

A Selection
from
The Aeneid
as it was translated into Scottish English
by
Gavin Douglas, 1474-1522
Bishop of Dunkeld

BOOK IV: DIDO AND AENEAS

edited by
Michael Murphy

Introduction

At the end of his translation of Virgil's **Aeneid** Douglas says this:

Ye writaris all and gentill redaris eyk
Offendis nocht my wolume, I beseyk
Bot redis leill, and tak gud tent in tyme
3he nowder maggill nor mismetir my ryme,
Nor altir nocht my wordis, I 3ou pray.
Lo this is all, now, bew schirris, haue guid day.

I have decidedly broken the letter of his prohibition, but I hope I have not violated the spirit of it in presenting it as I do below, since I alter many words in their spelling, but reproduce others "leill" (loyally) for the sake of the meter. I have not inserted different words, just different spellings:

You writers all and gentle readers eke
Offendis not my volume, I beseech,
But read loyal, and take good tent in time
You neither mangle nor mismeter my rhyme
Nor alter not my wordis, I you pray.
Lo, this is all. Now, beau sirs, have good day.

*too
do not offend
faithfully & .note*

If I had not altered them, most modern readers would still be trying to decipher the six lines as Douglas actually wrote them.

This service is quite different from a similar one offered on behalf of Douglas by Jerome Stone in the eighteenth century, who has this to say about Douglas's description of the seasons in the Prologue to Book 12:

"Such of your readers as can trace the beauties of that poem amidst the rubbish of antiquated orthography and an obsolete dialect must meet with a pleasure in the perusal of it not easy to be paralleled, and stand amazed at the exuberance of its author's imagination."

Then, with a collection of insipid Augustan couplets, he proceeds to “drain the life from the poem,” as the latest editor of Douglas’s **Aeneid** rightly puts it.¹ By contrast, I have simply modified the antiquated orthography and kept the rest of the obsolete dialect. The result is not a translation or a paraphrase, but leaves Douglas intact and understandable, with his virtues and his faults.

Douglas was not shy about his ambition to be immortalized by his translation:

Now is my wark all fynyst and compleit,
Quham Jovis ire, nor fyris byrnand heit
Nor trynschand swerd sal defas ne doun thryng
Nor lang proces of age, consumys al thyng.
Quhen that onknawyn day sal hym addres
Quhilk not bot on this body power hes
And endis the dait of myn oncertan eld
The bettir part of me salbe upheld
Abufe the starnys perpetually to ryng
And heir my naym ramane but enparing.
Throw owt the ile yclepit Albyon
Red sall I be, and sung with mony one.

This is a version of the Epilogue to the **Metamorphoses of Ovid** in whose company Douglas thereby puts himself as Chaucer did near the end of **Troilus and Criseyde**.

However, I suspect that in his own day many people in the island of Albion had considerable difficulty in reading his translation of Virgil since his “antiquated orthography and an obsolete dialect” were distinctly different from those of most parts of England even then. Certainly in the early 17th century one very determined English reader found it difficult but also helpful in a peculiar way. He was attempting to learn pre-Conquest Old English and was working his way through what he could find of Middle English:

At length I lighted on Virgil Scotished by the Reverend Gawin Dowglas Bishop of Dunkell ... the best translation of that poet that I ever read: And though I found that dialect more hard than any of the former (as neerer the Saxon, because farther from

¹ David Coldwell, **Virgil’s Aeneid, translated into Scottish Verse by Gavin Douglas**. (Edinburgh and London: Scottish Text Society: William Blackwell, 1964), Vol. 1, 126-127.

*the Norman) yet with help of the Latin I made shift to under stand it, and read the booke more than once from the beginning to the end. Whereby I must confesse I got more knowledge of that I sought than by any of the other.*¹

Today just the spelling of his dialect ensures that Douglas is *not* read throughout the isle of Albion or other English speaking countries except by the most determined readers, generally academics. This is a pity, but I hope that by declining to heed his prohibition strictly I am at least partially fulfilling his hope for a share of literary immortality:

Now is my work all finished and complete,
Whom Jove's ire, nor fire's burning heat
Nor trenchant sword shall déface nor down thring *throw*
Nor long process of age consumes all things. *(Which) consumes*
When that unknowen day shall him address *arrive for him*
Which not but on this body power has
And ends the date of mine uncertain eld, *age*

The better part of me shall be upheld
Above the stars perpetually to ring
And hear my name remain but impairing. *Without impairment*
Throughout the isle ycleped Albion *named*
Read shall I be, and sung with many one.

To illustrate the differences between the original and the modernized version, at the end of this edition of part of Bk. IV there is a page of the original side by side with its unglossed modernized equivalent.

¹ William L'Isle, *A Saxon Treatise Concerning the Old and New Testament* (1623).

Some features of Douglas's vocabulary, grammar and syntax

-and is the most common Scottish ending for the present participle; here it is changed to

our *-ing* *Byrnand* = *burning*, except in rhyme:

To seek their folkis in a wilsum land,

Like King Pentheus in his wod rage dotand

Sal is re-spelled as *shall*.

Qu- words are changed to their equivalent *Wh-* or *H-*: *quhy* = *why*; *quhow* = *how*; *quha* = *who*; *quhen* = *when*

With pronouns a preposition is often in post position: *Quhamtil*, *quhamto* = *to whom*. This is generally kept but with modified spelling.

The word *but* recurs continually meaning *without*.

Douglas's noun plural *-is* has generally been changed to *-s* or *-es* except where the extra syllable is needed for the meter, but there are occasions when I have preferred immediate clarity, as in

Quham Jovis ire, nor fyris byrnand heit
Whom Jove's ire, nor fire's burning heat

The *-it* or *-t* ending of past tense and past participle of verbs is generally changed to more familiar *-ed*: *Yclepit* : *yclepèd* = called or named; *enragyt*: *enragèd*;
Fynyst : *finished*.

The 2nd persons singular generally has the ending *-is* instead of the more familiar *-est*: *thou knows* (*thou knowest*), *weens thou*, *thou remains*. And I have generally

retained this, but Douglas also sometimes uses the more familiar form of 2nd person:
Thou makist feeble wight and lowyst the high.

Douglas is casual about subject - verb concord: a plural subject sometimes takes a singular verb : *what wonder fatal áventures / Has him bywaved!* ; *Lo! there the roes ... breaks out.* Similarly with pronouns, though this is once more fashionable: *he or shethey; every wight ...their hand.*

Douglas can mix present and past tense in one sentence: *Mercury reconters him and said anon.*

He occasionally omits the pronoun “who” , “which” in relative clauses: *spoke to her sister [who] was of the same mind;* or the line quoted above: *Nor long process of age (which) consumes all things.*

Douglas’s meter is often somewhat rough, and the syntax can be downright tangled especially when he tries to extend a sentence through five or six lines.

To Douglas’s own subheadings I have added some of my own.

Omissions from Douglas’s text are indicated by ellipsis

BOOK IV Dido and Aeneas

From the Prologue

As a prelude to the story of Dido, the author contrasts the kind of Love inspired by Venus and Cupid with the ennobling Love of God incarnate who vanquished the devils in hell.

Solomon's wit, Samson thou robbest his force,
And David thou bereft his prophecy.
Men says thou brideled Aristotle as a horse,
And creelèd up the flower o poetry.¹
What shall I of thy mightès notify?
Farewell, where that thy lusty dart assails,
Wit, strength, riches – nothing but grace avails.

