

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



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

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## Buik 6

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 Saxt Buik

Here begins preambles o the Saxt Buik and first tuichin the opinions that poets and auld philosophers haed o Hell and places thareof.

Pluto, thou patron o the deep Acheron,  
faither o turments in thine infernal see,  
amid the fluids, Styx and Phlegithon,  
Lethe, Cocyte, the watters o oblivie,  
wi dolorous whirlin o furious sisters three,  
thine sall be my muse and dreary sang.  
Tae follae Virgil in this daurk poesy  
convey me, Sybil, that I gae nocht wrang.

Whit weenis fuils this Saxt Buik been but japes  
aa fu o lees or auld idolatries?  
Oh haud your peace, ye verra god's apes!  
Read, read again, this volume, mair than twice;  
conseider whit hid sentence tharein lies;  
beware to lack, less than ye knaw weill what,  
and gif you list nocht wirk efter the wise,  
heich on your heid set up the folly hat.

“Aa is but ghaists and eldritch fantasies;  
o brounies and o bogles fu this buik.  
Out on thir wanderin speerits, wow!” thou cries.  
“It seems a man were manglit thareon list leuk,  
like dreams or dotage in the mune's cruik,  
vain supersteetions agin our richt belief.  
Whit o thir Furies, or Pluto, that pluckit duke,  
or caa on Sybil, dear o a revin sleeve?”<sup>1</sup>

Wad thou I sud this buik to thee declare  
whilk war impossible til expreme at short?  
Virgil is fu o sentence owre aawhere;  
but hereintil, as Servius gan proport,  
his hie knowledge he shaws, that every sort  
o his clauses comprehend sic sentence.  
Thare been thareof, set thou think this but sport,  
made gret ragments o hie intelligence.

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<sup>1</sup> dear o a revin sleeve: i.e. no worth a torn sleeve

In aa his warkis Virgil doth describe  
the state o man, gif thou list unnerstand;  
baith life and deid in thir first buikis five  
and nou into the saxt we hae on hand  
after thair deid in whit plight sauls sall stand.  
He writes like a philosopher natural  
tuichin our faith mony clauses he fand  
whilk been conform, or than collateral.

Shaws he nocht here the sinnis capital?  
Shaws he nocht wickit fowk in endless pain?  
And Purgatory for sinnis venial  
and virtuous people intae the pleasin plain?  
Are aa sic saws fantasy and in vain?  
He shaws the wey, ever patent, doun to Hell,  
and richt diffcil the gate to Heiven again,  
wi ma guid words than thou or I can tell.

Here treatin virtue, taxes he pain for vice,  
feil waefu turments o wrechit caitiffs sarry,  
notable histories, and diverse proverbs wyce,  
whilks tae rehearse war owre prolix a tarry.  
Although he, as a gentile, some time vary,  
fu perfitley he writes sere mysteries fell,  
as hou thir heathen childer thair weirds wary,  
weepin and wailin at the first port o Hell.

And though our faith need nane authorisin  
o gentiles' buiks, nor by sic heathen sparks,  
yit Virgil writes mony just clause condign  
strenthin our belief, to confound pagan warks.  
Hou aft rehearses Austin,<sup>2</sup> chief o clerks  
in his gret volume o the *Ceitie o God*  
hunner verses o Virgil, whilk he merks  
agin Romans til virtue thaim tae brod!<sup>3</sup>

And o this Saxt Buik, wales he mony a score,  
nocht but guid reason, for, tho Christ grund our faith,  
Virgil's saws are worth to put in store.

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<sup>2</sup> Austin: St Augustine

<sup>3</sup> brod: goad

Thay aucht nocht be hauld vagabond nor waith,<sup>4</sup>  
fu rich treisure thay been and precious graith,  
for aft by Sibyl's saws he tunes his stevin:<sup>5</sup>  
thus faithfully in his *Bucolics* he saith  
the maid cometh brings new lineage frae Heiven.

As tuichin him, writes Ascensius,  
“Feil o his words been like the apostles' saws;  
he is a hie theologe sententious  
and maist profound philosopher he him shaws.  
Tho some his writes frawart our faith pairt draws,  
nae wunner – he wasna Christian man, perdee;  
he was a gentile, and leived on pagan laws,  
and yit he puts ae God, Faither maist hie.”

We trow ae God, reignin in persons three,  
and yit angels heivenly spreits we caa,  
and o the heivenly wichts aft carpis he,  
tho he believed thay were nocht angels aa.  
While Christ's passion, o Adam throu the faa  
aa went to Hell, tho aa were nocht in pain;  
ere Christ he wrate this buik, whaur read ye sall  
destinate in Hell specially places twain.

And principally the steid o fell turments  
wi sere depairtins in that laithly hauld;  
anither place, whilk Purgatory represents  
and, daur I say, the Limbo o faithers auld,  
wi *Limbus puerorum*, as I hae tauld.  
Shaws he nocht eik, by warks meritory  
hou just people, in walthis monyfauld  
rejoices, singin sangs o heivenly glory?

And, as he tuiches greeis sere in pain,  
in bliss alikewise sindry stages puts he.  
Whit sall I o his wunner warkis sayen?  
For aa the pleasance o the Camp Elysée,  
Octavian in his *Georgics*, ye may see,  
he counsels ne'er lordship in Hell desire  
but ever in Heiven, into some hie degree

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<sup>4</sup> waith: stray

<sup>5</sup> stevin: voice

to choose his place, and nocht among the fire.

Whit christent clerk sud him hae counselled better  
altho he never was Catholic wicht?  
He haes written fu mony authentic letter.  
In that ilk buik he teaches us fu richt  
the warld begouth in veir,<sup>6</sup> baith day and nicht;  
in weir he says that God als formit man,  
the sun, the muin, and aa the starnis bricht.  
We grant in veir that first the warld began.

“Happy were he that knew the cause o aa things  
and sets on-side aa dreid and cure,” quod he,  
“unner his feet at treadis and doun-thrings  
chances untreatable o Fates and destiny  
aa fear o deid and eik o Hell’s see.”  
Happy he caas sic wichts and sae dae I.  
Whaur may we swa obtain felicity?  
Ne’er but in Heiven, empire abuve the sky.

To write you aa his tried and notable verse  
aamaist impossible war, and hauf in vain,  
for me behued repeaten and rehearse  
in sere places the samen words again.  
This may suffice, I will nae mair sayen:  
ae mover, ae beginner puttis he,  
sustains aathing, and doth in aa remain,  
and by our faith the samen thing grant we.

I say nocht aa his warkis been perfit  
nor that sauls turns in ither bodies again  
tho we traist and may pruve by haly write  
our saul and body sall aince thegither remain.  
At thare been mony gods I will nocht sayen  
tho haly scriptures just men ‘goddis’ cleip.  
Wham caa I Pluto, and Sibylla Cumane,  
hark, for I will nae faus goddis worship:

Sibylla, til interpret properly,  
is cleiped a maid o God’s secrets privy  
that haes the spreit divine o prophecy.

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<sup>6</sup> veir: springtime

Wha better may Sibylla namit be  
than may the glorious mither and maiden free  
whilk o her nature conceived Christ and bure  
aahail, the mistress o the Trinity,  
and maist excellent wark haed under cure?

Thou art our Sybil, Christ's mither dear,  
preachit by prophets and Sibylla Cumane,  
thou brocht the heivenly lineage in erd here.  
Mither o God, aye virgin doth remain  
restorin us the gowden warld again.  
Satan thee cleip I, Pluto infernal,  
prince in that dolorous den o wae and pain  
nocht god thareof but grettest wretch o aa.

To name thee god, it war a manifest lee.  
Is but ae God, makar o everything –  
I favour nocht the error o Manichee.  
Set thou to Vulcan hae fu gret resemblin  
(and art some time the minister o thunnerin)  
or some blinnd Cyclops o thy laithly wra,<sup>7</sup>  
thou art but Jove's smith, in the fire blawin  
and daurk furnace o perpetual Etna.

Thou wrocht naething, but made thyself a devil  
and that was nocht to mak, but raither fail  
for Austin says, "Sin, mischief or evil  
is nocht at aa. For why? Thay nocht avail."  
The dim dungeon of Ditis tae assail  
or in the likeness this misty poetrie,  
help me, Mary! for certes, *vail que vail*,  
ware at Pluto, I sall him hunt o sty.

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<sup>7</sup> wra: neuk



## The Saxt Buik

### Chapter I

*Enee espyis Daedalus' wark express,  
and wi Sibylla spak, the prophetess.*

Thus weepin sayed, and lat his flote gae large<sup>8</sup>  
while at the last baith ballingair and barge,  
upo the coast that hait Euboica  
arrivit, near the ceity o Cuma.  
Than tae the stream thay turnit thair foreship;  
kest down thair beuchit<sup>9</sup> anchors, firm o grip,  
intae the raid;<sup>10</sup> endlang the coast's bay  
thair eft castles gan muster in array.  
And aa the younkens speedis hastilie  
untae the shore o Hesperia fast by.  
Some smites fire furth o the hard flintstane;  
some speedily tae the thick wuid are gane,  
in dern dennis whaurin wild beastis dwells;  
and some did shaw the new-fund springin wells;  
tae bete thair mister<sup>11</sup> aa busy for the naince  
some tae this turn, some tae that, stert at aince.

While on this wise ilk man occupied was,  
ruthfu Eneas bounis him<sup>12</sup> tae pass,  
anon tae search the strenth<sup>13</sup> and temple tho  
dedicat untae the mighty Apollo;  
that fearfu gousty cave faur frae the way,  
and secret haud o Sybilla the may;<sup>14</sup>  
whase het memore and reason aft enfired  
Delius, the prophet divine, and sae inspired  
that she the secrets for tae come did knaw.

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<sup>8</sup> large: i.e. at large, afore the wind

<sup>9</sup> beuchit: boughed, branched (only here, translating Latin *dente*)

<sup>10</sup> raid: roadstead, anchorage

<sup>11</sup> bete thair mister: supply thair wants

<sup>12</sup> bounis him: betaks himsel

<sup>13</sup> strenth: stranghaud

<sup>14</sup> may: maiden

Wi this thay entert in the hallowed shaw  
o the thrinfauld passenger Diane,  
and hous o bricht Apollo gowd-begane.

The fame is sae, that Daedalus, the wricht,  
furth o King Minos' realm takkin his flicht,  
sae bauld wis wi swift fedram<sup>15</sup> and happie  
tae adventure himsel heich in the sky,  
and by a quent unuisit wey tae knaw,  
taewart the frosty pole Arctic he flaw;  
but, at the last, saftly he gan alicht  
o Chalcidons upo the castle hicht;  
and, rendert first intae thir landis, he  
offert and hallowed, Phoebus, untae thee,  
the faird and flicht o baith his wingis twae,  
and thare graithit a fair temple alsae.  
Upo the portis did he carve and grave  
Androgeos' slauchter, fausely brocht tae grave,  
and for his daith the vengeance and the wraik,  
hou o Athenes commandit war, alake!  
twice seiven childer untae Crete be sent,  
perpetually ilk year, a sair present.  
The deidly urn staun porturate micht thay knaw,  
out o the whilk the lottis weren draw.  
Forgain Athenes, a little owre the sea,  
the Isle o Crete he wrocht, musterin<sup>16</sup> fu hie;  
the King's ceity thare, hecht Gnosia,  
whaurin he porturit als, fu wallaway!  
the luv abhominable o Queen Pasiphae,  
hou privily wi the bul forlain wis she.  
The monstrous Minotaur doth thare remain,  
the blendit kind and birth o formis twain,  
a horrible taiken o shrewit Venus' wark.  
Thare wis alsae craftily shape and mark  
the name-couth<sup>17</sup> hous, that Labyrinthus hait,  
fu o wrinkled unreturnable dissait.  
But, naetheless, Daedalus caucht peity  
o the gret luv o fair Ariadne,

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<sup>15</sup> fedram: coat o feathers

<sup>16</sup> musterin: shawin forth

<sup>17</sup> name-couth: famous

that wis the king's dochter, taucht fu richt<sup>18</sup>  
o this quent hous for til undae the slicht –  
hou by a threid the subtle wents ilkane  
thay michten haud, and turn that wey again.  
And thou alsae, the young child Icarus,  
whilk son wis untae this ilk Daedalus,  
a gret pairt o this wark suld hae been thine,  
gif that the dolour and the huge pyne  
haed suffert him tae kythe his craft on thee.  
In gowd tae grave thy faa twice ettelt he,  
and twice, for ruth, failis the faither's hauns.

Eneas than, and aa that wi him stauns,  
this sculpture aa espyit haed on breid,  
no war Achates, whilk before him yeid,  
by than returnit wis, and wi him brocht  
the releigious wumman wham thay socht,  
baith consecrate tae Diane and Phoebus,  
hait Deiphobe, the dochter o Glaucus;  
whilk tae the king<sup>19</sup> suin spak upo this wise:  
“This time,” quo she, “tae stare and tae devise,  
govin on feigures, is nocht necessary.  
Mair needfu nou it war, but langir tarry,  
seiven young stots that yoke buir never nane,  
brocht frae the bou,<sup>20</sup> in offerin britten ilkane,  
and as mony twinters, as is the guise,  
chosen and gainand for the sacrifice.”

