

From neighboring mountain's brow Acestes spied
The advent, wondering: friendly ships, he cried,
And hasted down to greet: of hideous air,
Bristling with darts and skin of Libyan bear:
Yet him a Trojan mother had bestowed,
Fruit of their love, on fluvial God,
Crimisus stream. He, mindful of his race,
Hails their return with patriotic grace,
Gladly with rustic splendor entertains,
And soothes with hospitable cheer their pains.

When the bright morn had chased the stars from heaven,
Æneas' summons to his friends was given;
From all the shore to assembly they were pressed;
Whom from a rising ground he thus addressed:
Great race of Dardanus,* from blood divine,
The rolling months the annual orb define
Completed, since we mourning stowed away
The ashes and the bones, from upper day,
In earth—the relics of my godlike sire,
And altars reared as funeral rites require.
Unless deceived, this is the very day;
Which I shall deem as mournful alway,