o the sky;
we sort our airs, and cheises rowers ilk deal,
and at a sound or coast we likit weill
we strike at nicht, and on the dry strands
did baum and beik our bodies, feet, and hands.
Suin on our irkit limbis, liths,⁹¹ and banes
the naitural rest o sleep slade aa at aince;
and, ere the sphere his houris rollit richt
sae faur about that it wis scarce midnight,
nocht sweir, but in his deedis diligent,
Palinurus furth o his couch upsprent,
listenin about, and herknin owre aawhere,
wi earis pressed tae kep the wind or air.
O every starn the twinklin notes he
that in the still heiven move course we see –
Arthur’s Hufe,⁹² and Hyades betaiknin rain,
syne Watling Street,⁹³ the Horn,⁹⁴ and the Charle-Wain,⁹⁵
the fierce Orion wi his gowden glave –
and, whan he haes thaim every ane persaiue
intae the clear and serene firmament,
furth o his eft ship a beacon gart he stent.
We rase, and went on buird in owre the wale,⁹⁶
syne slackis doun the sheetis, and made sail.

⁹¹ liths: jynts

⁹² Arthur’s Hufe: Arcturus

⁹³ Watling Street: the Mulkie Wey

⁹⁴ the Horn: Ursa Minor

⁹⁵ the Charle-Wain: the Pleuch

⁹⁶ wale: gunwale

By this the dawin gan at morn waux reid,
and chased awa the starns frae every steid;
the dim hillis on faur we did espy,
and saw the lawlandis o Italie.
'Italy! Italy!' first cries Achates,
syne aa our feirs o cryin nicht nocht cease,
but wi ae voice at aince cries, 'Itail!'
and hailsen⁹⁷ gan the land wi Hey! and Hail!
Than my faither, admiral o our flote,
a meikle tankert wi wine filled tae the throat,
and thareon set a garland or a croun,
and tae the goddis made this orisoun,
sittin in the hie eft castle o our ship,
wi fu devote reverence and worship:
'Oh ye,' quo he, 'goddis haudis in poust
wather and storms, the land eik and the sea,
grant our voyage an easy and ready wind,
inspire your favours that prosper course we finnd.'

Scarce this wis sayed, whan, e'en at our desire,
the seasonable air pipes up fair and schire;
the haven appears, and thither nearer we draw,
and o Minerva the strang temple saw,
set in the castle upo a hill's hicht.
Our fellaes fangis⁹⁸ in thair sailis ticht,
and taewart the coast thair stevins did address.
A port thare is, wham the est fluidis haes,
in mainer o a bou, made bowle or bay,
wi rockis set forgain the stream fu stay,
tae brek the saut faem o the sea's stour.
On aither haun, as hie as ony touer,
the big hewis⁹⁹ streikis furth like a waa;
within the haven gaes lown, but wind or waw,
and at the port the temple may nocht be seen.
Here first I saw upo the pleasant green
a fatal taiken: fower horses white as snaw,
gnippin gresses the large fieldis on raw.
'Ha! Ludgin land, battle thou us pretendis,'

⁹⁷ hailsen: salute

⁹⁸ fangis: pulls

⁹⁹ hewis: heuchs, cliffs

quo my faither Anchise, 'for, as weill kenned is,
horses are dressed for the battle feil syse.
Weir and debate thir steedis signifies.
But, sen the samen fower-fruitit beasts eik
been aft uisit, fu taewartly and meek,
tae draw the cairt, and thole bridle and reinyie,
it is guid hope peace follae sall,' says he.

