

Through him our race will rule in Alba Longa.
 Next him is Procas, pride of the Trojan line,
 1030 And Capys, too, then Numitor, then one
 Whose name restores you: Silvius Aeneas,
 Both in arms and piety your peer,
 If ever he shall come to reign in Alba.
 What men they are! And see their rugged forms
 1035 With oakleaf crowns shadowing their brows. I tell you,
 These are to found Nomentum, Gabii,
 Fidenae town, Collatia's hilltop towers,
 Pometii, Fort Inuus, Bola, Cora—
 Names to be heard for places nameless now.
 1040 Then Romulus, fathered by Mars, will come
 To make himself his grandfather's companion,
 Romulus, reared by his mother, Ilia,
 In the blood-line of Assaracus. Do you see
 The double plume of Mars fixed on his crest,
 1045 See how the father of the gods himself
 Now marks him out with his own sign of honor?
 Look now, my son: under his auspices
 Illustrious Rome will bound her power with earth,
 Her spirit with Olympus. She'll enclose
 1050 Her seven hills with one great city wall,
 Fortunate in the men she breeds. Just so
 Cybelë Mother, honored on Berecynthus,
 Wearing her crown of towers, onward rides
 By chariot through the towns of Phrygia,
 1055 In joy at having given birth to gods,
 And cherishing a hundred grandsons, heaven
 Dwellers with homes on high.

Turn your two eyes

This way and see this people, your own Romans.
 1060 Here is Caesar, and all the line of Iulus,
 All who shall one day pass under the dome
 Of the great sky: this is the man, this one,
 Of whom so often you have heard the promise,
 Caesar Augustus, son of the deified,
 1065 Who shall bring once again an Age of Gold

To Latium, to the land where Saturn reigned
 In early times. He will extend his power
 Beyond the Garamants and Indians,
 Over far territories north and south
 1070 Of the zodiacal stars, the solar way,
 Where Atlas, heaven-bearing, on his shoulder
 Turns the night-sphere, studded with burning stars.
 At that man's coming even now the realms
 Of Caspia and Maeotia tremble, warned
 1075 By oracles, and the seven mouths of Nile
 Go dark with fear. The truth is, even Alcidēs
 Never traversed so much of earth—I grant
 That he could shoot the hind with brazen hoofs
 Or bring peace to the groves of Erymanthus,
 1080 Or leave Lerna affrighted by his bow.
 Neither did he who guides his triumphal car
 With reins of vine-shoots twisted, Bacchus, driving
 Down from Nysa's height his tiger team.
 Do we lag still at carrying our valor
 1085 Into action? Can our fear prevent
 Our settling in Ausonia?

Who is he

So set apart there, olive-crowned, who holds
 The sacred vessels in his hands? I know
 1090 That snowy mane and beard: Numa, the king,
 Who will build early Rome on a base of laws,
 A man sent from the small-town poverty
 Of Curēs to high sovereignty. After him
 Comes Tullus, breaker of his country's peace,
 1095 Arousing men who have lost victorious ways,
 Malingering men, to war. Near him is Ancus,
 Given to boasting, even now too pleased
 With veering popularity's heady air.
 Do you care to see now, too, the Tarquin kings
 1100 And the proud soul of the avenger, Brutus,
 By whom the bundled *fascēs* are regained?
 Consular power will first be his, and his
 The pitiless axes. When his own two sons
 Plot war against the city, he will call

1105 For the death penalty in freedom's name—
 Unhappy man, no matter how posterity
 May see these matters. Love of the fatherland
 Will sway him—and unmeasured lust for fame.
 Now see the Decii and the Drusi there,
 1110 And stern Torquatus, with his axe, and see
 Camillus bringing the lost standards home.
 That pair, however, matched in brilliant armor,
 Matched in their hearts' desire now, while night
 Still holds them fast, once they attain life's light
 1115 What war, what grief, will they provoke between them—
 Battle-lines and bloodshed—as the father
 Marches from the Alpine ramparts, down
 From Monaco's walled height, and the son-in-law,
 Drawn up with armies of the East, awaits him.
 1120 Sons, refrain! You must not blind your hearts
 To that enormity of civil war,
 Turning against your country's very heart
 Her own vigor of manhood. You above all
 Who trace your line from the immortals, you
 1125 Be first to spare us. Child of my own blood,
 Throw away your sword!

