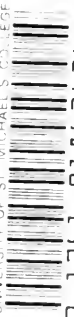


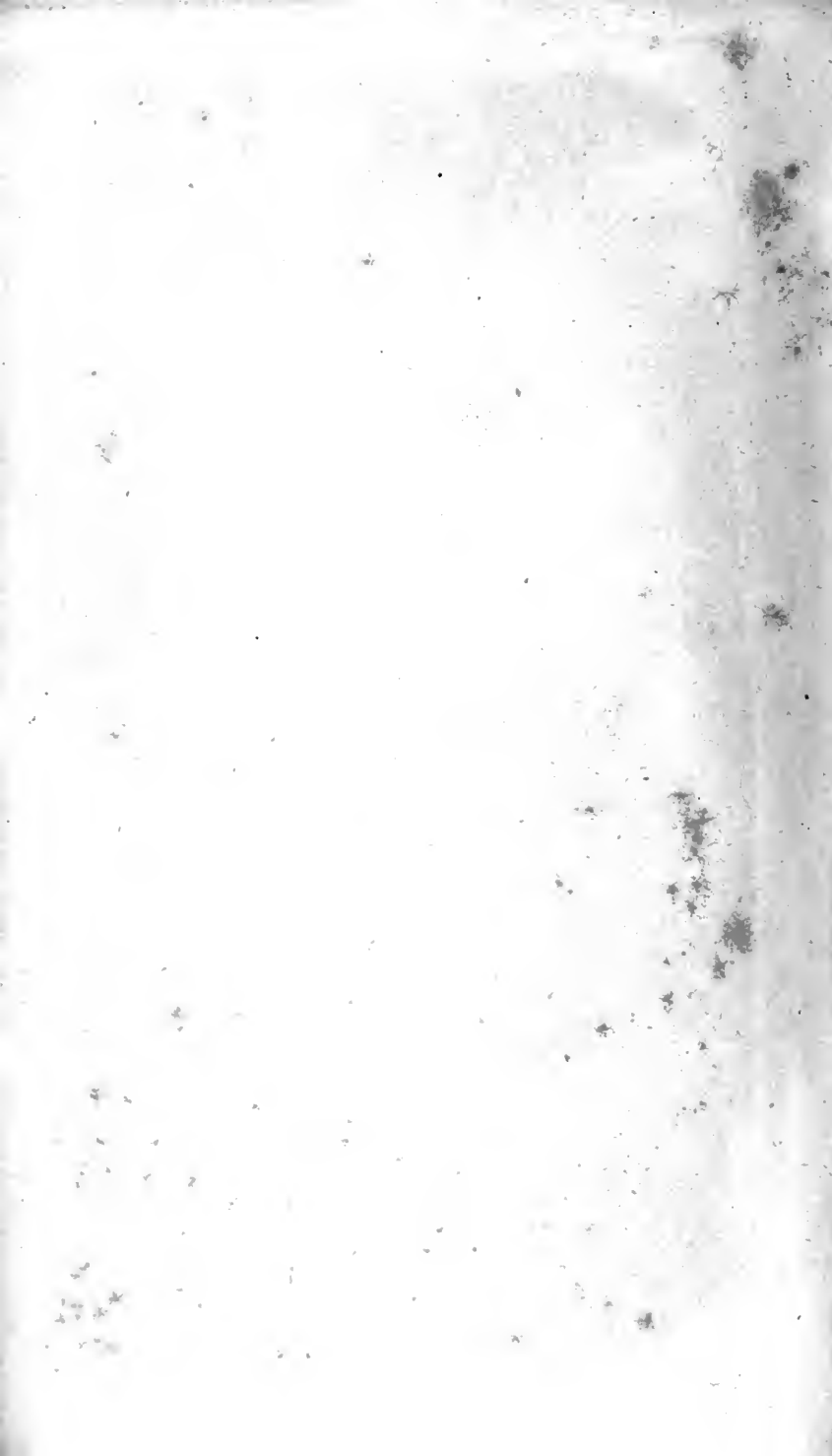
UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 01862434 6







THE POETICAL WORKS OF
GAVIN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

VOLUME III.



“Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,
But thou, as once the muse's favourite haunt,
Shalt live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain,
While time devours the castle's crumbling wall,
And roofless abbey's pine, low-tottering to their fall.”

G. Dyer's Poems, 1801, p. 89.



15
The Liber primus

Here begynne the booke of Virgile

contenand in ye self ym Virgile translāt
out of latyne in Englishe be me reuerend
fader in god gualtere Douglas byshop of
Louth of Dunelm

R ande honoure prayse singe throuthe Iustite
To ye and the Diche orate fzeithe endite
Must reuerent singe of Carone + troctie pntre
Gem of Jngime and flid of eloquence
Thos perelous perit patron of poetry
hous regystrer pthme Curze and story

THE POETICAL
WORKS OF GAVIN DOUGLAS,

BISHOP OF DUNKELD,

WITH MEMOIR, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

By JOHN SMALL, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.



VOLUME THIRD.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON.

LONDON: H. SOTHERAN & CO.

MDCCCLXXIV.



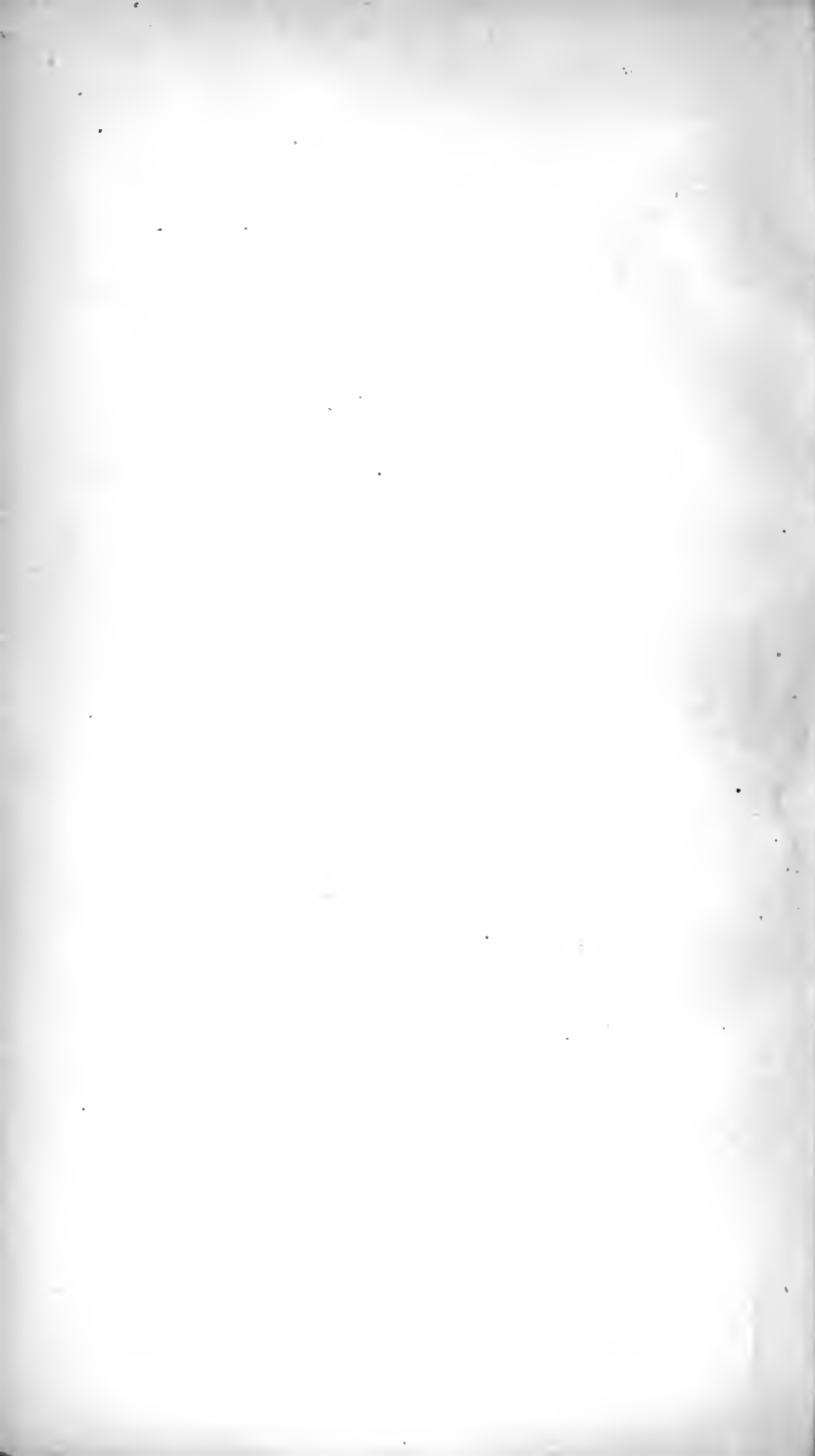
NOV 4 1959



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL—	
Prologue of Book VI.,	1-7
BOOK VI.,	8-72
Prologue of Book VII.,	74-79
BOOK VII.,	80-141
Prologue of Book VIII.,	142-148
BOOK VIII.,	149-204
Prologue of Book IX.,	205-208
BOOK IX.,	209-270
Prologue of Book X.,	271-277
BOOK X.,	278-350
NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS,	353-373







THE PROLOG
OF THE SEXT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

**Heir begynnīs preambliis of the Sext Buik,
and first tuiching the opiniōns that poetis
and auld philosophouris had of Hell and
placis tharof.**



DLUTO, thow patron of the deip Acheron,
Fadir of turmentis in thine infernale see,
Amid the fludis Stix and Flegiton,
Lethe, Cochite, the wateris of oblivie,
With dolorus quhirling of furious sis-
teris thre,

Thyne now sal be my muse and dreery sang ;
To follow Virgile in this dirk poese,
Convey me, Sibill, that I ga nocht wrang.

Quhat wenis fulis this sext buke bene bot japis
All full of leis or ald idolatreis ? 10
O hald 3our pece, 3e verray goddis apis !
Reid, reid agane, this volume, mair than tuise ;
Consider quhat hid sentence tharin lysis :
Be war to lak, les than 3e knaw weill quhat ;
And gif 3ow list nocht wirk eftir the wise,
Heich on 3our heid set wp the foly hat.

All is bot gaistis and elriche fantasies,
 Of browneis and of bogillis full this buke.
 Out on thir wanderand spiritis, wow ! thow cryis ;
 It semis a man war manglit, tharon list luik,
 Lyke dremis or dotage in the monis cruik,
 Vane superstitionis aganis our rycht beleif.
 Quhat of thir fureis, or Pluto that plukkit duke,
 Or call on Sibil, deir of a revin sleif ?

Virgill
 onder dirk
 poetrye
 wrytis grete
 maters
 and gud
 sentence.

Wald thow I suld this buke to the declair,
 Quhilk war impossible til expreme at schort ? 10
 Virgile is full of sentence our allquhair ;
 Bot heirintill, as Seruius gan proport,
 His hie knowledge he schawis, that euery sort
 Of his clausis comprehend sic sentence,
 Thair bene tharof, set thow think this bot sport,
 Maid gret ragmentis of hie intelligence.

In all his werkis Virgile doith describe
 The stait of man, gif thow list onderstand ;
 Baith life and deid in thir first buikis five ;
 And now, into the saxt, we haif on hand, 20
 Eftir thair deid in quhat plite saulis sall stand.
 He writis like a philosophour naturall ;
 Twichand our faith mony clausis he fand,
 Quhilk bene conforme, or than collaterall.

Schawis he nocht heir the synnis capitall ?
 Schawis he nocht wickit folk in endles pane ?
 And purgatorie for synnis veniale,
 And virtuous peple into the plesand plane ?

Ar all sic sawis fantasy and in vane ?
 He schawis the way, euer patent, doun to hell,
 And rycht difficil the gait to hevin agane,
 With ma gud wordis than thow or I can tell.

Heir tretand vertu, taxis he pane for vice,
 Feill wofull turmentis of wrechit cativis sary,
 Notable historyis, and divers proverbis wise,
 Quhilkis to rehers war our prolix a tary.
 Althocht he, as a gentile, sum tyme vary,
 Full perfittlie he writis seir mysteris fell, 10
 As how thir hethin childir thar weirdis wary,
 Wepand and waland at the first port of hell.

And, thocht our faith neid nane authorising
 Of gentilis buikis, nor by sic hethin sparkis,
 3it Virgile writis mony just claus conding,
 Strenthand our belief, to confound payane werkis.
 How oft rehersis Austyne, cheif of clerkis,
 In his gret volume of the Cetic of God,
 Hundreth versis of Virgile, quhilk he merkis
 Agane Romanis, till vertu thaim to brod ! 20

And of this sax buik walis he mony a scoir : [faith,
 Nocht but guid ressoun ; for, thocht Crist ground our
 Virgilis sawis ar worth to put in stoir.
 Thai aucht nocht be hald wagabound nor waith ;
 Full riche tresour thai bene and precius graith,
 For oft by Sibillis sawis he tonis his stevin ;
 Thus faithfully in his Buikolikis he saith,
 The maid cumith bryngis new lynage fra hevin.

As tuiching hym, writis Ascencius :
 Feill of his wordis bene lyke the appostillis sawis ;
 He is ane hie theolog sentencius,
 And maist profound philosophour he hym schawis.
 Thocht sum his writis frawart our faith part drawis,
 Na wondir ; he was na cristin man, per de ;
 He was a gentile, and leifit on payane lawis,
 And 3it he puttis ane God, Fadir maist hie.

We trow a God, regnand in personis thre,
 And 3it angellis hevinlie spritis we call ; 10
 And of the hevinlie wuchtis oft carpis he,
 Thocht he beleiffit thai wer nocht angelis all.
 Quhill Cristis passioun, of Adam throw the fall,
 All went to hell, thocht all wer nocht in pane.
 Or Crist he wrait this buik, quhare reid 3e sall
 Destinet in hell specially placis twane.

And principally the sted of fell turmentis,
 With seir departingis in that laithlie hald ;
 Ane vthir place quhilk purgatory representis,
 And, dar I say, the Lymb of faderis auld, 20
 With *Lymbus puerorum*, as I haif tauld.
 Schawis he nocht eik, by werkis meritory,
 How just peple, in welthis mony fauld,
 Rejosis, singand sangis of hevinlie glory ?

And, as he tuichis greis seir in pane,
 In blis, elykwise, sindry stagis puttis he.
 Quhat sall I of his wondir werkis sane ?
 For all the plesance of the camp Eli3e,
 Octavian, in his Georgikis, 3e may se.
 He consalis nevir lordschip in hell desyre, 30

Bot evir in hevin, into sum hie degre,
To cheis his place, and nocht amang the fire.

Quhat cristnit clerk suld hym haue consalit bettir,
Althocht he nevir was catholik wight ?
He has writin full mony attentik lettre :
In that ilk buik he techis ws full rycht,
The warld begouth in veir, baith day and nycht ;
In veir he sais that God als formit man,
The son, the mone, and all the sternis brycht :
We grant in veir that first the warld began. 10

Happy wer he that knew the caus of all thingis,
And settis on syde all dreid and cuir, quod he,
Wndir his feit at treddis and doun thringis
Chancis vntretable of fatis and destany,
All feir of deid, and eik of hellis see.
Happy he callis sic wychtis, and sa do I ;
Quhair may we sua obtene felicite ?
Nevir bot in hevin, empire abone the skye.

Happy is
that man
quhilk be
the word of
God has the
tranquillite
and quietnes
of mind
setting aside
all dred and
vane
fantasyis.

Till write 3ow all his tryit and notable vers
Almaist impossible war, and half in vane : 20
For me behuvit repeting and rehers
In seir placis the samyn wordis agane.
This may suffice, I will na mair sane.
Ane mover, ane begynnar puttis he,
Sustenis all thing, and doith in all remane ;
And be our faith the sammyn thing grant we.

I say nocht all his werkis bene perfite,
Nor that saulis turnis in vthir bodeis agane ;

Thocht we traist, and may preif be haly write,
 Our saull and body sall anis togiddir remane.
 At thar bene mony Goddis I will nocht sane ;
 Thocht haly scripturis just men, Goddis, clepe.
 Quhom call I Pluto, and Sibilla Cumane,
 Hark ; for I will na fals Goddis wirschepe.

Sibylla, til interpret propirly,
 Is clepit ane maid of Goddis secrete priue,
 That has the spreit divine of prophecy. 10
 Quha bettir may Sibilla namyt be,
 Than may the glorius modir and madyn fre,
 Quhilk of hir natur consavit Criste, and buir
 Al hail the misteris of the Trinite,
 And maist excelland werk had ondir cuir.

Thow art our Sibill, Cristis modir deir,
 Prechit by prophetis and Sibilla Cumane ;
 Thow brocht the hevinlie lynage in erd heir,
 Modir of God, ay virgine doith remane,
 Restoring ws the goldin warld agane. 20
 Sathan the clepe I, Pluto infernale,
 Prince in that dolorus den of wo and pane,
 Nocht God tharof, bot gretast wreche of all.

To name the God, it wer a manifest le ;
 Is bot a God, makar of euery thing.
 I favour nocht the errour of Maniche :
 Set thow to Vulcane haif full gret resembling,
 And art sum tyme the minister of thundring,
 Or sum blind Ciclopes of thi laithlie wra,

One God
 maker of all
 gud thingis.

Thow art bot Jovis smyth, in the fire blawing
And dirk fornace of perpetuall Ethna.

Thow wrocht na thing, bot maid thi self a devill,
And that wes nocht to mak, bot rather failze,
For Austyne sayis, syn, myscheif, or euill
Is nocht at all ; for quhy ? thay nocht availze.
The dym dongeoun of Ditis to assailze,
Or in the lyknes thys misty poetry,
Help me, Mary ! for certis, vailze que vailze,
War at Pluto, I sall hym hunt of sty.

10

Finis Prologi Sexti Libri.



THE SEXT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Enee aspyis Dedalus wark expres,
And with Sibylla spak, the prophetes.*



HUS wepand said, and leit his flot go
large,
Quhill at the last baith ballingeir and
barge,
Apon the cost, that hait Ewboica,
Arrivit neir the cetie of Cuma.
Than to the streme thai turnit thar foirschip ;
Kest doun thair bewchit ankerris, ferm of grip,
Into the raid ; endlang the costis bay
Thair eft castellis gan mustir in array ;
And all the 3onkeris spedis hastely
Onto the schoir of Hesperia fast by : 10
Sum smytis fire furth of the hard flint stane ;
Sum spedely to the thik wod ar gane,
In dern dennis quhairin wild beistis duellis ;
And sum did schaw the new fund springand wellis ;
To beit thar mister all besy for the nanis,
Sum to this turn, sum to that, start attanis.
Quhill on this wise ilk man occupiit was,
Reuthfull Eneas bownis hym to pas,

Anon to sers the strength and temple tho
 Dedicat ontill the mychty Apollo ;
 That feirfull gousty cave fer from the way,
 And secret hald of Sibilla the may ;
 Quhais hait memor and resson oft infirit
 Delyus, the prophet dyvyne, and so inspirit
 That scho the secretis for to cum did knaw.
 With this thai enterit in the hallowit schaw
 Of the thrinfald passengeir Dyane,
 And hous of brycht Appollo gold bygane.

10

The fame is so, that Dedalus, the wrycht,
 Furth of king Minos realm takand his flycht,
 Sa bald wes with swift fedrame and happy
 To aventur hym self heich in the sky,
 And by a quent vnvsit way to knaw,
 Towart the frosty poil artik he flaw ;
 Bot, at the last, softlie he gan alycht
 Of Chalcidonis apon the castell hycht ;
 And, rendrit first into thir landis, he
 Offerit and hallowit, Phebus, onto the,
 The fard and flycht of baith his wingis tuo,
 And thar graithit a fair temple also.

A fabyll of
 Dedalus and
 of vder
 syndry
 storyis.

20

Apon the portis did he carve and grave
 Androgyus slauchter, falslie brocht to graif,
 And for his deid the vengeance and the wraik :
 How of Athenes commandit wer, alaik !
 Twise sevin childir onto Crete be send,
 Perpetually ilk 3eir, a sair presand ;
 The deidlie vrne stand porturate mycht thai knaw,
 Out of the quhilk the lottis warrin draw. 30
 Forgane Athenes, a litle our the see,
 The ile of Crete he wrocht, musterand full hie ;

The kingis cetie thar hecht Gnosya,
 Quhairin he porturit als full, welloway !
 The luif abhominable of quene Pasyphe,
 How prevalie with the bull forlane wes sche :
 The monstruus Mynotavr doith thar remane,
 The blandit kynd and birth of formis twane,
 Ane horrible takin of schrewit Venus werk.
 Thar wes alsua craftely schaip and merk
 The naimcouth hous, that Laborinthus hait,
 Full of wrinkillit vnreturnable dissait. 10
 Bot, netheles, Dedalus caucht piete
 Of the gret luif of fair Ariadne,
 That wes the kingis dochtir, taucht full rycht
 Of this quent hous for till vndo the slycht ;
 Quhow by a threid the subtell wentis ilkane
 Thai mychtyne hald, and turn that way agane.
 And thow also, the zong child Icharus,
 Quhilk son wes onto this ilk Dedalus,
 Ane gret part of this werk suld haif bene tlrine,
 Gif that the dolour and the huge pyne 20
 Had sufferit hym to kith his craft on the.
 In gold to grave thi fall twise etlit he,
 And twise, for reuth, failzeis the faderis handis.
 Eneas tho, and all that with hym standis,
 This sculptur all espyit had on breid,
 Ne war Achates, quhilk befoir hym zeid,
 Be than returnit wes, and with hym brocht
 The religius woman quham thai socht,
 Baith consecrat to Dyane and Phebus,
 Hait Deiphobe, the dochter of Glaucus ; 30
 Quhilk to the king sone spak apon this wise :
 This tyme, quod sche, to stair and to devise,

Gowand on figuris, is nocht necessary.
 Mair neidfull now it wer, but langar tary,
 Sevin 3oung stottis that 3ok buir nevir nane,
 Brocht from the bow, in offerand bryttin ilkane,
 And als mony twinteris, as is the gise,
 Chosin and ganand for the sacrifice.

On this wise till Eneas spak Sibill ;
 And Troianis taryis nocht for to fulfill
 Hir commandment, that, but langer delay,
 The sacrifice and offerand done haue thai. 10

And syne the nwn to the hie temple thaim brocht,
 Quhilk in maner of a gret cave wes wrocht,
 Of Cuma holkit in the hillis syde ;
 Ane hundreith entreis had it, large and wyde,
 Ane hundreth durris tharon stekit clos,
 Out at the quhilkis ruschit als mony a voce,
 Gevand respons onto this Sibilla.

Tho to the dur thressald cumin ar thai,
 Quhen that this virgyne said : To ask ansueris,
 Now is the tyme ; lo, lo, the God me steris ! 20

And as scho gan sic wordis say and cry,
 Without the entre standand, sudanly,
 Nother visage nor cullour, as thai wer air,
 Remanis than, nor hir weill dressit hair ;
 Bot fast hir breist the breth did clap and beit,
 Hir fers hert boldynis wp full grete,
 Enragit with the spret divyne also,
 That of mair statur gan scho semyng tho ;
 Hir voce ne soundis lyke a mortale wycht,
 For ; with the goddis maiestie and mycht 30
 Twichit and smyt, that drew hir mynd full neir,
 Hir hart pipis gan to flickir and steir.

Blyn nocht, blyn nocht ! thow gret Troiane Enee,
 Of thi bedis nor of thi prayeris, quod sche ;
 For, bot thow do, thir gret durris, but dreid,
 And grisly zettis sall nevir warp on breid.
 And, with that word, scho cessit, and na mair said.
 The cald dreid gan the Troianis invaid,
 Thirland throwout hard banis at euery part ;
 The kyng hymself than inkirly from his hart
 Maid this orisone, and devotlie said :

O brycht Phebus, that euir reuth has had 10

On Troyes hard adversite and wo,
 Thow quhilk directit the Troiane dartis so
 In Achillis body, schot by Paris hand ;
 This see, that gois about mony gret land,
 Thow being my gydar enterit haif I,
 And eik the wilsum desert land Maselly,
 Quhair the schald sandis strekis endlang the schoir :
 Now at the last, that fled ws euer moir,
 The forther cost of Itaile haif we caught,
 Thocht, hiddirtillis, hard fortoun has wmbraucht 20
 The Troianis, and persewit vnfreundfully.
 Now all ze goddis and goddessis, quhom by
 Wmqhile wes thocht gret Ilioun full of joy,
 And the schynand glorius toun of Troy
 Semyng resist and ganestand 3our godheid,
 Lesum it is to desist of 3our feid,
 And now to spair the puir peple Troiane.
 O thou most haly prophetes souerane,
 Quhat is to cum hes knowledge of all thingis,
 Grant at Tewcranis may duell in Itail ryngis : 30
 For I ne ask na land, nor realm allgatis,
 Bot quhilk is grantit to ws by our fatis.

Eneas ora-
 tion desyr-
 yng the
 goddis help.

Schaw, and declair for our goddis errand,
 That cachit bene our mony see and sand,
 Quhair sal thar resting place be to remane.
 So efter that to Phebus and Diane,
 Of sound merbill templis beild may I,
 And festuall dayis for Appollo gar cry.
 To the, also, within our realmis, sal be
 Mony secret closet and revestre,
 Quhairin thi werkis and fatale destynis,
 Thi secret sawis, and thi propheceis, 10
 Endite of my kin and genology,
 I sall gar keip and oft obserue reuerently.
 And, O thow blissit woman, onto the
 Wise walit men sall dedicat and sacre ;
 So that thow write nocht on the levis thi wordis,
 For dreid all turn bot till a mok or bourdis,
 Gif that the wind thaim scattir and blaw away :
 Pronunce it with thi awin mouth, I the pray.
 Thairwith he held his pece, and said no more.
 Bot than Sibil the prophetes, ful 3oir 20
 Within the cave, as half enragit wycht,
 Couth nocht contene of Phebus the gret mycht ;
 And euer the mair scho hir enforcis ay
 The gret god from hir breist to drive away,
 The moir he gan inuaid hir, and infest
 Hir rageand mouth and fers hart, as hym lest,
 Dantand at will ; and forsand hir sayingis,
 Scho wes constrenit to schaw all suthfast thingis.

CAP II.

*The ansueris and the wordis to and fra
Betuix Eneas and this Sibylla.*

The prophetes
Sibylla
schawis
Eneas all
thingis to
cum, and
quhou it was
decreit be
the goddis
efter lang
trubbyll and
warris to
geue him
Italye.

The hundreth gret durris of that hous, with this,
At thair awin willis warpit wyde, I wis,
And brocht the prophetes ansuer to thair eris :
O Eneas, that, eftir mony 3eris,
Now fynaly has driue to end, quod sche,
Sa mony huge gret dangeris of the see !
Bot on the land, I tell 3ow, all and sum,
Far gretar perrellis remanis for to cum.
The Troiane peple to the realme of Lavyne
Sall cum ; that is determit be goddis divyne : 10
Out of thi mind sic douttis do away.
Bot forthirmoir, I will vnto the say,
Quhen thai the ground of Italie haif nummyn,
Thai sall desyre nevir thiddir to haif cummyn.
Battellis, horrible battellis, to conclude,
I now behald, and Tibris, the gret flude,
For gret abundance of blude on spait wox rede.
Nor Exanth nor Symois in that steid
Sall thow mis, nor 3it the Grekis army.
Thow sall befor the find in Italy 20
Ane vther Achill, born als of a goddes :
Nor Juno, Troianis persewar expres,
Sall nevir mair failze in 3our contrary.
And quhen thow art thar, as thow wald be cary,
Of succurs and of help all desolat,
Quhat peple, and quhat ceteis than, God wait,

In Itail sall thow beseik of supple !
 Few sall remane wnrequirit, traist me.
 The causis of all this mischeif and pane,
 Ane vther woman, a fremmit gaist, agane
 For the Troianis is to be spous and wed,
 A strange bride or scho be brought to bed.
 Withdraw the from na perrellis, nor hard thrist ;
 Bot evir infors mair strangly to resist
 Agane dangeris, than fortoun sufferis the.
 3our first reskew of succurs and supple 10
 Furth of a Gregioun cetie sall be schaw,
 Quhilk thow lest wenis, a wondir thing to knaw.

Furth of hir secret closet, thus onane,
 Sic sawis warpis this Sibilla Cumane ;
 Horrible ansueris, full doutsum to consaif,
 Quhair as scho sat rummesing in hir caif,
 In subtell wordis of obscurite
 Involupand the trewth and verite.
 For on sic wise Appollo hir refrenis,
 Bridellis hir spreit, and, as hym list, constrenis, 20
 From hir hart pipis his fers brod withdrawing.
 As the divyne fury gan first sesing,
 And eik hir rageand mouth begouth to rest,
 Devote Eneas begynniss als prest,
 And said : Virgyne, na kynd of pane may rise
 Vnknaw to me, of new that may me grise ;
 Or now I am warnit of all sic chance,
 And has thaim rollit in my remembrance.
 Bot a thing I beseik the and requeir :
 Sen the entres and port, thai say, bene heir,
 Of the infernale king, and the laik dirk
 Of Acheron, gorgit with fludis myrk ;

30 Eneas
 deseris at
 Sibilla to
 knaw the
 way to hel,

and to spek
with his
fader,
content to
suffer al
paynes and
trauile.

Thocht it be rycht deficill, 3it grant me
 Thai quent realmis I may behald and se,
 And cum onto my deir faderis sycht ;
 Thiddir the passage, and all the wayis rycht,
 Do teche me, and thai secret portis onschet.
 I hym delyuerit amynd from flambis het,
 And on thir schulderis careit hym away,
 A thousand speris followand to assay,
 From myd enemyis brocht hym to saltie.
 In my vayage, accompaniet with me, 10
 He went throwout all seis and strange strandis,
 All maner perrellis of stremis, seis, and sandis,
 And stormis of the hevin, thocht he was waik ;
 He sufferit and sustenit, for my saik,
 Full huge pane, as he had bene a page,
 Abuse the strenth and commoun cours of age.
 And further he me chargit, and gan beseik,
 To the, lady, I reuerentlie suld seik,
 And pas hiddir to thi steid and duelling place.
 Haif reutht now, haly woman, schaw sum grace 20
 Baith to the son and fadir, I requer ;
 For thow may do all thing I wait, but weir :
 Ne nocht but gud resoun, full weill I knaw,
 Besyde Avernus, our hir hallowit schaw,
 Proserpyne maid the patroun and maistres.
 Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane, I ges,
 From hell his spousis gost with his sueit stringis,
 Playing on his harp of Trace sa plesand springis ;
 Or gif Pollux redemit his brodir Castor,
 As he that wes immortale get and bor, 30
 Parting with hym his immortalitie,
 Athir for vthir sufferand for to dee,

That ych of thame, by coursis alternat,
 Sa oft gais and returnis that gait :
 It is nocht anis lesum I pas that way.
 Of Theseus quhat nedis mair to say,
 Or of the strang maist douchty Hercules,
 Quhilk thidder went with sa gret fors and pres ?
 Am I nocht eik discend from Jupiter ?

Sic prayer maid he, grippand the alter,
 Quhill thus begouth the prophetes speik agane :
 Of goddis blud, Anchises son Troiane, 10
 It is rycht facill and eith gait, I the tell,
 For to discend and pas on down to hell ;
 The blak zettis of Pluto, and that dirk way
 Standis evir oppyne and patent nycht and day :
 Bot tharfra to return agane on hycht,
 And heir abufe recovir this airis lycht,
 That is difficill werk, thar laubour lyis.
 Full few thar bene, quham heich aboun the skyis

Thar ardent vertu has rasis and wphuyt,
 Or zit quham equale Jupiter deifyit,
 Thai quilk bene gendrit of Goddis may thidder 20
 All the myd way is wildirnes wnplane, [attayne. The pro-
 Or vilsum forest, and the laithlie flude phetes
 Cochitus, with his dreery bosum vnrude, ansuer to
 Flowis enviroun round about that place. Eneas,
 Bot gif sa gret desyre and luif thow has schawing
 Twyse til oursail of Stix the deidly laik, hym the
 And tuise behald blak hellis pit of wraik, and quhou
 Or sa huge laubour delytis the, quod scho, difficil it is
 Harkin quhat first behuvis the to do. to returne
 Amyd a rank tre lurkis a goldin bewch, agane thar-
 With auriall leifis, and flexable twistis tewch, fra.

20 The pro-
phetes
ansuer to
Eneas,
schawing
hym the
way to hel
and quhou
difficil it is
to returne
agane thar-
fra.

30 Be thes
golden grane
is signifiet
wisdome
quhilk
vertue can
ouereum al
thingis maist
difficil.

Onto Juno infernale consecrait,
 That standis lowkit about and obumbrate
 With dirk schaddowis of the thik wod schaw.
 Bot it is na wys leisum, I the shaw,
 Thir secret wayis ondir the erd to went,
 Quhill of the tre this goldin grane be rent.
 Fair Proserpyne has institut and command
 To offir hir this, hir awin propir presand.
 Ane othir goldin grane, to the ilk effect,
 Thow sall nocht mis, thocht the first be doun brek ;
 Incontinent euir of the samyn metall [10
 Sic a lyk branch sal burgeon furth withall.
 The nedis tharfor to hald thine ene on hycht,
 It for to sers and seik ; syne all at rycht,
 Quhen it is fund, thow hint it in thi hand :
 For, gif it list, esaly that saymn wand,
 Of the awin will, sall follow thi grip fut hait,
 Gif so the fatis will thow pas that gait ;
 Or ellis be na strenth thow sall it rife,
 Nor cut in twa with wappyne, suerd or knyfe. 20
 And mairattour, beforne the in the place,
 At thow ne wait, of thi deir freynd, allace !
 Vnerdit lysis of new the deid body,
 That with his corps infekkis all thi navy ;
 The self tyme slane, thow askand our ansuer,
 And in this place remanis with ws heir.
 First se that hym to hys lang hame thow have,
 And, as efferis, gar bery law in grave.
 Til his funerale entire, or sacrifice,
 Do bring the blak beistis, as is the gise ; 30
 Lat thai be 3our first expiationis,
 And clenging graith, eftir 3our seremonis.

So at the last, of Stix the cairfull schaw,
 And realnes vilsum for levand men to knaw,
 Thow sall behald. Quod scho; and tho gan ces,
 Hir mouth clappit togiddir, and held hir pece.

CAP. III.

*Off Mysenus enterment at was slane,
 And how Eneas fand the goldyn grane.*

Enee, with drery cheir and ene doun cast,
 Leifand the cave furth on his way is past,
 And in his breist gan rolling all on raw
 Thir vncouth chancis, wondir strange to knaw.
 Achates, his traist freynd, furth by hym went,
 Ilk step and pais musing the samyn entent : 10
 Full mony diuers sermondis betuix thaim tuo
 Talkand and carpand oft quhair as thai go ;
 Downtsum quhilk of thar feris this mycht be,
 The prophetes thaim tald wes done to de,
 Or quhat cors wes this scho thaim bad bery.
 And, as thai come apou the strandis dry,
 Thai gan behald, liggig in the ilk steid,
 Mysenus new slane be wnworthy deid ;
 Mysenus, Eolus son, nane mair cunnand
 Ostis to assemble with brasin trump in hand, 20
 That, with his sound and weirly blastis, oft syis
 The martiale curage maid in breistis rise.
 Sum tyme he was ane of gret Hectouris feris ;
 About Hectour evir hantit he the weris,
 Now blawing with his trump maist craftely,
 Now with a speir jouand his maister by.

Eftir Achil reft hym the life in weir,
 Til dochty Enee this forcy chevaleir
 Adionit hes hym self in fallowschip,
 A man of na les prowes nor wirschip.
 Bot now, perceace, with his bois trump as he
 Went vnpro wysitlie blawand by the se,
 To strive prowoking the goddis with his springis,
 Gif it be lesum to traist sa schamfull thingis,
 Triton the god, haifand tharat dispite,
 Or he was war, hym hintis, and did smyte 10
 Amang the fomy rolkis law adoun,
 And in the salt wallis the man gan droun.
 Quhairfor about his cors with gret clamour
 The Troianis stude murnand, and maid dolour ;
 Bot principally the reuthfull Eneas,
 Sibillais hest, as he commandit was,
 Tho sped in haist for to performe weping :
 For the sepultur funerale fire or bing,
 Ane heip of treis thai pres anon to dycht,
 And wp onto the hevynis rais on hicht. 20
 Ontill ane anciant forest socht thai then,
 Enterand in mony derne wilde beistis den :
 Full of rosett doun bett is the fir tre ;
 Smyte with the ax did rair the aikis hie ;
 Gret eschin stokkis tumblis to the grund ;
 With wegis schidit gan the birkis sound ;
 The felloun elmis weltis doun the hillis.
 Enee hym self also, with full gud willis
 Into sic werkis with the first, all day
 For to be besy gan his feris pray, 30
 With lume in hand fast wirkand like the laif ;
 And in his breist gan to and fra consaif,

Miscenus
 perished in
 the waters.

Full hevely, thir materis war betyde,
 Behaldand the large wod on athir syde,
 Thair as he stude thus makand his prayer :
 Wald God 3one goldin branche list now appeir,
 And kith the self to ws in this forest !
 Sen lo, al thing the prophetes exprest
 Of the, Mysenus, ar cum trew, allace !
 Schars war thir wordis said, quhen, in that place,
 A pair of dowis fra hevin cum with a flycht,
 And rycht forgane the mannis face did lycht, 10
 And on the greyn sward thair place tuke law.
 This rial prince, als sone as he thaim saw,
 His moderis birdis knew, and blythlie than
 His orisone hes maid, and thus began :
 O haly foulis, gif the way may be went,
 Be 3e my gydis to compleit my entent.
 Addres 3our cours throwout the air in hy
 Onto that haly schaw, with soill mychty,
 Quhair as that riche branche the ground ourheildis.
 And 3e, my blissit modir, that our beild is 20
 Into this doutsum cace, be nocht away ;
 I 3ow beseik be favorable to our way.
 And praying thus, eftir the spamen werd,
 He prentit baith his futsteppis in the erd,
 Behaldand redly quhat singnis thai schaw,
 Or quhiddir thai mark, etand, passing on raw.
 Thai at the last gan flichter furth a space,
 Half stalkand on the ground a soft pace,
 Sa fer before Achates and Enee,
 As-thai mycht weil behald thaim with thair E. 30
 And als sone as thai coyme to the entre
 Of Avernus, that stinkand hellis see,

Wprais thai swiftlie, and in the moste air
 Flaw furth, and syne gan alycht and repair
 Apon thar segis quhair thaim list to be,
 Of diuers naturis perkit on the tre,
 Throw quhais branschis, of seir hewis mony ane,
 The brycht glitterand goldin cullour schane.
 Lyke as full oft, in schil winteris tyde,
 The gvm or glew, amyde the woddis wyde,
 Is wont to seme zallow on the grane new,
 Quhilk nevir of that treis substance grew, 10
 With saffron hewit frute doing furth sprout,
 Circulis and wimpillis round bewis about :
 Sic lyk wes of this gold the figur brycht,
 That burgeonyt fair on the rank akis hycht.
 Evir as the bransch for pipand wind reboundit,
 The goldin schakaris ratlit and resoundit.
 Eneas smertlie hint the grane at schone,
 And, but delay, has rent it doun anone ;
 Desyrus to compleit his way alsua,
 Bair it onto the hald of Sibilla. 20

And netheles Troianis this ilk tyde,
 Mysenus deith bewalit at the cost syde,
 Onto the dolorus onsilly body
 Funerale seruice completand by and by.
 At the begynning first wp hie thai beild
 A huge heip or hing amyde the feild,
 Of dry aik schidis and fat roset treis ;
 All sydis tharof, as fer as ony seis,
 Wes dek and coverit with thir deidlie bewis,
 And wild cipres, the tre of mortale hewis ; 30
 The top abufe arrayit wes at rycht,
 And adornyt with schynand armes brycht.

Sum spedis to graith hait wattir besely
 In caldrouns playing on the fire fast by ;
 The cald deid corps is weschin and inoint,
 Enbalmit with riche gummis euey joint.
 Thai schowting, gowling, and clamour about hym maid ;
 The body syne bewalit haif thai laid
 In a soft bed, and thar aboun wes spred
 Purpourobberis, quhairwith he wont wes cled.
 Sum on thar schulderis the gret beir wpbair,
 A dulful office, with mony sob and rair, 10
 And, as the maner of tendir freyndis is,
 For sorow thair facis wrythis away, I wis,
 Putting the kendling in with hait firebrand,
 Gret hepis of sence wpblesand fra hand to hand ;
 Cowpis and goblettis warpit in the fire,
 Full of oil dolive, wpbrynt brycht and schire.
 Eftir all wes fallin in puldir and in as,
 And the greit heit of flambis quhenchit was,
 The reliquies and the dry ammeris syne
 Thai slokkin, and gan weschin with sweit wyne : 20
 The banis, walit by and naitlie chosit,
 Choryneus in a brasin tvn hes closit.
 And this ilk man his feris all, but dout,
 With clene watter clengit thrise about,
 Strinkland a litle dewing, as was the gise,
 With the branche of ane happy olive thrise ;
 He purgit and aspargit weill the men,
 The lattir word, All is done ! said he then.
 Eneas tho gart vp errekit be
 A sepulture of full huge quantite, 30
 In taknyng of the mannis instrumentis,
 Ane air and eik ane trumpet tharon prentis,

Vndir the mont, vmquhyle Aeryus
 Was clepit, quhilk now is hait Mysenus ;
 Eftir his naim callit perpetually,
 That evir sall his memor testyfy.

CAP. IV.

*Of Eneas sacryfys by nycht,
 And how to hell he tuk the way ful rycht.*

A description
 of the caue
 quhilk leadis
 to hell.

This being done, Sibillais commandment
 Enee addressis performe incontinent.
 Thar stud a dirk and profound cave fast by,
 Ane hiddouis hole, deip gapand and grisly,
 All full of craggis and of thir scherp flint stanis,
 Quhilk wes weill dekkit and closit for the nanis 10
 With a foull laik, als blak as ony craw,
 And skuggis dym of a full dern wod schaw,
 Abufe the quhilk na foull may fle but skaith.
 Exalationis or vapouris blak and laith
 Furth of that deidly golf thrawis in the air,
 Sic wise na bird may thiddir mak repair;
 Quhairfor Grekis Avernus clepis this steid,
 The place but foulis, to say, or pit of deid.
 Heir first Enee, at this ilk entre vile,
 Four 3oung stottis addressit, blak of pile : 20
 The nvn Sibilla rasavis thaim, and syne
 Amyd thar foirhedis quhelmit on cowpis of wyne,
 And of thair top, betuix the hornis tway,
 The ovirmast haris has scho pullit away,

And in the haly ingill, as wes the gise,
 Kest thaim, in maner of the first sacrifice,
 Apon Hecate cryand, with mony a zell,
 Mychtfull in hevin and dym dongeon of hell.
 Sum slevit knyffis in the beistis throtis,
 And vtheris, quhilk wer ordanit for sic notis,
 The warme new blude keppit in coup and peis.
 Enee hym self a 3ow was blak of fleis
 Britnyt with his swerd, in sacrifice full hie
 Onto the modir of the fureis thre, 10
 And hir grete sistir ; and to the, Proserpyne,
 A 3eld kow all to trynschit ; and eftir syne
 To the infernale king, quhilk Pluto hait,
 His nicht altaris begouth to dedicate :
 The haill bowkis of beistis, bane and lyre,
 Amyd the flambis kest and haly fyre ;
 The fat olie did he 3et and peir
 Apoun the entrailis, to mak thaim birn cleir.
 But lo ! a litle befor the son rising,
 The ground begouth to rummys, croyn, and ring, 20
 Vndir thair feit, and woddy toppis hie
 Of thir hillis begyn to mufe thai se ;
 Amang the schaddowis and the skuggis mark
 The hell houndis hard thai 3oull and bark,
 At the cuming of the goddes Proserpyne.
 Sibilla cryis, that prophetes dyvyne,
 All 3e that bene prophane, away, away ;
 Swyth, outwith all the sanctuar hy 3ou, hay !
 And thou, quod sche, hald on thi way with me ;
 Draw furth thi swerd ; for now is neid, Enee, 30
 To schaw thi manheid, and be of ferme curage.
 Thus fer sche sayd, smyte with the godlie rage,

And tharwith enteris in the oppin cåve.
 Eneas vnabasis, fra all the lave,
 Followis his gyde with equale pace full rycht.

Eneas
 enteris
 baldly into
 hel.

O 3e goddis, in quhais power and mycht
 The sawlis bene, and 3e derne skuggis dirk,
 Confusit Chaos, quhair of all thing bene wirk,
 Schaldand hellis flude, Flagiton, but lycht,
 Placis of silence and perpetuall nycht !

Invocation
 desiring
 pardon or he
 begin to
 schaw the
 secretis of
 hell.

Mot it be leifull to me for to tell
 Thai thingis quhilkis I haif hard sayde of hell, 10
 And, by 3our mychtis, that I may furth schaw
 Seir thingis drinchit in the erd full law,
 And deip involuit in mirknes and in mist.

A description
 of hell.

Thai walkand furth, sa dirk vneth thai wist
 Quhiddir thai went, amyd dym schaddowis thair,
 Quhair euer is nycht and neuer lycht dois repair,
 Throwout the waist dongeon of Pluto king,
 Thai voyde boundis and that gousty ring ;
 Siclyke as quha wald throw thik woddis wend
 In obscure lycht, quhair mone may nocht be kend, 20
 As Jupiter, the king etherial,
 With erdis scug hydys the hevynis all,
 And the myrk nycht, with hir visage gray,
 From every thing hes reft the hew away.

Befoir the port and first jawis of hell,
 Lamentatioun and wraikfull Thochtis fell
 Thair lugeing had ; and thairat duellis eik
 Pail Maladeis, that causis folk be seik ;
 The feirfull Dreid, and als vnweildy Age,
 The felloun Hungir with hir vndantit rage : 30
 Thair wes also the laithlie Indigence,
 Terrible of port, and schamefull hir presence ;

The grislie Deid, that mony ane hes slane,
 The hard Laubour and disseisfull Pane,
 The slottry Sleip, Deidis cusing of kynd,
 Inordinat Blythnes of peruersit mynd ;
 And in the zet, forganis thaim, did stand
 The mortale Battele with his deidlie brand,
 The irn chalmeris of hellis Fureis fell,
 Witles Discord, that woundring maist crewell,
 Wymplit and buskit in a bludy bend,
 With snakis hung at euery hairis end. 10
 And in the middis of the vtir ward,
 With braid branschis spred our all the sward,
 A rank elm tre stude, huge grit, and stok ald :
 The vulgair pepill in that sammyn hald
 Belevis thir vane dremis makis thair duelling ;
 Vndir ilk leif full thik thai stik and hing.
 Thair bene eik monsteris of mony diuers sort :
 The Centawris wer stabillit at this port,
 The dowbill porturat Scilla with thaim in feir,
 Briareus with a hundreth formes seir, 20
 The bisning beist, the serpent of Lerna,
 Horribly quhisland, and quent Chymera
 With fire enarmit on hir toppis hie,
 The laithlie Harpies, and the Gorgouns thre ;
 Of thrinfald bodeis gaistlie formes did grone,
 Baith of Erilus and of Gerioun.

