

A city's not enough ; the residue
Dragged to have through pains of every hue ;
She dead Troy's ashes, bones, must persecute.
She such ire's causes* haply can compute.
Thou art thyself my witness, how she quite
A hurlyburly lately did excite
Sudden in Libyan seas ; waves and sky she mixed,
On her Æolian storms vainly fixed
Her faith. In thy dominions this she dared.
Oh villainy ! lo ! also, having snared
The Trojan mothers, and them wild impelled,
She burned has the ships, and their friends compelled
To leave them, the fleet lost, on unknown shore.
What now remains : I thee have to implore,
That safe sails they to thee may through the main
Commit and may Laurentian Tiber gain.
If things allowed I ask ; if Fates decree
Those cities.—The ruler of the deep sea,
Saturnius, then spoke thus : 'Tis quite just
That thou shouldst place, Cytherèa, thy trust
In my domain, whence thou didst draw thy source.
I too deserve : the furies oft, by force,