On this wise til Eneas spak Sybil;  
and Trojans tarries nocht for tae fulfil  
her commandment, that, but langir delay,  
the sacrifice and offerin duin hae thay.  
And syne the nun tae the hie temple thaim brocht,  
whilk in mainer o a gret cave wis wrocht,  
o Cuma howkit in the hill's side.  
A hunner entries haed it, large and wide,  
a hunner duiris thareon steikit close,  
out at the whilks rushed as mony a voce,

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<sup>18</sup> taucht fu richt: i.e. Daedalus lat on tae Ariadne hou tae get oot o the Labyrinth

<sup>19</sup> the king: i.e. Eneas

<sup>20</sup> bou: hird

giein response untae this Sybilla.  
Than tae the duir threshold comen are thay,  
whan that this virgin sayed, “Tae ask answeirs,  
nou is the time – lo, lo, the God me steirs!”  
And as she gan sic wordis say and cry,  
without the entry staunin, suddenlie,  
naither veisage nor colour, as thay war ere,  
remainis than, nor her weill-dressit hair;  
but fast her breist the braith did clap and beat,  
her fierce hert boldens up fu greit,  
enragit wi the spreit divine also,  
that o mair stature gan she seemin tho;  
her voice nocht soundis like a mortal wicht,  
for, wi the God’s majesty and micht  
tuichit and smit, that drew her mind fu near,  
her hert pipes gan tae flicker and steir.  
“Blin<sup>21</sup> nocht, blin nocht! thou gret Trojan Enee,  
o thy beads nor o thy prayers,” quo she;  
“for, but thou dae, thir gret duiris, but dreid,  
and grisly yetts sall never warp on breid.”  
And, wi that word, she ceased, and nae mair sayed.  
The cauld dreid gan the Trojanis invade,  
thirlin throu-out hard banes at every pairt;  
the king himsel than inkirly<sup>22</sup> frae his hairt  
made this orison, and devoutly sayed:

“Oh bricht Phoebus, that ever ruth haes haed  
on Troy’s hard adversity and wae,  
thou whilk directit the Trojan darts sae  
in Achilles’ body, shot by Paris’ hand;  
this sea, that gaes about mony gret land,  
thou bein my guider, enterit hae I,  
and eik the wilsome desert land Massyllie,  
whaur the shauld sandis streiks endlang the shore.  
Nou at the last, that fled us evermore,  
the faurer coast o Ital hae we caucht,  
tho, hithertils, hard fortune haes umberaucht  
the Trojans, and pursued unfreindfullie.  
Nou aa ye gods and goddesses, wham by  
umquhile wis thocht gret Ilion fu o joy,

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<sup>21</sup> blin: cease

<sup>22</sup> inkirly: eagerly

and the shinin glorious toun o Troy  
seemin resist and gainstand your godheid,  
leisome it is tae desist o your feid,  
and nou tae spare the puir people Trojane.  
Oh thou maist haly prophetess sovereign –  
whit is tae come haes knowledge o aa things –  
grant at Teucrans may dwell in Ital rings.  
For I nocht ask nae land, nor realm aagates,  
but whilk is grantit tae us by our fates.  
Shaw, and declare for our goddis' errand,<sup>23</sup>  
that chasit been owre mony sea and sand,  
whaur sall thair restin place be tae remain.  
Sae efter that tae Phoebus and Diane,  
o sound merble temples build may I,  
and festal days for Apollo gar cry.  
Tae thee, alsa, within our realms, sall be  
mony secret closet and revestry,<sup>24</sup>  
whaurin thy wirks and fatal destinies,  
thy secret sawis, and thy prophecies,  
indite o my kin and genology,  
I sall gar keep and aft observe reverently.  
And, o thou blissit wumman, untae thee  
wise walit men sall dedicate and sacree;<sup>25</sup>  
sae that thou write nocht on the leaves thy words,  
for dreid aa turn but til a mock or bourds,<sup>26</sup>  
gif that the wind thaim scatter and blaw away.  
Pronounce it wi thy ain mouth, I thee pray.”

Tharewi he held his peace, and sayed no more.  
But than Sybil the prophetess, fu yore  
within the cave, as hauf enragit wicht,  
couth nocht contain o Phoebus the gret micht;  
and ever the mair she her enforces aye  
the gret God frae her breist tae drive away  
the mair he gan invade her, and infest  
her ragin mouth and fierce hert, as him lest,  
dauntin at will; and forcin her sayings,  
she wis constrained tae shaw aa suithfast things.

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<sup>23</sup> errand: wanderin

<sup>24</sup> revestry: vestry

<sup>25</sup> sacree: perform sacred service

<sup>26</sup> bourds: jests

## Chapter II

*The answeris and the wordis tae and frae  
betwix Eneas and this Sibylla.*

The hunner gret duirs o that hous, wi this,  
at thair ain willis warpit wide, iwis,  
and brocht the prophetess' answer tae thair ears:  
“Oh Eneas, that, efter mony years,  
nou finally haes drive tae end,” quo she,  
“sae mony huge gret dangers o the sea!  
But on the land, I tell you, aa and some,  
faur gretter perils remains for tae come.  
The Trojan people tae the realm o Lavine  
sall come – that is determed by gods divine;  
out o thy mind sic doutis dae away.  
But furthermair, I will untae thee say,  
whan thay the grund o Italy hae nummen,<sup>27</sup>  
thay sall desire never thither tae hae comen.  
Battles, horrible battles, tae conclude,  
I nou behaud, and Tiber, the gret fluid,  
for gret abundance o bluid on spate waux reid.  
Nor Exanth nor Simois in that steid  
sall thou miss, nor yit the Greekis' army.  
Thou sall before thee finnd in Italy  
anither Achill, born als o a goddess;  
nor Juno, Trojans' pursuer express,  
sall never mair fail in your contrary.  
And whan thou art thare, as thou wad be carry,  
o succours and o help aa desolate,  
whit people, and whit ceities than, God wait,  
in Ital sall thou beseek o supplie!  
Few sall remain unrequirit, traist me.  
The causes o aa this mischief and pain,  
anither wumman, a fremmit ghaist, again  
for the Trojans is tae be spous and wed,  
a strange bride ere she be brocht tae bed.  
Withdraw thee frae nae perils, nor hard thrist;<sup>28</sup>  
but ever enforce mair strangly tae resist

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<sup>27</sup> nummen: tane

<sup>28</sup> hard thrist: dire straits

agin dangers, than fortune suffers thee.  
Your first rescue o succours and supplie  
furth o a Gregioun ceity sall be shaw,  
whilk thou least weens, a wunner thing tae knaw.”

Furth o her secret closet, thus onane,  
sic saws warpis this Sybilla Cumane –  
horrible answers, fu doutsome tae consave,  
whaur as she sat rummesin in her cave,  
in subtle wordis o obscurity  
envelopin the truth and verity.  
For on sic wise Apollo her refrains,  
bridles her spreit, and, as him list, constrains,  
frae her hert pipes his fierce brod<sup>29</sup> withdrawin.  
As the divine fury gan first ceasin,  
and eik her ragin mouth begouth tae rest,  
devote Eneas beginnis als pressed,  
and sayed, “Virgin, nae kind o pain may rise  
unknaw tae me, o new that may me grise;<sup>30</sup>  
ere nou I am warnit o aa sic chance,  
and haes thaim roweit in my remembrance.  
But ae thing I beseek thee and requair:  
sen the entries and port, thay say, been here,  
o the Infernal King, and the lake dirk  
o Acheron, gorgit wi fluidis mirk;  
tho it be richt difficil, yit grant me  
thae quent realmis I may behaud and see,  
and come untae my dear faither’s sicht.  
Thither the passage, and aa the weyis richt,  
dae teach me, and thae secret ports unshet.  
I him delivert amid frae flames het,  
and on thir shouthers cairryit him away,  
a thousan spearis follaein tae assay;  
frae mid enemies brocht him tae sauffy.  
In my voyage, accompanied wi me,  
he went throu-out aa seais and strange strands,  
aa mainer perils o streamis, seas, and sands,  
and stormis o the heiven, tho he wis waik.  
He suffert and sustainit, for my sake,  
fu huge pain, as he haed been a page,

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<sup>29</sup> brod: goad

<sup>30</sup> grise: terrify

abuve the strenth and common course o age.  
And further he me chairgit, and gan beseek,  
tae thee, leddy, I reverently suld seek,  
and pass hither tae thy steid and dwellin place.  
Hae ruth nou, haly wumman, shaw some grace  
baith tae the son and faither, I requeir;  
for thou may dae aathing I wat, but weir.  
Nor nocht but guid reason, fu weill I knaw,  
beside Avernus, owre her hallowed shaw,  
Proserpine made thee patron and maistress.  
Gif Orpheus nicht reduce again, I guess,  
frae Hell his spous's ghaist wi his sweet strings,  
playin on his harp o Thrace sae pleasin springs;  
or gif Pollux redeemed his brither Castor,  
as he that wis immortal get and bore,  
pairtin<sup>31</sup> wi him his immortality,  
aither for ither sufferin for tae dee,  
that each o thaim, by courses alternate,  
sae aft gaeis and returnis that gait,  
is it nocht aince leisome I pass that way?  
O Theseus whit needis mair tae say,  
or o the strang maist dochty Hercules,  
whilk thither went wi sae gret force and press?  
Am I nocht eik descend frae Jupiter?"

Sic prayer made he, grippin the altar,  
while thus begouth the prophetess speak again:  
"O God's bluid, Anchises' son Trojane,  
it is richt facile and eith gait, I thee tell,  
for tae descend and pass on doun tae Hell;  
the black yetts o Pluto, and that daurk way  
stauns ever open and patent nicht and day.  
But tharefrae tae return again on hicht,  
and here abuve recover this air's licht –  
that is deificult wirk, thare laubour lies.  
Fu few thare been, wham heich abune the skies  
thair ardent virtue haes raisit and upheld,  
or yit wham equal Jupiter deified,  
thae whilk been gendert o gods may thither attain.  
Aa the mid wey is wilderness unplain,  
or wilsome forest, and the laithly fluid

---

<sup>31</sup> pairtin: dividin



Cocytus, wi his dreary bosom unrude,  
floweis environ round about that place.  
But gif sae gret desire and luvè thou haes  
twice til owresail o Styx the deidly lake,  
and twice behaud black Hell's pit o wraik,  
or sae huge laubour delights thee," quo sho,  
"harken whit first behuves thee tae do.  
Amid a rank tree lurks a gowden beuch,  
wi aureal<sup>32</sup> leafs, and flexible twists teuch,  
untae Juno infernal consecrate,  
that standis louked about and obumbrate  
wi daurk shadowis o the thick wuid shaw.  
But it is naewise leisome, I thee shaw,  
thir secret weys unner the erd tae went,  
while<sup>33</sup> o the tree this gowden grane<sup>34</sup> be rent.  
Fair Proserpine haes institute and command  
tae offer her this, her ain proper presand.  
Anither gowden grane, tae the ilk effeck,  
thou sall nocht miss, tho the first be doun brek;  
incontinent ever o the samen metal  
sic a like branch sall burgeon furth withal.  
Thee needs tharefore tae haud thine een on hicht,  
it for tae search and seek; syne aa at richt,  
whan it is fund, thou hint it in thy hand,  
for, gif it list, easily that samen wand,  
o the ain will, sall follae thy grip fuit-hait,  
gif sae the Fates will thou pass that gait;  
or else by nae strenth thou sall it rive,  
nor cut in twa wi wappon, swourd or knife.  
And mairatowre, befor thee in the place,  
at thou nocht wat, o thy dear frein, alace!  
unyirdit lies o new the deid body,  
that wi his corpse infecks aa thy navy;  
the self time slain, thou askin our answeir,  
and in this place remainis wi us here.  
First see that him tae his lang hame thou have,  
and, as effeirs, gar beiry law in grave.  
Til his funeral entire, or sacrifice,

---

<sup>32</sup> aureal: gowden (only here)

<sup>33</sup> while: until

<sup>34</sup> grane: branch

dae bring the black beastis, as is the guise;  
lat thae be your first expiationis,  
and cleansin graith, efter your ceremonies.  
Sae at the last, o Styx the carefu<sup>35</sup> shaw,  
and realms wilsome for leivin men tae knaw,  
thou sall behaud," quo she; and than gan cease,  
her mouth clappit thegither, and held her peace.

---

<sup>35</sup>

carefu: waefu

### Chapter III

*O Misenus' interment at wis slain,  
and hou Eneas fand the gowden grane.*

Enee, wi dreary cheer and een douncast,  
leavin the cave furth on his wey is passed,  
and in his breist gan rowen aa on raw  
thir uncouth chances, wunner strange tae know.  
Achates, his traist frein, furth by him went,  
ilk step and pace musin the same intent,  
fu mony diverse sermons betwix thaim twae  
talkin and carpin aft whauras thay gae;  
doutsome whilk o thair feiris this micht be,  
the prophetess thaim tauld wis duin tae dee,  
or whit corpse wis this she thaim bade beirie.  
And, as thay cam upo the strandis dry,  
thay gan behaud, liggin in the ilk steid,  
Misenus new slain by unworthy deed –  
Misenus, Eolus' son, nane mair cunnand  
hostis tae assemble wi brazen trump in hand,  
that, wi his sound and weirly blasts, aft syse  
the martial courage made in breistis rise.  
Some time he wis ane o gret Hector's feirs;  
about Hector e'er hauntit he the weirs,  
nou blawin wi his trump maist craftilie,  
nou wi a spear joinin his maister by.  
Efter Achill reft him the life in weir,  
til dochty Enee this forcy chevalier  
adjoinit haes himsel in fellaeship,  
a man o nae less prowess nor worship.  
But nou, per case, wi his boss trump as he  
went unprovisitly blawin by the sea,  
tae strife provokin the gods wi his springs,  
gif it be leisome tae traist sae shamefu things,  
Triton the God, haein thareat dispite,  
ere he wis waur, him hintis,<sup>36</sup> and did smite  
amang the faemy rockis law adoun,  
and in the saut wawis the man gan droun.  
Whaurfore about his corpse wi gret clamour  
the Trojans stuid murnin, and made dolour;