Mummius there,

When Corinth is brought low, will drive his car
 As victor and as killer of Achaeans
 1130 To our high Capitol. Paulus will conquer
 Argos and Agamemnon's old Mycenae,
 Defeating Perseus, the Aeacid,
 Heir to the master of war, Achilles—thus
 Avenging his own Trojan ancestors
 1135 And the defilement of Minerva's shrine.
 Great Cato! Who would leave you unremarked,
 Or, Cossus, you, or the family of Gracchi,
 Or the twin Scipios, bright bolts of war,
 The bane of Libya, or you, Fabricius,
 1140 In poverty yet powerful, or you,
 Serranus, at the furrow, casting seed?
 Where, though I weary, do you hurry me,
 You Fabii? Fabius Maximus,

You are the only soul who shall restore
Our wounded state by waiting out the enemy.

1145 Others will cast more tenderly in bronze
Their breathing figures, I can well believe,
And bring more lifelike portraits out of marble;
Argue more eloquently, use the pointer
To trace the paths of heaven accurately
1150 And accurately foretell the rising stars.

Roman, remember by your strength to rule
Earth's peoples—for your arts are to be these:
To pacify, to impose the rule of law,
To spare the conquered, battle down the proud.”
1155 Anchises paused here as they gazed in awe,
Then added:

“See there, how Marcellus comes
With spoils of the commander that he killed:
How the man towers over everyone.
1160 Cavalry leader, he'll sustain the realm
Of Rome in hours of tumult, bringing to heel
The Carthaginians and rebellious Gaul,
And for the third time in our history
He'll dedicate an enemy general's arms
1165 To Father Romulus.”

But here Aeneas
Broke in, seeing at Marcellus' side
A young man beautifully formed and tall
In shining armor, but with clouded brow
1170 And downcast eyes:

“And who is that one, Father,
Walking beside the captain as he comes:
A son, or grandchild from the same great stock?
The others murmur, all astir. How strong
1175 His presence is! But night like a black cloud
About his head whirls down in awful gloom.”

His father Anchises answered, and the tears
Welled up as he began:

*Compare with
Pentecost funeral
oration*

“Oh, do not ask

1180 About this huge grief of your people, son.
 Fate will give earth only a glimpse of him,
 Not let the boy live on. Lords of the sky,
 You thought the majesty of Rome too great
 If it had kept these gifts. How many groans

1185 Will be sent up from that great Field of Mars
 To Mars' proud city, and what sad rites you'll see,
 Tiber, as you flow past the new-built tomb.
 Never will any boy of Ilian race
 Exalt his Latin forefathers with promise

1190 Equal to his; never will Romulus' land
 Take pride like this in any of her sons.
 Weep for his faithful heart, his old-world honor,
 His sword arm never beaten down! No enemy
 Could have come through a clash with him unhurt,

1195 Whether this soldier went on foot or rode,
 Digging his spurs into a lathered mount.
 Child of our mourning, if only in some way
 You could break through your bitter fate. For you
 Will be Marcellus. Let me scatter lilies,

1200 All I can hold, and scarlet flowers as well,
 To heap these for my grandson's shade at least,
 Frail gifts and ritual of no avail.”

So raptly, everywhere, father and son
 Wandered the airy plain and viewed it all.

1205 After Anchises had conducted him
 To every region and had fired his love
 Of glory in the years to come, he spoke
 Of wars that he must fight, of Laurentines,
 And of Latinus' city, then of how

1210 He might avoid or bear each toil to come.

There are two gates of Sleep, one said to be
 Of horn, whereby the true shades pass with ease,
 The other all white ivory agleam
 Without a flaw, and yet false dreams are sent

1215 Through this one by the ghosts to the upper world.
 Anchises now, his last instructions given,
 Took son and Sibyl there and let them go
 By the Ivory Gate.