*thou = sexual desire
Robbed him of*

Flower of p. = Virgil

Thou chain of Love, ah, benedicite!
How hard strains thy bandis every wight !²
The God above, from his high majesty,

bless us!

¹ S's "wit" = S's wisdom. In one story current in the Middle Ages Aristotle submits to be ridden like an ass or horse by a woman he desires. In another, Virgil, besotted with a woman who does not want him, agrees to be hauled up in a basket (a *creel*) at night to her room, and is left literally high and dry to be mocked by the crowd below after dawn. See relevant entries in Companion on this website.

² "How hard your bands strain everyone." Note the lack of standard English subject verb concord.

With thee ybound, low in a maid did light: ¹
Thou vanquished the strong giant of great might;
Thou art more forcy than the death so fell;
Thou plenished Paradise and thou harried Hell.²

*m. strong t. cruel d.
replenished P & harrowed H*

Thou makist feeble wight and lowest the high
Thou knyttis friendship where there been no parage;
Thou Jonathas confederate with Davy,
Thou daunted Alexander for all his vassalage,
Thou fastened Jacob fourteen years in bondage,
Thou teachèd Hercules go learn to spin,
Reke Deianir his mace and lion skin.

*& you humble the great
equality
Jonathan & David in OT*

Hand to Deianira

.....
The poet distinguishes in medieval cleric's fashion between love and lust, between temperate and excessive love. To love anything or anyone more than God is "love inordinate." He denounces "courtly love," lechery & lechers, bawds or mackerels, smooth-talking gallants. He warns ladies and maidens young about the lasting harm they may do themselves by giving in to inordinate desire, and he gives as example the woman who is to be the subject of the following book:

Thy double wound, Dido, to specify
I mean thy amours and thy funereal fate
Who may endite but tears with eyes dry
Augustine confesses himself wept, God wot,³
Reading thy lamentable end unfortunate.

*without tears
God knows*

¹ The reference is to the Incarnation: for love, God alighted and confined himself in the womb of the Virgin Mary.

² The reference is to the Harrowing of Hell, when Christ after the Crucifixion descended to Limbo (Hell) to release the souls of the Old Testament saints to go to (replenish) Heaven after the Fall of the Angels.

³ Augustine in **Confessions** 13 relates how in his study of Latin literature he wept over the story of Dido, something of which he is not especially proud.

By thee will I repeat this verse again:
Temporal joy ends with woe and pain.

Alas thy dolorous case and hard mischance!
From bliss to woe, from sorrow to fury rage.
From nobleness, wealth, prudence, and temperance
In brutal appetite fall and wild dotage.
Daunter of Affric, queen founder of Carthage,
Umwhile in riches and shining glory ringing
Through foolish lust wrought thine own undoing.

*Into ...fallen
Vanquisher
Once*

Lo with what thought, what bitterness and pain
Love unseilily breeds in every wight.
How short while does his false pleasance remain
His restless bliss how soon takes the flight!
His kindness alters in wrath within a night.
What is but torment all his langsum fair
Begun with fear, and ended in despair.

unhappy ...e. person

.....

See how blind love's inordinate desire
Degrades honor, and reason doth exile!
Dido, of Carthage flower, and lamp of Tyre,
Whose high renown no strength nor gift might 'file
In her Faynte Lust so mait,¹ within short while
That honesty both and good fame were adieu.
Sine for disdain, alas! her selfen slew.

so defeated ?

Then

¹ According to Coldwell *faynte lust* means sexual continence or self control and so is capitalized.

Book IV begins

Aeneas has been received graciously by Dido, Queen of Carthage on whose shores he and the remnant of his fleet have taken refuge. Dido is quite taken with this splendid man. At a feast in his honor, Aeneas has been entralling Queen Dido and her court with his account of the fall of Troy, his escape with his family, and his adventures at sea afterwards. Dido is deeply affected.

By this the queen, through heavy thoughts unsound,
In every vein nurses the green wound, *fresh*
Smitten so deep with the blind fire of love
Her troubled mind gan from all rest remove.
Compassing the great prowess of Ené, *Aeneas*
The large worship fele sys remembers she *many times*
Of his lineage and folks; for ay present
Deep in her breast so was his figure print *imprinted*
And all his wordis fixed, that, for busy thought,
No ease her members nor quiet suffer mought .¹

The next day following, with his lamp bright
As Phoebus did the ground or earth alight,
After the dawning hath the dank night's cloud
Chased from the sky, and the air new shroud,
Full ill at ease Queen Dido on this kind
Spoke to her sister, was of the same mind: *[who] was*
'My sister Ann, what swevens been these,' quod she, *dreams*
'Which me affrays in such perplexity? *alarm me*
What be he, this great new guest or stranger,
Onto our realm lately is driven here?
How wise in speech and in his cómmuning *talking*
He shows himself ! O God, what wonder thing!
How stout in courage, in war how valiant!
I trow, sister, and, as I understand,
Mine opinion is no uncertain thing,
They been some lineage of very gods' offspring,
For, dread always and shameful cowardice

¹ Her members (her limbs) could have no ease or quiet. Or "her members would allow her no ease or quiet."

Degenerate wights and bowbarts notifies.
 Allas, what wonder fatal áventures
 Has him bywaved! What travel, pain and cures,
 How huge battles by him achieved, told he!
 Now certes, were **it** not determed with me
 And fixèd in my mind immovably
 That to no wight in wedlock me list I
 Couple nor knit, since my first love is gone,
 By death dissevered, and left me alone;
 Were *it* not also to me displesant
 Genius chalmer or matrimony to haunt, ¹
 Perchance I might be vanquished in this rage,
 Through this a crime of second marriage. ²
 Anne, I grant to thee, since the decease
 Of my sorry husband Sycheus, but lies,
 Where that our house with brother's death was spreht, ³
 Only this man has movèd mine intent,
 And hath my mind inducèd to forvay:
 I know and feels the wemmis and the way
 Of the old fire and flame of lovè's heat.

indicate d.w.& sluggards

blown about / cares

It for is?

without lies, i e in truth

change, move

And feel the stains or scars

But rather I desire both corse and sprete
 Of me the earth swallow low adown,
 Or that almighty Jove with thundrous sound
 Me smite full deep onto the shadows dern,
 Among pale ghosts of hellè's holl cavèrn,
 In the profound pit of death and dark night,
 Ere I become so shameful wretched wight
 That I mine honesty 'file or womanhood,
 Or break your laws—no, till I be dead!
 He that me first to him in wedlock knit
 My first flower of amours took, and yet

body & soul

dark

hollow

person

my chastity defile

of love

¹ Genius chalmer: Prob a misunderstanding of “marriage chamber”.

² According to R.G. Austin, an editor of Virgil, conservative “Roman sentiment was traditionally disturbed by second marriage.”

³ Their brother, Pygmalion, was not the one who died. In fact he murdered Dido's husband Sychaeus, his brother [in law], for his reputed wealth.