Eneas smertlie, for the haisty dreid,
 Hint furth his swerd in this place, and, gud speid,
 The drawin blaid he profferis thar and heir
 Onto thai monstris, euir as thai drew neir ; 30
 And war nocht his expert mait Sibilla
 Taucht hym thai wer but voyd gaistis all tha,

But ony bodeis, as wandrand wrechis waist,
 He had apun thaim ruschit in gret haist,
 And with his bitand brycht brand, all in vane,
 The tume schaddowis smytyn to haue slane.

CAP. V.

*Tyl hellis fludis Enee socht nether mair,
 And Palinurus, his sterisman, fand he thair.*

Fra thine strekis the way profound anon
 Deip onto hellis flude of Acheron ;
 With holl bisme, and hiduus swelth wnrude,
 Drumlie of mud, and scaldand as it wer wod,
 Popland and bullerand furth on athir hand
 Onto Cochitus all his slik and sand. 10
 Thir riuers and thir watteris keptit war
 By ane Charon, a grislie ferriar,
 Terrible of schap, and sluggert of array :
 Apon his chin feill cannos haris gray,
 Lyart feltat tatis ; with birnand ene reid,
 Like tua fire blesis fixit in his heid.
 His smotterit habit, our his schulderis lidder,
 Hang prevagely knyt with a knot togiddir.
 Hymself the cobil did with his bolm furth schow,
 And, quhen hym list, halit wp salis fow. 20
 This ald hasard careis our fludis hoit
 Spretis and figuris in his irm hewit boit,
 Allthocht he eildit was, or step in age,
 Als fery and als swippir as a page ;

Charon the
 ferry man of
 hellis flude.

For in a god the age is fresche and grene,
 Infatigable and immortale as thai mene.

Thiddir to the bray swarmit all the rout
 Of deid gaistis, and stud the bank about ;
 Baith matrouns, and thair husbandis, all yferis,
 Ryall princis, and nobill chevaleris,
 Small childrin, and 3oung damicellis vnwed,
 And fair springaldis laitlie deid in bed,
 In fader and in moderis presens laid on beir.
 Als gret number thiddir thikkit in feir, 10

As in the first frost eftir hervist tyde,
 Levis of treis in the wod doith slyde ;
 Or birdis flokkis our the fludis gray,
 Onto the land seikand the nerrest way,
 Quhom the cald sesoun cachis our the see,
 Into sum benar realm and warm countre.
 Thair stud thai praying sum support to gett,
 That thai mycht with the formast our be sett,
 And gan wphevin petuuslie handis tuay,
 Langing to be apon the forthir bray. 20

Bot this sorofull boitman, with brym luik,
 Now thir, now thaim, within his veschall tuik ;
 And vther sum expellit, and maid do stand
 Fer from the rivage syde upon the sand.

Avondrit of this sterage, and the pres,
 Say me, virgyne, quod Enee, or thow ceis,
 Quhat menis sic confluence at this watir syde ?
 Quhat wald thir saulis ? Quhy wil thai nocht byde ?
 Quhilk causis bene, or quhat diuersite,
 Sum from the brais thaim withdraw, I se ; 30
 Ane vther sort, eik, of thir saulis deid
 Rollit our the ryver cullorit as the leid ?

This anciant religius woman than,
 But mair delay, to ansuere thus began :
 Anchises get ! heynd, kynd, curtas and gud,
 Discend vndowtable of the goddis blude,
 The deip stank of Cochitus doith thow se,
 And eik the hellis pule, bait Stix, quod sche,
 Be quhais mychttis the goddis ar full laith,
 And dreidis sair to swer, syne fals thair aith.
 All thir, thow seis stoppit at the schoir,
 Bene helples folk, vnerdit and forloir : 10
 3one grislie ferriar to naim Charon hait,
 Thai bene all bereit he careis in his bait.
 It is nocht to hym lefull, he ne may
 Thame fery our thir rowtand fludis gray,
 Nor to the hidduus 3ondir costis haue,
 Quhill thar banis be laid to rest in grave.
 Quha ar vnbereit a hundreth 3eir man byde,
 Wauerand and wandrand by this bankis syde ;
 Than, at the last, to pas our in this boit
 Thay bene admit, and costis thaim nocht a groit, 20
 And frely may behaldin or espy
 Tha lakis quhilkis thaim langis to vesy.

Anchises son tho stintis a litle stound,
 And baith his futsteppis fixit in the ground,
 Musing in mynd sum deil, sad in a part,
 And of this hard fortoun caught reuth in hart.
 Thair saw he, dolorus and wofull of cheir,
 But funerale seruice, neuer laid on beir,
 Leucaspis and Orontes, baith tuane,
 Quhilum masteris of the schip Liciane ; 30
 Quham baith yfeir, as said before haue we,
 Saland from Troy throwout the wally see,

The deidlie storm ourquhelmit with a quhiddir,
Baith men and schip welt ondir flud togiddir.

Lo ! Palynurus eik, his sterisman,
Amang vtheris fast to the wattir ran,
Quhilk laitlie saland in the Libiane see,
As that he gan behald the sternis hie,
Togiddir with the helmstok, quhar he stude,
Our schipburd swakkit wes amynd the flude.
And scarsly as Enee gan hym espy,
Amang dirk skuggis standand fuil drery, 10
First he hym gretis, saying to hym thus :
Quhilk of the goddis, O Palynurus,
The ws bereft, and drint amynd the see ?
How tyde that cais ; declair me, I pray the.
For certis, brycht Appollo neurir or now
Was fals to me ; bot I wait neurir quhow
Of his answeir tuiching the he ravit,
And hes my mynd tharin all hail dissauit,
That schew thou suld hailskarthe our the see,
Onto the ground of Itail cum, quod he. 20
Se, thus his lawtie and promit is keip !

Eneas
commonyng
with
Palynurus.

The todir ansueris with a petuus peip :
Maist worthy Duke, Anchises son so deir,
Nother heth the of Phebus the ansueir,
Vndir his secret courting, so dissaue,
Ne 3it na god sa far hes me byvaif,
Nor drownit in the deip as 3e beleif ;
Bot, as I slaid ourburd to my mischeif,
The helmstok, or gubernakle of tre,
Quhairwith I reulit our cours throw the se, 30
Lenand tharon sa fast, percace it threw,
And rent away ourburd with me I drew.

The wally seis to witnes draw I heir,
 That for myself tuik I nane sa gret feir,
 As of thi schip, quham that I knew full quyte
 Spulzeit of hir graith, and lodisman furth smyte,
 Dreding scho suld haif perist in sic neid,
 Our the huge sweland fludis rais on breid.
 The south wind Nothus thre dayis me draif
 Throwout the see, with violent wallis waif :
 Scars on the ferd day at morn did I spy,
 Hie from the wallis croppis Italy. 10
 Huly and fair on to the cost I swam ;
 And tho almaist in suretie cumin I am,
 Ne war the crewell peple of thai landis,
 As that I grippit with my crukit handis
 The scherp rolkis toppis at the schoir,
 In hevy wait frog stad and chargit soir,
 Thai gan with irn wappinis me invaid,
 Wenying a spy at I had bene, thai said,
 From thair cuntre sum pray to drive away.
 So now I am bedeit in fludis gray, 20
 And windis warpis my corps apon the strandis.
 Quhairfor I pray the, hevand wp my handis,
 And be the plesand lycht of hevin requiris,
 And be the hailsum air that thow inspyris,
 And be thi welbelouit fadir ding,
 And guid hope of thi 3ong sonis offspring,
 O thow wnwencust valeant campioun,
 Deliuier me from thir gret harmis anone :
 Or, at the leist, grave me in sepulture,
 Sen weil thow can, and may performe that cuir. 30
 Speir to the portis quhilkis Velinos hait ;
 Or gif thar may be fundin ony gait,

Quhilk thi blessit moder hes the techit rycht,
 Reik thi rycht hand onto this wrechit wrycht,
 And haue me with the our thir fludis rede,
 So, at the leist, I may, eftir my deid,
 Into sum plesand sted remane and rest ;
 For I believ fermlic thow nocht adress
 Sa large fludis but goddis autorite,
 Nor Stix this laik for till ourswym, quod he.

Quhen that he had thir wourdis said expres,
 Sic ansueir til hym maid the prophetes : 10
 Palynurus, quod scho, thow sary syre,
 Quhiddir is becummyn sic vndantit desyre
 To the, and fers wil sa vnresonable ?
 Wenis thow, vnerdit now, and thus vnable,
 Our Stix the hellis pule sic wise to fair,
 And grislie fludis, about quham doith repair
 Thir dreidfull Fureis, to behald and se ?
 Vncallit, on the zondir bray wald thow be ?
 Desist, and ceis to weyn with thi prayer
 The goddis decret at thow may brek or steir. 20
 Bot now imprent in thi remembrance
 Thir wordis of solace in thi hard chance.
 Quhair thi body is at this tyme present,
 For feir tharof, the peple adiacent,
 By wondir taiknis from the hevinis schaw
 Constrenit, sall bygrave thi banis law,
 And on thi cors erect a sepulture,
 Doing tharto solempnit funeral cuir.
 Palynurus that place to naim forthy
 Sall beir, and clepit be perpetually. 30

With thir wordis assuagit his hevvy thoct,
 And fra his sorofull hart, as that he moecht,

Sum deil expellit hes the dolorus cair,
 Reiosit of the ground his surnaim bair.
 Quhairfor Eneas and Sibil, baith tuay,
 As thai begunnyn had, held furth thair way.

CAP. VI.

*Our Styx the flud how that Enee did fair,
 And Cerberus in caif hard zell and rair.*

And as thai gan approche toward the flude,
 This churlish boitman, on Stix quhair he stude,
 Als swith as he persavit thaim cum swa
 Throw the derne wod and draw nerer the bra,
 First with sic busteous wordis he thaim grat,
 And, but offence, gan thaim chiding thus plat: 10
 Quhat euir thow be, that cummis enarmit so
 Towart our fludis, quhiddir etlis thow go?
 For quhat caus come thow hiddir? tell me tyte;
 Stand stil thar as thow art, with mekle syte;
 Pres na forther, for this is the hald rycht
 Of Gaistis, Schaddois, Sleip, and doverit Nycht:
 Vnleful war, and ane forbodin thing,
 Within this passinger our Stix to bring
 Ony leifand wycht. Certes, in myne entent,
 I am nocht glaid zit of the last sa went; 20
 Nor that I careit Hercules our this laik,
 Ne Theseus, and Pyrithous his maik,
 Allthocht thai war cumin of goddis lynage,
 And inuinsible of strenth and vassalage.

For this ilk Hercules, with his stalwart handis,
 The gryme wardane of hell strenit in bandis,
 And drew him thrymbling from the kingis trone :
 The todir twa gret violence wald haue done ;
 The fresche Proserpyne, Plutois lady gay,
 Furth of hir bour begouth to leid away.

To hym agane this ansuere maid expres
 Of Amphrysia Phebus prophetes :
 Do all suspitioun furth of thi consait.
 Here is, quod sche, nane sic gile nor dissait ; 10

Na violence our wappinis doith pretend :
 Weil lykis ws, it doith ws nocht offend,
 Thocht in his cave 3our hiddeous portar
 3ouland affray the deid gaistis euirmair ;
 We stand content, it sufficis ws alsua,
 That ay remane the chaist Proserpyna
 Within hir faderis broderis boundis and ring.
 Bot heir is cumyn, of King Troyes ofspring,
 Eneas, full of piete and knychtheid,
 To vesy his luvit fadir quhilk is deid, 20
 Descendit to the law skuggis of hell.

Of sa gret vertu and piete quhilk I tell,
 Gif na considderance may the move, quod sche,
 At leist thow knawis this goldin granit tre :
 And, with that word, the branch schew and vndid,
 That preualie ondir hir klok wes hid.
 The rageand hert, all full of wraith and ire,
 Than wox appetit of this laithlie syre ;
 And, but ma wordis or langar delay,
 Awondrit of the present fresche and gay, 30
 This fatale wand sa precius wes, I mene,
 That he tofoir a lang tyme had nocht sene,

His watry hewit boit, haw lyke the se,
 Towart thaim turnis and addressis he,
 And gan approche onto the bra in haist :
 Syne vther saulis expellit hes and chaist
 Furth of his bait, quhilk sat endlang the wail :
 He strekit sone his airis, and graithis his sail,
 And thairwithall the big wechty Enee
 Within his weschall boddum rasavis he.
 Vnder the paysand and the hevvy charge
 Gan grane or geig ful fast the jonit barge, 10
 Sa full of riftis, and with lekkis perbraik,
 Scho suppit huge wattir of the laik.
 Bot, at the last, attour the flude zit than
 Salfie scho brocht baith prophetes and man,
 And furth thaim sett amynd the foul glar,
 Among the fauch rispis harsk and star.
 Cerberus, the hidduus hund, that regioun
 Fordynnis, barkand with thre mouthis soun,
 Vnmesurable in his cave quhar he lay,
 Rycht our forgane thaim in the hie way : 20
 Quham til the prophetes, behaldand quhow in hy
 His nekkis wox of edderis al grisly,
 A sop stepit intill hunny, als fast,
 And of enchantit cornis maid, gan cast.
 For hungir wod, he gapis with throttis thre,
 Swith swelleand that morcell raucht had sche,
 And tho his terrible body with a rerd
 He tumblis our, liggin on the erd,
 Of huge statur and felloun quantite,
 Our all the cave furth strekit hym hes he. 30

CAP. VII.

*The circulit wayis in hell Eneas saw,
And fand quene Dido in the myrtre schaw.*

Thus quhill the portar in sleip sowpit lysis,
The entre tho Eneas occupyis,
And our the fludis bank ful swiftlie spreit,
Quhais passage is vnreturnable went.

Anon thai hard seir vocis lamentable,
Gret waling, quhymping, sprachis miserable.
In the first circil, or the vtir ward,
3oung babbeis saulis weping sor thai hard ;
Quham the hasty and blak duleful day
Sowkand thar moderis pap had reft away,
From the sweit lyf twynnit vntymusly,
As cairfull corps plungit in graive gart ly.

Nixt thaim, the secund place thai folkis hes
Wrangusly put to deid for cryme saikles.
Nor, siccirlie, thir settis to ilk wycht
War nocht assignit but iuge, dome, and rycht.
For king Mynos, inquisitour and justice,
The fatale wrn and ballance at device
Rewlis equalie, and be discretioun steris
To consall and to jugement as efferis ;
The silly gostis callis in that secret cage,
Baith of thar lyfe and crymes takand knowlage.

Syne eftir thir, all sory and full of cair,
The thrid place haldis, and sall euir mair,
Giltles folk, that for disdene, wo, or feid,
With thair awin handis wrocht thair self to deid,

Of the nyne
cirkillis of
hell.

The 3oung
children
hath the first
place.

10

The ii cirkill
is of them
that war put
saikles to
dethe.

20

The third
cyrkil is of
them that
sla them
selfis.

And, irkit of the life that thay war in,
 Thair sweit saulis maid fra the body twyn.
 O, quhat penurite and hard distres in feir
 Wald thai now suffir to be in this warld heir !
 Bot the fatis and goddis decreit ganestandis
 That thai may neur return onto thir landis.
 The wofull pule, with wattir wnluffly,
 Withhaldis thaim so at thai may nocht go by ;
 And Stix, the flude, bylappis thaim about
 Nyne tymis, sa clos at thai sall neuer wyn out. 10

Nocht fer from thens, wydequhar on euey syde,
 Thai mycht behald the large feildis wyde
 And boundis of Complaynt, all voyd of lycht ;
 Sa bene thai clepit propirly at rycht ;
 Quharin war all, by strang luf in thar dayis
 With sic cruell infection waistit away is ;
 The hiddillis held thai and the roddis darn,
 A myrtre wod about thaim lowkit 3arn.
 Thair panefull musing and thar hevy thocht,
 Eftir thair deid also for3et thai nocht. 20

Thar wes Phedra, the spous of Theseus ;
 And Procris eik, the wyfe of Cephalus ;
 In that ilk steid wes trist Eriphile ;
 Hir crewell sonnys woundis schawis sche.
 Evadne he beheld, and Laodomya,
 And Pasyphe in fallowschip with tha ;
 And Ceneus, first a weuche, and syne a man,
 In hir auld schap eftir deid changit than.
 Amang vtheris the Phenissian Dido
 Within the gret wod walkis to and fro, 30
 The greyn wound gapand in hir breist all new :
 Quham as the Troiane barroun nerrar drew,

The iiii.
 cyrkyll
 schawis
 them that for
 immoderat
 loue
 perished.

And throw the dirk schaddowis first did knaw ;
 Sic wys as quha throw cluddy skyis saw,
 Or, at the leist, wenys he heich do se
 The new mone quhen first wpwaxis sche ;
 The teris leit he fall, and tendirly
 With hartly luif begrait hir thus in hy :

O fey Dido, sen I persauē the heir,
 A sovir warning, now I knaw full cleir,
 Was schawin me, at thow with suerd wes slaw,
 Bireft thi self the lyfe, and brocht of daw.
 Allace, I wes the causar of thi deid !
 By all the sternis schynis aboun our heid,
 And be the goddis aboun, to the I sweir,
 And be the faith and lawtie, gif ony heir
 Trewth may be found deip onder erd, quod he,
 Magre my will, Princes, sa mot I the,
 From thi costis depart I was constrenit.

Bot the commandment of the goddis vnfenit,
 Quhais gret mychtis hes me hidder drive,
 To pas throwout thir dirk schaddowis belive, 20
 By gousty placis, welsche savorit, mist, and hair,
 Quhair profound nycht perpetuall doith repair,
 Compellit me from the for to dissevir :
 Nor in my mynd ymagin mycht I neur,
 For my departing or absence, I wys,
 Thow suldest caught sa gret diseis as this.
 Do stint thi pais ; abyde, thow gentyll wycht ;
 Withdraw the nocht sa sone out of my sycht :
 Quham fleis thow ? this is the lattir day,
 By weirdis schap, that with the speik I may. 30

With sic wordis Eneas, full of wo,
 Set hym to meis the spreit of Quene Dido :

Eneas
 oracyone
 to Dido
 quene of
 Carthage
 purgyng
 hymself of
 hir dede.

Quhilk, all inflambit, full of wreth and ire,
 With acquart luik glowand hait as fyre,
 Maid hym to weip, and sched furth teris wak.
 All fremmitly frawart hym, as he spak,
 Hir ene fixit apon the ground held sche,
 Moving na mair hir curage, face nor bre
 Than sche had bene a statew of marble stane,
 Or a ferm rolk of Mont Merpesyane.
 Bot finaly, full swift scho wiskis away,
 Aggrevit fled in the dern woddis gray, 10
 Quhair as Sicheus, hir first spous, full suir
 Corespondis to hir desyre and cuir,
 Rendring in luif amoris equiualent.
 And, netheles, fast eftir hir furth sprent
 Enee, perplexit of hir sory cace,
 And weping gan her follow a weil lang space,
 Regratand in his mynd, and had piete
 Of hir distres that movit hir so to fle.

CAP VIII.

*The ward of worthy weirmen now Enee
 Beheld, and heir with Deiphobus spak he.*

With all his speid fra thens he tuke the gait
 That was ontill hym grantit by his fait : 20
 And sone thai wer in cumin to the plane
 And lattir wardis, quhairin dois remane
 Vailzeant folkis in feild and chevalry,
 Thai secret stedis hantand by and by.

The v cirkil
 contens
 valzeand
 and nobil
 captans of
 warre.

Heir hym recontrit Parthenopeus,
 And intill armis vailzeant Thedeus,
 The pail gost eik of Adrastus the king.
 Thair saw he als, with huge greit and murnyng
 In mydle erd most menit, thir Troianis
 During the sege that into battale slane is;
 Quham as he gan behald wydequhair on raw,
 Full tendirly complenyng, thair he saw
 Glaucus, Medontus, and Thersilochus,
 Anthenoris thre sonnis, and Polibetus 10
 Onto the goddes Ceres consecrait;

Ideus saw he in his auld estait,
 Baith rewland 3it his cart and wapyannis weildand.
 Onto Eneas left syde and rycht hand
 The saulis flokkis, circultit in a rout :
 Nocht sufficit thaim to spy hym anis about,
 Bot, desyring he tareit euer mair,
 Furth with hym for to walkin and repair;
 Weil lykis thaim towart hym fast to thring,
 And to inquiryre the caus of his cuming. 20

The nobillis eik of Grekis, one by one,
 With the gret rowtis of Agamennone,
 Als sone as thai the stalwart Troiane saw
 In brycht armour amyd the schaddowis law,
 Gretly afferd wer smyte with felloun dreid :
 Sum gaif the bak, takand the flycht gud speid,
 As quhylum thai onto thar schippis socht ;
 Sum rasis a cry with waik voce, as thai mocht ;
 Bot all for nocht, thair clamour was full scant,
 The soundis brak with gasping or a gant. 30

Syne Deiphobus, quhylum armypotent,
 King Priamus son, with body tore and rent,

Thair he beheld, and creuell maglit face,
 Vissage menzeit and baith his handis, allace !
 Halfhedis spulzeit, of stowit his eris tuay,
 By schameful wound his neis cuttit away.
 With gret defeculte he hym scarslie knew,
 Trymbling for lak, eschamyt reid of hew,
 As that he mycht hydand his felloun woundis.
 Vndemandit, with freyndly wordis and soundis
 Enee hym grat, sayand : Of gret renoun,
 Deiphobus, armypotent campioun, 10
 Quha has, allace ! the marthyrit swa and slane
 By sa creuell turmentis and hiddeous pane ?

A communi-
 cation betuix
 Eneas and
 Deiphobus.

How euir wes ony suffirit the so to dycht ?
 It was me tauld, of Troy the lattir nycht,
 Thow, wery and forfochtin in that steid
 For sa feil Greikis be thi dintis deid,
 Abuse the heip of deid corssis our ane
 Fell down forbled, thair standand thyne allane.
 Than I myself, fra this wes to me schaw,
 Doun at the neis Rethe, by the costis law, 20
 A voyd tumb raisit, and with loud voce thris
 Apon the wrathis and wandrand gaistis cryis ;
 Thi armis and thi name that place doith hald.
 My freynd, thi body culd I nocht behald
 Nor fynd, thocht I wald it haue gravit eft,
 The tyme quhen I our native countre left.

King Priamus son maid ansueir : Suth is it,
 Na thyng, my deir freynd, did thow pretermyt ;
 All that thow aucht to Deiphobus, ilk deil
 Thow hes perfurnist worthely and weil, 30
 As to my berial and spreit appertenit.
 Bot my hard fatis war wers than thow wenit ;

For the detestable cursit wikkitnes
 Of Helene borne in Lacena, I ges,
 Has me involuit in thir harmis 3e se :
 Thir ar hir last luif drowreis left with me.
 Full weil thow wait quhow that the lattir nycht
 In fals myrthis we spendit, euery wycht ;
 Alace the quhile ! the gret matir of cair
 Behuvis ws hald in memour euir mair,
 Quhen that the fatale hors, to our ennoy,
 Come speland our the hie wallis of Troy, 10
 With belly chargit full of armit men ;
 That strang lurdane than, quham weill 3e ken,
 The Troiane matrouns ledis in a ring,
 Fen3eand to Bacchus fest and karelling ;
 Amyddis all the laif a gret fire brand,
 Birnand full cleir, scho haldis in hir hand,
 Quhair with, out from the maister streit of Troy,
 The Greikis did scho bekyn and convoy.
 This ilk tyme me, with hevy curis lang
 Of irksom weir and sad, slummeris strang 20
 Oppressit, for my walking mony fald,
 My fey chalmer gan my body hald.
 Fordouerit as I lay into that sted,
 In sweit profound rest of sleip lyke soft deid,
 That notable spous furth of hir lugeing place,
 This meyne sessoun, all armour did arrace ;
 My trasty suerd fra ondir my heid away
 Stal scho, and in the place brocht Menelay :
 The chalmir durris oppinit scho in hy,
 Wenying to wirk a hie plesour tharby 30
 To hir first luifar, and hir auld schame
 Thair throw to quenche, and recovir gud name.

Quhat suld I tary, or 3ow langar hald ?
 The Grekis ruschit in the chalmer thik fald :
 Amang all vtheris samyn thidder spedis
 That schrew pronocar of all vickit deidis,
 Eolus nevo, cursit Vlixes sle.
 On siclyke wise as thar thai did with me,
 Gret goddis mot the Grekis recompence,
 Gif I may thig a vengeance but offence.
 Bot say me this agane, freind, all togidder,
 Quhat aventure hes brocht the leiffand hiddir? 10
 Quhiddir waffit vilsum by storm of the se,
 Or at command of goddis, come thow, quod he ?
 Or quhat fortoun doith the cache and steir,
 That to this sory hald thow cumis heir,
 To vesy this trublit dym regioun,
 Quhair evir is nycht and nevir son 3it schon ?

CAP. IX.

*Sibilla carpend to Enee gan tell
 The turmentis of deip drery painful hel.*

The quhile as thai thus carpit to and fra,
 Hir rosy chariot the fresche Aurora
 Amydwart of the hevynis assiltre
 Begouth for till wproll and rais on hie ; 20
 The myd declyning of hir cours wes went :
 And thai, percace, on sic vise mycht haue spent
 The tyme compleit was for thar jorney grant.
 Bot sone hym warnis Sibilla the sant,

His trew marrow, gan schortlie to hym say :

The nycht, Eneas, slydis fast away ;
 Weping, the houris we consume and waist.
 Heir is the place quhair our passage in haist
 Departit is, and sched in stretis twane.
 This way, towart the rycht hand, strekis plane
 To the hie wallis of Schir Ditis king ;
 It is our redy went, quhilk sall ws bring
 Onto the plesand plane of Elise :
 This vthir gait, on the left hand 3e se,
 Convoyis on to the sted of fell torment,
 Quhair dampnit schrewis in Tartarus ar sent
 In wofull pit perpetual to remane.

Two placis
 in hell one
 for the
 plesor of gud
 men, ane
 vthir for the
 punisment of
 euell.

10

Than Deiphobus maid this ansueir agane :
 Beis nocht aggreuit, souerane nun, I pray,
 I sall no langar duell, bot go my way :
 I sall compleit my number furth, quod he,
 And to dym schaddowis rendrit sall I be.
 Pas on, pas on, our wirschep and renoun !
 Mair prosper chance to hant go mak the boun !
 Thus fer spak Deiphobus, and, with that saw,
 About turnit his pace and gan withdraw.

20

Eneas blent hym by, and suddanly
 Ondir a rolk at the left syde did spy
 A wondir large castell, strang and stout,
 With wallis thrinfald lappit round about ;
 Quham the grislie Tartarean Flagiton,
 That ravenus flude, closis environ,
 With wattir blesand brym in fyry low,
 And rolland stanis rumland deip and how.
 The port in foirfront was ful huge gret ;
 Of ferme adamant wer the pillaris bet,

The vi cir-
 kyll ordey-
 ned for
 punisment of
 wykkyt
 pepyll.

30

Sa that na force of men mycht thaim doun myne,
 Nor 3it the strenth of goddis with strang ingyne.
 Ane irne tour stude beildit wondir hie,
 Quhilk semyt for to reik up to the sky :
 Tisiphone, that furious monstir wild,
 In bludy caip revestit and oursyld,
 Sittis keptand, but sleip, baith nycht and day,
 That sory entre and this porche allway.
 Tho begouth thai first in this sted to heir
 Murnyng, granyng, gowlyng, and duleful beir ; 10
 Feill crewell strakis smytting hard thai sound,
 Frasing of irn fetteris and chen3eis round.
 Enee gan hym arest, in mynd within
 All abasit, harknand this feirfull dyn.
 O haly virgyne, say furth now, quod he,
 Quhat kynd of grislie turment may this be ?
 In quhat pvnitoun, panis, and distres,
 Bene saulis 3ondir stren3eit, prophetes ?
 Quhat menis this brut, weping, and wofull cryis,
 With sic waling semis fordyn the skyis ? 20
 Sibilla thus begouth ansueir agane :
 O wirschipfull and gentill duke Troiane,
 It is nocht lesum to nane innocent wycht
 Within boundis of wickitnes or vnrycht
 Til entir, nor attene to neir that 3et ;
 Bot the first tyme Proserpyne maid and set
 Me maistres of Averne, hir hallowit schaw,
 The goddis turmentis gan scho to me schaw,
 And me convoyit thar throw euery steid.
 This maist dolorous realm to steir and leid 30
 Has Radamanthus, vmquhile of Crete king,
 Halding maist scherp and sair lawis in his ring :

Chaisteand folkis, speris thar offence expres ;
 By turment thaim compellis thair cryme confes,
 Synnis commitit abufe in the erd,
 Quham ony, joyand to thair awin wanwerd,
 But profet doith conseil, hyde, or delay,
 Vnamendit quhill deidis lattir day.
 Sic wickit and condampnit wichtis, als tye
 As thai cum in that dolly pit of syte,
 Tysyphone, the wrekar of misdedis,
 With quhip in hand all redy fast hir spedis 10
 Thaim to assail, to toir, scourge, and beit,
 And with hir left hand terrible ederis gret
 Thik at thaim swakkis ; syne, to pyn thaim dois call
 Of fell turment the rout of sisteris all.

And tho at last with horrible soundis trist
 Thai wareit portis, jargand on the hirst,
 Warpit wp braid. Lo! 3ondir may thow se
 Quhat kynd wardane sittis in the porch, quod sche,
 And quhow terrible of countenance and cheir
 Thow hir behaldis keipis the entre heir. 20
 Ane mair feirful monstir and mair fell,
 Ane vgly serpent, sittis within 3one hell,
 With fifty hiddeous blak throttis gapand.
 And forthir eik 3one Tartarus ay thrymbland,
 Quhilk is of hell the dirk dongeoun and pitt,
 Dippis tuise als holl doun, I lat the wit,
 Semyng so law ondir the erth reik
 As that our sycht may wp to hevynis streik.
 Thairin the anciant lynage of the erd,
 Thir giantis hait Tytanis, be wanwerd 30
 With thunderis blast doun smyttin and ourthraw,
 Ar warpit in 3one pottis boddum law.

Thair saw I eik Aloeus twynnis twane,
 Othus and Ephialtes, brethir germane,
 With huge bodeis, that pressit doun to rent
 With thar handis the large firmament,
 And by thar force begouth expell the king,
 Hie Jupiter, furth of his hevynlie ring.
 Thar I beheld Salmoneus alsua,
 In creuell turment sufferand mekle wa,
 For that he gan to counterfeit hym cast
 Gret Jovis fyre and hevinlie thunderis blast. 10
 By horssis four furth rollit wes his chair,
 Secret conditis of fyre smyttand sair,
 Throwt the peple of Grece and of Archaid,
 Amyd the cetie of Elis, blyth and glaid,
 Prowd and haltand in his hert, walkit he,
 And as a god bad honorit he suld be ;
 For that, intil his dotage and fule heit,
 By sound of bras and stampand stedis feit,
 He maid hym for to feyn a symilitude
 Of cluddis blast, and rumbland thundir rude, 20
 Quhilk on na wise aucht to be counterfeit.
 Bot the hie fader almychty from his seit
 Throw thik cluddis at hym his dart did thraw,
 Nothir blak fyre brand, nor reky flambis law,
 Bot suddanly with a fell bleiss of thundir
 Threw hym to ground, and smate hym all in sondir.
 To Tytyos thair wes I schawin in deid,
 With body speldit nyne akir on breid,
 That fostir child wmqhile wes cleip and call
 Vnto the Erd, quhilk modir is of all : 30
 Ane hiddeous grip with busteous bowland beik
 His maw immortale doith pik and ourreik,

His brudy bowellis toring with huge pane,
 Furth renting all, his fude to fang full fane,
 Vndir his cost holkand in weill law,
 And sparis nocht to rug, rife, and gnaw ;
 Althocht the entrailis springis new ilk day,
 Thai get na rest, the foull hes thair his pray.

Quhat suld I rekin thai peple of Thessaly
 That Lapithas ar hait, for gluttony
 Distroyit all? Of Ixion to tell,

Of Pyrothous, quhat nedis langar duell? 10

Abufe quham hingis blak quhyn stanis gret,
 Ay semand redy to fall and thaim to beit.

Befoir Tantalus, and ane vthir sort,
 The goldin trestis schynand standis ourthort,

Vndir riche tabillis dycht for maniory,
 Quhairon, forgane thair face, is set redy

All danteis redy till a kingis feist :

Bot ane of the gretast Furies gan arest,
 Sittand tharby, and hungir in thaim blawis,

And netheles thair handis scho withdrawis, 20

So that the mesis tuiching dar thai nocht,
 As that thai mynt tharto ; than all on flocht
 With hait fyre brand in hand vp dois scho rise,

Fleis thaim with flamb, grym luik, and wgly cryis.

Thai bene also within 3on pit turment,
 Quhilk at thair brethir invy held or haitrent,

Quhill that thai leiffit in this present lyfe ;

And thai quham by, throw thar deray and strife,
 Thair faderis warrin chaisit in exile ;

All thai that ony falset, slycht, or gile, 30

Aganis thair seruandis or familiaris wrocht ;

And thai that, only setting all thair thoct

He signifyes
 Tirannis lyfis
 to be vn-
 certane, ful
 of fear, and
 not durabyl.

Ungodly, fals
 and inwifull
 personnis.

Couetous
 peopyll.

Apon thair riches, quhilk wyning thai haif,
 Tuike nocht thair nedis thairof, nor na man gaif,
 Of quhome 3ondir bene ane full huge rout ;
 And all thai for adultre schent, but dout ;
 Al thai that movit wrangus batale or weir,
 Thai nocht eschamyt thair promys to forsueir,
 Brekand lawtie plyght in thair lordis hand ;
 Al sic inclusit ar 3ondir, abydand
 Euery day new panis perpetually.
 Speir nocht at me, for nocht declair can I, 10
 Quhat diuers kyndis of turmentis 3ondir thole thai,
 Nor 3it quhat sort of pane is deput ay
 For ilk trespas : to rekkyn I tak na keip
 Quhat misfortoun thaim plungis in 3one deip.
 For sum weltris a gret stane wp the bra,
 Of quhom in number is Sisyphus ane of tha ;
 On quhelis spakis speldit vtheris hingis ;
 The maist wreehit of all princis and kingis,
 Phlegias, wmquhile king of Thessaly,
 All mortale wychtis admonises, with his cry 20
 And lowd voce throw the dirk awitnessing :
 Be myne example all wyehtis, prince and king,
 Lernis, quod he, to hant justice and rycht,
 And nocht to contemne the goddis strenth and mycht.
 Thair sittis eik, and sall sit euermair,
 The fey wnhappy Theseus full of cair.
 Sum 3onder bene, for reddy gold in hand,
 Sald and betrasit thar natiue realm and land,
 And tharin brocht a mighty tirrorand strang ;
 Sum vtheris eik, for price or meid to fang, 30
 That lawis maid and wnmaid, as thaim list.
 Thair bene also, full sorofull and trist,

Adultereris,
 brekaris of
 wedloke and
 promises.

A gud
 consall of
 Phlegias for
 al princis to
 do iustice to
 all men.

Traturis
 that betrasis
 ther natiue
 countre for
 money.

Thai quhilk thair dochteris chalmer violate ;
 Or, haifand na regard to thar estate,
 Forbodin or incestuus mariage
 Gan hanting by wndantit luiffis rage.
 And schortlie, all durst ymagin or compas
 Maistirfull wrang, mischeif, or wickitnes,
 Or ony sic consait brocht to effeck,
 Heir euirmair the charge lysis on thair nek.

Wickyt and
 vnchaist
 peopyll.

Althocht ane hundreth scherp toungis had I,
 Ane hundreth mouthis for to cleip and cry,
 Tharto my voce war strang as irn or steill,
 All kynd of vicis to comprehend half deill,
 Nor all the namis of turmentis and of panis
 I mycht nocht rekkin, that in 3one hald remanis.

10

CAP X.

*How fynaly Sybylla and Enee
 Come to the plesand plane of Elise.*

Fra that the ancyant nun of Dan Phebus
 Thir wordis endit had, and spokin thus ;
 Haue done, quod sche, now tak thi way expres,
 Performe thi werk quhilk thow begunnyng has ;
 Speid ws forward, for 3ondir, lo, I se
 Of Plutois chymmies the big wallis hie,
 Forgit with irn full craftely, and bett
 Be the Ciclopes furth of thair fornace hett ;
 Eik I behald, lo, heir forgane our face
 Thai portis with thair stalwart bow and brace,

20

Quhair our instructioun techis ws full plane
This presand thar to leif and goldin grane.

Thus said sche ; and anone thairwith baith tuay
Gan walkin furth throwout the dern way,
And sone our passit hes the midle space,
Approching to the portis of that place.
Eneas baldly sprang in at the zett,
His body strinklit, or a litle wett,
With cleir springand wattir ran tharby :
Forgane thaim eik, at the entre, in hy 10
The goldin branche he steikis wp fair and weill.

This beand done at last, and euery deill
Perfurnist langing the goddes gift gay,
Ontil a plesand grund cumin ar thai,
With battill gers, fresche erbis, and grene suardis,
The lusty orchartis and the hailsum 3ardis
Of happy saulis and weill fortunat,
To blissit wightis the placis preparat.
Thir feildis bene largiar, and hevynis brycht
Revestis thaim with purpour schynand lycht : 20
The sternis, for this place convenient,
Knawis weill thar son and obseruis his went.
Sum thar, amynd the gresy planis grene,
Into palestrale plais thaim betwene
Thair membris gan exers, and hand for hand
Thai fall to wersling on the goldin sand,
Assaying honest gemmis thaim to schort :
Sum vthir hanting gan ane vthir sport,
As for to dansing, and to leid the ring,
To sing ballattis and go in karaling. 30
Thair wes also the preist and menstrale sle,
Orpheus of Trace, in syde robe harpand hie,

Playand proportionis and springis dyvyne
 Apon his harp, sevin diuers soundis fyne ;
 Now with gymp fingeris doing stringis smyte,
 And now with subtell evir poyntalis lyte.
 Heir was the noble kyn and ancyant strynd,
 The maist dochty lynage sprang be kynd
 Fra king Teucer, campyones souerane,
 Into mair happy 3eris born ilkane,
 Thair was Ilus, and eik Assaracus,
 And the begynnar of Troy, Schir Dardanus. 10

On fer Eneas and als Sibilla
 Avondrit wer, and mervalis baith tua
 The armour and the men for to behald,
 And voyd cheriotis of thir chiftanis bald.
 Thair speris stikking in the erd did stand ;
 Wydequhair all lows our feildis and the land
 Pasturit thar horsis, rakand thaim fast by :
 For quhat plesour of armis and chevalry,
 Or quhat cuir to addres thar cart or wedis, 20
 To feding and to dant their sleik swaill steidis,
 Thai hantit quhill thai leiffit heir on life,
 The samyn solace, be thay man or wyfe,
 3it doith thaim follow vndir the erd stad.
 And lo, ane vthir sort, full blyth and glaid,
 On athir hand behaldis Eneas,
 At banket on the grene herbis set was ;
 In loving of the goddis joyously
 Hympnis of price, trivmphe, and victory,
 All singand glaid togiddir in fallowschip,
 And principally Apollo to wirschip. 30
 Within a wod of laureir grene thai duell,
 Fragrant of sueit odour and hailsum smell,

Quhair throw the sandis schene in strandis seir
 Erydanus, the hevinlie riveir cleir,
 Flowis countirmont and wpwart to the lift.

Nobil men
 quhilk gef
 ther awin
 lyfes for ther
 natyf
 countre.

Within this place, with all plesour and thrift,
 Ar hail the pissance quhilk, in just battell,
 Slane in defence of thair kynd countre fell ;
 And all thair preistis and religious wuchtis
 Quhilk leiffit chaist clene lyf, as to thaim rycht is ;
 And all godlyk devote prophetis trew,

Godly and
 lerned
 pristis
 prophetes
 and gud
 religious
 men.

That suthfast thing worthy to Phebus schew ; 10
 And thair quhilkis by thair craftis or science fyne,
 Fund by thair subtell knowledge and engyne,
 Thair lyfe illuminat and anornit cleir ;
 And thair by meritabill dedis and giftis seir
 That maid vtheris hald thaim in memory :
 Of all thir war the templis by and by
 Arrayit with a fresche garland snaw quhite.

And as thair flokkit about Enee, als tyte
 Sic vise ontill thaim carpis Sibilla,
 Bot principally to Museus, ane of tha, 20
 Was stad amyddis of the mekle rout,
 As sche beheld hym with big schulderis stout :
 O 3e sa happy saulis, tellis me,
 And thow, maist souerane poet, schaw, quod sche,
 In quhat regioun and place bene Anchises ?
 Hiddir for his saik come we, and with gret pres
 Hes oursalit of hell the grete fludis.
 This ryall lord in few wordis concludis,
 And ansuerit thus : Freynd, certane duelling nane
 In this countre haue we, bot all our ane 30
 Walkis and lugis in thir schene wod schawis,
 Endlang thir river bankis all on rawis ;

Thar bene our settis, and beddis of fresche flouris
 In soft bene medowis by cleire strandis all houris
 Our habitacioun is and residence.
 Bot gif 3our mynd langis to haif presence
 Of Anchises, pas wp 3one swyre fut hete,
 I sall 3ow lychtlie in the rycht way sett.
 And saying this, befoir thaim furth went he,
 And can thaim schaw vpon the hill on hie,
 The schynand planis full of all plesance.
 Agane returnis he, and thai avance, 10
 Fra thyne discending from the hillis hycht,
 Quhair thai at last of Anchises gat sycht.

CAP. XI.

*How that Eneas with his fadir met,
 And athir wthir with frendly wordis gret.*

The mene sessone this Anchises, the prince,
 Intill a wondir grene vale full of sence
 Sawlis inclusit, quhilkis wer for to wend
 To mydle erd, and thair in bodeis ascend,
 Can rekkyn and behald attentfully
 Alhail the number of his genology,
 His tendir nevois and posterite,
 Thair fatis and thair fortouns every gre, 20
 Thair conditioun, thair strenth and hardiment.
 And sone as he persavis quhair that went
 Forganest hym, comand throw gresy sward
 His derrast son Enee with hasty fard,

A louely
 communica-
 tion betuix
 Anchyses
 and Eneas.

Baith his handis ful joyfull furth straicht he than,
 The teris thringling furth our his chekis ran,
 And fra his mouth slydis thir wordis mylde :

Thow art cumin at last, my deir childe ;

Thi gret piete, and kyndnes weill expert

Onto thi fader, causit the and gert

This hard vayage vencus and oursett !

Qubhat ! is it grantit me, ha, sall I gett

A verray sycht, luffit son, of thi face ?

And grantit ws to carp or talk a space ?

10

To heir and rendir freindlie wordis know ?

Within my mynd ymagynit I on raw

Sua suld betyde, and weill beleiffit I

Thow wes to cum, and the tyme by and by

I calculit and comptit quhen that suld be :

And my consait hes nocht dissauit me.

O God, throw how feil landis braid and large,

How mony seis ourcareit in thi barge ;

Eftir how feill dangeris with storme oft schaik,

I now resaue the heir, deir son, alaik !

20

How gretly dreid I of Libie that ring

Suld the haif hindrit, and harmit in sum thing !

Eneas ansueris : Fadir, thi drery gost,

Sa oft apperand, maid me seik this cost.

In Tyrreane see abydis our navy.

Grant me, fadir, now grant me by and by,

We athir may with vthir handis schaik ;

Fra myne embrasing withdraw the nocht, alaik !

And saying this, tendirlie wepit he,

Baithing his face in teris gret plente.

30

On this vise talking, or thar wordis cessit,

With his lang armes thrise Eneas pressit

About his hals hym for to haif bylappit,
 And thrise, in vane, his handis togiddir clappit :
 The figure fled as lycht wynd or son beme,
 Or maist lyklike a waverand sleip or dreme.

During this tyme Eneas gan aduert,
 Within a vaill fer thens closit apert,
 Quhair stude a wod with sowchand bewis schene,
 The flude Lethe flowand throw the fair grene ;
 About the quhilk peple vnnomerable,
 And silly saulis, fleis fast, but fabill, 10
 Quhill all the feildis of thar dyn resoundis :
 Lyke as in medowis and fresche flurist boundis,
 The byssy beis in schene symmeris tyde,
 On diuers colorit flouris scalit wyde,
 Flokkis about the blomyt lillyis quhyte,
 And vthir fragrant blosumys redemyte.

10

The viii
 cyrkyll of
 punished
 saulis.

Misknawing quhat this ment, Eneas wycht
 Become abasit of this suddane sycht,
 And can inquiryre the causis of this cace :
 Quhat wer thai fludis fer befoir his face, 20
 Or quhat bene thai men in sic number sua
 With sua gret fard flokkit to athir bra.
 Tho quod his fadir Anchises : all 3one be
 Thai saulis quham to, by the fatis hie,
 Bene othere bodeis eftir this yschape,
 Quhilkis drinkis 3ondir, or thai may eschaip,
 At 3one riveir and the flude Lethee,
 The sickir wattir but curis, traistis me,
 Quhairby oblyvvyus becum thai als tyte,
 For3etting pane by past and langsum syte. 30
 Forsuth, I purpos furthwith to declair,
 And schaw befoir thi face now standand thair,

20

30

The saulis all, and number in thi presens,
 Quhilkis ar to cum of my stok and discens ;
 So that the mair glaidlie with me tharby
 Thow may reios to haue fund Italy.

O fadir, quod Eneas, quhiddir or nay

Pithagoras
 vane opinion
 of the
 transforma-
 tion of saulis
 in new bodies
 agan.

Is that to be belevit that 3e say,

That souerane saulis from this place sall wend,

Onto the warld abuif or erd ascend ?

Quhy may thai nocht in this sueit steid remane,

But sall returne in slaw bodeis agane ?

10

Quhat cursit cuvaticce causit wrechit wychtis

So to desyre our lyfe and drery lychtis ?

I sall the schaw forsuthe the caus, quod he,

My derrest son, and sall na wise hald the

Thochtfull in mynd, ne doutsum by na way.

Thairwith Anchises baith his ene tuay

Gan lifting wp, and towart hevin behald,

And every thing per ordour thus he tald.

CAP. XII.

*The sair punicione of saulis in purgatory,
 And how thay pas syne to the flud Lethee.*

Philosophi-
 call sayings
 of God and
 his hie
 providence.

Fra the begynnyng, all thing less and mair,

The fyry regioun, the erth, and the air,

The plane flowand boundis of the see,

The lychnit monis lamp that lemys hie,

The hevynis sternis, and brycht sonniss ball,

Ane spreit thar is within, sustenis all :

20

In every part the hie wisdome dyvyne
 Diffoundit movis this warldis hale engyne,
 And by his power mydlit is our all
 This meikle body clepit vniuersall.
 Fra this infusioun, and thir elementis seir,
 Baith kynd of man and beist cumis, but weir,
 All lesing fowlis fleing in the air,
 All fischis, and the monstres doith repair
 Ondir the slekit see of marbill hew.
 A hait fyry power, warme, and dew 10
 Hevinlie begynnyng and originall,
 Bene in thar sedis quhilk we saulis call,
 Sa fer as that thir noysum bodeis cald
 Nocht tareis thaim tharfra, nor doith withhald,
 Nor withdrawis from souerane hevinlie kind :
 Thair erdlie lymmis, and eik thair irksom mynd,
 Throw thair mortale membrs, evir dede lyke,
 Dullyth thar curage and thar spretis godlyk.
 Fra the quhilk cumis to all mankynd, that thair
 Dreidis, desyris, murnis or joyis ay ; 20
 Nor, in the dirk mansioun and presoun blind
 Of thir vile bodeis yfetterit and bind,
 The saulis thar clene nature may attend.
 So fer that, all eftir the lattir end,
 Quhen that the lyfe disseveris fra the body,
 Than, netheles, not 3it ar fullely
 All harme nor cryme fra wrechit saulis separat,
 Nor auld infectioun come of the body late :
 And thus, aluterlie, it is neidfull thyng
 The mony vicis lang tyme enduring, 30
 Contrakit in the corps, be done away,
 And purgit on seir wonderfull wise to say.

