

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



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

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## Buik 4

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 Feird Buik

Wi beamis schene, thou bricht Cytherea,  
whilk only shaddowest amang starns' light,  
and thy blinndit wingit son, Cupid, twa  
fosterers o birnin, carnal, het delight,  
your jolly wae needlins must I indite,  
beginnin wi a feignit faint pleasance,  
continuin wi lust and endit wi penance.

In fragile flesh your fickle seed is saw,  
ruitit in delight, walth, and fuid delicate,  
nursit wi sleuth, and mony unseemly saw.  
Whaur shame is lost, thare spreids your burgeons hait.  
Aft tae revolve an unleifu consait  
ripes your perilous fruitis and uncorn<sup>1</sup> –  
o wickit grain hou sall guid shaif be shorn?

Whit is your force but feebling o the strenth?  
Your curious thochtis whit but musardry?  
Your fremmit gledness lests nocht an hour's lenth;  
your sport for shame ye daur nocht specify;  
your fruit is but unfructuous fantasy;  
your sary joys been but jangling and japes,  
and your true servants silly goddis' apes.

Your sweet mirthis are mixt wi bitterness.  
Whit is your dreary gemm? A merry pain.  
Your wark unthrift; your quiet is restless;  
your lust likin in langour tae remain;  
freindship turment; your traist is but a trane.<sup>2</sup>  
Oh luv, whether are you joy or fuilishness,  
that makkis fowk sae gled o thair distress?

Solomon's wit, Samson thou robbest his force,  
and David thou bereft his prophecie.  
Men says thou bridelt Aristotle as a horse,  
and creelit up the flouer o poetrie.  
Whit sall I o thy michtis notify?

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<sup>1</sup> uncorn: wild aits

<sup>2</sup> trane: trap

Fareweill, whaur that thy lusty dart assails,  
wit, strenth, riches – naething but grace avails.

Thou chain o luv, hae benedicité!  
Hou hard strainis thy bandis every wicht?  
The God abuve, frae his hie majesty,  
wi thee y-bund, law in a maid did licht.  
Thou vanquished the strang giant o gret micht;  
thou art mair forcy than the deid sae fell;  
thou plenished Paradise, and thou herryit Hell.

Thou makkis feeble wicht, and lawest the hie;  
thou knits freindship whaur thare been nae parage;  
thou Jonathas confederate wi Davy;  
thou dauntit Alexander for aa his vassalage;<sup>3</sup>  
thou festent Jacob fowerteen year in bondage;  
thou teachit Hercules gae learn tae spin,  
reik<sup>4</sup> Dionyre his mace and lionskin.

For luv Narcissus perished at the well;  
for luv thou stervest maist docht Achill;  
Theseus, for luv, his fellae socht tae Hell.  
The snaw-white doo aft tae the gray maik will.  
Alas! for luv hou mony thaimsel did spill!  
Thy fury, luv, mithers taucht for dispite  
fyle haundis in bluid o thair young childer lyte.

Oh Lord, whit writes mine author o thy force,  
in his *Georgics*! Hou thine undauntit micht  
constrainis sae some time the stanit horse,  
that, by the scent o a mare faur o sicht,  
he braidis braes anon, and taks the flicht;  
nae bridle may him daunt nor busteous dint,  
naiter brae, hie rock, nor braid fluidis stint.

The busteous bullis aft, for the young kye,  
wi horn tae horn wirks ither mony a wound,  
sae rummesin wi hideous lowein cry  
the fieldis aa doth o thair rousts resound;  
the meek hartis, in belling, aft are found

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<sup>3</sup> vassalage: knightly courage

<sup>4</sup> reik: rax (in Aristophanes' comedy *The Frogs*, Dionysius dresses up like Hercules)

mak fierce bargain, and rams thegither rin;  
bairs twit thair tuskis, and fret ither's skin.

The ruthfu smert and lamentable case  
whilk thare he writes o Leander ying,  
hou for thy luv, Hero – alace, alace!  
in fervent flame o het desire birning,  
by nicht's tide, the heiven's loud thundring,  
and, aa wi storm trubbelt, the sea's fluid  
beatin on the rocks, and rowtin as it war wuid,

set he him nocht tae swim owre, wallaway!  
the firth betwixt Sestos and Abydane,  
in Europe and in Asia ceities twae?  
His faither and mither nicht him nocht call again.  
Oh God, whit herm! thare wis he drount and slain;  
and whan his luv saw this mischief, at aince  
outowre the waa she lap, and brak her banes.

Lo, hou Venus gan her servants acquite!  
Lo, hou her passions unbridles aa thair wit!  
Lo, hou thay tyne thaimsel for short delight!  
Lo, hou frae grace tae aa mischief they flit,  
frae weill tae sturt, frae pain tae deid! And yit  
thare been but few example taks o ither,  
but wilfully faas in the fire, leif brither.

Be ne'er owreset, mine author teaches sae,  
wi lust o wine, nor warks venerian –  
thay feeble the strenth; reveals secret baith twae,  
strife and debate engenders, and feil haes slain.  
Honesty, prowess, dreid, shame and luck are gane  
whaur thay abound. Attemper thaim forthy.  
Childer tae engender uise Venus, and nocht in vain.  
Hae nae surfeit; drink nocht but whan thou art dry.

Whit? Is this luv, nice luv, at ye mean,  
or fause deceit, fair leddies tae beguile?  
Thaim tae defoul, and shent yoursel between,  
is aa your liking, wi mony subtle wile.  
Is that true luv – guid faith and fame tae fyle?  
Gif luv be virtue, than is it leifu thing;  
gif it be vice, it is your undoing.

Lust is nae luv, tho leddies like it weill.  
This furious flame o sensuality  
are nane amours but fantasy ye feel;  
carnal pleasance, but sicht o honesty;  
hates himsel forsuith, and luv's nocht thee.  
Thare been twa luv's, perfite and imperfite;  
that ane leifu, the tither foul delight.

Luv is a kindly passion, engendert o heat  
kennelt in the hert, owrespreidin aa the cors;  
and, as thou sees some person waik in spreit,  
some hert het birnin as an unbridelt horse;  
like as the patient haes heat o owre gret force,  
and in young babbies warmness insufficient,  
and intae aged failyies, and is out-quent.

Richt sae in luv thou may be excessive,  
inordinately luv in ony creature;  
thy luv alsae it may be defective,  
tae luv thy ain and gie o ithers nae cure;  
but whaur that luv is rult wi measure,  
it may be likent tae a haill man's estate,  
in temperate warmness, naither too cauld nor hait.

Than is thy luv inordinate, say I,  
whan ony creature mair than God thou luv's;  
or yit luv's ony tae that fine, whaurby  
thysel or thaim thou frawart God removes.  
For til attemper thine amours thee behuves.  
Luv every wicht for God, and tae guid end,  
thaim by nae wise tae herm, but tae amend.

This is tae know, luv God for his guidness,  
wi hert, haill mind, true service, day and nicht;  
neist luv thyssel, eschewin wickitness;  
luv syne thy neibours, and wirk thaim nane unricht,  
willin that thou and thay may hae the sicht  
o Heiven's bliss, and tice thaim nocht tharefrae,  
for, an thou dae, sic luv dow nocht a strae.

Faint luv, but grace, for aa thy feignit lays,  
thy wanton wills are very vanity;

graceless thou askis grace, and thus thou prays;  
“Hae mercy, leddy, hae ruth and some peity!”  
And she, ruthless, again rueis on thee.  
Here is nae paramours found, but aa haterent,  
whaur naither tae weill nor reason tak thay tent.

Caas thou that ruth, whilk o thairsel no racks?  
Or is it grace tae faa frae grace? Na, na,  
thou seekis mercy, and thareof mischief maks.  
Renown and honour why wad thou drive awa?  
A brutal appetite maks young fuilis forvay,  
whilk by reason list nocht thair heat refrain,  
haudin opinion dear o a borit bane.<sup>5</sup>

Says nocht your sentence thus, scant worth a fas,<sup>6</sup>  
“Whit honesty or renown is tae be dram?<sup>7</sup>  
Or for tae droup like a for-dullit ass?  
Lat us in riot leive, in sport and game,  
in Venus’ court, sen born tharetae I am?  
My time weill sall I spend. Weens thou nocht sae?”  
But aa your solace sall return in gram,<sup>8</sup>  
sic thewless lusts in bitter pain and wae.

Thou auld hasart<sup>9</sup> lecher, fie for shame  
that flotters furth evermair in sluggardrie.  
Out on thee, auld trat, aged wife, or dame,  
ashames naething in roust<sup>10</sup> o sin tae lie!  
Thir Venus’ werks in youthheid are follie,  
but intae eild thay turn in fury rage.  
And wha shameless doubles thair sin – hae fie! –  
as doth thir vaunters aither in youth or age?

Whit needs avaunt you o your wickitness,  
ye that been forcy alane in villainous deed?

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<sup>5</sup> dear o a borit bane: i.e. they wadna gie a bane wi a hole in it, they dinna gie a damn

<sup>6</sup> fas: tassel

<sup>7</sup> dram: sad

<sup>8</sup> gram: sorra

<sup>9</sup> hasart: gray-heidit

<sup>10</sup> roust: corruption



Why glore ye in your ain unthriftiness?  
Ashame ye nocht rehearse and blaw on breid  
your ain defame, haein o God nae dreid,  
nor yit o Hell, provokin ithers tae sin,  
ye that list o your palyardry<sup>11</sup> ne'er blin?

Wad God ye purchased but your ain mischance,  
and war nae bannerers for tae perish mo!<sup>12</sup>  
God grant some time ye turn you tae penance,  
refrainin lusts inordinate, and cry ho!  
and thare affix your luv, and minds also,  
whaurever is very joy without offence,  
that aa sic beastly fury ye lat gae hence.

O brokers and o sic bawdry hou suld I write,  
o wham the filth stinkis in God's neis?  
Wi Venus' henwifes whitwise may I flyte,  
that strakes thir wenchis' heidis thaim tae please?  
"Dochter, for thy luv this man haes gret dis-ease,"  
quo the bismeir wi the sleekit spech.  
"Rue on him, it is merit his pain tae mease."  
Sic pode<sup>13</sup> makerels<sup>14</sup> for Lucifer been leech.

Ashame, young virgins, and fair damisels,  
furth o wedlock for tae distene<sup>15</sup> your kells!<sup>16</sup>  
Traist nocht aa tales that wanton woers tells,  
you tae deflour purposin, and nocht else.  
Abhor sic price or prayer worship sells.  
Whaur shame is lost quite shent is womanheid.  
Whit o beauty, whaur honesty lies deid?

Rue on yoursel, leddies and maidens ying.  
Grant nae sic ruth forever may cause you rue.  
Ye fresh gallants, in het desire birning,

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<sup>11</sup> palyardry: whore-mongerin

<sup>12</sup> mo: mair

<sup>13</sup> pode: puddock

<sup>14</sup> makerels: pimps

<sup>15</sup> distene: stain

<sup>16</sup> kells: caps worn be unmarriet lassies

refrain your courage sic paramours tae pursue.  
Grund your amours on charity aa new;  
found you on reason – whit needis mair tae preach?  
God grant you grace in luve, as I you teach!