---

<sup>36</sup> hintis: seizes

but principally the ruthfu Eneas.  
Sybilla's hest, as he commandit was,  
than sped in haste for tae perform weeping,  
for the sepulture funeral fire or bing,  
a heap o trees thay press anon tae dicht,  
and up untae the heivens raise on hicht.  
Untae an ancient forest socht thay then,  
enterin in mony dern wild beastis' den.  
Fu o roset dounbet is the fir tree;  
smit wi the aix did rair the aikis hie;  
gret ashen stockis tumbles tae the ground;  
wi wedges schydit<sup>37</sup> gan the birkis sound;  
the felloun elmis weltis doun the hills.  
Enee himsel alsae, wi fu guid wills  
intae sic wirkis wi the first, aa day  
for tae be busy gan his feiris pray,  
wi lume<sup>38</sup> in haun fast wirkin like the lave;  
and in his breist gan tae and frae consave,  
fu hivvily, thir maiters war betide,  
behaudin the large wuid on aither side,  
thare as he stuid thus makkin his prayeir:  
“Wad God yon gowden branch list nou appear,  
and kythe the sel tae us in this forest!  
Sen lo, aathing the prophetess expresst  
o thee, Misenus, are cam true, alace!”  
Scarce war thir wordis sayed, whan, in that place,  
a pair o doos frae heiven cam wi a flicht,  
and richt forgain the man's face did licht,  
and on the green sward thair place teuk law.  
This ryal prince, as suin as he thaim saw,  
his mither's birdis knew, and blythely than  
his orison haes made, and thus began:

“Oh haly foules, gif the wey may be went,  
be ye my guides tae complete my intent.  
Address your course throu-out the air in hy  
untae that haly shaw, wi soil michtie,  
whauras that rich branch the grund owreheildis.  
And, my blissit mither, that our beild is  
intae this doutsome case, be nocht away;

---

<sup>37</sup> schydit: cleft

<sup>38</sup> lume: tool

I you beseek, be favourable tae our way,”  
and prayin thus, efter the spaemen<sup>39</sup> wered.<sup>40</sup>  
He prentit baith his fuitsteps in the erd,  
behaudin redly<sup>41</sup> whit signis thay shaw,  
or whither thay mark,<sup>42</sup> eatin, passin on raw.<sup>43</sup>  
Thay at the last gan flichter furth a space,  
hauf stalkin on the grund a saft pace,  
sae faur before Achates and Enee,  
as thay nicht weill behaud thaim wi thair ee.  
And as suin as thay cam tae the entry  
o Avernus, that stinkin Hell’s sea,  
uprase thay swiftly, and in the moist air  
flaw furth, and syne gan alicht and repair  
upo thair sieges<sup>44</sup> whaur thaim list tae be,  
o diverse natures, perchit on the tree,  
throu whase branches, o sere hues mony ane,  
the bricht glitterin gowden colour shane;  
like as fu aft, in chill winter’s tide,  
the gum or glue, amid the wuidis wide,  
is wont tae seem yalla on the grane new,  
whilk never o that tree’s substance grew,  
wi saffron-hueit fruit daein furth sprout,  
circles and wimples round bewis about.  
Siclike wis o this gowd the feigure bricht,  
that burgeoned fair on the rank aik’s hicht.  
E’er as the branch for pipin wind reboundit,  
the gowden shackers rattelt and resoundit.  
Eneas smertly hint the grane at shone,  
and, but delay, haes rent it down anon;  
desirous tae complete his wey alsa,  
bair it untae the hauld o Sybilla.

And naetheless Trojanis this ilk tide,  
Misenus’ daith bewailed at the coast side,

---

<sup>39</sup> spaemen: suithsayers i.e. the birds

<sup>40</sup> wered: crept

<sup>41</sup> redly: carefu-like

<sup>42</sup> mark: gae

<sup>43</sup> on raw: ane ahint the ither

<sup>44</sup> sieges: literally thrones

untae the dolorous unsely bodie  
funeral service completin by and by.  
At the beginnin first up hie thay beild  
a huge heap or bing amid the field,  
o dry aik schydis<sup>45</sup> and fat roset trees;  
aa sides thareof, as faur as ony sees,  
wis deck and covert wi thir daithly bews,<sup>46</sup>  
and wild cypress, the tree o mortal hues;  
the tap abuve arrayit wis at richt,  
and adornit wi shinin armis bricht.  
Some speeds tae graith het watter busilie  
in caudrons playin on the fire fast by;  
the cauld deid corpse is weshen and anoint,  
embaulmit wi rich gummis every joint.  
Thay shoutin, gowlin and clamour about him made;  
the body syne bewailit hae thay laid  
in a saft bed, and thare abune wis spread  
purpour robes, whaurwi he wont wis cled.  
Some on thair shouthers the gret bier upbare,  
a dulefu office, wi mony sab and rair,  
and, as the mainer o tender freindis is,  
for sorra thair faces writhes awa, iwis,  
pittin the kennlin in wi het firebrand,  
gret heaps o cense upbleezin frae hand tae hand;  
cuppis and goblets warpit in the fire,  
fu o ile d'olive, upbrunt bricht and schire.  
Efter aa wis faaen in powder and in aise,  
and the gret heat o flames quencht wis,  
the reliquies and the dry emmers syne  
thay sloken, and gan weshen wi sweet wine.  
The banes, walit bye, and naetly chosit,  
Corynaeus in a brazen tun haes closit.  
And this ilk man his feiris aa, but dout,  
wi clean watter cleansed thrice about,  
strinklin a little dewin, as wis the guise,  
wi the branch o a happy olive thrice.  
He purgit and aspergit<sup>47</sup> weill the men;  
the latter word, "Aa is duin!" sayed he then.

---

<sup>45</sup> schydis: kennlers, bits o wuid

<sup>46</sup> bews: boughs

<sup>47</sup> aspergit: sprinkelt

Eneas than gart up ereckit be  
a sepulture o fu huge quantity,  
in taikenin o the man's instruments,  
an air and eik a trumpet thareon prents,  
unner the munt, umquhile Aërius  
wis cleipit, whilk nou is hait *Misenus*;  
efter his name callit perpetuallie,  
that ever sall his memore testify.

## Chapter IV

*O Eneas' sacrifice by nicht,  
and hou tae Hell he teuk the wey fu richt.*

This bein duin, Sybilla's commandment  
Enee addresses perform incontinent.  
Thare stuid a daurk and profound cave fast by,  
a hideous hole, deep gapin and grislie,  
aa fu o crags and o thir sherp flint stanes,  
whilk wis weill decked and closit for the naince  
wi a foul lake, as black as ony craw,  
and scuggis<sup>48</sup> dim o a fu dern wuid shaw,  
abuve the whilk nae foule may flee but skaith.  
Exhalations or vapours black and laith  
furth o that deidly gowf thraws in the air,  
sicwise nae bird may thither mak repair;  
whaurfore Greekis *Avernus* cleips this steid,  
'the place but foules' tae say, or pit o deid.  
Here first Enee, at this ilk entry vile,  
fower young stots addressit, black o pile.  
The nun Sybilla receives thaim, and syne  
amid thair foreheids whelmed on cups o wine,  
and o thair tap, betwix the hornis twa,  
the owremaist hairis haes she pullt awa,  
and in the haly ingle, as wis the guise,  
kest thaim, in mainer o the first sacrifice,  
upo Hecate cryin, wi mony a yell,  
michtfu in Heiven and dim dungeon o Hell.  
Some sleevit<sup>49</sup> knives in the beastis' throats,  
and ithers, whilk war ordained for sic notes,<sup>50</sup>  
the warm new bluid keepit in cup and piece.<sup>51</sup>  
Enee himsel a yowe, wis bleck o fleece,  
brittent wi his swourd, in sacrifice fu hie  
untae the mither o the Furies three,  
and her gret sister; and tae thee, Proserpine,

---

48 scuggis: shaddas

49 sleevit: slippit in

50 notes: tasks, duties

51 piece: i.e. goblet



a yeld<sup>52</sup> coo aa to-trinschit; and efter syne  
tae the Infernal King, whilk Pluto hait,  
his nicht altars begouth tae dedicate.  
The haill boukis o beastis, bane and lyre,<sup>53</sup>  
amid the flames kest and haly fire.  
The fat ile did he yett and peir<sup>54</sup>  
upo the entrails, tae mak thaim burn clear.  
But lo! a little before the sun rising,  
the grund begouth tae rummis,<sup>55</sup> crune,<sup>56</sup> and ring,  
unner thair feet, and wuidy tappis hie  
o thir hillis begin tae move thay see;  
among the shaddas and the scuggis mirk  
the Hell hounds heard thay yowl and bark,  
at comin o the Goddess Proserpine.  
Sibylla cries, that prophetess divine:  
“Aa ye that been profane, away, away!  
Swith, outwith aa the sanctuar hie you, hey!  
And thou,” quo she, “haud on thy wey wi me.  
Draw furth thy swourd, for nou is need, Enee,  
tae shaw thy manheid, and be o firm courage.”  
Thus faur she sayed, smit wi the godly rage,  
and tharewi enters in the open cave.  
Eneas unabashed, frae aa the lave,  
follaes his guide wi equal pace fu richt.

Oh ye gods, in whase pouer and micht  
the saulis been, and ye dern scuggis dirk,  
confused Chaos, whaurof aathing been wirk,  
scaudin Hell’s fluid, Phlegithon, but licht,  
places o silence and perpetual nicht!  
Mot it be leifu tae me for tae tell  
thae thingis whilks I hae heard sayed o Hell,  
and, by your michtis, that I may furth shaw  
sere thingis drinchit in the erd fu law,  
and deep involved in mirkness and in mist.

---

<sup>52</sup> yeld: barren

<sup>53</sup> lyre: flesh

<sup>54</sup> peir: trickle

<sup>55</sup> rummis: rummle

<sup>56</sup> crune: bellow

Thay walken furth, sae daurk uneith thay wist  
whither thay went, amid dim shaddas thare,  
whaur e'er is nicht and ne'er licht daes repair,  
throu-out the waste dungeon o Pluto King,  
thae void bounds and that gousty ring;  
siclike as wha wad throu thick wuidis wend  
in obscure licht, whaur muin may nocht be kenned,  
as Jupiter, the King Ethereal,  
wi erd's scug hides the heivens aa,  
and the mirk nicht, wi her veisage gray,  
frae everything haes reft the hue away.

Before the porch and first jawis o Hell,  
lamentation and wraikfu Thochtis fell  
thair ludgin haed; and thareat dwellis eik  
pale Maladies, that causes fowk be seik;  
the fearfu Dreid, and als unwieldy Age,  
the felloun Hungir wi her undauntit rage.  
Thare wis alsa the laithly Indigence,  
terrible o port,<sup>57</sup> and shamefu her presence;  
the grisly Deid, that mony ane haes slain,  
the hard Laubour and diseasefu Pain,  
the slottry<sup>58</sup> Sleep, Deid's kizzen o kind,  
inordinate Blytheness o pervertit mind;  
and in the yett, forgainis thaim, did stand  
the mortal Battle wi his deidly brand,  
the airn chaumers o Hell's Furies fell,  
witless Discord, that wondering<sup>59</sup> maist cruel,  
wimpled and buskit in a bluidy bend,<sup>60</sup>  
wi snakes hung at every hair's end.  
And in the middis o the utter ward,  
wi braid branches spread owre aa the sward,  
a rank elm tree stuid, huge, gret, and stock auld.  
The vulgar people in that samen hauld  
believes thare vain dreams maks thair dwellin;  
unner ilk leaf fu thick thay stick and hing.

---

<sup>57</sup> port: appearance

<sup>58</sup> slottry: slothfu

<sup>59</sup> wondering: objeck o amazement

<sup>60</sup> bend: band

Thare been eik monsters o mony diverse sort:  
the Centauris war stabled at this port;  
the double porturate Scylla wi thaim infeir;  
Briareus wi a hunner formis sere;  
the bisning<sup>61</sup> beast, the Serpent o Lerna,  
horribly whustlin; and quent Chimaera  
wi fire enarmit on her tappis hie;  
the laithly Harpies, and the Gorgons three;  
o thrinfauld bodies ghaistly forms did groan,  
baith o Erius and o Geryon.

Eneas smertly, for the hasty dreid,  
hint furth his swourd in this place, and, guid speed,  
the drawn blade he proffers thare and here  
untae thae monsters, ever as thay drew near;  
and war nocht his expert mate Sybilla  
taucht him thay war but void ghaistis aa thae,  
but ony bodies, as wanderin wretches waste,  
he haed upo thaim rushit in gret haste,  
and wi his bitin bricht brand, aa in vain,  
the tuim shadowis smitten tae hae slain.

