

And thus he speaks : hail ! sainted parent : hail !
Ye ashes, once more gained without avail ;
Spirit and shade paternal ! Unto me
'Twas not allowed to seek along with thee
The Italian confines and the fated land,
Nor yet Ausonian Tiber's doubtful strand—
This had he said, when lo ! before his eyes
A slippery serpent and of monstrous size,
From the recesses forth, did full display
Seven arcs, the seven promoters of its way,
The tomb encircled peacefully, and through
The altars glided ; of its back the hue
Streaked with dark azure ; of its scales the sheen
Gold-spotted : so, upon the dark cloud seen,
With all its various colors gay displayed
Against the sun, the rainbow is arrayed.
Æneas was astonished at the sight.
Creeping at length through goblets and cups bright,
With a long trail, it partook of the meats
And again harmless 'neath the tomb retreats,
Leaving the tasted altars. He the more,
For this, renews the rites, begun before,

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