Tharfor thai suffir panis and turment,
 For thair inveterat vicis ald bywent
 By pvnycioun satisfacioun to mak.
 Sum stentit bene in wisnand windis wak ;
 Of sum the cryme committit clengit be
 Vndir the wattir or deip hiddeous see ;
 And in the fyre the gilt of vthir sum
 Is pvrifeit and clengit all and sum.
 Ilk ane of ws his ganand purgatory
 Man suffir, and fra thine ar send in hy 10
 Onto the large seis of Elisee ;
 Thair bene of ws nane, bot a few menze,
 Quhilkis cumis to inhabit and remanis,
 But ony purging, in thir joyfull planis :
 And heir man duell quhile that the lang day,
 Be perfyte cours of tyme, hes done away
 The spot of filth hardynit in the spreit,
 For that it fand sum tyme the body sueit,
 And, quhill it be so pvrifiet and fynd,
 Na thing remane bot a clene hevinlie mynd, 20
 And subtell pure flamb celestially.
 Thir vthir saulis quhilk bene pvrigit all,
 Eftir thai haif, within thir planis heir,
 Be circill rollit our a thowsand zeir,
 God callis thaim vnto this flude Lethe,
 With felloun fard in number as ze se ;
 To that effect that thai myndles becum
 Baith of plesour and auld panis, all and sum,
 Langing agane the warld abuif to see,
 And gan begyn desyre, baith he and he, 30
 In bodeis zit for to returne agane.

Thus said Anchises ; and tharwith baith tuane,

His son and eik the propheit Sibilla,
 Amyddis of that sort flokkit to the bra,
 And gret rout with rangald, in ledis he ;
 And gan ascend ontill a mote on hie,
 Quhairfra, per ordour, forganis thaim on raw
 Thai mycht thaim rekkin all, and cleirlye knaw
 Thar visage and contenance also,
 As that thai went and rowmit to and fro.

A eloquent
 degression to
 the Romane
 historyes.

CAP. XIII.

*Anchyses schawis Eneas to the end
 Alhail the lynage that sull fra hym descend.*

Now harkynis, me behuvis schortlie say,
 Quod Anchises, or thow depart away,
 And rekin our Troiane ofspring all and sum,
 Quhat gloir and honour beis of ws to cum,
 And quhat successioun or posteritie
 Of Itale freyndschip sall descend of the,
 And thai illustir sawlis sal be sent
 Heir, eftir this, in name of our kynrent ;
 Thi fatis and thi destany also
 I sall the teche per ordour, or thow go.

10 Anchises
 schawys his
 sonne thinges
 to cum con-
 cernyng the
 honour of his
 posteritye.

Seis thow 3one lusty springald or 3onkeir,
 That lenys him upon his heidless speir ?
 The formast place by chance doith occupy
 To pas to lyfe in our genology ;
 And first sall rise in the ovir world agane,
 Commixit with the blude Italiane,

20

- Silvius, to surname clepit Albanus,
 Born eftir thi deceis, child posthumus :
- Silvius. Quham, consavit of thine anciant lynnage,
 Thi secund spous, Lavinia, wise and sage,
 In woddis fostir sall a vailzeant king,
 And fadir to all kingis of our ofspring ;
 Quhairby our kynrent and famil alsua
 Sall ring and lordschip haif in Lang Alba.
- Procas. 3one is Procas that standis nixt him by,
 Of Troiane peple the honour and glory ; 10
 Syne Capis, lo, and Numytour baith twane ;
 And he that representis thi naim agane,
 Silvius Eneas, notable chevaleir,
 Renownit baith of piete or in weir,
 Geif evir he may his tyme obtene and se
 To ring into Lang Alba the cetie.
 Behald quhat maner 3oung gallandis bene 3one ;
 How gret curage thar hart is set vpon ;
 Quhat gud sembland thai schaw of chevalrie.
- Capis,
 Numitor,
 Silvius
 Eneas. Bot 3one, with coverit hedis by and by 20
 With ciuile crownis of the strang aik tre,
 Sall beild and found to thi honour, quod he,
 Nomentum cetie, and Gabios the toun,
 And Fidena, the ciete of renown ;
 Sum in the hillis hie sall set wp syne
 The strenthis and the castellis Collatyne,
 Pometios and New Castellis baith tua,
 The cetie Bolan, and the toun Chora.
 Thir namis sall be giffin thaim eftir this,
 Quhair now, but name, the land remanand is. 30
 Lo ! Romulus, by martiale wirschip
 To his gudschir jonit in fallowschip,

Quham, of Assaracus bluide, the nobill king,
 His modir Ilia descendit sall furth bring.
 Seis thow nocht quhow apon thar hedis on hycht
 Tua dowbill cristis standis schynand brycht ?
 Thar fadir Mars, behald, this sammyn hour
 Has thaim ymarkit with dyvyne honour ;
 And lo, my child, be that mannis prowes
 That glorius ciete Rome sall so increse
 Till hir ympir be with the erd maid evin,
 And virtuos curage equale to the hevin. 10
 The quhilk ciete all round togiddir sall
 Sevin gret strenthis clos within a wall,
 Happy and brudy of hir forcy ofspring :
 Like as, throwout ceteis of Phregis ring,
 The modir of goddis, with hir towrit crown,
 Berecinthia, careit fra toun to toun
 Within hir chair yset, all full of myrth
 Of the goddis becaus of hir riche birth,
 Hir hundreth children and posterite
 Full tendirlie in armes embrasis sche, 20
 Allhail the hevinly wychtis to hir behuif,
 And all that weildis the hie hevynis abuif.
 Now turnis hiddir, my sweit son, albedene,
 The circulis and the sycht of baith thine ene ;
 Behald thir peple and thi cheif Romanis.
 Cesar Julius, lo ! in 3ondir planis,
 And all the famyll of hym Julyus, Cesar.
 Quhilk eftir this ar to cum, traistis ws,
 Vndir the gret hie hevynis assiltre.
 3one man, 3one man, my son, the sam is he 30
 Quham thow so oft hes hard promist or this,
 Cesar August Octauiane, I wis
 Augustus.

Cum of the goddis genology and kin,
 Quhilk sall agane the goldin warld begyn
 As wmqhile wes in tyme of Saturne auld,
 Throw Itail ring baith be firth and fald,
 And his impyre sall delait and wind
 Our Garamanthes, and the forthar Ind :
 The landis lysis without the sternis blenke,
 Outwith the 3eris cours, and sonniss renk,
 Quhair the wpperar of the hevin, Atlas,
 In schuldir rollis the round speir in compas, 10
 Full of thir lemand sternis mony one.
 Sall, at his hiddir cuming, rair and grone
 The realme of Caspis, or of Assery,
 All Sythea, Meothis land fast by,
 Horrible ansueris sall of goddis heir ;
 All trublit in affray, trymbland for feir,
 To quaking sall sevin mouthis of Nile flud.
 Nevir, forsuth, strang Hercules the guid
 Sa meikle space of erd or land ourzeid ;
 Allthocht the wyndswift hart he schot to deid, 20
 And stanchit Erymanthus forest rowch,
 The serpent Lerna with his bow persit throwch ;
 Nor Bacchus, quhilk victour affoir thir dayis
 With wyne burgeouns the hillis top arrayis,
 Dryvand the feirfull tigris fast away
 Down from the hycht of the gret mont Nysay.
 And 3it we dout onto the forthir end
 His gret vertew and deidis to extend !
 Than quhy suld dreid stop ws to occupy
 Or till inhabit land of Italy ? 30

CAP. XIV.

*Anchyses 3it furth rekynnis his ofspring,
As worthiest that evyr in Rome sal ring.*

Bot quhat maner of man be 3one, quod Anchise,
With olive branche on sic gudlie wise
Arrayit, and eik beris mony a sing
Of sacrifice and ritis of offering ?

I knaw his kannos hair and lyard berd
Of the wysast Romane king into the erd,
Numa Pompilius, quhilk sall in his dais
Begyn and statut with lawis and haly layis
The cheif cetie of Rome; and he sall pas
From a puir land, and small cetie Curas,

Numa
Pompilius.

10

Send for to rewle and bruik a greit empyre.
Quham to thar sall succeid a lordlie syre,
Tullus Hostilius, that first of his land
The pece and quyet, quhilk so lang did stand,
He sall dissolf and brek, and dolf men steir,
Quhilk lang hes bene disosit fra the weir,
To armis and triumphe of victory,
And thaim array in hostis by and by.

Tullus
Hostilius.

Quham nixt followis Ancus Martius,
Of his estate mair provde and glorious ;
And our greitlie evin now, persais and se,
Vain glore and favour of peple desyris he.

Ancus.

20

Pleis the behald the Tarquynys, kingis tuo,
And the stout curage of Brutus also,
Quhilk can revenge the wrang in his cuntre ;
His gret honour gif thow list heir or se,

Tarquini.

Brutus.

And ensenzeis send fra Ethurianis,
 This ilk Brutus sall first amang Romanis
 Ressaue the dignite and stait consulare :
 With heding swerd, baith felloun, scherp, and gair,
 Befoir hym borne throw all Romis toun,
 In takin of justice executioun,
 His awin sonniss, moving vnkyndlie weir,
 To pvntioun and deid sall dampne in feir,
 To keip fransches and souerane libertie ;
 And thus onsilly fader sall he be. 10

How sa evir the peple his fatale deidis
 In tyme to cum sall blasoun, quha thaim redis,
 The fervent luif of his kynd native land,
 And excedand desyre he bair on hand
 Of honour and hie glory to ressaue,
 Mot al evil rumour fra his lawd bywaif.

Decii. Attour, behald, lo, athir Decyus ;
 Drusi. And, standand far of, tua that hait Drusus ;
 Torquatus. Considdir Torquatus zondir doith hym rax 20
 Camillus. So bryme and felloun with the heding ax ;
 And Camyllus, the vailzeant capitane,
 Bryngand the Romanis standartis hame agane.
 Zone tua saulis, quhilkis thow seis, sans fail,
 Schynand with elyk armes paregale,
 Now at gud concord stad and vnite,
 Ay quhill thai stand in myrk and law degree :
 Allace, quhow gret battale and debait
 Sall be betuix thaim, gif thai till estait
 May cum abuif, and to the lycht of lyfe !
 O quhow gret slauchter, assemblis, and huge strife, 30
 Sall thai exers and move into thar dayis !
 Cesar. Cesar, the eldfader, by the strait wayis

With his gret rowtis our the Frensche montans
 Discending doun Lumbardy throw the planis ;
 His maich Pompey sall strecht agane hym went
 With rayit hostis of the orient. Pompeius.

O my childring, cum nocht in vse to hant
 Sic fremmyt battellis, bot 3our curage dant :
 Excers 3e nevir 3our vail3eant force, quod he,
 Amangis the entrallis of 3our awin cuntre.
 And O thow, Cesar, thow formast in the preis,
 Cum of hevinlie kin, abstene and ceis ; 10
 Myne awin lynnage, obeyis myne command,
 Do cast sic wappynis fer furth of thi hand.

And he that standis 3ondir, Lucyus,
 Ontil his surnaim clepit Mummyus,
 Eftir he vencust haif Corinthe toun,
 And in battelle the worthy Grekis bet doun,
 His chair, with meikle gloir tryvmpvall,
 Sall steir furth to the hie Capitoll wall.

And he 3one vthir, Quintus Metellus,
 Full gret honour sall conques onto ws : 20

For he sall bet doun and distroye all clene
 Baith Arge and Agamemnonis regioun Mecene ;
 And 3ondir Curius, with his fallow fyne,
 Pyrrus, cumin of king Eacus lyne
 And of Achillis armypotent ofspring,
 In batale sal ourcumin and doun thring,
 And thair eldaris of Troy wreike and revenge,
 And the temple of Mynerve pollute clenge.

Quha wald the, gret Cato, leif vnhit ? Cato.
 Or quha with silence Cossus pretermyt ? 30 Cossus.
 Quha list for3et the kinrent of Gracchus ? Gracchus.
 Or athir of the Scipionis glorius, Scipionis.

- Thai tua thunderis of battell in thar rage,
 Fynale rewyne of Affryk and Cartage ?
 Fabricius. Qua wald, Fabricius, of the say na thyng,
 That art full mychty bot of lytle thing ?
 Serranus. Of the, Serranus, quha wald na thing schaw,
 Quhair thow thi riggis telis for to saw,
 As thow was chosin capitane of weir ?
 Quhyddyr withdraw the, Fabius ? cum neyr :
 Thoill me na mair be irkit 3ou to behald.
 Fabius Maximus. Thow art that ilk maist souerane Fabius bald,
 Quhilk onlie, throw thi slycht and tareing, 10
 Restoris the commone weill of our ofspring.

CAP. XV.

*Anchises gyffis Eneas gud teiching,
 To gyde the peple ondir his gouerning.*

- The peple of vdyr realmis, son, sayd he,
 Bene moyr expert in craftis, and moir sle
 Corinthiens. To forge and carve lyflyk staturis of bras,
 Be countinance as the spreit tharin was ;
 I traist, forsuith heyreftyr mony ane
 Sall hew quyk facis furth of marbyll stane ;
 Atheniens. Sum wtheris better can thair causis pleid ;
 Sum bene mair crafty in ane wthir steid,
 Egyptians. With rewlis and with mesouris by and by 20
 For til excers the art of geometry ;
 Chaldeis. And sum moir subtel to discrive and prent
 The sternis movingis and the hevynis went :
 Bot thow, Romane, remember, as lord and syre,
 The science and offyce of a nobil and
 To rewle the pepill vndir thyne impyre ;

Thir sall thi craftis be at weil may seme,
 The paix to modyfy and eik manteme,
 To pardoun all cumis 3oldin and recreant,
 And prowde rabellis in batale for to dant.

verteous
 prince.

Thus said, the noble fadir Anchises meik,

As thai avondrit, can thir wordis eik :
 Behald Marcus Marcellus maist dochty,
 Quhair that he walkis, lo, sa gloriously,
 With the riche spulze tryvmphall deuly dycht,
 Quhilk he reft from his aduersar in fycht,
 As the maist vailzeant victour at I ken,
 In bewtie doith excede all vthir men.

Marcellus.

10

This worthy knycht the commone weil Romane,
 In greit affray perturbit, to rest agane
 And quyete sall restoir ; and 3one is he
 That vengis sall the Affricane menze,
 And the Fransche rebellioun sall doun bet ;
 The thrid armour of riche spulze get,
 Reft from chiftane of weir, this Marcellus
 Sall hing wp to the fader Quyrinus.

20

And for als mekle as Eneas saw

In falloschip with this Marcus raik on raw
 A ssembly springald, a fayr 3owng galland,
 Rycht schaply maid, in armour brycht shynand,
 Bot his visage semyt skarsly blyth,
 With luik doun cast, as in his faice did kyth
 That he was sum deill sad and no thing lycht ;
 Fader, quod he, quhat be 3one drery knycht
 Quhilk haldis so with 3one prince company ?
 Quhiddir his son, or sum nevoy worthy
 Of our greit lynnage and successioun ?
 O lord, quhow greit bruit, noyes, and soune

30

Of confluence that walkis hym about !
 How gret apperance is in hym, but dout,
 Till be of prowes and ane vailzeant knycht !
 Bot ane blak sop of myst, als blak as nycht,
 With drery schadow bylappis his heid.

The fader tho, Anchises, in the steid,
 With teris bristing furth, begouth to say :
 O my sueit son, inquire nocht, I the pray,
 The exceedant regrait and womenting
 Of thame bene for to cum of thine ofspring. 10

The fatis sall bot for ane litle space
 Schaw 3onne man to the erd and wardlie place,
 And sall no langer suffer hym thair in.
 O goddis abuif, the Romanis blude and kyn
 Semit to 3ow our mychty and potent,
 Geif so it wer the giftis 3e him lent
 Had remanit, or lang his lyfe had lest.
 How greit murnyng of men all forciest,
 For hym, furth of the feildis marciall,
 Sall dyn and resound to the cetie wall ! 20

And O thow God of the fluide Tyberyne,
 How mony fertyris and dule habitis schyne
 Sall thow behald, as thow flowis at Rome
 Doun by his new maid sepulture or toim !
 Ne neuer child cumin of Troiane bluide,
 In sic beleif and glory, and greit guid,
 Sall rais his forbearis Italianis ;
 Ne neuer, certis, the ground of the Romanis
 Of ony foster sall hym so avance.
 Allace, quhat harme of thi disseuerance ! 30
 Off thi greit piete, and thi ancyant treuth,
 The hand vnvencust in batale, O quhat reuth !

Nane suld, but dammage, hym in harnes meit,
 Quhiddir so aganis hym he went on feit,
 Or zit on horsbak as thir knychtis ridis,
 With spurris brocheand the fomy steidis sydis.
 Allace, my child, sa worthy to be menynt !
 Worthy to be bewalit and complenit !
 Geif thow thine hard werdis mycht vencus,
 Thow sal be namyt the souerane Marcellus.
 Of fresche lilleis reik me my handis full ;
 The purpoure flouris I sall scattir and pull, 10
 That I may strow, with sic rewardis at leist
 My nevois saull to culze and to feist,
 And, but proffit, sic costage sall excers.

Apoun this wis sic thingis did rehers
 Anchises ; and thus wydequhair thai do walk
 Our all that regioun, haldand speche and talk
 Within the large feildis of hailsum air,
 And euery thing per ordour vesity thair.
 And eftir that Anchises, hand in hand,
 Had thus his son led our all that land, 20
 And his curage inflambyt by and by
 With the greit fame to cum and hie glory ;
 Syne to this vailzeant man he reknis heir,
 Per ordour all the batellis and the weir
 Quhilk eftir this he had to beir on hand ;
 And of the pepill eik in Latyne land,
 And of the citie of the king Latyne,
 He hym instrukkis ; and thaireftyr syne
 Taucht hym quhat wyse he mycht sustene or fle
 Evir hard dangeir or aduersite. 30

Thair bene ordanit for dremys zettis tuane,
 Quhairof, thai say, of horn forgit is ane,



At quham the suithfast swevynis by and by
 Departis all wayis, and ischis furth lychtly :
 The todir port is forgit weill perfyte
 Off elyphantyne and polist evor quhite ;
 Bot thairat goddis infernale lattis out
 The fals swevynis to the warld about.

So as Anchises had, apoune this wise,
 Rehersit, as said is, all thingis at devise,
 Sibilla and his son togiddir at schort
 He leit depart furth at the evor port. 10
 Eneas spedis the strecht way to the schippis,
 And gan vesy agane his fallowschippis :
 Fra thyne thai hald endlang the costis bay,
 Onto the port of Caiet the strecht way.
 Furth of the foirschip leit thai ankeris glyde ;
 The navy raid endlang the schoris syde.

Finis Libri Sexti.

Vyrgil, in thir vi. forsaid bukis, follouis the moist excellent Greik Poet Homer in his Odysse of Vlysses, schawand Eneas lang navigation and grete perillis and dangeris on the se.

Now in the sex bukis heir eftir he followis Homer in his Iliada, discryuing the horrybil battellis betwix the Troianis and the Italianis. He pantis Eneas to be a Prince indued with al nobyl and princely vertewis, both of body and of mynd; in featis of warre excelleng all vderis; and was of sic clemency, that these quhom he had subdewit in war, with his grete gentylnes wan theme to be hys veray frendys. He was verteous, sincer, gentill, and liberall: in justice, wysdome, and magnanimitye, a myrroure to all Prynces, quhais vertewis gif the Pryncis of our dayis wyll follow, they schal not onely be faured of God, bot also weil beloved of all gud men: thare impyr, kingdomes, and posteritye schal be the mair durabyll: for it is vertew that euer has promoued commoun welthys, and vyce has euer bene the caus of dystruccione of the same, as we rede in all historyis both ciuill and ecclesiasticall.

Quharfor, lat enery nobyll Prynce that desiris to cum to hie honour, and grete fame and name efter this lyfe, fear God, luf vertew and iustice, heat vyce, punys euyll men, and promowe gud men, and to this end mak al his lawis, ordinances, and procedingis; so schall his kyngdome and posterite be moist permanent and durabyll.

Viuit post funera virtus.

THE PROLOUG
OF THE SEVYNT BUIK.

A eloquent
description of
wynter wyth
hys grete
stormes and
tempestis.



S brycht Phebus, schene souerane, hevyn-
nis E,

The opposit held of his chymmis hie,
Cleir schynand bemys, and goldin
symmeris hew,

In lattoun colour altering hail of new ;
Kithing no syng of heyt be his visage,
So neir approchit he his wynter staige ;
Redy he was to entir the thrid morne
In cloudy skyis vndir Capricorne.

All thoct he be the hart and lamp of hevin,
Forfeblit wolx his lemand giltly lewyne, 10
Throw the declyning of his large round speir.

The frosty regioun ringis of the 3eir,
The tyme and sessoune bitter cald and pail,
Thai schort days that clerkis clepe brumail ;

Quhen brym blastis of the northyne art
Ourquhelmit had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to schaik the levis of the treis,
The rageand storm ourwalterand wally seis ;
Reveris ran reid on spait with wateir broune,

And burnis hurlis all thair bankis downe, 20
And landbrist rumland rudely wyth sic beir,
So loud ne rummist wyld lioun or beir.

Fludis monstreis, sic as meirswyne or quhailis,
 For the tempest law in the deip devallyis.
 Mars occident, retrograide in his speir,
 Provochand stryff, regnit as lord that 3eir ;
 Rany Orioune wyth his stormy face
 Bewalit of the schipman by his rays ;
 Frawart Saturne, chill of complexioune,
 Throw quhais aspect dertth and infectioune
 Bene causit oft, and mortale pestilens,
 Went progressiue the greis of his ascens ; 10
 And lusty Hebe, Junois douchtir gay,
 Stud spulzeit of hir office and array.
 The soill ysowpit into wattir wak,
 The firmament ourkest with rokis blak,
 The ground fadyt, and fauch wolx all the feildis,
 Montayne toppis sleikit wyth snaw ourheildis,
 On raggit rolkis of hard harsk quhyne stane,
 With frosyne frontis cauld clynty clewis schane ;
 Bewtie wes lost, and barrand schew the landis,
 With frostis haire ourfret the feildis standis. 20
 Soure bittir bubbis, and the schowris snell,
 Semyt on the sward ane similitude of hell,
 Reducyng to our mynd, in every steid,
 Goustly schaddois of eild and grisly deid,
 Thik drumly scuggis dirknit so the hevynes.
 Dym skyis oft furth warpit feirfull levyne,
 Flaggis of fyir, and mony felloun flawe,
 Scharp soppis of sleit, and of the snypannd snawe.
 The dowy dichis war all donk and wait,
 The law vaille flodderit all wyth spait, 30
 The plane stretis and every hie way
 Full of fluschis, doubbis, myre and clay.

Laggerit leys wallowit farnys schewe,
 Broune muris kithit thair wysnit mossy hewe,
 Bank, bra, and boddum blanschit wolx and bair ;
 For gurll weddir growyt bestis haire ;
 The wynd maid wayfe the reid weyd on the dyk,
 Bedovin in donkis deyp was every syk ;
 Our craggis, and the front of rochis seyre,
 Hang gret isch schoklis lang as ony spere ;
 The grund stude barrand, widderit, dosk and gray,
 Herbis, flouris, and gersis wallowit away ; 10
 Woddis, forestis, wyth nakyt bewis blout,
 Stud stryppyt of thair weyd in every hout.
 So bustuysly Boreas his bugill blew,
 The deyr full dern dovne in the dalis drew ;
 Smal byrdis, flokand throw thik ronnis thrang,
 In chyrmyng and with cheping changit thair sang,
 Sekand hidlis and hirnyis thaim to hyde
 Fra feirfull thudis of the tempestuus tyde.
 The wattir lynniss routtis, and every lynde
 Quhyslyt and brayt of the swouchand wynde. 20
 Puire laboraris and byssy husband men
 Went wayt and very draglyt in the fen ;
 The silly scheip and thair lytill hyrd gromis
 Lurkis vndir le of bankis, wodys, and bromys ;
 And wthir dantit gretar bestial,
 Within thair stabillis sesyt into stall,
 Sic as mulis, horsis, oxin and ky,
 Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in sty,
 Sustenit war by mannis gouernance
 On hervist and on symmeris purviance. 30
 Widequhair with fors so Eolus schouttis schyll
 In this congelyt sessionne scharp and chyll,

The callour air, penetrative and puire,
 Dasyng the bluide in every creature,
 Maid seik warm stovis, and beyne fyris hoyt,
 In double garmont cled and wyly coyt,
 Wyth mychty drink, and meytis confortive,
 Agayne the storme wyntre for to strive.

Repaterit weill, and by the chymnay beykyt,
 At evin be tyme dovne a bed I me streikit,
 Warpit my heid, kest on claythis thrinfauld,
 For till expell the perrellus peirsand cauld. 10
 I crocit me, syne bownit for to sleip,
 Quhair, lemand throw the glas, I did tak keip
 Latonia, the lang irksom nycht ;
 Hir subtell blenkis sched and wattry lycht,
 Full hie wp quhyrlyt in hir regioune,
 Till Phebus rycht in oppositioune,
 Into the Crab hir propir mansioune draw,
 Haldand the hycht allthocht the son went law.
 Hornit Hebawde, quhilk clepe we the nycht owle,
 Within hir caverne hard I schout and 3owle ; 20
 Laithlie of forme, wyth crukit camschow beik,
 Vgsum to heir was hir wyld elriche screik :
 The wyld geis claking eik by nychtis tyde
 Attoure the citie fleand hard I glyde.

On slummyr I slaid full sad, and slepit sownd
 Quhill the orizont wpwart gan rebound.
 Phebus crownit byrd, the nychtis orloger,
 Clappand his wyngis thryse had crawin cleir.
 Approching neir the greiking of the day,
 Wythin my bed I waikynnit quhair I lay, 30
 So fast declinis Synthea the mone,
 And kais keklis on the ruiff abone.

Palamedes byrdis crouping in the sky,
 Fleand on randoune schapin lik ane Y,
 And as ane trumpat rang thair vocis soun,
 Quhais cryis bene pronosticatioun
 Off wyndy blastis and ventositeis.
 Fast by my chalmir, in heych wysnit treis,
 The soir gled quhislis loud wyth mony ane pew,
 Quhairby the day was dawin weil I knew ;
 Bad beit the fyre, and the candill alycht, 10
 Syne blissit me, and, in my wedis dycht
 Ane schot wyndo vnschet a lytill on char,
 Persawit the mornyng bla, wan, and har,
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ourquhelmyt the air,
 The soulze stythlie, hasart, rowch and hair,
 Branchis brattlyng, and blayknit schew the brays,
 With hyrstis harsk of waggand wyndilstrays ;
 The dew droppis congelyt on stibyll and rynd,
 And scharp hailstanis, mortfundit of kynd,
 Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by.
 The schot I clossit and drew inwart in hy, 20
 Chiverand for cauld, the sessoun was so snell ;
 Schup wyth hait flambe to fleme the fresyng fell.

And, as I bownit me to the fyre me by,
 Bayth wp and downe the hous I did aspy ;
 And seand Virgill on ane lettrune stand,
 To writ anone I hynt ane pen in hand,
 For tyll performe the poet grave and sad,
 Quham sa fer furth, or than, begun I had ;
 And wolx ennoyit sum deyll in my hart,
 Thair restit vncompleittit so gret ane part. 30
 And til myself I said : In guid effect,
 Thow man draw furth, the 3ok lyis on thi nek.

Wythin my mynd compasing thocht I so,
 Na thing is done quhill ocht remanis to do.
 For byssines, quhilk occurrit on cace,
 Ourvoluit I this volume, lay ane space ;
 And, thocht I wery was, me lyst nocht tyre,
 Full laith to leve our werk, swa in the myre,
 Or 3it to stynt for byttir storme or rane :
 Heyr I assayit to 3ok our pleuch agane :
 And, as I culd, with afauld diligence,
 This nixt buike following of profund sentence 10
 Has thus begoune in the chyll wyntir cauld,
 Quhen frostis days ourfret bayth fyrth and fauld.

Explicit tristis prologus ;

Quhair of the altar sayis thus :

This Proloug smellis new cum furth of hell ;
 And, as our buik begouth his weirfair tell,
 So, weill according, dewlie bene annext
 Thow drery preambill, wyth ane bludy text.
 Off sabyll be thi letteris illumynate,
 According to thi process and estate.

A com-
 mendacion
 of this
 Proloug.

Incipit Liber Septimus Eneados.

THE SEVYNT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Eneas nurys, Caieta, can deceis,
Quhair 3it the plais kepis hir name, but les.*



CAIETA, thow nuris of Enee,
Thow hes also, that tyme quhen thow
can de,
Ontill our cost or fronteris of Itail,
Gevin the brute and fame perpetuale.
Quhill this day the ilk place and steid
Obseruis the renoun eftir thi deid ;
Thy tomb and banis, markit with thi name,
In gret Hesperia witnessing the same,
Geif that be ony glory now to the.

The rewthfull than and devote prince Enee 10
Performit deulie thi funerale seruice ;
Apon the sepulture, as custum was and gise,
Ane hepe of erd and litle mote gart wpraise,
And with bent saill syne furth his vayage tais.
Eftyr that assuagit wes the deipe se,
Thai leif the cost and sped on thair journey.
The pyping wynd blew in thair taill at nycht ;
Nor the scheyne mone hir cours and cleir lycht

Has nocht denyit, so that the haw stremis
Culd schyne and glitter vndir the twynkland gleemis.

The cost endlang the ile Circea

Thai sueping fast by, hard on bwird the bra,
Quhair as the riche sonnys dochtir, Circe,
Thai schawis, quhom to repair nane aucht to be,
With hir ithand sueit sang and karoling
Causis allway for to resound and ring,
And in hir prowde place of beddis al the nycht
The weil smelland cedir burnis brycht: 10

With subtell slais and hir heidlis sle,
Rych lenze wobbis natly weiffis sche.
From this land redly on fer mycht thai heir
The greit rageing of lyouns, and the beir
Quhilk thai did mak refusing to be in band
In silence, al the lait nycht rummesand ;
The birsit baris and beris in thair styis
Roring all wod with quhrynis and wyld cryis,
And greit figuris of wolfis eik in feir,
3ouland and 3ammerand grislie for to heyr ; 20

Quhilkis all this crewell goddes, hecht Circe,
By enchantment and forey herbis sle,
Had furth of mannis figure and estate
Into wyld beistis schap and form translait.
Quhilk monstruus transmutatioun, for the nanis,
Ne happin mycht vnto devote Troianis,
Geif thai arrivit in tha portis nyse,
Thai cursit costis of this enchantrise,
That thai ne suld do entir ne thaim fynd,
Thair salis all with prosper followand wynd 30
Neptunus fillit, and maid thaim saill swiftlye,
All dangeris and gray schaldis careit by.

CAP. II.

*King Lalyne of the goldis had command
To wed his dochtir to man of encouth land.*

Eneas entris
in Italye.

Tho gan the sey of bemis walxin reid,
And heich abuf, down from the hevynlie steid,
Within hir rosy cartis cleirlye schane
Aurora vestit into broun sanguane.
Eftir the wyndis lownit war at will,
And all the blastis pacefyit and still,
Out our the calm streme of marbyll gray
With ayris palmis sweyp thai furth thair way.
And suddanlye heir from the stabillit see
Ane large semely schaw beheld Enee ; 10
Amyddis quham the fluid he gan espy
Of Tybir flowand soft and esely,
Wyth swirland welis and mekle 3allow sand
Into the sey did entir fast at hand.
The birdis seir of mony diuers hewis,
About the wattir, abuf wp in the clewis,
On bankis weilbiknaw and fluidis bay,
Wyth wriblis sweit and myrthfull sangis gay
Gan meis and glaid the hevynis and the air,
And throw the schaw went fleand our alquhair. 20
To turne thair course he gan his feris command,
And stevin thair schippis to the samyn land ;
Joyfull and blyth thai entir in the flude,
That derne about scuggit wyth bewis stude.

Now, thou, my muse Erato, I the pray,
Inuocatione. Do schaw me this, at I may scherply say

Quhat kynd proces of tyme was, and quhat kyngis
 In ald Latium, and in quhat stait all thingis,
 Quhen fyrst this strange army or falloschip
 In Italy gan arrivine, euery schip :
 I sall declair all, and reduce fut hait,
 From the begyning of the fyrst debayt.
 O thou sueit goddes, O thou haly wicht,
 Convoy and teche thi poet to say richt !
 I sall the horribill battellis schaw and tell,
 The bludy ostis, and the feildis fell ;
 How, throw thair curage, douchty kyngis seyr
 As deid corps becum war, and brocht on beyr ;
 The power hayll of all Tuscany,
 And all the gret routis of Italy
 Assembillit into armes on the land.
 Per ordour now thair risis apone hand
 Fer largear materis for to treit and write ;
 A grettar wark begyne we to endyte.
 Thai boundis, wyth thair lusty citeis all,
 By lang proces of peax, in stait riall
 The kyng Latynus held in gouerning.
 Or than full agit was this noble king,
 Quham, as we have hard tauld lang agone,
 By king Fawnus engenerit was apone
 The maid or nymphe of Laurent, Marica.
 And to this Fawnus fader was alswa
 Picus the king, quhilk dois the represent,
 Saturnus, for his fader and parent :
 Thow was the fyrst gan all thair blude begyne,
 The fyrst fundment and cheif stok of kyne.
 By dispositioun of the goddis devyne,
 Son nor manchyld nane had kyng Latyne ;

A naration
 schauand
 the first
 cansis of the
 grete war
 here efter
 to be had
 betuix Eneas
 and Turnus
 vnto the
 ende of the
 xii buke.

10

20

30

For alsmeikle as his 3oung son, a page,
 Decessit was wythin his tendir age.
 The kingis palice, and all that ryall hald,
 All hir alane ane douchtir did wythhald,
 Now redy for ane man, and cum to age
 In greyne 3eris to compleit mariage.
 Full mony nobillis into Latium
 Askit hir to wyf, throw Itale all and sum :
 Turnus hir axis, cuming of hie parage,
 Abuf all wther maist guidlie personage, 10
 And thairto riche of frendis and mychty
 Of eldris gret and riall anchistry ;
 Quham king Latinus spous, queyne Amata,
 Wyth diligence dyd procur, day by day,
 That he adjonit war thair son in law :
 Bot feirfull singnys by the goddis schaw,
 And sindry terrouris gan thairto ganestande.
 Amyddis of the palice clos did stande,
 Wyth blysfull bewis, ane fair grene laurer,
 Haldin in dreid and worschip mony ane 3eir ; 20
 Quham this ilk prince and fader Latynus
 Did consecrat and hallow to Phebus,
 For that he fand it growand in the feild
 Quhair he his riall palice fyrst did beyld :
 The indwellaris of the grovnd, eftir this tre,
 Laurentes onto name clepit hes he.
 Betyde a wondir takynning for to saye :
 A gret flycht of beis, on ane day
 Careit our the se heich throw the moist air,
 Wyth loud bemyng gan alycht and repair 30
 On the hie top of this forsaid laureir ;
 Intill ane cloud full thik togiddir in feir,

Thair feyt all sammin knyht eftyer thair gys,
 A swarme, or ony wist how or quhat wys,
 Hang from ane florest branche of this ilk tre.
 Incontinent the spaymen cryis : We se
 A strange man to cum vnto thir partis
 Wyth ane gret rout, and fra the sammyn artis
 Quhair fra 3one beis come, sall hyddir seik,
 Quhilk, for his bonte and his thewis meik
 Sall weyld this palice and hie sen3eory.
 Abuf this, eik, betyde ane mair ferly : 10
 As king Latynus kyndyllis, on thair gys,
 Apone the altaris for the sacrificyis,
 The clene schyddis of the dry fyre brandis,
 Quhair that also fast by hir fadir standis
 Lavynya the maid, his douchtir fair,
 A selcouth thing to se, in hir syd hayr
 It semyt the hait fyir kyndyllit brycht,
 And hir gay clething all wyth lowis lycht
 Gan gleyt, and sparkland byrn vp in a bleys ;
 Hir riall tressis inflamblit, evyll at eys ; 20
 Hir crownell, picht wyth mony precius stane,
 Infyrit all of byrnand flawis schane.
 And eftyer that semyt this guidlie wycht
 To be involuyt in 3allow reky lycht,
 And furth our all the place and ruf on hie
 The fyir blesis, thame semyt, skaitteris sche.
 Certis, this was reput wyth 3oung and ald
 Ane gryssly thing and woundrus to behald ;
 For the devinis declaris by and by
 Quhat this feirfull takyng dyd signify : 30
 That is to knaw, that this ilk maid suld be
 Of fame excelland and felicitie ;

Bot to the pepill prognosticationne cleir
Of sudand bataile and of mortale weyr.

Bot than the kyng, thochtfull and all pensive
Of sic monstreis, gan to seik belive
His fader Fawnus oratour and answair,
Quhilk couth the fatis for to cum declayr ;
And gan requyring responsiounis alsua

The kinge
askis coun-
sell at
Fanaus.

In the schaw vndir hie Albunea,
Quhilk is ane cheif gret forest, as thai tell,
And namyt from a haly routand well, 10
Quhair, from the erth, in derne wentis heir and thair,
Ane strang flewir thrawis wp in the air.
Thiddir hail the pepill of Italia,
And all the land eyk of Enotria,
Thair doutsum axing tursis for ansueir,
And thar petitionis gettis assolzeit heir.
The kingis offerand and riche sacrificis
The prest thidder gart bring, as was the gys,
And, vndir silence of the dyrk nycht,
On scheip skynnis, weill spreid and couchit rycht, 20
Quhilk slane war in the sacrifice that day,
He strekis him adovne and thairon lay,
Demandand swevynnis and visiounis tyll appeyr.
On marvellus wys, thir fleand schadowis seyr
And figouris nys dyd he se and aspy,
And diuers vocis hard he eik fast by,
And gan the goddis carping bruik and jois,
Wyth speche of thai spretis that bene yclois
In Acheron, the depest pyt of hell,
And thaim that fer dovne in Avernus duell. 30
The king also, that tyme, attour the laif,
Heir wald him self his ansuer ask and crayf.

Ane hundreth wollit wedderis, weill ganand,
 In sacrifice he brytynniss for offerand,
 On quhais soft fleshis, weill and dewlie spred,
 The king doune liggis for that nychtis bed.
 And sudanlie, furth of the schawis cloys,
 Sayand hym thus, thair come ane haisty voce :

O thow, my child, cummyn of my stok,
 Addres the nevir to knyt into wedlok
 Thi douchtyr tyll a man of Latyne land ;
 Lyppyn nocht in 3one allyance reddy at-hand.
 To be thi mach sall cum a alyenar,
 That of his blude sall genner sic ane air,
 Quhilk sall our name abuf the sternis wpbring ;
 Off quhais stok the nevoys and ofspring
 Vndir thair feit and lordschip sal behald
 All landis sterit and reulit as thai wald,
 Als fer as that the son, circuland we se,
 Behaldis baith the est and westir see.

10 Fawnus
 ansuer to the
 king to gene
 his dochter
 Lavinia to
 Eneas,
 schawand
 hin for to be
 conquerour
 of all
 countres
 vnder the
 sone.

CAP. III.

*Eftir Eneas come to Itail land,
 Maid sacrifice to the goldis with offerand.*

The king thir ansueris of his fadir Fawnus,
 And admonicionis be nycht geifin thus, 20
 Ne hydiss nocht, nor closis in his mouth ;
 So that the fame thairof walkis full couth
 Our all the citeis of Italy wydequhair,
 Quhen as the 3onkeris of Troy arrivit war,

And at the schoyr, wndir a gresy bank,
Thair navy can thai ankir fast and hank.

Eneas, and wther chiftanis glorious,
And the fresche lusty springald Ascanius,
Vndir the branchis of a semely tre
Gan lenyng down, and rest thair bodeys fre ;
And to thair dyneyr dyd thame all addres
On grene herbis and sonkis of soft gres.
The flour sconnis war sett in, by and by,
Wyth wthir mesis, sic as was reddy ; 10
Syne braid trunschouris dyd thai fyll and charge
Wyth wyld scrabbis and wther frutis large,
Betyde, as was the will of Jupiter.

For falt of fuide constrenyt so thai war,
The vther meitis all consumyt and done,
The paringis of thair breid to movp wp sone,
And with thair handis breik, and chaftis knaw,
The crustis and the coffingis all on raw ;
Ne spair thai nocht at last, for lak of meit,
Thair fatale four nukit trunschowris for to eit. 20

Och ! quod Ascanius, how is this befall ?
Behald, we eit our tabyllis wp and all !
He said na mayr bot this, half deyll in bowrd.
Thame thocht thai hard ane fatale voce and word,
Quhilk was as finale ende of thair vayage.

His fadir first of all, with glaid curage,
The word reft from his mouth as that he spak,
And followis on the ansuer stupefak.
All haill, thou ground and land, quod he in hy,
By the fatis vnto me destany ; 30
And 3e, O traist Penates, said Enee,
All haill our native goddis, weill 3e be !

Heyr is our duelling place quhayr we sall leynd,
 For to remane heyр is oure cuntre heynd.
 Certis, now I remember my fader Anchis
 Sic secreit takynnis of fatis on this wys
 Schew and rehersit, sayand thus to me :
 Son, quhen in sik hungir thow stad sal be,
 As 3ow art careyt tyll ane strange cost,
 That, all the mesis etyn, done, and lost,
 Thow art constrenyt thi burdis gnaw and fret,
 Than thow, all irkit, may thar beleif to get 10
 A sovир duelling sted perpetually ;
 Remember, in that place, or neyr fast by,
 To found thi fyrst citee wyth thi hand,
 Dicht wyth fousis and wallis hie standand.
 This was that hunger tareyt ws so lang :
 This sal mak end of our mischevis strang.
 Quhairfor, to morn airly, I 3ow pray,
 First as the son wprysis, we glaidlie may
 Sers and inquyr quhat place and land is this,
 Or quhat maneir of pepill thairin duellis ; 20
 And of this kith quhair standis the cheif citee,
 Lat ws seyк syndry ways fra the see.
 Now mak we mery ; away dolf hartis dull ;
 Now skynk, and offer Jupiter coupis full,
 And in 3our prayeris and orisonis in feyr
 Do call apone Anchis, my fader deyr.
 Bryng wyne agane ; sett in thairof plentie.

Eneas being
 cummyn,
 efter gret
 perils of se
 to Italy
 promised
 hym be the
 goddis
 confortis
 his fallowis
 and genis
 thankis to
 the goddis.

And saying thus, with ane grene branche of tre
 He did involup and aray his heid,
 And Genyus, the god of that ilk steid 30
 He did wirschip, and gan in prayeris call
 Erth, the gret mother and first god of all ;

The Nymphis, and the fludis zit vnknaw ;
 The Nycht syne, wyth hir signis all on raw,
 And Jupiter Ideus of Ida,
 And Cibilla the mother in Phrygia :
 He gan also beseik, quhair at thai duell,
 Athir of his parentis baith in hevin and hell.

Jupiter
 thunderis
 from heuen.

The fader than almychty wyth cleyr lycht
 Gan thunder thrys dovne from the hevynnis heicht ;
 And schakand in his hand, quhair as he went,
 A birnand cloude schew from the firmament, 10
 Wyth fyry sparkis lyke to goldin bemys,
 Or twynkland sprayngis with thair giltin glemys.
 And tho belyf dywlgat round about is
 The noys and rumour throw the Troiane routis,
 The day was cummyn, and the place quhair thai
 Thair citie promyst suld beyld and array.
 For joy thai pingill than for tyll renew
 Thair bankettis with all obseruancis dew,
 And, for thir tithandis, in flacon and in skull
 Thai skynk the wyne, and wauchtis coupis full. 20

CAP. IV

*Quhow Eneas ambassatouris did send
 To Kyng Latyne with rewardis and commend.*

The nyxt morne, wyth his goldin lamp brycht,
 As the cleyr day did ayr and erth alycht,
 Thai boundis, costis, and the cheif cetie,
 Diuers spyis went furth to sers and se,
 And fand ane stank that flowit from ane well
 Quhilk Numycus was hait, and eik thai tell

This was the flude of Tybir thai had found,
And strang Latyne pepile inhabit this ground.

Tharwyth Anchises son, the wys Enee,
Per ordour chosyne of euery degre
Ane howndreth gay ambassatouris did wail,
To pas vnto the kingis steid riall ;
Bad beyr the prince rewardis for the nanys,
And hym beseik of pece to the Troianis.
Wyth fresche garlandis and branchis all thai be
Arrayit of the olive of Pallas tre ;

10

And but delay, as he thaim chargit had,
Wyth swyft pays thai on thare message glaid.
And he into the meyn tyme fast gan spur,
Bot wyth ane small sewch, or a lityll fur,
To mark the fundment of his new citie ;
And fast by the ilk costis syd of the see
His fyrst mansionne, in maneir as it had bene
An ost of tentis stenttit on the grene,
Wyth turrettis, fousy, and erd dikis ilk deill,
He gan addres to closing wondir weill.

20

Be this the 3oung men send furth in mysage
Sa fer hes sped furthwart thair vayage,
That thai the turris and the turrettis hie
Off king Latyne the cheif chymmes gan se.
Vndir the citie wall childer and page,
And lusty springaldis all of tendir age,
Thair horsis and thair steidis did assay,
And dantit cartis in the dusty way ;
And sum thair byg bowis did bend and draw,
Sum wyth armis let trymbland dartis thraw,

-30

Baith wyth swift cours and schuting so thai wyrk,
Ilk ane besy his party for to irk.

Ambassa-
touris send
fra Eneas to
king Latyn
for peace
and amytye.

Than, careit on ane hors, ane messingere
 Brocht tithandis to the ancyant kingis eyr,
 A gret menze of sturdy men war cum,
 Cled in ane strange habyt, all and sum.
 The king bad bring thame in his palice sone,
 And sett himself amyde his elderis trone.