For evermore with him he shall them have,
 And he must keep them with him in his grave.¹
 Thus saying, the bright tears anon outburst
 And 'filéd all her bosom ere she wist.
 Anne answerd: 'O thou, so may I thrive,
 To thy sister dearer than her own life,
 Whether if thou wilt, alone, in widowhood,
 Ever mourning thus waste away thy youthhood,
 Neither yet the comfort of sweet children thou knows,
 Nor the pleasure feels of Venus laws?¹
 What, weens thou ashes cold and ghosts in grave
 Of all such wailing any feast shall have?
 In case that in thy dule afore these days,²
 Thy lord new dead, thee list incline no ways
 Neither prince nor duke to take as for husband;
 Suppose thou lightlied then, of Libya land
 Hyarbas kyng, and other heris all,
 Which in the rich soil triumphal
 Of Afric boundis dwelling widèwhere;
 What, wilt thou as debating ever more
 Against this liking love comes of pleasance?
 Considers thou not, and lies in rémembrance,
 Amidst whose ground here thou remains?
 On this hand, cities of Getulyanys,
 A kind of people invincible in battle;
 Here the undaunted folk of Numidia dwell,
 And on that other part om-biset, I wys,
 We are with bustuous unfriendly Syrtis;
 And yonder the desert region also,
 Ay full of thirst, in barren Libya;
 And widèwhere thence the wild people of Barchay.
 The wars moving from Tyre, what shall I say,
 And the great brag and menace of our brother?

Before she noticed

think you?

Any satisfaction

dule = mourning

yr husband recently dead

made light of, undervalued

heris =lords

Pleasing love (which?) comes

beleaguered

violent

¹ The syntax is clumsy. The sentence seems to mean: "Do you want to waste your youth, not experiencing the joys of love or children ...?"

² Granted("in case"), in your mourning before now, back when your first husband was recently dead, you were not inclined to take any man for your husband. And granted that ("suppose") you treated lightly [the marriage proposals of] Hyarbas, King of Libya and other lords...

By disposition of gods, I ween, none other,
 And by the purveyance of Juno, to our supplee
 These Trojan ships by prosper wind our see
 Hath hither set their courses fortunate.
 O sister mine, consider in what estate
 This city, which thou buildis, shall uprise!
 Perceive how that this realm may, in such wise,
 Be upheyt through so noble a marriage!
 Behold how mekill the glory of Carthage
 Shall be extolled, and increase in every thing,
 Through help in arms of the Trojan's offspring!
 Wherefore thee needs beseech gods of their grace,
 With sacrifice, to be favorable in this case.
 Do set all whole thy care and diligence
 To causing him make with thee residence,
 And feign causes to tarry him and withhold,
 So long as thus, during the winter cold,
 The sea rages through watery Orion,
 And till the storms be all o'erblown and gone;
 And while his ships, with the tempest shook,
 Be bet, bid spare neither fir, elm nor oak.'¹

*I think
 aid
 seat, place*

*Supported
 how greatly*

*Dido enflamèd in the lusty heat,
 With amorous thoughts troubles all her spreit.*

With these words the spirit of Dido queen,
 The which tofore in love was kindled green,
 Now all in fire the flame of love forth blazes;
 Her doubtsome mind with good hope so she eases
 That all the shame and dread was blown away;
 And to the temple forth held they both tway.
 After the ceremonies of their pagan guise

What helps to visit temples in love's rage?
 Behold unhappy Dido of Carthage
 In this mean season burning hot as glead:

in meantime...coal

¹ While his ships are being made better (repaired), order no wood to be spared: fir, elm, oak (?) Or "while his ships, shaken by tempests, are battered,"

The secret wound deep in her mind gan spread,
And of hot amouris the subtle quent fire ¹
Wastes and consumes merch, bones and lyre.
O'er all the city enraged she here and there
Wanders, as a stricken hind, whom the stalker,
Ere she perceive, from far bets with his flane
Amid the woods of Crete, and lets remain
The broad head, unknow the beast was hit;
She skipping forth, as to eschew the bit,
Gan through the forest fast and grovès glide,
But ever the deadly shaft sticks in her side.

Marrow, bones & flesh

strikes ...arrow

(the hunter) not knowing

She, the hind ...bite

Sometimes the queen Eneas with her did lead
Throughout the wallis onto every stead,
The treasure all and riches of Sidony
Showing to him, and offerèd all ready
The city of Carthage at his commandement.
Begin she would to tell forth her entent,
And in the mid word stop and hold her still.
And when the even came, it was her will
To seek ways him to feast, as she did ere;
And, half mindless, again she longis sore
For to enquire and hear the siege of Troy,
And in a stare beholdis him for joy.

evening

in her gaze

After all was voided, and the light of day
Ay more and more the moon quenched away,
And the declining of the starris bright
To sleep and rest persuadis every wight,
Within her chamber alone she longis sore
And thought all waste for lack of her lover.
Amid a void bed she her laid adown
And of him absent thinks she hears the sound.
His voice she hears, and him beholdis she
Though he, God wot, far from her presence be.
And sometimes would she Ascanius, the page,

¹ I think this means the partly tamped down (quenched) fire, though in the Latin *tacitum* goes with *vulnus*, wound, rather than *flamma*. Douglas seems to make it neatly qualify both.

Catch in the figure of his father's image
And in her bosom 'brace, if she thereby
The love untellable might swik or satisfy.

embrace
hold

The business of Carthage is neglected

The work and walls begun are not upbrought ,
The younkens deeds of arms exercise nought ,
Neither fortress nor turrets sure of war
Now graith they more; for all the work, but weir,
Ceases and is stopped, both of pinnacles high
And big towers seemed to rise in the sky.

young men
"Sure" adj w. turrets: = Strong
are built any more...without doubt

(Which) seemed

To Venus carpis Juno the goddess,
And of their speech and sermon, more and less.

speaks

Juno, the patroness of Carthage and enemy of Troy, sees that she cannot deflect the overwhelming passion of Dido for Aeneas, so she makes a deal with Venus, Aeneas's patron. She will arrange a storm during which the two will be left alone. The inevitable coupling will be a "marriage," and Aeneas will be kept in Carthage and not fulfill his destiny of founding a new great nation. Sure of her own victory, Venus agrees.

Then Juno queen such answer made again:
'This labour I take on hand, all mine alone.
But on what wise , since time is convenable,
The fashion how this stands to do most able,
Hark, at short words that point I shall you say.
Eneas and unsilly Dido, both tway,
To forest grathis in hunting forth to wend,
To morrow, as fast as Titan doth ascend the sun
And o'er the world gan his beamis spread...
I shall upon them a mirk shower down skail
Of wet and wind, meddled with felon hail,
And all the heaven with thunders blast so steir
That all their fellowship shall withdraw for fear
Enclosed with a mist as dark as night.

unhappy
are preparing to

fierce hail
so strong

Dido and eke the Trojan duke full right,
 Alanerly, but by themselven twain,
 Together shall enter in a cave of stane:
 That shall I be ready, and, but delay,
 If thy mind be firm thereto the ilke day,
 In sure wedlock I shall conjoin her there,
 To be his proper spouse for evermair:
 Upon this wise their wedding shall be wrought.’