Than worship we the godheid and gret nicht
o Pallas, wi clatterin harness fierce in ficht,
whilk haes us first receivit gled and gay.
Our heids afore the altar we array
wi veilis broun, efter the Trojan guise,
and, untae Juno o Arge our sacrifice
made reverently, as Helenus us bade,
observin weill, as he commandit haed,
the ceremonies leal. Syne, but langir delay,
frae that perfurnished wis our offering day,
anon the nokkis o our raes¹⁰⁰ we writh;¹⁰¹
doun faas the sheetis o the sailis swith;
the Gregions' herbry and frontiers suspeck
we left behinnd; and efter, in effeck,
o Tarentum the firth we see, but les,
biggit, as thay say, by worthy Hercules;
and, owre forgain the tither side also,
rase up Lacinia the temple o Juno
o Caulon ceity eik the wallis hie,
and Scylaceum whaur ship broken mony be.
Syne, faur aff in the sea fluid, we gan espy
the birnin Etna intae Sicilie,
and a fell rage routin o the sea
a lang wey thence, and on the rockis hie
we heard the jaupis¹⁰² beat, and at the coast
a hideous brayin o broken seas' boast.
Upo shauld bankis bowdens hie the fluid;
the stour up bullers sand, as it war wuid.
My faither than cries: 'Hou! feirs, help away,
streak airs at aince wi aa the force ye may.

¹⁰⁰ nokkis o our raes: tips o our sail-yairds

¹⁰¹ writh: turn

¹⁰² jaupis: brekkers

Nae wunner, this is the selcouth¹⁰³ Charybdis.
Thir horrible craigs and rockis here, iwis,
Helenus the prophet fu weill did us declare.’

The samen wise as thay commandit war
thay did anon, and Palinurus first
hard hales the sheet on side, and fast gan thrist
the foeship tae the wawis and the tide,
sailin on bawburd taewart the left side.
Taewart the left, wi mony heize and hale,
socht aa our flote fast baith wi rowth¹⁰⁴ and sail.
The swellin swirl upheizit us tae heiven;
syne wad the waw swack us doun fu even,
as it appeared, unner the sea tae Hell.
Thrice the howked craigis heard we yell,
whaur-as the swelch haed the rocks thirled;
and thrice the faem furth spout, that sae hie whirled,
it seemit watter the starnis, as we thocht.

By this the sun went tae, and us forwrocht
left desolate. The windis caulmit eik.
We, nocht bekent whit richt course nicht we seek,
war warpit tae seawart by the outward tide
o Cyclopes ontae the coast’s side.
The port, wham tae we cappit, wis fu large,
and frae aa windis’ blast, for ship or barge
sover aa time; but ne’ertheless, fast by,
the grisly Etna did rummle, shudder and cry;
some time thrawin out, heich in the skies,
the black laithly smuik that aft did rise
as thunner’s blast, and reekin as the pik;¹⁰⁵
wi gleidis sperkin as the hail as thick.
Upsprang the bleezes and fiery lumps we see,
whilk seemit for tae lick the starnis hie;
some time it raised gret rockis, and aft will
furth boke the bowels or entrails o the hill,
and lowsit stanes upwarpis in the air

¹⁰³ selcouth: byordnar

¹⁰⁴ rowth: rowin

¹⁰⁵ pik: pitch

round in a sop,¹⁰⁶ wi mony crack and rair;
the stew o birnin heat law frae the ground
upstreikis thare, that doth tae heiven rebound.
The rumour is, doun thrung unner this mount
Enceladus' body wi thunner lies hauf brunt,
and hideous Etna abuve his belly set;
whan he list gant or blaw, the fire is bet,
and frae that furnace the flame doth brist or glide;
hou aft he turnis owre his irkit side
aa Sicil trummles, quakin wi a rerd,
and ugly stew ourwhelmis heiven and erd.

That nicht, lurkin in wuidis, we remain,
o fearfu monsters sufferin meikle pain;
but whit causit sic noise naething we saw;
for naither licht o planets micht we knaw,
nor the bricht pole, nor in the air a stern,
but in daurk cluds the heivens warpit dern;
the muin wis unner wak¹⁰⁷ and gave nae licht,
hauden fu dim for mirkness o the nicht.”