Thair stud ane gret tempill, or saill riall,
 Of Laurent citie seyt imperiall,
 Belt with ane hundreth staitlie pillaris hie, 10
 Of king Picus the chymmes cheif to se,
 Wyth semely schawis circuit, and lang hald
 In wirschip and reuerence be faderis auld ;
 Quhair was statut by the consent commone
 The kingis suld ressaue ceptur and croun,
 And of justice wthir ensenzeis seyr,
 And thair the banneir fyrst rais for the weyr.
 In this tempill held thai cowrt on raw ;
 That was the sett eik by thair gentill law
 Deput for hallowit feyst and mangeory ;
 And heyr full oft at buyrdis by and by 20
 The heris wer wont togiddir syt all sam,
 Quhen brytnit was, eftir thair gys, the ram.
 And forthir eik per ordour mycht ze knaw,
 Wythin the cheif deambulatur on raw
 Of forfaderis gret ymagis did stand,
 Of auld syddir carvit wyth crafty hand ;
 King Italus, and fadir Sabinus
 That first the wyne tre plantit, stok or bus,
 The crukit huik vndir his weid held he ;
 The ancyant king Saturne thair mycht thou se, 30
 And Janus statur eik with double face,
 Wyth wthir prencis porturyt in that place,

A discryp-
 tion of the
 kingis
 palyce.

From the begynnynge of thair fyrst discens,
 Quhilk, of thare native cuntre for defens,
 In marciale batale sufferyt woundis sayr.
 Apoune the postis also mony ane payr
 Off harnes hang, and cart quhelis gret plentie,
 From inemeis war wynnyn in melle ;
 The bowand axis, helmys wyth hie crestis,
 Of ryche citeis zettis, stapillis, and restis,
 Gret lokis, slotis, massy bandis squayr,
 Dartis and scheildis hyngis heyr and thair, 10
 And stalwart stevynnys baith of irne and tre
 Reft from thir schippis fechtand on the see.
 The ymage porturyt was of king Picus,
 Dantar of horsse, in chair satt glorious,
 Cled in a rial rob auguriall,
 And in his hand a ceptre wand riall,
 And in his left hand haldand ane bukleyr ;
 Quham, revist for his lufe, throu vennomys seyr,
 Circes his spous smate wyth ane goldin wand,
 And in ane byrd him turnit, fut and hand, 20
 Wyth sprutlit wyngis, clepit a Speicht wyth ws,
 Quhilk in Latyne hecht *Pycus Marcyus*.

CAP. V.

*Kyng Latyne speris the caus of thair cuming,
 And Ilioneus maid gudly ansuering.*

In sic a tempil of goddis Latyne Kyng,
 Amyde his faderis sete rial sitting,

Gart feche the Troianis to his presence heyr ;
 And as thai enterit, and befor hym wer,
 Wyth glaid semblant and vysage full benyng
 Thir wordis fyrst to tham carpis the king :

Say mé, Troianis, quhat 3e desyr, quod he,
 For weill we knaw 3our lynage and citie ;
 And it is also cummyne to our eris

The kyng
 askys the
 Troyanis the
 causis of ther
 cummyne to
 his land.

3e sett 3our cours ouer see thir mony 3eiris :
 Schaw for quhat caus or quhat necessite
 3our schippis our sa feill haw stremis of see 10
 Bene hiddir to this cost of Italy

Careit or drive ; or quhiddir 3our navie
 Hes erryt by thair cours and fer gane will,
 Or 3it by fors of storm cachit hiddertill,
 As oft will happin by the frawart tyde
 To marynaris on fludis deip and wyde.
 Geif 3e sic wys wythin our ryver bankis
 Be enterit, or remanis with our thankis
 Into our port and havynnys fast heir by,
 Wythdraw 3ou nocht, ne fle nocht that herbry ; 20
 Nor misknaw nocht the conditiounis of ws

Latyne pepill and folk of Saturnus,
 Vnconstrenyt, nocht be law bound thairtill,
 Bot be our inclinatioun and fre will
 Just and equale, and but offencis ay
 Ar reulit eftyr the auld goddis way.
 As tuiching eik 3our discens and ofspring,
 Weill I remember that I haif hard sum thing ;
 Bot that is passit or now sa mony 3eiris,
 The fame almaist for3et is and efferis. 30
 Agit men of the citie Arunca,
 With gret avant, forsuith, than hard I say,

Off this cuntre Schir Dardanus yboir
 Throwout the see socht fer and forthirmoyr
 Till Samo, fyrst, in Trace, the nerrest gait,
 Quhilk Samothracia now to naim is hait ;
 Syne socht he to the land of Phrygia,
 And citeis sett in the wod of Ida.
 The goldin palice now wyth sternis brycht
 Off hevynue in seit riall wythhaldis that wycht,
 That wmquhile socht fra hyne of Tuscany,
 And Corith citie standis our cost hard by, 10
 That now ane god is clepit our allquhair,
 And to that nowmer eikis his altare.
 Thus said the king ; and Ilioneus, but baid,
 Vnto his wordis this wys ansuer maid :
 Maist riall prince, cummyn of hie-parage
 Off god Fawnus, nowdir the seys rage
 By fors of dyrk tempest hes ws drive
 Vnto 3our realm, and thairat maid arryve ;
 Nor 3it the laid sterne from our cours bywauit,
 Nor strange cost of this regionne dissauit : 20
 Bot by assent commone, and of fre will
 And sett purpos, we socht this citie tyll,
 As folkis flemyt fra thair native cuntre,
 Vmquhile the maist souerane realme, traist me,
 That evir the son from the far part of hevin
 Wyth his bemis ourschane, or man can nevin.
 From Jupiter did oure lynnage begyn ;
 And al the offspring of Schir Dardanus kyn
 Off Jupiter thair forbadyr can reiois.
 Off Jovis stok in hiest gre most chois 30
 Our king discend, the strang Troiane Enee,
 In message send ws heyr to thi citie.

Ilioneus
 ansuer to
 the kyng.

Quhow gret tempest of batale and debayt
 Our Troiane feildis wyde hes walkit lait,
 By crwell Grekis hiddius confluence ;
 Quhat fatale bargane thair maid and defence,
 Athir part knawis of the warldis twa,
 That is to say, Europe and Asya :
 And geif thair ony ferthir region be,
 Devidyt be the streme and occiane see
 Fra the ferm land, thairof thai haif hard tell ;
 And thai also, geif ony thair may duel, 10
 The sonnys myd cirkill remanis wndir,
 Hait *Torrida Zona*, as dry as ony tundryr,
 Quhilk is amyde the hevynnis sytuat
 Amang four wthir plagis temperat.
 Fra that deluge eschaip and feirfull spait,
 Careit throu feill large haw stremys wait,
 A litell sted or mansioune, we beseik,
 Grant to our native kyndly goddis meyk ;
 The bayr see cost, hurtand na mannis rycht,
 Wyth ayr and watir commone to every wycht. 20
 Na mayr lak to your realme sall we be,
 Nor na repruif thairby to your renowne,
 Be ws, nor nane vthir, sall evir spreid ;
 Nor 3it the thankis of sa frendfull a deid
 Sall ony tyme into obliuion slyde ;
 Nor Italy, with hir braid boundis and wyde,
 Sall nevir repent that scho the folk of Troy
 Hes ressaut, nor thairof think innoy.
 Be all Eneas destaneis I sweyr,
 His traisty faith, or rycht hand in to weyr 30
 Sa valzeand at onsett and defence,
 And by his lang wse and experience

Of armis, quhilk he hes in batale hantit ;
 Full mony peple, victorious, ondantit,
 Desyrit ws in frendschip and ally,
 And to be jonit in thair senzeory.
 Nor lychtly nocht forthy our frendlie proffer,
 Quhilk of our fre will wnrequirit we offer,
 With wordis of request and of trefy,
 The takynnis in our handis borne wp hie ;
 For oft the fatis of the goddis seyr
 Hes ws compellit by thair strang powere 10
 Onto 3our landis and thir costis seik.
 Schir Dardanus, born of this cuntre eik,
 Desyris hiddir to returne agane ;
 And wyth commandmentis strait, full mony ane,
 Apollo chargit ws to speyr bedene
 To Tybyr, flowand in the see Tyrrene,
 And to the fontane and the straundis cleyr
 Of Numycus the hallowit fresche revir.
 And forthir eik our prince hes to the sent 15
 Of his auld fortoun bot a small present,
 The sobir levingis reft fra Trois fyre.
 Into this coup of gold Anchises his syre
 At the altare was wont to sacrifice ;
 And of the gret king Priame, most douchty,
 This was the cheif dyademe owr the laif,
 With quhom he crownit sat and domys gaif ;
 His ceptre als, and eik his tyar hat,
 Hallowit quhayrwyth at sacrifice he sat ;
 And this was eik his precius rob ryall,
 By Troiane ladeis wrocht and brusit all. 30
 Herand sic wordis of Ilioneus,
 Full styll his visage haldis Latinus ;

Giftys.

20

30

His sycht vnmovyt to the erd dyd he prent,
 With ene rowing, and eris rycht attent,
 The brusit purpoure movis hym no thing,
 Nor Priamus ceptur sa fer steris the king,
 As that he musis thochtfull gretumly
 Apone his douchteris spousage and ally,
 And in his mynd gan compas oft in feir
 His fader Fawnus respons and ansueur ;
 Thinkand this ilk Eneas semyt to be
 The self stranger, quham fatale destane 10
 Signifyit to cum furth of ane wncouth stede
 To be his son in law, and for to leyde
 Equale dignite wyth hym in that ring ;
 Full of souerane vertew, quhais offspring
 By thair power suld joys and occupy
 The hail world wndir thair senzeory.
 And at the last, eftir full lang musing,
 With joyous cheir on this wys said the king :

Kyng
 Latynys
 gentil
 ansuere to
 the Trolanis
 offerand his
 douchter in
 mariage to
 the verteous
 prince Eneas.

The goddis 3our begynning forthir and speid,
 And thair pronosticatioun manifest in deid. 20
 I grant thine axing, Troiane messinger,
 And 3our rewardis ressauis in thank ; for heir
 3e be all hartlie welcum, traistis me.
 So lang as levis king Latyne in this cuntre,
 The riches of maist plenteus ferteill ground
 3e sall nocht want that in this realme is found,
 Ne 3it nane vthir welth, weifayr, and joye
 Quhilkis 3e war wont to bruik and haue in Troye.
 Bot, at the leist, 3e caus 3our prince Enee,
 Geif that so gretly he desyris to be 30
 Wyth ws confiderat intill allyance,
 Or geif he langis, but langar discrepance,

Within our palice to entir befor wthir,
 And be clepyt our companzeoun or brothir,
 Dwel na langar, but cum hidder in haist,
 Ne skar nocht at his frendis faice as ane gaist,
 For the maist part of our conuene and band
 To me sal be to tuiche 3our kingis hand.
 And now agane 3e sall, turnand 3our went,
 Bayr to 3our prince this my charge and commandment :
 I haif ane douchtir, quham responsis, schaw
 Furth of my faderis oratoury law, 10
 And mony feirfull taikynniss of the hevyn
 Be diuers ways schawin and fyry levin,
 Will nocht suffir that scho in wedlok be
 Gevin vntill ane man of our cuntre ;
 Bot all the spaymen declaris, by and by
 Thayr suld cum to remane in Italy
 Fra strange costis, to be our son in law,
 A douchty man, wncouth and wnknaw,
 Quhilk, of his lynage and posterite,
 Our name abufe the sternis sall wphie. 20
 Geif that my mynd can ocht ymagine rycht,
 I wene that he suld be the samyn knycht,
 And glaidly wald, with all my hartis desyr,
 The werdis thairto callit that ryall syr.

This beand said, the king Latyne, but faill,
 Gart cheis of all his steidis furth the wail :
 Thre hundreth mylke quhyte hors and fayr had he,
 Seysit and fed in stalwart stallis hie.

For every Troiane per ordour thar the king
 With purpoure howsouris bad ane coursour bring. 30
 Thair brusit trappouris and patrellis reddy boun,
 With goldin bruchis hang fra thar brestis down ;

Giffis geuin
 to the
 Ambassa-
 tours and
 send to
 Eneas.

Thair harnyssing of gold rycht deyrly dycht,
 Thai runge the goldin mollettis burneist brycht.
 Ontyl Eneas als, thair prince absent,
 A riall chair richly arrayit he sent,
 With twa sterne steidis thairin 3ok in feyr,
 Cummyn of the kynd of hevinly horsis wer,
 At thair neis thyrlyis the fyir fast swermand out,
 Of the ilk stok and stud sprungin, but dout,
 Quhilkis Circes, crafty and ingenyus,
 And mayr subtell than evir was Dedalus, 10
 Be ane quent way fra hir awin fadir staw,
 Makand his stedis beleip meris vnknaw,
 That be hyr sle consait and wyly mynd
 Sic maneir hors engenerit of bastard kynd.

CAP. VI.

*Juno, persavand the Troianis byg ane town,
 For greif and dolour lik to suelt in sown.*

Wyth sic gyftis Eneas messingeris,
 And of king Latyne with joyful ansueris,
 Returnis, montit hie on hors ilk ane,
 Of peax and concord bodword brocht agane.

But lo, the spous of Jove, cruell Juno,
 The self tyme can return fra Arge tho, 20
 The quhilk cuntre, of noble brute and fame,
 From Inachus the king hes tak his name ;
 And hes careyt throu the air pure,
 Quhilk is hir propir regioune. As scho fure,

Doun from the skyis on fer can do espy
 Of the hie land Pachynus in Sicily,
 Beheld the Troiane navy stand on raw ;
 And Eneas blyth and glaid scho saw
 Of the joyus bodword wnto hym brocht,
 That besyly, with all the haist he mocht,
 Inforsis thair herbry and strenth to beyld,
 Than all assuryt of this land and feyld,
 And thair schippis left dessolait and waist.
 In extasy scho stude, and mad almaist ; 10
 In suddand dolour smytyn woundir smart,
 Can schaik hir heid, wyth harmes at hir hart,
 And of hir breist thir wordis warpis in hy :
 Och, kynd of peple haitfull and wnworthy !
 For all the willis and the fatis Troiane
 Bene to our mynd and destaneis euir agane.
 Mycht thai nocht all bene slayne in Troy feyldis ?
 Mycht thai nocht all haue suelt thar wndir scheyldis ?
 Ar thai nocht venquist and ourcum ilk ane ? [20
 Quhat ! may nocht thir prisoneris agane beyne tayne ?
 Hes nocht Troy all infyrit 3it thame brynt ?
 Na : all sic laboure is for nocht and tynt.
 Haue thai nocht fund, for to eschaip away
 Throw myd fyre, and myd ostis, sovir way ?
 So traist I now at last my fors and mychtis
 Lysis dolf and irkit be 3one captive wychtis ;
 Insaciat of haitrent, I rest in peis
 That was sa bald afor, and nevir wald ceis,
 Quhen thai wer chasit of thair native land,
 To sturt thame on the streme fra hand to hand, 30
 And to perseu thai flemyt wauengeouris
 Throw all seys, my self, ilk tyde and houris.

Juno inuyis
 the Troians
 prosperite
 and is sore
 commoued
 wyth hyr self
 and as
 desparat
 folkis do
 quhen sche
 can not fynd
 helpe at the
 goddis scho
 sekys helpe
 of the Deuyl
 in hell.

Agane Troianis consumyt ar be me
 The strenth of all the hevynis and the see.
 Quhat proffitit me Sirtis, that soukand sand,
 Or zit Silla the swelth is ay routand ?
 Or quhat avalit Caribdis bisme huge ?
 Ar thai nocht stakit at rest, and weill luge
 In the desiryt sound of Tybris bay,
 Assoverit of the se, and hes na fray
 Of me, ne of my malice and fant thocht ?
 The sterne peple Lapithos bring to nocht, 10
 And quyte distroy, mycht Mars for his offence :
 Was it nocht eik grantit in recompens
 To Dyane, be the fader of goddis ichone,
 To wreik hir greif in ancyant Calydone ?
 Quhat falt maid the Lapythos or trespas,
 Or Calidone, that sa sair punest was ?
 Abuse myssuyr forsuth thai chaistyit war.
 Bot I, the spous of the gret Jupiter, e,
 Quhilk, sa wnhappy, all wayis I mycht fynd
 Tham till ennoy consait left nocht behynd ; 20
 Quhilk hes myself in propyr persoune eik
 Turnit and writhit all wentis I culd seik,
 Am now venquist be ane man, this Enee.
 Bot, geif my power nocht sufficient be
 Or gret aneuch, quhy suld I dred or spayr
 To purches help, forsuth, attour allquhair ?
 Geif I may nocht the hevynlye goddis inclyne
 To my purpos, I sall seik forthir syne
 To thame that far downe into Achiron duell,
 And sall commove that deipest pyt of hell. 30
 I put the cace, that I may nocht optene
 From Latyne land tham to expell all cleyne,

Juno leuis
 God and
 sekis help at
 the Deuyt.

Bot be the fatis vnmovable destane,
 Lauynia remanis spous to Enee : ...
 3it at leyst thar may fall stop or delay
 In sa gret materis for ane 3eyr or tuay ;
 And leifull is it eyk of athyr kyng
 The retynew in batall down to dyng.
 Lat the eild fader and magh knyht wp frendschip
 Be price of thair peple and fallowschip.
 Wyth gret effusioun of the blude Troiane,
 And sammyn of peple Rutiliane, 10
 Thou sal be seysyt, madyne, to drowry :
 Bellona, goddes of batale, sall stand by,
 To be convoyar of the mariage.
 Nevir Heccuba, of Cisseus lynage,
 Quhilk, bund with child, dremyt scho did furth bryng
 A gleid of fyr, or hait brand lycht birnand,
 Was deliuer of sic flambis, but fayle,
 As thou sall beyr, and fyris coniugall ;
 And forthyr eik, this Venus proper byrth,
 And secund Paris, Enee, lytill wyrth, 20
 Sall rais and kyndyll deidly flamb agane
 Of hait fyrebroundis amang the wallis Troiane.

Fra this was said, wyth horrible mynd in haist
 Down to the erth sche socht, and the laith gaist
 Furth of hir sete and myrk doungioun of hell
 Scho did provok, and callis with ane 3ell
 Ane of the sory fureous sisteris thre,
 Alecto, quhilk caussis all myscheif to be,
 And evir mayr desyris of hir kynd,
 And hes full grene emprentit in her mynd 30
 The deidlie batallis, and the dolorus weyr,
 Stryff and dissait, harme and discordis seyr.

This fendlich hellis monstair Tartareane
 Is haitit wyth hir wther sisteris ilkane ;
 And Pluto eik, the fadir of hellis see,
 Reputtis that bismyng belch haitfull to se ;
 Into sa mony grysly formis seyr
 Scho dois hirself translait, and of sic feyr
 Bene hyr cruell schappis and vyssage,
 Sa foull and laithly all hyr personage,
 That, for hir pylis and insted of hir hayr,
 Feill snakis springis our hir body allquhayr. 10
 Quhilk Fury quent, of kynd so perellus,
 Juno tystis to myscheife, sayand thus :

Junois
 oracion to
 Alecto for
 the destruc-
 tion of
 Troyans.

Do to me, virgine, douchtyr of the myrk nycht,
 This a seruice, thy proper wark by rycht ;
 Do me this laboure, quhilk is thyne of det,
 That our honoris and fame be nocht owirsett,
 Na zit, subdewit into sic ane place
 As wyth zone Troianis, standis voide of grace ;
 Lat nevir Enee so proudly to optene
 The spousage of Latynus douchtyr schene ; 20
 And, by na way, lat nevir his feris weild
 Ane fut braid of Italiane ground nor feyld.
 Thou can brethir of ane assent mony zeyris
 Aganist wthir enarm in mortale werys ;
 Thou may ourturne wyth haitrezt and with stryf
 The hail houshald, the man agane his wyf ;
 Thou may skurgeyngis and strakis in lugeingis rais,
 And thow of frendis may mak mortale fays,
 And deidly fyirbroundis kendyll in thaik and ruffis :
 Ane thowsand names thow hes that na man luffis, 30
 Ane thousand wais folkis to ennoy and schent.
 Knok on thi brudy breist at myne entent ;

Brek and cast dovne thair concord maid of new ;
 Caussis of streif and batale I wald thou sew ;
 Gar all the power, and euerilk stowt zounkeyr,
 Fyrst in thair myndis desyr to move the weyr,
 Syne cry, and ask armes and batale all,
 And rusche thairto forsely gret and small.

CAP. VII.

*Alecto, throw persuasioun of Juno,
 Quene Amata all willes gart scho go.*

This cruel monstre, Alecto, onane,
 Infect with fell venoum Gorgonyane,
 Socht first to Latium, and the chymmis hie
 Of Laurentyne, the kingis cheif citie, 10
 And prively begouth awach and loure
 About his spous queyne Amatays boure ;
 Quhilk, all inflambit in ire and wyfly thochtis,
 Of this new come of Troianis all on floucht is,
 The byssy curis of Turnus mariage
 Skalding hir breist and mynd all in a rage.
 This wikkit goddes towart hir als fast
 Ane of hir slymy serpent haris dyd cast,
 Deip in hir bosum leit inslyp with slycht
 Amyde hir hart pypys or precordialis lycht ; 20
 That be this ilk monstris instigiatioune
 Wod wraith scho suld perturble all the toun.
 This edder, slydyng our sleykit bodeis soft
 Of thir laideis, amang thar wedis oft

Went thrawin so that nane felt quhair scho glydis,
 The furius queyne dissauyng on athir sydis,
 And in hir mind can blaw and kendyll syne
 Ane felloun greif or curage serpentyne.
 The grisly serpent semyt sum tyme to be
 About hir hals a lynkyt goldin cheynze ;
 And sum tyme of hir curche, lap with a waif,
 Becum the selvage or bordoure of hir quayf ;
 Sum tyme hir heid lays for to knyt hir hayr ; [10
 Full slyde scho slyppis hir membris our allquhayr.
 Sone as the first infectioun, a lytyll we
 Of slymy venom, inzet quietlie had sche,
 Than scho begouth hir wyttis to assaill,
 And deip amyde hir banis for to skayll
 And multiply the rage or byrnand fury :
 For zit nocht all our hyr breist cruelly
 The spreit hes felt the flambe frenetticall ;
 Quhayrfor the mayr sobyrlly furth with all,
 Eftir the commoune custum and wsage
 Of auld matronis in thair wyld dotage, 20
 With huge complaint for hir douchtir and regrait,
 And Troiane wedlok contrar hir consait,
 Thus said scho weping, and that full petuusly :
 O fader king Latyne, quhy will thou, quhy ?
 Quhat ! sall owre chyld Lavynia, the may,
 To banest men be geif to leid away ?
 Nouder hes thow of thi tender get piete,
 Ne zit compassioun of thi self, ne me
 Hir moder, quham so sone, full dissolate,
 Zone fals see rewir will leif in sturt, God wait, 30
 And cary the maid our the deip fludis haw,
 Als sone as evir the first north wind dois blaw ?

Was it nocht evin be sik a fenzeit gyrd,
 Quhen Paris furth of Phryge, the Troiane hyrd,
 Socht to the citie Laces in Sparta,
 And thar the douchtyr of Lydea stal awa,
 The fair Helyne, and to Troye tursit raith ?
 Quhat sall avale 3our fayth and hallowit ayth ?
 Quhat of 3our ancyant purviance, schyr king,
 That 3e had of 3our frendis and ofspring ?
 Quhat of 3our rycht hand, hald so glorious,
 Sa feill sise gevin to our cusing Turnus ? 10
 Geif that thow seikis ane alienar wnknaw
 To be thi magh or thi gude son in law,
 And hes that thyng determit in thi heid,
 Constrenit thairto by the command and reid
 Of thi fader Fawnus ; as to that gait,
 Heyr a lytill my fantasy and consait.
 All cuntre wnsubielyt wnder our wand,
 It may be clepit ane wncouth strange land,
 And all that thairin duellis alienaris bene ;
 Of sic strangearis the goddis spak, I wene. 20
 And gif we list seik forthirmayr, zit than
 To compt the fyrst begynnyng of Turnus elan,
 Inachus and Achrisius, but weyr,
 Twa kingis of Grece, his forfaderis wer ;
 Thus is he Greik, to compt his greis a pece,
 And cum of Myce the mydle realm of Grece.

Efter that the queyne with sic wordis, all for nocht,
 Assayt had king Latyne as scho mocht,
 And fand that he resistit hir intent,
 The furius poisoune than of the serpent 30
 Deip in hir breist and entralis swiftly 3eid,
 And dyd our all partys of hir body spreid ;

Amata
 the quene
 dissuadis
 kyng
 Latyne to
 geue hys
 dochter to
 Eneas.

So that, forsuith, cachit wnhappily
 Wyth hyduus monstreis, gan scho ryn and cry
 Throw out the large ciete in wilde dotage,
 But ressoun, strikin wyth the nymphis rage.
 As sum tyme sclentis the round top of tre,
 Hit with the twynit quhyp, dois quherle, we see,
 Quham childer drivis byssy at thair play
 About the clos and void hallis all day ;
 Scho smyttin wyth the tawis dois rebound,
 And rynniss about, about, in cirkill round : 10
 The witles sort of forsaid babbys 3ing
 Studeis awoundrit of sa nice ane thing,
 This turnit tre so all that beyrdles rout
 Ferleis to se sua sleip and swirll about,
 And all thair mynd settis it to cache and drive :
 Na slawar went Amata, the kingis wyf,
 Throw out the myde cities of Latyne land,
 And throw the fers peple, fra hand to hand.
 And forthir eik wnto the woddis grene
 Wyth swift fard cachis furth this queyne, 20
 Fen3eand the rage of Bacchus and gret mycht,
 A mair myscheif for to controve and slycht,
 And gretar fury swith scho can begin,
 Hir douchtir hyd thir woddy hillis wythin ;
 Thayrby the Troiane spousage to delay,
 Stop and prolong thair feist and brydill day.
 Scho schowtis, hey, how ! Bacchus, god of wyne,
 Thow only art worthy to have our virgine ;
 And thus wyth loud voce cryis and schowtis sche.
 To the, Bacchus, scho raisit eik on hie 30
 Gret lang speris, as thai standartis wer,
 Wyth wyne tre branchis wyppit on thar mancir ;

To the scho led ring sangis in carraling,
 To the hir hayr addressit leit doune hing.

The fame heirof wyde our all did spreid,
 Quhill at the last the sammyn fury can spreid
 In all the matronis breistis of the land :
 Cachit wyth fors thai flok fra hand to hand,
 Thair housis thai forhow and levis waist,
 And to the wodis socht as thai war chaist,
 And leit thair nekis and hayr blaw wyth the wynd.
 Sum wtheris went 3elland under the lynd, 10
 Quhill all the skyis of thair screik fordynniss ;
 And sum wer cled in pilchis of foune skynniss,
 Into thair handis raisit upon hie
 The lang stouris, wynd wyth the sweit wyne tre.
 Amyde thame all the queyne Amata gays,
 And fersly did ane birnand fyr tre rais,
 And of hir douchtir eik and of Turnus 3ing
 The wedding sangis and ballettis did scho sing ;
 Wyth bludy ene rowing full thrawinly,
 Oft and richt schrewitly wald scho clepe and cry, 20
 Out, harro ! matronis, quhairso evir 3e be,
 All Latyne wyfis harknis now to me ;
 Geif ony favoris or frendschip 3it remanis
 In 3our devoit breistis, amangis thir planis,
 Of the vnhappy modir Amata,
 Geif ony thocht remordis 3our myndis als wa
 Of the effectuus piete maternall,
 Lous heid bandis, schaik doun 3our hayris al,
 Walk in this wod heyr carraland wyth me,
 Sing Bacchus sangis, sen na bettyr ma be. 30

CAP. VIII.

*How Alecto persuadit has Turnus
To move battale incontrar Latinus.*

Alecto thus, amang the woddis derne,
 Mony wild beistis den and deip caverne,
 Into sic rage this ilk queyne Amata
 With Bacchus fury cachis to and fra.
 And eftyr that this wykit fals goddes
 Thocht scho had scharpit weill aneuch, I ges,
 The fyrst fury of sa dolorus rage,
 For tyll distruble the forsaid mariage,
 And quite pervert or turnit top our tail
 Latynus houshald, purpos, and counsaile ; 10
 But mayr delay, with wallowit wyngis sche
 Wyskis fra thine onto the wallis hie
 Of the curagius Rutuliane Turnus :
 Quhilk citie the douchtyr of Acrysius,
 Fair Danas, fundyt for hir men and hir,
 Drevin to that cost wyth the sowth wyndis bir.
 Quhilk sted was sum quhile clepyt Ardea,
 Fra Ardea, a foule, 3it namyt sua ;
 And, to this day, the foirsaid riall hame
 Be fortoun brukis of Ardea the nayme. 20
 Wythin tha hychty boundis Turnus rycht
 Lay styll at rest amyddis the dirk nycht.
 Alecto her thrawin vyssage dyd away,
 All furyus membris laid apart and array,
 And hir in schap transformyt of a trat,
 Hir forryt scoryt wyth runclys and mony rat ;

And, wyth a vaile ourspreid hir lyart hayr,
 A branche of olive thairto knittis zair.
 Of Junois temple semis scho to be
 The nun and trattes, clepyt Calibe ;
 Befoyr the vyssage of this stoute zounge knyght
 Present hirself, with thir wordis on hycht :

Turnus, quhat ! will thou suffer this, wndocht,
 Thi lang travell and laubour be for nocht,
 And thi ceptre and crowne deliuerit be
 To zoun banest new cum Troiane menze ?
 The king Latyne the spousage of Lavine,
 And thi drowry, bocht wyth thi blude and pyne,
 Denys for to grant the, or ellis ocht ;
 And to succid in his realm hes besocht
 Ane alienar, born of ane wncouth land.
 Pas now thi way, and set the to ganestand
 Thir perellis, but all thankis or gaynzield ;
 Sen thou art mokit, go, doune bet in feild
 The ostis of Hethruria, and syne
 Defend in peax and rest the folk Latyne. 20
 Almychty Saturnus douchtir aluterly,
 As thow be nyght thus doith at quiet ly,
 Bad me schaw playnly all thir thingis to the.
 Haue done therfor, assemblill this cuntre,
 Addres thi fensable men in thair array,
 Enarmyt glaidly move and hald zour way
 Towart the portis or havynnys of the see,
 And set apoun zonne same Troiane menze ;
 Drive thair cheftanis of this land, but hone,
 Thair pantit carvellis birne : so to be done 30
 The gret power of hevinlye goddis devyne
 Commandit hes, decret, and determyne.

Alectos
 oracion to
 king Turnus
 exhortyng
 him to battell
 contrarye
 the Troians.

Lat king Latinus feill to his awynne harmes,
 And haue experience of the, Turnus, in armes,
 Bot he the grant to wyf his child Lavine,
 And keip to the his promys and convyne.

Turnus
 answe're.

The 3ing man mokand at the prophetes,
 Herand sic speche, answeris wyth mouth expres :
 It standis nocht sa as thow wenis, but weris ;
 The messinger is nocht gone by myne eris,
 Full lang or now, how that a strange navy
 Arryvit in this Tibris streme fast by. 10
 Fenze na causis me for till effray ;
 Wene nocht me lyst my purpos leif na way,
 Nor riall Juno, queyne of realms all,
 List our querrell forzet, nor thoill we fall.
 Bot, O auld dame, thi vile wnveildy age,
 Ourset with hasart hair and faynt dotage,
 Quhilk void is of all treuth and verite,
 In sic curis in vane occupyis the,
 And the dissauis, as prophet, be fals dreid,
 That gevis thi mynd thairon thow hes no heid, 20
 As for to tret of batallis betuix kingis ;
 Thyne occupatioun standis on wthir thingis,
 Quhilk suld haif cuir of nocht allanerly
 Bot goddis tempellis and ymagis to aspy :
 Thoill men of peys and weir carp and rehers,
 Quham to pertenis the batallis to exers.

At sic wordis Alecto, hait as fyre,
 Brint in hir fury rage and felloun ire,
 So that, the 3oung man speikand, sudandly
 The trymbling hint all membris of his body ; 30
 His ene stude abasit in his heid :
 This hellis monstre, full of wrethe and feid,

Hissit and quyslyt with sa feil edder soundis,
 And hir figure sa grisly gret aboundis,
 Wyth glowand ene birnand of flawmis blak.

Turnus awundring styntis and drawis abak ;
 And, as he purposit mekyll mayr to say,
 Insteade of haris scho rasit wp serpentis tway,
 And of hir scourge the sound scho maid him heyr,
 Wyth rageand mouth syne said and felloun beyr :

Behaldis this my vyle wnveildy age,
 Oursett with hasart hayr and faynt dotage, 10
 Quham eld, void of all treuth and verite,
 Be fals dreid dissauis so, quod sche,
 As for to treit of batallis betuix kingis :
 Behald geif it so be, consyddir thir singis ;
 Lo me present, ane of the sisteris thre,
 Infernale Fureis of feyrfull hellis see ;
 Se, I beyr in my handis and power
 The deid of batellis and the mortall weyr.

And sayand thus, at this ilk fers 3oung knycht
 Ane hait fyre brand kest scho birnand brycht, 20
 And in his breist this furius lemand schyde
 With deidly smok fixit deip can hyde.
 The huge dreid wyth this dissoluit his sleip,
 Our all his body bristing furth did creip
 The warm swait throw every lyth and bane,
 And all enragit can eftyr harnes frane ;
 Armour, all witles, in his bed seikis he,
 Armour, owir all the luyng, law and hie.
 The gret curage of irne wappynis can waid,
 Crewell and wyld, and all his wit invaid 30
 In wykit wodnes battale to desyir,
 Quhairon he byrnis hait in felloun ire :

Lyk as quhen that the ingill of stykkis dry
 With blesand sound is laid to, by and by,
 About the sydis of the pot playing,
 The lykoure sparkis for the hait buling ;
 Wythin, the fervent bullyr violent
 Of watyr making reky froth wpsprent ;
 So suellis wp the skum and bellis bedene,
 The veschell may no mayr the broth contene,
 Bot furth it poplis in the fyre heyr and thair,
 Quhill wp fleis the blak stewe in the ayr. 10
 And for alsmekle as Turnus thus was stad,
 The greitest of his cheiftanis go he bad
 To king Latyne and hym declayr, but weyr,
 The pece was brokin, and he wald move the weyr.
 To graith thair armour fast commandis he,
 To defend Itale, and of thair awin cuntre
 Thair ennymeis expell and drive ; as zit
 He was aneuch for baith, he leit thame wyt,
 Bayth to recuntir the Latynis and Troianis.

Quhen this was said, and, on sic wyis as ganis, 20
 The goddis callit to be in thair helpyng,
 Than besyly Rutulianis, our all thing,
 Can athir wthyr fast exhort and pray
 On thair best wyis for weirfair to purvay.
 Sum the maist semyly farrand personage
 Tystis to the feild, to preif his grene curage ;
 Sum on his youthheid, and his thewis guid ;
 And sum is movit threw his riall bluide,
 For his progenitouris noble kingis wer ;
 And sum war eik inducit to the weir 30
 For hie prowes knawin in ilk landis,
 And deidis wrocht maist knychtly wyth his handis.

CAP. IX.

*Ascanyus huntand has a taym hart hurt,
Quhilk wes the first moving of strife and sturt.*

Quhil Turnus on this vys, about all partis,
In the Rutilianis rasis hardy hartis,
Alecto towart the Troianis, but mayr tary,
Wyth hir infernale wyngis furth can cary.
By a new slycht ane place spyit hes sche,
Quhayr, for the tyme, by the cost of the see,
The 3oung semyly Ascanyus at solace
Did hunt the wyld dere, followand the chays.
Thayr suddandly this hellis wenche infest
Ane haisty fury on his hundis kest ;
Thayr neis thyrlis wyth ane sovir sent
Scho fillis so, that besyly thai went
Eftyr the fuit of a tayme hart ; quhilk thing
Was the first caus of weirfayr and fechtynge,
And first steryt the wild forstaris fell
To move debait, or mak thame for batteil. >

10

The fyrst
occacion of
war betuix
the Troians
and
Rutilians.

This hart of body was bayth gret and squayr,
With large heid and tyndis fwrnest fayr ;
Quham childyr of ane TIRRHEUS thame amang
Reft from his motheris pap had nurysit lang.
TIRRHEUS thair fader was fee maister, and gyde
Of studis, flokis, bowis ; and heyrdis wyde,
As storoure to the king, did kep and 3ime ;
Of the large plane all traist was gevin to hym.
Full dantit and full tayme at thair command
Was so becum this best, that, but demand,

20

Syluia, thair sistyr, wyth all diligence
 Arrayt hym of flowris sueit as sence :
 Oft plett scho garlandis for his tyndis hie ;
 The deyr also full ofttyme kem wald sche,
 And feyll sys wesche intill ane fontane cleyr.
 Full weill sufferit hyr handis the tayme deyr,
 And was accustomyt so quhen he list eit,
 At his awin maisteris burd to seik his meit.
 Our all the woddis wald he raik ilk day,
 And at evin tyde return hayme the strecht way 10
 Till his lugeing weil bekend, fuit hait,
 All by hym self, war the nycht never so lait.

This hart errand fer from his ressett,
 Ascanyus wod hundis wmbesett,
 As that, per cace, for the hait sonniss gleyme,
 He held doune swymmmand the cleyr revir streme,
 To cuyll his heit vnder ane gresy bray.
 Ascanyus the child him self alsua,
 Birnand in desyr of sum notable renowne,
 Wyth nokkit bow ybent all reddy bowne, 20
 Wenand hym wyld, leit sone ane arrow glyde.
 The Goddes was all reddy fast besyde,
 That can his hand adres, but wavering ;
 The flayne flaw fast wyth ane spang fra the string,
 Throwout the wame and enteralis all, but stynt,
 The scharp heidyt schaft duschit wyth the dynt.
 The deyr, so deidly woundit and to lame,
 Vnto his kynd ressett can fle yng hame,
 And enteris in his stall, and that anone,
 All blude bysprynt, wyth mony grank and grone, 30
 And lyk ane man besocht help and supple ;
 Wyth his plenyng all the hous fillis he.

Siluya, the eldest sistyr, wyth ane schout,
 Hyr handis clappyng fast her schoudderis about,
 Cryis eftyr help, and can togiddir call
 The landwart folkis and dour forstaris all.
 Thai tho assemblyt to the fray in hy,
 And flokkis furth richt fast wvvarnystly ;
 For the ilk Fury pestilentiall that hour
 Full prevaly in the derne wod did lour,
 To cast on thame slely hir feirfull rage,
 That furth wpstartis bayth man, wyff, and page ; 10
 He wyth ane bowrdoune of ane lang styf tre,
 The poynt scharpyt and brynt ane lytill we ;
 He wyth ane knotty club and knorry heid :
 Quhat ilk man fand fyrst reddy in that steid,
 Seikand ane swerd, new rynnand fra the pleuch,
 Thayr greife mayd that thing wapin guid aneuch.
 Tirrheus, the maister storoure, in ane rout
 The churlis all assemblyt hym about,
 Quhayr as, per caice, byssy wyth weggis he
 Stude schydand ane four squayr akyne tre, 20
 With mony pant, and felloun hauchis and quhaikis,
 Als oft the ax reboundit of the straikis.

This cruell goddes, feirful Alecto,
 For till ennoy hyr tyme espyit tho,
 And spelis wp full sone, as scho war wode,
 Apone ane hych stabill quhair that bestis stude.
 Rycht bustuusly apone the ruf on hie
 The hydis ensenze loud wp trumpis sche,
 And in ane bowand horne, at hir awyne will,
 A feindlych hellis voce scho lytis schyll ; 30
 At quhais sound all trymlyt the forest,
 The derne woddis resoundit est and west.

The blast was hard thens mylis mony ane,
 At the deip louch of Triuia or Dyane ;
 The dyne was hard eik ellis quhair full far,
 At the sulphurus quhyte rever callit Nar,
 And at the laik or fontane of Velyne.
 Bayth to and fro our all the cuntre syne
 Wemen and moderis affrayit of this caice,
 Thair 3ing childryng fast to thair breistis did braice.
 Than speidely, wyth haist and byssy fayr,
 The laubouraris vndantit heyr and thayr 10
 Hynt wapnis, and assemblyt on every syde
 Towart the sound, quhair as the trump that tyde
 Wyth deidly voce blew this feyrfull sing :
 The Troiane power also can furth thryng
 Wyth haill routis, Ascanyus to reskew.
 The battellis war adionyt now of new ;
 Nocht in maneir of landwart folkis bargane,
 Wyth hard blokis ruschand all our ane,
 Nor blunt styngis of the byrsillit tre,
 Bot wyth scharp scherand wapynnys maid melle. 20
 The ground blaiknyt and feyrfull wolx alsua :
 Of drawin swerdis sclementing to and fra
 The brycht mettall, and wthir armouris seyr,
 Quhayron the sonnys blenkis beittis cleyr,
 Glytteris and schane, and wnder bemys brycht
 Castis a new twynkland or ane lemand lycht.
 This stour sa bustius begouth to rys and grew,
 Lyk as the see changis fyrst his hew
 In quhyt lippiris by the wyndis blast ;
 Syne, peys and peys, the flude boldnys so fast, 30
 Quhill finaly the wallis wprisis mayr,
 That fra the ground it warpis wp in the ayr.

At the fyrst cuntre into this bargane,
 Almonc, Tírrheus eldest son, was slane,
 A fayr 3ing springald, quhilk caught deidis wound
 Throw dynt of arrow schot with felloun sound,
 That smait him rycht evin in at the hals bone ;
 The lopperyt blude stoppit his aynd anone,
 And clossit in of lyfe the tendir spreit.
 About hym fell down deid, and lost the sueit,
 Mony of the hyrd men, amangis quham was ane,
 The elder Galesus, as that he allane 10
 Offeryit hymself amyde the ostis tway,
 To trete concord of peys and of the fray ;
 Quhilk was the iustast of ane rurell man,
 And mychtiest in his tyme leving than.
 Our all the boundis of Ausonya
 His fyve flokkis pasturit to and fra ;
 Fyve bowis of ky wntill his hame reparyt,
 And wyth ane hundreth plewis the land he aryt.

CAP. X.

*Fra the first slauchtir maid upon this wys,
 Turnus and the pepill for battale cryis.*

And as this bargane on this maneyr 3eid
 In plane feyld and evinly battale steid, 20
 This hellis Goddes, joising at hir wyl
 Hir promys quhilk scho hecht for to fulfyll,
 Als sone as was this gret melly begunne,
 The erd littit wyth blude and all ourrunne,

And the fyrst slauchtyr was commyt and done
 In deidly weyr ; than Italie als sone
 Scho levis, and wyth swyft fard doys fle
 Throw out the skyis to the hevynniss hie,
 Havand hir purpos, said wyth voce full proud,
 Vnto Juno thus spak scho throw ane cloud :
 Lo ! now, discord perfurnest, as thow wald,
 Wyth schrewit battell and caris mony fald.
 In tender frendschip lat thame now convene,
 Knyt wp allyance and fallowschyp bedene, 10
 Sen that I have the Troianis all byspret
 Wyth blude of the Italianis, or I went.
 And, geif thi mynd be ferme thairto wyth me,
 I sal thus mekle eik to my werk, quod sche,
 For till induce the citeis adiacent
 Vnto the bargane, or that I hyne went ;
 Wyth schrewit rumouris I can amang thaim skail,
 Thayr myndis so I sall inflamb allhayll
 By wod vndantit fers desyre of Mart,
 Thai sall forgadder to help from every art, 20
 Quhill battale, armouris, suerdis, speris and scheildis,
 I sall do saw and strow our all the feyldis.
 Than answerit Juno : at aboundans thair is
 Of thi dissaitfull slycht and fraud, I wys,
 And eik of feirfull terroure and deray ;
 Weill ar perfurnest causis of this weyr perfay.
 Thai fecht togidder mydlyt on the land,
 Bayth faice for faice, wyth drawin glavis in hand,
 And new sched blude littis thair armour cleyr,
 Quhilk thai be fortoun cawcht haue fyrst in weir. 30
 3one worthy squyar of Venus blude and kyne,
 And kyng Latynus, now lat thaim begyne

Alecto
 schawis
 Juno quhat
 discord sche
 has sawin
 betuix the
 Troianis and
 Italyanis.

Junos
 ansuere.

Sik wedlok to contrak and spouses feyst.
 Bot the gret fader of hevin, at my request,
 Will suffyr the at large no langer heyr
 To walk, nor tary abuif the skyis cleyr.
 Withdraw the of this place, forthi, weill sone ;
 Geif ony chance restis mayr to be done,
 I sall myself that mater rewill and gy.
 Thyr wordis spak Juno ; and scho thairwyth in hy
 Hir doubill wyngis wyth edder sound did bete,
 Levand the hevynnis, socht to hir hellis sete. 10

Amyddis Itale, vnder hillis law,
 Thair standis ane famus stede weil beknaw,
 That for his brut is namyt in mony land,
 The vaill Amsanctus hait, on athyr hand
 Quham the sydis of a thik wode of tre
 Closis full derne wyth skogy bewis hie ;
 A routtand burne amydwart thairof rynniss,
 Rumland and soundand on the cragy quhyannis.
 And eik, forgane the brokin brow of the mont,
 Ane horrible cave with braid and large front 20
 Thayr may be sene, a thyrll or aynding stede
 Of terribyle Pluto, fader of hell and deid ;
 A rift or swelth so grysly for to se,
 Till Acheron revin doune, that hellis see,
 Gapand wyth his pestiferus gowle full wyde ;
 At quhais bysme the Fury can doun slyde,
 This hutit Goddes, and by that discens
 Deliuerit hevin and erd of hyr presens.

And neuertheles, during the meyne sessoune,
 The queyne hirsself, Saturnus get, anon 30
 Set to hyr hand, and vndid the battale.
 Of hyrdmen all the rowtis wyth a zell

Ruschit fra the feyld to the cietie, but tary ;
 The slane bodeis away wyth thaim dyd cary,
 Almon the child, and deyd Galesus als,
 Wyth blude bysparkit vyssage, heyd, and hals :
 Thay thyg vengeance at the goddis, and syne
 Thay rame and cry fast on the king Latyne.
 Turnus was by, and amynd this deray,
 This hait fury of slauchtyr and fell afray,
 The terrour doublis he and feyrfull dreyd,
 That sic forloppin Troianis, at this neyd, 10
 Suld thankfully be resset in that ring,
 Or Phrigiane blude confederit wyth the king,
 And he furth of thai boundis to be expellit.

The self tyme eyk, for the matronis that zellit,
 And roundis sang so in thair wylde dotage,
 In the derne woddis, smyttyn wyth Bacchus rage,
 Gret routis dyd assemble thydder in hy,
 And roupyt eftyr battale rycht ernystly.
 Thar the detestable weris, evyr in ane,
 Agane the fatis all, thai cry and rane ; 20
 Contrair ansueris and dispositionis all
 Of goddis, for the weyr thai clepe and call,
 Led by the power and frawart godheyd
 Of cruell Juno wyth ald rememberit feyd.
 Full fast thai thring about the kingis palyce.
 Bot this ilk Latyne, knawand thair malice,
 Resistis vnmovit as a rok of the see,
 Quham, wyth gret brut of wattyr smyte, we see
 Himself sustenis by his huge wecht
 Fra wallis feill, in all thair byr and swecht 30
 Jawping about his skyrtis wyth mony a bray ;
 Skelleis and fomy cragis thai assay,

Routand and rarand, and may nocht empayr,
 Bot geif thai shed fra his sydis the wayr.
 So, eftyr that the king mycht nocht resyst
 Thayr blynd purpoys, for, as evyr Juno lyst
 The mater went, all set to crueltie,
 Full mony goddis and the hevynnys hie
 To wytnes drew he, all was by his wyll ;
 Bot all for nocht, na tent was tayne thairtyll.
 Allace ! he sayd, we are to broke and ryve
 By the fatis, by storm cachyt and dryve. 10
 O, o, ze wrechyt peple ! gan he cry,
 Wyth cruell pane full deyr ze sall aby
 This wilfull rage, and wyth your blud expres
 The wrangis of sic sacrilege redres.
 O Turnus, Turnus, full hard and hevy wraik
 And sorofull vengeance zit sall the ourtak,
 Quhen, all to lait, in thy helping thou sall
 Wyth prayeris on the goddis clepe and call.
 For I had fund my rest and eys, quod he ;
 Now at the dur deyd redy bydis me, 20
 Quhayr now of happy pompis funerale
 I spulzeit am, and sic tryumphe ryale.
 Na moyr saying, wyth that ilk word, fut het,
 Full clos wythin his palice he hym schet ;
 Of all sic thingis gave our the cuir and charge,
 Sen na bettyr mycht be, to go at large.