Fie on deceit and fause dissimulance,  
contrar tae kind wi feignit cheer smiling,  
unner the cloak o luve's observance,  
the venom o the serpent ready tae sting!  
But aa sic crimes in luve's cause I resing  
tae the *Confession* o moral John Gower,  
for I maun follae the text o our maiter.

Thy double wound, Dido, tae specify,  
I mean thine amours, and thy funeral fate,  
wha may indite, but tearis, wi een dry?  
Augustine confesses himsel wept, God wait,  
readin thy lamentable end infortunate.  
By thee will I repeat this verse again:  
temporal joy endis wi wae and pain.

Alas, thy dolorous case and hard mischance!  
Frae bliss tae wae; frae sorra tae fury rage;  
frae nobleness, walth, prudence and temperance,  
in brutal appetite faa, and wild dotage.  
Daunter o Afric, Queen founder o Carthage,  
umquhile in riches and shinin glorie reigning,  
throu fuilish lust wrocht thy ain undoing.

Lo! wi whit thocht, whit bitterness and pain  
luve unsely breedis in every wicht!  
Hou short while daes his fause pleasance remain!  
His restless bliss hou sune takkis the flicht!  
His kindness alters in wrath within a nicht.  
Whit is, but turment, aa his langsome fair,  
begun wi fear, and endit in despair?

Whit sussy,<sup>17</sup> cure, and strang imagining,  
whit weys unleifu, his purpose tae attein,  
haes this fause lust at his first beginning!  
Hou subtle wiles, and mony quiet mean!

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<sup>17</sup> sussy: care

Whit slicht deceit quently tae flat and feign;  
syne in a throw can nocht hisselin hide,  
nor at his first estate nae while abide!

Thou swelch, devourer o time unrecoverable,  
o lust, infernal furnace, inextinguible,  
thysel consumin worths<sup>18</sup> insatiable,  
quent fiend's net, tae God and man odible!  
O thy trigits<sup>19</sup> whit tung can tell the tribble?  
Wi thee tae warsle, thou waxis evermair wicht;  
eschew thine haunt, and minish sall thy micht.

See, hou blind luv's inordinate desire  
degrades honour, and reason doth exile!  
Dido, o Carthage flouer, and lamp o Tyre,  
whase hie renown nae strenth nor gift micht fyle,  
in her faint lust sae mate,<sup>20</sup> within short while,  
that honesty baith and guid fame war adieu,  
syne for disdain – alas! – hersel'fin slew.

Oh! whit availed thy bruit and glorious name,  
thy mobles, treisure, and wirkis infinite,  
thy ceity's building, and thy ryal hame,  
thy realmis, conquest, weillfare and delight?  
Tae stint aathing save thine ain appetite,  
sae wis in luv thy frawart destiny.  
Alas the while thou knew the strang Enee!

And sen I suld thy tragedy indite,  
here needs nane ither invocatioun.  
By thee command I lusty leddies white:  
beware wi strangers o uncouth natioun,  
wirk nae sic wunners tae their damnatioun;  
but til attain wild amours at thee thay lear.  
Thy lusty pain begouth on this maneir.

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<sup>18</sup> worths: becomes

<sup>19</sup> trigits: enchantments

<sup>20</sup> mate: confoundit (literally checkmated)

## The Feird Buik

### Chapter I

*The thochtfu Queen, wi mony amorous clause,  
til her sister complains in luve's cause.*

By this the Queen, wi hivvy thochts unsound,  
in every vein nourices the green wound,  
smitten sae deep wi the blinnd fire o luve  
her trubbelt mind gan frae aa rest remove.  
Compassin the gret prowess o Enee,  
the large worship feil syse remembers she  
o his lineage and fowks; for aye present  
deep in her breist sae wis his feigure prent,  
and aa his words fixed, that, for busy thocht,  
nane ease her members nor quiet suffer mocht.

The neist day follaein, wi his beams bricht  
as Phoebus did the grund or erd alicht,  
efter the dawin hath the donk nicht's clud  
chasit frae the sky, and the air new shroud;  
fu ill at ease Queen Dido on this kind  
spak tae her sister, wis o the samen mind:  
“My sister Ann, whit swevins<sup>21</sup> been thir,” quo she,  
“whilk me affrays in sic perplexity?  
Whit be he, this gret new guest or strangeir,  
untae our realm lately is driven here?  
Hou wyce in speech, and in his communing,  
he shaws himsel! God, whit wunner thing!  
Hou stout in courage! In weir hou valiand!  
I trow sister, and, as I unnerstand,  
my opinion is nane uncertain thing,  
thay been some lineage o verra gods' affspring;  
for dreid aaweys and shamefu cowardice  
degenerate wichts and bowbarts notifies.  
Alas! whit wunner fatal adventures  
haes him bewave! Whit travail, pain and cures,  
hou huge battles, by him eschewit, tauld he!  
Nou, certes, war it nocht determed wi me,

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<sup>21</sup> swevins: dreams

and fixit in my mind unmovably,  
that tae nae wicht in wedlock me list  
couple nor knit, sen my first luvie is gane,  
by daith dissevert, and left me alane;  
war nocht alsae tae me is displeasent  
Genius'<sup>22</sup> chaumer or matrimony tae hant,  
per chance I micht be vanquished in this rage,  
throu this ae crime o saicont mairriage.  
Anna, I grant tae thee, sen the decease  
o my sary husband Sichie, but lees,  
whaur-that our hous wi brither's deid wis spreit,<sup>23</sup>  
only this man haes movit my intent,  
and haes my mind inducit tae forvay.  
I knaw and feels the wemmis<sup>24</sup> and the way  
o the auld fire and flame o luvie's heat.  
But raither I desire baith cors and spreit  
o me the erd swalla law adoun,  
or than aamichty Jove wi thunner's soun  
me smite fu deep intae the shaddas dern,  
amang pale ghaistis o Hell's howe cavern,  
in the profound pot o daith and daurk nicht,  
ere I become sae shamefu wretchit wicht  
that I my honesty fyle or womanheid,  
or brek your laws; na, while I be deid!  
He, that me first tae him in wedlock knit,  
my first flouer o amours teuk, and yit  
for evermair wi him he sall thaim have,  
and he must keep thaim wi him in his grave."<sup>23</sup>  
Thus sayin, the bricht tears anon out-brist,  
and fillit aa her bosom ere she wist.

Anna answer: "Oh thou, sae mot I thrive,  
tae thy sister dearer than her ain life,  
whether gif thou wilt alane, in wedowheid  
ever murnin thus waste awa thy youthheid?  
Naither yit the comfort o sweet children thou knaws,  
nor the pleisure feels o Venus' laws?  
Whit! Weens thou aises cauld and ghaists in grave

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<sup>22</sup> Genius': Douglas seems here an elsewhaur tae tak Genius for a speceefic deity

<sup>23</sup> spreit: spattert (Sichaeus wis killt by his brither-in-law)

<sup>24</sup> wemmis: scars

o aa sic wailin ony fest sall have?  
In case that in thy dule afore thir days,  
thy lord new deid, thee list incline nae ways  
naither prince nor duke tae tak as for husband;  
suppose thou lichtlied thaim o Libya land,  
Iarbas King, and ithir herris aa,  
whilkis in the rich sulyie<sup>25</sup> triumphal  
o Afric bounds dwallen widewhaur –  
whit! wilt thou als debaten evermair  
agin this liking luve, comes o pleasance?  
Conseiders thou nocht, and haes in remembrance,  
amids whase grund here thou remains?  
On this haun, ceities o Gaetulians,  
a kind o people invincible in battle;  
here the undauntit fowk o Numida dwell;  
and, on that ither pairt, umbeset, iwis,  
we are wi busteous and unfreindly Syrtis;  
and yonder the desert region alsa,  
aye fu o thrist, in burnin Libya,  
and widewhaur thence the wild people o Barcay.  
The weirs movin frae Tyre whit sall I say,  
and the gret brag and menace o our brither?  
By disposition o gods, I ween, nane ither,  
and by the purveyance o Juno, tae our supplie,  
the Trojan ships by prosper wind owre sea  
hath hither set thair courses fortunate.  
Oh sister mine, conseider in whit estate  
this ceity, whilk thou buildis sall uprise!  
Perceive hou that this realm may, on sic wise,  
been uphieit throu sae noble a mairriage!  
Behaud hou meikle the glore o Carthage  
sall be extolled, and increase in everything,  
throu help in arms o the Trojan's affspring!  
Whaurfore thee needs beseek gods o thair grace,  
wi sacrifice, tae be favourable in this case.  
Dae set aahaill thy cure and diligence  
tae causen him mak wi thee residence,  
and feign causes tae tarry him, and withhaud  
sae lang, as thus: durin the winter cauld,  
the sea rages throu wattery Orion;  
and while the storms be aa owreblawn and gone;

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<sup>25</sup> sulyie: soil

and while his shippis, wi the tempest shake,  
be bet,<sup>26</sup> bid spare naither fir, elm, nor aik.”

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<sup>26</sup>

bet: mendit

## Chapter II

*Dido inflamit in the lusty heat,  
wi amorous thochtis trubbles aa her spreit.*

Wi thir wordis the spreit o Dido Queen,  
the whilk before in luve wis kennelt green,  
nou aa in fire the flame o luve furth bleezes.  
Her doutsome mind wi guid hope sae she heizes  
that aa the shame and dreid wis blaw away,  
and tae the temple furth held thay baith twae.  
Efter the ceremonies o thair pagan guise,  
benevolence and guid luck, sindry wise,  
thay beseek and thay search at ilk altair;  
and twinters,<sup>27</sup> waled for sacrifice, here and thare  
thay brittent; and some in honour did address  
o the law leader, Ceres, the Goddess;  
tae Phoebus, and tae Bacchus pairt also;  
but principally untae the Queen Juno,  
whilk hath in cure the band o mairriage.  
Hersel, maist guidly Queen Dido o Carthage,  
held in her richt haun a cupfu o wine;  
betwix the hornis twa furth yett it syne  
o an untamit young quoy,<sup>28</sup> white as snaw;  
and, ither whiles, wad she raik on raw,<sup>29</sup>  
or pass tofore the altars, wi fat offerands  
aye chairgit fu, and aft, wi her ain hands,  
renew and bete<sup>30</sup> the sacrifice aa day;  
and rich giftis gie Trojans; and wad aye  
the beastis' coasts,<sup>31</sup> as thay debowelled war,  
and thair entrails, behaud flicker and steir,  
accordin the auld usance tae that effect,  
some augury tae perceive or guid aspect.

