

EVERYMAN,  
I WILL GO WITH THEE,  
AND BE THY GUIDE,  
IN THY MOST NEED  
TO GO BY THY SIDE

VIRGIL  
THE  
AENEID

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT FITZGERALD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY PHILIP HARDIE



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|| sing of warfare and a man at war.  
From the sea-coast of Troy in early days  
He came to Italy by destiny,  
To our Lavinian western shore,  
5 A fugitive, this captain, buffeted  
Cruelly on land as on the sea  
By blows from powers of the air—behind them  
Baleful Juno in her sleepless rage.  
And cruel losses were his lot in war,  
10 Till he could found a city and bring home  
His gods to Latium, land of the Latin race,  
The Alban lords, and the high walls of Rome.  
Tell me the causes now, O Muse, how galled  
In her divine pride, and how sore at heart  
15 From her old wound, the queen of gods compelled him—  
A man apart, devoted to his mission—  
To undergo so many perilous days  
And enter on so many trials. Can anger  
Black as this prey on the minds of heaven?  
20 Tyrian settlers in that ancient time  
Held Carthage, on the far shore of the sea,  
Set against Italy and Tiber's mouth,  
A rich new town, warlike and trained for war.  
And Juno, we are told, cared more for Carthage  
25 Than for any walled city of the earth,  
More than for Samos, even. There her armor

And chariot were kept, and, fate permitting,  
 Carthage would be the ruler of the world.  
 So she intended, and so nursed that power.  
 30 But she had heard long since  
 That generations born of Trojan blood  
 Would one day overthrow her Tyrian walls,  
 And from that blood a race would come in time  
 With ample kingdoms, arrogant in war,  
 35 For Libya's ruin: so the Parcae spun.  
 In fear of this, and holding in memory  
 The old war she had carried on at Troy  
 For Argos' sake (the origins of that anger,  
 That suffering, still rankled: deep within her,  
 40 Hidden away, the judgment Paris gave,  
 Snubbing her loveliness; the race she hated;  
 The honors given ravished Ganymede),  
 Saturnian Juno, burning for it all,  
 Buffeted on the waste of sea those Trojans  
 45 Left by the Greeks and pitiless Achilles,  
 Keeping them far from Latium. For years  
 They wandered as their destiny drove them on  
 From one sea to the next: so hard and huge  
 A task it was to found the Roman people.

They were all under sail in open water  
 50 With Sicily just out of sight astern,  
 Lighthearted as they plowed the whitecapped sea  
 With stems of cutting bronze. But never free  
 Of her eternal inward wound, the goddess  
 55 Said to herself:  
 "Give up what I began?  
 Am I defeated? Am I impotent  
 To keep the king of Teucrians from Italy?  
 The Fates forbid me, am I to suppose?  
 60 Could Pallas then consume the Argive fleet

*Lines 17-40*

With fire, and drown the crews,  
 Because of one man's one mad act—the crime  
 Of Ajax, son of Oileus? She—yes, she!—  
 Hurling out of cloudland lancing fire of Jove,  
 65 Scattered the ships, roughed up the sea with gales,  
 Then caught the man, bolt-struck, exhaling flames,  
 In a whirlwind and impaled him on a rock.  
 But I who walk as queen of all the gods,  
 Sister and wife of Jove, I must contend  
 70 For years against one people! Who adores  
 The power of Juno after this, or lays  
 An offering with prayer upon her altar?"

Smouldering, putting these questions to herself,  
 The goddess made her way to stormcloud country,  
 75 Aeolia, the weather-breeding isle.  
 Here in a vast cavern King Aeolus  
 Rules the contending winds and moaning gales  
 As warden of their prison. Round the walls  
 They chafe and bluster underground. The din  
 80 Makes a great mountain murmur overhead.  
 High on a citadel enthroned,  
 Scepter in hand, he mollifies their fury,  
 Else they might flay the sea and sweep away  
 Land masses and deep sky through empty air.  
 85 In fear of this, Jupiter hid them away  
 In caverns of black night. He set above them  
 Granite of high mountains—and a king  
 Empowered at command to rein them in  
 Or let them go. To this king Juno now  
 90 Made her petition:  
 "Aeolus, the father  
 Of gods and men decreed and fixed your power  
 To calm the waves or make them rise in wind.  
 The race I hate is crossing the Tuscan sea,  
 95 Transporting Ilium with her household gods—  
 Beaten as they are—to Italy.  
 Put new fury  
 Into your winds, and make the long ships founder!

*Lines 40-69*