But Aeneas stands speechless by the truth distraught by the appearance, his hair stands on end from the alarm and his voice clings to his throat. He is eager to depart in flight and to leave behind the sweet lands, thunderstruck by so great a warning and command of the gods. Alas what should he do? With what now does he dare to go around addressing the inflamed queen? What would he employ as first commencement? And he divides his mind now this way now that and he takes it into various directions and rolls through all things. This opinions seemed preferable to him wavering: He calls Mnesthea and Sergestus and brave Serestus, silent they equip the fleets and compel companions to the shore, they prepare arms and they conceal what the reason is for altering things; Meanwhile, to himself, (he thought), because Dido does not know and does not expect such great love to be broken, he himself will try out the approaches and what times are easiest for speaking, what way is favorable for things. All obey gladly the order and they fulfill the orders. But the queen perceived deceit (who can deceive a lover?) was the first to and catch on to movements still to come fearing all things even safe. The same impious ship brought down to her upset the news that the fleet was being armed and a journey was being prepared. Bereft of mind she rages and incensed she raves through the whole city, just like a follower of Bacchus excited rituals having been stirred up when the triennial call of Bacchus was heard. They goad nocturnal mystic rites and Citheron calls with a clamor. Finally, she addresses Aneas with these words: “Did you even hope to be able to conceal such impiety and to depart from my land, traitor? Did not our love hold you nor the hand given once nor a Dido about to die hold you back with her cruel death? Are you in fact, o cruel one, hastening to prepare your fleet in the season of winter and amid the north wind to go through the deep? What if you do not seek foreign lands and unknown homes, and (if ancient troy remained, would Troy be sought with fleets through the wavy sea? Are you fleeing me? I beg through these tears and your right hand (when I myself have left nothing else for miserable me), through our marriage, through the wedding begun, if I deserved anything from you, or if there was anything sweet about me to you, pity this slipping house and discard that mind if there is still a place for prayers , because of you the Libyan peoples and the tyrants of Nomada hate me, and the tyrians are hostile; and because of the same you my honor has been extinguished and my former reputation by which alone I was approaching the stars, and for what are you guest deserting me about to die (because only this name remains of spouse)? Why am I delaying while either Pygmalion my brother destroys my walls and Gaetulian Iarbas will lead me captive? At least if only I had received from you before your flight a little baby, if only this baby would play in my court for , this baby who would reflect your likeness I would not seem to be so deserted altogether and a captive.”She had spoken. He was holding his eyes unmoving because of the warnings of Jove and having struggled he was repressing care under his care under his heart. Finally he responds a few things: “Queen I will never deny that deserved you, who are able to enumerate many things by speaking, nor will it displease me to have remembered Elissa while I myself am mindful of me while my breath rules these limbs. I shall speak a few things on behalf of the matter. Neither did I hope to hide this flight by stealth (don’t pretend), (nor even did I come pretending the torches of marriage or into this agreement. If the fates permitted me to lead a life of my own authority and to put together cares by my wish. First of all I would dwell in the city of Trow and cherish sweet relics of me, the high ceilings of Priam would remain, and I would have established a renewed Troy for the defeated. But now the oracle of Apollo and the lots of Lycia have ordered me to seek out great Italy; this is my love, this is my homeland. If the citadels of Carthage and the sight of Libyans detains you a phonician woman what final jealousy is there for Trojans to settle in Italian land? And it is right for us to seek outside kingdoms. The troubled image of their father Anchises frightens me and advises me in my sleep as often as night carries the land with moist shadows, as often as the five stars rise. The boy Ascanius urges me on and the wrong to (capiti cari = Ascanius) whom I am depriving of the kingdom of Hesperia and of fated fields. Now even the interpreter of the gods sent from Jove himself ( I swear on both my own and your own head) he has carried down orders through the swift air: I myself have seen the god the clear light entering the walls and I drew in his voice with these ears. Stop stirring me up and you with your complaints; I seek out Italy not of my own arccord.”