

But not on that account have laid aside
The flames and burnings their still unquenched pride.
Smoulders the calking under the wet oak,
At intervals emitting tardy smoke :
The keels slow fires eat and the hulls assail ;
Nor power of man nor water's floods prevail.
His robe Æneas, then, from shoulders tore
And, hands outstretched, divine aid did implore :
Almighty Jove, if not yet to a man
Trojans thy hate bear ; if thy pity scan
Man's toils at all as wont, now, father, save
The fleet from flames, Troy's small hopes from a grave :
Or do thou, if merited, the one boon left,
Send me to death by fell bolt of life left,
Here crush with thy right hand. Scarce had he prayed,
When, without stint, rages a storm dark made
By rain profusely poured ; with thunder shake
Heights of the earth and plains ; o'er the whole sky rake
Dread clouds rain-charged, most black with foul South fret.
From on high the holds are filled ; soaked with wet
The half burnt timbers : till all fire is quenched,
And the ships all, four lost, from ruin wrenched.