

## Virgil aeneid book 2 translation

Book 2 40 - 56 There, before everyone, with a great crowd following, first 40 Laocoon, burning, runs down from the citadel, and, from afar [says], 'O wretched citizens, what such great insanity [is this]? Do you believe that the enemies have been carried away? Or do you think that gifts of the Greeks lack deceits? Thus [was] well-known Ulysses? Either the Greeks, closed in, are hidden in this timber, 45 or this machine has been made against our walls, about to look down upon [our] homes and come down from above onto the city, or some other trick lies hidden; do not trust the horse, Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks, even bearing gifts.' Thus he spoke [and] he hurled a huge spear with strong forces 50 into [its] side and into the belly of the beast, curved with seams. That [spear] stuck, the hollow [spaces] roared and the cavities gave a groan. And, if the fates of the gods, if the mind had not been foolish, he would have driven [us] to mangle the Greek hiding places with steel, 55 and now Troy would stand, and you, o high citadel of Priam, would remain. 201 - 249 Laocoon, a priest for Neptune, chosen by lot, was slaughtering a huge bull at the customary altars. However, behold, twin serpents from Tenedos lean upon the sea, throughout the tranquil seas (I shudder recalling [it]) with huge coils and hasten to the shores equally; 205 the chests of them were raised between the waves and [their] bloody crests overcome the waves, the remaining part skims the sea behind and twists [its] backs, huge with a coil. With the salt-water spraying, a sound arises; and now they were holding the fields [their] burning eyes suffused with blood and fire 210 they were licking the hissing shores with [their] darting tongues. Bloodless, we fled from sight. Those ones seek Laocoon in a fixed line; and first the serpent, having embraced the little bodies of [his]two sons, each entwine [them] and feed upon the wretched limbs with a bite; 215 afterwards, they snatch up that one, approaching with aid and bearing weapons and they bind [him] with huge coils; and now having twice embraced [him around] the middle, having placed [their] scaly backs twice around [his] neck, they conquer [him] with [their] head and tall necks. At once, that one struggles to tear apart the knots 220 [his] headbands soaked with blood and dark poison, at the same time, he raises horrifying shouts to the stars: just like a roar, when a wounded bull [at] the altar has shaken off an ill-aimed ax from [its] neck. But the twin dragons flee to the highest templess by gliding 225 and they seek the citadel of fierce Minerva, they are hidden under the feet of the goddess and under the feet of the goddess and under the citadel of fierce Minerva. chests to all, and they say that deserving Laocoon has payed for [his] crime, who struck the sacred oak with [his] spear 230 and hurled the wills of the city. Everyone girds the labor and they place rollings of wheels under 235 the feet, and they extend hemp cables from [its] neck: the deadly machine climbs the walls, teeming with arms. Boys and unwed girls sing sacred [songs] around [it] and they rejoice to touch the cable with [their] hand; that one enters and glides into the middle of the city, threatening [us]. 240 O homeland, o Ilium, home of the gods and gates of the Dardans, renowned in war! Four times it stopped on the threshold of the gate and four times it stop Cassandra opens [her] mouths with the future fates, not ever having been believed by the Trojans, by the order of the god (Apollo). We wretched ones, for whom that day would be the last, cover the temples of the gods with festive foliage throughout the city. 268 - 297 It was the time in which rest first begins in weary men and crawls in, most pleasing, by the gift of the gods. Behold, in [my] dreams, before [my] eyes, very gloomy Hector 270 seemed to appear to me and to pour out abundant tears, having been carried off by a two-horse chariot, as formerly, and dark with bloody dust and pierced with leather straps through his swelling feet. Ah, of what sort he was to me, how changed from that Hector who returned, having worn the spoils to Achilles 275 or having hurled the Phrygian fires to the ships of the Greeks; bearing a filthy beard and hair matted with blood and those many wounds, which he received around the paternal walls. Furthermore, I myself, weeping, was seeming to accost the man and to express sad voices: 280 'O light of Troy, o most