

He celebrates in verse the wandering moon,  
 The mishaps of the sun, or whence at first  
 The race of men and beasts, whence comes the rain  
 And lightening bolts ; or else Arcturus sings,  
 The weeping Hyades, or Bears twin-born,  
 Or why the wintry sun so hastes to dip  
 Itself into the sea, or what delay  
 Retards the nights of summer coming late.

The Tyrians shout applause, the Trojans join :  
 While Dido, all unconscious of her woe,  
 With converse varied still prolongs the feast,  
 And drinks deep draughts of love,—oft asking much  
 Of Priam, much of Hector, how, with arms  
 Adorned, Aurora's son had come, what steeds  
 Were Diomedes's, or how Achilles looked ;  
 Until at last she says : " Come now, O prince,  
 And from the first, the Grecian wiles narrate,  
 As else the woes thine own and wanderings ;  
 For now the seventh summer is at hand  
 That sees thee wandering over sea and land."

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All silent were, and eager fixed their gaze,  
 While sire Æneas from his lofty couch began :  
 " Of woes the most intense thou urgest me,  
 O queen, to give account : how Trojan wealth  
 And realm to be deplored the Greeks o'erthrew ;—  
 Events most pitiful which I myself beheld,  
 In which, indeed, I had no little share.  
 Recounting such, who of the Myrmidons,  
 What soldier of Ulysses indurate  
 Can keep himself from tears ? The humid night  
 From heaven descends, the sinking stars invite  
 To sleep, but since such eagerness is thine  
 To know our awful fate, to hear in brief  
 The final throes of Troy, howe'er my soul  
 Still shudders to remember, and recoils