Having turned away she has long been watching, saying such things, turning her eyes here and there and surveying him entirely, with silent eyes and thus she speaks in this way: “Neither did a divine parent nor a Trojan founder bring forth you, treacherous one, but did the Caucasus produce you rough with rocks and did the Hyrcaneous tigers suckle you with their udders. For why do I pretend or why do I keep myself from greater things? For did he groan at our tears? For did he move his eyes? For did he give tears of defeat or commiserate with his lover? For what things shall I prefer before this? Now now neither great Juno nor the Saturnian father beholds these things with favorable eyes. Nowhere is trust protected. I accepted him casted out on the shore, needy, and crazy I split my kingdom into parts. I brought back his lost fleets and companions from death (Alas inflamed by the furies I am carried off): Now prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles, now sent from Jove himself, an interpreter of the gods carries horrible orders through the winds. Perhaps this the work for the above, this care agitates the quiet ones. I neither hold you nor do I contradict your words: Go, follow Italy with winds, seek kingdoms through the waves. Indeed I hope if pious gods are able, that in the middle of the rocks, having drunk in your punishments, you will often call the name Dido. I will follow with black fires, absent, and when cold death has separated your limbs from spirit, I will be there as a shadow in all places. I will give punishment, wicked one. I will hear and this report will come to me in the deepest Hades. Having said this she broke off in the middle of speech and sick, she fled the breezes and turns herself from his eyes and leaves, leaving him hesitating to say many things out of fear and preparing to say many things. Her slaves take her and carry back her collapsed body to the marble bedroom and lay her on the bed. But pious Aeneas, although he wished to soothe her grieving by consoling and turn away her cares with words, lamenting much and his mind by a great love however he followed the command of the gods and returned to his fleet. Then, indeed the Trojans urge on and launch their ship from the entire shore. The anointed keels float and they bear leafy oars and oaks from the forest rough because of the zeal for flight. You will see them departing and rushing from the whole city: and just as when ants plunder a giant heap of spelt mindful of the winter and store it in their home the black line goes from the fields and they carry their spoils through the grasses and carry them away in a narrow path: one part push large grains striven on their shoulders another part of the line brings them and punishes the delayers, all are busy on the path with work what a feeling was for you discerning such things, or what groans do you give, when you beheld from the high citadel the work on the wide shore and you saw the whole see mixed before your eyes with such a clamor) wicked love, what do you not compel mortal hearts to do: she is compelled again to go into tears, again to try by a treating and as a suppliant to lower her mind to love, lest she about to die leave anything untried in vain. “Anna, you see that there is a hurrying around the entire store: they convened on all sides; the linen now calls the breezes, and the happy sailors have placed wreaths on the sterns. If I was able to expect this such great grief, and to endure it, sister. I would be able nevertheless to follow through this one thing for me miserable, Anna; for he treacherous honors you alone, even trusts his hidden feelings to you; you alone know the yielding approaches and times of this man. Go, sister, and address the haughty enemy as a suppliant: I did not swear with the Greeks to destroy the Trojan race or send a fleet to Pergama, nor did I tear up the ashes of the dead father of Anchises: Why do you refuse to receive my words into your harsh ears? Where is he rushing? Let him give this last gift to his miserable lover: Let him await an easy flight and favorable winds. Not now do I seek ancient wedlock, which he betrayed nor do I ask that he be without beautiful Latium or that he leave his kingdom. I seek time in vain, rest and space for my fury, until my fortune teaches me defeated to grieve. I ask for this last pardon (miserable sister), I will repay heaped up by death when he had given it to me.” She was asking such and vain miserable her sister carries and repeats such great sorrows. But he is moved by no fears or hear any words with gentleness; the fates oppose and the god blocks the calm ears of men and just as the Alpine north wind blows from this side now that from that struggle amongst themselves to uproot a sturdy oak with the strength of yews; a creaking goes and the high leaves strew the ground with the trunk having been shaken; It itself clings to the cliffs and as much as it extends with its top to the airy breezes, so much does it stretch with its roots into the underworld: Hardly otherwise the hero was assailed with constant voices from this side and that, and he feels grief in his great heart; his mind remains unmoved, and vain tears roll down.