

Great chief, Æneas, Italy to reach  
With such a sky would Jove's own word impeach ;  
Bdldly he speaks : the changed winds whistle thwart,  
Borne wildly forth from yon dark western part ;  
To cloud the air compressed. We strive 'gainst force  
In vain, our prows still pointed to the course ;  
By fortune vanquished let us timely yield,  
And turn the prows to the betokened field,  
Not distant far can be the friendly shore  
Of brother Eryx, visited before,  
If the stars roted then I rightly trace.  
Pious Æneas tendered thus his grace :  
The winds I see have long been boding so ;  
Bootless to strive against ; thither then go.  
Reverse the helm. What land to me more dear,  
Whither more wished our wearied barks to steer,  
Than which Acestes, Troy's great son, contains ;  
Father Anchises, too, thy dear remains ? \*  
This said, they for Trinaerian\* harbors sail.  
Favoring their course bland zephyrs now prevail ;  
The excited fleet is borne along the swell,  
And soon they reach the strand, ah ! known too well.