*Alone-ly
 stone
 W’out delay*

Affirms all her will, contrarying nought,
 Of Cetheron Venus the goddess bright,
 Laughing she found had so contrived a sleight.¹

*How that the queen to hunting rode at morrow,
 And of the first day of her joy and sorrow.*

FORTH of the sea, with this, the dawning springs.
 As Phoebus’ rays, fast to the gatis throngs
 The choice gallants, and huntmen them beside,
 With rails and with nets strong and wide,
 And hunting spearis stiff with headis broad;
 From Massilyne horsemen thick thither rode,
 With running houndis, a full hugè sort.
 Nobles of Carthage, hoving at the port,
 The queen await that long in chamber dwells;
 Her fierce steed stood stamping, ready else,
 Rungeand the foamy golden bit gingling;
 Of gold and pall wrought his rich harnessing.
 And she at last of palace issued out,
 With huge meinie walking her about,
 Lappèd in a brused mantle of Sydony,
 With gold and pearl the border all bewry,
 Hanging by her side the case with arrows ground;

*enclosures, traps
 waiting at the gate
 Champing
 retinue
 embroidered
 decorated*

¹ “Smiled at [Juno’s] stratagem now given away.” (Fitzgerald)
 “The Queen of Love consents and closely smiles / At her vain project and discover’d
 wiles.” (Dryden)

Her bright tresses enveloped were, and wound
 Into a coil of fine gold wren thread;
 The golden button clasped her purple weed— *garment*
 And forth she passed with all her company.
 The Trojan people forgathered by and by,
 Jolly and glad the fresh Ascanius young,
 But first of all, most goodly, him self their king
 Ené, gan enter in fellowship, but doubt, *Without doubt*
 And unto them adjoined his large rout, *company*
 Like when Apollo list depart or go *wishes to*
 Forth of his wintering realm of Lisya.....
 As fresh, as lusty, did Eneas ride,
 With as great beauty in his lordly face.
 And after they are comen to the chace,
 Among the mountains in the wild forest,
 The running hounds off couples soon they cast, *off their leashes*
 And o'er the clewys and the holts, belive, *gorges & woods quickly*
 The wild beasts down to the dale they drive.
 Lo! there the roes, running swift as fire,
 Driven from the heights, breaks out at the swyre; *valley*
 Another part, syne yonder might thou see *then*
 The herd of hartis with their headis high,
 O'erspynering with swift course the plane vale, *stampeding / open country*
 The hepe of dust upstowering at their tail, *cloud*
 Fleeing the houndis, leaving the high mountains.
 And Ascanius, the child, amid the plains, *lower land*
 Joyous and blithe his startling steed to assay,
 Now makes his rink yonder, and now this way *his course*
 Now pricks forth by these and now by them,
 Longing, among faint frayt beasts untame, *frightened*
 The foamy boar, down from the hillis height,
 Or the dun lion descend, reconter he might !¹

¹ “Longing, among the faint frightened wild animals. to encounter, the foaming boar or the tawny lion down from the hills.”

In the meanwhile, the heavens all about
 With felon noise gan to rumble and rout.
 A bub of weather followed in the tail,
 Thick shower of rain meddled full of hail.
 The Tyriane meinie skalis widewhere,
 And all the gallants of Troy fled here and there,
 And eke with them the young Ascanius,
 Nephew to King Dardan and to Venus.
 For fear, to divers steads through the fields,
 They seek to holdis, houses, hyrns and beilds.
 The rivers rudely rushed o'er hills bedene.

Mixed
T. crowd scatters everywhere

Nephew = grandson
various places
safe spots ... hollows, huts

Within a cave is entered Dido queen,
 And eke the Trojan duke, all them alone,
 By aventure, as they eschewed the rain.
 Earth, the first mother, made a token of woe,¹
 And eke of wedlock the pronuba Juno,
 And of their coupling wittering shew the air:
 The flame of fireslaught lightened here and there
 And on the hills' high tops, but lies,
 Sat mourning nymphs, hight Oreades.
 This was the foremost day of her gladness
 And first morrow of her woefull distress.²
 For neither the fashion nor the manner she
 Attendis now, nor fame nor honesty,
 Ne from thenceforward Dido any more
 Muses on love secret, as of before,

And also
By chance

patroness
the air showed knowledge (?)
lightning
without lies; truly
named

nor reputation nor modesty

¹ The Latin simply says that Telus and Juno “dant signum,”(they give the sign) and Fitzgerald’s translation says that this meant a sign to begin marriage ceremonies, and regards the lightning as marriage torches. Commentators on the Latin agree.

² Austin notes that the marriage is supernatural, with only the Elements and Juno and the nymphs as witnesses. He cites 2 passages from *P Lost* that are apt for this scene, one for contrast, one for similarity. PL 8.511 ff for pre lapsarian contrast, and PL 9.782 for after the Fall similarity.

But clepes it spousage, and with that fair name
Cloakèd and hid her crime of open shame.

calls it marriage

*Of Fame that monster, and King Hyarbas' fury
And how from Jove was sent the god Mercúry.*

The fame hererof, belive, gan wax and spread
Through chief cities of all Africa abroad:
Fame is mischief whom no harm under the lift
In motion nor steerage is more swift.
Moving she grows, and, passing o'er allwhere,
Her strength increases and waxes more and more.

quickly grow

sky

and grows

Little, for fear, the first time seemis she,
Soon after risis to the stars **on** high;
Upon the ground she walks from stead to stead,
And up among the cloudis hides her head...
A huge, horrible and strange monster, but lies,
Speedy of foot, and on wings swift as wind.
How many feathers been on her body found,
As many walkrife eyes lurks thereunder,
As fele tongues, that for to tell is wonder,
With as fele mouthis carpis she and beris,
As many has she pricked upstanding ears.
By night she flies amid the heaven throughout,
Circling the shadow of the earth about
With huge fard, neither care giving nor keep ¹
Her eyes once to rest nor take a sleep;
All day she sits, watching busily,
Upon the top of noble houses, to spy,

place to place

no lie

wakeful

*As many
she speaks & cries*

circuit

¹ On her huge circuit giving no care (to sleep?), not allowing her eyes

Or on these princes' palace with towers high, And with her noise great cities affrays she As well remembering feigned and shrewed saws As she the truth and verity forth shows. ¹	<i>frightens</i>
This ilke wench, that time, with many a tale, Gladly this rumour gan through the people skail, Telling the thing wrought, and not wrought, together: How of the Trojan blood was commen thither Ené, with whom the fair Dido be wed Dedenéd, and as husband go to bed;	<i>scatter</i> <i>fact & nonfact</i> <i>deigned to be wed</i>
And how the winter season twixt them tway They spend in long revel, lust and play, Of their realms no thing remembering, In foul delight y-bound by Cupid king. This menskless goddess in every mannis mouth Skales this news East, West, North and South. Her course, anon, but longer tarrying, Addresses she unto Hyarbas kyng, With her saws his mind inflaming as fire, Provoking him to wrath and felon ire.	 <i>graceless</i> <i>Spreads</i> <i>without further delay</i> <i>directs</i> <i>her tales</i> <i>furious anger</i>

Dido had rejected an offer of marriage from King Hyarbas, who is therefore enraged that she has accepted Aeneas, a refugee from Troy. His angry imprecations reach the ears of Jove who instructs Mercury to go to Aeneas and remind him in forceful terms of his destiny to be the founder of a great nation — Rome. Mercury flies down and delivers the message to Aeneas whom he finds helping to build Carthage.

Betwixt heaven and earth the same wise flew
Mercury, cleped the child Cyllenius,
Descending from his mother's grandsire thus
The sandy coasts and deserts of Libya
And eke the windis piercing by and by
And with the wingèd solès of his feet

¹ Relaying as many made-up and malicious tales as often as she tells the truth.

As he of Carthage first tread on the street
Eneas founding towers he gan espy
And garring build new lodgings busily.