Oh wallaway! O spaemen and divines –

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<sup>27</sup> twinters: beasts twa winters auld

<sup>28</sup> quoy: heifer

<sup>29</sup> raik on raw: walk in procession

<sup>30</sup> bete: tend

<sup>31</sup> coasts: sides



the blind mindis, whilkis nae wey defines  
the force nor strength o love wi his hard bands –  
whit availit thir sacrifice or offerings?  
Whit helps tae vizzy temples in love's rage?  
Behaud unhappy Dido o Carthage  
in this mean season<sup>32</sup> birnin het as gleid;  
the secret wound deep in her mind gan spreid,  
and o het amours the subtle quent fire  
wastes and consumes merch, banes and lyre.<sup>33</sup>  
Owre aa the ceity enraged she here and there  
wauners, as a stricken hind, wham the stalker,  
ere she perceive, frae faur beats wi his flane<sup>34</sup>  
amid the wuids o Crete, and lats remain  
the braid heid, unknow the beast wis hit;  
she skippin furth, as tae eschew the bit,  
gan throu the forest fast and groves glide;  
but e'er the deidly shaft sticks in her side.

Some time the Queen Enee wi her did lead  
throu-out the wallis untae every steid,  
the treasure aa and riches o Sidony,  
shawin tae him; and offert aa ready  
the ceity o Carthage at his commandment.  
Begin she wad tae tell furth her intent,  
and in the mid word stop, and haud her still.  
And whan the even cam, it wis her will  
tae seek weys him tae fest, as she did ere;  
and, hauf mindless, again she langis sair  
for til enquire and hear the siege o Troy,  
and in a stare behaudis him for joy.  
Efter aa wis voidit, and the licht o day  
aye mair and mair the muin quencht away,  
and the declinin o the starnis bricht  
tae sleep and rest persuades every wicht,  
within her chaumer alane she langis sair,  
and thocht aa waste for lack o her lover.  
Amid a void bed she her laid adoun,  
and o him absent thinks she hears the soun;

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<sup>32</sup> in this mean season: meanwhile

<sup>33</sup> merch, banes and lyre: marra, banes and flesh

<sup>34</sup> flane: arrow

his voice she hears, and him behauldis she,  
tho he, God wat, faur frae her presence be;  
and some time wad she Ascanius, the page,  
caucht in the feigure o his faither's eimage,  
and in her bosom brace, gif she thareby  
the luv untellable nicht swick or satisfy.  
The wirk and waws begun are nocht upbrocht;  
the younkers' deeds o arms exercise nocht;  
naither fortress nor turrets shuir o weir  
nou graith thay mair; for aa the wirk, but weir,  
ceases and is stopped, baith o pinnacles high,  
and big touers, seemed tae rise in the sky.

### Chapter III

*Til Venus carpis Juno the Goddess,  
and o thair speech and sermon mair and less.*

As swith as Juno, wi sic malice owretane,  
perceived her dear frein that remeid wis nane,  
naither fame nor honour the rage resist micht.  
Saturnus' dochter wi sic words on hicht  
begouth tae carp untae Venus, iwis:  
"A huge honour and laud ye sall o this  
report, and richt large spulyie beir away,  
thou and thy child forsuth," quo she, "baith twae.  
Oh Lord, hou gret pouer and notable micht,  
gif that, o twa hie goddis throu the slicht,  
a silly wumman sall owrecomen be!  
Nocht sae, iwis, haes thou deceivit me,  
but that I knaw thou haed in fear and dreid  
our ceity, and held the ludgin suspect, indeed,  
o our renownit hie burgh o Carthage.  
But on whit wise sall ceasen aa this rage?  
Or nou whit needs sae gret strife and kontak?<sup>35</sup>  
Faur raither perpetual peace lat us mak,  
and knit up band o mairriage tharetil,  
sen thou haes gotten aa thine hert's will;  
for Dido birns in het luvae aa at aince,  
the brim<sup>36</sup> fury glides throu-out her banes.  
Lat us thir people tae us common, forthy,  
by freindly favours govern equallie;  
sae that it leisome be Dido remain  
in spouses bund, and serve a lord Trojane,  
and suffer Tyrians, and aa Libya land,  
be give in drowry tae thy son in hand."

Than Venus, knawin her speech o feignit mind,  
tae that effeck she micht the Trojan kind,  
and weirs tae come furth o Ital alsa  
withhau and keep frae bounds o Libya,  
answert and sayed: "Whit wickit wicht wad ever

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<sup>35</sup> kontak: conflict

<sup>36</sup> brim: fierce

refuse sic proffer, or yit wi thee haed leifer  
contend in battle, or staun at debate  
gif that, as thou rehearses, the deed aagate  
as soverly micht follae fortunable?  
But I affear me less the Fates unstable,  
nor Jupiter, consent nocht, nor agree,  
that but ae ceity tae Tyrians suld be  
and eik tae fowks frae Troy in voyage comen,  
or list approve thae peoples aa and somen  
thegither middle,<sup>37</sup> or join in league or band.  
Thou art his spous; til thee tae tak on hand  
is leifu wi request his mind tae assay.  
Pass on before, I follae thee, perfay.”

Than Juno Queen sic answer made again:  
“This laubour I tak on haun, aa mine alane.  
But on whit wise, sen time is convenable,  
the fashion hou this stant<sup>38</sup> tae dae maist able,  
hark, at short words that pynt I sall you say.  
Eneas and unsely Dido, baith twae,  
tae forest graiths in huntin furth tae wend,  
tomorra, as fast as Titan doth ascend,  
and owre the warld gan his beams spreid.  
Whan that the rangis and the faid<sup>39</sup> on breid  
dins throu the groves, searchin the wuiddis wide,  
and settis set<sup>40</sup> the glen on every side,  
I sall upo thaim a mirk shouer doun skail  
o weet and wind, middelt wi felloun hail,  
and aa the heiven wi thunner’s blast sae steir  
that aa thair fellaeship sall withdraw for fear.  
Enclosit wi a mist as daurk as nicht,  
Dido and eik the Trojan duke fu richt,  
alanerly, but by thaimselfin twain,  
thegither sall enter in a cave o stane;  
thare sall I be ready, and, but delay,  
gif thy mind be firm tharetae the ilk day,  
in sover wedlock I sall conjoin her thare,

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<sup>37</sup> middle: mingle

<sup>38</sup> stant: reckoning (Latin *ratio*)

<sup>39</sup> the rangis and the faid: the files o men and companies o hunters

<sup>40</sup> settis set: groups beset

tae be his proper spous for evermair.  
Upo this wise thair waddin sall be wrocht.”

Affirmis aa her will, contraryin nocht,  
o Cytheron Venus the Goddess bricht,  
lauchin she fund haed sae contrived a slicht.

## Chapter IV

*Hou that the Queen tae huntin rade at morra,  
and o the first day o her joy and sorra.*

Furth o the sea, wi this, the dawin springs.  
As Phoebus rase, fast tae the yettis thrings  
the chose gallants, and huntsmen thaim beside,  
wi railis<sup>41</sup> and wi nettis strang and wide,  
and huntin spearis stiff, wi heidis braid;  
frae Massyline horsemen thick thither rade,  
wi rinnin hunds, a fu huge sort.  
Nobles o Carthage, hovin at the port,  
the Queen awaits that lang in chaumer dwells.  
Her fierce steed stuid stampin, ready else,  
rungein the faemy gowden bit jinglin;  
o gowden pall<sup>42</sup> wrocht his rich harnessin.  
And she, at last, o palace issued out,  
wi huge menyie walkin her about,  
lappit in a brusit mantle o Sidony,  
wi gowd and pearl the border aa be-wry;<sup>43</sup>  
hingin by her side the case wi arrows ground;  
her bricht tresses enveloped war and wound  
intill a coif o fine gowd wiren threid;  
the gowden button clasped her purpour weed;  
and furth she passed wi aa her companie.  
The Trojan people forgaitert, by and by;  
jolly and gled the fresh Ascanius ying;  
but first o aa, maist guidly, himsel thair king,  
Enee, gan enter in fellaeship, but dout,  
and untae thaim adjoinit his large rout.  
Like whan Apollo list depairt or gae  
furth o his winterin realm o Lycia,  
and leave the fluid Exanthus for a while,  
tae vizzy Delos his mither's land and isle,  
renewin rings and dances, mony a rout;  
mixit thegither, his altars staunin about,  
the people o Crete, and thaim o Dryopes,

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<sup>41</sup> railis: barricades o nets

<sup>42</sup> pall: costly claith

<sup>43</sup> be-wry: surroundit

and eik the pentit fowks Agathyrces,  
shoutin on thair guise wi clamour and voices hie;  
upo thy tap, Munt Cynthus, walkis he,  
his wavin hairis, some time, daein doun-thring  
wi a saft garland o laurer sweet smellin,  
and umquhile thaim gan balmen and anoint,  
and intae gowd address, at fu guid point;  
his grunden dartis clatterin by his side —  
as fresh, as lusty, did Eneas ride,  
wi as gret beauty in his lordly face.

And efter thay are comen tae the chase,  
amang the muntans in the wild forest,  
the rinnin hunds o couples suin thay kest,  
and owre the clewis and the holts,<sup>44</sup> believe,  
the wild beastis doun tae the dale thay drive.  
Lo! thare the raeis, rinnin swift as fire,  
driven frae the hichtis, breks out at the swire;<sup>45</sup>  
anither pairt, syne yonder nicht thou see  
the hirds o hartis wi thair heidis hie,  
owrespinnerin wi swift course the plain vale,  
the heap o dust upstourin at thair tail,  
fleein the hunds, leavin the hie muntains.  
And Ascanius, the child, amid the plains,  
joyous and blythe his stertlin steed tae assay,  
nou maks his rink yonder, and nou this way,  
nou prickis<sup>46</sup> furth by thir, and nou by thaim;  
langin, amang faint frayit beasts untame,  
the faemy bair doun frae the hillis hicht  
or the dun lion descend reconter he nicht.

In the meanwhile, the heivens aa about  
wi felloun noise gan tae rummle and rout.  
A bub o wather follaed in the tail,  
thick shouer o rain middelt fu o hail.  
The Tyrian menyie skailis widewhere,  
and aa the gallants o Troy fled here and thare;  
and eik wi thaim the young Ascanius,

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<sup>44</sup> the clewis and the holts: the cleuchs and shaws

<sup>45</sup> swire: pass at a glen heid

<sup>46</sup> prickis: spurs his horse

nevoy tae King Dardan and tae Venus.  
For fear, tae diverse steidis throu the fields  
thay seek tae hauldis, houses, hirns and beilds.  
The rivers rudely rushed owre hills bedene.  
Within a cave is entert Dido Queen,  
and eik the Trojan duke, aa thaim alane,  
by adventure, as thay eschewed the rain.  
Earth, the first mither, made a taiken o woe,  
and eik o wedlock the pronuba<sup>47</sup> Juno;  
and o thair couplin witterin<sup>48</sup> shew the air:  
the flame o fireflaucht lichtent here and thare,  
and on the hills' hie taps, but les,  
sat murnin nymphis, hait Oreades.  
This wis the foremaist day o her gledness,  
and first morra o her waefu distress.  
For naiter the fashion nor the mainer she  
attendis nou, nor fame, nor honesty;  
nor, frae thence furthwart, Dido ony more  
muses on luv, secret, as o before,  
but cleips it spousage; and, wi that fair name,  
cloakit and hid her crime o open shame.