¹⁰⁶ sop: clud

¹⁰⁷ wak: clud

Chapter IX

*O the Greik cleipit Achaemenides
rehearsin Enee the natur o Cyclopes.*

“The saicont day by this sprang frae the east,
whan Aurora the wak¹⁰⁸ nicht did arrest,
and chase frae heiven wi her dim skyis dank
than suddenly, furth o the wuidis rank,
we see a strange man, o form unknow;
a leaner wicht, nor mair pyned, I no saw,
nor yit sae wretchitly beseen a wy.
Taewart the coast, whaur at we stuid in hy,
his haundis furth he streiks askin supplie.
We him behaud, and aa his cors gan see
maist laithly fu o ordure, and his baird
reikin doun the lenth near o a yaird.
His tabard and array sewit wi breirs;
but he wis Greek by aa his ither feirs,¹⁰⁹
and umquhile wis, as efter weill we kenned,
tae Troy intil his faither’s armour send.
This ilk man, frae he beheld on faur
Trojan habits, and o our arms wis waur,
at the first sicht he stentit and stuid awe,
and frae his pace begouth aback tae draw;
but suin efter cam rinnin in a race
doun tae the shore, weepin and askin grace.

‘Oh ye Trojans, by aa the planets,’ quo he,
‘by aa the starnis and the goddis hie,
and by the haillsome spreit o heiven’s licht,
I beseek tak me wi you, caitiff wicht,
and lead me in whit land at e’er ye please.
That may suffice; that war my hert’s ease.
I knaw me ane o the Greekis’ navy;
in weir tae Troy kintrie, I grant, socht I –
for the whilk deed, gif that o our trespass
sae gret the offence and the injuries was,
rent me in pieces, and in the fluidis swack,

¹⁰⁸ wak: wat

¹⁰⁹ feirs: mainers

or droun law unner the large sea's wrack.
Gif that I perish, it is yit some comfort
that I o men's hauns dees at short,⁹
quo he. And tharewi, grovellin on his knees,
he lapped me fast by baith the thies.
We him exhort tae shaw whit wis his name,
and o whit kindred and bluid comen at hame,
and syne tae tell whit fortune haed him betide.
My faither Anchise nae mair words wad byde,
but furthwith gave that young man his richt hand,
and assures his spreit wi that presand.
He at the last his dreid haes duin away,
and on this wise begouth tae carp and say:

'O the realm Ithaca I am, but les,
and o the company o fey Ulixes,
and Achaemenides untae name I hait,
comen wi my faither untae Troy o late,
but a puir wageour,¹¹⁰ cleiped Adamastus –
wad God yit the same fortune remained tae us!
My fellaeship unwittin forget me here,
whan thay thir cruel mairches left for fear,
and in the Cyclopes' huge cave tint me –
a gousty hauld within, laithly tae see,
fu o venom and mony bluidy mess.
Busteous hie Polyphemus set at dess¹¹¹
thare remainis, that may the starnis shake –
ye gods deliver this erd frae sic wraik!
For he is ugsome and grisly for tae see,
hutit¹¹² tae speak o, and aucht nocht namit be.
Thir wretchit men's flesh – that is his fuid;
and drinkis worsum,¹¹³ and thair loppert¹¹⁴ bluid.
I saw mysel, whan, groflins¹¹⁵ amid his cave,
twa bodies o our sort he teuk and rave;

¹¹⁰ wageour: mercenary sodger (i.e. his faither)

¹¹¹ dess: dais, table

¹¹² hutit: detestit

¹¹³ worsum: pus

¹¹⁴ loppert: coagulatit

¹¹⁵ groflins: prostrate, grovellin

intil his hideous haun thaim thrummelt¹¹⁶ and wrang,
and on the stanes out thair harnis dang,
while brain, and een, and bluid aa poppelt¹¹⁷ out.
I saw that cruel fiend eik thare, but dout,
thair limbis rive and eat, as he war wuid,
the youstir¹¹⁸ tharefae chirtin¹¹⁹ and black bluid,
and the hait flesh unner his teeth flickerand.
But nocht unwroken,¹²⁰ forsuith, this feast he fand;
nor Ulixes list nocht lang suffer this;
nocht this King o Ithaca himsel nor his
michten forget, intae sae gret a plicht.
For samen as that horrible feindish wicht
haed ett his fill, and drunk wine he him gave,
soupit in sleep, his neck furth o the cave
he straucht, fordrunken, liggin in his dream,
bokes furth and yisks¹²¹ o youstir mony stream,
raw lumps o flesh and bluid blandit wi wine.
We the gret gods besocht, and cavils syne
casts, whit suld be every man's pairt;
syne aa at aince about and on him stert,
and, wi a sherpit and brint sting o tree,
out did we bore and pyke his meikle ee,
that lurked alane unner his thrawn front large,
as braid as is a Gregion shield or targe,
or like untae the lantren o the muin.
And thus at last hae we revengit suin
blythely the ghaistis o our feiris deid.
But ye, unhappy men, flee frae this steid!
Flee, flee this coast, and smite the cable in twain!
For, hou grisly and hou gret I you sayn
lurks Polyphemus, yimmin¹²² his beastis roch,
and aa thair pappis milkis throch and throch,
a hunner ithers, as huge o quantity,