Aeneas made his way

1220 Straight to the ships to see his crews again,
 Then sailed directly to Caieta's port.
 Bow anchors out, the sterns rest on the beach.

Lines 896-901

210 Nor will we hide in a horse's pitch-dark belly.
 Openly by day I'll have their ramparts
 Ringed with flame, by god: I'll see to it
 They won't suppose they're fighting with Danaans,
 Pelasgian troops Hector held off ten years.
 215 Now, though, seeing the day's best hours are gone,
 Be of good cheer, men; after the day's good action,
 Rest and be fed. A fight's in preparation,
 You can be sure of that."

In the interim

220 Messapus had the duty of placing men
 Outside the gates, and watch-fires round the ramparts.
 Fourteen officers were assigned to guard
 The perimeter, with a hundred men to each
 In crimson helmet-plumes and glinting gold.
 225 Scattering to their posts, they manned the watch
 By turns, and settled on the grass at ease
 To drink their wine, tipping the brazen bowls.
 The campfires gave them light, and wakeful sentries
 Passed the night in gaming.

From their ramparts

230 Overlooking the scene, the Trojans watched.
 Anxiously they had tried and braced the gates,
 Joined catwalks to their battlements and brought
 Fresh missiles up. Mnestheus had charge of this
 235 With grim Serestus—for the lord Aeneas
 Appointed them, if a crisis called for it,
 To keep order in troops and settlement.
 On the alert along the walls, the legion
 Faced the danger, each his share of it,
 240 Guarding in turn what each one had to guard.

Nisus guarded a gate—a man-at-arms
 With a fighting heart, Hyrtacus' son. The huntress
 Ida had sent him to Aeneas' side,

A quick hand with a javelin and arrows.
 245 Euryalus was his comrade, handsomer
 Than any other soldier of Aeneas
 Wearing the Trojan gear: a boy whose cheek
 Bore though unshaven manhood's early down.
 One love united them, and side by side
 250 They entered combat, as that night they held
 The gate on the same watch. And Nisus said:

"This urge to action, do the gods instil it,
 Or is each man's desire a god to him,
 Euryalus? For all these hours I've longed
 255 To engage in battle, or to try some great
 Adventure. In this lull I cannot rest.
 You see how confident the Rutulians are.
 Their watchfire lights wink few and far between,
 They've all lain down in wine and drowsiness,
 260 And the whole place is quiet. Now attend
 To a thought I'm turning over in my mind,
 A plan that grows on me. 'Recall Aeneas,'
 Everyone, seniors, all our folk, demand:
 'Dispatch men to report to him.' Will they
 265 Now promise the reward I ask for you?
 The glory of the feat's enough for me.
 Below that rise of ground there I can find,
 I think, a way through to Fort Pallanteum."

Taken aback, his love of glory stirred,
 270 Euryalus replied to his ardent friend:

"And me? Are you refusing me my place
 Beside you in this great affair? Must I
 Send you alone into such danger? Born
 For that, was I, and trained for that, amid
 275 The Argive terror, those hard hours of Troy,
 By a true fighter, one inured to battle,
 My father, Opheltès? Never till now have I
 Behaved so at your side, and as a soldier
 Pledged to see Aeneas' destiny through.

280 Believe me, here's a spirit that disdains
Mere daylight! I hold life well spent to buy
That glory you aspire to."

Nisus answered:

285 "Not for a minute had I any qualms
About you on that score. Unthinkable!
Witness great Jupiter—or whoever else
May favor this attempt—by bringing me
In triumph back to you. But if some god
Or accident defeats me—and one sees
290 Miscarriage of bold missions many a time—
You must live on. Your age deserves more life.
If I am dragged free from a fight or ransomed,
Let there be someone who can bury me.
Or if, as often, bad luck rules that out,
295 Someone who can carry out the ritual
For me, though I'm not there, and honor me
With an empty tomb.

