

And its dread power detest, wish to depart;
And the way's ills would bear with cheerful heart.
Good Æneas them with kind words cheers
And to Acestes, kin, commends in tears.
Three calves to Eryx, and a lamb he then
Bids to the Tempestatès* to be slain;
And the ships' cables to be duly slipt.
His head with leaves of olive shorn equipt,
Standing afar upon the lofty prow,
He himself the cup holds; and forth does throw
The entrails consecrate into the brine,
And from the cup he pours the liquid wine.
A wind astern assists their parting way;
Eager the rowers pull and dash the spray.

But meanwhile, Venus, with great care oppressed,
To Neptune pours forth these complaints from her breast:
Juno's dire wrath and mind insatiate
Force me, O Neptune, down from high estate
To lowly suit. Time's waste nor any ruth
Her mitigates: Jove's will nor the Fates' truth
Subdues to quiet. To have with curst hate
Devoured, in middle of the Phrygian state,