CAP. XI.

*The portis of weir to tuich the prynce refusis,
 Quhilkis Juno brekis, syne all for battale musis.*

Ane ald
 custome and
 consuetud in
 mouing of
 war.

The maneyr than was, and the ald custum
 Within the land of ancyent Latyum,
 Quhilk blissit vsance eftyr mony a day
 The citeis and faderis of Alba kepit ay ;
 Now the greyt mayster souerane ciete ding
 Of Rome kepis and hantis the self thing ;
 That is to knaw, quhen fyrst thai move or steyr
 The martyale ensenzies for the weyr,
 Quhidder so thai lyst to set wyth ostis plane
 On the Gethis, peple Tartareane ; 10
 Wyth dolorus and full lamentable weyr
 In Hyrcany or Araby to steyr,
 Or for till ettyll into Inde furth eyk,
 Towart the dawing and son rysing to seyk ;
 Or 3it till ask and reduce hame agane
 Thayr standartis from the dour peple Parthane.
 Tua portis bene of battale and debayt,
 So thai war clepyt to thair name and hayt,
 Haldin in religioun of haly reuerence
 Of Martis creuell dreyd and his offence : 20
 A hundreth brasyne hespis thaim claspit queme,
 And strenthy irne slottis that dyd seme
 To be eternale and inconsumptive ;
 Nor Janus, kepar of this entre of strive,
 Was no quhyle furth of this ilk hallowit hald.
 Bot quhen the ferme sentence of faderis auld

Was ony tyme determyt to move weyr,
 Than he that was cheif duik or consuleyr,
 In rob ryall vestit, that hait Quyrine,
 And ryche purpour, eftir the gys Gabine,
 Gyrd in a garmont semely and fut syd,
 Thyr zettis suld vp oppin and warp wyd ;
 Wythin that girgand hirst also suld he
 Pronounce the new weyr, battale, and melle,
 Quham all the fensable men suld follow fast,
 Wyth plane assent and brasyne trumpis blast. 10

The king Latyne furthwyth command thai than
 On this maneyr, as prince and gretast man,
 To proclame weyr and decret the melle
 Agane Troianis thidder cum wyth Enee,
 And warp thai sorofull zettis vp on breyd.
 The prince refusit to do sa vile a deid,
 Ne lyst nocht anys thaim tuiche, nor brek his heyst ;
 Sayr grevyt, playnlie ganestud thair request,
 And in his secret closet hym wythdrew. [20

Than from the hevin dovne quhyrland wyth a quhew
 Come queyne Juno, and wyth hir awin handis
 Dang vp the zettis, brak but delay the bandis :
 This cruell dochtyr of the auld Saturn
 The marbyll hyrst can weltyr and ourturn,
 And strang zet cheikis of weirfayr and battale
 Straik dovne, and rent the gret irne postis fell.

Vnsterit lang tyme and vnmovit, Itale
 Now birnis into fury bellicale.
 Sum grathis thaim on fute to go in feyld ;
 Sum hie montit on horsbak vnder scheyld, 30
 The dusty pouder vp dryvand wyth a stour,
 And euery man socht wappynniss and armour.

Thair schynand scheyldis sum dyd byrnis weyll,
 And sum polyst scharp speyr heydis of steyll,
 To mak thaim brycht wyth fat cresche or same,
 And on quhitstanis thair axis scharpis at hame ;
 To beyr pynsalis it glaidis thame vp and doun,
 And ar reiosit to heyr the trumpettis soun.

Five the gretest and maist cheif citeis,
 Thar wapynnys to renew in all degreis,
 Sett vp forgys and steyle stydyis fyne :
 Rych Atyna, and the proude Tyburyne,

10

Ardea the cite, and Crustumere,
 And eyk Antemne wyth strang towris hie,
 And weyrlly wallis battellit about.

The sickyr helmis penis and forgis out ;
 Thair targettis bow thai of the lycht sauch tre,
 And boyss bukleris couerit wyth curbulze ;
 Sum steill haubrekis forgis furth of playt,
 Burnist flaukartis and leg harnes, fut hait,
 Wyth latyt sowpill syluer weyll annelit.

Al instrumentis of pleuch graith, irnit or stelit,
 As culturis, sokis, and the sovmis gret,
 Wyth sithis, and all hukis that scheris quheit,
 War thidder brocht and tholis temper new.

20

The lust of all sic werklomis was adew ;
 Thai did thaim forge in suerdis of metell brycht,
 For to defend thair cuntre and thair rycht.

Be this, thair armour grathit and thair geyr,
 The draucht trumpett blawis the brag of weir ;
 The slogorne ensenze, or the wache cry,
 Went for the battale all suld be reddy.

30

He pullis doвне his sellet quhair it hang,
 Sum deill afrayit of the nois and thrang ;

He drivis furth the stampand hors on raw
 Vnto the 3ok, the chareottis to draw ;
 He clethis hym wyth his scheyld, and semis bald ;
 He claspis his gylt habirgeoun and thrinfald ;
 He in his breist playt strang and his byrnie,
 A sovir suerd beltis law down be his the.

CAP. XII.

*The poet makis to goddis his prayer
 Dewlie to compt.the folkis grathis for this weir.*

3e Musis now, sweyt Goddessis ichone,	Inuocacion.
Oppin and vnschet 3our mont Helicone,	
Reveill the secretis lyand in 3our mycht,	
Adres my style and steyr my pen go rycht.	10
Entone my sang, and till endyt me leyr	
Quhat kingis dyd remufe furth to this weyr,	
Quhat routis followit euery prince in feyld,	
With ostis brayd that did the plane ourheyld ;	
Wyth quhat maner of vail3eand men sic wais	
The happy ground Itale flurist thai dais,	
Wyth quhatkyn armes it inflambit schane ;	
Furth schaw thir ancyant secretis euery ane.	
3e blyssit wichtis forsuith remembris weyll	
All sic thingis, and, quhair thou list, may reveill,	20
Thocht skairsly, for the process of lang 3eris,	
Be small rumour thairof cum till our eris.	
Fyrst, from the land and costis hait Tyrrhyne,	
Vnto the battale bownis sterne and kene	

- A catalog
of the
caplanys of
warre that
followit
Turnus.
Mezentius.
- Mezentius the king, that in his day
Contempnar clepit was of the goddis ay.
The gyder of his army and his rowt
Was his son Lausus, vailzeand and stout ;
Abuf all vthir the maist semely wycht,
Except the persoun of Turnus the gentill knycht,
Quhilk was the flour of all the Laurenteis.
This Lausus was weill taucht at all degreis
To dant gret hors, and as hym list arrest,
Hunt and dovne bet the deyr and ilk wyld best ; 10
A thousand men he led of his convine
From Coreite the citie Agyline.
Worthy he was to rewill a gret empyr,
And to be cumin of sum mayr happy syr
Than of Mezentius, banyst and inding,
Bot to haue bene sum empriouris son or king.
The lusty Aventinus nixt in pres
Hym followis, the son of worthy Hercules.
Throu gresy planis his chair wyth palm ryall
Was rollit furth by hors victoriall, 20
Quhilk, in his musteris, schew he in the feyld,
His faderis takynnis merkyt in his scheyld,
Ane hundreth edderis and vther snakis inset
Lynkit about of Larn the serpent gret ;
Quham the nun Rhea ane woman devine
In the dern wod of the mont Aventyne
Bayr and brocht furth vnto this warldis lycht,
Full prively, vnknaw of ony wycht :
The woman mydlit wyth the god went bound,
Eftyr this ilk Hercules had brocht to ground 30
And venquest Gerioune wyth proude bodeis thre,
Syne in the feyld besyd Laurent cietie

Was enterit as hym list to tak his rest,
 His Spanze oxin, quham hym lykty best,
 Did bathing and refresche, to mak thaim clene,
 In Itale strandis at the cost Tyrrene.
 This Aventinus followis in thir weiris,
 Bayr in thair handis lance stavis and burrell speris,
 And dangerus facheonis into stavis of tre ;
 Wyth round stok suerdis faucht thai in melle,
 Wyth poyntalis, or wyth stokkis Sabylyne.
 Thayr capitane, this ilk strang Aventyne, 10
 Walkis on fut, his body wymplit in
 A felloun bustaus and gret lyoun skyn,
 Terrible and rouch, wyth taty lokyrand haris ;
 The quhyte tuskis, the heyd, and clowis thar is :
 And on sic wys, grym and awfull to se,
 Wythin the kingis gret palice enteris he,
 Our his schulderis hingand, as sayd is plane,
 His faderis talbart cote Herculiane.

Tua brethering to this battale bovnis syne,
 Furth of the wallit citie Tyburtyne, 20
 Leding thai peple namyt, ane and vther,
 Fra Tyburtus that was thair elder brother ;
 And thai war clepit, the tane Catillus, Catillus.
 The tothyr Coras, strang and curageus, Choras.
 Stout 3oung men, Grekis born of Arge bayth tuane,
 Befor the formaist ostis in the plane,
 Amyd a bus of speris in rayd thai ;
 Generit of the cloud lyk to Centaures tuay,
 Quhen, fra the montane top of Homolane,
 Or snawy Otryne hyll, dovne to the plane 30
 Wyth felloun fard and swyft cours, he and he,
 Gan to discend, levand the holtis hie ;

The large wod makis placis to thair went,
 Buskis wythdrawis, and branchis all to rent
 Gan rattilling and resound of thair deray,
 To reyd thair renk, and rovmis thaim the way.

Ceculus.

Nor Ceculus was nocht absent, traist me,
 The fundar of the cetie Preneste,
 Quham all eildis reputis and schawis ws
 Engenerit was by the god Vulcanus,
 And by the fyr syd fund, a 3oung fundling,
 Our landwart beistis syne wolx lord and king. 10
 A hail legioun in a rout followis hym
 Of wyld wod men, quhilk doyth thair catell 3ym :
 All thai peple on breid, baith he and he,
 That inhabitis the heych toвне Preneste,
 And thai that occupyit the feyldis also
 Of Gabyne, quhilkis ar dedicat to Juno ;
 And thai that duellis langis the chyll river
 Of Anyene, and thai also in feyr
 Among the dewy strandis and craggis remanis
 Of Hernica, in the Sabyne montanis ; 20
 And thai also that bred and fosterit be
 In boundis of riche Anagnia cietie ;
 And eyk thai peple duelling fayr and bene
 In Champanze, on the flude Amasene.
 Amangis all thir peple na brycht arming
 Mycht thou heyr sound, nor scheyld our schulder hing,
 Or cartis clattyr ; bot of thaim the maist part
 To schut or cast war perfyt in the art,
 Wyth leyd pellokis from engynis or staf slyng
 By dyntis bla thair fa men down to ding. 30
 Sum double dartis casting in handis buyr,
 And for defens, to kepe thair hedis suyr,

A 3allo hat woyr of a wolfis skyn.
 For thai wald be lycht bodyne ay to ryn,
 Thayr left fut and all that leg was bayr ;
 Ane rouch rylling of raw hyd and of hayr
 The tother fut couerit weyll and knyht.

Neptunus son list tho no langar syt,
 Hait Mesapus, bot bownis furth to gang :
 Dantar he was of stedis wyld and strang, Mesapus.
 Quham na man with steyll wappin forgit brycht,
 Nor byrnand fyr, vnto his deyd mycht dycht. 10
 Now haistely in armis callis he
 The routis of his peple and menze,
 Quhilkis lang tofoir disvsit had the weyr
 Wyth curage dolf, that idyll lay thair geyr ;
 Thair swerdis now and burnist glavis gray
 He mayd thaim furth bedraw and oft assay.
 Wyth hym thai folk in falloschip led he
 That inhabitis Fescenyum the cietie,
 And the just peple, clepit Faliscey,
 And thaim that duellis in Soracte fast by, 20
 A strang cietie, and hie situat,
 Vnto the God Apollo dedicat ;
 And thai that in Flavynia feyldis duell,
 Or that wynnys besyd the laik or well
 Of Cymynus vnder the montane bray,
 Or 3it among the schawis of Capuay.
 In gudlie ordour went thai and array,
 And of thair king sang ballettis by the way.
 Sic wys as sum tym in the skyis hie
 Throu the moist air dois snaw quhite swannis fle, 30
 Quhen thai fra pastur or feding dois resort
 To seykh thair solace, and on thair gys to sport ;

Weill soundand wriblis throu thair throttis lang
 Swouching makis in maneyr of a sang,
 That of thair bruyt resoundis the river,
 And all the layk of Asia fer and neyr :
 So, in sic wys, on far was nane mycht ken
 That rout had bene ane ost of armyt men,
 Bot of the swouchand swannis suld he wene
 A sop fleand in the ayr thay had bene,
 Quhilk chasit, or affrayit, jolely
 Socht crouping to the costis syd fast by.

10

CAP. XIII.

*3it comptis the poete the chiftanis all and sum,
 Aganis the Troianis sall in weirfair cum.*

Clausus with
 dyuers pepil
 of Italye
 cummis to
 warre.

Lo, Clausus eik, that douchty was and gude,
 Discend of the ancyeut Sabynis blude,
 A mekle rout furth leidis to the weyr,
 As gret man worthy sic ane ost to steyr ;
 Fra quham the clan and peple Claudyane
 Is cummin our all the boundis Italiane,
 Eftir that Roum was gevin and maid fre
 To the Sabynis, as thair propir cietie.
 Togidder gan assemble a huge rout,
 That fra the cietie Amatern flokis out ;
 The ancyeut Sabynis, hait Quhyrytes then,
 And of Erety all the fensable men,
 Of Mytisca, quhilk now hecht Tribule,
 Quhayr growis of olyve treis gret plente ;

20

All that duellis in cietie Nomentyne,
 Or rosy feildis besyde the layk Velyne ;
 Or on the scharp craggy rochis hie,
 Quhilk for harsknes ar clepit Tetrice,
 Wyth hingand hewis and mony a skowland bra.
 Thidder held the cietie of Casperia,
 Thai that inhabitis Forolos that toun,
 Or on the flude Hymella vp and doun ;
 All thay that drinkis of Tybyr the river,
 Or Farbarus that rynniss fresche and cleyr ; 10
 And thai that wynniss in Nursia sa cald,
 And of Ortyne the navy gret and bald ;
 The Latyne peple also, and all thai
 Quhair the vnhappy flude of Allya
 Flowis throu the boundis and beddeis thair land.
 Als thik thai gadder, and flokkis fra hand to hand,
 As evir the fomy bullerand wallis hie
 Is sene weltyr on the large Lybiane see,
 Quhen the stormy Orion his heid schroudis
 In wintyr vnder the blak wattry cloudis ; 20
 Or how feill echirris of corn thik growing,
 Wyth the new sonnys heit byrsyllit, dois hing
 On Hermy feildis in the symmer tyde,
 Or in the zallo corn flattis of Lyde :
 Als mony scheildis clatteris and tergettis,
 That for dynning of thair feyt all the gatis,
 For stamping stedis, and for trumpet blast,
 The ground wolx all affrayit and agast.

The innemy to Troiane name anon,
 The bastard son of king Agamemnon,
 Hait Halesus, can wyth fers mude acwart
 Adioin his horsis for to draw his cart,

30 Alcaus.

And, in the aid of Turnus and suppie,
 A thousand fers folkis assemblit he :
 Thai quhilkis wyth rakis ourturnis euery bra
 Fertill of wynis in the mont Massica ;
 And thaim also duelling in hyllis hie,
 Send from the auld faderis of Aurunca cietie ;
 And tha that duellis hard on the se bra
 Besyd the cietie of Sidicyna,
 Or com fra Calis into Campany ;
 Wyth all thai peplis into cumpany 10
 Inhabitand the schauld flude Vulturinus ;
 And frawart folkis, hait Saticulus,
 Togidder eik wyth the hail multitude
 Of Oscores, that peple stern and rude.
 Thy bayr in feyld, of wapynniss in the steidis,
 Round casting dartis or macis wyth pykyt heidis,
 Quhilk, in thair lede, is clepit ane aclyde :
 And, so it mycht the mayr suyrly abyde,
 Onto thair armis is knyit wyth a teuch string,
 Quhairwith thai do it at thair fais slyng. 20
 A ballen pavis coueris thair left sydis,
 Maid of hart skynnis and thik oxin hydys ;
 And crukit swerdis, bowand as a syth,
 Thai bayr at hand reddy to draw furth swyth.
 Oebalus. Nor thou, Oebalus, vnreknyt sall nocht wend
 By our metyr but loving and commend,
 Quham king Telon engenerit, as thai say,
 On Sabetrudes the lusty nympe or may,
 That tyme quhen he regnit as lord and king
 Our Capreas ilis, and in gouerning 30
 Led the peple hait Theleboes bald ;
 Or than, fer step in age was he, and auld :

Bot his son, this Oebalus, in his entent
 Of his faderis boundis stude nocht content,
 That lang afor to his obeysans he
 Subdewit had the peple Sarraste,
 And all the large feyldis, bonk and bus,
 Quhilk ar beddeit wyth the river Sarnus ;
 Thai that occupyit Rufa and Batulane,
 In Campany rych and strang tovnis tuane ;
 The planis eik and sulze of Celene,
 Quhilk dedicat ar onto Juno queyne ; 10
 And thai behaldis the weirly wallit cietie
 Of Abella, wyth his stalwart touris hie,
 Quhair gret plente of appellis orrange growys :
 Quhilk peple in thair weyrfair had na bowis,
 Bot war accustumyt for to thraw oft sys
 The casting speris on the Duche mennis gys ;
 Quhais heid geyr war of full sobyr extent,
 Maid of the cork or bark fra treis rent :
 Buklaris thai bayr, with bos or plait of steyll,
 And schinand swerdis of mettall burnist weill. 20
 Thai peple eik that clepit beyne Nursanis, Nursanis.
 Quhilkis in the strait and hie montanis remanis,
 Send to the feyld ane chyftane of defens,
 Of worthy fame, the renownit Vfens : Vfens.
 Happy in armes and redovtit was he ;
 Bustuus abuf all vtheris his menze,
 The folkis clepit of Equicola,
 That hard furris had telit mony a da,
 And all inarmyt labour thai thair land.
 Thai hant full oft hunting in woddis at hand ; 30
 Evir likis thaim to cache and drive away
 The recent spreith, and fresche and callour pray,

And on spulze to leif and on rapyne.

Vnto this battale bownis the prest devyne,
 Vmbro to name, the strenthiest a man
 Of all the peple in Marrubia clan,
 Send fra the king Archippus wyth his feris,
 As thair chyftane and reular in the weris,
 His helm arrayit wyth a garland schene
 Plet of the happy olive branchis grene.
 All kynd of edder and hyssand serpent fell
 Wyth incantatioune he culd gar ryf and swell, 10
 Or cast apoun thaim slepand wyth his sang,
 And, wyth his charmis and his herbis strang,
 Thair wraith and vennom culd he dant and meys,
 And heill thair stanging, and sic hurtis eys.
 Bot he culd fynd na curis nor remeid
 To salf hym from the Troiane speris heid ;
 His slepy charmis had na fors nor mycht,
 Nor herbis gadderit on Marsis montis hycht,
 To help thai hurtis he caught in the melle.
 O souerane preist, quhat reuth was it of the ! 20
 For the the woddis weppit of Angytus,
 The christal strandis murnit of Fuscinus ;
 The bewalit cleir laikis and spring wellis,
 Nymphis, virginis, matronis, and damisellis.

Furth to the battale eik held Virbius,
 The son maist semely of Hyppolitus ;
 His cheyfe maternall ciete, full of mycht,
 Aricia, furth sent this worthy knycht.
 In schawis schene, endlang the watter bra
 Of flude Hymettus, by Ageria 30
 That nympe he fosterit was full tenderly,
 Quhair as of mansuet Dyane fast thairby

The altar, eith for till apleis, vpstandis,
 Oft full of sacrificé and fat offerandis.
 For mony haldis opinioun, sayand thus
 Be commoun voce and fame : Hippolytus,
 Eftyr that he slane was, and to deid dycht
 By fals dissait of his stepmoderis slycht,
 And had eik sufferit by his blude and breth
 The cruell panis of his faderis wreth,
 As to be harlyt wyth hors that caught affray
 And skeichit at ane meirswyne by the way ; 10
 3it neuer the les, for the luf of Dyane,
 He was restorit to this ilk life agane,
 And cum to duell vnder our hevin and air,
 That heyr abuf contenis thir sternis fayr ;
 Quhilk cure was done by Esculapius sle,
 Throu the mychtis of the rois Pione.
 Than Jupiter, almychty fader hie,
 Haifand disdene ony mortall suld be
 Rasit to lyf, or ovir warldis lycht,
 From the dyrknes of nethir hellis nycht, 20
 The fyndar of this crafty medycine,
 Quhilk was biget by the god Appollyne,
 That is to knaw, this Esculapius,
 Wyth thunderis dynt baith fell and dangerus
 Vnder the erd smat down, for to remane
 In hellis ground and watter Stygiane.
 Bot than the thrinfald Dyane, full of blys,
 In secret place Hippolytus wyth this
 Hyd, and betaucht Egeria the may,
 To be kept in the ilk forrest gay ; 30
 Quhair, hym allane, in woddis of Italy
 His lyf he led vnknawin of ony wy,

The tale of
Hippolytus.

And quhair he first was hait Hippolitus,
 Changit his name, yclepit Virbius ;
 And, be this self ressoun 3it also,
 From the tempil of Diane euermo
 Thir horny hovit horssis bene debarrit,
 Forsamekle as thai at the sey monstreis skarrit,
 And brak the cart throu thair vndantit mycht,
 And furth swakit Hippolytus, gentill knycht.
 3it neuer the les, his son, this Virbius,
 The ardent stedis fers and chevairus
 Throu out the plane feyld drivis all in feyr,
 And furth hurlis his chariot to the weyr.

10

CAP. XIV.

*Quhow Turnus to this battale bownis to ga,
 And als the weirlyk woman Camilla.*

Turnus King
 of Rutillians.

Turnus hym self, of weyr the cheif capitane,
 Amyd princis and gret chyftanis ilkane
 Enarmit walkis, turnand to and fro,
 Wyth corps of statur eligant, that so,
 Quhair as he went throu out the routtis on hie,
 Abuf thaim all his heid men mycht weill se,
 Quhairon his helm set full richely schane
 Wyth cristis thre, lik till ane lokerit mane ;
 Thairon as tymbrall standand Chymera,
 That wondrus monstre, wyth wyd chaftis bla
 Furth blawand fyr and flambe sulphurius,
 Lik byrnand Ethna, that mont perellus.

20

The mayr wod wraith and furius wolx sche,
 Wyth sorofull fyr blesis spowtand hie,
 Evyr as the battale worthis mayr cruell
 By effusioun of blude and dyntis fell.
 His schynand scheild was all of fyne gold bet,
 Quhairin thair was, insteid of armes, set
 Io the wench, sum tyme but hornis, now
 Wyth hayr ourgrow, transformyt in a kow ;
 Quhilk was gret argument and probatioun
 That he was of his blude a Gregioune. 10
 The kepar eik of this ilk mayd, Argus,
 Was porturit thayr, and fader Inachus,
 Furth of ane payntit pyg, quhair as he stude,
 A gret river defundand or a flude.
 Ane ost of futmen, thik as the hail schour,
 Followis this Turnus, drivand vp the stour ;
 Wyth scheildis schroudit mony huge rowt
 Thik forgadderis the large feyldis about.
 Thai 3onkeris quhilk of Grekis war discend
 The power of Arunca thidder send ; 20
 The garnisouns also of Rutilianis,
 And the ancyent peple hait Sycanis,
 Of Sacrane the army bald in feildis ;
 The Labicanis eik wyth thair payntit scheildis,
 Quhilk telis on thi bankis, Tibir flude,
 Or 3it endlang thi gresy brayis gude,
 O Numycus, thou hallowit fresch river ;
 And thai that wyth scharp culter teill and scheir
 Of Rutuly the hylly knowis hie,
 Or camy eige, and holtis fayr to se, 30
 That Circeus to surnayme clepit er,
 Quhair Anxurus, the berdles Jupiter,

For patroune is hallowit our the planis,
 And Juno eik full joyusly remanis
 In Feronya, hir sueit schaw ay grene,
 Neyr by the blak laik clepit Saturene,
 Quhair as the chill river hait Vfens
 Seikis wyth narrow passage and descens
 Amyd how valeis his renk and ische,
 And hidis him self wythin the Tirrhene se.

Abufe all thir the stout wensche Camilla,

Camylla
 quene of
 Amazons a
 nobill captane
 of warre.

Of the famill and kynrent of Volsca, 10
 Com leidand armyt ostis and stern feildis,
 In burnist playt arrayit and schynand scheildis ;
 Forsuith, ane worthy weriour was sche ;
 Hir womanly handis nodir rok of tre
 Na spyndill vsit, nor brochis of Mynerve,
 Quhilk in the craft of clayth making dois serve :
 Bot zit this maid was weill accustumat
 To suffyr bargane doure and hard debait,
 And throu the speid of fut in hir rynning
 The swift wyndis prevert and bakwart ding ; 20
 Or than also so speidely culd sche fle
 Our the cornis, ourtred thair croppis hie,
 That wyth hir cours na reid nor tender stra
 Was harmit ocht, nor hurt by ony wa ;
 And, throu the bolnand fludis amyd the se
 Borne sovyrly, furth hald hir way mycht sche,
 The swyft solis of hir tender feyt
 Nocht tuicheand anys the watter hir to weyt.
 Ail 3oung folkis, on hir for to ferly,
 Furth of feildis and houssis flokis in hy. 30
 Litill childring and matronis awundring
 On far behaldis hir stout pais in a ling :

So manfully and baldly walkis sche,
With spreit abasit thai gofe hir for to se,
Quhat wys hir slekit schulderis war array
Wyth kynglie purpour, honorable and gay ;
And how the hair was of this damysell
Knyt wyth a buttoune in a goldin kell ;
And hou a quavir clos scho bair alsua,
Wyth grundin dartis wrocht in Lycia ;
And a haill suppline of a gret myrtre,
Quhilk hyrdis mycht ourheild wyth bewis hie, 10
In maner of a speir in hand scho bayr,
Heidit wyth forgit steill full scharp and squayr.

Finis Libri Septimi.

Incipit Prologus Libri Octavi.

That bern is best can nocht blyñ
 Wranguis guidis to wyn :
 Quhy suld he spair, for ony syn,
 Hys lust to fulfyll ?

All leidis langis in land to lauch quhat thaim leif is :
 Luffaris langis only to lok in thair lace
 Thair ladeis lufely, and louk but let or releifis ;
 Quha sportis thaim on the spray sparis for na space ;
 The galiart grum grunschis at grammis hym greuis ;
 The fillok hir deformit fax wald haue a fair face, 10
 To mak her maikles of hir man at myster mischeif is ;
 The gude wyffe gruling befor God gretis efter grace ;
 The lard langis eftir land to leif to his air ;
 The preist for a personage,
 The seruand efter his wage,
 The thrall to be of thirllage,
 Langis full sayr.

The myllar mythis the multur wyth a met scant,
 For drouth had drunken vp his dam in the dry 3eir ;
 The cadgear callis furth his capill wyth crakis waill
 cant, 20
 Calland the col3ear ane knaif and culroun full queyr ;
 Sum schippart slayis the lordis sheip, and sais he is a
 sant,
 Sum grenis quhill the gers grow for his gray meyr,
 Sum sparis nothir spirituall, spousit wyf, nor ant,
 Sum sellis folkis sustinance, as God sendis the feyr,
 Sum glasteris, and thai gang at all for gayt woll ;
 Sum spendis on the ald vse,
 Sum makis a tume ruse,
 Sum grenis eftir a gus,
 To fars his wame full. 30

Quhat wickitnes, quhat wanthrift now in warld walkis !
 Baill has banist blythnes, bost gret brag blawis,
 Prattis ar reput policy and perellus paukis ;
 Dignite is laid doune, darth to the dur drawis ;
 Off tratlis and tragedeis the text of all talk is ;
 Lordis ar left landles be vnleyll lawis ;
 Burges bringis hame the boithe to breid in thar baulkis ;
 Knychtis ar kouhubis, and commonis plukyt crawis ;
 Clerkis for oncunnandnes mysknawis ilk wycht ;

Wyfis wald haue all thair will, 10
 Eneuch is nocht half fyll,
 Is nothir ressoun nor skyl
 In erd haldin rycht.

Sum latit lattoun, but lay, lepis in laud lyte,
 Sum penis furth a pan boddum to prent fals plakkis ;
 Sum goukis quhill the glas pyg grow full of gold zit,
 Throw cury of the quentassens, thocht clay mugis crakis ; Alcumistis.
 Sum warnour for this warldis wrak wendis by his wyt ;
 Sum trachour crynis the cunze, and kepis corn stakis ;
 Sum prig penny, sum pyk thank wyth privy promyt ;
 Sum garris wyth a ged staf to jag throw blak jakkis. [20
 Quhat fynzeit fayr, quhat flattry, and quhat fals talis !

Quhat misery is now in land !
 How mony crakyt cunnand !
 For nowthir aiths, nor band,
 Nor selis avalis.

Preistis, suld be patereris and for the peple pray,
 To be Papis of patrimone and prelatis pretendis ;
 Ten tendis ar a trump, bot gif he tak ma [30
 Ane kinrik of paroch kyrkis cuppillit with commendis.

Kyrkmen,
 pryistis,
 popys,
 personis,
 vikkarys.

Quhay ar wirkaris of this weir, quha walkynaris of wa,
 Bot incompetabill clergy, that Cristyndome offendis?
 Quha revis, quha ar riotus, quha rakles, bot tha?
 Quha quellis the puyr commonis bot kyrkmen, weil
 kend is?

Thar is na stait of thar stile that standis content,
 Knycht, clerk, nor common,
 Burges, nor barroun;
 All wald haue vp that is downe,
 Weltrit the went.

And as this leid at the last lyggand me seys, 10
 With a luik vnlufsum he lent me sik wordis:
 Quhat bern be thou in bed, with heid full of beis,
 Grathit lyke sum knappar, and, as thi greis gurdis,
 Lurkand like a longeur? quod I, Lovne thou leis.
 Ha, wald thou fecht? quod the freik; we have bot
 few swordis;
 Thar is sic haist in thi heid, I hop thou wald neys,
 That braulis thus with thi host quhen bernis with the
 bourdis.

Quod I, Churle, ga chat the and chyd with ane vther.
 Move the nocht, said he than,
 Gyf thou be a gentill man, 20
 Or ony curtasy can,
 Myne awin leif brother.

I speik to the vnto sport; spell me this thing:
 Quhat likis ledis in land? Quhat maist langis thou?
 Quod I, Smak, lat me sleip; sym skynnar the hing:
 I wene thou byddis na better bot I brek thi brow.
 To me is myrk mirroure ilk mannis menyng;
 Sum wald be court man, sum clerk, and sum a cachekow,

Sum knyght, sum capytane, sum Caisar, and sum King,
 Sum wald haue welth at thair will, and sum thare
 wame fow,

Sum langis for the liffyr ill to lik of ane quart,
 Sum for thar bonty or bone,
 Sum to se the new mone ;
 I lang to haue our buik done,
 I tell the mi part.

Thy buik is bot bribry, said the berne than,
 Bot I sall leir the ane lessoun to leys all thi pane.
 Wyth that he raucht me a roll : to reyd I begane 10
 The riotest ane ragment wyth mony rat rane,
 Off all the mowis in this mold, sen God merkit man :
 The moving of the mappamond, and how the mone
 schane,

The pleuch, and the polys, the planettis begane,
 The son, the sevin sternis, and the Charll wane,
 The elwand, the elementis, and Arthuris hufe,
 The horne and the hand staff,
 Prater John and Port Jaff,
 Quhy the corn hes the caff,
 And kow weris clufe. 20

Thir romanis ar bot rydlis, quod I to that ray ;
 Leid, lerne me ane vther lessoun, this I ne lyk.
 I persauae, Schir parsoun, thi purpos, perfay,
 Quod he, and drew me down dern in dolf by ane dyk ;
 Had me hard by the hand quhair ane hurd lay,
 Than prively the pennis begouth vp to pyk :
 Bot, quhen I walkynnit, all that welth was wiskyt away,
 I fand not in all that feild, in faith, a be bike ;

For as I grunchit at this grum, and glysnyt about,
 I grapit graithly the gyll,
 Every modywart hyll,
 Bot I mycht pyk thair my fyll
 Or penny com out.

Than wolx I tene at I tuk to sic trufis tent,
 For swevynis ar for suengouris that slummeris nocht
 weil ;

Mony marvalus mater, neuer merkyt nor ment,
 Will seggis se in thair sleip, and sentence but seill ;
 War all sic sawis suithfast, wyth schame we war
 schent. 10

This was bot faynt fantasy, in fayth, that I feyll ;
 Neuer word in veritie, but all in waist went,
 Throu royitnes and raving that mayd myne ene reyll.
 Thus lysnit I, as lossingeir, sic lewidnes to luik :
 Bot, quhen I saw nane vther bute,
 I sprent speidely on fut,
 And vnder a tre ruit
 Begouth this aucht buik.

Finis Prologi Octavi Libri.

THE AUCHT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Quhow Tiberinus, god of the riveir,
Till Eneas in visioun gan appeir.*



LS swyth as Turnus, our the maister tour
Of Laurentum, his baneir quhyt as flour
In sing of battale did on breid display,
The trumpis blast and hornis mayd
deray,

And stern steidis stamping for the dynne ;
The armour clatteris, fast ilk man can rynne,
Incontinent togidder, wyth myndis amovit ;
All Latium assemblit, sone controvit
Ane coniuratioun or haisty convyne,
As in feirfull affray thare land to tyne, 10
And wod wraith wolx thir 3onkeris, he and he,
Wyth byrnand hartis fers to the melle.
The first chiftanis for assay or defens,
The gret Mesapus, and the strang Vfens,
Wyth Mezentius of goddis contempnar,
The routis for supple, bayth neyr and far.
Compellis to assemble wyth thare poweris,
And large feildis laid waist of laboreris.
Ane Venulus also was send, a Greik,
To gret Dyomedes ciete, to beseik 20

Venus
send as
orator to
Diomedes
for the
Rutilians
aganis the
Trojans.

Supple and help, and to schaw al and sum
How Troianis war discend in Latium ;
Enee with navy arrivit vp at hand,
And brocht his vinquest goddis in thair land,
Sayand that, by the fatis and destane,
He thidder callit was as king to be :

And that he suld eik to Dyomedes schaw,
That mony peple war adjonit and draw
Onto this ilk forsaid strangear knycht,

For he was cumin of Dardanus the wycht,

10

And wydquhair our all partis of Italie

His name begouth to spreid and multiplie.

And sen he had begun sic thing on hand,

Quhat syne he etlit mycht be vnderstand ;

That is to knaw, geif fortoun war so heynd

By aventur of weyr to be his frend,

Mayr euidently he covet to proceid

Agane his ancyent innemy, Dyomeid,

Than to ourset the 3ong knychtly Turnus,

Or 3it ourcum the auld king Latynus.

20

As this convine and ordinance was mayd

Of Latium throu out the boundis braid,

Quhilk euery poynt this Troiane lord anon,

Cumin of the hous of king Laomedon,

In hevy curis flowand all on flocht,

Avisis weill, hou all this thing was wrocht ;

And haistilly in mynd on euery sydis

Eneas
perturbit
wyth gret
thochtis.

Nou for this purpos, nou for that, providis,

Nou heyr, nou there, revist in syndry partis,

And seirsis, turnand to and fro all artis.

30

Lik as the radius sonnys bemys brycht,

Or than the glymmerand monis schaddowis lycht,

Reflexit from the brasin veschell, we se,
 Fillit wyth watter to the cirkill on hie,
 Our all the hous reboundis and dois spreyd
 Schynand, and sersis euery steyd on breid,
 Quhill in the ayr vpgois the tynkilland lycht,
 Glytterand on euery spar and ruf on hycht.

The nycht come, and all thing levand seisst ;
 Wery of wirk bayth byrd and brutell beist
 Our all the landis war at rest ilkane,
 The profund swoch of sleip had thaim ourtayne ; 10
 Quhen this ilk prince, Eneas, all on flocht,
 Wyth mynd soupit in cuir and hevvy thocht,
 And for this sorofull battale rycht vngrad,
 Apoun the river bank hymself doun layd
 Vnder the cald fyrmament for the nanis,
 And gave schort rest vnto his wery banis.
 Quham to the God of that steyd dyd appeyr,
 Tyburinus, furth of the styll river,
 Amyd the branchis of the pople treis,
 As agit man semyng, hymself vpheis ; 20
 A linze wattry garmond dyd hym vaill,
 Off colour fauch, schaip lyk a hempin sayll,
 And russly reidis dekis weill hys haris.
 To meis Eneas thochtis and his saris,
 Thus he begouth to speik, and said, but dyn :

O gentill gett, cumin of the goddis kyn,
 Quhilk from thi fais to ws wyth mekle joy
 Hes hidder brocht the gret ciete of Troy,
 And Pergama, the Troiane wallis wycht,
 Eternaly conseruis throu thi mycht ;
 Desyrit maist of lang tym, now welcum
 Onto the ground and soyll of Laurentum,

Tyberinus
 oration to
 Eneas
 teachinge
 him by
 what meanes
 he schall
 30 begyn by
 work.

And all the feildis eik of Latyne land.
 Heir is thi sickyr duelling place at hand,
 Ane sovir ferm habitacioun for ay ;
 Wythdraw the nocht fra hyne, pass nocht away,
 Nor dreid na thing the best of this battale.
 The rancour all of goddis, I the tell,
 And boldinand wreth appetit ar almaist.
 And so thou wene nocht at my word be waist,
 Nor fenȝet dremis do to the appeyr,
 Vnder sauch treis, by thir bankis neyr, 10
 Anone thou sall do fynd a mekle swyne,
 Wyth thretty heyd ferreit of grysis syne,
 Of cullour quhyt, thair lugeing on the ground,
 Hyr quhyt brodmell about hir pappis wound :
 That is the place to set vp thi ciete,
 Quhilk of ȝour labour sovir rest sal be ;
 Quhair that, as thretty ȝeris byrun and gane is,
 Ascanyus sall do beyld of lyme and stanis
 The ciete hait fayr Alba of delyt,
 Berand his name fra the fair cullour quhyt. 20
 Thus I declayr the nane vncertane thing,
 Bot verray suythfast takynis and warnyng.
 Now harkis bot a litill, I the pray,
 I sall the lerne in quhat wordis, quhat way
 Thou may cum speid, and haue the haill ourhand
 Tuicheand this instant mater now at hand.
 Thair bene peple of Arcaid from the ring
 Cumin in this land, discend of Pallas king,
 Quhilk, wyth Evander king in cumpany,
 Followand the singnis schaw, hes fast heyr by 30
 Chosyn a steyd, and beildit a cite
 Amang the knollis round or motis hie,

Efter thair forbader of noble fame,
 Pallas, clepit Pallanteum to name.
 Contineuly thir folkis euery 3eyr,
 Agane the Latyne peple ledis weyr :
 Adione to thir thine ost in falloschip,
 Do mak wyth thaim a lyg, and bynd frendschip.
 I sall my self convoy the the rycht way
 Betuix thir brais vp the fludis gray,
 So that agane the streme, throu help of me,
 By airis routh thidder caryit sal thou be. 10
 Haue done, get vp, thou son of the Goddes,
 First as the sternis declynis the addres ;
 I meyne into the dawing rycht ayrlly,
 Deuly to Juno se thou sacrifice,
 Hir wreth and all hyr mannans to ourset
 With devote supplicatiounis maid of det ;
 And, quhen thou hes optenit victory,
 To me thou sall do wirschep by and by.
 I am God Tibris, wattry hewit and haw,
 Quhilk, as thou seis, wyth mony jaup and jaw 20
 Bettis thir brayis, schawand the bankis down,
 And wyth full flude flowand fra tovn to tovn,
 Throu fertill feyldis scherand thair and heyr,
 Vnder the lyft the maist gentill river :
 Heir is myne habitacioun huge and grete,
 Off mychty cieties chief and soueraine sete.
 This beand said, this ilk God of the flude
 Vnder the deip can douk down quhayr he stude,
 And socht vnto the wattir ground anone,
 So dernly hyd none wyst quhair he was gone. 30

CAP. II.

*The sow with grisis, as Tiberinus said,
Eneas fand, and sacrifice has maid.*

The nycht fled, and the sleip left Enee ;
 On fut he startis, and anon can he see
 Furth of the orient in the brycht mornyng
 The sonniss hevinly bemis newly spring,
 And in the holl luffis of his hand, quhair he stude,
 Dewly the wattir hynt he fra the flude,
 Syne to the hevin this wys his prayeris maid :

Eneas
precaton. O nymphis all of fludis blyth and glaid,
 And 3e, O haly nymphis of Laurentum land,
 Quhamfra the fresche riuerris, and euery strand 10
 That flowis rynnand as we se sa cleyr,
 Hes thair begynning furth of soursis seyr ;
 And thou, O haly fader Tiberyne,
 Wyth Tibris eik, thy blyssit flude devyne,
 Ressaue Eneas to 3ou onbekend,
 And now at last from all perellis defend.
 And, gif thou takis reuth of our gret skaythis,
 Heir I avow and promittis wyth aithis,
 Quhair euir thi louch or fontaine may be fund, 20
 Quhair euir so thi spring is, in quhat ground,
 O flude maist plesand, the sall I our alquhair
 Hallow wyth honorable offerandis euirmayr.
 Hornit river, ryngand as lord and king
 Our all the fludis in to Itale ring,
 Be in our help, now at last, I requair :
 Eftir sa feill dangeris and perellis seir,

Conferme thi promis and orakill in hy.
 Quhen this wes said, furth of all his navy
 Tua galeis did he cheis the ilk tyde,
 Wyth double row of airis on athir syde,
 And for the rowing weill grathyt thaim hes he,
 Syne for the weyr instruckit his menze.

But lo, in haist before his ene he saw
 A mervalus and wundrus thing to knaw.
 A mylk quhyt sow wythin the wodis lay
 Apoun the grene wattris bank in his way, 10
 Wyth hyr littir new ferreit in that steyd,
 All of a cullour, gryses thretty heyd ;
 Quham the devot Eneas on this gys
 Onto the, gretest Juno, in sacrifice
 Britnis, and, wyth hir flok and followaris,
 Hes set and offerit vp on thi altaris.
 Tybir his swelland fluidis all that nycht,
 Hou lang that euer it was quhill dayis lycht,
 Stabillis and cawymis at his awin will ;
 The streme bacwartis vpflawis soft and styll, 20
 On sic wys mesand his wattir, that he
 Ane standand stank semyt for to be,
 Or than ane smoith puill, or dub lown and fayr,
 So that the airis mycht fyndin na contrayr.
 Thairfoir Eneas can his tym aspy,
 And haistis on his vayage byssely.
 Wyth prosper cours, and sobyr quhyspering,
 The pikit bargis of fyr fast can thring,
 And slidis throu the schaldis still and cleyr :
 The wattir ferlies of thair fard and beyr ; 30
 The forest, nocht accustumat to se
 Sic thingis, wondris quhat al this mycht be,

As to behald schynand scheildis on fer
 On mennis schulderis ay cumand ner and ner,
 The payntit carvellis fleting throu the flude.
 Bayth nycht and day ilk man, as thai war wod,
 Can spend in routh wyth irksom lauboring,
 The lang stremis and wallis round sworling,
 Our slidand fast vpwartis the river,
 Hid and ourheildit wyth mony treis seyr ;
 Endland the still fludis, calm and bene,
 Thai seik and schair throuout the woddis grene. 10

CAP. III.

*Quhow Eneas with kyng Evander met,
 And bandis of kyndnes has betuix thaim knet.*

The fyry son be this ascendit evin
 The middill ward and regioun of the hevin ;
 That is to knaw, be than it was mydday,
 Quhen that on fer the cietie wallis se thay,
 The touris and the hous heidis on raw
 Scatteret dispers, and bot a few to knaw,
 Quhilk now the mychty power of Rome toune
 Hes onto hevin maid equale of renoune.

The king Evander, of moblis nocht mychty,
 Held for that tym bot sobyr senzeory. 20
 In haist thiddir thair stevynnis can to steir
 Eneas sort, and to the toun drew neyr.

This king Evander, born was of Arcaid,
 Percace the self day a grete honour mayd,

Solempnit feist, and ful hie sacrifice,
 Onto the gret Hercules on thair gys,
 That foster son was to Amphitrione,
 And to the vther goddis euery one,
 Befor the ciete in a hallowit schaw :
 Pallas, his son, was thiddir also draw,
 Togidder wyth the principalis of 3onkeris,
 The sobir senatouris, and pur officiaris,
 All samyn kest ensens ; and wyth a stew
 Besyde the altare blude sched and skalyt new, 10
 Beand lew warm, thar full fast did reyk.
 Bot 3it, als suyth as thai persaut eyk
 The gret bargis slydand thus on raw,
 And throu the dern woddis fast thidder draw,
 So stilly bendand vp thair airis ilk wyght ;
 Thai worth affrayit of the suddand sycht,
 And euery man thai left the burdis on hy,
 On fut gan sterting from the mangeory :
 Quham hardy Pallas dyd forbyd and defend
 Thair sacrifice to brek, quhill it war end. 20
 He hynt a wappin, wyth a few men3e
 Tham to reconter anon furth haldis he ;
 And 3it weill far from a hyll or a know
 To tham he callis : Stand, 3ing men, How !
 Quhat caus hes movit 3ow apon sic way
 Thyr strange wentis vnknawin to assay ?
 Quhiddir ettill 3e, or quhat kynrent 3e be ?
 Schaw quhens 3e com, and quhilk is 3our cuntre.
 Quhidder do 3e bring into our boundis heyr
 Bodword of pece, or cummis in feyr of weyr ? 30
 Eneas tho, the fader of worschip,
 Maid ansuer from the pulpit of the schip,

Pallas
 oracions to
 the Troians.

Eneas
 answeare.

And in his hand straucht furth, as he mycht se,
 In takin of pece a branche of olive tre.
 My frend, quod he, thou seis peple of Troy,
 To Latyne peple iunymeis, man and boy ;
 Quhilk, flemyt fra our realm, newly agane
 Thai ilk Latynis has socht wyth proude bargane.
 Vnto the king Evander all seyke we,
 Hym to requyr of suckyr and supple.
 Bayr hym this message, and declayr him plane,
 That chosin men discend from king Dardane 10
 Bene hidder cumin, beseiking his freindschip
 To knyht vp band in armes and falloschip.