Then too, I would not bring
Such grief on your poor mother, one who dared
300 As many mothers did not, child, to come
This far with you, taking no care for shelter
Behind Acestës' walls."

But the boy said:

305 "Your reasoning is all a waste of breath.
Not by an inch has my position changed.
Let us be off."

With this he roused the watch,
Men who came up to stand guard in their turn,
As he took his relief, matching his stride
310 With Nisus', and they sought the prince of Troy.
Earth's other creatures now had given over
Care in sleep, forgetful of their toil,
But the high Trojan captains, chosen men,
Held council on the realm's pressing affairs:
315 What action should they take? Or who should be
Their messenger to Aeneas? In the open
Midcourt of the camp, leaning on spears,
Gripping their shields, they stood. And Nisus came,

Euryalus beside him, eager men
 320 Who begged for a quick hearing, saying how grave
 The matter was, worth a commander's time.
 Iulus moved first to hear the excited pair,
 Ordering Nisus to speak out. He did so,
 Saying:
 325 "Soldiers of Aeneas, listen
 With open minds, and let what we propose
 Be looked on without reference to our years.
 The Rutulians have quieted down. Their wine
 Has put them all to sleep. But we make out
 330 An opening for a sortie where the road
 Divides there at the gate nearest the sea,
 A gap at that point in their line of fires
 With only black smoke rising. If you let us
 Take advantage of this to find our way
 335 To Aeneas and Pallanteum, you'll see us back
 With plunder before long, and slaughter done.
 No fear the path will fool us: many times,
 Hunting these valleys, we have come in view
 Of the town's outposts, and we know the river,
 340 The whole course of it."

Bowed by weight of years

And ripe of mind, Aletës here exclaimed:
 "Gods of our fathers, in whose shadow Troy
 Forever lives, you are not after all
 345 Intent on wiping out the Teucrians,
 Seeing you've given our fighters daring souls
 And resolute hearts like these."

And as he spoke

He took each by the shoulder, took his hand,
 350 While tears ran down his cheeks.

"What fit rewards

For this brave action, soldiers, shall I reckon
 We can make to you? The best of all
 The gods will give, and your own sense of duty.
 355 Then our devout Aeneas will recompense you
 In other ways, and soon; so will Ascanius,
 Young as he is: never will he forget

A feat of this distinction . . .”

Here Ascanius

360 Broke in:

“Never indeed, as my well-being
 Wholly depends on Father’s coming back.
 By our great household gods, by our hearthgod,
 Lar of Assaracus, by whitehaired Vesta’s
 365 Holy chapel, Nisus, hear my vow:
 Whatever fortune I may have, whatever
 Hope, I now commit to both of you.
 Recall my father, bring him before my eyes.
 With him recovered, nothing can be grim.
 370 Then I shall give two cups well shaped in silver,
 Rough with embossing, that my father took
 The day Arisba fell; twin tripods, too,
 Two gold bars and an ancient winebowl, gift
 Of Dido the Sidonian. More than this:
 375 If it should happen that my father wins
 The land and throne of Italy, and divides
 By lot the captured booty—well, you’ve seen
 The mount that Turnus rode, the arms he bore,
 All golden: I exempt that mount, that shield
 380 And crimson-crested helmet from allotment,
 Even now, to be your trophies, Nisus.
 Father will reward you, too, with twelve
 Deep-breasted beauties and twelve captive men,
 Each with his armor; beyond these, whatever
 385 Private lands the king, Latinus, owns.
 But as for you whose age my own approaches,
 Young but so admirable, I embrace you
 With my whole heart, and say you’ll be my friend
 In all future adventures. There shall be
 390 No labor for distinction in my life
 In wartime or in time of peace without you.
 Whether in speech or action, all my trust
 Goes now to you.”