Causing to be built

Belted he was with sword of metal bright
Of whom the scabbard with brown jasp was pight.¹
His rich array did o'er his shoulders hang
Bet of a purple cloth of Tyre glittering,
Fetisly stikked with prinnit golden threads.
Of mighty Dido's gift wrought all his weeds.
Mercury reconters him and said anon:
"Of Carthage now the proud walls of stone
Thou founds," said he, "and biggs at al device
A city, exercised into a wife's service,
Thine own matters and realm forgetting, alas!
Hither unto thee, from his bright heavenly place,
The governor of the gods hath me sent
Which rules at will earth, heaven and element.
He bade me through the sky bear this charge:
What builds thou here in Libya or Carthage?
Or to what fine or belief takes on hand
To waste thy time into this fremmed land?
If that no laud nor honour move thee list
Of so high things as are to thee promised
Nor thyselven thou will not occupy
To purchase thine own renown nor glory,
Yet then behold Ascanius upwaxing,
And the great hope of his seed and offspring
Whomtil the realm and kingric of Itail
With Rome's bounds been destinate sans fail."

*Stylishly ... w.fine
his clothing
accosts him*

buildest w. skill

*to what end?
into = in t. foreign*

make effort

growing up

*To whom ... kingdom
destined without fail*

In such wise thus carps Mercurius
And in the middis of his sermon, thus
He vanished far away, I wot never where

*speaks
of his speech
I don't know*

¹ The scabbard of which was decorated with brown jasper.

Forth of this mortal sight in the sheer air.

thin air

*How Eneas him grathis to depart
To whom Dido here carpis with sore heart*

*prepares
speaks*

But then Ené half mad and dumb stood als
Upstart his hair, the voice stuck in his hals
Sore he longs to flee and to depart;
And that sweet country, on the tother part
To leave full loath was him, or go at large.
Astonished was he to sit so high a charge:
Or disobey the great god's behest
(Alas what should he do? Unneth he wist),
Or with what wordis should he now assay
The amorous queen for to require and pray
Or in what wise his tale he might begin;
Both to and fro compassing, his breast within;
Fele purposes for every part about.
And at the last thus as he stood in doubt
This reason him seemed finally the best:
He calls to him Mynesthus and Sergest
And strong Cloanthus, and bade they should in hie
Do graith his ships and navy secretly,
And gather his folks towards the coast together,
Armor and all things necessary bring thither
And to dissimule if any askèd why
They thus addressed their gear so suddenly.
Himself he said the meanwhile should assay
The amorous queen for to require and pray
To purchase leave to pass and go away,
And wait his time to speak thereof most able
When that the queen Dido most honorable
Should not believe so soon he could depart

throat

*Either disobey
he scarcely knew
try*

Many ideas

*in haste
make ready*

*prepared
try*

suitable

Nor so great love dissever might be no art.¹ *thought(?)*
At his command they all gladly forth went
And busily begouth speed his intent. *Began to fulfill*

But soon the queen perceivèd all the sleight — *the deception*
Who may beguile a lover, day or night?
Their departing at hand first she espies
Dreading all sure thing, as is the guise
Of every lover altime to stand in fear. *Always*
This ilke cursed Fame we spoke of ere
Bore to the amorous queen noise, and gan rown: *and whispered*
“The ships are graithing ; to pass they make them bound.” *getting ready*
Wherefore impatient and mindless in her rage
She whiskis wild through the town of Carthage *rushes*

And at the last yet thus, of her free will
After long musing she spoke Eneas till: *to Aeneas*
“With dissimulance weened thou, unfaithful wight ²
Thou might have hid from me so false a sleight
And, mine onwitting, steal forth of my land ? *Without my knowing*
That neither our great love, promise nor right hand
Given me unwhile may thee here withhold *given once*
Nor cruel death of Dido’s corpse so cold!
If thou depart and further what would thou do,
In winter season press graith thy navy, lo! *rapidly prepare*
And thee address to pass through the wod sea *rough sea*
Mid time when storms and windis blow most high,
Art thou so cruel? I put the case also
That to no uncouth lands thee list to go *unknown l. you would wish*
Neither to fremmèd place nor steadis will *foreign p. nor territory*
But that old Troy were yet upstanding still,
Aught thou yet then leave this welfare and joy

¹ She could not imagine anything that might overcome such love.

² Did you think (*ween*), unfaithful man (*wight*), that you could hide from me so false a trick and sneak away from my land without my knowledge (*mine unwitting*)?

And in such peril seek through the sea to Troy?
What, wilt thou flee from me, alas, alas.
By all these tearis trickling o'er my face
And by that right hand thou unwhile me gave
Since to myself naught else left I have
Now wretched caitiff, by our truth plighting eke
And by our spousage begun, I thee beseech
If ever any thanks I deserve toward thee
Or aught of mine to thee was lief," quod she.
"Have mercy of our lineage, ready to spill;
If time remains yet thou hear prayers will,
This fremméd mind I pray you do away.

you once gave me

*was dear
my family, on the decline*

strange

For thee I have been hated many a day
With all the people of Afric, and the king
That rules the land Numidia, and ring.
For thee mine own Tyrians are with me wroth
For thee is womanhood went, and worship, both;
And my first fame, laud and renown
Whereby I was raised to the starris high.
Ready to die and my self to spill,
My sweet guest, to whom thou leave me will?
My guest, ha God, how all thing now in vain is
When of my spouse none other name remainis.

and reigns

*w'hood and respect gone
laud = praise*

To whom wilt thou leave me?

But wherefore should I my death longer delay?
Shall I abide while thou be went away
And till my own brother Pygmalion
Beat down the walls of my city anon
Or stern Hyarbas, king of Getulee
Lead me away into captivity?
But at the least, before thy wayfleening
Had I a child conceived of thy offspring,
If I had any young Eneas small
Before me for to play within my hall
Who represented by similitude thy face,

Then seemed I not thuswise, alas, alas,
All utterly deceived nor desolate.”

Thus said the queen Dido in feeble estate.
But upon Jove’s message firmly he
Stood musing so, he movèd not an eye
Refrened his will, hiding in heart his thought
And at the last these few words he forth brought:
“O gentle queen, that shall I never deny
Thy good deed and desert is more worthy
Than thou with words or tongue may expreme,
Nor it shall never me irk, not yet misseem
The worthy Dido to hold in fresh memory
So long as that my self remember may I
Or while the spreit of life this body steers.
As the matter requires, a little hear:
I purposed not for to hide theftuously
My voyage, nor as ye ween, secretly
Away to steal; what need you so to feign?
For I pretended never, by no mean
With you to make the bond of marriage
Nor in that yoke, nor friendship in Carthage

held in check

express

fail

like a thief

as you think

Yet came I never: but if the Fates, but plead,
At my pleasure suffered me life to lead
At my free will my works to modify,
The city of Troy then first again should I
Restore, and of our dear friends remains
Gather together, and to the vanquished Trojanes
Repparal with my hands again those walls
And build up Priam’s palace that now falls.
But since Apollo, clepèd Gryneus,
Great Italy to seek commandis us;
To Italy eke oracles of Lycia

without pleading

re-apparel, rebuild

Admonished us, but more delay to go
There is my lust now and delight at hand
There is my country and my native land.
If thee, of Carthage the burgh and towers so
Which art a woman of Phoenicia
And the aspect of cities Africane
Delights, and withholds here to remain,
What wrong is it, cause of envy or shame
Though Trojans seek to Italy for their home?
Or is it not as lessum and ganand
That finally we seek to uncouth land?

without delay
my desire

lawful and fitting
unknown

As oft as day is gone, and dark night
With her dank shadow hides of earth the sight,
As oft as shining staris doth uprise,
My father's ghost, Anchises, as fele sys
Into my sleep menaces me thereto fast
And of his fearful image doth me aghast;
And in likewise the child Ascanius
Whose dear head suffer injuries is hard to us ¹
Whom of the realm of Itail I defraud
And from the ground to him promised withhold.
By either of our heads this I swear
Now lately eke of gods the messenger
From high Jupiter in hasty message sent
Down through the air brought the ilk commandment:
On fair daylight, mine own self did I see
Mercury the god enter in this city
And his words with these same ears heard I.
With thy complaints any longer, forthy,

many times

very c.
in plain daylight

therefore

¹ The classicist R G Austin translates as "the wrong I do so beloved a head" and explains that for "capitis" (head) we would probably use "soul", "caput" being used to designate the most vital part of a person.