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<sup>47</sup> pronuba: matron o honour

<sup>48</sup> witterin: news



## Chapter V

*O Fame, that monster, and King Iarlas' fury,  
and hou frae Jove wis sent the God Mercury.*

The fame hereof, belive, gan waux and spreid  
throu cheif ceities o aa Afric on breid.  
Fame is mischief, wham nae herm unner the lift  
in motioun nor steerage is mair swift.  
Movin she growes, and, passin owre aawhere,  
her strenth increases and wauxes mair and mair.  
Little, for fear, the first time seemis she;  
suin efter rises tae the starns on hie;  
upo the grund she walks frae steid tae steid,  
and up amang the cluddis hides her heid.  
Throu grief o gods commovit, and nocht glaid,  
Erd, the gret mither, bare this child, as is sayed,  
last sister tae Coeus and Encelades,  
a huge, horrible, and strang monster, but les,  
speedy o fuit, and on wings swift as wind.  
Hou mony fedders been on her body finnd,  
as mony waukrife een lurkis thare unner,  
as feil tungis, that for tae tell is wunner,  
wi as feil mouthis carpis she and beirs,  
as mony haes she prick upstaunin ears.  
By nicht she flees amid the heiven throu-out,  
circlin the shadda o the erd about  
wi huge faird, naither cure giein nor keep  
her een aince tae rest nor tak a sleep.  
Aa day she sits, watchin busily,  
upo the tap o nobles' houses tae spy,  
or on thir prince's palace wi touers hie,  
and wi her noise gret ceities affrays she:  
as weill rememberin feigned and shrewit saws,  
as she the truth and verity furth shaws.

This ilk wench, that time, wi mony a tale,  
gledly this rumour gan throu the people skail,  
telling the thing wrocht, and nocht wrocht thegither:  
hou o the Trojan bluid wis comen hither  
Enee, wi wham the fair Dido be wed

dedeignit,<sup>49</sup> and as husband gae tae bed;  
and hou the winter season betwixt thaim twae  
thay spent in lang revel, lust, and play,  
o thair realmis naething remembering,  
in foul delight y-bund by Cupid King.  
This menseless goddess in every man's mouth  
skails thir news east, wast, north, and south.  
Her course, anon, but langir tarrying,  
addresses she untae Iarbas King;  
wi her sawis his mind inflamin as fire,  
provokin him tae wrath and felloun ire.  
Tae Ammon<sup>50</sup> he wis son, beget als  
upo the maid ravished Garamantida:  
within his large realms huge and braid  
a hunner temples tae Jupiter he made,  
a hunner altars, whauron the waukrife fire  
he dedicate, aa times birnin schire;  
set watches in honour o gods perpetuallie;  
o beastis' bluid the fat grund never dry,  
strewed wi garlands and flouers o diverse kind.  
This ilk king, wud-wrath, hauf out o mind,  
and for thir shrewit rumours sair amoved,  
in presence o the goddis whilk he luv'd,  
afore the altar, tae Jupiter, as thay say,  
heavin up hauns, devoutely thus gan pray:

“Aamichty Jove,” quo he, “wham tae, feil syse,  
on brusit beds hie feast and sacrifice  
o Maurusia the people hauntis thus,  
offerin tae thee the honour o Bacchus,  
consideers thou this? Or whether, faither, gif we  
for nocht thee dreids, whan thou lats thunner flee?  
And gif thy fireflaucht, the blinnd cluds within,  
tae fley our minds in vain maks noise and din?  
Yon wumman – late exile and vagabond  
cam tae our bounds, that by price bocht the grund  
a little village tae bigg, and wham-tae we  
for tae manure gave the strand o the sea,  
wham-tae our laws and statutes we gart make –

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<sup>49</sup> dedeignit: deigned, condescendit

<sup>50</sup> Ammon: the Egyptian god Amun, reinventit as Jupiter Ammon

our mairriage<sup>51</sup> gan lichtly and forsake,  
and in her reign haes tane Enee for lord.  
And nou that saicont Paris, o ane accord  
wi his ain worthy sort – scant hauf-men been –  
abuve his heid and haffets, weill beseen,  
set like a mitre the Trojan folly hat,<sup>52</sup>  
his hair anoint, weill prunyit<sup>53</sup> unner that,  
by reive maintainis her suld ouris be,  
because untae thy temples daily we  
brings offerin, and in vain hallows thy name.”

Wi sic wordis sayed King Iarbas at hame  
makkin his prayers, and grippin the altar.  
Him heard anon aamichty Jupiter,  
and his een turns taewart the ryal waas  
o Carthage, and thir luvvers, whilk sae faas  
at thay thair fame and guid renown forget.  
Syne thus sayed tae Mercurius, but lat,  
and wi sic mainer chairge gan him direct:

“Pass, son, in haste. Graith thy wings in effect.  
Slide wi thy fedram<sup>54</sup> tae yon Trojan prince,  
whilk nou in Carthage makkis residence,  
giein nae cure o ceities in Italy,  
tae him y-grant by fatal destiny.  
Dae beir my message swiftly throu the skies,  
say tae him thus my wordis on sic wise:  
his dearest mither promised us nocht that he  
o his guidin sae faint a man suld be,  
nor, for sic causes, him delivered twice  
furth o the Greekis’ hauns, his enemies;  
but at he suld hae been wise, sage, and grave,  
hie seignories and gret empire tae have,  
and Ital daunt, whilk brandishes in battle,  
and, by his deeds, declare and clearly tell  
him comen o Teucer’s hie genology,  
and tae subdue the warld’s monarchy.

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<sup>51</sup> our mairriage: i.e. proposed mairriage

<sup>52</sup> folly hat: dunce’s cap

<sup>53</sup> prunyit: preenit, dressed

<sup>54</sup> fedram: plumage

O sae gret things' thocht nae worship him steirs,  
nor for his honour list nocht laubour as effeirs,  
yit than the faither aucht naewise tae envy  
that Ascanius bruke Rome's seignory.  
Speir whit he builds, or hou that he daur dwell  
amang a people whilk sall be his enemies fell?  
His lineage tae come in Ital forgets he,  
and gies nae compt o Lavine the kintrie.  
Bid him mak sail. This is aa in effect;  
thither on our message thus we thee direct,"  
sayed Jupiter. And Mercure, but arrest,  
dressed tae obey his gret faither's behest;  
and first ontae his feet fast buckelt he  
his gowden wingis, whaurwith he daes flee,  
whan sae him list, abuve the fluids on hicht,  
or on the erd, wi gret faird and swift flicht.  
Syne teuk his wand, whaurwith, as that thay tell,  
the pale saulis he chases furth o Hell,  
and ither some tharewi gan shuit fu hot  
deep in the sorrafu grisly Hell's pot;  
whaurwith he maks fowk sleep, maugré thair heid,  
and rives frae ither aa sleep, and tae the deid  
closes thair een, and breks the stringis twae;  
throu help thareof he chases the winds away,  
and trouby cluds divides in a thraw.  
Than furth he flees, til at the last he saw  
the heich tap and sides braid uneven  
o hard Atlas, beirin on his croun the heiven;  
the misty cluddis circlin his heid about,  
whauron o firren trees stant mony rout,  
wi wind and storm fu aft tae shake and blaw;  
his shouthers heildit<sup>55</sup> wi new fallen snaw.  
Furth o the chin o this ilk hasart<sup>56</sup> auld  
gret fluids issues, and stiff ice-shockles<sup>57</sup> cauld  
doun frae his stern and grisly baird hings.  
Here first Mercure, wi evenly shinin wings,  
gan him arrest, and wi haill faird frae thence  
untae the sea fluidis made his descense;

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<sup>55</sup> heildit: covert

<sup>56</sup> hasart: greybaird

<sup>57</sup> ice-shockles: icicles

like til a foule that, endlang the coast side,  
about the strands o fish plenteous and wide,  
flees by the watter, skimmin the fluids law.  
Betwixt the heiven and erd, the same wise, flaw  
Mercury – cleiped the child Cyllenius,  
descendin frae his mither grandsire thus –  
the sandy coasts and deserts o Libie,  
and eik the windis, piercin by and by.

And, wi the wingit soles o his feet,  
as he o Carthage first tread on the street,  
Eneas foundin touers he did espy,  
and garrin build new ludgins busilie.  
Belt he wis wi a swourd o metal bricht,  
o wham the scabbard wi broun jasp wis picht;  
his rich array did owre his shouthers hing,  
beat on a purpour claith o Tyre glittering,  
fetisly<sup>58</sup> steiked wi prinnit gowden threids –  
o mighty Dido's gift wrocht aa his weeds.  
Mercure reconters him, and sayed anon:  
“Oh Carthage nou the proud wallis o stone  
thou founds,” quo he, “and biggs at aa device  
a ceity, exerced<sup>59</sup> intil a wife's service,  
thine ain realm and maiters forgettin, alas!  
Hither untae thee, frae his bricht heivenly place,  
the Governor o Goddis haes me sent,  
whilk rules at will heiven, erd, and element.  
He bade me throu the skyis beir this charge:  
‘Whit builds thou here in Liby or Carthage?  
Or tae whit fine or belief taks on hand  
tae waste thy time intae this fremmit land?  
Gif that nae laud nor honour move thee list  
o sae hie things as are tae thee promised,  
nor thyselfin thou will nocht occupy  
tae purchase thine ain renown nor glorie,  
yit than, behaud Ascanius upwaxing,  
and the gret hope o his seed and affspring,  
whantil the realm and kinrik o Itail,  
wi Rome's boundis, been destinate, sans fail.’”

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<sup>58</sup> fetisly: elegantly

<sup>59</sup> exerced: engaged

On sic wise thus carpis Mercurius,  
and in the middis o his sermon, thus,  
he vanished faur away, I wat ne'er where,  
furth o this mortal sicht, in the schire<sup>60</sup> air.

