

Greatly disturbèd by the sad event,
Father Æneas' anxious thoughts were bent
Diversely; weighing in his careful mind
If in Sicilian fields, he, to fates blind,
Should rest, or shores Italian try to reach.
Then the old Nautes, whom alone did teach
Tritonian Pallas and distinguished made
With mystic lore, by oracles bare laid
Both what the Gods' great anger might portend,
And what in order might the Fates intend.
Thus he Æneas' care alleviates:
O Goddess-born, let us, where'er the Fates,
Forward or backward, lead, our way pursue;
Be't what it may, patience all fortunes through
Victorious bears. You have, of race divine,
Dardanian Acestes: him combine
A willing counsellor in this your need.
To him commit all those who now exceed
The number, their ships lost: yourself select
Those your emprise and fortunes who respect
With tediousness; and old men bowed with years;
Mothers sea-sick; whate'er to you appears