¹¹⁶ thrummelt: throttelt

¹¹⁷ poppelt: bubbled an frothed

¹¹⁸ youstir: gore

¹¹⁹ chirtin: squirtin out

¹²⁰ unwroken: unavenged

¹²¹ yisks: rifts furth

¹²² yimmin: keppin

endlang this ilk coast's side o the sea,
gret Cyclopes inhabits here and thare,
and walks in thir hie muntains owre aawhere.
The muin haes nou fillit her hornis thrice
wi new licht sen I hae, in this wise,
my life in wuidis led, but sicht o men,
in desert hirns and sere wild beastis' den,
and faur out-frae my cavern did espy
the grim Cyclops, and aft thair grisly cry
and eik stampin o thair feet made me trummle.
My wretchit fuid wis berries o the brummle,
and stanit hips, whilk I on bussis fand,
and ruits o herbs I howkit furth o land.
And vizzlyin aa about, I see at the last
this navy o yours drawin hither fast,
whamtae I me betaucht, and gan avow
whit flote at e'er it wis; for wat ye hou
it is eneuch that I escapit hae
yon cruel people – I set nocht o the lave.
For, raither ye or I faa in sic wrack,
whit daith ye please, the life frae me gar tak.'''

Chapter X

*O Polyphemus, and mony strange coast,
and hou Enee his faither in Sicil lost.*

“Scarce this wis sayed, whan suin we gat a sicht
upo a hill stalkin this hideous wicht,
amang his beasts, the hird Polyphemus,
doun tae the coasts bekent draw taewart us,
a monster horrible, unmeisurable and mishape,
wantin his sicht, and cam tae stab and grape;¹²³
wi his burdoun,¹²⁴ that wis the gret fir tree,
fermin his steps, because he nicht nocht see;
the woolit sheep him follaein at the back,
whaurin his pleisure and delight gan he tak.
About his hause a whustle hung haed he,
wis aa his solace for tinsell o his ee.
And, wi his staff frae he the deep fluid
tuichit, and comen at the sea’s side stuid,
aff his ee-doup¹²⁵ the flowein bluid and atter¹²⁶
he wuish awa aa wi the saut watter,
grassillin¹²⁷ his teeth, and rummesin¹²⁸ fu hie.
He wades furth throu middis o the sea,
and yit the watter wat nocht his lang side.

We, faur frae thence, affrayed, durst nocht abide,
but fled anon, and within buird haes brocht
that faithfu Greek whilk us o succour socht,
and privily we smit the cable in twain;
syne, kempin wi airis in aa our main,
up welters watter o the saut sea fluid.
He perceivit the sound, whaurat he stuid,
and taewart the din moves his pace anon;
but whan he felt at we sae faur war gone,