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<sup>60</sup> schire: clear

## Chapter VI

*Hou Eneas graithis him tae depairt,  
tae wham Dido here carpis wi sair heart.*

But than Enee hauf wud and dumb stuid als;  
upstert his hair; the voice stuck in his hals.  
Sair he langis tae flee and tae depairt  
and that sweet kintrie, on the tither pairt,  
tae leave fu laith wis him, or gae at large.  
Astonished he wis tae sit sae hie a charge,  
or disobey the gret God's behest.  
Alas! Whit suld he dae? Uneith he wist,  
or wi whit wordis suld he nou assay  
the amorous Queen for tae require and pray,  
or on whit wise his tale he micht begin,  
baith tae and frae compassin, his breist within,  
feil purposes for every pairt about.  
And, at the last, thus as he stuid in dout,  
this reason seemed him finally the best:  
he caas tae him Mnestheus and Sergest,  
and strang Cloanthus; and bade thay suld, in hy,  
dae graith his ships and navy secretlie,  
and gaiter his fowks taewart the coast thegither,  
armour and aathing necessar bring thither,  
and tae dissemble, gif ony askit why  
thay thus addressed thair gear sae suddenlie.  
Himsel, he sayed, the meanwhile suld assay  
tae purchase leave tae pass and gae away,  
and wait his time tae speak thareof maist able,  
whan that the Queen Dido, maist honourable,  
suld nocht believe sae suin he suld depairt,  
nor sae gret luve dissever micht by nae airt.  
At his command thay aa gledly furth went,  
and busily begouth speed his intent.

But suin the Queen perceivit aa the slicht –  
wha may beguile a luvver, day or nicht?  
Thair depairtin at haun first she espies,  
dreidin aa sover thing, as is the guise  
o every luvver aa time tae staun in fear.  
This ilk cursed Fame we spak o ere

bare tae the amorous Queen noise, and gan roun:<sup>61</sup>  
“The ships are graithin, tae pass thay mak thaim boun.”  
Whaurfore, impatient, and mindless in her rage,  
she whiskis wild throu the toun o Carthage;  
sicwise, as whan thir nunnis o Bacchus  
rushes and reels owre bankis, braes, and buss,  
whan, every thrid year, o thair pagan guise,  
thair god’s fest thay hallow wi loud cries,  
that, aa the nicht, the Munt o Cithaeron  
resoundis o thair clamour, whaur thay gon.<sup>62</sup>  
And at the last, yit thus, o her free will,  
after lang musin, she spak Eneas til:

“Wi dissimulance weened thou, unfaithfu wicht,  
thou micht hae hid frae me sae fause a flicht,  
and, mine unwittin, steal furth o my land?  
That naither our gret luv, promise, nor richt hand  
given me umquhile may thee here withhaul,  
nor cruel daith o Dido’s cors sae cauld  
gif thou depairt? And faurer whit wad thou do,  
in winter season press<sup>63</sup> graith thy navy, lo!  
and thee address tae pass throu the wud sea,  
mid time whan storms and windis blaw maist hie?  
Art thou sae cruel? I put the case, also,  
that tae nane uncouth landis thou list go,  
naither tae fremmit place, nor steidis will,  
but at auld Troy war yit upstaunin still;  
aucht thou, yit than, leave this weillfare and joy,  
and in sic peril seek throu the sea tae Troy?  
Whit! Will thou flee frae me? Alace! Alace!  
By aa thir tearis tringlin owre my face,  
and by that richt haun umquhile thou me gave –  
sen tae mysel nocht else left I have,  
nou wretchit caitiff – by our troth plichten eik,  
and by our spousage begunnen, I thee beseek,  
gif e’er ony thank I deserved taewart thee,  
or ocht o mine tae thee wis leif,” quo she,  
“hae mercy o our lineage ready tae spill.

---

<sup>61</sup> roun: whisper

<sup>62</sup> gon: gae (wi Chaucerian Inglis endin)

<sup>63</sup> press: peril



Gif time remains yit thou hear prayers will,  
this fremmit mind, I pray you, dae away.  
For thee I hae been hatit, this mony a day,  
wi aa the people o Afric, and wi the king  
that rules the land o Numida and ring;  
for thee my ain Tyrians are wi me wraith;  
for thee is womanheid went and worship baith,  
and my first fame, laud, and renowné,  
whaurby I wis raised tae the starnis hie,  
ready tae dee, and mysel fin tae spill –  
my sweet guest, whamtae thou leave me will?  
My guest, ha God! Hou aathing nou in vain is,  
whan o my spous nane ither name remainis!  
But whaurtae suld I my deid langir delay?  
Sall I abide while thou be went away,  
and while my ain brither, Pygmalion,  
bet doun the wallis o my ceity anon,  
or stern Iarbas, King o Gaetulie,  
lead me awa intae captivity?  
But, at the least, tofore thy way-fleeing,  
haed I a child conceived o thy affspring,  
gif I haed ony young Eneas smaa,  
before me for tae play within my haa,  
whilk representit by similitude thy face,  
than seemed I nocht, this wise, alace! alace!  
aa utterly deceived nor desolate.”

Thus sayed the Queen Dido in feeble estate.  
But upo Jove's message firmly he  
stuid musin, sae he movit nocht an ee;  
refrained his will, hidin in hert his thocht,  
and, at the last, thir few words haes furth brocht.  
“Oh gentle queen, that sall I ne'er deny,  
thy guid deed and desert is mair worthy  
than thou wi wordis or tung may expreme;  
nor it sall ne'er me irk, nor yit mis-seem,  
the worthy Dido tae haud in fresh memorie,  
sae lang as that mysel remember may I,  
or while the spreit o life this body steirs.  
As the maiter requires, a little hears:  
I purpose nocht tae hide theftuously  
my voyage, nor, as ye ween, secretly  
awa tae steal – whit needs thou sae tae feign?

For I pretendit never, by nae mean,  
wi you tae mak the band o mairriage,  
nor in that yoke, nor freindship in Carthage,  
yit cam I ne'er. But gif the Fates, but plead,  
at my pleisure suffert me life tae lead,  
at my free will my wirks tae modify,  
the ceity o Troy than first again suld I  
restore, and o our dear freindis remains  
gaiter thegither, and tae the vanquished Trojans  
reparal<sup>64</sup> wi my hauns again thair waas,  
and build up Priamus' palace that doun faas.  
But sen Apollo, cleipit Gryneus,  
gret Italy tae seek commandis us,  
tae Ital eik oracles o Lycia  
admonished us, but mair delay, tae gae;  
there is my lust nou, and delight at hand,  
there is my kintrie, and my native land.  
Gif thee, o Carthage the burgh and toueris sae,  
whilk art a woman o Phoenicia,  
and the aspect o ceities Africane  
delights, and withhaudis here tae remain,  
whit wrang is it, cause o envy or shame,  
tho Trojans seek tae Ital for thair hame?  
Or is it nocht as leisome and gainand  
that finally we seek tae uncouth<sup>65</sup> land?  
As aft as day is gane, and the daurk nicht  
wi her donk shadda hides o the erd the sicht,  
as aft as shinin starnis doth uprise,  
my faither's ghaist, Anchises, as feil syse  
intae my sleep monishis<sup>66</sup> me tharetae fast,  
and aft his fearfu eimage doth me aghast;  
and in like wise, the child Ascanius,  
whase dear heid suffer injuries is hard tae us,  
wham o the realm o Ital I defraud,  
and frae the grund tae him promised withhaud.  
By aither o our heidis this I sweir:  
nou lately eik o gods the messengeir,  
frae hie Jupiter in hasty message sent,

---

<sup>64</sup> reparal: repair

<sup>65</sup> uncouth: unfameeliar, fremmit

<sup>66</sup> monishis: admonishes

doun throu the air brocht the ilk commandment.  
On fair daylight, my ain self did I see  
Mercure, the God, enter in this ceity,  
and his words wi thir same earis heard I.  
Wi thy complaints ony langir, forthy,  
lat be tae vex me, or thysel tae spill,  
sen I seek nocht tae Ital wi free will.”

## Chapter VII

*O the sherp wordis Queen Dido did say,  
and hou Eneas bounis<sup>67</sup> fast away.*

Dido, aggrieved aye while he his tale tauld,  
wi ackwart leuk gan taewart him behauld,  
rollin umquhile her een, nou here, nou thare,  
wi sicht unstable waverin owre aawhere,  
and aa enraged thir wordis gan furth braid:

“Naither wis a goddess thy mither, as is sayed,  
nor yit King Dardanus chief stock o thy kin,  
thou truthless wicht; but, o a cauld hard whin  
thee clekkit that horrible mount, Caucasus hait.  
Thou souked ne’er wumman’s breist, weill I wait,  
but o some cruel tiger o Araby  
the paps thee fostert in the wuid Hyrcany.  
Tae whit effect suld I him langir persuade?  
Or whit better may believe than he haes sayed?  
Whether gif he murned whan we wept and wailed?  
Whether gif he steired his een, as ocht him ailed?  
Whether gif, for ruth, he furth yett aince a tear;  
or o his luve haed peity? Na, nocht to-year.<sup>68</sup>  
Hou sall I begin, whit first, whit last tae say?  
Nou, nou, naither grettest Juno, wallaway!  
nor Saturnus’ son, hie Jupiter, wi just een  
haes our quarrel conseidert, nor owreseen;  
for naewhaur nou faith nor lawtie is fund.  
I received him ship-broken frae the sea grund,  
wilsome, and misterfu o aa warld’s thing,  
syne, mindless, made him my fellae in this ring:  
his navy lost reparalled I, but fail,  
and his feirs freed frae death aahaill.  
Alas! enraged or enchantit am I;  
whan nou Apollo, wi his sorcerie,  
and whiles, he says, the cavils o Lycia,  
and whiles, frae Jupiter sent doun alsa,  
the Messenger o Gods brings throu the skies

---

<sup>67</sup> bounis: betaks himsel

<sup>68</sup> to-year: this year

sae fearfu charge and command on this wise –  
like as the gods abuve nocht ellis wrocht,  
but on thy passage war aa thair cure and thocht.  
Naither will I haud thee, nor thy words contrair.  
Pass on thy wey, taewart Ital thou fare.  
Seek throu the fluids wi windis tae that ring.  
Forsuith, gif ruthfu gods may onything,  
amid thy wey, I traist, on rockis black  
thou sall dear buy the truith thou tae me brak,  
and cleip aft my richt name: Dido! Dido!  
Wi fire infernal, in thine absence also,  
I sall thee follae; and, frae the cauld deid  
rive frae my members this saul. In every steid  
my ghaist sall be present thee tae agrise.<sup>69</sup>  
Thou sall, unworthy wicht, on this wise  
be punished weill. And thareof wad I hear –  
the fame thareof sall come untae my ear,  
unner the erd, amang the shaddas law.”

And this spoken, her sermon wi the ilk saw  
brak she in twain, fu dolorous in her thocht.  
The licht she fled, and, as fast as she mocht,  
turns frawart him, and wiskit o his sicht,  
on sere maiters leavin him pensive wicht,  
and purposin tae hae sayed mony things.  
The damisels fast tae thair leddy thrings,  
that wis in deidly swoon plat<sup>70</sup> for despair.  
Up thay her hint, and tae her chaumer bare,  
whilk wis o marble wrocht, and in her bed  
laid saftly doun upo rich carpets spread.