Let be to vex me, or thy self to spill,
Since I seek not to Itaile with free will.”

to upset

*Of the sharp words Queen Dido did say
And how Eneas bowns fast away*

Dido aggrievèd ay while he his tale told
With acquart look gan toward him behold
Rolling umwhile her eyes, now here, now there,
With sight unstable wavering o'er allwhere
And all enragéd these words gan forth braid:
“Neither was a goddess thy mother, as is said,
Nor yet King Dardanus chief stock of thy kin,
Thou truthless wight, but of a cold hard whin
Thee clekkit that horrible mount, Caucasus hight;
Thou suckèd never woman's breast, well I wot
But of some cruel tiger of Araby
The paps thee fostered in the wod Hyrcany.

sideways

sometimes

stone

bore thee ... Mt. called C.

well I know

Breasts ...wild Hircania

To what effect should I him longer persuade
Or what better may believe than he has said?
Whether if he mourned when we wept and wailed?
Whether if he stirred his eyes as aught him ailed?
Whether if for ruth he forth[ed] yet once a tear
Or of his love had pity? No, not to year.
How shall I begin? What first, what last to say?
Now, now, neither greatest Juno, welaway!
Not Saturn's son, high Jupiter, with just eyes
Has our quarrel considered nor ourselves;¹
For nowhere now faith nor loyalty is found.
I received him shipbroken from the sea ground
Wilsome, and misterfull of all world's thing,
Then, mindless, made him my fellow in this regn
His navy lost repaired I, but fail,

Whether if = did he even?

Did he stir ...

Did he for regret shed ...

not once

wandering and in need

then foolishly ...kingdom

without fail

¹ Neither J nor J has justly looked on our quarrel or on ourselves.

And his feres freed from the death all whole	<i>his companions</i>
Alas! Enragèd or enchanted am I	
When now Apollo with his sorcery	
And sometimes, he says, the kavils of Lycia,	<i>oracles</i>
And sometimes from Jupiter down sent also	
The messenger of gods brings through the skies	
So fearful charge and command on this wise!	
Like as the gods above naught elsè raught	<i>have nothing else to do!</i>
But on thy passage was all their care and thought !	
Neither will I hold thee, nor thy words contrare;	<i>contradict</i>
Pass on thy way; towards Itail thou fare;	
Seek through the floods with windis to that regn.	<i>Realm, kingdom</i>
Forsooth if ruthful gods may any thing,	<i>merciful</i>
Amid thy way I trust on rockis black	
Thou shall dear buy the truth thou to me broke	
And clepe oft my right name, "Dido, Dido."	<i>and call</i>
With fire infernal in thine absence also	
I shall thee follow; and from the cold dead	<i>death</i>
Reave from my members this soul, in every stead ¹	<i>in every place</i>
My ghost shall be present thee to agrise:	<i>torment</i>
Thou shalt, unworthy wight, upon this wise	<i>u. man</i>
Be punished well, and thereof would I hear;	
The fame thereof shall come into mine ear.	<i>The news</i>
Under the earth among the shadows low."	
And, this spoken, her sermon with the ilk saw	<i>her speech w. that word</i>
Broke she in twain, full dolorous in her thought.	<i>She broke off</i>
The light she fled, and as fast as she might	
Turns froward him, and whiskèd of his sight	<i>rushed from</i>
On sere matters leaving him pensive wight	<i>several</i>
And purposing to have said many things.	

¹ The syntax is a bit confused. We need to supply a word like *when*: "when cold death steals soul from body" The Latin has "et cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus."

The damsels fast to their lady thringis
That was in deadly swoon plat from despair.
Up they her hent, and to her chamber bore
Which was of marble wrought, and in her bed
Laid softly down upon rich carpets spread.

hurry to help
Fallen flat (?)

But yet although the ruthless Eneas
The dolorous queen to meys full busy was
To do her comfort, and her dis-ease assuage,
And with his words return her sad couráge
Bewailing mickle her sorrow and distress,
Perplexed in mind by great love — nevertheless
The command of the gods by and by
He executes and visits his navy.

to calm (her)
change her sad spirit
much

Then busily the Trojans fell to work
And many great ships, ballyngar and barque
Along the coast brought in and bet full well.
Now floats the mickle hulk with tallowed keel
The burgeoned trees on board they bring for oars
Welts down in woods great masts, and nothing spares
Seizing half unwrought, so ithand there was fair boun.
Running here and there and wending fast of town
You might have seen them haste like emmots great

b. is properly a whaling ship
And rigged
large ship w. greased k.
still leafing tress
Cuts down?
So eager to be off
from town
like ants

How Dido sent her sister to plead w. Aeneas

What thought thou now, Dido, seeing these things?
How many sobs gave thou and waymentings
When thou out of thy castle from the height
The large coasts beheld thus at a sight
O'erspread with Trojans in fervent business
Gan speedily for their voyage address
And of their clamour before thine eyes did see

Din and resounding all the largè sea ?
 O witless Love, what may be thought or do *or done*
 That thou contrains not mortal minds thereto?
 She is compelled to fall again to tears
 And Eneas assay with new prayérs. *to try*
 And condescended her proud heart to submit
 Unto the strength of Love thus oncè yet, *Once more*
 Lest she unaware, but cause, her death purveyed *without cause*
 Her list no thing behind leave unassayed.
 To her she gan her sister call in hie
 “Anna,” quod she, “thou sees how busily
 O’er all the coast for this voyage haste they
 And now the wind blows well to sail away.
 The mariners glad lay their ships under cross. *U. square sail*
 O sister, in time could I have trowed this loss ¹
 And so great dolor, I had provided, but weir, *without doubt*
 That this displeasure should have been easy to bear.
 And nonetheless for me, unhappy wight,
 Do this a thing, Anna, with all thy might
 Since yon ilk faithless man, dear sister, thee
 Was wont to cherish and hold in great dainty *esteem*
 And as his secrets unto thee reveal:
 His sweet entres sometime thou knew full well *entrances (?)*
 None but thou only the time of his coming.
 Pass on , sister, in my name this a thing
 Say lowly to my proud foe and declare
 That in the port Aulida I never swore *Aulis*
 With the Greeks the Trojans to destroy
 Nor I no navy sent to siegè Troy,
 Nor yet his father, Anchises’s grave shent, *I did not dishonor the grave of Anchises*
 I neither the mulds nor banes thereof rent. *funeral ashes nor bones dishonored not*
 Why doth he refuse my words and prayers
 To let enter in his dull intractable ears?
 Whither hastes he so fast from his behove? *his own good*
 Beseech him grant unto his wretched love