Euryalus answered him:

395 “The day will never come when I shall prove
 Unequal to this kind of mission, hard

And daring as it is—if only fortune
 Turns to our benefit and not against us.
 One gift above all gifts I ask of you.
 400 My mother comes of the old stock of Priam,
 And she is here: poor lady, Ilium,
 Her homeland, could not keep her, neither could
 Acestës' city walls, from following me.
 I leave her ignorant of the risks I run,
 405 With no leave-taking. Let the present night
 And your sword-arm be witness, I could not
 Endure my mother's tears! Will you, I beg,
 Console her in her deprivation, help her
 If she is left without me. Let me take
 410 This expectation of your care along—
 I shall face danger with a lighter heart."
 This moved the Dardan officers to tears,
 Iulus most of all. Thoughts of his own
 Devotion to his father wrung his heart.
 415 When he had wept, he said:

"Be sure of it.

All here will be conducted worthily
 Of the great thing you undertake. That mother
 Will be mine—only the name Creusa
 420 Wanting to her—and I shall not stint
 In gratitude for parenthood so noble.
 Whatever comes of your attempt, I swear,
 As once my father did, by my own life
 That all I promise on your safe return
 425 Holds likewise for your mother and your kin."

So he spoke out in tears, and from his shoulder
 Lifted on its belt his gilded sword,
 A marvel of craft. It had been forged and fitted
 To an ivory sheath by the Gnosian, Lycaon.
 430 To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's pelt
 And shaggy mane, and steadfast old Aletës
 Made an exchange of helmets. Both now armed,
 They set out, followed to the gate by all
 The company of officers, with prayers

435 From young and old; and in particular
 Princely Iulus, thoughtful, responsible
 Beyond his years, gave many messages
 To carry to his father. These the winds
 Of heaven scattered, every one, unheard,
 440 And puffed them to the clouds.

T
 he messengers

Now issued from the gate, traversed the trench,
 And made their way through darkness toward the encampment
 Deadly to them. Still, before the end,
 445 They were to bring a bloody death on many.
 Now everywhere they saw in drunken sleep
 Lax bodies on the grass, up-tilted chariots
 Along the river, forms of men at rest
 Amid the reins and wheels, arms lying there
 450 Where winecups also lay. The first to speak
 Was Nisus, and he said:

“Euryalus,
 Here I must dare to use my sword: the case
 Cries out for it; our path lies there. But you
 455 Keep watch, keep well alert all round about
 For any stroke against us from behind.
 Ahead, I'll devastate them right and left
 And take you through.”

He broke off whispering
 460 To lunge at Rhamnes, the proud man propped up
 On rugs and snoring loud, lungs full of sleep.
 A king himself and augur to King Turnus,
 Now by no augury could he dispel
 His evil hour. Three of his bodyguards
 465 Who lay nearby at random by their spears
 Nisus dispatched, then Remus' armorer
 And then his charioteer, discovered prone
 Under the very horses' feet: the swordsman

470 Slashed their drooping necks. Then he beheaded
 Remus himself, their lord, and left the trunk
 To spout dark blood. By the warm blood the ground
 And bedding were all soaked. Next Lamyrus
 And Lamus died, and so did Serranus,
 475 A handsome soldier who had played at dice
 That night for hours and now lay undone
 By abundant Bacchus. Lucky this man had been
 If he had made his gambling last the night
 Into the dawn. Think of an unfed lion
 480 Havocking crowded sheepfolds, being driven
 Mad by hunger: how with his jaws he rends
 And mauls the soft flock dumb with fear, and growls
 And feeds with bloody maw.

Euryalus

485 Carried out equal slaughter, all inflamed,
 As he too fell upon the nameless ranks
 Of sleeping soldiery. Then he attacked
 Fadus, Herbesus, Rhoetus, Abaris,
 Unconscious men—but Rhoetus came awake
 490 And took in everything, struck dumb with fear,
 Trying to hide behind a huge wine bowl.
 Full in the chest as he arose the Trojan
 Plunged his blade up to the hilt and drew it
 Backward streaming death. Dying, the man
 495 Belched out his crimson life, wine mixed with blood,
 As the hot killer like a cat pressed on.
 He came then to Messapus' company,
 Their fires burning low, their tethered horses
 Grazing the meadow. But now Nisus spoke
 500 In a curt whisper—for he saw his friend
 Carried away by slaughter and lust for blood—
 “Let us have done,” he said. “The Dawn’s at hand
 And dangerous. We’ve made them pay enough,
 We’ve cut our way through.” Turning now, they left
 505 A quantity of booty, solid silver
 Armor, wine bowls, handsome rugs. Euryalus
 Took medals and a golden studded belt
 From Rhamnes—gifts the rich man, Caedicus,