faithful hope of the Trojans, what such great delays held [you]? Long-awaited Hector, from which shores do you come? How we, weary, behold you after many funerals of your ancestors, after varied labors of both men and the city! What unworthy cause has defiled [your] calm 285 countenances? Or why do I detect these wounds?' That one [said] nothing, nor does he delay me seeking useless [things], but gravely drawing laments from his innermost chest he says, 'Alas, goddess-born, flee and take yourself from these flames. The enemy has the walls; Troy topples from [its] high peak. 290 Enough has been given to [your] country and to Priam; if Pergamum were able to be defended by a right hand, it would have yet been protected by this one. Troy entrusts [its] sacred objects and its deities to you; seize these comrades of the fates, seek great walls for them, which you finally establish with the sea having been travelled. 295 Thus he speaks and, with [his] hands, he carries out the headbands and powerful Vesta and the eternal flame from the interior sanctuaries. 559 - 620 But then, first, fierce terror surrounded me. I stood agape; the image of [my] dear father appeared, 560 as I saw the equal-aged king with a cruel wound breathing out [his] life, abandoned Creusa appeared and [my] plundered home and the misfortune of little Iulus. I look back and I survey the troops which are around me. All [the soldiers], tired, have deserted, and sent [their] bodies with a leap 565 to the ground or, weary, gave [themselves] to the flames. And now I alone was remaining to such an extent, when I catch sight of Helen, guarding the thresholds of Vesta and hiding, silent, in [her] secret abode; fires give clear light to [me] wandering and bearing [my] eyes all about through the entire [scene]. 570 That one, fearing the Trojans, hostile to her on account of overturned Pergamum and [fearing] the punishment of the Greeks and the altars. Fires blazed in [my] soul; an anger to avenge [my] falling country and to 575 exact wicked punishments enters. "Of course this one will behold Sparta and her Mycenaean homelands, unharmed, and will go, as queen, with [this] triumph having been acquired? Will she see [her] husband and the home of [her] father and [her] children with a crowd of Trojan women and accompanied by Phrygian attendants? 580 [And] Priam will have burned by fire? The Dardan shore will have burned by fire? crime and to have exacted 585 deserving punishments, and it will please [us] to have filled [my] soul with the report of revenge and to have satisfied the ashes of my [ancestors]." I was uttering such things and I was being carried by an enraged mind, when [my] nourishing parent, never before so clear to [my] eyes, presented herself to me to be seen and gleamed throughout the night in pure light, 590 having revealed [herself as] a goddess and in what way and how much she is accustomed to be seen by the gods, and she restrained [me] having been grabbed by [her] right hand and, even more, she added these things from [her] red mouth: "Son, what such great pain arouses uncontrolled angers? What are you raging for? Or to where has the care to you of ours departed? 595 Will you not first look where you have left [your] boy Ascanius? On all sides, the Greek lines surround them all and, unless my concern stops [them], the flames would already have carried them off and the enemy sword would have drained [them]. 600 The face of Lacaenean Helen, hateful to you, or blamed Paris, has not overturned these riches and knocked Troy from [its] peak, the cruelty of the gods, of the gods, of the gods, of the gods, of the gods (has). you watching 605 and darkens [everything] with moisture; you, neither fear any orders of [your] parent nor refuse to obey [her] instructions): here, where you see scattered structures and rocks, and smoke billowing with dust mixed in, Neptune shakes the walls and the foundations moved by [his] great trident 610 and he overthrows the whole city from its foundations. There most savage Juno first holds the Scaean gates and, raging, girded with steel, calls the allied batteline from the ship. Now behold, Tritonian Minerva sits upon the highest citadels 615 flashing with a stormcloud and fierce with [her] Gorgon. The father himself supplies spirits and favorable strengths to the Greeks, he himself arouses the gods against the Trojan arms. Take flight, son, and put an end to [your] labor; I will never leave and I will stop you, safe, at [your] ancestral threshold. 620