---

<sup>61</sup> bisning: monstrous

## Chapter V

*Til Hell's fluidis Enee socht nethermair,<sup>62</sup>  
and Palinurus, his steersman, fand he thare.*

Frae thyne streikis the wey profound anon  
deep untae Hell's fluid o Acheron;  
wi howe bysme,<sup>63</sup> and hideous swelch<sup>64</sup> unrude,  
drumly o mud, and scaudin as it war wuid,  
popplin and bullerin furth on aither hand  
untae Cocytus aa his slyke<sup>65</sup> and sand.  
Thir rivers and thir watters keepit wer  
by ane Charon, a grisly ferrier,  
terrible o shape, and sluggert o array;  
upo his chin feil canous hairis gray,  
lyart,<sup>66</sup> feltit taits;<sup>67</sup> wi burnin een reid,  
like twa fire bleezes fixit in his heid.  
His smottrit<sup>68</sup> habit, owre his shouthers lidder,<sup>69</sup>  
hang peevisly<sup>70</sup> knit wi a knot thegither.  
Himsel the coble did wi his bolm<sup>71</sup> furth shue,<sup>72</sup>  
and, whan him list, halit up sailis fu.  
This auld hasart<sup>73</sup> cairries owre fluidis hot  
spreits and feigures in his airn-hueit boat,  
altho he eildit wis, owre-step in age,

---

62 nethermair: faurer doun

63 bysme: abyss

64 swelch: whirlpool

65 slyke: silt

66 lyart : streakit

67 taits: tufts

68 smottrit: bespattert

69 lidder: slack

70 peevisly: i.e. carelessly

71 bolm: pole

72 shue: shove

73 hasart: greybaird

as feerie<sup>74</sup> and as swipper<sup>75</sup> as a page;  
for in a god the age is fresh and green,  
infatigable and immortal as thay mean.<sup>76</sup>

Thither tae the brae swarmit aa the rout  
o deid ghaistis, and stuid the bank about;  
baith matrons, and thair husbands, aa y-feirs,<sup>77</sup>  
ryal princes, and noble chevaliers,  
smaa children, and young damisels unwed,  
and fair springalds<sup>78</sup> lately deid in bed,  
in faither and in mither's presence laid on bier.  
As gret nummer thither thicket<sup>79</sup> infeir,  
as in the first frost efter hervest-tide,  
leafis o treeis in the wuid daes slide;  
or birdis flockis owre the fluidis gray,  
untae the land seekin the nearest way,  
wham the cauld season chases owre the sea,  
intae some beiner realm and warm kintrie.  
Thare stuid thay prayin some support tae get,  
that thay nicht wi the foremaist owre be set,  
and gan upheaven peitiously haundis twae,  
langin tae be upo the faurer brae.  
But this sorrafu boatman, wi brim<sup>80</sup> leuk,  
nou thir, nou thaim, within his vessel teuk;  
and ither some expelled, and made dae stand  
faur frae the rivage side upo the sand.

A-wunnert o this steerage, and the press,  
“Say me, virgin,” quo Enee, “ere thou cess,  
whit means sic confluence at this watter side?  
Whit wad thir sauls? Why will thay nocht byde?  
Whilk causes been, or whit diversity,  
some frae the braeis thaim withdraw, I see;

---

<sup>74</sup> feerie: active, nimble

<sup>75</sup> swipper: quick

<sup>76</sup> mean: direct thair wey

<sup>77</sup> y-feirs: thegither

<sup>78</sup> springalds: young men

<sup>79</sup> thicket: thranged

<sup>80</sup> brim: fierce

anither sort, eik, o thir saulis deid  
rowit owre the river coloured as the leid?"

This ancient reigious wumman than,  
but mair delay, tae answer thus began:  
"Anchises' get, heind<sup>81</sup> chiel, courteous and guid,  
descend undoutable o the God's bluid,  
the deep stank o Cocytus doth thou see,  
and eik the Hell's puil, hait Styx," quo she,  
"by whase michtis the goddis are fu laith,  
and dreidis sair, tae sweir syne fause thair aith.  
Aa thir, thou seeis stoppit at the shore,  
been helpless fowk, unyirdit and forlore.  
Yon grisly ferrier tae name Charon hait.  
They been aa beiryit he cairries in his bait.  
It is nocht tae him leifu, he nocht may  
thaim ferry owre thir routin fluidis gray,  
nor tae the hideous yonder coastis have,  
while<sup>82</sup> thair banes be laid tae rest in grave.  
Wha are unbeiryit a hunner year maun byde,  
waverin and wanderin by this bank's side;  
than, at the last, tae pass owre in this boat  
they been admit, and costs thaim no a groat,  
and freely may behauden or espy  
thae lakes whilkis thaim langis tae vizzie."

Anchises' son than stints a little stound,  
and baith his fuitsteps fixit in the ground,  
musin in mind somedeal, sad in a pairt,  
and o this hard fortune caught ruth in hairt.  
Thare saw he, dolorous and waefu o cheer,  
but funeral service, never laid on bier,  
Leucaspis and Orontes, baith twain,  
whilom maisters o the ship Lyciane;  
wham baith y-feir, as sayed before hae we,  
sailin frae Troy throu-out the wawy sea,  
the deidly storm owrewhalmit wi a whidder,  
baith men and ship welt<sup>83</sup> unner fluid thegither.

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<sup>81</sup> heind: gracious

<sup>82</sup> while: until

<sup>83</sup> welt: hurled

Lo! Palinurus eik, his steerisman,  
amang ithers fast tae the watter ran,  
whilk lately sailin in the Libyan Sea,  
as that he gan behaud the starnis hie,  
thegither wi the helmstock, whaur he stuid,  
owre shipbuird swakkit wis amid the fluid.  
And scarcely as Enee gan him espy,  
amang daurk scuggis staunin fu drearie,  
first he him greets, sayin tae him thus:  
“Whilk o the goddis, oh Palinurus,  
thee us bereft, and drount amid the sea?  
Hou tide that case? Declare me, I pray thee.  
For certes, bricht Apollo ne’er ere nou  
wis fause tae me; but I wat never hou  
o his answer tuichin thee he ravit,  
and haes my mind tharein aahaill disaivit,  
that shew thou suld hailskarth owre the sea,  
untae the grund o Ital come,” quo he.  
“See, *thus* his lawtie<sup>84</sup> and promise is keep!”

The tither answers wi a peitious peep:  
“Maist worthy Duke, Anchises’ son sae dear,  
naither hath thee o Phoebus the answeir,  
unner his secret curtain, sae disaive,  
nor yit nae god sae faur haes me bewave,<sup>85</sup>  
nor drounit in the deep, as ye believe;  
but, as I slid owrebuird tae my mischief,  
the helmstock, or gubernacle o tree,  
whaurwith I rulit our course throu the sea,  
leanin thareon sae fast, per case it threw,  
and, rent awa, owrebuird wi me I drew.  
The wawy seas tae witness draw I here,  
that for mysel teuk I nane sae gret fear,  
as o thy ship, wham that I knew fu quite  
spulyiet o her graith, and lodesman furth smite,  
dreidin she suld hae perished in sic need,  
owre the huge swallin fluidis rase on breid.  
The south wind Notus three dayis me drave  
throu-out the sea, wi violent wawis wave:

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<sup>84</sup> lawtie: guid faith, integrity

<sup>85</sup> bewave: swept awa

scarce on the ferd day at morn did I spy,  
hie frae the wawis' crappis Italie.  
Hooly<sup>86</sup> and fair untae the coast I swam;  
and than aamaist in surety comen I am,  
nocht war the cruel people o thae lands,  
as that I grippit wi my cruikit hands  
the sherp rocks' tappis at the shore,  
in hivvy wat frock stad, and chairgit<sup>87</sup> sore,  
thay gan wi airn wappons me invade,  
weenin a spy at I haed been, thay sayed,  
frae thair kintrie some prey tae drive away.  
Sae nou I am bedyed in fluidis gray,  
and windis warps my corpse upo the strands.  
Whaurfore I pray thee, heavin up my hands,  
and by the pleasin licht o heiven requires,  
and by the haillsome air that thou inspires,  
and by thy weill-beluvit faither ding,<sup>88</sup>  
and guid hope o thy young son's affspring,  
o thou unvanquished valiant champion,  
deleiver me frae thir gret herms anon –  
or, at the least, grave me in sepulture,  
sen weill thou can, and may perform that cure.  
Speir tae the portis whilks Velinos hait;  
or gif thare may be funden ony gate,  
whilk thy blissed mither haes thee teachit richt,  
rax thy richt haun untae this wretchit wicht,  
and hae me wi thee owre thir fluidis reid,  
sae, at the least, I may, efter my deid,  
intae some pleasin steid remain and rest;  
for I believe fermly thou nocht addressed  
sae large fluidis but gods' authority,  
nor Styx this lake for til owreswim," quo he.

Whan that he haed thir wordis sayed express,  
sic answer til him made the prophetess:  
"Palinurus," quo she, "thou sary sire,  
whither is becomen sic undauntit desire  
tae thee, and fierce will sae unreasonable?"

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<sup>86</sup> hooly: slawly

<sup>87</sup> chairgit: burdened (i.e. wi his wat claes)

<sup>88</sup> ding: digne, worthy



Weens thou – unyirdit nou, and thus unable,  
owre Styx the Hell’s puil sicwise tae fare,  
and grisly fluidis, about wham doth repair  
thir dreidfu Furies – tae behaud and see?  
Uncaaed, on the yonder brae wad thou be?  
Desist, and cease tae ween wi thy prayeir  
the gods’ decreit at thou may brek or steir.  
But nou imprent in thy remembrance  
thir wordis o solace in thy hard chance.  
Whaur thy body is at this time present,  
for fear thareof, the people adjacent,  
by wunner taikens frae the heivens shaw  
constrainit, sall begrave thy banes law,  
and on thy corpse erect a sepulture,  
daein tharetae solempnit funeral cure.  
‘Palinurus’ that place tae name forthy  
sall beir, and cleipit be perpetuallie.”

Wi thir wordis assuaged his hivvy thocht,  
and frae his sorrafu hert, as that he mocht,  
somedeaal expellit haes the dolorous care,  
rejoicit o the grund his surname bare.  
Whaurfore Eneas and Sybil, baith twae,  
as thay begunnen haed, held furth thair way.

## Chapter VI

*Owre Styx the fluid hou that Enee did fare,  
and Cerberus in cave heard yell and rair.*

And as thay gan approach taewart the fluid,  
this churlish boatman, on Styx whaur he stuid,  
as swith as he perceivit thaim come sae  
thru the dern wuid and draw nearer the brae,  
first wi sic busteous wordis he thaim grat,  
and, but offence, gan thaim chiden, thus plat:<sup>89</sup>  
“Whit-e’er thou be, that comes enarmit sae  
taewart our fluids, whither ettles thou gae?  
For whit cause cam thou hither? Tell me tyte.<sup>90</sup>  
Staun still thare as thou art, wi meikle syte.<sup>91</sup>  
Press nae faurer, for this is the hauld richt  
o Ghaistis, Shaddas, Sleep, and dovert Nicht.  
Unleifu war, and a forbidden thing,  
within this passenger<sup>92</sup> owre Styx tae bring  
ony leivin wicht. Certes, in mine intent,  
I am nocht gled yit o the last sae went;  
nor that I cairried Hercules owre this lake,  
nor Theseus, and Pirithous his maik,  
altho thay war comen o gods’ lineage,  
and invincible o strenth and vassalage.  
For this ilk Hercules, wi his stalwart hands,  
the grim warden o Hell strainit<sup>93</sup> in bands,  
and drew him trimmlin frae the King’s throne;  
the tither twa gret violence wad hae duin:  
the fresh Proserpine, Pluto’s leddy gay,  
furth o her bouer begouth tae lead away.”

Tae him again this answer made express  
o Amphraysia Phoebus’ prophetess:  
“Dae aa suspicion furth o thy consait.

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<sup>89</sup> plat: plainly

<sup>90</sup> tyte: at aince, immediately

<sup>91</sup> syte: sorra

<sup>92</sup> passenger: ferry boat

<sup>93</sup> strainit: restrainit

Here is," quo she, "nane sic guile nor dissait;  
nae violence our wappons doth pretend.  
Weill likes us, it doth us nocht offend,  
tho in his cave your hideous porter  
yowlin, affray the deid ghaists evermair.  
We staun content, it suffices us als,  
that aye remain the chaste Proserpina  
within her faither's brither's bounds and ring.  
But here is comen, o King Troy's affspring,  
Eneas, fu o peity and knichtheid,  
tae vizzy his luved faither whilk is deid,  
descendit tae the law scuggis o Hell.  
O sae gret vertue and peity whilk I tell,  
gif nae conseiderance may thee move," quo she,  
"at least thou knaws this gowden-granit tree."  
And, wi that word, the branch shew and undid,  
that privily unner her cloak wis hid.  
The ragin hert, aa fu o wrath and ire,  
than waux appeasit o this laithly sire;  
and, but ma wordis or langir delay,  
a-wunnert o the present fresh and gay –  
this fatal wand sae precious wis, I mean,  
that he tofore a lang time haed nocht seen –  
his wattry-hueit boat, haw like the sea,  
taewart thaim turnis and addresses he,  
and gan approach untae the brae in haste.  
Syne ither sauls expellit haes and chased  
furth o his boat, whilk sat endlang the wale.<sup>94</sup>  
He streikit suin his airs, and graiths his sail,  
and tharewithal the big wechty Enee  
within his vessel boddom receives he.  
Unner the puissant and the hivvy charge  
gan grain or geig<sup>95</sup> fu fast the jointit barge,  
sae fu o riftis, and wi leaks perbrake,  
she supped huge watter o the lake.  
But, at the last, outowre the fluid yit than  
saufly she brocht baith prophetess and man,  
and furth thaim set amid the foul glaur,

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<sup>94</sup> wale: gunwale

<sup>95</sup> geig: craik

amang the fauch risps<sup>96</sup> harsh and star.<sup>97</sup>

Cerberus, the hideous hund, that regioun  
fordinnis, barkin wi three mouthis' soun,  
unmeasurable in his cave whaur he lay,  
richt owre forgain thaim in the hie way;  
wham-til the prophetess, behaudin hou in hy  
his neckis waux o edders aa grislie,  
a sop steepit intil honey, as fast,  
and o enchantit cornis made, gan cast.  
For hungir wud, he gapes wi throatis three,  
swith swallowin that morsel raucht<sup>98</sup> haed she,  
and than his terrible body wi a rerd  
he tumbles owre, liggin on the erd.  
O huge stature and felloun quantity,  
owre aa the cave furth streikit him haes he.

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<sup>96</sup> fauch risps: broon sedges

<sup>97</sup> star: sprotty grun

<sup>98</sup> raucht: raxit, held out

## Chapter VII

*The circuled weys in Hell Eneas saw,  
and fand Queen Dido in the myr<sup>99</sup> tree shaw.*

Thus while the porter in sleep soupit lies,  
the entry than Eneas occupies,  
and owre the fluid's bank fu swiftly sprent,  
whase passage is unreturnable went.