Pallas, astonyst of sa hie a name
 As Dardanus, abasit worth for schame.
 Cum furth, quod he, quhat euer thou be, bern bald,
 And say before my fader quhat thou wald,
 And enter in our luginis the to rest,
 Quhair thou sall be ressauit welcum gest.
 And furth anon he hynt hym by the hand,
 A weill lang quhyle his rycht arm embrasand ; 20
 Syne furth togidder rakyt thai on raw,
 The flude thai leif and enteris in the schaw.

Eneas tho, wyth frendly commoning,
 Spak curtasly, thus sayand to the king :
 O thou maist curtas prince, and best in neyd
 That evir was biget of Grekis seyde,
 Quham to fortoun wald I suld cumin heyr,
 The lawly to beseikin and requyr ;
 And wald also I suld furth reyke to the
 Wyppit wyth bendis the branch of olive tre, 30
 In taking that of thi supple I neyd ;
 Forsuith, I caught na maner feir nor dreid,

Eneas
 oration to
 Euander
 king
 desyryng his
 helpe.

Thocht thou a capytane of the Grekis be,
 Yborn also of Arcaid the cuntre,
 Of blude conioinit to the Atrides tuay,
 I mene onto Agamemnon and Menelay ;
 Bot myn awin vertu, and haly oracleis
 Off the goddis be devine miracleis,
 And our forbearis all of a kinreid,
 Thy fame dewulgat into euery steid,
 Hes me firmly adionit onto the ;
 The fatis eik tharto inducis me, 10
 That wilfully I obey thair command.
 Schyr Dardanus, the king first in our land
 That belt the citie Troy or Ilione,
 Our cheif fader, as Grekis grantis ilk one,
 Born of Electra, Atlas douchter 3ing,
 Careyt be schip come first to Troyis ring ;
 And this Electra gret Atlas begat,
 That on his schuldir beris the hevynnis plat.
 Mercur is fader of 3our clan alsua,
 Quham the schene madyn, the fair fresche Maya, 20
 Apone the frosty hillis top all bayr,
 Quhilk Celenus is hait, in Arcaid bayr ;
 And this ilk Maya suythlie, geif that we
 Ony credens to it we heyr or se
 May geve, Atlas begat, that sam Atlas
 That rollis the hevinly starrit speyr cumpas.
 So baith oure kinrentis, schortly to conclude,
 Devidit ar furth of a stok and blude.
 Quhairfor, haifand confidens in thir thingis,
 Nothir by ambassat, message, nor writingis, 30
 Nor vther craft, thi frendschip first socht I ;
 Bot myn awin self in persoun com in hi,

That onto the submittit hes my heid,
 And the to pray socht lauly to this steid.
 For the ilk peple vnder Dawnus king,
 That the Rutulianis hes in gouernyng,
 Quhilk leidis weir aganis thi cuntre,
 Wyth cruell battale now persewis me ;
 And gif thai mycht expell ws of this land,
 Thai wene thairby that nocht may thaim ganestand,
 Bot that thai sall vnder thair senzeory
 Subdeu allhail in thraldome Italy, 10
 And occupy thai boundis orientall
 Quhair as the our se flowis allhail,
 And eik thai wester partis, traistis me,
 Quhilkis ar bedeit wyth the neder se.
 Ressaue, and knyt vp faith and ferm cunnand ;
 Tak our promitt, and geve ws truth and band.
 Strang bodeis to abyd bargane haue we,
 Wyth hardy myndis in battale or melle,
 Exercit in weyr, and expert in sic neidis,
 In lusty youth liklie to do our dedis. 20

The kinges
 gentyl
 ansuere to
 Eneas.

Thus said Eneas, and Evander than,
 Fra tym that he first for to speke began,
 His ene, his mouth, and all his body rycht,
 Gan to behald, espying wyth his sicht ;
 Syn schortly mayd his ansuer thus agane :
 O quhow glaidly the, maist forey Troiane,
 I do ressaue as tender frend and feyr !
 How blythly now I know and weill may heyr
 The voce, the wordis, and the speche, but leis,
 Of thi fader, the gretest Anchyses ! 30
 And full perfytly now I draw to mynd
 The vissage of that worthy knyght maist kynd.

For weill I do remember, lang tyme gone,
 How Priamus, son of Laomedone,
 To vissie his sisteris land Hesiona,
 Socht to the cietie hait Salamyna
 And at the samyn rais his vayage mayd
 Throu the cald frosty boundis of Arcayd.
 My grene 3outh that tym wyth pylis 3ing
 First cleyd my chyn, or beird begouth to spring ;
 I joysit to se the Troiane dukis ilkone,
 And on the son of king Laomedone, 10
 That is to say, this ilk 3ong Priamus,
 For to behald was marvaill gloriu :
 Bot thi fader Anchises, quhair he went,
 Was hiar far than all the remanent.
 My mynd brynt, of 3outhheid throu desyr,
 To speik and commoun wyth that lordly syr,
 To be acquetit, and joyn hand in hand,
 Cunnand to knyht, and bynd fordward ane band :
 To hym I went desyrus of frendship,
 And sped that samyn so in falloschip, 20
 Wythin the wallis of Pheneus I hym led.
 And quhen he did depart or thens hym sped,
 Ane courtly quavyr full curyously wrocht,
 Wyth arrowis mayd in Lycia, wantand nocht,
 Ane garmond he me gaue or knychtly weyd,
 Pirnit and wovin full of fyn gold threyd,
 Twa goldin bryddyllis eik, as he dyd pas,
 Quhilk now my son occupyis, 3ing Pallas.
 Quhairfor our allyance, faith, and rycht hand,
 As 3e desyr, ar ellis adionit in band, 30
 We bene of auld confederatis, perfay :
 Quhairfor to moru, als sone as the brycht day

Begynnis allycht the landis and the sky,
 Wyth succours and suppowell, blythly I
 Sall 3ow fra hyne hame to 3our army send,
 And wyth my gudis and my mobillis amend.
 And in the meyne tym, sen, my freindis deyr,
 Onto our sacrifice 3e be cummin heyr,
 Quhilk 3eirly vsing we as anniuersary,
 That bene vnleifull to defer or tary ;
 Quhairfor wyth ws do hallow our hie fest,
 And wyth glaid semblland blythly maist and lest 10
 Accustom 3ow from thens, and now instant
 Our tabillis as 3our frendly burdis hant.

Quhen this was said, mesis and coupis ilkane,
 Quhilk war away tak, bad he bring agane,
 And he hym self the Troiane men fut het
 On sonkis of gresy scheraldis hes doun set :
 Thair principal capytane syne, Enee,
 Besyde hym self on deys ressauis he ;
 The benk, ybeildit of the grene holyne
 Wyth lokerit lioun skyn ourspred was syne. 20
 Than 3oung men walit byssy heyr and thair,
 And eik preistis of Hercules altayr,
 The rostit bullis flesch set by and by,
 The bakin breid of baskettis temis in hy,
 And wynis byrlis into gret plente.
 Eneas, samyn wyth his Troiane men3e,
 Did of perpetuall oxin fyllatis eit,
 And purgit entralis, clepit clengeing meyt.

CAP. IV.

*Evander tellis till Enee, but baid,
The verray caus quhy this sacrifice wes maid.*

Eftir that stanchit was the hungiris rage,
And appetit of meyt begouth assuage,
Said king Evander : Na superstitioun vane,
Nor misknawlege of goddis ancyane,
This hie feist and gret solempnite,
Nor this banket and meyssid, as 3e se,
Hes institut to ws, and this alteir
Of sa excellent maiestie standand heyr :
Bot, my deyr frend and noble gest Troiane,
We, preseruit from cruell perellus pane, 10
Hantis this seruice vpone sic maneir,
As proper det and obseruans ilk 3eir.

First, do behald 3one schorand hewchis brow,
Quhair all 3one craggy rochis hingis now,
How the huge wegthy brayis bene doun cast,
The holkit fousy in the mont syde left waist,
Quhair as the craggy quhynniss, doun declyne,
Hes drawin of the hyll a huge rewyne.
3one was a cavern or cove in ald dayis,
Wyth gousty entray fer furth of all wayis ; 20
A grysly den and ane forworthyne gap
Of Cacus, that na mayr had bot the schap
Of mannis form, for skant half man was he,
Throw cruell deidis of iniquite,
That in 3one fendlych hole dwelt hym allane ;
A hellis byke, quhair sonniss beme nevyr schane,

he tale of
Caucus.

Quhair the vile flure evyr lew warm wes spred
 Wyth recent slauchter of blude newly sched :
 Befor that tyrrandis zet of men that deid is
 Affixit stude mony dolorus heidis,
 Wyth vissage blayknit, blude byrun, and bla,
 The laithly odour of fylth stynkand tharfra.
 Onto this hutit monstre, this Cacus,
 The God of fyr was fader, Vulcanus ;
 And at his mouth, a wonder thing to se,
 His faderis reky flamb furth ziskit he ;
 As to his body, quhair so euer he passit,
 Of bustuus statur lik nane vther was it.

10

Proces of tym at last hes ws inspyrit,
 And send ws help, as we full lang desyrit,
 Be cuming of the mychtfull goddis presens ;
 For the danter of monstres, our defens,
 The maist redoutit Hercules, com at hand
 Be aventur onto this ilke land,

New from the slauchtyr into stern melle
 Of Gerioun, the quhilk had bodeis thre.
 Wyth proud spulze arryving triumphall,
 This conquerour maid thidder drive and call
 His bullis, and his oxin huge and gret,
 And eik his ky, to pasture and to eit
 Endlang zone vaill, that is large and wyde,
 And tuke thair lugeing on this river syde.
 Bot the vndantit fury mynd of this theif,
 Schrewit Cacus, all way full of myscheif,
 By his frawart ingine and sle consayt,
 So that na maner of wickitnes nor dissait
 Mycht be, that he ne durst nocht tak on hand,
 Ne onassait leif, out from thar stand

20

30

Four semely oxin of body gret and squayr,
 Als mony tender quyis exceedand fayr,
 Of all thai catell away wyth hym drave.
 And, that thar tred suld na way be persauē,
 Onto his cave ay bakwartis by the talis
 To turn thair futsteppis he thaim harlis and tralis ;
 And thus his spreith he had ontill his in,
 And wyth a queme stane closit hes the gyn :
 Sic way he wrocht that, quha thair tred lyst gove,
 Na takynnis suld convoy thaim to his cove. 10

In the meyne quhile, as all the beistis war
 Repaterit weyll eftyr thair nyctis lair,
 At morrow airly first as thai removit,
 For Hercules depart from thens behuffit,
 The catell gan to rowting, cry, and rayr,
 The woddis rang of thair sound our allquhayr,
 And wyth thar noyis dyndillit hillis and knowis ;
 Quhill in the cave as that a quyok lowis,
 Wyth loud voce squeland in that gousty hald,
 All Cacus traist reuelit scho and tald. 20

Bot tho in greif this worthy Hercules,
 Alceus nevo, the douchty Alcydes,
 That so oft sys was clepit commonly,
 Wythin his skyn begouth to byrn and fry,
 In brym fury of his bitter gall ;
 His wappynnis and his armour hynt wythall,
 His wechty burdoun, or his knorry mays,
 And to the hyllis hycht held in a rais.
 Than was the first tyme that ony in this erd
 Of our peple persauit Cacus afferd, 30
 Wythin his heid trublit his ene tuay.
 Swyft as the wynd he fled and gat away,

And to his cave hym sped wyth ery spreyt ;
 The drede adionit weyngis to his feyt.
 And, fra he had himself sessit tharin,
 A stane of huge wecht for to clois the gyn
 He leyit doun fall, and with sic haist doun thrang,
 The chenzeis brak quhairwyth it festynnit hang,
 That forgit war by his faderis ingyne ;
 Wyth gret irne slottis schet the entre syne.
 Bot lo, in haist Hercules com at hand
 Wyth furius mynd careing our the land, 10
 Passage and entre seiking byssely,
 Now heyr his ene, now thair, rolling in hy,
 Grasling his teith, and byrnand full of ire.
 Of Aventinus hyll thrys all the suyre
 He sersis our, and thrys assayis he
 To brek and rent that craggy stone entry ;
 Bot all for nocht, thocht he was nevyr so wycht ;
 So, thris irkit, doun from the hyllis hycht
 To rest hym is he to the valley gane.
 Thair stude a pynnakyll of quhynn or flint stane, 20
 Apon the baksyde of this cavern cald,
 That rais on end richt hie for to behald,
 For wyld foulis of reif a ganand steyd,
 That rent raw flesche of beistis banis deid ;
 The craggis all about this rolk war worne,
 With wedderis blast to holkit and to torne :
 And as it stud on schoyr sweyand that tyde,
 Dounwyth the bank towart the wattir syde,
 Hercules it smyttis wyth a mychty touk
 Apon the richt half, for to mak it jouk, 30
 Inforsing hym to welt it our the bra ;
 And sa rudly it branglis to and fra,

That from the rutiſ he it lousit and rent,
 And tumbelit down fra thyne, or he wald stent.
 The large ayr dyd reirding wyth the rusche,
 The brayis dyndlit, and all down can dusche ;
 The river wolx effrayit wyth the rak,
 And, demmit wyth the rokis, ran abak.

Than this gret cave of Cacus sayll ryall,
 Was discoverit ; his inwart cavernis all,
 Wont to be dirk, worth patent now and know :
 None vthirwys than quhen the erd outhraw 10
 By fors of thunder, or erdquayk wyth a clap,
 Ryvis vp ane terrable sewch or gryslly gap,
 Opynnand the hellis mansioun infernale,
 And vncloſis that dirk regioun pale
 Quhilk of the goddis all abuif is hait ;
 Or thocht the hellis bisme in sic estait
 War oppynit, that his bodum se men mycht,
 And dampnit saulis effrayit of new lycht.
 Quharfor this worthy stalwart Hercules,
 That on this wise had Cacus set in pres,
 And fund vnwarnist by this lycht suddane,
 Quhair he was cloſit in a cave of stane,
 Fast rumesand apoun a strange maneir ;
 This campioun wyth dartis fell of weyr
 Gan down to bet, and in his wod fury
 Eftyr all kynd of wapynniss can do cry,
 Wyth branchis rent of treis, and quarrell stanis
 Of huge wecht down wappand all at anis.
 Bot this ilk Cacus, quhen that he did se
 Fra this dangeir thair was na way to fle, 30
 Furth of his throt, a wondrus thing to tell,
 A laithly smok he ʒiskis blak as hell,

A comenda-
 cyon of
 Herculis.

And all the hous involuit wyth dyrk myst,
 That sone the sicht wanyst, or ony wyst,
 And reky nycht within a litill thraw
 Gan thikin our all the cavern and ourblaw,
 And wyth the myrknes mydlit sparkis of fyre.

The hie curage of Hercules, lordly syre,
 Mycht this no langer suffyr, bot in the gap
 Wyth hasty stert amynd the fyr he lap,
 And thair as maist aboundit smokis dirk,
 Wyth huge sop of reik and flambis myrk, 10
 So that the cave did glewin of the heit.

Thair has he hynt Cacus, that wikit spreit,
 That all in vane his hait kyndling furth gaspit ;
 For as a ball he him in armis claspit,
 And so strenzeis his throt, furth chirt his ene,
 His hals worth dry of blude. Than mycht be sene

This myrk dongeoun and vnsemely hald :
 The entre oppynnit Hercules the bald,
 Bet down the closeris, and syne brocht to lycht
 His oxin fra him reft by subtell slycht ; 20
 And by the feyt furth harlit was anon
 Of Cacus the deformyt carion.

The hartis than and myndis of our menze
 Mycht nocht be satysfyit on him to luik and se,
 As to behald his vgly ene tuane,
 His terrible vissage, and his grysly gane,
 The rouch byrsis on the brest and crest
 Of that monstrous half deill wilde beist,
 And in his gorge stikkand the sloknit fyr.

Evir sen that tym, to Hercules the gret syr 30
 We haue this honour maid and sacrifice,
 All our ofspring and 3ong men on this wys

This day kepis solempnit, as 3e se ;
 Potitius first maister heir wyth me,
 And the famell of Pynaria the bald,
 The cheif keparis of Hercules hallowit hald,
 3one altar in this cuchill did vpbeild,
 That onto ws in euery tym of eild
 Is clepit maist solempnit and hie altar,
 And sal be reput gretest euermayr.
 Thairfor haue done, now 3ong gallandis ; now in hy,
 In wirschep of this feist and mangeory, 10
 Of grene branchis plet for 3our heid garlandis,
 Do waucht and drink, bring coupis full in handis,
 Call on our patroun, commoun God devyne is,
 And wyth gud wyll do skynk and byrll the wyuis.
 Thus sayand, the party popill grane
 Heildit his heid wyth skug Herculeane,
 The levis from the plettis doun hingand,
 Ane haly coup fillit in his rycht hand.
 Than ilk man smartly taistis the wyn at table,
 Prayand thair goddis for to be aggregable. 20

Hercules
preistis.

CAP. V.

*In loving of the douchty Hercules
The pepill singis his werkis mair and les.*

In the mene sessoun Hesperus drew neyr,
 Thro the declynyng of the hevinly speyr ;
 Thairwyth the prestis of the sacrifice,
 Gyrdit in skynnis, eftir thar auld gys,

Gau trasing furth togidder in a rout,
 And formaist went Potitius the stout.
 All do thai beyr the byrnand hait firebrandis ;
 And, to renew the banket, wyth thair handis
 Full delicat dainteis for the secund meyt
 Thai dres anon, and furth of plaitis gret
 Wyth paissit flesche plenist the altaris large,
 Thairon bestowing in hepis mony a charge.
 Syne the mynstralis, singlaris, and dansaris,
 To sing and play wyth soundis, as efferis, 10
 About the kyndlit altaris, quhill thai brynt,
 Assemblit ar full swyth, and wald nocht stynt,
 Wyth pople tre hattis buklit on thair heid.
 The 3onkeris 3onder in ane vther steid
 Led roundis, dansis, and fresch caraling ;
 Vther agit personis thaim addressit to sing
 In ympnis, ballettis, and lais, throu the preis,
 The lovable gestis of mychty Hercules :
 Quhow the first monstres of his stepmoder sle,
 Liggig a bab in credyll, stranglit he ; 20
 That is to knaw, tua gret serpentis perfay,
 The quhilk he wyrreit wyth his handis tuay :
 And how this ilk Hercules of renovn
 The riall citeis assegis and bet down
 Of Troy, and eik the strang Echalia ;
 A thousand hard journeis suffering alsua,
 Vnder the king clepit Euristeus,
 By Junois frawart will maist invyus.
 And thus thai sang : invincible weriour,
 That bayr of strenth and hardyment the flour, 30
 The stern Centaures thou slew and down bet,
 Doubill of form, and on the cloud byget ;

Ane schort
 history of
 Herculis
 val3eant
 dedis.

Thou brytnys eik and wyth thi hand hes slane
 Pholus and Hyleus, stalwart gyandis tuane ;
 Of Cret the monstres dantis thou at full,
 The savage beistis, as wyld bayr and bull ;
 Vnder a rolk, Nemeë forest wythin,
 Thou sleu and rent the hyduus lyoun skin.
 The laik of Stix trymbelit for dreid of the ;
 The grysly portar of the hellis se,
 Lugeing in cave on deid banis half gnaw,
 Did quaik for feyr, quhen he thi vissage saw, 10
 Na kynd of bysnyng figur did the grys,
 Nor big Tipheus, that agane Jove oft sys
 Movit battale, wyth wappynnis fell in hand
 Mycht the effray, nor thi gret strenth ganestand ;
 Nor the serpent of Lern, thou put to deid,
 Fand the want nother wisdome nor manheid,
 Thocht scho, of heidis wyth hyr mekle rout,
 The dyd assaill and ombeset about.

Hail, verray chyld of Jove ; hail, honour hie
 Adionit to the goddis in maiestie !

Conclusion.

Baith ws and eik thi sacrifice in feyr 20
 We pray the vissie, that thou may cum heyr
 Wyth prosper presens and full happy fute,
 In our helping for to be our bute.

In sic sangis thair feyst thai sanctify,
 And Hercules hie loving sing and cry ;
 Bot principaly, and last of the laif,
 Thai maid mensioun of Cacus slane in caif,
 And how that he the flambis furth dyd blaw :
 The wod resoundis schill, and euery schaw 30
 Schouttis agane of thair clamour and dyn.
 The hillis reirdis, quhill dyndlis rok and quhyn.

Syne, quhen devyn seruice was at end,
 To the cietie bovnis ilk man to wend.
 Furth held the king vnweildy in auld 3eris,
 Fast by him haldand, as his frendis and feris,
 The prince Eneas and his 3ong son Pallas ;
 And, quhill thai thus towart the citie pas,
 With sindry sermondis schortis he the way.
 Eneas awondrys of that he did say,
 And kest his ene about deliuerly,
 Thai steidis all to serchyn and espy ; 10
 Sa fayr placis to se and vissie tite,
 This strange knycht caught plesance and delite,
 And glaidly can inquiring euey thing,
 And hard the ansuer of the agit king,
 Quhilk teching hym per ordour to him tald
 Memorialis of seyr forfaderis auld.

CAP. VI.

*Quhow kyng Evander rehersit till Enee
 In eldris dayis the rewill of that cuntre.*

This king Evandrus than, the first foundar
 Of Romis brouch or palice, can declayr
 And did rehers ontill his gest Enee :
 Thir woddis and thir schawis all, quod he, 20
 Sum tym inhabit war and occupyit
 Wyth Nymphis and Favnis apoun every syde,
 Quhilk fairfolkis, or than elvis, cleping we,
 That war engenerit in this samyn cuntre,

And wyth a kynd of men yborn, but les,
 Furth of auld stokis and hard rutis of treis ;
 Quhilkis noder maneris had nor polycy,
 Ne couth thai ere the ground, na occupy
 The plewis, nor the oxin 3ok in feyr,
 Nor 3it had craft to conques nor wyn geyr,
 Nor kep thair moblis quhen it gadderit was ;
 Bot, as thir beistis, or the doillit as,
 Thair fuid of treis did in woddis fet ;
 Or of the wyld venysoun scharp to get. 10
 First from the hevynis into this land
 Saturnus com, fleand gret Jovis brand,
 His realmis reft and baneist eik was he ;
 Bot thai ontaucht peple of this cuntre,
 That scatterit duellt in hie hillis grene,
 He maid forgadder togidder and conueyne,
 Gave thaim lawis and statutis thaim to leyd,
 And wald also this regioun enery steid
 War callit Latium, and clepit to his name,
 For that he suirly lurkit in the same. 20
 And as thai tell, and reidis in mony ryme,
 Of gold the warld was in that kingis time ;
 Sa likandly, in pece and libertie,
 At eis his commoun peple gournit he ;
 Quhill, pece and pece, the eld syne war and war
 Begouth to wolx, that cullour fading far,
 As, in the steid of peax, the rage of weyr
 Begouth succeid, and covatys of geyr.
 Syne the pissance com of Ausonia,
 And the peple Sycany hecht alsua, 30
 By quham the land of Saturn, war and wys,
 Hes left and changit his auld name oft sys.

Syne kingis com, amangis quham for the nanis
 Stern Tibris regnit, a man byg of banis,
 Fra quham, ay syne, all the Italiane blude
 Thair gret river hes clepit Tibris flude ;
 Thus Albula his auld trew name hes lost.
 And me also to duell wythin this cost,
 Banist and flemyt of my native land,
 Strang destany, quhilk may nocht be ganestand,
 And fortoun eik, clepit omnipotent,
 Throw all extremis of sey hes thiddir sent. 10
 The reuerend als and dreidfull monysingis
 Off Carmentis my moder, in mony thingis
 Expert as nympe and prophetes devyne,
 And the auctoritie of god Apollyne,
 Hes me constrenyt to duell in this hald.

Skars hes Evandrus all thir wordis tald
 Quhen, walking thens furth bot a litill space,
 He can do schaw the altair and the place,
 Quhilk in the langage Romane zit, sans fail,
 Is to this day clepit port Carmentaill; 20
 Quhairby remembrit is in the ilk toun
 This auld Carmentis wirschip and renoun,
 Quhilk was baith nympe and fatale prophetes,
 That first declarit, in hyr sawis expres,
 The gret princis for to cum of Enee,
 And of Pallenteum the nobilite.
 The king syne schew hym to the haly schaw,
 Quhilk strang Romulus did reduce and draw
 In maner of franchises or of sanctuary.
 He schew him eik, but ony langar tary, 30
 Vnder the frosty bra, the cove, was call
 Full mony zeris in thair leid Lupercall,

Eftir thair gys of Arcaid and estait,
 To Pan the god of Licie consecrait.
 He schew also the wod hait Argilete,
 That to the man of Arge, thar lost the sueyt,
 Was dedicat, and drew to witnes that steyd
 That he was neuer culpable of his deid,
 And can to hym declair the mater plane,
 Quhat wys his gest, this man of Arge, was slane.
 Fra thyne, to mont Tarpeya he him kend,
 And beknit to that steyd, fra end to end, 10
 Quhair now standis the goldin Capitoll,
 Vmquhyll of wyld buskis rouch skroggy knoll.
 Thocht, the ilk tym, zit of that dreidfull place
 Ane feirfull reuerent religioun, per cace,
 The ery rurell peple did effray,
 So that this crag and scroggis wirschippit thai.
 In zone schaw, on this woddy hillis top,
 That scougit is wyth mony buskis crop,
 Quod Evander, thairon a god dois duell,
 Bot quhat god at he be can na man tell : 20
 My peple that bene cumin fra Arcaid
 Wenis thai saw zonder, as thai me sayd,
 Gret Jove himself, as he full oft at large
 Did schaik his talbart, or his beknit targe,
 And wyth his rycht hand dyd assemble and steyr
 The wattry cloudis, that makis thundris beyr.
 And forthyr eyk he said ontill Enee,
 Zone tua toun steidis thou behaldis, quod he,
 Wyth barmkin doun bet and euery wall,
 Of forfaderis thai bene memoriall ; 30
 This cietie beildit our auld fader Janus,
 And zonder cietie fundit Saturnus :

Janiculum this hecht, mine awin leif brother,
And Saturnia clepit was that vther.

Amangis thaim wyth sic carping and talk,
Towart Evandrus puir lugeing thai stalk ;
The catell eik behald thai raik on raw,
And in that steid thar pasturand thai saw,
Quhair now in Rome is the cheif merkat placis,
Baith squeill and low in thai ilk plenteus gatis

Quhilk sum tym hecht Caryne, fair and large,
Quhair the housis war lik a turnit barge.
And quhen thai cumin to the palice wer,
Quod Evander : at thir ilk 3ettis heyr
The conquerour entrit, douchty Hercules,

This sobyr mans ressaut hym, but les.

My gentill gest, enfors the and addres
To lern to dar contemp welth and riches,
And do thi self compone, and schaw in deid
In goddis steid worthy to suceeyd,

Wyth thame equale ressaut in sic herbry ;
Amang small geyr now entris bowsumly.

And sayand this, the mychty gret Enee
Wythin his narrow chymmis leidis he,
And mayd hym sitting down apoun a bed,
That stuffit was wyth levis, and ouerspred
Wyth the rouch skyn of a bustuus wyld beyr
In Affrik bred befor mony a 3eir.

The kyng
genes a gud
counsail to
Eneas to con-
tempne all
waridly
ryches, and
to follow ver-
tew, quhilk
ledis to hie
honour.

10

20

CAP. VII.

*Ontill Eneas Venus armour requiris
Fra Vulcanus, quhilk grantis hir desyris.*

The nycht approchis wyth hir wingis gray,
Ourspred the erd, and put all lycht away ;
Quhen Venus moder till Enee efferd,
And nocht but caus, seand the felloun reird,
The dreidfull bost and assembly at anis
Aganis hyr son of peple Laurentanis,
To Vulcanus, hir husband and gudeman,
Within his goldin chalmer sche began
Thus for to speik, and wyth hir wordis the fyr
Of devyne luf can towartis hym inspyr. 10
Quod sche : Quhill that the kingis of Grece and Arge
Doune bet the Troiane wallis wyde and large,
That destinat war, bayth toure, toun, and wall,
Of innymeis be flambis to doun fall,
Na help onto thai wrechit folkis I socht,
Na armour askit, nor thi craft besocht,
Nor the, my derrest spous, exers bad I
Thi craft, nor werk in vane wald occupy :
Albeit that to the childring of Priame king
I was bedettit into mekle thing, 20
And the intollerable labour of Enee
Bewalit oft wepand full sayr, quod sche,
Quhilk now by Jovis power stad remanis
Wythin the boundis of Rutilianis.
Quhairfor this tym I, thi ilk spous and wyf,
Thy blyssit godheyd, derrest to me on lyf,

Venus
oration tyll
Vulcanus
desyring ar-
mour for hir
son Eneas.

Cummis lawly to beseyk and requyer
 For wappynnis, harnes, armour, and sic geyr ;
 For my deyr son, I, modir, prayis the :
 Sen Nereus douchtir, Thetis, mycht, quod sche,
 Induce the till enarme her son Achill,
 And eik Tithonus spous, at hir awin will,
 Aurora, wyth hyr teris so the brak
 For till enarme hyr son Memnon the blak.
 Behald quhat peple, lo, assemblit bene,
 Quhat wallit tovnis with 3ettis closit in tene 10
 Grindis thair wappynnis aganis me and myne,
 To bring us to distruction and rewyne.

Thus sayd the Goddes, and in hyr mylk quhyt armis
 Full tenderly belappis hym and warmis,
 Quhyll that he musis so, that hait fyr sle
 Of luf bekend anone ressauit he ;
 The naturall heyt into the merch dyd glyd,
 Persand the banis maid soft in euery syde :
 Nane vther wys than as sum tym, we se
 The schynnand brokin thunderis lychtning fle 20
 Wyth subtill fyry stremis throu a ryft,
 Persand the wattry cloudis in the lyft.
 Venus his spous, confyding in hyr bewte,
 Full glaid persauis that hym caught had sche.

The fader than Vulcanus, God abuf,
 Lokit in the eternall chene of luf,
 Ansuerit and sayd : Quhairfor, myne awin hart deyr,
 Sa far about thou glosis thi mater ?
 Quhy axis thou nocht planely thi desyr ?
 Quhidder is becum of me, thi lord and syr, 30
 The ferm confidence thou suld haue, Goddes ?
 Quhat nedit moyr bot schaw thine mynd expres ?

Vulcanus
 louing ansuer
 to his wyfe
 Venus.

Gyf siklik curis and desyr had bene
 Into thi mynd that samyn tym, I meyne
 During the subversioun of Troyis ring,
 To ws it had bene bot a lesum thing
 Troianis till haue enarmyt at thi request ;
 Noder the fader almychty at the lest,
 Ne zit the fatis contrary did ganestand ;
 Bot Troyis citie mycht haue langer stand,
 So that king Priamus ring, by our power,
 Mycht haue remanit fully vther ten zeir, 10
 And now, gyf thou the grathis for to fecht,
 And thairto be thi mynd set, I the hecht
 All maner thing, wyth sollyst diligence,
 That may be wrocht in my craft or science,
 Or zit may be forgit in irn or steil.
 Or moltin mettall graue and burnist weill,
 Sa far as fyr, and wynd, and hie ingine,
 Into our art may compas or devyne.
 Tharfor desist of thi strenth to haue dreid,
 Or me to pray in ocht that thou hes neyd ; 20
 For in sic cais thar nedis na request :
 Am I nocht redde to fullfyll thi behest ?

Thy wordis beand said, this hait fyr
 Gan hir embrasing all at his desyr,
 And, lappit till his spousis breist in armis,
 The plesand naturall slep, to beit his harmis,
 And eis his very membris, can he tak.
 Syn as he had slummerit bot a snak,
 Quhen the first silence of the quyet nycht
 His myddyll cours and cirkyll run had rycht, 30
 Provoking folk of the first sleip awaik ;
 Lyk as the puir wyf quhilk at evin had raik

Comparison.

Hyr ingill, risis for till beit hyr fyr,
 As sche that hes na vther rent nor hire
 Bot wyth hyr rok and spynning for to thrif,
 And thairwythall sustene hyr enty lyf;
 Hyr day werk to increas, or scho ma se,
 Thairtill a part of the nycht eikis sche,
 And at the candill lycht hyr handis tua,
 And eik hyr puir damysellis, as scho ma,
 Naytly exersis for to werk the lyne,
 To snoif the spyndill, and lang thredis twyne, 10
 Quhairby scho mycht sustene hir poverté,
 Kepe chaist hir spousis bed in honeste,
 And thairwyth eik foster hyr childer lite;
 The mychty God of fyr this tym als tyte,
 And no slawer, but on the samyn maner,
 Furth of his bed startis, and hynt his geyr,
 And to his smyddy craft and forge hym spedis.

Thar standis ane yle, wyth reky stanis as gledis,
 Vpstreking hie betuix the cost Sicille
 And Liparen, god Eolus wyndis ille: 20
 Vnder the quhilk big iland in the se
 Ane cove thair is, and hyrnis feill thar be,
 Lik till Ethna holkit in the mont,
 By the Ciclopes fornais worn or bront,
 That makis rumling, as quha did thunder heyr,
 The bustuus dyntis on the styddeis seyr,
 Ane huge dyn and noyis the straik dois mak.
 The irne lumpis in thai cavis blak
 Can byss and quhisyll, and the hait fyr
 Dois fuf and blaw in .bleis byrnand schyr; 30
 Quhilk forgeis bene Vulcanus duelling call,
 And eftir Vulcane that cuntre nemyt all.

The mychty God of fyr doun from the hevin
 Into this forsaid ile descendit evin,
 Quhair as, intill his large and gousty cave,
 The hidduus Ciclopes forgit furth and drave,
 Brontes, Steropes, and nakyt Pyracmon,
 The glowand irne to well and peyne anon.
 The fyreflaucht, zit not formyt perfytly,
 Quhilk the fader of goddis oft throw the sky
 From every art doun in the erd dois cast,
 Thai had into thair handis workand fast : 10
 That ane part polyst, burnyst weill and dycht,
 Thair vthir party not perfytit rycht.
 Thre rawis well thai of the frossin haill schour,
 Thre of the wattry cloud, to eik the stour,
 Thre blesis of the byrnand fyris brycht,
 Wyth thre blastis of the south wyndis lycht ;
 Syne to thair werk, in maner of gun poudyr,
 Thai mydlit and thai mixt this feirful souder,
 Ane grysly sound, gret dreid, and goddis ire,
 Quham followis ay the fell flambis of fyre. 20
 Ane vther sort full byssely to Mart
 The rynnand quhelis forgeis, and weir cart,
 Quhairwyth the men to battale dois he steyr,
 And movis citeis to rais mortale weyr ;
 Thai dycht and polys egyrly alsua,
 The horrible tergate, bustuus Egida,
 Quhilk is the grevit Pallas grysly scheild,
 Wyth serpent scalis puldrit in goldin feyld,
 Togidder linking loupit edderis tuay ;
 And in the breist of the goddes graif thai 30
 Gorgones heid, that monstre of gret wondyr,
 Wyth ene wauland, and nek bane hak in schonder.

The armour
of wysdom.

Vulcann
 commaundis
 his seruandis
 to mak a
 gudly
 armour for
 Eneas.

Away wyth this, 3e Ethna Ciclopes,
 Quod Vulcanus, and all sic warkis ceys,
 And at I say imprentis in 3our thocht.
 Ontill a forsy man ar to be wrocht
 Harnes and armour: now neidis it, quod he,
 3our strenth excers and pithis schaw; let se
 Quha nymblest can cum and turn thair handis;
 Now on all maister poynt of craft it standis:
 Do put away in haist all maner delay.
 No mayr he said; bot wonder frakly thai 10
 Onto thair labour can thaim all addres,
 Assignand every man his part expres;
 The irne and mettall throu thir condutis flowis,
 The moltyn gold and weyrlyk steill hait glowis,
 And furth of gousty furnes fundit ran.
 Maist craftely to forgeing thai began
 A huge gret semely targat, or a scheild,
 Quhilk only mycht resisting into feild
 Agane the dynt of Latyn wappynnis all;
 In every place sevin ply thai well and call. 20
 Sum can ressaue the glowand heyt, sum wynd
 Wyth blawand bellis bet the fyr behynd;
 Sum of the trouch apoun the sperkland gledis
 The byssand watter sprenkillis and ourspredis.
 The huge cove and all the mont wythin,
 For straik of studeis, can resound and dyn.
 Amangis thaim self thai grysly smythis gret
 Wyth mekle fors did forge, pene, and bet,
 And can thair armes hesing vp and doun
 In nomer and in dew proportioun, 30
 And wyth the grippand turkas oft also
 The glowand lump thai turnit to and fro.

CAP. VIII.

*Evander telland Eneas thingis seir,
Vulcanus armour did in the sky appeir.*

Quhill that the fader of Lemnos, Vulcanus,
 Wythin the boundis of wyndy Eolus
 To wyrk this geyr haistis on euery syde,
 The blysfull lycht ayrly at morrow tyde,
 And myrthfull sangis of the byrdis bay,
 The swallow, singis on the ruf hyr lay,
 Awalkynnit king Evander, and mayd rys
 Wythin his sobyr chymmis quhair he lys.
 Vpstart the auld, and cleyd hym in his coyte,
 Apon his feyt his meyt schois hoit 10
 War buklit on the gys of Tuscany ;
 Syne our his schuldris, doun his myddyll by,
 Hyngis bucklit his trasty swerd Arcaid ;
 From his left arm, about the rycht syde layd,
 Ywymplit was the spottit pantheris skyn :
 His tua keparis can furth by hym ryn
 From the hie palice, bustuus hundis tuo,
 That haldis thair lordis pays quhayr evir he go.
 Furth haldis this heyr the secret privay way
 Towart the steyd quhayr as Eneas lay, 20
 His Troiane gest, remembring all at rycht
 His help and promis grantit zister nycht.
 On the sammyn wys, at morrow full ayrly,
 Eneas haistis vp, and mycht nocht ly.
 The king only bot wyth his son Pallas,
 Achates wyth Eneas accumpaneyit was.

Thay jonit handis sone as thai war met,
 And syne amynd the chalmer doun thaim set,
 Quhayr, fynaly, thai fel in commoning
 Of secret materis and attentik thing.

King
 Euanderis
 oration to
 Eneas,
 schawynge
 hym the
 way to begin
 his warre.

The king begouth, and sayd first till Enee :
 Maist souerane ledar of Troiane cumpany,
 Quhai beand on lyf nevir grant I sall
 Troy is distroyit, nor cassin doun the wall,
 Nor zit the Troiane power put at vnder ;
 We haue bot sobir pissance, and no wonder, 10
 To help in battale, and to mak supple
 Onto so hie excelland maiestie :
 On this half closit with the Tuscan flude ;
 On 3onder syde ar the Rutulianis rude,
 Nyddris our boundis, as full oft befallis,
 Wyth thair harnes clattering about our wallis.
 Bot I purpos adione to the anone
 A huge peple, and landis mony one,
 Ostis of fertill realmis neyr fast by :
 O fortoun, or we wyst, sa happelie 20
 Thou schawist the in our help and supple !
 And O maist douchty campioun Enee,
 Desyrit of the destany and fatis,
 Heyr ze be weill arrivit mony gatis !
 Fundit of auld stanis, nocht fer hyne,
 Inhabit stand the citie Agilyne ;
 Quhayr that the worthy peple Lydiane,
 Vailzeand in battale duellis, and dois remane
 Apoune the edge of the Hetruscane hyllis.
 Thyr folkis all in liking at thair willis 30
 This land inhabit, vale, mont and suyr ;
 Quhill fynaly, full pround in his empyr,

Mezentius begouth thar to be king,
 And in gret fors of armis tharon ring.
 Suld I rehers the ontellable myscheif,
 The cruell deidis, slauchtyr, and huge greif
 Of that tyrane, quhilk zit the goddis ding
 Apoun his heid reseruis and offspring !
 For he, besyde his other wickit deyd,
 The quyk bodeis, speldyt furth on breid,
 Adionit to the corps and carioun deyd,
 Laid hand to hand, baith face to face and heyd, 10
 Quhill quyk mouthis dyd deyd mouthis kys :
 O, quhat maneir of torment call ze this !
 Droppand in worsum and filth laithly to se,
 So miserable embrasing, thus wys he
 By lang proces of deid can thaim sla.
 Quhill, at the last, of this ennoy and wa
 His citesanis irkit, syn in a rout
 Enarmyt ombeset his mans about :
 Hym al enragit on his wyld maneyr
 Besegit thai, and of his complicis seyr 20
 Hes slane anone, and all in pecis hakit,
 And fyr blesis on his hie biggyngis swakyt.
 Amyd the slauchtyr, on cais, eschapit he,
 And to the feildis Rutiliane can fle,
 Quhayr intill armes, be Turnus and his ost,
 He him begouth defend apoun that cost.
 Quhairfor Hetruria all, full justly
 Agreuit, rais in armis by and by,
 Onto punitioun and all tormentis seyr
 Thayr king to ask, and seyke in feyr of weyr. 30
 To thir mony thousand peple, quod he,
 Souerane ledar I sall the jone, Enee.

For now thair schippis full thik reddy standis,
 Brayand endlang the costis of thir landis ;
 Thai byd display thair banaris out of faldis,
 Bot ane ancyent dyvinour thaim withhaldis,
 Schawand the fatale godly destane :
 O ze maist vailzeand zong gallandis, quod he,
 And peple cumin fra Meonya,
 Ze that bene flour of chevalry alsua,
 The vertew and the strenth of vassalage
 Of ancystry and men of your lynnage, 10
 Quham just dolour steris on this wys,
 Baldly aganis your innemeis to rys ;
 Allthocht Mezentius to his myscheif,
 Hes weill deseruit aganis him your greif
 Thus in commotioun for to rais and steyr ;
 Zit neuertheles belevis, out of weyr,
 So gret a peple, as vnder Turnus king
 And Latynus leyndis, for to doun thring
 Vnlesum is tyl ony Italiane :
 Zow behuffis to seyke a strange cheiftane. 20
 Of Hetruria the ostis vnder scheid
 Wyth that word stoppit in the samin feild,
 Of the goddis admonissing all effrayit.
 Tarchon hymself, thair duke, list nocht delay it,
 Bot to me send ambassatouris all bovine,
 Offerand to me the ceptre and the crowne
 Of all thair realme, and thair ensenzeis brocht,
 Requiring me that I refusit nocht
 To cum and be chyftane of thair army,
 The realm Tirrhene eik to ressaue in hy. 30
 Bot my feble and slaw onveildy age,
 The dasit blude gane far by the hait rage,

Or than the outworn dait of mony 3eris,
 Wyth fors failzeit to hant the strang weiris,
 Envys that I suld joys or bruik empire.
 My son Pallas, this 3ong lusty syre,
 Exhort I wald to tak the steyr on hand,
 Ne war that of the blude of this ilk land
 Admixit standis he, taikand sum strynd,
 Apone his moderis syd, of Sabyn kynd.
 Bot thou, quham baith thi 3eris and thi blude
 The fatis favoris, and is sa conclude 10
 By the goddis abuf as, out of weyr,
 To be callit and shaip for this mater,
 Go to the battale, campioun maist forcy,
 The Troianis baith and Italianis to gy.
 And forther eik this samin 3ong Pallas,
 Our son, our hop, our comfort, and solace,
 I sall adione in falloschip, quod he,
 As his maister, to excers vnder the,
 And lern the fait of knychtly chevalry,
 Hard martiall deidis hanting by and by, 20
 To be accustumit, and behald thi feris,
 For wonder following thi workis in 3ong 3eris.
 Tua hundreth walit horsmen wyght and stern,
 Of Arcaid, sall I geve onto that bern,
 And of his awin behalf, in thi supple,
 Als mony Pallas sall promyt to the,
 Quhilkis in the hail may weill four hundreth bene.
 Skant this was sayd, quhen casting doun his ene,
 Traist Achates, and Anchises son Enee,
 Sat starrand on the ground, baith he and he, 30
 And in thair hartis did full oft compas
 Full mony hard aduersitie and cais,

The king
 sends his
 wel beloued
 sonne Pallas
 in company
 with Eneas.

Wyth drery cheir and myndis sad bayth tua :
 Ne war Venus, lady Citheria,
 Doun from the hevin of comfort to thaim sent
 Ane oppin taking, cleyr and evident,
 For sudandlie thai se, or thai be war,
 The fyreflaucht beting from the lyft on far,
 Cum wyth the thundris hyduus rumling blast,
 Semyng the hevin suld fall and all doun cast ;
 The ayr anon can dynning vp and doun
 Wyth brag of weyr and Tirrene trumpis sovn. 10
 Thai lysnyng to persauē and heir the dyn,
 Ay mayr and mayr agane it did begyn
 To reird and rattell apoun a feirfull wys :
 Quhill at the last thai se and all espyis
 Throu the cleir sky and regioune of the hevin,
 Amang the cloudis, brycht as fyry levin,
 The glitterand armour burnyst lemand schene,
 And, as thai schuk, thar rais thunder bedene.
 Abasit in thair myndis worth the laif ;
 Bot this lord Troiane knew and dyd persauē 20
 Full weill the sovn, and all the cais expres
 Be promys of his moder the Goddes ;
 Syne can rehers it plane, and thus gaitis said :
 Forsuith, forsuith, my gentle ost, be glad,
 The nedis nocht to ask, ne zit to speyr
 Quhat signifyis thir wondris did appeir ;
 For I am callyt to the hevin, quod he.
 The haly moder, my genitrice, schew me
 That sic ane takin suld be send, scho sayd,
 Gyf ony wald wyth battale ws invayd. 30
 And, in my helping, hecht doun thro the ayr
 To send Vulcanus armour, gud and fair.

Allace, how fell slaughter now apperis
 To wrachit Latynis in thir mortale weris !
 By me, Turnus, quhat panis sall thou dre !
 O Tibr fair that rynniss in the see,
 How mony scheildis, helmys, and sterne body,
 Vnder thi fludis warpit law sall ly !
 Lat tham array thair ostis now lat se,
 And baldly brek thair frendschip mayd wyth me.

CAP. IX.

*Evander sendis his son the 3ovng Pallas,
 With his army in help of Eneas.*

Fra this was said, from his hie set he start :
 And first the sloknyt fyris hes he gart, 10
 The rakyt harthis and ingill 3istir nycht,
 On Hercules altair bet and kyndill brycht,
 And glaidly went to wurschip and to call
 Soby Penates, goddis domesticall ;
 And walit twinteris, eftyr the auld gyse,
 He slew and brytnyt onto sacrificise ;
 Wyth him Evander eyk, and all his feris
 Of Troiane men3e, lusty fresche 3onkeris.
 Syne down in haist he went vnto his schippis,
 His folkis he vysseit and his fallowschippis. 20
 Of quhais nomer hes he walyt out
 Ane certane, the maist likly, bald, and stowt,
 Quhilk suld hym follow into every place :
 The remanent tuik byssely thair rais

Doun by the watyr, on the flowand flude
 Discendand slawly, to beyr message gude,
 Sone eftyr this, onto Ascanyus zing,
 Tuiching his fader and of euery thing.
 The horsis syne war gevin and furth brocht
 To the Troianis that vnto Tuscane socht ;
 And till Eneas led anon thai gayf
 A gentill steid exceedand all the laif,
 On quham at all partis was ourspred and fold
 A dvn lionis skyn wyth nalis of gold. 10
 Than throw the litill citie all on raw
 The fame anone diwulgat swyftly flaw,
 Quhow that the horsmen spedis thaim bedene
 To go onto the land and cost Tirrene.
 The wyssis and avowis than, for feyr,
 By women and the matronys doublit were ;
 More grew the dreyd the nerrar drew dangeyr,
 Now Martis image semis walxin mayr.
 The fader than Evander, as thai depart,
 By the rycht hand thaim grippit wyth sayr hart, 20
 His son embrasing, and full tenderly
 Apone him hingis, wepand ontellably ;
 And thus he said : O sen omnipotent
 Hie Jupiter my zing zenis bywent
 Wald me restoir, in sic strenthis and eyld,
 So as I was quhen first in battale feyld
 The armys of the ostis doun I dang
 Of Preneste vnder the wallis strang,
 And victour of myne innemyis, as proud syre,
 Haill hepis of thair scheildis brynt in fyre : 30
 Quhayr, wyth this samyn rycht hand quellit and slane,
 Vnder the hellis ground Tartareane

Giftes.