¹ “If I had anticipated this loss and pain, I could, no doubt, have arranged things so that this misery would have been easier to bear. “

This latter reward, since algates he will flee:
 Tarry till winds blow soft and stable sea.
 His old promise no more I will him crave
 Nor bond of wedlock which he has dissave,
 Nor yet him pray go not to Italy
 Nor leave fair realms unto him destiny.
 A little delay I ask, but other ease
 A space my furor to assuage and meys
 Until that my froward fortune and estate
 Of my my beleve show me I am frustrate
 And teach me for to mourn more patiently.
 This latter gift only at him ask I.
 Have mercy, sister, of thy sister dear,
 Which service when thou done has, without weir
 I shall thee recompense well twentyfold
 And till my death the same in memory hold.”
 With such like wordis her request she made
 Her supplication with tearis full un-glad
 Reports her sister and answer brought again
 How all her prayers and desire was in vain.
 For all their weeping might not him once stir;
 None of their wordis likès him to hear
 Though he of nature was tractable and courteous.
 The fates were contrary their desire nath’less,
 And his benign ears the gods dytted
 That of their asking there was naught admitted.
 And like as when the ancient oak tree
 With his big shank by north wind oft we see
 Is om-beset to beat him down and o’erthrow ...
 And natheless the ilk tree fixèd fast
 Sticks to the rocks not down beat with the blast
 The same was with this gentle baron
 Now here, now there with wordis om-beset
 And in his stout breast full of thoughtis hot
 Of ruth and amours felt the perturbánce.
 But ever his mind stood firm, for any chance
 Unmovèd where his first purpose was set,

in any case

has disowned

destined

no other comfort

and calm

perverse

my hopes

doubt

*contrary to
closed, stopped*

pity & love

That all for naught the tearis were forthyet.
 Then soothly, the fey Dido, all affrayed
 Seeing Fates contrary, after death prayed.
 She irked of her life, or to take tent
 For to behold the heaven's firmament.
 Therefore in token her purpose to fulfill
 And leave the light of life as was her will
 As on the altars burning full of sens
 The sacrifice she offered in her presénce
 A grisly thing to tell, she gan behold
 In black adyll the hallowed water cold
 Changed and altered, and forthyed winés good
 Anon returned into loathly blood.
 This vision she to none reveal would
 Nor yet to Ann, her dear sister it told.

*poured forth
ill-fated D.*

notice

incense

liquid

good poured wines

In worship, eke, within her palace yet
 Of her first husband was a temple bet
 Of marble and held in full great reverence
 With snow white bendis, carpets and incense
 And festal burgeons arrayed in their guise;
 Therein was heard voices, speech and cries
 Of her sad spouse, cleping her full loud
 Ever when the dark night did the earth shroud.
 And oft with wild shriek the night owl
 High on the roof, alone, was heard [to] yowl
 With langsome voice and full piteous beir.
 And eke began the fearful sawis sere
 Of the divines, with terrible monishing
 Affrayed her by many grisly signs.
 And in her sleep, wod wroth in every place
 Her seemèd cruel Eneas gan her chase.
 And ever, her thought, she was left all alone
 And, but company, many far way had gone
 To seek their folkis in a wilsum land,
 Like King Pentheus in his wod rage dotand
 Though he beheld great routis stand in stall

*In honor
built*

*cloths
flowering branches*

calling

*.cry
many fearful reproaches
of seers...(ad)monishings
(which) Frightened
mad & angry
it seemed to her*

*without company
her (?) / foreign land
mad rage raving
troops in ambush*

Of the Eumenides, furies infernal,
 And in the lift two suns shining clear *in the air*
 The city of Thebes gan double to him appear
 Or like Orestes, son of Agamemnon 61
 In theaters, in farces many a one *in plays*
 Rowpèd and sung how he his mother fled *Acted*
 With fire brands and black serpents o'erclad
 And saw the furies and grisly goddis' fed *angry*
 Sitting in the temple port to wreak her dead. *T. gate to avenge her death*

Thus when this Dido had caught this frenezy
 O'erset with sorrow and sick fantasy
 And determined firmly that she would die
 The time when and manner how it should be
 Compasing in her breast, but more abaid *without further delay*
 Unto her dolorous sister thus she said
 Her purpose by her visage dissimuling
 Showing by her cheer good hope and glad sembling:
 "Sister germain," quod she, "away your smart; *put away your hurt*
 Be of your sister's welfare glad at heart.
 I have the way founden whereby yon sire *man*
 Shall be to me rendered at my desire
 Or me delivered from his love all free.

.....

Dido pretends to her sister that she has found a priestess of Ethiopia who will either restore Aeneas to her or rid her of her obsession. But she must have an altar and a pyre on which she will burn everything he has left behind. Anna is to see to the building of the pyre. When it is ready the queen decks the pyre with garlands and funeral boughs, and on the top lays the bed in which they made love. On it she has put a figure of Eneas, with the sword and clothing he has left behind.

The queen herself fast by the altar stands
 Holding the meldyr in her devout hands *sacrificial flour*
 Her two feet bare, and the bands of thread
 Not fastened but hung by her loose weed *garment*
 And remembering she was in point to die

The gods all unto witness drew she
The stars and planets, guiders of Fate,
And if that any deity be that wots
Or perceives lovers unequal of behest
To have in memory her just cause and request.

that knows

*What sorrows drows Queen Dido all the night
And how Mercúry bad Ené take flight.*

endures

The night follows, and every weary wight
Throughout the earth has caught, anonright
The sound pleasant sleep them likèd best. 64
Woods and raging seas were at rest;
As the stars that mid course rollis down.
All fields still, but other noise or sound,
All beasts and birds of divers colors
And whatsoever in the broad lows were,
Or among bushes harsh leyndis under the spray
Through night's silence slept where they lay
Mesing their busy thought and cares smart,
All irksome labor forgot and out of heart.
But the unrestless fey spirit did not so
Of this unhappy Phoenecian Dido
For never more may she sleep a wink
Nor night's rest in eyes or breast let sink.
The heavy thoughts multiply ever in one.
Strong love begins to rage and rise again
And felon storms of ire gan her to shake.
Thus finally she out braids, alas,
Rolling alone sere thingis in her thought:
"Ha! What do I?" quod she, "all is for naught.
Shall I thus mocked and to hething drive,
My first lovers again assay belyve?
Or shall I lowly some lord Numidian
Pray and beseech of marriage now again
Whom I so oft lightlied to spouse ere this?
No, will I not. What shall I then, iwis?"

creature

but = without

many

lakes

lives u. the leaves

Calming

restless (ill)fated

One after the other

bursts out

many things

driven to scorn

promptly try again

slighted on their marriage offers

indeed

Follow the Trojan navy in strange lands
 And readily obey all their commands?
 I hope it shall profit no little thing
 My great help done them and supplying
 For among kind folks, this is no dread, *without doubt*
 Well is remembered the old thankful deed.
 But though in case to do this were my will, *But even if*
 Who would me suffer my purpose to fulfill
 Or in their proud ships me receive?
 Thus driven to hething and all thy grace bywave, *to scorn ...blown away*
 Tint woman, alas! Bearest thou not yet in mind *Abandoned w.*
 The manswearing of false Laomedon's kind? *perjury*

.....