Anon thay heard sere voices lamentable,  
gret wailin, whimperin, spraichis miserable.  
In the first circle, or the outer ward,  
young babbies' saulis weepin sair thay heard;  
wham the hasty and black duleful day  
soukin thair mithers' pap haed reft away,  
frae the sweet life twyned untimeouslie,  
as carefu corpse plungit in grave gart lie.

Neist thaim, the saicont place thae fowkis haes  
wrangously put tae deid for crime saikless.  
Nor, siccarly, thir saetis tae ilk wicht  
war nocht assignit but judge, doom, and richt;  
for King Minos, inquisitor and justice,  
the fatal urn and balance at device  
rules equally, and by discretion steers  
tae counsel and tae judgement, as effeirs,  
the silly ghaists caas in that secret cage,  
baith o thair life and crimes takkin knowladge.

Syne efter thir, aa sary and fu o care,  
the thrid place haudis, and sall evermair,  
guiltless fowk, that for disdain, wae, or feid,  
wi thair ain haundis wrocht thairsel tae deid,  
and, irkit o the life that thay war in,  
thair sweet saulis made frae the body twin.  
Oh, whit penurity and hard distress infeir  
wad thay nou suffer tae be in this warld here!  
But the Fates' and gods' decreet gainstands  
that thay may ne'er return untae thir lands.  
The waefu puil, wi watter unlutely,

---

<sup>99</sup> myr: myrtle

withhauks thaim sae at thay may nocht gae by;  
and Styx, the fluid, belappis thaim about  
nine times, sae close at thay sall ne'er win out.

Nocht faur frae thence, widewhaur on every side,  
thay nicht behaud the large fields wide  
and boundis o Complaint, aa void o licht –  
sae been thay cleipit properly at richt –  
whaurin war aa, by strang luv in thair days  
wi sic cruel infection wastit away is.  
The hiddils held thay and the roadis dern;  
a myr tree wuid about thaim loukit<sup>100</sup> yern.<sup>101</sup>  
Thair painfu musin and thair hivvy thocht,  
efter thair deid alsae forget thay nocht.  
Thare wis Phaedra, the spous o Theseus;  
and Procris eik, the wife o Cephalus;  
in that ilk steid wis triste Eriphyle –  
her cruel son's woundis shawis she.  
Evadne he beheld, and Laodamia,  
and Pasiphae in fellaeship wi thae;  
and Caeneus, first a wench, and syne a man,  
in her auld shape efter deid changit than.  
Amang ithers the Phoenician Dido  
within the gret wuid walkis to and fro,  
the green wound gapin in her breist aa new:  
wham as the Trojan baron nearer drew,  
and throu the daurk shadowis first did know;  
sicwise as wha throu cluddy skyis saw –  
or, at the least, weenis he heich dae see –  
the new muin whan first upwaxes she.  
The tearis lat he faa, and tenderlie  
wi hertly luv begrat<sup>102</sup> her thus in hy:

“Oh fey Dido, sen I perceive thee here,  
a sover warnin, nou I knaw fu clear,  
wis shawen me, at thou wi swourd wis slaw,  
bereft thysel the life, and brocht o daw.<sup>103</sup>

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<sup>100</sup> loukit: closit

<sup>101</sup> yern: thickly (literally eagerly)

<sup>102</sup> begrat: bewept, lamentit

<sup>103</sup> brocht o daw: killt (literally brocht frae days)

Alas, I wis the causer o thy deid!  
By aa the starnis shines abune our heid,  
and by the gods abune, tae thee I sweir,  
and by the faith and lawtie,<sup>104</sup> gif ony hear –  
truth may be found deep unner erd,” quo he.  
“Maugré my will, princess, sae mot I thee,<sup>105</sup>  
frae thy coastis depairt I wis constrained.  
But the commandment o the gods unfeigned –  
whase gret michts haes me hither drive,  
tae pass throu-out thir daurk shaddas belive,  
by gousty places, welch<sup>106</sup> saured, moist, and hair,<sup>107</sup>  
whaur profound nicht perpetual doth repair –  
compellit me frae thee for tae dissever;  
nor in my mind imagine micht I never,  
for my depairtin or absence, iwis,  
thou suldest caucht sae gret dis-ease as this.  
Dae stint thy pace. Abide, thou gentle wicht.  
Withdraw thee nocht sae suin out o my sicht.  
Wham fleeis thou? This is the latter day,  
by weirdis shape, that wi thee speak I may.”

Wi sic wordis Eneas, fu o woe,  
set him tae mease the spreit o Queen Dido,  
whilk, aa inflamit, fu o wrath and ire,  
wi ackwart leuk glowein het as fire,  
made him tae weep, and shed furth tearis wak.  
Aa fremmitly frawart him, as he spak,  
her een fixit upo the grund held she,  
movin nae mair her courage, face nor bree<sup>108</sup>  
than she haed been a statue o merble stane,  
or a firm rock o Munt Marpesiane.  
But finally, fu swift she wisks away,  
aggrievit fled in the dern wuidis gray,  
whaur-as Sichaeus, her first spous, fu shuir  
correspondis tae her desire and cure,

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<sup>104</sup> lawtie: loyalty

<sup>105</sup> sae mot I thee: sae micht I thrive, i.e. I sweir

<sup>106</sup> welch: wersh, insipid

<sup>107</sup> hair: fousty (literally hoar)

<sup>108</sup> bree: eebroo

renderin in luv amour's equivalent.  
And, naetheless, fast efter her furth sprent  
Enee, perplexit o her sary case,  
and weepin gan her follae a weill lang space,  
regrettin in his mind, and haed peity  
o her distress that moved her sae tae flee.



## Chapter VIII

*The ward o worthy weirmen nou Enee  
beheld, and here wi Deiphobus spak he.*

Wi aa his speed frae thence he teuk the gate  
that wis untae him grantit by his fate,  
and suin thay war in-comen tae the plain  
and latter wardis, whaurin daes remain  
valiant fowks in field and chevalrie,  
thay secret steidis hauntin by and by.  
Here him recountert Parthenopaeus,  
and intil armis valiant Tydeus,  
the pale ghaist eik o Adrastus the King.  
Thare saw he als, wi huge greet and murning  
in middle erd maist meinit,<sup>109</sup> thir Trojanis  
durin the siege that intae battle slain is;  
wham as he gan behaud widewhaur on raw,  
fu tenderly complainin, thare he saw  
Glaucus, Medontas, and Thersilochus,  
Antenor's three sons, and Polyphoetus  
untae the Goddess Ceres consecrate.  
Idaeus saw he in his auld estate,  
baith rulin yit his cairt, and wappons weildand.  
Untae Eneas' left side and richt hand  
the saulis flockis, circled in a rout.  
Nocht sufficed thaim tae spy him aince about,  
but, desirin he tarryit evermair,  
furth wi him for tae walken and repair,  
weill likes thaim taewart him fast tae thring,  
and tae inquire the cause o his coming.

The nobles eik o Greekis, one by one,  
wi the gret routis o Agamemnon,  
as suin as thay the stalwart Trojan saw  
in bricht armour amid the shaddas law,  
gretly affeared, war smite wi felloun dreid.  
Some gave the back, takkin the flicht guid speed,  
as whilom thay untae thair shippis socht;  
some raised a cry wi waik voice, as thay mocht –  
but aa for nocht, thair clamour wis fu scant,

---

<sup>109</sup> meinit: murned

the soundis brak wi gaspin or a gant.

Syne Deiphobus, whilom armipotent,  
King Priamus' son, wi body tore and rent,  
thare he beheld, and cruel maggelt face;  
veisage menyiet<sup>110</sup> and baith his hauns, alace!  
hauf-heids spulyiet; aff stowed<sup>111</sup> his earis twa;  
by shamefu wound his nese<sup>112</sup> cuttit awa.  
Wi gret deificulty he him scarcely knew,  
trimmlin for lack, ashamit reid o hue,  
as that he micht hiden his felloun wounds.  
Undemandit, wi freindly words and sounds  
Enee him grat, sayin: "O gret renoun,  
Deiphobus, armipotent champioun,  
wha haes, alas! thee mairtyred sae and slain  
by sae cruel turments and hideous pain?  
Houe'er wis ony suffert thee sae tae dicht?  
It wis me tauld, o Troy the latter nicht,  
thou, weary and forfochen in that steid  
for sae feil Greekis by thy dintis deid,  
abuve the heap o deid corpses owre ane,<sup>113</sup>  
fell doun for-bled,<sup>114</sup> thare staunin thine alane.  
Than I mysel, frae this wis tae me shaw,  
doun at the Ness Rhoetea, by the coasts law,  
a void tomb raisit, and wi loud voice thrice  
upo the wraiths and wandrin ghaistis cries.  
Thy armis and thy name that place doth haud.  
My frein, thy body cud I nocht behaud  
nor finnd, tho I wad it hae gravit eft,  
the time whan I our native kintrie left."

King Priamus' son made answer: "Suith is it.  
Naething, my dear frein, did thou pretermit.<sup>115</sup>  
Aa that thou aucht tae Deiphobus, ilk deal

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<sup>110</sup> menyiet: mutilatit

<sup>111</sup> stowed: cut

<sup>112</sup> nese: neb

<sup>113</sup> owre ane: thegither

<sup>114</sup> for-bled: bled til exhaustion

<sup>115</sup> pretermit: omit

thou haes perfurnist<sup>116</sup> worthily and weill,  
as tae my burial and spreit appartained.  
But my hard fates war waur than thou weened;  
for the detestable cursit wickitness  
o Helen born in Lacaena, I guess,  
haes me involvit in thir herms ye see –  
thir are her last luvie dowries left wi me.  
Fu weill thou wat hou that the latter nicht  
in fause mirthis we spendit, every wicht –  
alas the while! the gret maiter o care  
behuves us haud in memore evermair,  
whan that the fatal horse, tae our annoy,  
cam speilin owre the hie wallis o Troy,  
wi belly chairgit fu o armit men.  
That strang lurdane<sup>117</sup> than, wham weill ye ken,  
the Trojan matrons leadis in a ring,  
feignin tae Bacchus fest and carolling;  
amiddis aa the lave a gret firebrand,  
burnin fu clear, she haudis in her hand,  
whaurwi, out frae the maister street o Troy,  
the Greekis did she beckon and convoy.  
This ilk time me, wi hivvy cures lang  
o irksome weir and sad slummeris strang  
oppressit, for my waukin monyfauld,  
my fey chaumer gan my body hauld.  
Fordovert as I lay intae that steid,  
in sweet profound rest o sleep like saft deid,  
that notable spous<sup>118</sup> furth o her ludgin place,  
this mean season, aa armour did arrace.<sup>119</sup>  
My traisty swourd frae unner my heid away  
staw she, and in the place brocht Menelay.  
The chaumer duiris opent she in hy,  
weenin tae work a hie pleasure thareby  
tae her first luvie, and her auld shame  
thare-throu tae quench, and recover guid name.  
Whit suld I tarry, or you langir hauld?  
The Greekis rushed in the chaumer thickfauld.

---

<sup>116</sup> perfurnist: completit

<sup>117</sup> lurdane: hure

<sup>118</sup> Efter the daith o Paris, Helen wis gien as wife tae his brither Deiphobus.

<sup>119</sup> arrace: snatch awa

Amang aa ithers samen thither speeds  
that shrew provoker o aa wickit deeds,  
Eolus' nevoy, cursed Ulixes slee.  
On siclike wise as thare thay did wi me,  
gret goddis mot the Greekis recompense,  
gif I may thig<sup>120</sup> a vengeance but offence.  
But say me this again, frein, aathegither,  
whit adventure haes brocht thee leivin hither?  
Whether wavit wilsome by storm o the sea,  
or at command o gods, come thou?" quo he.  
"Or whit fortune doth thee chase and steer,  
that tae this sary hauld thou comes here,  
tae vizzy this trubbelt dim region,  
whaur e'er is nicht and never sun yit shone?"

---

<sup>120</sup> thig: beg

## Chapter IX

*Sybilla carpin til Enee gan tell  
the turments o deep dreary painfu Hell.*

The while as thay thus carpit tae and frae,  
her rosy chariot the fresh Aurorae  
amidwart o the heiven's aixle-tree  
begouth for til uproll and rase on hie;  
the mid declinin o her course wis went,  
and thay, per case, on sic wise micht hae spent  
the time complete wis for thair journey grant.  
But suin him warnis Sybilla the saint –  
his true marra gan shortly tae him say:

“The nicht, Eneas, slides fast away;  
weepin, the houris we consume and waste.  
Here is the place whaur our passage in haste  
departit is, and shed in streetis twain.  
This wey, taewart the richt haun, streikis plain  
tae the hie wallis o Sir Ditis<sup>121</sup> King.  
It is our ready went, whilk sall us bring  
untae the pleasin plain o Elysée.  
This ither gate, on the left haun ye see,  
convoys ontae the steid o fell turment,  
whaur damnit shrews in Tartarus are sent  
in waefu pit perpetual tae remain.”

Than Deiphobus made this answer again:  
“Beis nocht aggrievit, sovereign nun, I pray,  
I sall nae langir dwell, but gae my way.  
I sall complete my nummer furth,” quo he,  
“and tae dim shaddas rendert sall I be.  
Pass on, pass on, our worship and renoun!  
Mair prosper chance tae haunt gae mak thee boun!”  
Thus faur spak Deiphobus, and, wi that saw,  
about turnit his pace and gan withdraw.

