

Green boughs, twigs, firebrands they confusedly throw.

The fire, unbridled, rages all a-glow
Through benches, oars, and painted poops of pine.
Eumelus word brings to Anchises' shrine
And theatre, that flames the ships devour;
And themselves see dark flakes fly in a shower.
And first Ascanius, in the self-same pride
In which the equestrian courses he did guide,
To the disturbed camp galloped off amain,
Nor could the astonished masters him restrain.
What new madness this? What, he cries, oh! what
Are now you wretched women driving at?
No enemy, nor camp of a Greek foe,
But your own hopes, citizens, you burn. Lo!
I am your Ascanius. At their feet
The empty helm he threw, in which complete
War's image he, but late, evoked in play.
Æneas hither, Trojans speed their way.
But they throughout the coasts, by fear shed, flee
And slink to woods, and caves if any be:
Their deed and the light grieve, now self-possessed
Their friends they know, of Juno dispossessed.