Euandrus
 oratione to
 his son
 Pallas.

King Herilus was sent to duell for ay ;
 Quham till his moder Feronya the gay,
 Into the tym of his natiuitie,
 Grysly to say, had geuin saulis thre,
 And that he suld beyr armis thris in fycht,
 And thris behufit to the deid be dycht ;
 Fra quham that tym this rycht hand, nocht the les,
 Thai saulis all bereft, and thar expres
 Of als mony enarmouris spulzeit clene.
 Gyf so war now wyth me as than hes bene, 10
 Ne suld I nevyr depart, myne awin child deyr,
 From thyne maist sweit embrasing, for na weyr ;
 Nor our nychtbour Mezentius in his fede
 Suld na wys, mokand at this hazard hed,
 By swerd haue killyt so feyll corps as slane is,
 Nor this burgh of sa mony citesanis
 Left desolat and denudit, quod he,
 Bot O ze goddis abuf, and Jove most hie,
 The governour of hevinly wychtis all,
 On zou I cry, on zou I clepe and call, 20
 Begin to haue compaciens and pitie
 Of your awin wofull king of Arcadie ;
 Oppin and incline your devyn godly eris,
 To heyr and ressaue the faderis meyk prayeris.
 Gyf it be sa your godhed and grete mychtis
 Be prescience provyd hes, and forsichtis,
 Pallas my son in salfty hail and feyr,
 Gyf the fatis preservis him of dangeyr,
 So anis in my lyfe I ma hym se,
 Agane togidder assemblit I and he ; 30
 I zou beseyk my febill lyf to respyte,
 That I mycht leyf, and indur zit a lite

A fatherly
affectyon.

All pane and labour that 3ou lyst me send.
 Bot, O faynt fortoun, gyf thou dois pretend
 And mannacis ony myschevos cace,
 Now, now furthwyth, into this samyn place
 Suffyr me swelt, and end this cruell lyf,
 Quhill doutsum is 3it all sic sturt and stryf,
 Quhill hop oncertain is of thing to cum,
 And quhill I thus, my deyr chyld, all and sum
 My lustis plesance, and my last weillfayr,
 The in myne armys embrasis, but dyspayr ; 10
 So that, eftyр, no sorofull messingeyr
 Wyth smart ennoy hurt nevir myne agit eyr.

The fader Evander wyth full sory hart,
 At lattyr poynt quhen thai war to depart,
 Thyр wordis spak, syne fell in swoun rycht thair :
 His men him hint, and to his chalmer bayr.

Be this, the rout of horsmen strang in ficht
 War ischit at the portis euery wycht ;
 Amangis the formast the Duk Eneas, 20
 And eyk the traist Achates, furth can pas,
 Syne vther nobillis of the Troianis stout ;
 The 3ing Pallas ryding amyd the rout,
 So farrand and so lusty personage,
 Cled in a mantill in his tendyr age,
 Quhilk did ourheild his burnist armour brycht :
 On him to luik was a moyr gudly sycht
 Than on the day stern, quhilk at morne ayrly
 Baithit in the occhiane rysis in the sky,
 Quhois fyry bemis Venus in speciall
 Chosis abuf all sternis gret and small, 30
 Heich in the hevin lifting his vyssage schene,
 To chais away the myrknes with his ene.

The wofull moderis, quakand for cauld dreyd,
 Stude on the wall, behaldand quhayr thai 3eyd,
 And dyd convoy or follow wyth thair sycht
 The dusty sop, quhayr so the rak went rycht,
 Govand apone thair brycht armour that schayne,
 So far as that thair luik mycht thaim attane.
 The cumpany all sammyn held array
 Throw scroggy bussis furth the nerrest way,
 Enarmyt ryding thidder as thai wald ;
 The bruyt and dyn from thaim vpsprang thikfald, 10
 The horny hovyt horsis wyth foure feyt
 Stampand and trotand on the dusty streyt.

CAP. X.

*Quhow that Venus ontill Eneas brocht
 The gullie armour be Vulcanus wrocht.*

Thar growis a gret schaw, neyr the chill river
 Quhilk that flowis wyth his frosty stremis cleyr
 Doun by the citie of Agyllina,
 That vtherwys is clepyt Cereta,
 Quhilk is in wirschip haldin and in dreide
 By faderis auld, the large boundis on breyde,
 As sanctuar; and wyth deip clewis wide
 This schaw is closit apoun every syde : 20
 Ane thik aik wod and skuggy firris stout
 Belappis all the sayd cuchil about.
 The fame is that the Grekis ancyane,
 Quhilk clepit bene to surname Pelasgane,

That quhilum lang tyme in the formaist eyldis
 The Latyne boundis occupyit and feyldis,
 To Syluanus first dedicat this schaw,
 The God of bestis and of feildis faw,
 And constitut to him solempnyt feyst.
 Duke Tharcon, and the Tuscanis maist and lest,
 Nocht fer from thens intill a strenthy place
 Thayr palzeonis all had plantit, apon cace
 That from the top of the hillis hycht
 The army all thai mycht se at a sicht, 10
 Wyth tentis stentit strekand to the plane.
 Thidder held Eneas, the souerane Troiane,
 And all the barones of his ryall rout,
 Chosin for the battale, lusty, sterne, and stout ;
 And, wery of thair travaill, thocht thai best
 Thair self and horsis to refresh and rest.

Bot than Venus, the fresche Goddes, bedene
 Amang the hevinly skyis brycht and schene,
 Berand wyth hyr the devyne armour cleyr,
 To mak tharof ane presand, can draw neyr ; 20
 And as on far hyr son scho dyd behald,
 Secrete allone by the chil river cald,
 Amyd ane holl cleuch, or a dern valle,
 Off hyr fre will tyll him apperis sche,
 And wyth sic wordis to him spak, saying :
 Lo, my reward heyr, and my promissing
 Fulfillit justly by my husbandis wark ;
 So that, my son, now art thou sovyr and stark,
 That the nocht nedis to haue ony feyr
 For till resyst the proud Latynis in weyr, 30
 Nor zit the strang Turnus to assaill,
 Hym to provoyk, or challance for battale.

Venus geuis
 hir sone
 Eneas hys
 armoure.

Thus said the schene Citheria fayr of face,
 And, wyth that word, can hyr deyr chyld embrace ;
 And thayr the schynand armour forgane his sicht
 Vnder ane bowand aik laid down full rycht.
 Seand sic giftis of this traist Goddes,
 This gentill knyecht reiosit wolx, I ges,
 Glayd that so gret honour ressaut he,
 That skarsly couth he satisfyt be
 For to behald thir armour brycht and schene :
 On euery peis to vyssy kest his ene, 10
 Tharon wondirand ; betuix his handis tuo
 And byg armis thaim turnis to and fro.
 The grisly cristit helm he can behald,
 On feyrfull wys spoutand the fyr thikfald ;
 The fatale swerd, deidly to mony ane ;
 The styff haubrek of steyll yburnist schane,
 Of huge wecht and bludy sanguyne hew,
 That sic ane glans and variand colour schew
 As quhen the byrnand sonnys bemis brycht,
 The watry cloud peyrsand wyth his lycht, 20
 Schynand on far, forgane the skyis how
 Schapis the figour of the quent raynebow.
 The lycht leg harnes on that vther syde,
 Wyth gold and burnyst latoun purifyide,
 Grathit and polist weill he dyd aspy ;
 The speyr, and eyk the scheild so subtylly
 Forgit, that it was ane vntellable thing.
 For Vulcanus, of fyre the lord and king,
 Knawand full weill the art of prophecy,
 And sundry thingis to cum eik by and by, 30
 The vailzeand deidis of Italianis,
 The gret triumphis als of the Romanis,

A schorte
discription
of the
Romane
historyis.

And of Ascanyus stok all nobyll knychtis,
 Thayr battellis all per ordour, weir, and fychtis,
 Had tharin porturat properly and grave.
 Amang all vtheris in Martis gresy cave
 The sowkin wolff furth streking brest and vdyr ;
 About hir palpis, but feyr, as thair moder,
 The tua twynnis, small men childring zing,
 Sportand full tyte gan to wrabill and hing.
 And scho hyr lang round nek bayne bowand raith
 To geve thaim sowk, and can thaim culze baith, 10
 Semyng scho suld thair bodeis by and by
 Lyk wyth hyr tong, and clenge full tenderly.
 Not far from thens Rome cite eikit he ;
 Quhar, by ane new inuentioun wonder sle,
 Sitand into ane holl valle or slak,
 Wythin the listis for the triumphe mak,
 War Sabyne virginis revist by Romanis,
 As that thai war assemblit for the nanis
 The gret gammis Circenses for to se,
 Quhilk iusting or than turnament clep we. 20
 Wyth haisty sterage thar most thou behald
 The weris rasit aganis Romanis bald,
 By agit Tatyus and fell Curitanis.
 Syne the ilk princis and the said Romanis,
 The weris sesit, sammyn all in feyr
 Enarmyt stad befor Jovis alteyr,
 Wyth coupis full in hand for sacrificis :
 Thayr mycht thou se thaim, eftir the auld gys,
 The swyne stikit, brytnit sone and slane,
 Conferm thair trewis and mak peax agane. 30

CAP. XI.

*Quhow that Vulcanus thar, among the laif,
Storeis to cum did in the armour graif.*

Fra thine nocht far, the charyot thou mycht knaw
 Metus Suffetyus in seyr pecis draw ;
 Albeyit thou thocht this cruell, king Albane,
 Quhy wald thou nocht at thy promyss remane ?
 Quhy lyst thou nocht thi fayth obserue and saw ?
 This faythles wychtis entralis war outdraw,
 By command of Tullus Hostilius,
 And throu the woddis harlit, euery bus,
 Quhill that the tharmys and the bowellis rent,
 Scroggis and breris all wyth blud bysprent. 10
 Thair mycht thou se Tarquynus in exile
 Furth cast of Rome, and syne, wythin schort quhile,
 By king Porsenna into battale plane
 Commandyt for to be resauit agane ;
 Wyth that ane felloun sege all Rome about
 Dyd vmbeset, and closit wyth his rout.
 The Romanis than descendit from Enee
 Rusch vnto wappynnis for thair liberte.
 Thou mycht behaldin eik this ilk Porsen,
 Lyk as he had dyspyt and bostand men, 20
 For that the hardy Cocles, derf and bald,
 Durst brek the bryg at he purposyt to hald ;
 And eik the virgine Clylia quhayr scho stude,
 Hyr bandis brast, and swame our Tybyr flude.
 Manlyus the knyght abuf into the scheyld,
 In the defens for Jovis tempill beyld, Manlius.

Kepend the strenth and castell Tarpeya,
 And haldand the hych Capytoll alsua,
 Stude porturat, neyr the chymmys calendare,
 Quhais rufis laitly full rouch thykyt war
 Wyth stra or gloy by Romulus the wycht.
 Thayr was also engravyt all at rycht
 The syluer ganer, flyghterand wyth lowd skry,
 Warnand all reddy the gylt entre by,
 How the Franchemen did the zet assail :
 Thair mycht thou se the Franche army allhail 10
 Haist throw the bussis to the capitoill,
 Sum vndermyndand the ground with a hoill,
 So that allmaist thai wan the forteress.
 Gret help thame maid the clos nychtis myrknes ;
 Thair haris schane as dois the brycht gold wyr,
 And all of gold wrocht was thair rych attyr,
 Thayr purpor robbis bygaryt schynand brycht,
 And in thair hand wythhaldand, euery knycht,
 Twa javilling speris, or than gyssarn stavis,
 Forgit in the montanis all sic maner glavis, 20
 Thayr bodeis all wyth lang tergeis ourheild.
 Syne zonder mayr was schapin in the feild
 The dansand prestis, clepit Salii,
 Hoppand and singand wonder merely,
 And Panos prestis, nakyt Lupercanis,
 The toppit hattis quahyr the woll thred remanis,
 And bowit bukleris falland from the sky.
 Thayr mycht be sene, forgit maist craftely,
 The chaist matronis throu the cietie all
 In soft charis thair gammis festuall 30
 Ledand, and playand wyth myrthis and solace.
 A far way thens full weill engravit was

The vgly hellis set Tartareane,
 The deyp dungeoune quhair Pluto dois remane,
 And of the wykit peple all the pyne.
 Thayr was thou markyt, cursyt Catylyne, Catilin.
 Hingand out oure ane schorand heuch or bra,
 And trymland for the feyrfull dreyd and wa,
 To se the furius grysly systeris facis,
 That wyth thair scurgis wikit peple chacis.
 The rychtwys folkis that levyt devoutly,
 Fra thaim war partit in a place fer by, 10
 And the wys man, censorius Cato, Cato.
 Gevand thair iust rewardis till all tho.
 Myd way betuix the vther storeis seyr,
 The swelland seis figur of gold cleyr
 Went flowand, bot the lypperand wallis quhyt
 War pulderit full of fomy froyth mylk quhit :
 The delphine fyschis, wrocht of sylver schene,
 In cirkyll swepand fast throu fludis grene,
 Sewchand swyftly salt stremys ; quhair thai fair,
 Vpstraik thair talis the stour heyr and thayr. 20

CAP XII.

Eneas merualis of the storeis seir
Wrocht be Vulcanus in his armour cleir.

Amyd the seis mycht be persauit weyll
 The weyrly schippis wyth thair snowtis of steyll,
 The Actyane battalis, semyng as quha dyd se
 The mont Leucata standand by the se,

- For ostis arrayit glowand as the gleyd :
 Off glytterand gold schane all the flude on breyd.
 On that a party, thair mycht thou behald
 Augustus Cesar. Cesar August Octauiane the bald,
 Movand to battall the Italianis ;
 Wyth him senatouris and worthy peple Romanis,
 And goddis domestik, quhilk Penates hayt,
 Wyth all the gret goddis of mair estait.
 Heich in the forstame stand he mycht be sene,
 From his blyth browis brent and athyr ene 10
 The fyre twinkling, and his faderis star
 Schew from his helmys top schynand on far.
 The big and stout Agrippa, his frend deyr,
 Agrippa. His navy led at hand weill by neyr,
 As he that in hys help and succuris fyndis
 The prosper favoris baith of goddis and wyndis :
 Quhais forheid schane of ane proud sing of weiris,
 A crowne wyth stammys sik as schippis beris.
 Marcus Antonius cummys thaim aganis
 Wyth hail suppovell of barbaryanis, 20
 As noble victour and cheif conquerour,
 Antonius. Careand wyth hym of orient the flour ;
 Diuers armys and pepyllis for melle,
 From Pers, Egipt and costis of the Red. Se,
 The power all assemblyt in his flote,
 A huge rout and multitude, God wote,
 The zondermaist pepill, clepit Baktranis,
 Quhilk neyr the est part of the world remanis.
 Hym followis to the feyld, ane schame to say,
 Cleopatra. His spous Egiptiane, queyne Cleopatra. 30
 Thai semyt samyn ruschand all togidder,
 Quhill all the sey vpstouris wyth a quhidder ;

Ourweltit wyth the bensell of the ayris,
 Fast fra the forstammis the flude wouchis and raris,
 As thai togidder matchyt on the deip.
 Thou suld have wenynt, quha tharto tuk keip,
 The gret ilandis, Ciclades, hayll vprent,
 Apoune the sey fletand quhayr thai went ;
 Or huge hie hillis, concurrand all at anis,
 Togidder rusch and meyt wyth vther montanis ;
 On athyr hand wyth sa gret fors and wecht
 The men assalis in schip of toure to fecht. 10
 Thai warp at vthyr brycht blesis of fyr,
 The kendyllyt lynt and hardis byrnand schyr ;
 The casting dartis fra hand to hand did fle,
 Slang gaddis of irne, and stane kast gret plente :
 Neptunus feildis, all the large flude,
 For new slauchter wolx blandit reyd of blude.
 Amyd the ostis Cleopatra queyne
 The rowtis dyd assemble to fecht bedene,
 Wyth tympane sound in gys of hir cuntre,
 Provocand thaim to move in the melle ; 20
 Nor 3it behald scho nocht the eddaris twane
 Behynd hyr bak, that eftyr hes hyr slane.
 The monstuous goddis figuris, of all kynd
 That honorit ar in Egip or in Inde,
 And eik the barkand statu, Anubis,
 Agane Neptune, agane Venus, I wys,
 And als agane Mynerva, porturat standis
 In that bargane, wyth wappynnis in thair handis.
 Amyd the feyld stude Mars, that felloun syre,
 In plait and maill, wod brym and full of ire ; 30
 The sorofull Fureis from the fyrmament
 By the goddis to tak vengeance war sent ;

In went Discord, joyus of that journe,
 Wyth mantell rent and schorne men mycht hyr se;
 Quham followit Bellona of battale,
 Wyth hyr kynd cousing, the scharp scurgis fell.
 Actius Apollo, seand in the sky
 Off this melle the doutsum victory,
 His bow abuf thair hedis hes he bent,
 Like for to schute his dartis and doun sent ;
 For dreyd of quham all the Egiptianis,
 All thai of Inde, and the Arabyanis, 10
 And thai of Sabay, turnyt bak to fle.

Cleopatra the queyne thair mycht thou se
 Wynd saill about, and gang befor the wynd,
 Ay mayr and mayr dreidand persute behind,
 Scaland schetis, and haldand rowme at large,
 Wyth purpour saill abuf hyr payntit barge.
 The mychty God of fyr hyr wrocht and mayd
 Full payll of hew, sorofull and nocht glayd,
 In sing to cum of hyr smert haisty deid,
 Amangis deid corps new of slauchtyr reid ; 20
 And, wyth the west wynd and the wallis haw,
 Frawart the flude of Nile our stremis blaw ;
 Quhilk Nilus river murnand for thair diseis,
 His large skirt on breyd spreid thaim to pleys,
 Wyth all his habit oppynnit thaim to call,
 As thocht him list ressaue the venquest all
 Wythin his watry bosum, large and rude,
 And hid in secret condite of his flude.

Julys Caesar. Wythin the wallis syne of Romis citie,
 Cesar, ressauit wyth triumphis thre, 30
 Thou mycht behald thar, offerand on his gys
 Till Itale goddis immortell sacrificys :

Our all the citie, in maist singular joy,
 The blythfull feist thai making, man and boy,
 So that thre hundreth riall tempillis ding
 Off riot, rippett, and of reveling
 Ringis, and of the myrthfull sportis seir
 The stretis sounding on solacyus maneyr.
 At euery sanctuary and altar vpstent,
 In caroling the lusty ladeis went ;
 Befor the altaris eik, in cirkyll round,
 The brytnit beistis strowit all the ground. 10
 Cesar himself, sesit in seit ryall,
 Wythin the snaw quhyt statly marbill wall
 Of God Phebus tempill, thar as he sat
 Visseand the pepillis giftis, this and that,
 And on the proud pillaris, in taikynning
 Of his triumphe, maid thar be vp hing.
 The pepyll by him venquist mycht thou know
 Befor him passand per ordour, all on raw,
 In langsum tryne ; and how feill kindis seir
 Of toungis and of langage men mycht heyr, 20
 Als mony diuers habitis woir thai strange,
 Als feill sortis of armouris did thai change.
 Vulcanus heir the beltles Numydanis,
 And thai folkis quhilk in Affrik remanis,
 Had gravin weill ; and 3onder porturat was
 The Leleganis, and the pepill Carras,
 And Gelones, thai pepill of Sithya,
 In archery the quhilk ar wonder thra.
 The mekyll flude Eufrates fast by,
 Wyth streme now semyt flow mayr sobyrly ; 30
 The Moryne pepill eik, fast by the see,
 Off men reput the last extremitie,

The forkit flude of Reyne eik payntit was,
And the ondantit Danys thair dyd pas ;
The flude Arax of Armeny also,
Haifand disdene a bryg our it suld go.

Eneas, of his moderis gift wondring,
Our all Vulcanus scheyld sa mony a sing
Wrocht on sic wys, not knawand the mater,
To se the figuris of thir storeis seyr
Reiosit wolx, and syne deliuerly
Apone his schulder hyntis vp in hy
The famus honour, and hie renownye,
Or glorius gestis of his posterite.

10

Finis Libri Octavi.

Incipit Prologus Libri Noni.

THE PROLOG
OF THE NYNT BUIK.



HIR lusty warkis of hie nobilite
Agilyte dyd wryte of worthy clerkis,
And tharin merkis wisdome, vtilite,
Na vilite, nor sic onthryfty sparkis :

Scurrilite is bot for doggis at barkis,
Quha tharto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honeste is the way to worthynes,
Virtu, doutles, the perfit gait to blys ;
Thou do na mys, and eschew idilnes,
Persew prowes, hald na thing at is his ;
Be nocht rakles to say sone 3a, I wys,
And syne of this the contrar wyrk expres.

10

Do tyll ilk wyght as thou done to wald be ;
Be nevir sle and double, nor 3it our licht ;
Ois nocht thi mycht abuf thyne awin degre,
Clym nevir our hie, nor 3it to law thow lyght ;
Wirk na malgre, thocht thou be nevir sa wyght,
Hald with the ryght, and preis the nevir to le.

Eneuch of this, ws nedis prech na moyr,
Bot, accordyng the purpos said tofoyr,
The ryall style, clepyt heroycall,
Full of wirschip and nobillnes our all,

20

Vertue is the
richt way to
honor, quhilke
has ener this
rewill with
hyr : do as
thou wald be
done to.
Vice, contrar.
is the way
to all mys-
cheif and
mysfortoun
quhilke is
groundit
on falsset
and leisingis.

Every man
is glaid and
delytys most
of that thing
quhart he is
giffyn by
nature or

educacion :
sum to rewil
common
weithis,
sum to lern-
ing, and sum
to his awin-
pisor with-
out ony
respect of
vertew or
wisdom.

Suld be compilit but tenchis or voyd word,
 Kepand honest wys sportis quhayr thai bourd,
 All lous langage and lychnes lattand be,
 Observand bewte, sentens, and grauite.
 The sayar eik suld weil consider this,
 His mater, and quhamto it entitillit is,
 Eftyr myne authouris wordis ; we aucht tak tent
 That baith accord, and bene convenient,
 The man, the sentens, and the knychtlik stile,
 Sen we mon carp of vassalage a quhile. 10
 Gyf we descryve the woddis, the treis, quod he,
 Suld conform to that mannis dignite
 Quhamto our wark we direct and endite.
 Quhat helpis it ? Full litill it wald delite
 To write of scroggis, broym, haddir, or rammale :
 The lawrer, cedir, or the palm triumphale,
 Ar mayr ganand for nobillis of estait :
 The muse suld wyth the person aggre algait.
 Stra for to spek of gayt to gentill wyght ;
 A hund, a steid, mar langis for a knyght, 20
 Quhamto efferis hant na rebald daile ;
 Thar suld na knyght reid bot a knychtly taile.
 Quhat forsis him the byssart on the breyr,
 Set weil hym semys the falcon heroneyr ?
 He comptis na mair the gled than the fewlume,
 Thocht weil hym likis the goishalk glaid of plume.
 The cur, or mastis, he haldis at small avail,
 And culzeis spanzellis to chace pertryk or quaill.
 Ne byd I nocht into my stile, forthy,
 To speke of trufis, nor nane harlotry ; 30
 Sen that myne author with sic eloquens
 Hys buke illuimnit hes, and hie sentens

Sa fresche endyte, and sang poetically,
 That it is clepit the wark emperiall,
 Endyte onto the gret Octauiane,
 The Emperour excelland and maste souerane
 By quham, the gospell makis mensioun,
 The hail warld put was to discription,
 To nomyr all the pepill tharin suld be,
 So, but rebellious, alquhar obeyit was he.
 Bot, sen that Virgill standis but compar,
 Thocht in our leid hys sayings to declayr 10
 I haue in ryme thus far furth tane the cuir,
 Now war me laith my lang laubour mysfur :
 Allthocht my termis be nocht polist alway,
 Hys sentence sal I hald as that I may.
 Gyf ocht be weill, thank Virgill and nocht me ;
 Quhar ocht is bad, gais mys, or owt of gre,
 My lewitnes, I grant, hes all the wyte,
 Kouth nocht ensew hys ornat fresche endyte,
 Bot, wyth fuilhardy curage malapert,
 Schup to enterprit, and dyd perchance pervert, 20
 Thys maist renovnit prince of poetry :
 Quhar I sa dyd, *mea culpa*, I cry.
 Zit, by my self, I fynd this proverb perfyte :
 The blak crow thinkis hir awin byrdis quhite.
 Sa faris with me, bew Schirris, will ze hark,
 Can nocht persae a falt in all my wark,
 Affectioun sa far my raysson blyndis.
 Quhar I mysknaw myne errour, quha it fyndis
 For cherite amendis it, gentil wycht,
 Syne pardon me, sat sa far in my lycht, 30
 And I sal help to smore your falt, leif brother ;
 Thus, vaill que vaill, ilk gude deyd helpis other.

The authours
 meynes and
 humylyty.

And for I haue my work addressyt and dycht,
I dar sa, baith to gentill barroun and knyght,
Quhais name abufe I haue done notyfy ;
And now of prowes and hie chevelry
Behuffis me to write and carp a quhile,
The mair glaidly I sal enfors my stile,
And for hys saik do scharp my pen all new,
My maste renownyt author to ensew,
That thar sal be, will God, litle offens,
Salvand our bustuus wulgar differens. 10

Na mayr as now in preambill me list expone,
The nynt buke thus begouth Eneadon.

Finis Prologi Libri Noni.

THE NYNT BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Juno to Turnus in message Iris sent,
To sege the Troianys, Eneas tho absent.*



QUHILL on this wys, as I haif said or
this,

Sik materis and ordinancis wirkand is
In diuers placis set full fer ytwyn,
Saturnus get, Juno, that list nocht blyn

Of hir auld malyce and iniquite,
Hir madyne Iris from hevin sendis sche
To the bald Turnus, malapert and stout ;
Quhilk for the tyme was wyth all his rowt
Amyd ane valle wondyr lowne and law,
Sittand at eys wythin the hallowit schaw
Of god Pilumnus, his progenitor.

10

Thamantis douchtir knelys hym befor,
I meyn Iris, this ilk fornamyt mayd,
And wyth hyr rosy lippis thus him said :

Turnus, behald on cace reuoluit the day,
And of his fre will sendys the, perfay,
Sik avantage and oportunitie,

That set thou wald haue axit it, quod sche,
Thayr was nevyr ane of all the goddis dyng
Quhilk durst haue the promittit sic a thing.

20

Iris exhorta-
cione to
Turnus Kyng
of Rutulianis
to make war
with the
Troianys.

Eneas, desolait levand hys cite,
 Hys navy eik, hys feris, and hail menze,
 Is till Evander socht, and Palatyne,
 That burgh. But not eneuch ; for farthyr syne
 To the extreme citeis of Tuscany
 In mont Corythus haldis he in hy,
 And dois assemblill the wild lauboreris,
 That quhilum com fra Lyd, till armes in weris.
 Quhat dredis thou ? now tyme is to pryk hors,
 Now tyme fortill assay 3our cartis and fors. 10
 Haue done, mak na mayr tary nor delay,
 Set on thar strenthis sone, geve thame affray.
 Quod sche ; and tharwyth, in his presens evin,
 With equale weyngis flaw vp in the hevin,
 Vndre the clowdis schapand, quhar scho went,
 A gret raynbowe of diuers hewys ment.

The 3ong man knew hyr weill, and haistely
 Vp baith hys handis hevis to the sky,
 Wyth sic wordis followand, as scho dyd fle : 20
 Iris, thou bewte of the hevynniss hie,
 Throw all the cloudis and thir skyis brovn,
 Quha hes the send to me in erd adovn ?
 Quhow is becummin on this wys, quod he,
 Sa brycht weddir and cleir serenyte ?
 I se the hevynniss oppynnit and devyde,
 And movand sternys in the lyftis syde.
 So gret takynniss and reuelacionis schaw
 I sal persew, and fallow quhat befaw ;
 Quhat evir thou be that callys to the weris,
 Thy command sal I obey, as efferis. 30
 And thar wythall, wyth wordis augurall,
 Eftyr thar spaying ceremonis diuynal,

Turnus
 answer obey-
 ing Iris peti-
 cyon.

Onto the flude anone furth steppis he,
 And of the stremys crop a litill we
 The watyr lyftis vp intill his handis,
 Full gretumly the goddis, quhayr he standis,
 Besekand till attend to hys prayer,
 The hevynnys chargeing wyth feyl awowis seir.

With this the ostis all in the plane feyld
 Held furth arrayit, schynand vnder scheyld.
 Men mycht behald full mony ryall stedis,
 Full mony payntit targe and weirlike weidis :
 Of giltyn geir dyd glitter bank and bus.
 The formast batale ledis Mesapus ;
 The hyndmast ostis had in governyng
 Of Tyrrhyus the sonnys or childer 3yng :
 Turnus thar duke rewlis the myddill ost,
 With glave in hand maid awful feir and bost,
 Thaime till array raid turnand to and fro,
 And by the hed allhail, quhayr he dyd go,
 Hyer than all the rowt men mycht hym se.
 In sik ordour furth haldis his menze,
 Lyke as sum tyme Ganges, the flude Indane,
 Sevyn swelland ryveris eftyr spait of rayne
 Ressauyt in his large bosum in hy,
 In hys deip trowch now flowis esely :
 Or as vmquhile the fertill fluide, Nylus,
 Ourfletand all the feildis, bank and bus,
 Syne, eftir the gret fludis watry rage,
 Returnis swagit to hys auld passage.

The oistis
 cummys ford-
 warte arrayit
 in battell.
 The vangard.
 10 The reyr-
 gard. The
 grete armye.

20

CAP. II.

*Turnus segis the Troianis in greit ire,
And all thar schippis and navy set in fire.*

Be this the Troianis in thar new cite
A dusty sop vprysand gan do se,
Full thik of stour vp thringand in the ayr,
And all the feildis myrknyt mayr and mayr.
Caycus first cryis, as he war wod,
Down from the hie garrat quhayr he stude ;
O citsanis, how gret ane ost, quod he,
Is lappit in 3one dusty stew I se !
Swith hynt 3our armour, tak 3our wapynnys all,
Bryng hydder dartis, speil vp on the wall, 10
Our ennemys cummis at hand, but dout.
Hay, hay, go to ! than cry thai with a schout,
And with a huge bruit Troianys at schort
Thayr wallys stuffyt, and closyt euery port.
For sa Eneas, maste expert in armys,
At hys departing, dreidand for thir harmys,
Gaif thaim command, gif thai assailzeit wer,
Or hys returnyng, be hard fortoun of weyr,
That thai ne suld in battale thame array,
Nor in the plane thar ennemeys assay, 20
Bot bad thai suld allanerly wythhald
Thayr strenth wythin thar fouseis, as he wald,
And kepe thar wallis forsely and weill,
With fousy, dichis, and wapynnys styfe of steyll.
Tharfor, allthocht baith schame and felloun ire
Thar breistis had enflambyt hayt as fyre,

Caicus
oration to
Troianys.

The Troianis
kepis ther
toune as
Eneas
commaundit
them to do.

In the plane feyld on thar famen to set,
 3it nevirtheles thar portis haue thai schet,
 For till obey the command of Enee ;
 On bos turrettis and on towris hie
 Enarmyt stude thair fays till abyde.

Turnus, the chyftane on the tother syde,
 Come to the cite or that ony wyst,
 Furth fleand swepyryly. as that hym best list,
 Befor the ost quhilk went bot esy pas.
 Wyth hym a twenty chosin men he has ;

10

Apon a sterand steyd of Trace he sat,
 Of cullour dapill gray and wele fat ;
 Full hie rysand abuf his knychtly heyd
 Hys goldin helm, with tymbrell al blude reyd.
 Go to, 3yng gallandis, quaha that list, quod he,
 Thayr ennemeys assailze first with me :

Turnus
 oration
 to his
 Rutulianis.

And, wyth that word, threw a dart in the ayr,
 As he to geve battale all reddy war,
 Syne in plane feyld wyth broudyn banaris gay
 Bargane to byde drew hym till array.

20

His feris all ressautit the clamour hie,
 And followand thar chyftane, he and he,
 The bruyt rasyt with grysly sound attanis,
 And gan to mervell the dolf hartit Troianis,
 That durst nocht, as thame semyt, in plane feyld
 Thame self aventur, nor 3it wyth speyr and scheid
 Mach wyth thar famen in patent bargane,
 Bot hald thame in thar strenthis euery ane.

And all commovit, brym, and full of ire,
 Baith heyr and thar Turnus, the grevit syre,

30

Went on horsbak, seyr sand abowt the wall
 Euery derne way and secret passagis all,

Turnus
diligence.

Gyf ony entre or tocom espy
 He myght, fortill assaill the cite by.
 Lyke as we se, wacheand the full scheip fald,
 The wyld wolf ourset wyth schouris cald
 Of wynd and rane, at myddis of the nycht,
 Abowt the bowght, plet all of wandis tyght,
 Bayis and gyrnis ; tharin bletand the lammys
 Full souirly liggis vnder thar dammys :
 He, brym and felloun, his rage and furour
 Aganis the absentis, reddy to devour, 10
 Rasys in ire, for the wod hungris list ;
 Hys wysnyt throt, havand of blude sic thrist,
 Gendris of lang fast sic ane appetyte
 That he constrenyt is in extreme syte.
 Nane vther wys, the feyrfull fervent ire
 In Turnus breyst vpkyndyllis hait as fyre,
 Seand thir wallys and fortressis attanis ;
 The huge ennoy byrnys hym throu the banis,
 Imagynand by quhat ressoun or way
 Hys ennymeys he mycht wyn till assay, 20
 And on quhat wys the Troianys fra thar strenth
 He mycht expell, and in plane feild on lenth
 Mak thame to ische in patent battale place.
 And as he musand was heiron, per cace,
 The navy of thar schippis he did invayd,
 That fast by jonyt to the wall was layd,
 With dichys and with fowseis dern about,
 In the flude wattyr, as neir owt of dowl :
 Quham fra he had espyit, but abayd
 At his feris, quhilkis wilfull war and glayd, 30
 Eftyr the fyre and kyndillyng did he cry,
 And in his awin handis hyntis vp in hy

A blesand fyrebrand of the fyrryn tre.
 Than byssely Rutilianis, he and he,
 So the presens of Turnus dyd thame steyr
 That euery man the rekand schydis in feyr
 Rent fra the fyris, and on the schippis slang :
 The semis crakkis, the watir byssit and sang,
 The tallownit burdis kest a pyky low,
 Vpbleis ourloft, hechis, wrangis, and how ;
 Quhill myxt wyth reyk the fell sparkis of fyre
 Heych in the air vpglydis byrnand schire.

Turnus
 byrnys the
 Troianis
 schippis.

10

CAP. III.

*Quhou the fyre was expellit fra the navye,
 The schippis translait in nymphis or goddes of the se.*

Say me, O Musis, rehers and declayr,
 Quhilk of the goddis sa cruell flambis sayr
 Held from Troianys ? quha sa vehement fyre
 Drave from thar schippis, thus wys byrnand schyre ?
 The deid is auld for to beleif or wry,
 Bot the memor remanis perpetually.

The first tyme quhen the Troiane Eneas
 By sey to tak hys vayage schup to pas,
 And gan to beyld his schippis vp ilkane
 In Ida forest, that mont Phrygiane ;
 The moder of Goddis, Berecynthia,
 Spak to hyr son gret Jupiter, thai sa,
 Wyth sic kind wordis, sayand : My chyld deyr,
 Grant this ane axin quhilk I the requeyr ;

Vyrgil, tyl
 make the
 mater mor
 plesand,
 mixit a tale
 of the
 Troianis
 schippis
 changit in
 Goddis of
 the see.

20

Grant thy belufit moder bot a thing,
 Thou at art maister of the hevynly ring.
 Apone the top of Gargarus, quod sche,
 Thayr grew a fyr wod, the quhilk into daunte
 Full mony 3eris held I, as is knaw.
 Thys was my cuchill and my hallowit schaw,
 Quhayr that the Phrygianis mayd me sacrifice ;
 Full weyll me lykty thar to walk oft sys,
 With pykky treis blak skuggit about,
 And abundans of hattyr gestis stout ; 10
 Quhilk glaydly I haue gevin a 3ong Troiane,
 Strang Eneas, discend from king Dardane,
 For till support the mysteris of his navy.
 And now the doutsum dreid, for the ilk quhy,
 Full pensyve haldis me and doith constrene :
 Deliuier me of this feyr be sum meyn,
 My deir son ; suffyr at thy moderis request
 Be admyttit this a time be the lest,
 So that tha schippis be nevyr mayr ourset
 Wyth contrayr cours, nor 3it with storm doun bet, 20
 Quharby thai may haue sum availe, quod sche,
 At thai vmquhile grew on our hyllis hie.
 Hyr son, the quhilk rewlys at his liking
 The hevin, the sternis, and all erdly thyng,
 Ansurit and sayd : O moder best belufit,
 How art thow thus agane the fatis amovit ?
 Or quhairto axis thou to thir, quod he,
 Wyth mortale handis wrocht of stokkis and tre,
 That is to say, thir schippis so abyll to saill,
 That lesum war
 And that Enee, in deydy corps onsuyr,
 Assouerit fermly throw all dangeris fuyr ?

Quhat God hes to hym grantit sik frelage ?
 Bot for thy saik, quhen fully thar vayage
 Thai haue compleit, and at costis of Itale
 Arryvit ar, and in tha portis set saill,
 And thar duke Troiane careit our the see
 To boundis of Lawrentum, that cuntre,
 Als mony of thame as than hes eschaip
 The wally fludis sall I turn and schaip
 Furth of thar mortale formys corruptabill,
 And sall command thaim for to be mayr abyll 10
 From thens forthwart, as immortale, quod he,
 In Nymphis turnyt and Godessys of see,
 Lyke as Nereus douchtyr, Dotho gay,
 And Galathea, throw fomy fludis gray
 Scheryng with braid breystis delytable.
 Quod Jupiter : and till hald ferm and stable,
 Be Stix the flude, Pluto his broderis see,
 His godly aith and promes sworn hes he ;
 Be that ilk pyky laik, wyth brais blak
 And laithly sworlis, till kepe at he spak 20
 He did efferm his hecht, and in takynning
 The hevynnys all mayd tryummyll at his likyng.

Thairfor the day that he by promys set
 Is now at hand, and the full tyme of det,
 By the werd sisteris schaip, is now compleit ;
 Quhen Turnus thus in hys iniurius heyt
 Admonyst hes his pepill, and commandis,
 Wyth dry schydis and wyth hait fyre brandis,
 The moder of Goddis by sik flambis fell
 Furth of hyr hallowyt schippis to expell. 30
 At this tyme fyrst apperis in thair sycht
 A new takynning of gret plesand lycht,

And a braid schynand cloud thai did aspy
 Com from the est, rynnand our all the sky ;
 The rowtis eyk onone thai gan behald
 Of Ideanys, tha wightis that in the hald
 Ar of the moder of the Goddis clos.
 Doun throu the ayr eik come a feyrfull voce,
 And fillit all the ostis baith atanis
 Off Troiane peple and Rutilianis,
 Sayand: Troianis, dreid na thing, haist 3ou nocht
 For till defend my schippis ; albeit 3e mocht, 10
 For that caus tak na wapynnis in 3our handis ;
 For rathyr, now as that the mater standis,
 Sal it be leifull Turnus fyre the see,
 Or that he byrn my bargis maid of tre.
 O 3e my schippys, nou to 3ow I say,
 Go fre at large quhar 3e list away,
 Go furth and swome as Goddessis of the see ;
 The moder of Goddis commandis so to be.
 And, wyth that word, als tyt furth from the bra
 Ilk barge bownis, cuttand hir cable in twa : 20
 Lyke delphin fische onon, as thai take keyp,
 Thayr snowtis dowkand held vnder the deip.
 Syne from the ground, a wonder thing to say,
 With als feill virgine facis vpsprang thai,
 And throu the fludis, quhayr thame lyst, dyd fayr,
 Hou mony steyll stammyt bargis that ayr
 Stude by the costis syde, or thai war fyryt.
 Rutylianys wolx affrayit wyth myndis myrit ;
 Mesapus musing can wythdraw on dreich,
 Seand hys stedis and the horssis skeich ; 30
 And eik the ryver brayt with hais sovnd,
 Quhill Tyberinus bakwartis dyd rebound,

As thocht his cours did stop and step abak.
 Bot netheles, for all the feyr thai mak,
 The hie curage and forcy hardyment
 Baid onamovit in Turnus stout entent,
 So that baldly with hardy wordis on hie
 Thair spretis rasis, and rycht fersly he
 Gan thaim reпреif, that tuik for nocht affray.
 Thir monstruus takynnis at 3e se, perfay,
 Sekis myscheif to the Troianys, sayd he ;
 And by this way gret Jupiter, as 3e se,
 Hes now byreft thar help and confydens,
 Quharby thai wont war to fle for defens :
 Now nowder Rutyliane fyr nor swerdis dynt
 May thai withstand, for all thar fors is tynt.
 Sen that thai may not eschaipe by the see,
 Nor hes na maner hope away to fle,
 The maist half of the Troiane help is lost.
 This land is in our power, feyld and cost ;
 So that thai sal na wys eschaipe our brandis,
 Quhou mony thousand douchty men of handis
 Ar heir assemblit, all Italyanis.

I compt na thing allthocht 3one faynt Troianis
 Rakyn thar fatis that thame hidder brocht ;
 All sik vayn ruys I feyr as thing of nocht,
 In cace thai proud be of the goddis ansueris,
 And thaim avant tharof with felloun feris.
 It may weill suffice, and aneuch, I wys,
 Baith to thar fatis and Venus grantit is,
 That evir thir Troianys in this cost fast by
 Hes anis twichit the boundis of Italy.

My werdis eyk and fatale destyne
 Be the contrair is grantit onto me,

Turnus
 nothing
 comoued
 stoutlye
 exhortis hys
 men of war
 to battel
 with diuers
 argumentis
 and to con-
 teme the
 Troianis
 vane fatis
 and Goddis
 finjelt
 ansuerys.

10

20

30

Thys cursit pepill to bet down wyth my glave,
 For my deyr spous, quham bereft me thai have.
 Nor this ennoy alanerly twichis nocht
 The twa Atrydes, that Troy to rewyne brocht ;
 I meyne the principal chiftanis, brether tua,
 That is to know, Agamemnon and Menelay ;
 Ne 3it allane this caus to armis steris
 The pepill of Myce to move battale and weris ;
 Bot principaly this querrell myne I know.
 Gyf it had bene aneuch, as that thai schaw 10
 At thai bot anis distroyit aucht to be,
 It war aneuch and mycht suffise, think me,
 That thai haue faltit anys lang tyme befoir ;
 Quhy doubill thai thar trespas mor and mor ?
 Allthocht that women brocht thaym to foly,
 3yt hayt thai not wemen aluterly.
 Quhat meyn thai be this myddill mantill wall ?
 This litill stop of dykis and fouseys all ?
 Wene thai this be a strenth that may thayme save ?
 Thair lyfe is now in juperty, thai rave, 20
 Full neyr thar deyde thai stand : all men may know
 Quhidder, gif the wyght wallis of Troy thai saw,
 Belt by the hand of Neptunus, that syre,
 Rent and bet dovne, and all the town in fyre.
 Bot O 3e walyt knyghtis of renowne,
 Quham I behald with pykis breykand dovne
 3one forteres, and now present wyth me
 Assail3eand this affrait strenth we se ;
 Ws nedis not Vulcanus armour heyr
 Aganis thir maist fant Troianis in our weyr, 30
 Nor 3it we mystir not a thousand schippis.
 Allthocht hail Tuscany into falloschippis

With thame adione, and cum on every syde,
 Lat thame nocht dreid that we, be nyghtis tyde,
 Sall thiftuusly Palladium steyll away,
 Nor sla thar wachis slepand : na, perfay,
 Dern in ane horssis belly large and wyd,
 Thame to dissave, we sall ws nevyr hyd ;
 For we determyt haue by fors in fycht,
 In plane batale, and on dayis lycht,
 Wyth fyr and swerd 3one wallis vmbeset.
 So douchtely we schaype to do our det, 10
 That thai sall nocht beleif weyr vndertane
 Aganis Grekis, nor peple Pelasgane,
 Quhilkis in thar weris previt sa spreytles men
 That Hector thaim delayit 3eris ten.
 Now, chosin men, and walyt weriouris,
 Sen the maist part of this days houris
 Is gane, sayd he, I hald it for the best
 Eftyr this gud journay 3e tak 3ou rest ;
 Do eys 3our bodeis and 3our hors quhil day,
 Bot hald 3ow reddy for the battale ay. 20
 In the meyn tyme, of the nycht wach the cure
 We geif Mesapus, the 3ettis to discure,
 And for to beit brycht fyris abowt the wallis.
 Twys sevin Rutilianis, for al chance befallis,
 Was chosin with knychtis for to wach the toun ;
 Ilkane ane hundreth fallowys reddy boun
 Of 3oung gallandis, with purpour crestis red,
 Thayr gyltyn geyr maid glittering euery sted ;
 Quhair so thai walk and rowmis, still and soft
 Thai stalk about, and wardis changis oft : 30
 And sum tyme, on the grene herbis doun set,
 Thai byrll the wyne, and ilk man dyd his det

For til ourturn goblettis of mettale bryght.
 The schynand fyris our al the land kest lycht ;
 And all the foirnycht thir wachis sikin way,
 But sleip, dyd spend in revale, gam, and play.

CAP. IV.

*Heir Nisus carpis to his frend Eurilly,
 Till ondertak ane aventour onsilly.*

The Troianis, from thar fortres quhayr thai stude
 All thar deray beheld and vnderstude,
 And baith wyth armour and with wappynniss brycht
 The tour hedis thai stuffit all that nyght ;
 And feill tymes, in haisty effer for dreyd,
 The portis visse thai gyf ocht war neyd, 10
 And drawbriggis befoir the zettis vprasisit,
 Junct to the wallis, at thai suld nocht be trasit ;
 And euery man stud reddy in his geyr
 Enarmyt weill, and in his hand a speyr.
 Mnestheus stern, and eik Serestus stout,
 Ful byssy war to walk and go about,
 Tyll ordinance for to put euery thing ;
 For thame Eneas, at his departing,
 Had deput reularis to his zong son deyr,
 And maister capitanis of his ost in weyr, 20
 Gyf so betyd ony aduersite
 Or aventur, befor his returne.
 Ane hail legioun about the wallis large
 Stude wacheing, bodin with bow, speyr, and targe :

Eneas
 wisdom
 prouiding for
 thingys to
 cum.