Eneas blent him by, and suddenlie  
unner a rock at the left side did spy  
a winner large castle, strang and stout,

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<sup>121</sup> Ditis: Dis, Pluto

wi wallis thrinfauld lappit round about;  
wham the grisly Tartarian Phlegithon,  
that ravenous fluid, closes environ,  
wi watter bleezin brim in fiery lowe,  
and rowein stanes rummlin deep and howe.  
The port in forefront wis fu huge gret;  
o firm adamant war the pillars bet,  
sae that nae force o men micht thaim doun mine,  
nor yit the strenth o gods wi strang ingyne.  
An airn touer stuid buildit wunner high,  
whilk seemit for tae reik up tae the sky.  
Tisiphone, that furious monster wild,  
in bluidy cape revestit and owresiled,  
sittis keepin, but sleep, baith nicht and day,  
that sary entry and this porch alway.  
Than begouth thay first in this steid tae hear  
murnin, grainin, gowlin, and dulefu beir;<sup>122</sup>  
fell cruel strakes smitin hard thay sound,  
fraisin<sup>123</sup> o airn fetters and chynes round.  
Enee gan him arrest, in mind within  
aa abashit, herknin this fearfu din.  
“Haly virgin, say forth nou,” quo he,  
“whit kind o grisly turment may this be?  
In whit punition, painis, and distress,  
been saulis yonder strenyeit, prophetess?  
Whit means this bruit, weepin, and waefu cries,  
wi sic wailin seemis for-din the skies?”

Sybilla thus begouth answer again:  
“Worshipfu and gentle duke Trojane,  
it is nocht leisome tae nane innocent wicht  
within bounds o wickitness or unricht  
til enter, nor attain too near that yett;  
but the first time Proserpine made and set  
me maistress o Avern, her hallowed shaw,  
the goddis’ turments gan she tae me shaw,  
and me convoyit thare throu every steid.  
This maist dolorous realm tae steer and lead  
haes Rhadamanthus, umquhile o Crete King,  
haudin maist sherp and sair laws in his ring:

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<sup>122</sup> beir: outcry

<sup>123</sup> fraisin: clamour

chastisin fowks, speirs thair offence express;  
by turment thaim compells thair crime confess,  
sinnis committit abuve in the erd,  
wham ony, joyin tae thair ain wanweird,<sup>124</sup>  
but profit doth conceal, hide, or delay  
unamendit, while deid's latter day.  
Sic wickit and condemnit wichts, as tye  
as thay cam in that dowie pit o syte,<sup>125</sup>  
Tisiphone, the wrecker o misdeeds,  
wi whup in haun aa ready fast her speeds  
thaim tae assail, tae teir, scourge, and beat,  
and wi her left haun terrible edders greit  
thick at thaim swacks; syne, tae pyne thaim daes caa  
o fell turment the rout o sisters aa.

And than at last wi horrible soundis trist  
thae waryit portis,<sup>126</sup> jargin<sup>127</sup> on the hirst,<sup>128</sup>  
warpit up braid. Lo! yonder may thou see  
whitkin warden sits in the porch,” quo she,  
“and hou terrible o countenance and cheer  
thou her behauldis keeps the entry here.  
A mair fearfu monster and mair fell,  
an ugly serpent, sits within yon hell,  
wi fifty hideous black throatis gapin.  
And faurer eik yon Tartarus aye trimmlin,  
whilk is o Hell the daurk dungeon and pit,  
dippis twice as howe doun, I lat thee wit,  
seemin sae law unner the erd reik  
as that our sicht may up tae heivens streik.  
Tharein the ancient lineage o the erd,  
thir giantis hait Titans, by wanweird  
wi thunner's blast doun-smitten and owrethraw,  
are warpit in yon pot's boddom law.  
Thare saw I eik Aloïs twinnis twain,  
Otus and Ephialtes, brether germane,

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<sup>124</sup> wanweird: misfortune

<sup>125</sup> syte: affliction

<sup>126</sup> waryit portis: accursed yetts

<sup>127</sup> jargin: craikin

<sup>128</sup> hirst: duir-sill

wi huge bodies, that pressit doun tae rent  
wi thair hauns the large firmament,  
and by thair force begouth expel the King,  
hie Jupiter, furth o his heivenly ring.  
Thare I beheld Salmoneus alsae,  
in cruel turment sufferin meikle wae,  
for that he gan tae counterfeit him cast  
gret Jove's fire and heivenly thunner's blast.  
By horses fower furth rollit wis his chair,  
secret conduits o fire smitin sair,  
throu-out the people o Greece and o Arcade,  
amid the ceitie o Elis, blythe and glaid,  
proud and hautane<sup>129</sup> in his hert, walkit he,  
and as a god, bade honoured he suld be;  
for that, intil his dotage and fuilheid,<sup>130</sup>  
by sound o brass and stampin steedis' feet,  
he made him for tae feign a similitude  
o cluddis' blast, and rummlin thunner rude,  
whilk on nae wise aucht tae be counterfeit.  
But the hie Faither aamichty frae his seat  
throu thick cluddis at him his dart did thraw,  
naither black firebrand, nor reeky flames law,  
but suddenly wi a fell bleeze o thunder  
threw him tae grund, and smate him aa in sunder.  
Tae Tityos thare wis I shawn indeed,  
wi body speldit<sup>131</sup> nine acre on breid,  
that foster child umquhile wis cleip and caa  
untae the Erd, whilk Mither is o aa.  
A hideous grip<sup>132</sup> wi busteous boulin beak  
his maw immortal doth pick and owrereik,  
his bruidy<sup>133</sup> bowels teirin wi huge pain,  
furth rendin aa, his fuid tae fang<sup>134</sup> fu fain;  
unner his coast howkin in weill law,  
and spares nocht tae rug, rive, and gnaw.

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<sup>129</sup> hautane: arrogant, haughty

<sup>130</sup> fuilheid: folly

<sup>131</sup> speldit: spread-eagled

<sup>132</sup> grip: vulture

<sup>133</sup> bruidy: prolific

<sup>134</sup> fang: seize



Altho the entrails springis new ilk day,  
they get nae rest, the foule haes thare his prey.

Whit suld I reckon thae people o Thessaly  
that Lapithas are hait, for gluttony  
destroyit aa? O Ixion tae tell,  
o Pirithous, whit needis langir dwell?  
Abuve wham hings black whinstanes greit,  
aye seemin ready tae faa and thaim tae beat.  
Before Tantalus, and anither sort,  
the gowden trestis<sup>135</sup> shinin stauns owrethort,  
unner rich tables dicht for mangery,  
whauron, forgain thair face, is set ready  
aa denties ready til a king's feast;  
but ane o the grettest Furies gan arreist,  
sittin thareby, and hungir in thaim blaws,  
and naetheless thair haundis she withdraws,  
sae that the messes<sup>136</sup> tuichen daur thay nocht,  
as that thay mint tharetae. Than aa on flocht  
wi het firebrand in haun up daes she rise,  
flees thaim<sup>137</sup> wi flame, grim leuk, and ugly cries.

They been alsae within yon pit turment,  
whilk at thair brether invy held or haterent,  
while that thay leivit in this present life;  
and thae wham-by, throu thair deray and strife,  
thair faithers weren chasit in exile;  
aa thae that ony falset, slicht, or guile,  
agin thair servants or fameiliars wrocht;  
and thae that, only settin aa thair thocht  
upo thair riches, whilk wunnen thay have,  
teuk nocht thair needs thareof, nor nae man gave,  
o wham yonder been a fu huge rout;  
and aa thae for adultery shent, but dout;  
aa thae that movit wrangous battle or weir;  
thae nocht ashamed thair promise tae forsweir,  
brekkin lawtie plicht in thair lord's hand –  
aa sic enclosit are yonder, abidand

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<sup>135</sup> trestis: trestles

<sup>136</sup> messes: dishes o fuid

<sup>137</sup> flees thaim: frichtens thaim awa

every day new pains perpetuallie.  
Speir nocht at me, for nocht declare can I,  
whit diverse kinds o turments yonder thole thay,  
nor yit whit sort o pain is depute aye  
for ilk trespass – tae reckon I tak nae keep  
whit misfortune thaim plunges in yon deep.  
For some welters a gret stane up the brae,  
o wham in nummer is Sisyphus ane o thae;  
on wheelis’ spakes speldit ithers hings.  
The maist wretchit o aa princes and kings,  
Phlegyas, umquhile King o Thessaly,  
aa mortal wichts admonishes, wi his cry  
and loud voice throu the daurk a-witnessing:  
‘By mine example aa wichts, prince and king,  
lairnis,’ quo he, ‘tae haunt justice and richt,  
and nocht tae contemn the gods’ streth and micht.’  
Thare sittis eik, and sall sit evermair,  
the fey unhappy Theseus fu o care.  
Some yonder been, for ready gowd in hand,  
sayed and betrayed thair native realm and land,  
and tharein brocht a mighty tyrant strang;  
some ithers eik, for price or meed tae fang,<sup>138</sup>  
that lawis made and unmade, as thaim list.  
Thare been alsa, fu sorrafu and trist,  
thae whilk thair dochter’s chaumer violate;  
or, haein nae regaird tae thair estate,  
forbidden or incestuous mairriage  
gan haunten by undauntit luv’s rage.  
And shortly, aa durst imagine or compass  
maisterfu wrang, mischief, or wickitness,  
or ony sic conceit brocht tae effeck,  
here evermair the chairge lies on thair neck.

Altho a hunner sherp tungis haed I,  
a hunner mouthis for tae cleip and cry,  
tharetae my voice war strang as airn or steel,  
aa kind o vices tae comprehend hauf deal,  
nor aa the names o turments and o pains  
I micht nocht reckon, that in yon hauld remains.”

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<sup>138</sup> meed tae fang: reward tae seize

## Chapter X

*Hou finally Sybilla and Enee  
cam tae the pleasin plain o Elysée.*

Frae that the ancient nun o Dan<sup>139</sup> Phoebus  
thir wordis endit haed, and spoken thus;  
“Hae duin,” quo she, “nou tak thy wey express,  
perform thy wark whilk thou begunnen haes;  
speed us forrat, for yonder, lo, I see  
o Pluto’s chymmis<sup>140</sup> the big wallis hie,  
forgit wi airn fu craftily, and bet  
by the Cyclops furth o thair furnace het.  
Eik I behaud, lo, here forgain our face  
thae portis wi thair stalwart bou and brace,  
whaur our instruction teaches us fu plain  
this present thare tae leave and gowden grane.”

Thus sayed she; and anon tharewi baith twae  
gan walken furth throu-out the dern way,  
and suin owre-passit haes the middle space,  
approachin tae the portis o that place.  
Eneas bauldly sprang in at the yett,  
his body strinkelt, or a little wet,  
wi clear springin watter ran thareby;  
forgain thaim eik, at the entry, in hy  
the gowden branch he steiks up fair and weill.

This bein duin at last, and every deal  
perfunished langin the Goddess’ gift gay,  
untae a pleasant grund comen are thay,  
wi battill<sup>141</sup> gress, fresh herbis, and green swards,  
the lusty orchards and the haillsome yards  
o happy saulis and weill fortunate,  
tae blissit wichts the places preparate.  
Thir fieldis been larger, and heivens bricht  
revestis<sup>142</sup> thaim wi purpour shinin licht;

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<sup>139</sup> Dan: Lord

<sup>140</sup> chymmis: muckle hous

<sup>141</sup> battill: luxuriant

<sup>142</sup> revestis: cleids (in vestments)

the starnis, for this place convenient,  
knaws weill thair sun and observes his went.  
Some thare, amid the gressy plainis green,  
intae palestra<sup>143</sup> playis thaim between  
thair members gan exerce, and hand for hand  
thay faa tae warslin on the gowden sand,  
assayin honest gemmis thaim tae short.  
Some ither haunten gan anither sport,  
as for tae dancen, and tae lead the ring,  
tae sing ballads and gae in carolling.  
Thare wis alsae the priest and minstrel slee,  
Orpheus o Thrace, in side<sup>144</sup> robe harpin hie,  
playin proportions<sup>145</sup> and springis divine  
upo his harp – seiven diverse sounds fine –  
nou wi jimp fingirs daein stringis smite,  
and nou wi subtle ivor pointals lyte.<sup>146</sup>  
Here wis the noble kin and ancient strind,  
the maist dochtly lineage sprang by kind  
frae King Teucer, champions sovereign,  
intae mair happy yearis born ilkane –  
thare wis Ilus, and eik Assaracus,  
and the beginner o Troy, Sir Dardanus.

On faur Eneas and als Sybilla  
a-wunnert war, and mervellis baith twa  
the armour and the men for tae behauld,  
and void chariots o thir chieftains bauld.  
Thair spearis stickin in the erd did stand;  
widewhaur aa lowse owre fieldis and the land  
pastured thair horses, raikin<sup>147</sup> thaim fast by;  
for whit pleasure o arms and chivalrie,  
or whit cure tae address thair cairt or weeds,  
tae feeden and tae daunt<sup>148</sup> their sleek swail<sup>149</sup> steeds,

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<sup>143</sup> palestra: athletic

<sup>144</sup> side: lang

<sup>145</sup> proportions: harmonies

<sup>146</sup> ivor pointals lyte: wee ivory plectrums

<sup>147</sup> raikin: movin about

<sup>148</sup> daunt: i.e. manage, tame

<sup>149</sup> swail: weill-fed (only here)

they hauntit while they leivit here on life –  
the samen solace, be they man or wife,  
yit doth thaim follae under the erd stad.  
And lo, anither sort, fu blythe and glad,  
on aither haun behauldis Eneas,  
at banquet on the green herbis set was;  
in luvn o the goddis joyously  
hymnis o price,<sup>150</sup> triumph, and victory,  
aa singin gled thegither in fellaeship,  
and principally Apollo tae worship.  
Within a wuid o laurer green they dwell,  
fragrant o sweet odour and haillsome smell,  
whaur throu the sandis schene in strandis sere  
Eridanus, the heivenly river clear,  
flowes countermont<sup>151</sup> and upwart tae the lift.