But yit, altho the ruthfu Eneas  
the dolorous Queen tae mease fu busy was,  
tae dae her comfort, and her dis-ease assuage,  
and wi his words return her sad courage,  
bewailin meikle her sorra and distress,  
perplexed in mind by gret luv; naetheless,  
the command o the goddis, by and by,  
he execute, and vizzies his navie.  
Than busily the Trojans fell tae wark,

---

<sup>69</sup> agrise: frichten

<sup>70</sup> plat: prostratit

and mony gret ship, ballingair, and bark,  
langis the coast brocht in, and bet fu weill.  
Nou flets the meikle hulk wi talloned<sup>71</sup> keel;  
the burgeont trees on buird thay bring for airs,  
welts down in wuids gret masts, and naething spares,  
seizin<sup>72</sup> hauf unwrocht, sae eident thay war fare boun.<sup>73</sup>  
Rinnin here and thare, and wendin fast o toun,  
ye nicht hae seen thaim haste, like emmets greit  
whan thay despoil the meikle bing o wheat,  
and in thair byke it cairries, aa and some,  
providin for the cauld winter tae come.  
The black swarm owre the fieldis walkis yern,<sup>74</sup>  
tursin throu the gress thair prey tae hiddils dern.  
Some on thair neck the gret corn upwreels,  
and owre the furrows busily tharewi speils;  
some constrainin the ithers fast tae wirk;  
and some the slothfu chastise, that thocht irk  
o thair laubour; while every road and went  
waux o thair eident wark het, whaur thay went.

---

71 talloned: tallowed

72 seizin: pittin in place

73 sae eident thay war fare boun: i.e. sae eager thay war for the aff

74 yern: energetically

## Chapter VIII

*Hou Dido sent her sister Enee tae pray,  
and o the grisly signs did her affray.*

Whit thocht thou nou, Dido, sein thir things  
hou mony sabs gave thou, and womentings?  
Whan thou, out o thy castle frae the hicht,  
the large coastis beheld thus at a sicht  
owrespreid wi Trojans, in fervent busyness  
gan speedily for thair voyage address,  
and o thair clamour before thine een did see  
din and resounden aa the large sea?

Oh witless luvè! Whit may be thocht or do,  
at thou constrains nocht mortal minds thareto?  
She is compelled tae faa again in tears,  
and Eneas essay wi new prayeirs;  
and condescendit her proud hert tae submit  
untae the strenth o luvè thus aince yit;  
less she unwaur, but cause, her deid purveyit,  
her list naething behinnd leave unessayit.  
Til her she gan her sister caa in hy:

“Anna,” quo she, “thou sees hou busily  
owre aa the coast, for this voyage haste thay,  
and nou the wind blows weill tae sail away.  
The mariners gled lays thair ships unner cross.<sup>75</sup>  
Oh sister! In time couth I haif trowed this loss,  
and sae gret dolour, I haed providit, but weir,  
that this displeasure suld hae been eith tae beir.  
And naetheless, for me, unhappy wicht,  
dae this ae thing, Anna, wi aa thy micht –  
sen yon ilk faithless man, dear sister, thee  
wis wont tae cherish, and haud in gret dainté,<sup>76</sup>  
and als his secrets untae thee reveal;  
his sweet entres<sup>77</sup> some time thou knew fu weill,  
nane but thou only the time o his coming –

---

<sup>75</sup> lays thair ships unner cross: i.e. heists the raes, crosses the yaird-airms

<sup>76</sup> dainté: esteem

<sup>77</sup> entres: entrance

pass on, sister; in my name this ae thing  
say lawly tae my proud fae, and declare,  
that in the port Aulida I ne'er sware  
wi the Greekis the Trojans tae destroy,  
nor I nane navy sent tae siege o Troy;  
nor yit his faither Anchises' grave shent;  
I naither the muilts nor banes thareof rent.  
Why doth he refuse my wordis and prayers  
tae lat enter in his dull untreatable ears?  
Whither hastes he sae fast frae his behuve?  
Beseeke him grant untae his wretchit luv  
this latter reward, sen aagates he will flee:  
tarry while wind blaw saft, and stable sea.  
His auld promise nae mair will I him crave,  
nor band o wedlock, whilk he haes dissave;  
nor yit him pray, gae nocht tae Italy,  
nor leave fair realms, untae him destiny.  
A little delay I ask, but ither ease,  
a space my furore tae assuage and mease;  
while that my frawart fortune and estate  
o my belief shaw me I am frustrate,  
and teach me for tae murn mair patientlie.  
This latter gift only at him ask I.  
Hae mercy, sister, o thy sister dear;  
whilk service whan thou duin haes, without weir,  
I sall thee recompense weill twintyfauld,  
and, while my deid, the same in memore hauld.”

Wi siclik wordis her request she made.  
Her supplication, wi tears fu unglaid,  
reports her sister, and answer brocht again,  
hou aa her prayers and desire war in vain,  
for aa thair weepin micht him nocht aince steir;  
nane o thair wordis likes him til hear.  
Tho he o nature wis treatable and courteous,  
the Fates war contrair thair desire naetheless,  
and his benign earis the gods dittit,<sup>78</sup>  
that o thair askin thare wis nocht admittit.  
And like as whan the ancient aik tree  
wi his big shank, by north wind aft we see  
is umbeset, tae bet him doun and ourthraw,

---

<sup>78</sup> dittit: closed



nou here, nou thare, wi the fell blast's blaw,  
the souchin birr whustlin amang the granes,<sup>79</sup>  
sae that the hie-est branches, aa at aince,  
thair crappis bous taewart the earth as tyte,<sup>80</sup>  
whan wi the dint the maister stock is smite;  
and, naetheless, the ilk tree, fixit fast,  
sticks tae the rocks, nocht dounbet wi the blast.  
For why? As faur as his crap heich on breid  
streaks in the air, as faur his ruit doth spreid  
deep unner earth, taewart the Hell adoun.  
The samen wise wis this gentle baroun,  
nou here, nou thare, wi wordis umbeset,  
and in his stout breist, fu o thochtis het,  
o ruth and amours felt the perturbance.  
But e'er his mind stuid firm for ony chance  
unmovit whaur his first purpose wis set,  
that aa for nocht the tearis war furth yett.

Than suithly, the fey Dido, aa affrayed,  
seein Fates contrar, efter daith prayed.  
She irkit o her life, or tae tak tent  
for tae behaud the heivens' firmament.  
Therefore, in taiken her purpose tae fulfill,  
and leave the licht o life, as wis her will,  
as on the altars burnin fu o cense  
the sacrifice she offert, in her presence,  
a grisly thing tae tell, she gan behaud  
in black addle<sup>81</sup> the hallowed watter cauld  
changit and alter, and furthyett wines guid  
anon returnit intae laithly bluid.  
This visioun she tae nane reveal wald,  
nor yit til Ann, her dear sister, it tauld.  
In worship eik, within her palace yett,  
o her first husband wis a temple bet  
o marble, and held in fu gret reverence,  
wi snaw-white bandis, carpets, and incense,  
and festival burgeons arrayed, on thair guise;  
whaurin wis heard voices, speech and cries

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<sup>79</sup> granes: branches

<sup>80</sup> as tyte: immediately

<sup>81</sup> addle: midden bree, putrid effluent

o her sayed spous, cleipin her fu loud,  
ever whan the daurk nicht did the erd shroud;  
and aft wi wild skreik the nicht owl,  
heich on the ruif, alane, wis heard yowl  
wi langsome voice and a fu peitious beir.<sup>82</sup>  
And eik bygane the fearfu sawis sere  
o the divines, wi terrible monishings,  
affrayit her by mony grisly sings.<sup>83</sup>  
And in her sleep, wud-wrath, in every place  
her seemit cruel Eneas did her chase;  
and ever, her thocht, she wis left aa alane,  
and, but company, mony faur wey haed gane,  
tae seek her fowkis in a wilsome land.  
Like King Pentheus, in his wud rage dotand,  
thocht he beheld gret routis stand in stail<sup>84</sup>  
o the Eumenides, Furies infernail,  
and in the lift twa sunnis shinin clear,  
the ceity o Thebes gan double tae him appear;  
or like Orestes, son o Agamemnon,  
on theatres, in farces mony one,  
roupit and sung hou he his mither fled,  
wi firebrands and black serpents owreled,  
and saw the Furies, and grisly goddis' feid,<sup>85</sup>  
sittin in the temple port tae wreak her deid.

---

82        beir: outcry

83        sings: signs

84        in stail: in ranks

85        feid: feud

## Chapter IX

*Hou Dido Queen her purpose tae covert,  
o enchantment did counterfeit the art.*

Thus whan Dido haed caught this frenasy,<sup>86</sup>  
owrerset wi sorra and sic fantasy,  
and determit firmly at she wad dee,  
the time whan, and mainer hou it suld be,  
compassin in her breist, but mair abaid  
untae her dolorous sister thus she sayed,  
her purpose by her veisage dissemblin,  
shawin by her cheer, guid hope and gled semblin:

“Sister germane,” quo she, “awa your smert,  
beis o your sister’s weillfare gled in hert.  
I hae the wey funden, whaurby yon sire  
sall be tae me rendert at my desire,  
or me deliver frae his luve aa free.  
Nearby the end o the gret ocean sea,  
thare as the sun declines and gaes down,  
at the faur side o Ethiop regioun,  
a place thare is, whaur that the huge Atlas  
on shouther rows the round sphere in compass,  
fu o thir leamin starnis, as we see.  
Thare dwalls, sister, as it is shaw tae me,  
a haly nun, a fu gret prophetess,  
born o the people o Massyline, I guess,  
and warden o the ryal temple, thay say,  
set in the gairdens hecht Hesperidae,  
and tae the waukrife dragon meat gave she,  
that kept the gowden aipples in the tree,  
strinklin tae him the wak<sup>87</sup> hinney sweet,  
and sleepriife chesbow<sup>88</sup> seed, tae quicken his spreit.  
This wumman hechtis, wi her enchantments,  
frae luve’s bands tae lowse aa thair intents  
whamsae her list, and bind ither some alsae  
in langsome amours, vehement pain and wae.

---

<sup>86</sup> frenasy: frenzy

<sup>87</sup> wak: moist

<sup>88</sup> chesbow: poppy

The rinnin fluids thair watter stop can she mak,  
and eik the starnis turn thair course aback;  
and on the nicht the deid ghaistis assemble;  
unner thy feet the erd rair and tremble  
thou must see, throu her incantatioun,  
and frae the hillis trees descendin doun.  
Tae witness, the gret goddis draw I here,  
and thy sweet heid, my ain sister dear.  
Agin my will fu sair constrained am I  
art magic tae exerce or sorcerie.  
Richt secretly intae our inner close,  
unner the open sky, tae this purpose  
pass on, and o treeis thou bigg a bing  
tae be a fire, and thareupon thou hing  
yon man's swourd, whilk that wickit wicht  
left stickin in our chaumer this hinner nicht,  
his coat armour, and ither cleidin all,  
and eik that maist wretchit bed conjugal,  
whaurin I perished and wis shent, alas!  
For sae the releigious commandit haes,  
tae undae and destroy aa mainer thing  
whilk may yon waryit<sup>89</sup> man tae memore bring.”