In the old days had sent to Remulus
 Of Tibur as a distant guest-friend's pledge,
 510 And Remulus at death had passed them on
 To his own grandson, at whose death in war
 The Rutulians had got them. These the boy
 Tore off and fitted to his torso—tough
 And stalwart as it was, though all in vain—
 515 Then donned Messapus' helm with its high plume
 As the marauders put the camp behind them,
 Making for safety.

At that hour, horsemen
 Sent ahead from the city of Latinus—
 520 Other troops being halted on the plain—
 Came bringing answers to the prince, to Turnus,
 Horsemen three hundred strong, all bearing shields,
 With Volcens in command. Nearing the camp
 And riding toward the rampart, they caught sight
 525 Of the two Trojans over there who veered
 On the leftward path. Euryalus's helmet
 In the clear night's half-darkness had betrayed him,
 Glimmering back, as he had not foreseen,
 Dim rays of moonlight. And the horsemen took
 530 Sharp notice of that sight. Troop-leader Volcens
 Shouted:

"Soldiers, halt! What's this patrol?
 Who are you two in arms there, and where bound?"

They offered no reply to him, but made
 535 All speed into a wood, putting their trust
 In darkness there. Troopers rode left and right
 To place themselves at the familiar byways
 Until they had the wood encircled, every
 Exit under guard. The wood itself
 540 Covered much ground, all bristling underbrush,
 Dark ilex, and dense briars everywhere,
 The path a rare trace amid tracks grown over.
 Deep night under the boughs, and weight of booty,
 Slowed Euryalus, and fear confused him
 545 As to the pathway. Nisus, unsuspecting,

Got free of the wood, escaped the foe,
 Ran past the places later known as Alban,
 Latinus' high-fenced cattle pastures then.
 But all at once he stopped and looked around
 550 In vain for his lost friend.

 "Euryalus,
 Poor fellow, where did I lose you? Where shall I
 Hunt for you? Back all that winding way,
 That maze of woodland?"

 Backward in his tracks,
 555 As he recalled them, now he went, and strayed
 Through silent undergrowth. He heard the horses,
 Heard the clamor and calls of the pursuit,
 And after no long interval a cry
 560 Came to his ears: Euryalus now he saw
 Set upon by the whole troop—first undone
 By darkness and the treacherous terrain,
 Now overwhelmed by the sudden rush of men
 Who dragged him off, though right and left he strove.
 565 Now what could Nisus do? What strength had he,
 What weapons could he dare a rescue with?
 Should he then launch himself straight at the foe,
 Through many wounds hastening heroic death?
 His arm drawn back, hefting his javelin,
 570 He glanced at the high quiet moon and prayed:

"Thou, goddess, thou, be near, and help my effort,
 Latona's daughter, glory of the stars
 And guardian of the groves. If Hyrtacus,
 My father, ever brought gifts to thy altars,
 575 Votive gifts for me; if I myself
 Have honored thee out of my hunting spoils
 With offerings, hung in thy dome or fixed
 Outside upon thy sacred roof, now let me
 Throw this troop into confusion: guide
 580 My weapon through the air."

 He made the cast,
 With all the force and spring of his whole body.
 And through the darkness of the night the javelin,

Whipping on, hit Sulmo's back and snapped there,
585 Putting a splinter through his diaphragm.

The man rolled on the ground and vomited
A hot flood, even as he himself grew chill,
With long convulsions. All the rest peered round
This way, then that way. All the more savagely

590 The assailant hefts a second javelin
Back to his ear. Now see commotion, hear
The whizzing shaft! It splits the skull of Tagus
Side to side and sticks in the cleft hot brain.
Now Volcens in a wild rage nowhere saw
595 The man who threw the missile, could not tell
In what quarter to hurl himself.

