

Honored alway: ye Gods have so decreed !
To spend it if in exile forced by need
Where the Getulian shallows spread their snare ;
Or, by Argolic sea caught, forced to fare
In Greek Mycenæ's walls ; my vows no less,
By foes beset, in exile and distress,
I still would pay, the solemn dues fulfil,
And load with wonted gifts the altars still ;
But now we visit, not against desire,
The very bones and ashes of my sire ;
And not, I think, without the will and care
Of Gods, we now to friendly ports repair.
Bestir ye then : let one and all unite,
Duly to celebrate each grateful rite.
Winds let us ask of him to speed our way,
And favor ; that we soon may see that day,
Our city built, when annual pomps we'll frame
In temples dedicate to his own name.

Oxen, in number for each vessel two,
Acestes Troy-descended gives to you.
Enjoy the feasts, but let both Gods preside,
Our and our host's Penatès* side by side.

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