

Whoever you are,
not at all, I believe, are you hateful to the gods.
You draw in life-giving breezes,
you who have reached the Tyrian city;
Proceed from here,
and carry yourself to the thresholds of the queen.
For I announce that your companions have been
returned to you and your fleet restored
and has been driven into safety by converse north
winds,
unless any false parents have taught me prophecy in
vain.
Look at twice six exalting in a line,
which the bird of Jupiter having fallen from the upper
sky it was throwing into confusion in the open sky;
now they seem either to take the earth in a long row
or to look down on those already taken flight;
as returning they play with whirring wings
and they encircle the heavens in a flock
and they give song.
By no means otherwise do your ships and the youth
of you
either hold the harbor or approach the coast in full
sail.

'Quisquis es,
haud, credo, invisus caelestibus
uras vitalis carpis,
Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
Perge modo,
atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer,
Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam
nuntio,
et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam,
ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cycnos,
aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto
turbabat caelo;
nunc terras ordine longo aut capere,
aut captas iam despectare videntur:
ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
et coetu cinxere polum,
cantusque dedere,
haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo

Proceed onward,
guide your step by which way the path guides you.
She spoke and turning around she shone from her
rosy neck,
and her ambrosial hair gave forth a divine odor from
her head,
and her robe flowed down to the bottoms of her feet
and the true goddess revealed herself by her gait.
When he recognized his mother,
he followed her fleeing with such a voice:
“Why do you cruel play with your son so often with
false images?
Why is it not given to join your hand with my hand
and to hear and return true voices?”
He chides with such voices
and directs his gait to the walls.
But Venus encloses those proceeding with dark mist,
and the goddess pours around them with a great robe
of cloud,
so that no one would be able to see them
and lest anyone would be able to touch them
or to work up a delay
or to demand reasons of going.
She herself departs on high to Cyprus
and happily revisits her home, there,
there is a temple to her,
and there a hundred alters burn with sabian incense
and they are fragrant with recent garlands.

Perge modo, et,
qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.'
Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
ambrosiaequae comae divinum vertice odorem
spiravere,
pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
et vera incessu patuit dea.
Ille ubi matrem adgnovit,
tali fugientem est voce secutus:
'Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
ludis imaginibus?
Cur dextrae iungere dextram non datur, ac veras
audire et reddere voces?'
Talibus incusat,
gressumque ad moenia tendit:
at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
cernere ne quis eos,
neu quis contingere posset,
molirive moram,
aut veniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit,
sedesque revisit laeta suas,
ubi templum illi,
centumque Sabaeo ture calent arae,
sertisque recentibus halant.

They hurried along their way meanwhile,
where the path showed.
And now they were ascending the hill,
which very great hangs over the city
and faces the opposite citadels from above.
Aeneas admires the structure,
formerly huts,
he admires the gates and the noise
and the pavement of the streets.
The eager Tyrians press on;
part to lead the ramparts
and to work the citadel
and roll up the rocks with their hands;
part to choose a place for the ceiling
and to close up the ditch;
They choose the laws and magistrates and a revered
senate.
Here others dig out the harbors;
here some place the lofty foundations for theaters,
and cut out immense columns from immense cliffs,
high ornaments for future stages.

Corripuere viam interea,
qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem,
qui plurimus urbi imminet,
adversasque adspectat desuper arces.
Miratur molem Aeneas,
magalia quondam,
miratur portas strepitumque
et strata viarum.
Instant ardentem Tyrii
pars ducere muros,
molirique arcem
et manibus subvolvere saxa,
pars optare locum tecto
et concludere sulco.
[Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;]
hic portus alii effodiunt;
hic alta theatris fundamenta locant alii,
immanisque columnas rupibus excidunt,
scaenis decora alta futuris.

Such as **work trains** bees in the new summer **under**
the sun through flowery countryside,

when they produce the adult offspring of the race

or when they crowd the flowing honey

and stretch the cells with sweet nectar,

or they take up the burdens of those coming,

or with a row having been made ,

they keep off the lazy swarm of drones from their
hives;

the work glows

and the fragrant honey smells of thyme.

“Oh fortunate ones whose walls rise now!”

Aeneas speaks

and looks up to the summits of the city.

He bears himself enclosed in a cloud

(miraculous to say)

through their midst,

he mixes with men nor is she seen by anyone.

Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
exercet sub sole labor,

cum gentis adultos educunt fetus,

aut cum liquentia mella stipant

et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,

aut onera accipiunt venientum,

aut agmine facto

ignavom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent:

fervet opus,

redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

'O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!'

Aeneas ait,

et fastigia suspicit urbis.

Infert se saeptus nebula,

mirabile dictu,

per medios,

miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.