This sayed, she held her tung; and thare withal  
her veisage waux as pale as ony wall,  
tho Anna weenit nocht her sister wald  
graith sacrifice for her deid body cauld,  
nor that sic fury wis in her breist conceived;  
forby no reason dreid she, nor perceived  
nou mair displeisure or hermis appearand  
than for Sichaeus deid, her first husband.  
Whaurfore, she haes her command duin ilk deal.  
But whan the gret bing wis upbuildit weill  
o aik treeis and firren schydis<sup>90</sup> dry,  
within the secret close, unner the sky,  
the place wi flouers and garlands stents the Queen,  
and crouns about wi funeral bewis green:  
abuve the mow<sup>91</sup> the foresaid bed wis made,

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<sup>89</sup> waryit: accursit

<sup>90</sup> schydis: kennlers

<sup>91</sup> mow: pile

whaurin the feigure o Enee she laid,  
his cleidin, and his swourd at he haed left,  
rememberin weill the thing that follaed eft.  
Feil altars stuid about the fire funerail,  
and the releigious nun, wi hair doun skail,  
three hunner gods wi her mouth rowpit<sup>92</sup> she:  
Erebus the grisly, o the deep Hell's sea;  
Chaos, confounder o elements, alsa;  
and the thrinfauld Goddess Proserpina;  
the three feigures o the virgin Diane.  
And ever the watter strinkles she again,  
counterfeit tae be o Avernus the well,  
whilk loch is situate at the mouth o Hell.  
Springin herbs, efter the course o the muin  
war socht, and wi brazen heuks cuttit suin,  
tae get thair milky sap and venom black.  
Thay seek alsae, and out gan rent and tak  
the lump betwix the new born foal's een,  
and frae the mither bereft the luve sae green.  
The Queen hersel fast by the altar stands,  
haudin the melder<sup>93</sup> in her devote hands,  
her twa fuit bare, and the bandis o threid  
nocht festent, but hung by her lowse weed;  
and, remembrin she wis in pynt tae dee,  
the goddis aa intae witness drew she,  
the starnis and planets, guiders o fates,  
and gif thare ony deity be, that waits,<sup>94</sup>  
or perceives luvvers inequal o behest,  
tae hae in memore her just cause and request.

---

<sup>92</sup> rowpit: invokit

<sup>93</sup> melder: meal (the Romans yaised a mixtur o meal an saut for dressin sacrifices)

<sup>94</sup> waits: watches

## Chapter X

*Whit sorra drees Queen Dido aa the nicht,  
and hou Mercure bade Enee tak the flicht.*

The nicht follaes, and every weary wicht  
throu-out the erd haes caucht anon richt  
the sound pleasin sleep thaim likit best;  
wuidis and ragin seais war at rest;  
and the starnis thair mid course roweis down;  
aa fieldis still, but aither noise or soun,  
and beasts and birds o diverse colours sere,<sup>95</sup>  
and whitsomever in the braid lochs wer,  
or amang busses harsk<sup>96</sup> lends<sup>97</sup> unner the spray,  
throu nicht's silence sleepit whaur thay lay,  
measin thair busy thocht and cures smert,  
aa irksome laubour forget and out o hert.  
But the unrestless fey spreit did nocht so  
o this unhappy Phoenician Dido,  
for ne'er mair may she sleep a wink,  
nor nicht's rest in een nor breist lat sink.  
The hivvy thochts multiplies e'er onane,<sup>98</sup>  
strang luv begins tae rage and rise again,  
and felloun storms o ire gan her tae shake.  
Thus finally she outbraidis, alake!  
rowein alane sere thingis in her thocht:

“Ha! whit dae I?” quo she, “Aa is for nocht.  
Sall I, thus mockit, and tae hething<sup>99</sup> drive,  
my first luvvers assay again believe?  
Or sall I lawly some lord Numidane  
pray and beseek o mairriage nou again,  
wham I sae aft lichtlied tae spous ere this?  
Na, will I nocht. Whit? Sall I than, iwis,  
follae the Trojan navy in strange lands,

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<sup>95</sup> sere: various

<sup>96</sup> harsk: roch

<sup>97</sup> lends: bides

<sup>98</sup> onane: anon

<sup>99</sup> hething: derision

and readily obey aa thair commands?  
I hope it sall profit, nae little thing,  
my gret help duin thaim and suppouelling;<sup>100</sup>  
for amang kind fowkis this is nae dreid –  
weill is remembert the auld thankfu deed.  
But tho, in case, tae dae this war my will,  
wha wad me suffer my purpose tae fulfil,  
or in thair proud ships me ressave?  
Thus driven tae hething, and aa thy grace bewave,  
tint wumman, alas! beirs thou nocht yit in mind  
the mansweirin<sup>101</sup> o fause Laomedon's kind?  
And mairatowre, whit ettle I for tae do?  
A queen, alane tae steal awa thus, lo!  
Accompanied but wi merry mariners?  
Or than wi aa my Tyrians, as effeirs,  
and aa my pouer assembelt me about,  
on shipbuird enter wi aa that huge rout  
whilk furth o Sidon scarcely draw I micht,  
sall I thaim chase again owre seais licht?  
Bid thaim mak sail anon, and a new race?<sup>102</sup>  
Na, raither dee, as thou deservit haes,  
and wi a swourd mak o this dule an end.  
Sister germane, thou me first taucht and kenned,  
alas the while! and offert me tae my fae;  
thou wi thir herms owrechairgit me alsae,  
whan I fell first intae this rage,” quo she.  
“But sae tae dae my tears constraintit thee.  
Wis it nocht leifu, alas! but companie  
tae me, but crime, in chaumer alane tae lie,  
or lead my life like tae thir beastis wild,  
and nocht been thus wi thocht nor hermis fyled?  
Alas! Unkeepit is the true conand<sup>103</sup>  
hecht tae Sichaesus' aises,<sup>104</sup> my first husband.”  
Sic gret complaintis frae her breist Brust gan.  
But Eneas, sover tae depairt ere than,

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<sup>100</sup>       suppouelling: assistin

<sup>101</sup>       mansweirin: fause promisin

<sup>102</sup>       race: voyage

<sup>103</sup>       conand: covenant

<sup>104</sup>       aises: ashes

and aa his needfu things graithed, by and by,  
heich in his eft ship<sup>105</sup> sound sleepin gan lie;  
whamtae in veision the same god did appear,  
in siclike feigure as that he did ere,  
untae Mercurius like in aa fashioun,  
baith colour o veisage and o voice's soun,  
in form o a younker wi members fair,  
pleasin o cheer, and yalla glitterin hair.  
Him than again he monished on this wise:

“Son o the Goddess! hou is this here thou lies?  
Whit! May thou unner sae gret danger sleep,  
and aa forvayed taks naither cure nor keep  
for tae behaud whit perils about thee stands,  
nor herkenis the fair wind blaws o lands?  
She wham thou knaws, within her breist fu hait  
sorraful vengeance compasses and dissait,  
and certainly determit for tae dee,  
in diverse stours o ire brandishes she.  
Why will thou nocht flee speedily by nicht,  
whan for tae haste thou haes leisure and nicht?  
Thou sall, anon, behaud the seais large  
aa umbeset wi tappit ship and barge,  
the fearfu brands and bleezes o het fire,  
ready tae burn thy shippis, leamin schire,  
and aa the coast belive o flames scaud,  
gif, while tomorra, tarry in this land thou wad.  
Hae duin, speed haun, and mak nae mair delay.  
Variable and changin things been wemen aye.”  
And sayin this, intae the daurk nicht  
he gan him hide, and vanished out o sicht.

Eneas, o this hasty veision affrayed,  
gan stert on fuit, and fast his feirs assayed:  
“Awauk anon, get up my men in hy,  
tyte tae your wardis,<sup>106</sup> span<sup>107</sup> airs busilie,  
shake doun the sailis suin, and lat us wend.  
Frae the hie heiven the god again is send,

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<sup>105</sup> eft ship: the stern o a ship

<sup>106</sup> tyte tae your wardis: immediately til action stations

<sup>107</sup> span: grasp



lo! spurrin us tae haste and flee awa,  
and biddis smite the twine cable in twa.  
Oh blissit wicht! whit god at e'er thou be,  
we sall obey thy charge, and follae thee,  
and thy command fulfil again blythely;  
beseekin thee assist tae us freindly  
help and support, wi prosper influence  
the heiven and starnis dress our voyage hence.”  
And wi that word, his shearin swourd as tyte  
hint<sup>108</sup> out o sheath, the cable in twa gan smite.  
The same mainer o haste caught aa the lave:  
thay hurl awa, anchors uphint and rave;  
left the coastis desert on aither sides.  
The stable sea unner the shippis slides;  
the stour o faem upwelt thay eagerlie,  
and sweepis owre the haw<sup>109</sup> fluidis in hy.

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<sup>108</sup> hint: seizit

<sup>109</sup> haw: bluish, leaden

## Chapter XI

*Hou Queen Dido beheld Enee depairt,  
and whit she sayed wi hermis at her hairt.*

By this, Aurora leavin the purpour bed  
o her lord Tithon, hath the erd owrespread  
wi new day's licht; and whan the Queen  
the first greking<sup>110</sup> o the day haes seen,  
and frae her hie windowis gan aspy,  
wi bent sail furth cairryin, the navie;  
the coastis and the shore aa desolate  
behauldis eik, but aither ship or bait;<sup>111</sup>  
her fair white breist, thare as she did stand,  
feil times smate she wi her ain hand,  
and, rivin her bricht hairis peitiouslie,  
“Jupiter,” quo she, “sall he depairt, ha, fy!  
And leifu til a wavenger<sup>112</sup> strangeir  
me and my realm betrump<sup>113</sup> on this manneir?  
Sall nocht my menyie tae harness rin in hy  
owre aa the toun, and follae busilie?  
Speed, tak yon ships! On buird fast tae the raid,  
haste suin, and cast on thaim fire bleezes braid!  
Shuit dartis thick, and quell thaim wi your glaves!<sup>114</sup>  
Whit sayed I? Or whaur am I? Nou thou raves.  
Whit wudness, fey Dido, moves thy mind?  
Nou art thou hit wi frawart weirds unkind?  
Sae til hae duin than haed been mair gainand,  
whan thou him gave the sceptre o thy land.  
Ha! Nou behaud his gret prowess,” quo she,  
“his ruthfu peity and faith! Is nocht yon he,  
wham, as thay say, the goddis o his land  
in his navy cairries owre sea and sand?  
Is nocht yon he, wham on his shouthers thay say  
for ruth his ageit faither bare away?