Within this place, wi aa pleasure and thrift,  
are haill the puissance whilk, in just battell,  
slain in defence o thair kind kintrie fell;  
and aa thae priestis and releigious wichtis  
whilk leivit chaste clean life, as tae thaim richt is;  
and aa godlike devote prophetis true,  
that suithfast thing worthy tae Phoebus shew;  
and thae whilks by thair crafts or science fine,  
fund by thair subtle knowledge and ingyne,  
thair life illuminate and adorned clear;  
and thae by meritable deeds and giftis sere  
that made ithers haud thaim in memorie –  
o aa thir war the temples by and by  
arrayit wi a fresh garland snaw-white.

And as they flocked about Enee, as tye  
sicwise untae thaim carpis Sybillae,  
but principally tae Musaeus, ane o thae,  
wis stad amiddis o the meikle rout,  
as she beheld him wi big shouthers stout:  
“Oh ye sae happy saulis, tellis me,  
and thou, maist sovereign poet, shaw,” quo she,  
“in whit region and place been Anchises?  
Hither for his sake cam we, and wi gret press

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<sup>150</sup> price: esteem

<sup>151</sup> countermont: up the brae

haes owresailed o Hell the gret fluidis.”  
This ryal lord in few words concludes,  
and answert thus, “Frein, certain dwellin nane  
in this kintrie hae we, but aa owre ane<sup>152</sup>  
walkis and ludges in thir schene wuid shaws,  
endlang thir river bankis aa on raws.  
Thare been our saets, and beddis o fresh flouers  
in saft bein meddas by clear strands aa hours  
our habitation is and residence.  
But gif your mind langis tae hae presence  
o Anchises, pass up yon swire<sup>153</sup> fuit-het,  
I sall you lichtly in the richt wey set.”  
And sayin this, before thaim furth went he,  
and gan thaim shaw upo the hill on hie,  
the shinin plainis fu o aa pleasance.  
Again returnis he, and thay advance,  
frae thyne descendin frae the hill’s hicht,  
whaur thay at last o Anchises gat sicht.

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<sup>152</sup> owre ane: thegither

<sup>153</sup> swire: pass (atween hills)

## Chapter XI

*Hou that Eneas wi his faither met,  
and aither ithir wi freindly wordis gret.*

The mean season this Anchises, the prince,  
intil a wunner green vale fu o cense  
sauls inclusit, whilkis war for tae wend  
tae middle erd, and thare in bodies ascend,  
gan reckon and behaud attentfully  
aahail the nummer o his genology,  
his tender nevos and posterity,  
thair fates and thair fortunes every gree,  
thair condition, thair strenth and hardiment.  
And suin as he perceives whaur that went  
forgainist him, comin throu gressy sward  
his dearest son Enee wi hasty faird,  
baith his hauns fu joyfu furth straucht he than.  
The tearis trinklin furth owre his cheeks ran,  
and frae his mouth slides thir wordis mild:

“Thou art comen at last, my dear child;  
thy gret peity, and kindness weill expert  
untae thy faither, causit thee and gert  
this hard voyage vanquish and owreset!  
Whit! is it grantit me, ha! sall I get  
a verra sicht, luvit son, o thy face?  
And grantit us tae carp or talk a space?  
Tae hear and render freindly wordis know?  
Within my mind imagined I on raw  
sae suld betide, and weill believit I  
thou wis tae come, and the time by and by  
I calculed and comptit whan that suld be,  
and my conceit haes nocht deceivit me.  
God, throu hou feil lands braid and large,  
hou mony seas owrecairryit in thy barge;  
efter hou feil dangers wi storm aft shake,  
I nou receive thee here, dear son, alake!  
Hou gretly dreid I o Libya that ring  
suld thee hae hinnert, and hermed in some thing!”

Eneas answers, “Faither, thy dreary ghost,  
sae aft appearin, made me seek this coast.

In Tyrian Sea abides our navie.  
Grant me, faither, nou grant me by and by,  
we aither may wi ither haundis shake;  
frae mine embracin withdraw thee nocht, alake!”  
And sayin this, tenderly weepit he,  
bathin his face in tearis gret plenty.  
On this wise talkin, ere thair wordis cessed,  
wi his lang airmis thrice Eneas pressed  
about his hause him for tae hae belappit,  
and thrice, in vain, his hauns thegither clappit:  
the feigure fled as licht wind or sunbeam,  
or maist likely a waverin sleep or dream.

Durin this time Eneas gan advert,  
within a vale faur thence closit apairt,  
whaur stuid a wuid wi souchin bewis schene,  
the fluid Lethe flowein throu the fair green;  
about the whilk people innumerable,  
and silly saulis, fleeis fast, but fable,  
while aa the fieldis o thair din resounds;  
like as in meddas and fresh flurished bounds,  
the busy beeis in schene simmer’s tide,  
on diverse coloured flouers skailit wide,  
flockis about the bloomit lilies white,  
and ither fragrant blossoms redemyte.<sup>154</sup>

Misknawin<sup>155</sup> whit this meant, Eneas wicht  
becam abashit o this sudden sicht,  
and gan enquire the causes o this case:  
whit war thae fluidis faur before his face,  
or whit been thae men in sic nummer sae  
wi sae gret faird flockit tae aither brae.  
Than quo his faither Anchises, “Aa yon be  
thae sauls wham-tae, by the Fates hie,  
been ither bodies efter this y-shape,  
whilks drinkis yonder, ere thay may escape,  
at yon river and the fluid Lethe,  
the siccar watter but cures, traistis me,  
whaurby oblivious become thay as tyte,  
forgettin pain bypast and langsome syte.

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<sup>154</sup> redemyte: beautiful

<sup>155</sup> misknawin: no kennin



Forsuith, I purpose furthwith tae declare,  
and shaw before thy face nou staunin thare,  
the saulis aa, and nummer in thy presence,  
whilks are tae come o my stock and descence;  
sae that the mair gledly wi me thareby  
thou may rejoice tae hae fund Italie.”

“Oh faither,” quo Eneas, “whether or nay  
is that tae be believit that ye say,  
that sovereign saulis frae this place sall wend,  
untae the warld abuve or erd ascend?  
Why may thay nocht in this sweet steid remain,  
but sall return in slaw bodies again?  
Whit cursit covatice caused wretchit wichts  
sae tae desire our life and dreary lichts?”

“I sall thee shaw forsuith the cause,” quo he,  
“my dearest son, and sall naewise haud thee  
thochtfu in mind, nor doutsome by nae way.”  
Tharewi Anchises baith his een twae  
gan liften up, and taewart heiven behauld,  
and everything per order thus he tauld.

## Chapter XII

*The sair punition o sauls in Purgatory,  
and hou thay pass syne tae the fluid Lethe.*

“Frae the beginnin, aathing less and mair,  
the fiery region, the earth, and the air,  
the plain flowein bounds o the sea,  
the lichtent muin’s lamp that leamis hie,  
the heiven’s starns, and bricht sun’s baa,  
a spreit thare is within, sustainis aa:  
in every pairt the hie wisdom divine  
diffoundit<sup>156</sup> moves this warld’s haill engine,  
and by his pouer middelt is owre all  
this meikle body cleipit universal.  
Frae this infusion, and thir elements sere,  
baith kind o man and beast comes, but weir,  
aa leivin foulis fleein in the air,  
aa fishes, and the monsters doth repair  
unner the sleekit sea o marble hue.  
A het fiery pouer, warm, and due  
heivenly beginnin and original,  
been in thir seedis whilk we saulis call,  
sae faur as that thir noisome bodies cauld  
nocht tarries thaim tharefrae, nor doth withhauld,  
nor withdrawis frae sovereign heivenly kind.  
Thair erdly limbs, and eik thair irksome mind,  
throu thair mortal members, ever deid-like,  
dulleth thair courage and thair spreits godlike;  
frae the whilk comes tae aa mankind, that thay  
dreidid, desires, murnis or joyis aye;  
nor, in the daurk mansion and preison blinnd  
o thir vile bodies y-fettered and binnd,  
the saulis thair clean nature may attend.  
Sae faur that, aa efter the latter end,  
whan that the life dissevers frae the body,  
than, naetheless, nocht yit are fully  
aa herm nor crime frae wretchit sauls separate,  
nor auld infection cam o the body late:  
and thus, allutterly, it is needfu thing  
the mony vices lang time enduring,

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<sup>156</sup> diffoundit: diffused

contrackit in the cors be duin away,  
and purgit on sere wunnerfu wise tae say.  
Tharefore thay suffer painis and turment,  
for thair inveterate vices auld bywent  
by punition satisfaction tae mak.  
Some stentit been in wizenin windis wak;  
o some the crime committit cleansit be  
under the watter or deep hideous sea;  
and in the fire the guilt o ither some  
is purified and cleansit aa and some.  
Ilkane o us his gainand Purgatorie  
maun suffer, and frae thyne are sent in hy  
untae the large seas o Elysée;  
thare been o us nane, but a few menyie,  
whilks comes tae inhabit and remains,  
but ony purgin, in thir joyfu plains,  
and here maun dwell while that the lang day,  
by perfit course o time, haes duin away  
the spot o filth hardenit in the spreit,  
for that it fand some time the body sweet,  
and, while it be sae purified and find,  
naething remain but a clean heivenly mind  
and subtle pure flame celestial!  
Thir ither saulis whilk been purgit all,  
efter thay hae, within thir plainis here,  
by circle roweit owre a thousan year,  
God callis thaim untae this fluid Lethe,  
wi felloun faird in nummer as ye see;  
tae that effeck that thay mindless become  
baith o pleisure and auld pains, aa and some,  
langin again the warld abuve tae see,  
and gan begin desire, baith he and he,  
in bodies yit for tae return again.”

Thus sayed Anchises; and tharewith baith twain,  
his son and eik the prophet Sybillae,  
amiddis o that sort flocked tae the brae  
and gret rout wi rangald, in leadis he;  
and gan ascend untae a motte on hie,  
whaurfrae, per order, forgains thaim on raw  
thay micht thaim reckon aa, and clearly know  
thair veisages and countenance alsae,  
as that thay went and roumit tae and frae.

### Chapter XIII

*Anchises shaws Eneas tae the end  
aahail the lineage that suld frae him descend.*

“Nou harkenis, me behuves shortly say,”  
quo Anchises, “ere thou depairt away,  
and reckon our Trojan affspring aa and some,  
whit glore and honour beis o us tae come,  
and whit succession or posterity  
o Ital freindship sall descend o thee,  
and thae illuster saulis sall be sent  
here, efter this, in name o our kinrent.  
Thy fates and thy destiny alsae  
I sall thee teach per order, ere thou gae.

Sees thou yon lusty springald or younker,  
that leanis him upo his heidless spear?  
The foremaist place by chance doth occupy  
tae pass tae life in our genologie;  
and first sall rise in the owre-warld again,  
commixit wi the bluid Italian,  
Silvius, tae surname cleiped Albanus,  
born efter thy decease, child posthumous,  
wham, conceivit o thine ancient lineage,  
thy saicont spous, Lavinia, wise and sage,  
in wuidis foster sall a valiant king,  
and faither tae aa kings o our affspring;  
whaurby our kinrent and famil alsa  
sall ring, and lordship haud in Lang Alba.  
Yon is Procas that staundis neist him by,  
o Trojan people the honour and glorie;  
syne Capys, lo, and Numitor baith twain;  
and he that represents thy name again,  
Silvius Aeneas, notable chevalier,  
renownit baith o peity or in weir,  
gif e'er he may his time obtain and see  
tae ring intae Lang Alba the ceity.  
Behaud whit mainer young gallants been yon,  
hou gret courage thair hert is set upon,  
whit guid sembland thay shaw o chivalrie.  
But yon, wi covert heidis by and by  
wi ceivil crounis o the strang aik tree,

sall build and found tae thy honour,” quo he,  
“Nomentum ceity, and Gabios the toun,  
and Fidena, the ceity o renoun.  
Some in the hillis hie sall set up syne  
the strenthis and the castles Collatine,  
Pometios and new castles baith twa,  
the ceity Bola, and the toun Cora.  
Thir names sall be gien thaim efter this,  
whaur nou, but name, the land remainin is.

Lo! Romulus, by martial worship  
tae his guidsire jointit in fellaeship,  
wham, o Assaracus’ bluid, the noble king,  
his mither Ilia descendit sall furth bring.  
Sees thou nocht hou upo thair heids on hicht  
twa double crestis staundis shinin bricht?  
Thair faither Mars, behaud, this samen hour  
haes thaim y-merkit wi divine honour.  
And lo, my child, by that man’s prowess  
that glorious ceity Rome sall sae inress  
til her empire be wi the erd made even,  
and virtuous courage equal tae the heiven;  
the whilk ceity aa round thegither sall  
seiven gret strenthis close within a wall,  
happy and bruidy o her forcy affspring;  
like as, throu-out ceities o Phrygis’ ring,  
the Mither o Goddis, wi her touered croun,  
Berecynthia,<sup>157</sup> cairryit frae toun tae toun  
within her chair y-set, aa fu o mirth  
o the goddis because o her rich birth,  
her hunner children and posterity  
fu tenderly in airms embraces she,  
aahail the heivenly wichts tae her behuve,  
and aa that wieldis the hie heivens abuve.