¹²³ grape: grope

¹²⁴ burdoun: cudgel

¹²⁵ ee-doup: ee socket

¹²⁶ atter: dischairge

¹²⁷ grassillin: gnashin

¹²⁸ rummesin: bellowin

sae at his haundis us areik¹²⁹ nocht micht,
nor the deep Sea Ionium, for aa his hicht,
no micht he wade equally us tae arrest,
a felloun bray and huge shout up he kest,
whaur-throu the sea and aa the fluidis shuke;
the land aahail o Itail trummelt and quoke;
and howe caverns or furnace o Etna round
rummist and lowed, fordinnit wi the sound.
But than, furth o the wuids and hillis hie,
waukent wi the cry a huge people we see
o Cyclopes cam hurlin tae the port,
and fillit aa the coast sides at short.
Thae eldritch brether, wi thair leukis thrawn,
tho nocht avided, thair staunin hae we knawn;
a horrible sort, wi mony camsho¹³⁰ beak,
and heidis seemin tae the heiven areik.
Siclike as whaur that, wi thair hie taps,
the big aiks streikin in the air thair craps,
or than the cypress beirin heich thair bews,
growein in the wuiddis, or hie up on hews
in shawis auld, as men may see frae faur,
hallowed tae Diana or yit tae Jupiter.
The sherp dreid made us sae tae catch haste,
withdrawin fast, as tho we haed been chased,
and for tae set our sail whither we best micht
tae follae the wind, and haud nae courses richt.
Agin the counsel o Helenus, our feirs
persuades tae haud furth e'en the wey that steers
midwart betwix Charybdis and Scylla,
a little space frae deid by aither o twa;
for, but we haud that course, forouten fail
backerties, thay sayed, on Cyclops maun we sail.

But lo! anon a fair wind, ere we wist,
rase in the north, blawin even as we list,
frae the strait bay o Pelorus the Munt:
and suin we sweepit by, at the first brunt,
the mouth o fluid Pantagiae fu o stanes,
the sound Megaros, and Thapsun Isle at aince.
The names o thir coasts, Achaemenides,

¹²⁹ areik: reach

¹³⁰ camsho: cruikit

the companion o unhappy Ulixes,
reckons tae us as we passed ane by ane;
for we return the samen went again
whaur thair navy haed wavert¹³¹ by thair race.¹³²

Within the firth o Sicil, forgain the face
o the fluid Plemyrion fu o waws,
thare lies an island whilk our elders caas
Ortygia, whaur that the fame is sae
that Alpheus, ane o the rivers twae
o the ceity o Elis in Arcade,
unner the sea gan thither flowe and wade
throu secret conduits; and nou eik, as thay say,
Arethusa, at the mouth or ischay,
it enters rinnin in the Sicil Sea.
The gret goddis o that place worship we,
at command o my faither. And frae thyne
the fertile grund o Helory passed syne,
whilk fluid watteris aa the field about.
Thare on the craigs our navy stuid in dout,
for on blinnd stanes and rockis hirselt we,
tummelt o Munt Pachynus in the sea;
and faur frae thence the loch Camerina,
wham the Fates forbids tae dae awa,
appears tae us, and o Geloy the fieldis,
whaurat the gret ceity Gela upbuild is,
haein the surname frae the fluid fast by.
Syne heich Acragas faur aff we gan espy,
a hill and ceity wi large waas o force,
whaur umquhile bred war the maist weirlike horse.
And thee alsae, Selinus, I left behinnd,
for aa thy palm trees, wi the follaein wind.
The dangerous shaulds and coasts up pykit we,
wi aa his blinnd rocks, o Libie.

Thare the port o Drepanun, and the raid,
wham tae remember my hert may ne'er be glaid,
receivit me, whaur that, alas, alas!

¹³¹ wavert: wannert

¹³² race: i.e. voyage

I leis¹³³ my faither, aa comfort and solace,
and aa supply o our travail and pain.
Thare, thare, alack! sae feil dangers bygane,
and tempest o the sea, faither maist dear,
Anchises, desolate why left thou me here
weary and irkit in a fremmit land?
Oh wallaway! for nocht wis aa, I fand,
that thou escaped sae mony perils huge.
Helenus the divine, as we wi him gan ludge,
whan horrible thingis sere he did advert,
shew nocht before tae me thir hermis' smert,
nor yit the felloun and ackwart Celaeno.
This wis extreme laubour o pain and woe;
this wis the end o aa his lang voyage.
And hither syne, warpit wi seais' rage,
upo your coasts, as I frae thence wis drive,
some happy chance and God made me arrive.”

The prince Eneas, on this wise, alane
the fates o gods and races mony ane
rehearsin shew, and sindry strange wents;¹³⁴
the Queen and aa the Tyrians takin tents.
And at the last he ceased, and sayed no more,
endin his tale as ye hae heard before.

¹³³ leis: lost

¹³⁴ wents: events