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<sup>110</sup> greking: daybreak

<sup>111</sup> bait: boat

<sup>112</sup> wavenger: vagabond

<sup>113</sup> betrump: deceive, elude

<sup>114</sup> glaves: swourds

Micht I no caucht and rent in pieces his cors,  
syne swack the gobbets in the sea by force  
o him and aa his fellaes? Weill I mocht:  
and eik yon same Ascanius micht I nocht  
hae trinschit<sup>115</sup> wi a swourd, and made a mess<sup>116</sup>  
tae his faither thareof tae eat at dess?  
Forsuith, in case the adventure o battaill  
haed been doutsome – wad God it war assail!  
Wham sall I dreid, nou ready for tae dee?  
Wad God I micht, in yon navy I see,  
the hait firebrandis set on every bore,  
fill aa wi flames reid, and furthermore  
baith faither and son wi haill generatioun,  
that I haed brunt, destroyed, and britten doun,  
and thaim abuve syne deid mysel haed laid!  
Oh thou bricht sun, that, wi thy beamis glaid,  
aa erdly laubour cleanses, circlin about;  
and thou Juno, mediatrix, but dout,  
o aa thir hivvy thochts, and weill thaim knaws;  
and thou Proserpine, whilk, by our gentle laws,  
art roupit hie, and yellit loud by nicht,  
in forkit weys, wi mony muiddy wicht;  
and ye infernal Furies, that wrecks aa wrang;  
and goddis eik, wham nou amang  
Dido stauns ready tae come in pynt tae dee;  
receive thir words whilks I sall say,” quo she.  
“Withdraw frae him your gret michtis, whaurby  
shrews<sup>117</sup> aucht be punished for thair crime, and nocht I,  
and thir our prayers accept, we you beseek.  
Gif it be necessar, and determed eik,  
yon wickit heid in portis o Itail  
tae enter and come, or tae thae boundis sail;  
and gif the Fates and Jove will it be sae,  
and haes decreed he finally thither gae;  
yit, at the last, thare may he be assail,  
wi hardy people aye trubbelt in battaill,  
by force o arms expelled his boundis eik,  
faur frae Ascanius’ help, constrained beseek

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<sup>115</sup> trinschit: cairved up (like meat)

<sup>116</sup> mess: dish (o fuid)

<sup>117</sup> shrews: scoundrels

aid and supply; and als that he behauld  
feil carefu<sup>118</sup> corpses o his fowk deid and cauld;  
and whan alsaе himsel submit haes he  
unner peace and laws o iniquity,  
that he bruik<sup>119</sup> naither realm, nor guid life lead,  
but sall fey ere his day, and suin be deid,  
and lie unerdit<sup>120</sup> amids o the sands.  
Thus I beseek you, heavin up my hands.  
This is my latter word that I conclude,  
furth yettin it thegither wi my bluid.  
And furthermair, oh my Tyrianes,  
whilk nou in Afric at Carthage remains,  
yon clan, wi thair succession and kindred,  
pursue wi haterent perpetual, and invade.  
Untae my aises grant this ae gift,” quo she,  
“ne’er luvе nor peace betwixt thir people be.  
O our leavings some revenger mot spring,  
wi fire and swourd tae pursue and down-thring  
the laubourers descend frae Dardanus.  
Nou frae thyne furth, aa that succeeds tae us,  
whane’er thay may finnd time, wi strenth and micht  
battle tae battle mot thay debate in ficht;  
thir coastis mot be tae thairs contrar aye,  
and tae thair streams our seas frawart, I pray,  
thair affspring eik amang thaimsel mot debate.”

Thus sayed she, and wi that word, God wait,  
her faint spreit in aa pairtis writhis<sup>121</sup> she,  
seekin the wey, as suin as it micht be,  
for tae bereave hersel the irksome life.  
Than callis she tae her Barcen belive,  
nourice umquhile tae Sychie her husband;  
for her ain nourice in her native land  
wis beiryit intae aises broun ere than.  
“Dear nourice,” quo she, “fetch my sister Ann.  
Bid her in haste wi watter o a fluid  
her body strinkle; the beasts and the bluid

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<sup>118</sup> carefu: distressin (fu o care)

<sup>119</sup> bruik: enjoy the uiss o

<sup>120</sup> unerdit: unyirdit, unburied

<sup>121</sup> writhis: twists

and cleansin graith she knawis, wi her bring.  
See on this wise she come – forget naething.  
And thou thysel thy haffets als array  
wi haly garland. My will is tae essay,  
and nou perform the sacrifice in hy,  
that untae Pluto duly begun hae I;  
tae mak end o my dolorous thochtis all,  
and burn yon Trojan’s statue in flame funeral.”  
Thus sayed Dido; and the tither, wi that,  
hitchit<sup>122</sup> on furth wi slaw pace like a trat.<sup>123</sup>

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<sup>122</sup> hitchit: walkit unsteady

<sup>123</sup> trat: auld wumman

## Chaipiter XII

*Here follaes o the famous Queen Dido  
the fatal dint o daith and mortal woe.*

But nou the hasty, eager, and wild Dido,  
intae her cruel purpose enragit so,  
the bluidy een rowein in her heid,  
wan and fu pale for fear o the near deid,  
wi cheeks freckelt and aa o tears besprent,  
quakin throu dreid, rushed furth, ere she wad stent,  
untae the inner wardis o her place,  
as wud wumman clamb on the bing, alace!  
and furth she drew the Trojan swourd, fuit-hait,  
a wappon wis ne'er wrocht for sic a nait.<sup>124</sup>  
And suin as she beheld Eneas' clethin,  
and eik the bed bekent, a while weepin,  
stuid musin in her mind; and syne, but baid,  
fell in the bed, and thir last wordis sayed:

“Oh sweet habit, and liking bed,” quo she,  
“sae lang as God list suffer and destiny,  
receive my bluid, and this saul that on flocht<sup>125</sup> is,  
and me deleiver frae thir hivvy thochtis.  
Thus lang I leivit hae, and nou is spent  
the term o life that fortune haes me lent;  
for nou my gret ghaist unner the earth maun gae.  
A richt fair ceity hae I built alsae.  
Mine ain wark and wallis behaud hae I.  
My spous wroken o my brither enemie;  
frae him bereft his treisure, and quit him weill.  
Happy, alas! owre happy, and fu o sele  
haed I been, only gif that never nane  
at our coast haed arrivit ship Trojane.”  
And sayin thus, her mouth fast thrustis she  
doun in the bed. “Unwroken sall we dee?  
Dee us behuves,” she sayed, “and hou, behaud!”  
and gan the sherp swourd tae her breist uphaud.

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<sup>124</sup> nait: uiss

<sup>125</sup> on flocht: agitatit

“Yea, thus, thus likes us sterve<sup>126</sup> and tae depairt!”  
And, wi that word, rave hersel tae the hairt.  
“Nou lat yon cruel Trojan swalla and see  
this our fire funeral frae the deep sea;  
and o our daith turse wi him frae Carthage  
this taiken o mischief in his voyage.”

Quo she. And tharewi gan her servants behauld  
her fallen and steikit on the airn cauld;  
the bluid outbulerin on the nakit sweird,  
her hauns furthsprent. The clamour than and rerd  
went tae the taps o the large haas;  
the noise ran wide outowre the ceity waas;  
smate aa the toun wi lamentable murning.  
O greetin, gowlin, and wifely womenting  
the ruifs did resound, bray, and rair,  
while huge bewailin aa fordinned the air.  
Nane itherwise than tho tane and dounbet  
war aa Carthage, and wi enemies owrerset,  
or than thair native ceity, the toun o Tyre;  
and furious flame, kennelt and burnin schire,  
spreidin frae thack tae thack, baith but and ben,  
as weill owre temple as houses o ither men.

Her sister Ann, spreitless aamaist for dreid,  
hearin sae fearfu confluence thither speed,  
wi nailis rivin ruthfully her face,  
and smitin wi her neives her breist, alace!  
fast rushes throu the middis o the rout,  
and on the throne, wi mony spreich and shout,  
callis by name: “Sister germane,” quo she,  
“hoch! wis this it thou feignit thee tae dae?  
Haes thou attemptit<sup>127</sup> me wi sic dissait?  
This bing o trees, thir altars and fires hait,  
is this the thing thay hae untae me dicht?  
Whit sall I first complain, nou desolate wicht?  
Oh dear sister, whan thou wis ready tae dee,  
ha! why haes thou sae faur despisit me  
as tae refuse thy sister wi thee tae wend?  
Thou suld hae caaed me tae the samen end,

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<sup>126</sup> sterve: dee

<sup>127</sup> attemptit: persuadit

that the ilk sorra, the samen swour, baith twa,  
and the self hour micht hae tane hyne awa.  
This funeral fire wi thir hauns biggit I,  
and wi my voice did on our gods here cry,  
tae that effect as, cruel, tae be absent,  
thou bein thus sae dulefully here shent!  
Sister, alas! wi my counsel hae I  
thee, and mysel, and people o Sidonie,  
the herris<sup>128</sup> aa, and eik thy fair ceity  
destroyit and unduin for aye,” quo she.  
“Fetch hither suin the wall-watter lew-warm,  
tae wesh her wounds, and hauld her in my arm,  
syne wi my mouth at I may souk, and see  
gif spreit o life left in her body be.”  
This sayin, the hie bing ascends onane,<sup>129</sup>  
and gan embrace hauf deid her sister germane,  
culyin<sup>130</sup> in her bosom, and murnin aye,  
and wi her wimple wiped the bluid away.  
And she again, Dido, the deidly Queen,  
pressit for til uplift her hivvy een,  
but thareof failis; for the grisly wound  
deep in her breist gapes wide and unsound.  
Thrice she hersel raxit up for tae rise;  
thrice on her elbuck leans, and as feil syse  
she fallis backward in the bed again;  
wi een rowein, and twinklin up fu fain,  
assayis she tae spy the heivens’ licht;  
syne murmurs, whan she thareof gat a sicht.

Aamichty Juno haein ruth, by this,  
o her lang sorra and tarrysome deid, iwis,  
her maid Iris frae the heiven haes send  
the thrawen saul tae lowse, and mak an end  
o aa the junctures and lethis<sup>131</sup> o her cors;  
because that, naither o Fates throu the force,  
nor yit by naitural deid perishit she,  
but fey, in hasty furore inflamed hie,

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<sup>128</sup> herris: nobles

<sup>129</sup> onane: anon

<sup>130</sup> culyin: cuddlin

<sup>131</sup> junctures and lethis: the joints o the body



before her day, haed hersel spilt,  
ere that Prosperine the yalla hairs gilt  
frae her foretap bereft, or dubbed her heid  
untae the Stygian Hell's fluid o deid.  
Tharefore dewy Iris throu the heiven  
wi her saffron wingis flaw fu even,  
drawin, whaur she went, forgain the sun clear,  
a thousan colours o diverse hewis sere;  
and abuve Dido's heid arrest gan.  
"I am commandit," quo she, "and I maun  
undae this hair, tae Pluto consecrate,  
and lowse thy saul out o this mortal state."  
This sayin, wi richt haun haes she hint  
the hair, and cuts in twa, ere that she stint;  
and tharewithal the naitural heat out-quent,  
and, wi a puff o aynd,<sup>132</sup> the life furth went.

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<sup>132</sup> aynd: braith