In the meantime, Aeneas is sound asleep. Mercury comes to him once more and, with some warnings about the danger of delay and a slighting remark about Dido, urges him to be gone. Aeneas awakes, and orders his fleet to move.

By this, Aurora, leaving the purple bed 67
 Of her lord Titan, hath the earth o'erspread
 With new day's light, and when the queen
 The first greking of the day has seen *dawning*
 And from her high window gan espy
 With bent sail forth carrying, the navy;
 The coasts and the shore all desolate
 Beholds eke but either ship or boat, *eke but = also without*
 Her fair white breast there as she did stand
 Fele times smote she with her own hand *many*
 And riving her bright hairs piteously *And tearing*
 "Jupiter," said she, "shall he depart, ha, fie!"

.....

Dido, watching the fleet depart, wonders distractedly why the whole city has not set upon Aeneas and his men. Why did she not destroy them when she had the chance instead of helping them? She calls down curses on Aeneas and all his progeny, and

prophesies eternal enmity between Rome and Carthage.

.....

But now the hasty, eager and wild Dido
Into her cruel purpose enraged so
The bloody eyes rolling in her head
Wan and full pale for fear of the near dead *approaching death*
With cheeks freckled and all of tyrchis besprent *splotches*
Quaking through dread, rushed forth ere she would stent *stop*
Unto the inner wards of her palace.
As wod woman climbed on the bing, alas! *Mad w.... on the pyre*
And forth she drew the Trojan sword, foot hot, *at once, hotfoot*
A weapon was never wrought for such a nate. *a purpose*
And soon as she beheld Eneas' clothing
And eke the bed be-kend, a while weeping *also the well-known bed*
Stood musing in her mind and sine but baid *then without delay*
Fell on the bed, and these last wordis said:
"O sweet habit, and liking bed," quod she *clothing and beloved bed*
"So long as God list suffer and destiné *verb, 3 syllables*
Receive my blood, and this soul that in flocht is, *in distress*
And me deliver from these heavy thoughtis,
Thus long I lived have, and now is spent
The term of life that Fortune hath me lent;
For now my great ghost under earth must go. *spirit*
A right fair city have I built also
Mine own work and walls beheld have I
My spouse wroken of my brother enemy *avenged upon*
From him bereft his treasure and quit him well. *robbed ...and requited*
Happy, alas, o'er happy and full of seyll *joy*
Had I been, if only that never none
At our coast had arrivèd ship Trojan."

And saying this her mouth fast thrustis she
Down on the bed: "Unwroken shall we die? *Unavenged*
Die us behoves," she said, "and how behold."

And gan the sharp sword to her breast uphold:
"Yea, thus, thus likes us starve and to depart!" *Thus we choose to die*

And with that word rave herself to the heart.

“Now let yon cruel Trojan swallow and see
This our fire funereal from the deep sea.
And of our death turs with him from Carthage
This token of mischief in his voyage,”
Quod she.

carry

And therewith gan her servants to behold
Her fallen, and sticked in the iron cold,
The blood out bullyrand on the naked sword,
Her hands forthsprent.

bubbling

Drenched (w. blood)

roar

The clamor then and the rerd
Went to the tops of the large halls;
The noise ran wild out o’er the city walls....

Her sister Ann, spiritless almost for dread
Hearing so fearful confluence thither sped
With nails riving ruthfully her face
And smiting with her nevis her breast, alas!
Fast rushes through the midst of the rout
And on the throwand with many sprauch and shout
Callis by name: “Sister germane,” quod she
“Och, was this it thou feignèd thee to do?
Hast thou attemptèd me with such deceit ?”.....

fists

on the writhing (body)

plotted

deluded me

This saying, the high bing ascends anon
And gan embrace half dead her sister germain
Culyand in her bosom and mourning ay
And with her wimple wiped the blood away.
And she again, Dido, the deadly queen,
Pressed for to uplift her heavy eyes
But thereof fails; for the grisly wound
Deep in her breast gapes wide and unsound.
Thrice she herself raxit up to rise;
Thrice on her elbow leans, and as fele sys

attempted

as many times

She falls backward in the bed again.

With eyes rolling and twinkling up full fain
Assays she to spy the heaven's light;
Sine murmers, when she thereof got a sight.
Almighty Juno having ruth by this
Of her long sorrow and tarysome death, iwis,
Her maid Iris from the heaven has send
The throwand soul to loose, and make an end.....

*Then
pity
slow d. indeed
stuggling*

Therefore dewy Iris through the heaven
With her saffron wings flew full even,
Drawing where she went forgane the sun clear
A thousand colors of divers huès sere
And above Dido's head arrest kan.
"I am commanded," said she, "and I man
Undo this hair, to Pluto consecrate,
And loose thy soul out of this mortal state."

*in the clear sunlight
many different shades
did stop
I must
consecrated*

This saying, with right hand has she hent
The hair, and cuts in two ere that she stint.
And therewithal the natural heat outquent,
And with a puff of wind the life forth went.

*grasped
before she finished
out quenched*

End of Book IV.

On the next page are versions of a page in the original side by side with its modernized equivalent.

Ful evil at eys Queyn Dido on this kynd
 Spak to hir systir wes of the sammyn mynd:
 “My systir An, quhat swevynnys beyn thir,”
 quod sche,
 “Quhilk me affrays in sik proplexite?
 Quhat be he, this gret new gest or stranger
 Unto our realm laityly is drevyn heir?
 Quhou wys in speche and in his commonyng
 He schawys hym self. O god, quhat wondir
 thing!
 Quhou stout in curage, in weir quhou vailyeand.
 I trow, sistir, and as I undirstand,
 Myne opinion is nane oncertane thing,
 Thai beyn sum lynnage of verray goddis ofspring
 For dreid always and schaymful kowardys
 Degeneryt wightis and bowbartis notyfys.
 Alas, what wondir fatale aventuris
 Has him bywaif. What travel, pane and curis
 How huge batellis be hym eschevit, tald he.
 Now certes, war it not determyt with me
 And fixit in my mynd onmovablyly
 That to no wyght in wedlok me list I
 Cuppil nor knyht, sen my first luf is gane
 By deth dissoverit, and left me alane;
 War not also to me is displesant
 Genyus chalmyr or matrimone to hant,

*Full ill at ease Queen Dido in this kind
 Spoke to her sister [who] was of the same mind
 “My sister, Ann, what swevens be these,” quod she
 “Which me affrays in such perplexity?
 What be he, this great new guest or stranger
 Unto our realm lately is driven here?
 How wise in speech and in his communing
 He shows himself. O God, what wonder thing
 How stout in courage, in war how Valiant
 I trow, sister, and as I understand
 My opinion is no uncertain thing
 They be some lineage of very gods’ offspring
 For, dread always and shameful cowardice
 Degenerate wights and bobarts notifies.
 Alas, what wonder fatal adventures
 Has him bewaif. What travel, pain and cures.
 How huge battles by him achieved told he.
 Now, certes, were it not determined with me
 And fixèd in my mind immovably
 That to no wight in wedlock me list I
 Couple or knit since my first love is gone
 By death dissovered and left me alone;
 Were not also to me is (as?) displeasant
 Genius chalmer or matrimony to haunt.*