

A grove was in the middle of the city (abl),
 very abundant of shade,
 in which place the Carthaginians, tossed by
 waves and the storm, first dug up a sign,
 which the royal Juno had shown,
 the head of a fierce horse;
 for thus they would be a tribe remarkable in
 war
 and easy to live through the ages.

Here Sidonian Dido was founding a huge temple
 to Juno,
 rich in gifts and on the power of the divinity,
 on the steps of which bronze doors were rising
 and beams bound with bronze,
 it was creaking with bronze doors on its hinge.

Here first in the grove a new thing presented to
 him soothed his fear,
 here first Aeneas dared to hope for safety

and with things having been shattered he
 trusted better.

Lucus in urbe fuit media,
 laetissimus umbra,
 quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
 effodere loco signum,
 quod regia Iuno monstrarat,
 caput acris equi;
 sic nam fore bello egregiam
 et facilem victu per saecula gentem.

Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
 condebat,
 donis opulentum et numine divae,
 aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina,
 nexaeque aere trabes,
 foribus cardo stridebat aenis.

Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem
 leniit,
 hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
 ausus,
 et adflictis melius confidere rebus.

And for while he looks over separate things
under the huge temple

awaiting the queen,

while he was wondering what fortune would be
for the city

and the hands and work of the artisans

(competing) amongst themselves

and the labor of their work,

he sees Trojan battles from an order

and wars now spread around through the entire
world in respect to their fame,

and he sees the sons of Atreus, Priam

and grand Achilles savage to both.

He stops and crying says

“Now what is this place, Achates

which district in the lands is now full of our
labors?

Look at Priam.

Even here praises have their own rewards,

there are tears for things

and mortal matters touch the mind.

Dismiss the fear,

this story will bring some safety to you.”

Thus he says

and feeds his mind on empty pictures,

lamenting much,

and he wets his face with a large river (of tears).

Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,

reginam opperiens,

dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,

artificumque manus

inter se

operumque laborem miratur,

videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,

bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,

Atridas, Priamumque,

et saevum ambobus Achillem.

Constitit, et lacrimans,

'Quis iam locus' inquit 'Achate,

quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

En Priamus!

Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;

sunt lacrimae rerum

et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Solve metus;

feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'

Sic ait,

atque animum pictura pascit inani,

multa gemens,

largoque umectat flumine voltum.