"All right,"

He said, "You, then—you'll pay with your hot blood
For both my men."

600 And with his sword unsheathed
He went straight for Euryalus. Now truly
Mad with terror, Nisus cried aloud.
He could not hide in darkness any longer,
Could not bear his anguish any longer:

605 "No, me! Me! Here I am! I did it! Take
Your swords to me, Rutulians. All the trickery
Was mine. He had not dared do anything,
He could not. Heaven's my witness, and the stars
That look down on us, all he did was care
610 Too much for a luckless friend."

But while he clamored,
Volcens' blade, thrust hard, passed through the ribs
And breached the snow-white chest. Euryalus
In death went reeling down,
615 And blood streamed on his handsome length, his neck
Collapsing let his head fall on his shoulder—
As a bright flower cut by a passing plow
Will droop and wither slowly, or a poppy
Bow its head upon its tired stalk
620 When overborne by a passing rain.

Now Nisus

Plunged ahead into the crowd of men
 And made for Volcens only, of them all,
 Concerned only with Volcens. All around him
 625 Enemies grouped to meet him, fend him off
 To left and right, but onward all the same
 He pressed his charge, swirling his lightning blade
 Until he sank it in the yelling visage
 Straight before him. So he took that life
 630 Even as he died himself. Pierced everywhere,
 He pitched down on the body of his friend
 And there at last in the peace of death grew still.
 Fortunate, both! If in the least my songs
 Avail, no future day will ever take you
 635 Out of the record of remembering Time,
 While children of Aeneas make their home
 Around the Capitol's unshaken rock,
 And still the Roman Father governs all.

The Rutulians, now victors, with their trophies
 640 Bore the dead Volcens into camp with tears,
 And tears flowed in the camp as well, at finding
 Rhamnes bled to death, and many captains
 Taken off at one stroke in that slaughter,
 Even as Numa and Serranus were.
 645 A great crowd pressed around the dead and dying,
 Pressed toward the ground still fresh with carnage, foaming
 Rills of blood. The men could recognize
 The trophies there, and point them out: Messapus'
 Shining helm, and medals now regained
 650 That had cost toil and sweat in the attack.
 By this time early Dawn, leaving Tithonus'
 Yellow bed, scattered first rays of light
 Over the lands of earth: down poured the sun,
 The world stood clear.

The man brought down, brought low, lifted his eyes
 1265 And held his right hand out to make his plea:

“Clearly I earned this, and I ask no quarter.
 Make the most of your good fortune here.
 If you can feel a father’s grief—and you, too,
 Had such a father in Anchises—then
 1270 Let me bespeak your mercy for old age
 In Daunus, and return me, or my body,
 Stripped, if you will, of life, to my own kin.
 You have defeated me. The Ausonians
 Have seen me in defeat, spreading my hands.
 1275 Lavinia is your bride. But go no further
 Out of hatred.”

Fierce under arms, Aeneas
 Looked to and fro, and towered, and stayed his hand
 Upon the sword-hilt. Moment by moment now
 1280 What Turnus said began to bring him round
 From indecision. Then to his glance appeared
 The accursed swordbelt surmounting Turnus’ shoulder,
 Shining with its familiar studs—the strap
 Young Pallas wore when Turnus wounded him
 1285 And left him dead upon the field; now Turnus
 Bore that enemy token on his shoulder—
 Enemy still. For when the sight came home to him,
 Aeneas raged at the relic of his anguish
 Worn by this man as trophy. Blazing up
 1290 And terrible in his anger, he called out:

“You in your plunder, torn from one of mine,
 Shall I be robbed of you? This wound will come
 From Pallas: Pallas makes this offering
 And from your criminal blood exacts his due.”

1295 He sank his blade in fury in Turnus’ chest.
 Then all the body slackened in death’s chill,
 And with a groan for that indignity
 His spirit fled into the gloom below.