Nou turns hither, my sweet son, aa bedene,  
the circles and the sicht o baith thine een;  
behaud thir people and thy chief Romanes.  
Caesar Julius, lo! in yonder plains,  
and aa the faimil o him Julius,  
whilk efter this are tae come, traistis us,

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<sup>157</sup> Berecynthia: Cybele

under the gret hie heiven's aixle-tree.  
Yon man, yon man, my son, the same is he  
wham thou sae aft haes heard promised ere this,  
Caesar August Octavian, iwis,  
cam o the God's genology and kin,  
whilk sall again the gowden warld begin  
as umquhile wis in time o Saturn auld,  
throw Ital ring baith by firth and fauld,  
and his empire sall dilate and wind  
owre Garamantas, and the further Inde,  
the landis lies without the starnis' blink,  
outwith the year's course, and sun's rink,<sup>158</sup>  
whaur the upbeirer o the heiven, Atlas,  
in shouther rows the round sphere in compass,  
fu o thir leamin starnis mony ane.  
Sall, at his hither comin, rair and grain  
the realm o Caspis, or o Assyrie.  
Aa Scythia, Maeotis' land fast by,  
horrible answers sall o goddis hear,  
aa trubbelt in affray, trimmlin for fear.  
To-quaken sall seiven mouths o Nile fluid.  
Never, forsuith, strang Hercules the guid  
sae meikle space o erd or land owreyeid;<sup>159</sup>  
altho the wind-swift hart he shot tae deid,  
and staunchit Erymanthus forest roch,  
the serpent Lerna wi his bow pierced throch;  
nor Bacchus, whilk victor afore thir days  
wi wine burgeouns the hillis' tap arrays,  
drivin the fearfu tigers fast awa  
doun frae the hicht o the gret Munt Nysa.  
And yit we dout untae the further end  
his gret virtue and deedis tae extend!  
Than why suld dreid stop us tae occupy  
or til inhabit land o Italie?"

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<sup>158</sup> rink: course

<sup>159</sup> owreyeid: owregaed

## Chapter XIV

*Anchises yit furth reckons his affspring,  
as worthiest that e'er in Rome sall ring.*

“But whit mainer o man be yon,” quo Anchise,  
“wi olive branch on sic guidly wise  
arrayit, and eik beirs mony a sing  
o sacrifice and rites o offering?  
I knaw his canous hair and lyart baird  
o the wisest Roman king intae the erd,  
Numa Pompilius, whilk sall in his days  
begin and statute wi laws and haly lays  
the chief ceity o Rome; and he sall pass  
frae a puir land, and smaa ceity Curas,  
sent for tae rule and bruik a gret empire;  
wham-tae thare sall succeed a lordly sire,  
Tullus Hostilius, that first o his land  
the peace and quiet, whilk sae lang did stand,  
he sall dissolve and brek, and dowf men steir,  
whilk lang haes been disusit frae the weir,  
tae armis and triumph o victorie,  
and thaim array in hostis by and by.  
Wham neist followis Ancus Martius,  
o his estate mair proud and glorious;  
and owre gretly e'en nou, perceive and see,  
vainglore and favour o people desires he.  
Please thee behaud the Tarquins, kingis twae;  
and the stout courage o Brutus alsae,  
whilk gan revenge the wrang in his kintrie.  
His gret honour gif thou list hear or see,  
and ensenyies<sup>160</sup> sent frae Etrurians,  
this ilk Brutus sall first amang Romans  
receive the dignity and state consular:  
wi heidin<sup>161</sup> swourd, baith felloun, sherp and gar,<sup>162</sup>  
before him borne throu aa Rome's toun,  
in taiken o justice' executioun;  
his ain sons, movin unkindly weir,

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<sup>160</sup> ensenyies: emblems (Latin *fasces*)

<sup>161</sup> heidin: beheadin

<sup>162</sup> gar: keen

tae punishment and deid sall damn infeir,  
tae keep franchise and sovereign liberty;  
and thus unsely faither sall he be.  
Hou-sae-ever the people his fatal deeds  
in time tae come sall blazon, wha thaim reads,  
the fervent luv o his kind native land,  
and exceedin desire he bare on hand  
o honour and hie glory tae resaive,  
mot aa ill rumour frae his laud bewave.

Atowre, behaud, lo, aither Decius;  
and, staunin faur aff, twa that hait Drusus;  
conseider Torquatus yonder, doth him rax  
sae brim and felloun wi the heidin axe;  
and Camillus, the valiant captain,  
bringin the Romans' standarts hame again.

Yon twa saulis, whilkis thou sees, sans fail,  
shinin wi alike armis peregale,<sup>163</sup>  
nou at guid concord stad and unite,  
aye while thay staun in mirk and law degree –  
alas, hou gret battle and debate  
sall be betwix thaim, gif thay til estate  
may come abuve, and tae the licht o life!  
Oh hou gret slauchter, assemblies, and huge strife  
sall thay exerce and move intae thair days!  
Caesar, the eld-faither, by the strait ways  
wi his gret routis owre the French muntains  
descendin doun Lombardy throu the plains;  
his maich<sup>164</sup> Pompey sall straucht agin him went  
wi rayit<sup>165</sup> hostis o the Orient.  
Oh my children, come nocht in uise tae haunt  
sic fremmit battles, but your courage daunt.  
Exerce never your valiant force,” quo he,  
“amangs the entrails o your ain kintrie.  
And thou, Caesar, thou foremaist in the press,  
come o heivenly kin, abstain and cess;  
mine ain lineage, obeyis mine command,

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<sup>163</sup> peregale: equal

<sup>164</sup> maich: in-law

<sup>165</sup> rayit: arrayed (in battle order)



dae cast sic wappons faur furth o thy hand.

And he that staunis yonder, Lucius,  
untae his surname cleipit Mummius,  
efter he vanquishit hae Corinth toun,  
and in battle the worthy Greeks bet down.  
His chair, wi meikle glore triumphal,  
sall steer furth tae the hie Capitol wall.  
And he yon ither, Quintus Metellus,  
fu gret honour sall conques untae us,  
for he sall bet down and destroy aa clean  
baith Arge and Agamemnon's region Mycene  
and yonder Curius, wi his fellae fine,  
Pyrrhus, comen o King Aeacus' line  
and o Achilles' armipotent affspring,  
in battle sall owrecomen and dounthring,  
and thair elders o Troy wreak and revenge,  
and the temple o Minerve pollute clenge.

Wha wad thee, gret Cato, leave unhit?<sup>166</sup>  
Or wha wi silence Cossus pretermit?  
Wha list forget the kinrent o Gracchus?  
Or aither o the Scipions glorious,  
thae twa thunners o battle in thair rage,  
final ruin o Afric and Carthage?  
Wha wad, Fabricius, o thee say naething,  
that art fu mighty but o little thing?  
O thee, Serranus, wha wad naething shaw,  
whaur thou thy rigs tills for tae saw,  
as thou wis chosen capitain o weir?  
Whither withdraw thee, Fabius? Come near.  
Thole me, nae mair be irked you tae behauld.  
thou art that ilk maist sovereign Fabius bauld,  
whilk only, throu thy slicht and tarrying,  
restores the commonweill o our affspring.”

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<sup>166</sup> unhit: no tuiched upo (only here)

## Chapter XV

*Anchises gies Eneas guid teachin,  
tae guide the people unner his governin.*

“The people o ither realmis, son,” sayed he,  
been mair expert in craftis, and mair slee  
tae forge and carve lifelike statures o brass,  
by countenance as the spreit tharein was –  
I traist, forsuith here-efter mony ane  
sall hew quick faces furth o marble stane.  
Some ithers better can thair causes plead;  
some been mair crafty in anither steid,  
wi rules and wi measures by and by  
for til exerce the art o geometrie;  
some mair subtle tae describe and prent  
the starnis’ movins and the heivens’ went.  
But thou, Roman, remember, as lord and sire,  
tae rule the people under thine empire.  
Thir sall thy craftis be at weill may seem,  
the peace tae modify and eik mainteme,  
tae pardon aa comes yolden and recreant,<sup>167</sup>  
and proud rebels in battle for tae dant.”

Thus sayed the noble faither Anchises meek.  
As thay a-wunnert, gan thir wordis eik:  
“Behaud Marcus Marcellus maist dochty,  
whaur that he walkis, lo, sae gloriously,  
wi the rich spulyie triumphal duly dicht,  
whilk he reft frae his adversar in ficht,  
as the maist valiant victor at I ken;  
in beauty doth exceed aa ither men.  
This worthy knicht the commonweill Romane,  
in gret affray perturbed, tae rest again  
and quiet sall restore. And yon is he  
that vanquish sall the African menyie,  
and the French rebellion sall dounbet;  
the thrid armour<sup>168</sup> o rich spulyie get,  
reft frae chieftain o weir, this Marcellus

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<sup>167</sup> yolden and recreant: haein yieldit and admittit defeat

<sup>168</sup> the thrid armour: Latin *tertiaque arma*

sall hing up tae the faither Quirinus.”

And for as meikle as Eneas saw  
in fellaeship wi this Marcus raik on raw  
a seemly springald, a fair young galland,  
richt shapely made, in armour bricht shinand,  
but his veisage seemed scarcely blythe,  
wi leuk douncast, as in his face did kythe  
that he wis somedeal sad and naething licht.  
“Faither,” quo he, “whit be yon dreary knicht  
whilk haudis sae wi yon prince company?  
Whether his son, or some nevoy worthy  
o our gret lineage and successioun?  
Lord, hou gret bruit, noise, and soun  
o confluence that walkis him about!  
Hou gret appearance is in him, but dout,  
til be o prowess and a valiant knicht!  
But a black sop o mist, as black as nicht,  
wi dreary shadda bylappis his heid.”

The faither than, Anchises, in the steid,  
wi tearis bristin furth, begouth tae say:  
“Oh my sweet son, enquire nocht, I thee pray,  
the exceedin regret and womenting  
o thaim been for tae come o thine affspring.  
The Fates sall but for a little space  
shaw yon man tae the erd and wardly place,  
and sall nae langir suffer him tharein.  
Oh gods abuve, the Romans’ bluid and kin  
seemit tae you owre michty and potent  
gif sae it war the giftis ye him lent  
haed remainit, or lang his life haed lest.  
Hou gret murnin o men aa forciest,  
for him, furth o the fieldis martial,  
sall din and resound tae the ceity wall!  
And thou God o the Fluid Tiberine,  
hou mony ferters<sup>169</sup> and dule habits<sup>170</sup> shine  
sall thou behaud, as thou floweis at Rome  
doun by his new-made sepulture or tomb!  
Nor never child comen o Trojan bluid,

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<sup>169</sup> ferters: biers

<sup>170</sup> dule habits: murnin claes

in sic belief and glory, and gret guid,  
sall raise his forbeiris Italians;  
nor never, certes, the grund o the Romans  
o ony foster sall him sae advance.  
Alas, whit herm o thy disseverance!  
O thy gret peity, and thy ancient truth,  
the hand unvanquished in battle, o whit ruth!  
Nane suld, but damage, him in hermis meet,  
whether sae agin him he went on feet,  
or yit on horseback as thir knichtis rides,  
wi spurris broachin the faemy steedis' sides.  
Alas, my child, sae worthy tae be meinit!  
Worthy tae be bewailit and compleinit!  
Gif thou thine hard weirds micht vanquis,  
thou sall be named the sovereign Marcellus.  
O fresh lilies rax me my haundis fu.  
The purpou flouers I sall scatter and pu,  
that I may strow, wi sic rewards at least  
my nevoy's saul tae culyie<sup>171</sup> and tae feast,  
and, but profit, sic costage<sup>172</sup> sall exerce."

Upo this wise sic thingis did rehearse  
Anchises; and thus widewhaur thay dae walk  
owre aa that region, haudin speech and talk  
within the large fieldis o haillsome air,  
and everything per order vizzlyit thare.  
And efter that Anchises, hand in hand,  
haed thus his son led owre aa that land,  
and his courage inflamit by and by  
wi the gret fame tae come and hie glorie;  
syne tae this valiant man he reckons here,  
per order aa the battles and the weir  
whilk efter this he haed tae beir on hand;  
and o the people eik in Latin land,  
and o the ceity o the King Latine,  
he him instruckis; and tharefter syne  
taucht him whitwise he micht sustain or flee  
ever hard danger or adversity.

Thare been ordained for dreamis yettis twain,

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<sup>171</sup> culyie: cherish

<sup>172</sup> costage: cost

whaurof, thay say, o horn forgit is ane,  
at wham the suithfast swevins<sup>173</sup> by and by  
depairts aa weys, and issues furth lichtlie;  
the tither port is forgit weill perfite  
o elephantine,<sup>174</sup> and polished ivor white;  
but thare-at gods infernal lattis out  
the fause swevinis tae the warld about.

Sae as Anchises haed, upo this wise  
rehearsed, as sayed is, aa things at devise,  
Sybilla and his son thegither at short  
he lat depairt furth at the ivor port.  
Eneas speeds the straucht wey tae the ships,  
and gan vizzy again his fellaeships.  
Frae thyne thay haud endlang the coast's bay,  
untae the port o Caiet the straucht way.  
Furth o the foeship lat thay anchors glide;  
the navy rade endlang the shore's side.

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<sup>173</sup> swevins: dreams

<sup>174</sup> elephantine: ivory

Virgil, in thir sax forsaid buiks, follaes the maist excellent Greek poet Homer in his *Odyssey* o Ulysses, shawin Eneas' lang navigation and gret perils and dangers on the sea.

Nou in the sax buiks here-efter he follaes Homer in his *Iliad*, descrivin the horrible battles betwix the Trojans and the Italians. He paints Eneas tae be a prince indued wi aa noble and princely virtues, baith o body and o mind; in feats o weir excellin aa ithers; and wis o sic clemency, that these wham he had subdued in weir, wi his gret gentleness wan thaim tae be his verra freins. He wis virtuous, sincere, gentle and liberal; in justice, wisdom and magnanimity a mirror tae aa princes, whase virtues gif the princes o our days will follaes, thay sall nocht only be favoured o God, but alsa weill beluivit o aa guid men; thair empire, kingdoms and posterity sall be the mair durable; for it is virtue that ever haes promovit commonwalths, and vice haes ever been the cause o destruction o the same, as we read in aa histories baith civil and ecclesiastical.

Whaurfore, lat every noble prince that desires tae come tae hie honour, and gret fame and name efter this life, fear God, luve virtue and justice, hate vice, punish evil men, and promote guid men, and tae this end mak aa his laws, ordinances and proceedings. Sae sall his kingdom and posterity be maist permanent and durable.

*Vivit post funera virtus.*<sup>175</sup>

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<sup>175</sup> Virtue lives on beyond the grave.