The dangeir was by cuttys sone decyde,
 At euery corneir quha, or quha, suld byde ;
 And euery man his cours abowt dyd slep,
 Quhil that his fallow had his ward to kep.

Nisus, Hirtacus son, that tyme was set,
 As for his stand, to byde and kepe the zet,
 As he that was in armis bald and stout,
 Ane the maist vailzeand intill all that rowt,
 Quham Ida hys moder, ane huntrice,
 In falloschip send with Enee ful wys :
 To cast dartis nane sa expert as he,
 Nor for to schoit swyft arrowis half sa sle.
 Euryalus, hys fallow, stude him by,
 Of all Eneas ost nane mayr gudly,
 Nor zit mayr semely cled in Troiane armys,
 Stowt, of hie curage, dredand for na harmys :
 His florist youth ravest his vissage zing,
 Zit nevir schavin, with pilis newly spring.
 To thir tua was a will in vnite,
 A lust, and mynd in vniformete :
 Sammyn thai zeid to mete, to rest, or play,
 And baith togidder in battale ruschit thai ;
 Now sammyn eik thai war in statioun set,
 As baith in feyr to kepe the common zet.

Nisus thus spekis : O brothir myne Ewrilly,
 Quhidder gif the goddis, or sum spretis sylly,
 Movis in our myndis this ardent thochtfull fyre,
 Or gif that euery mannis schrewit desyre
 Be as his God and Genyus in that place,
 I wait nevyr how it standis ; bot this lang space 30
 My mynd movis to me, heyr as I stand,
 Battale or sum gret thing to tak on hand.

The history
 of Nisus and
 Euryalus in
 the quhilk is
 descriuid the
 perfytt loue
 toward ther
 cuntre and
 prince, and
 also the gret
 freynd-
 schippe
 amang
 frendis.

10

20

I knaw not to quhat purpos is it drest,
 Bot be na way may I tak eys nor rest.
 Behaldis thou nocht sa suirly, but affray,
 3one Rutylianis haldis thame glayd and gay ?
 Thayr fyris now begynniss schyne full schire ;
 Soupyt in wyne and sleip baith man and syre
 At quyet lugeyng 3ondyr at thar wyll.
 Queme silens haldis the large feildis still.
 Considir this profoundly, I the pray,
 Quhat suld I dreid, quhat thinkis thou, now say. 10
 Baith common pepyll and the heris bald
 To bring agane Eneas full fane thai wald ;
 Langing full sayr eftyr his hame cumyng,
 And of his mynd to haue sure witteryng,
 Thai all desyre sum attentik men be send.
 Gyf, as I wald, thou had licens to wend,
 Sen weill I knaw thy famus nobill deidis,
 In sik a cace, me think, na ma thar nedis ;
 Vnder 3one moyte the way fund weyll I se
 To hald onto the wallis of Pallante. 20

Ewrialus, smyte with hie fervent desyre
 Of new renown, quhilk brynt hym hait as fyre,
 And half eschamyt of this bodword glaid,
 Thus til hys best belovyt fallow said :
 Nisus broder, in souerane actis hie,
 For ony caus quhou may thou rëfus me
 With the to go in falloschip as feyr ?
 Suld I the send allane in sik dangeyr ?
 My fader, Opheltis, the quhilk all hys days 30
 The weris hantit, nevir apon that ways
 Instrukkyt me, nor tawcht sik cowardy.
 Was I not lernyt to hant chevalry

Amyd the Grekis brag, and Troiane weris ?
 Haue I me born wyth the, at thou efferis
 Off my curage ? The maist dowchty Enee,
 And of fortoun to the last extremite,
 Haue I nocht followit, refusand na pyne ?
 Heyr is, heyr is, within this corps of myne,
 A forey spreit that doith this lyfe dispys,
 Quhilk reputtis fayr to wyssill, apon sik wys
 Wyth this honour thou thus pretendis to wyn,
 This mortale stait and life that we bene in. 10

Nisus ansueris : forsuith, my broder dyng,
 Off the, God wait, 3it dred I never sic thing ;
 For so to think in faith vnlefull wer.
 So hail and feyr mot self me Jupiter,
 And bryng me sownd agane wyth victory,
 As euer 3it sic consait of the had I.
 To wytnes draw I that ilk God, quod he,
 With frendly ene quhilk dois ws heyr and se,
 And in my mynd first movit this consayt.
 Bot gif that so betyde, as weill 3e wait 20
 In sic aventuris thar bene dangeris seyr,
 Be hard fortoun or aventur of weir,
 Or goddis dispositioun happin it sall,
 My will was the to salve fra perrellis all :
 Thy florist 3outh is mayr worthy to leyf
 Than for to put in danger of myscheyf.
 I wald alsso at hame sum frend haue had,
 That gif at I war takin and hard stad,
 Or fra me reft the lyfe, and sa withhald,
 Quhilk my body or banis ranson wald, 30
 And lay in grave, eftyr our Troiane gys ;
 Or, gyf fortoun wald suffyr on na wys

My body mycht be brocht to beriall,
 Than to hys frend the seruice funeral
 With obsequeis to do for corps absent,
 And in my memor vp a tumbe to stent.
 Ne wald I nocht also that I suld be
 Caus or occasioun of sic dule, quod he,
 To thy maist reuthfull moder, traist and kynd,
 Quhilk anerly of hyr maist tendir mynd,
 From all the othyr matronis of our rout,
 Hes followit the, hir luffyt chyld about, 10
 Ne for thy saik refusit nocht the se,
 And gave na fors of Acestes cite.

The tother tho hym ansuerit sone agane :
 My frend, for nocht thou says sik wordis vane,
 Ingyrand cacis ar of nane effek ;
 My first entent I list nocht change nor brek.
 Haist ws, quod he. And tharwithall baith tuay
 The nixt wach thai walknyt quhair thai lay ;
 Quhilk gat on fut, and to thar rowmis went.
 Eurialus, to fulfyll his entent, 20
 With Nisus furth can hald his way anon,
 And to the prince Ascanyus ar gone.

CAP. V.

*Quhow at the consal the fornमित two
 Ontyll Eneas purchest leif to go.*

Apon the erth the othir bestis all,
 Thar byssy thoctis sessing, gret and small,
 Ful sownd on sleip dyd cawcht thair rest be kynd,
 All irksun labor forzet out of mynd.

Bot the cheif ledaris of the Troiane rout,
 And flour of fensabill 3ong men stern and stout,
 In the meyn tyme sat at wys consell
 For common weill and materis hie befell,
 Consideryng wysly quhat ado thar was,
 Or quha suld message beyr to Eneas ;
 Amyddis thar tentis, in feild quhair thai stand,
 With scheildis schrowd, apon thar speris lenand.
 Tho Nysus and Eurialus, baith tuane,
 Glaid of this cast, seand thair tyme maste gane, 10
 Besocht thai mycht be admyttit to say
 A gret mater of weght, quhais delay
 Myght harm gret deyll, and eik be thar avys
 Thair erand was worth audiens and of price.
 Ascanyus fyrst, seand thar haisty way,
 Admyttit thar desyre, and bad thaim say.
 Than this Nisus, Hirtacus son, thus sayd :
 Gentill Troianys, with equal myndis glayd
 Ressaue my wordis, for this thing, quod he,
 Quhilk I 3ou tell may nocht considerit be 20
 With sik as ws, nor men sa 3ong of 3eris,
 Bot to 3our wysdomis till avys efferis.
 The Rutilianis, ourset with sleip and wyne,
 Lyggis sowpit, fordoverit, drunk as swyne ;
 To set apoun thaim, and await with skayth,
 The place suyrely we haue espyit baith,
 Quhilk reddy may ful esely be get
 In 3ondir forkyt way, strekis fra the 3et
 Doun to the seis cost the nerrest went,
 Quhair the fyris fast fail3eis, neyr out brynt, 30
 So that the blak reyk dyrknis all the ayr.
 Gif that 3e suffyr wald, as I said ayr,

Nisus
 oration to
 the counsall.

20

30

That we mycht vse this oportunitie
 Quhilk fortoun has ws grant, sone suld 3e se
 Eneas socht by ws at Pallantyne,
 And hyddir brocht in schort quhile eftyr syne,
 With riche spulze, and mekill slauchtyr mayd.
 We knaw the way thidder full weyll, he sayd,
 And all the watyr of Tibyrvp and down ;
 In dyrk valeis oft we saw the town,
 As we by custum oft the hunting hantit.

Agit Alethes, that na wysdome wantit, 10
 Bot baith was rype in counsale and in 3eris,
 Onto thir wordis digestly maid ansueris :
 O kyndly goddis of our native landis,
 Vndre quhais myghtis all tyme Troy vpstandis,
 Allthocht the weill tharof in dout remanys,
 3it list 3ou nocht distroy all the Troianis,
 Ne thame so clene defait aluterly,
 Sen sa stout myndis, as we heir aspy,
 And sa bald reddy breistis gevin haue 3e
 To thyr 3onkeris. And sayand thus, can he 20
 The rycht handis and schulderis of baith embrace,
 With terys trynkeland our his chekis and face.

Alethes
 an .uer.

O manly knychtis, quhat reward conding
 May ganandly be geif for syk ane thing,
 Forsuith I can nocht in my mynd devys ;
 Bot 3our maist cheif ganzeld and gyft to prys
 The gret goddis mot rendyr 3ou, said he,
 And 3our awin verteu mot be renownee :
 The remanent anone 3e sall ressaue,
 Sa that na wys 3e sal 3our medis crave, 30
 By the handis of reuthfull Eneas ;
 Or, gif he sone from this lyfe happynnys pas,

Ascanyus, quhilk as 3it is bot page,
 3ong and fordwart into his hailsum age,
 Sall render 3our desert, I tak on hand,
 And sik thankis, quhil that he is leifand,
 Sal nevir be for3et nor do away.

The sammyn word, anon, as he dyd say,
 Furth of his mowth Ascanyus hes hynt :
 I hecht forsuith that deid sall nevir be tynt,
 For all my weill alanerly doys hing
 Apon my faderis prosper hame cuming.

Ascaneus
 gentyl
 ansuer wyth
 promys of
 reward.

10

Nisus, said he, I 3ou pray and beseyk,
 Be our Penates, kyndly goddis meyk,
 And be Assaracus goddis domesticall,
 Quham 3e the chief stok of our kynrent call,
 And be the secret closettis or entre
 Of the venerable auld canus Veste,
 Bring hame my fader sone, I 3ow exhort.

All that pertening is to me, at schort,
 Baith tuichand counsale and commandment,

20

Or aventouris of fortoun, in 3our entent,
 In 3our willis, I put all haill, quod he,
 Bring hame my fader that I may hym se ;
 For had we hym ressauyit, I dar say,
 Is no thing suld ennoy ws nor effray.

Twa siluer coupis, wrocht rycht curiously
 With figuris grave and punsyt ymagery,

I sall 3ou geif, the quhilk my fader wan
 Quhen conquest was the cite Arisban ;

Twa charis rych, or trestis quently fold,
 And twa gret talentis of the finast gold,

30

And eik the crafty ancyant flaconys two
 Quhilkis to me gave the Sydones Dido.

And gyf, certis, as victouris ws betydis
 To conquys Itale, as the fatis providis,
 Tharin to bruke the crown and ceptre wand,
 And to distribut the pray, as lord of land ;
 Beheld 3e nocht quhatkyn a cursour wyght,
 Quhou proud armour, weil gylt and burnyst brycht,
 That Turnus bair this 3ister nyght, quod he ?
 The sammyn scheyld, and helm with crestis thre
 Semyng of fyre all reide, and the ilk steid,
 Fra this sammyn hour, Nysus, sal be thy meid ; 10
 I sall thame sort fra all the remanent.

And forthir eik my fader, of his assent,
 Twelf chosin matronis sall 3ou geif all fre,
 To be 3our sclavis in captiuite,
 Wyth all thar chyldryng and thar haill ofspring,
 Thar moblys, catell, rentis, and armyng ;
 And eyk that feild and pryncipal peys of land,
 Quhilk kyng Latynus hes now in his hand.
 And O thou wirschipfull 3ong child, quhais age
 Is to my 3outhheid in the nerrest stage, 20
 With all my hart I the ressaue evin heyr,
 In all cacis as tendir fallow and feyr.
 But the, na gloriis act in my materis
 Sal be exercyt, nother in peys nor weris :
 In euery thing, baith into word and deyd,
 The maist traist sal be geif the for thy meid.

Eurialus maid this answeyr for his syde :
 That day sal neuer cum, nor tyme betyde,
 For my defalt onworthy sall I be
 For tyll attene sa soverane dignite. 30
 Lat fortoun send ws gude luk, gif scho lyst,
 Or mysaventour, I sal do my best :

Eurialus
 kyndly
 affectyon
 toward hys
 parentis.

Lo, this is all, na mayr I may promyt.
 Bot, abuf all thingis, a gift grant me zit,
 That I beseik the oft and monyfald :
 Ane moder, cuming of Priamus blude of auld,
 Within this toun I haue, quhilk silly wyfe,
 Me for to follow nocht comptand hir lyfe,
 The realm of Troy mycht nocht withhald, said he,
 Nor zit in Secil Acestes fayr cite.
 Now hir I leif onhalsyt as I ryde,
 Of this danger, quhat so evir betyde, 10
 All ignorant and wait no thyng, purr wyght :
 To wytnes draw I heyr this ilk gude nyght,
 And thi ryght hand, my lord and prince maiste hie,
 The wepand teris may I nocht suffyr nor se
 Of my deyr modir, nor that reuthful syght.
 Bot I beseik thy gentill hart of ryght
 For to comfort that cayrful creatur ;
 That desolat wyght to succur schaw thi cuir.
 Grant this a thyng, and suffyr that of the
 This a gude hop I bayr of toun wyth me ; 20
 And far the baldar, quhat so fortoun send,
 Ontill all dangeris glaidly sall I wend.

The Troianis all for reuth, at speke him heris,
 Smyte with compassioun, braistis furth of teris,
 With tender hartis menand Ewrialus.
 Bot principaly lusty Ascanyvs,
 The ymage of his faderly piete,
 Prent in hys mynde, hym strenis swa that he
 Wepand answeyrt, and said : my brother deir,
 I promys all thou desyris, out of weyr, 30
 For thy commancement and stowt begynnyng
 Is sa douchty I may the nyte na thing.

Forsuith this woman, quhat so evir scho be,
 Fra thyne fordwart sal moder be to me,
 Wanting na mayr of my moder, in plane,
 Alanerly bot Creusa hyr name ;
 And thus of sik a byrth na litill blys
 Sall hyr betyde, quhou eurir efter this
 The chans turnis, oulder to weyll or wo.
 Be this ilk heid I swere to the also,
 By quhilk my fader wont was for to swere,
 All that I haue onto the promist heyr, 10
 Gyf thou returnis in prosperite ;
 Failzeand tharof, as Jove defend swa be,
 To thy moder and onto thy kynreid
 Sall fully bene obseruit, in thy sted.

Thus sayd he wepand ; and tharwith alsua
 Hys giltin swerd he hynt his schuldris fra,
 Quham wonder craftelye in the land of Creyt
 Lycaon forgit had, and wrocht it meyt
 Within a burnist scheith of evor bone ;
 Thame baith togiddir he gaue Eurill onone. . 20
 Syne Mnestheus a bustuus lion skyn,
 That rouch and weirlyke tawbart na thing thyn,
 To Nisus gave ; and the traste Alethys
 With hym hes helmys cossyt, and gaue him his.

CAP. VI.

*Furth haldis Nysus and Eurillius baith tway,
 And huge slauchter thai haue maid be the way.*

Onon thai held enarmyt furth thar way :
 Quham all the nobillis zong and ald, perfay,

Convoyit to the portis, na thyng fayne,
 Prayand full oft Jove bring thame weil agane.
 Bot principaly the fresche Ascanyus zing,
 Abuse all vtheris in his commonyng
 Schawand the wysdome, consait, and forsycht
 Of agit men, and eik the curage wycht,
 Gave thame feyll chargis and commandmentis
 To beyr his fader, tuicheand his ententis :
 Bot with the wynd thai skatterit war on raw,
 And all for nocht among the clowdis flaw. 10

Furth ischit thay, and by the fouseis wentis
 In silence of the dyrk nycht amangis the tentis
 And perellus pailzeonys, to thame ennemy,
 Thai entrit ar, and caught gret harm tharby :
 Bot netheles, or ony skaith thai hynt,
 The deyd of mony was thar douchty dynt.

Apon the gyrs, ourset with sleip and wyne,
 Fordoveryt, fallyn down als drunk as swyne,
 The bodeis of Rutilianys heyr and thar
 Thai dyd persauē ; and by the coist alquhayr 20

Dronkinnes
 is not meit
 for men of
 war.

The cartis stand with lymowris bendyt strek,
 The men lyggyng, the hamis about thar nek,
 Or than amangis the quhelis and the thetis ;
 All sammyn lay thar armour, wyne, and metis,
 Baith men and cartis mydillyt all our ane.

With ane bays voce thus Nisus spak agane :
 Eurialus, the mater now thus standis,
 For to be stout and forey of our handis.

Thys is our passage, quhilk way we mon wend :
 Thy part sal be to kepe and to defend 30
 That nane onset cum on ws at the bak ;
 Spy far about, tharto gude tent thou tak.

I sall befoir mak voyd passage and way,
 And the convoy throu a large streyt away.
 Rehersand this, onon he held hym clos,
 So that na' noys mycht thar be hard or voce :
 And tharwyth eyk wyth drawin swerd in pres
 He can assail the pompus Rhamnetes,
 Quhilk lay, perceace, slepand soft and sound
 On proud tapetis spred apou the ground.
 A king he was, and a spaman, suyth to sane,
 To Turnus king maist traist auguryane : 10
 Bot wyth his diuinatioun nor augury
 The trake of deid ne cowth he nocht put by.
 Thre of his seruandis, that fast by hym lay,
 Ful raklesly he kyllyt, allthocht thai
 Amang thar speris lygging war in feir ;
 And quellyt ane to Remus was squyer.
 The cartayr syne, lygging apou the streyt,
 He hynt anon amang the horssis feyt,
 And wyth his swerd his nek, hyngand on syde,
 In tuane hes hakkyt ; and the sammyn tyde 20
 Thar lordis hed, I meyn this said Rhamneyt,
 Off smytis he, quhill all the bed wolx weyt :
 Lyke a ded stok the corps wantand the hed
 Lay bullerand, al besprent with sprayngis red,
 And als the erth grew warm with teppit blude.
 Attour he stekyt hes eik, quhayr he stude,
 Twa forey men, Lamus and Lamyryus,
 And als the lykly zong child, Serranus,
 That all the fornycht in ryot and in play
 Had spendit as he lyst, and now he lay 30
 Wyth membris strekyt, and plesand vyssage brycht,
 Ourset with god Bachus mekle of mycht :

Ful happy and weill fortunat had he be,
 In sport and gam on the sam wys gif he
 All the remanent of that nycht had spent,
 Quhil the lycht day, and till hym self tane tent.
 Lyke as the empty lioun, lang onfed,
 Be nychtis tyde quhen all folk sleip in bed,
 Trubland the fald full of sylly schep,
 The wod rage of his hungeir is so deip
 That he constrenyt is sik wys to fayr ;
 He rifis and he harlis heyr and thayr 10
 The tendir beistis, that for awfull feyr
 Of hys presens dar nother bleyt nor steyr ;
 He rummis with bludy mouth and brayis.
 So dyd Ewrilly, and none vther ways,
 And na les slauchtyr maid he in the plane,
 Of ire inflambyt in his wod brane.
 A multitude of commonys of byrth law,
 By quhilk ressoun thair namys ar onknaw,
 He ombeset and put to confusioun :
 And Fadus syne, with Hesebus dang he down, 20
 And Arabis also, onwarnystly ;
 And Rhetus eyk, lay walkand hard thaim by,
 Behaldand all thar sterage and deray,
 Bot, of the stout Ewrialus for affray,
 Behynd a wyne boyte or a pype hym hyd :
 Quhom Eurialus, as the cays betyd,
 Keppyt on hys swerdis poynt, that all the blaid
 Hyd in hys cost vp to the hyltis glaid :
 To deid he duschis doun bath styf and cald,
 And vp the purpoure spreit of lyf he 3ald, 30
 And blude and wyne mixt he can furth schaw,
 At he last drank owt 3iskis in the deyd thraw.

And, by sik slycht, full brym thus he enforcis
 To mak huge slauchtir of onweildy corpcis,
 Etlyng wychtly to the nixt stude fast by.
 Thayr as Mesapus feris all did ly,
 And the last fyris almaiste quynchit out,
 The hors, per ordour, tyit weill about,
 Etand thar meit he mycht behald and se :
 Quham schortly Nysus bad ses and lat be ;
 For he persauyt Eurialus by his feris
 Had our gret lust to slauchtyr, and dangeris 10
 Persauyt nocht quhilkis war apperand eft.
 Desyst, quod he, this mater mon be left,
 For the day lycht, quhilk is to ws onfrend,
 Approchis neyr, we may na langar lend.
 Gret harm is done, aneuch of blude is sched,
 Throw out our fays a patent way is red.

And sayand thus, thai sped thaim on thar way.
 Behind thame, for vptakyng quhayr it lay,
 Mony brycht armour rychly dycht thai left ;
 Coupis and goblettis forgit fare, and beft 20
 Of massy syluer, lyand heir and thare ;
 Prowd tapystry, and mekle precius ware :
 Salf that Eurialus with him tursyt away
 The rial trappouris, and myghty patrellis gay,
 Quhilkis war Rhamnetes stedis harnyssing ;
 And, for the mair remembrance in takynning,
 Ane rich tische or belt hynt he syne,
 The pendentis wrocht of burnyst gold maiste fyne,
 Quhilk gyrdyll ane Cedieus, that was than
 Duryng his tyme ane the myghtyest man, 30
 Bereft a strang Rutiliane, as thai tell,
 Quham he venquest in singular batell,

And send it syne to ane Remulus hes he,
 That duik was of the Tyburtyne cite,
 In sing of frendschip and ferm acquaintans ;
 Thus athyr absent jonit allyans.
 Syne this ilk prynce, into hys legacy,
 That tyme apoun hys deid bed dyd he ly,
 This gyrdill left to zongar Remulus,
 Hys tendyr nevo, that is heyr slane thus.
 Euryll as said is, hes this jowell hynt,
 About his sydis it brasing, or he stynt ; 10
 Bot all for nocht, suppos the gold dyd gleyt.
 Mesapus helm syne, for hym wondir meyt,
 With schynand tymbret and with crestis hie,
 Apon hys hed onon buklyt hes he.
 Furth of the tentis wyth this bownit thai,
 And fra thar fays held the sovyr way.

CAP. VII.

*Quhow capitane Volscens, cumand Turnus till,
 Recontrit Nysus and hys fallow Ewriill.*

In the meyn tyme, as this vther army
 Thus at the sege gan in the feildis ly,
 From Lawrentum, kyng Latinus cite,
 War horsmen sent to Turnus, for to se 20
 Quhat he plesyt, and the kingis entent
 Tyll him to schaw. Thre hundreth men furth went
 With scheild on schuldir vndre capitane Volscens
 And be this cummyn war to the distens

Neir to thar ost ; and, as the cace did fall,
 Thai held fast vnder this new cite wall,
 Quhar as on far towart the left hand thai
 Turnand thar cours bakwart persauyt tway :
 For the brycht helm in twynkland sterny nycht
 Mythis Eurilly with bemys schynand lycht,
 Quhilk he, onwar, persauyt nocht, allace !
 And as thai scars war thus aspyit on cace,
 Volscens the capytane, from amid his rowt,
 Said, stand fallowis ! and cryis with a schout : 10
 Quhat is the caus of 3our cumming, sayd he,
 That rydis thus enarmyt ? quhat 3e be,
 And quhidder ar 3e boun, 3e schaw ws plane.
 The tother twa maid nane ansuer agane ;
 Bot in the woddis hyis at the flycht,
 Assurit gretly in dyrknes of the nycht.
 The horsmen than prekis, and fast furth sprentis
 To weil beknawin pethis, and turnys wentis
 Baith heyr and thar ; sone ombeset haue thai
 The outgatis all, thai suld nocht wyn away. 20
 The wod was large, and rouch of buskis ronk,
 And of the blak ayk schaddowis dym and donk,
 Of breris ful, and thyk thorn ronnis stent ;
 Skarsly a strait rod or dern narrow went
 Thayrin mycht fundin be that men mycht pas,
 Quharthrou Eurialus gretly cummerryt was.
 Quhat for myrknes, thik buskis, branche, and breyr,
 And wecht also of the new spulzeit geyr,
 Thayrto the hasty onset and affray
 Mayd hym gang will in the onknawin way. 30
 Nisus was went, and by this chapyt cleir
 His ennemys, onwar quhar was his feyr :

And as he stude at that steid, eftyr syne
 From Alba cite clepit was Albyne,
 Quhayr, for the tyme, this forsaid Latyn king
 His hors at pastuir held in stabillyng,
 He blent abowt to se hys frend so deyr,
 Bot all for nocht, thar was na man hym neyr.
 Ewrill, quod he, allace onhappely
 In quhat part of this land the left haue I?
 Or quhar sall I the seyke? O wailaway!
 Tharwyth this ilk wilsum perplexit way 10
 Bakwart he held, euery futstep agane,
 Throw the dern wod dyssaitfull and onplane,
 Quhyll, at the last, amang rank buskis he
 Erryt by the way, becaus he myght nocht se.
 The hors stamping and the dyn he heris,
 The wordis and the takynnis come to hys eris
 Of thame quhilk persewyt hym at the bak.
 A litil space eftyr tent gan he tak,
 And hard a scry : harknand quhat that suld be,
 Eurilly takin in handys did he se ; 20
 Quham the dissaitfull onbekend dern way,
 The myrk nycht, and the haisty doutsum fray
 Betrasit had, that all the mekill rout,
 Or he was war, hym loukyt round about.
 Full gret debayt he mayd, as that he mocht ;
 Ourset he was, defens was all for nocht.

Quhat mycht than silly Nisus do or say?
 Be quhat fors or wappynnis dar he assay
 For to deliuer his tendir cousyng deir?
 Suld he or nocht aventour hym self heyr, 30
 And rusche amynd hys ennemys in that steid,
 To procur in haist by woundis ane honest deid?

Vprasis he onon hys arm bakwart,
 To thraw a gevilling, or a casting dart,
 And, lukand vpwart towart the cleyr mone,
 With afald voce thus wys he maid hys bone :
 O Latonya, Goddes of mekle mycht,
 Mastres of woddis, beute of sternis brycht,
 Be thou present, and send me thi supple,
 Addres my wark, be directrix, said he.
 Gif euer that Hirtacus, my fader deyr,
 Offerit for me sum gyft at thy alter ; 10
 Or gif that I of my huntyng and pray
 Eikyt thy honour ony manneir of way,
 Or, at thy standart knoppyt post of tre,
 Thy haly tempyllis rufe, or balkis hie,
 Gif evir I hung or fixit ony thing,
 Wild beystis hed, wapynnys, or armyng ;
 Thoil me to trubble this gret rout of men,
 Do dres my dartis in this wilsum den,
 So that my schote and myssour may go rycht
 Throw the dyrk ayr and silens of the nycht. 20
 Thus sayand, with all fors of his body
 The gronden dart he leyt do glyde in hy.
 The fleand schaft the nycht schaddoys devidis,
 And rycht forgane hym on the tother sydis
 It smate Sulmonys scheild, hang on his bak,
 Quhayrin the querral all in schundir brak ;
 Bot with the dynt the rynde is revin sua,
 Hys hart pipis the scharp hed persyt in tua.
 Down duschis he in deyde thraw all forlost,
 The warm blude furth bokkand of his cost, 30
 And for the cald of deid his lungis lap,
 With sobbis deyp blawis wyth mony clap.

Hys feris lukis about on euery side,
 To se quhayrfra the grundyn dart dyd glyde.
 But lo, as thai thus wondrit in effray,
 Thys ilk Nisus, worthin provd and gay,
 And baldar of this chance swa wyth hym gone,
 Ane other takyll assayit he anon,
 And with a sownd smate Tagus, but remeid,
 Throu athir part or tymplis of his heyd ;
 In the harn pan the schaft he hes affixt,
 Quhill blude and brane al togidder mixt. 10
 The felloun capitane, Volscens, neir wod wendis,
 Seand na man quham of to get amendis :
 He mycht do stanche his ire, and syth his thoct,
 For quha that threw the dartis saw he nocht.
 Thou, nocht the les, quod he, that standis by,
 Wyth thy hayt blude for baith twa sal aby
 The pane for this myscheyf ; and, with that word,
 He ran upon Eurill with drawin sword.

Than Nisus, dreidand for his fallow kynd,
 Begouth to cry, all wod and out of mynd, 20
 Nor na langar in dern hym hyde he mycht,
 Nor of his freind behald sua reuthfull syght.
 Me, me, 3e sla ; lo, I am heyr, he sayd,
 That did the dede ; turn hidder in me 3our blayd
 And swerdis all, O 3e Rutilianis !
 All be my slycht now 3our feris slane is :
 That silly innocent creatur so 3yng
 Myght, nor 3it durst, on hand tak sic a thing :
 Be hevynnish hie, and all the sternis, I sweyr,
 That ws behaldis with thar bemis cleyr. 30
 Sik wordis said he : for on sic manneyr,
 And sa strangly, his freind and fallow deyr

A notable
 exampyl of
 loue and
 freyndschip
 quhar Nisus
 offeris him-
 self for his
 freind.

Eurialus
slane by
Volsceens.

That sa myschancy was, belovedt he,
That rathyr for his lyfe him self lyst de.
Bot thar was na remedy nor abayd :
The swerd, wyghtly stokit, or than was glaid
Throu owt hys cost : allace, the harmis smart !
That mylk quhyte breist is persyt to the hart.
Down ded ruschit Eurialus rycht thar,
The blude bruschand outour his body fair,
And on hys elbok lenand a litill on wry,
Hys hed and hals bowys he hevely. 10
Lyke as the purpour flour in fur or seuch,
His stalk in two smyt newly wyth the pleuch,
Dwynis away, as it doith faid or de ;
Or as the chesbow heidis oft we se
Bow down thar knoppis, sowpit on thar grane,
Quhen thai be chargyt with the hevvy rane.

Bot Nysus than ruschyt amynd the rout,
Amangis thame all seikand Volsceens the stout,
And on Volsceens alanerly arestis,
Thocht round about with ennemys he prest is, 20
Quhilk heir and thar anon at euery syde
Hym ombeset with workand woundis wyde.
Bot netheles thame stoutly he assalit,
Nocht amovit, as na thing him had alit :
And euer his schynand swerd about him swang,
Quhil at the last in Volsceens mouth he thrang,
As he, forgane him standand, cryit and gapyt.
Alace, quhat reuth was it he nocht eschapyt !
For he deand bireft his fa the lyfe ;
Stekit and hurt sa oft with speyr and knyfe, 30
Fell down abuf his frendis deid body,
Quhar best hym likyt deid to rest and ly.

O happy baith, O fortunat and ding !
 Gif myne endyt or style may ony thing,
 Nevir day nor proces of tyme sal betyde,
 That 3our renown sal owt of memor slyde,
 Quhil the famyl and ofspring of Enee
 The stane immovable of the Capitolie
 Inhabitis, and sa lang as Romanis bald
 The monarchy of the empyre sal hald.

A commend-
 ation of
 Nisus and
 Eurlalus.

The schameful victouris, thir Rutilyanis,
 The pray and spreth, and other geir that ganis, 10
 Joysing but obstakle, Volscens deid body
 Onto the tentis wepand bayr in hy.
 And na les murnyng hard thai in that steid
 For Rhamnetes, fund hedles, pail, and deid,
 Togidder wyth sa mony capitanis,
 And gret herys so wrachitly as slane is ;
 Serranus 3ing, and the gentill Numa,
 And nobill corpsis brytnyt mony ma.
 Gret pres flokkit to se the bodeis schent,
 Sum men 3it thrawand half deid on the bent ; 20
 Of recent slauchtir and the hait effray
 The feild about all warmit quhair thai lay,
 That all with spait was blandyt and on flude
 In bullerand stremis of the fomy blude.
 The spulze led away was knaw full rycht ;
 Mesapus rich hewmet schynand brycht,
 The goldyn gyrdyll, and trappouris proudly wrocht,
 With mekle swete and laubour agane brocht.

CAP. VIII.

*Eurillus moder hir sonnis deid bewalis,
And quhou Rutilianis the cyte first assalis.*

Be this Aurora, levand the safron bed
 Of hyr lord Tithone, had the erd ourspred
 Wyth new cleyrnes, and the son scheyn
 Begouth defund hys bemis on the greyn,
 That euery thing worth patent in the lycht.
 Turnus, enarmyt as ane douchty knycht,
 Tyll armis steris euery man about,
 In plait and maill full mony forey rout
 Provocand to the bargane and assay :
 Ilk capytane hys folkis settis in array, 10
 And gan thar curage kendyll in ire to fyght,
 Be schamefull murmur of this zister nycht.
 And forthir eyk, ane miserable thing to se,
 Eurill and Nisus hedis, on speris hie
 Fixit, thai rasyt haldand to the wall,
 Wyth huge clamour following ane and all.
 The forey and the stowt Eneadanys,
 That for the tyme in this cite remanys,
 The bront and fors of thar army that tyde
 Endlang the wallis set on the left syde ; 20
 For on the rycht hand closit the river ;
 Thai held the fairfront quhair thar was dangeyr,
 Kepand the braid fouseis and touris hie :
 And as thai stand ful dolorusly, thai se
 The twa hedis stikkand on the speris,
 A miserable sycht, allace ! onto thar feris ;

Thayr facis war our weyl bekend, baith tua,
The blayknyt deidly blude droppand tharfra.

In the meyn quhille, throu the dreery cite
The weyngit messengeir, Fame, did swyftly fle,
And slippand come to thy moder, Ewrilly.
'Than suddanly that wrachyt wyght onsilly
Al pail become, as na blude in hyr left,
The naturall heyt was from the banis rest.
Furth of hyr hand the spynnand quheyl smate sche,
The 3arn clewis, spyndill, and broche of tre 10
All swakkyt our, and full onhappely
Furth fleis scho wyth mony schout and cry,
Wyth weping, and with wyfly womenting,
Ryvand hyr haris, to the wallis can thring,
All wod enragit, and wyth a spedy pays
Did occupy tharon the formaste place,
Taikand nane hed, na 3it na maner schame,
Sua amangis men to ryn, and roup or rame.
Na maneir feyr of perrel seis sche,
Nor mynd of dartis cast that fast did fle. 20
And as that from the wall hyr sonniss heide,
Behaldis sche, wofull, and will of reide,
Wyth hyr peteus reuthfull complayntis sayr
The hevynniss all scho fillit and the ayr.

O my Ewrilly, lamentably scho cryis,
Sall I the se demanyt on sik wys ?
O thou, the lattyr quyety of myne age,
How mycht thou be sa cruell in thy rage
As me to leve on live, thus myne allane ?
O my maist tendir hart, quhar art thou gane ? 30
Na licens grantit was, nor tyme, ne space,
To me, thy wrachit moder, allace, aliace !

The moderis
lamentabyll
oracioun for
hir sonniss
deth.

Quhen thou thi self onto sik perellis set,
 That I wyth the mycht sa mekle laser get
 As for to tak my leif for evir and ay,
 Thi last regrait and quething wordis to say.
 Ichane, allace ! intill ane vncouth land,
 Nakyt and bayr thy fayr body on sand
 To foulis of reyf and savage doggis wild
 Sall ly as pray, myne awin deyr only chyld !
 Nor I, thy moder, laid not thy corps on beyr,
 Nor wyth my handis lowkyt thyne eyn so cleyr, 10
 Nor wysche thy wondis to reduce thy spreit,
 Nor dressit the in thy lettir clathis meyt,
 The quhilkis I wrocht, God wayt, to mak the gay,
 Full byssely spynnand baith nycht and day ;
 And wyth sic wobbis and wark, for the, my page,
 I comfort me in myne onwyldy age,
 And irkyt nocht to laubour for thy saike.
 Quhar sall I seik the now ? allake, allaike !
 Or in quhat land lysis now, maglit and schent,
 Thy fair body, and membris tyrvit and rent ? 20
 O deyr son myne, O tendir get, quod sche,
 Is this the comfort at thou dois to me,
 Quhilk hes the followit baith our seis and landis ?
 O 3e Rutilianis, steyk me with 3our brandis ;
 Gyf thar be reuth or piete in 3our banis,
 Do swak at me 3our dartis all atanis :
 Wyth 3our wapynnis first 3e sall me sla.
 O thou gret fader of Goddis, can scho say,
 Haue reuth apon me, wrach of wrachis all,
 And on my cative hed thou lat down fall 30
 Thy thundris dynt of wyldfyre fra the hevin,
 Law vndre hell tharwyth to smyte me evin ;

Sen that this langsum cruel life I ne may
 Consume nor ending be nane vther way.

Wyth this regrait the Troiane myndis all
 War smyte wyth reuth : endlang the large wall
 The duyfull murnyng went and womenting.
 Thar hie curage, to tel a wonder thing,
 That oneffrayit was batale to sustene,
 Wolx dolf and dull the petuus sycht to sene.
 Bot as scho thus kyndillis sorow and wo,
 Ane Ideus, and Actor, Troianis two, 10
 At the command of Illyoneus past,
 And 3yng Ascanyus wepand wondir fast,
 And hynt hir vp betwix thar armis squayr ;
 Syne hamewart to hir lugeing thai hyr bayr.

Bot than the trumpettis weirly blastis aboundis,
 Wyth terribill brag of brasin bludy soundis ;
 The skry, the clamour, followis the ost wythin,
 Quhill all the hevynnis bemyt of the dyn.
 The Volscenaris assemblit in a sop,
 To fyll the fowseis and the wallis to slop, 20
 All sammyn haistand wyth a pavis of tre
 Hesit togidder abuf thar heidis hie ;
 Sa sairly knyht that maner embuchement
 Semyt to be a clos.volt quhar thai went.
 Ane other sort pressit to haue entre,
 And clym the wallis wyth ledderris large and hie,
 Quhayr as the army of the Troiane syde
 Was thynnest scatterryt on the wallis wyde,
 And brycht arrayit cumpany of the men
 War divydit or sloppit, at thai mycht ken 30
 The weyrmen nocht sa thyk in sik a place.
 Bot the Troianis, that oft in sik lyke cace

The
 Rutulians
 inuadis
 the toure.

The Troyanis
defendis
the toune.

Be lang vsage of weyr war lernyt and kend
 Quhou thai thar toun and wallis suld defend,
 All kynd of wapynnys and dartis at thame slyngis,
 And dang thame down with pikkis and poyntit styngis;
 Down welting eik of huge wecht gret stanys,
 Be ony way gif tharby for the nanys
 Thai mycht on fors dissevyr that punze,
 Quhilk thaim assalzeit thekyt with pavys hie :
 For weyll thai knew thar fays al maneir of tene
 Vndir that volt of targis myght sustene, 10
 Sa lang as thai sammyn vnsyverit war.
 Bot now thai mycht thar ordour hald na mar :
 For the Troianis, or evyr thai wald ces,
 Thar as the thickest rowt was and maist pres,
 Ane huge wecht or heipe of mekle stanis
 Ruschis and weltis down on thame atanis,
 That diuers of Rutilianis lay thar vndyr ;
 The laif skalit on breyde ; brok was in sondir
 The covertouris and ordinance of thar scheyldis.
 Fra thens, the hardy Rutilianis in the feyldis 20
 Pressyt na mar in hydlys for to fyght,
 Bot thame enforcis now wyth all thar myght,
 With ganzeis, arrowys, and wyth dartis sling,
 Thar famen from the wallys for to ding.
 And at ane other syde with felloun feyr,
 Mezenthus the grym, apon a speyr,
 Or heich sting or stour of the fyr tre,
 The blak fyre blesis of reik inswakkis he :
 And Mesapus, the danter of the horssys,
 Neptunus son, with his menze enforcis 30
 To vndermynd the dike and rent the pail ;
 Leddyris he askis the wallis to assaill.

CAP. IX.

*Quhow Turnus set the 3et tour into fyre,
And maid gret slauchter of Troianis in his ire.*

Calliope, and O 3e Musis all,
Inspire me tyll endyte : on 3ou I call
To schaw quhat slauchter and occisioun,
Quhow feyll corpsis thar war brytnyt doun
By Turnus wapynniss and his dartis fell ;
Quham euery man kyllit and send to hell :
Help and assist to revolve heyr with me
The extreme dangeris of that gret melle.
3e blissit wightis, forsuyth, ramembris weyll
Syk thingis, and quhar 3ou lyst may reveill. 10
Thair stude a tour of tre, huge of hyght,
With batelling and kyrnellis all at ryght,
Set in ane neydfull place neir by the 3et,
Quham to assail3e, ourcum, and down bet,
Wyth hail pyssance all the Italianis
At vtir power ombeset atanis :
And by the contrar, on the toder syde
All kynd defencis can Troianis provyde ;
Threw stanis down, and schyllis heyr and thar,
At euery part or oppyn fynistar 20
The grundin dartis leyt down fle thikfald.
Turnus the prince, at was baith darf and bald,
Ane byrnand bleys leyt at the fortres glyde,
And festynit the fyre hard to the towris syde,
Quhilk with the windis blast, thar as it stak,
Vpblesit in the burdis and the thak,

Turnus
byrnis
the tour
and slayis
mony
pepyl.

And spreddis wide amangis the geistis gret ;
 The byrnand low consumit all throu het.
 Within thai schuddrit for the fell affray ;
 Bot all for nocht to pres to wyn away,
 Na laser was the dangyr to eschape :
 For as thai ran abak, and can thame schaip
 For till wythdraw towart the toder syde
 Quhayr as the fyre was nocht 3it ouerglyde,
 And hurlyt all togidder in a hepe,
 Tho wyth thar swechtis, as thai reyll and leipe, 10
 The byrnand towyr doun rollis with a rusche,
 Quhill all the hevynnis dyndlit of the dusch.
 Down weltis the men half deid wyth brokin banis ;
 The huge heip thaim followit all atanis,
 On thair awin wapynnis stikkand he and he.
 Sum stekyt throu the cost with spilis of tre
 Lay gaspand, of thame all that scarsly tuay,
 Ane Helenor, and Lycus, gat away,
 Of quhom the formaist, this ilk Helenor,
 Now in his florist 3outh, was get and boyr 20
 Betwix Meonyus kyng, in privite,
 And Lycynya the bond wench wondir sle,
 Quhilk hym to Troy had send that hyndyr 3eyr,
 Onkend, in armour forbodin for weyr ;
 Delyver he was wyth drawin swerd in hand,
 And quhite targat, onsemly and onfarrand.
 This Helenor, seand hym self in dout
 Amyd thousandis enarmyt of Turnus rout,
 Behaldand graithly apoun athyr hand
 Arrayt ostis of Latyn pepill stand ; 30
 Lyke the wyld ragit best, quham huntaris stout
 Hes ombeset wyth thik range all about,

Seand be na meyn that scho mycht evayd,
 Apon the wapynniss rynniss with a braid,
 Slyppis hir self, and with gret fors hyr beris
 Apoun the poyntis of the huntyng speris ;
 Nane othir wys, this ilk zong Helenor,
 Thus ombeset behind and als befor,
 Amyd his fays ruschlys reddy to de ;
 Quhayr thikkest was the pres thar etlis he,
 Quhilkis, but abaid, alssone hes hym slane
 As spark of gleid wald in the sey remane. 10
 Bot Lycus, spedyar far on fute than he,
 Throu out the ostis and armyt men can fle,
 And to the wallis wan, and vp on hycht
 Enforeis hym to clym with all hys mycht,
 And for to gryp sum of his feris handis :
 Quham Turnus, lantsand lychtly our the landis,
 With speir in hand persewys for to spill,
 And quhen he has ourtayne hym at his will,
 Thus dyd hym chyde : O captive rakles knaip,
 Quhat wenyth thou our handis to eschaip ? 20
 And tharwyth drew hym doun, quhair he did hing,
 And of the wall a gret part with hym bring.
 Lyke as the egill, Jovis squyer, straucht
 Within hys bowand clukis had vp clawcht
 A zong signet, or quhite swan, or a hayr,
 Tharwith resursyng heich vp in the ayr ;
 Or as a ravanus bludy wolf throu slycht
 Hyntis in his gowl, furth of the fald be nycht,
 The litill tendyr kyd, or the zong lam,
 With feyll bletingis socht by the gait, hir dam. 30
 Rutilianis throu joy than rasyt a schowt,
 And fast invadis the cite all about ;

With hepis of erd the fousy do thai fyll :
 Sum otheris presit with schydis and mony a schyll
 The fyre blesys abowt the ruf to slyng.
 Bot Ilioneus that tyme dyd doun dyng
 With a gret quhyn, or roch of cragy stone,
 Ane Lucetyus, and brak hys nek bone,
 As that he did approche towart the 3et,
 The hait flammis of fyre tharin to set :
 Liger a Troiane from the wall also
 Doun bet a Rutiliane hecht Emathio ; 10
 A Phrigiane eik, Asylas, stern and stowt,
 All tofruschit Choryneus withowt,
 Quhilk was in dartis castyng wonder sle ;
 On far to schute scharp flanys and lat fle
 Nane mar expert than this Emathio.
 Ceneus ourquhelmyt Ortygius also ;
 And this Ceneus, quhilk than gat the mastery,
 Belyfe Turnus with a dart deid gart ly :
 And down dingis also this ilk Turnus
 Ithis, Clonyus, and eik Dioxippus, 20
 Promulus als, and bustuus Sagaras,
 And syne the huge big Troiane, hait Idas,
 Standand for to defend the towris hie.
 Capis, a Troiane, bet doun Priverne,
 Quham Themyllas with a scharp casting dart
 Had newly hurt and wondit in sum part ;
 And he his hand plat to the wound in hy,
 Hys schield besyde hym swakkand fulyschly,
 So that the fedderyt arrow furth dyd glyde,
 And nalyt hys hand plat to the left syde : 30
 The schaft and heyd remanyt in his cost,
 Be deidly wound the lyfe thus hes he lost.

Arcens, Arcentis son, stude on the wall,
 In brycht armour ful semly schynand all,
 His mantyll of the purpour Iberyne,
 With neydyll work brusit rych and fyne,
 Of vissage was he plesand for to se ;
 His fader Arcens send hym wyth Enee :
 Fosterit he was and vpbrocht tendirly
 Wythin his moderis hallowit schaw, fast by
 The flude Symethus into Sycill land,
 Quhar as the plentuus fat altar dyd stand 10
 Of the placabill Goddis, Palycy hecht.
 Ane gret staf slung, byrrand wyth felloun wecht,
 Hynt Mezentius ; hys scheild syne by hym lais ;
 The stringis thrys about his heid assayis,
 And this ilk Arcens standing hym forgane
 Hes smartly wyth a leiddin pellok slane :
 His harn pan and forheyd all to claif,
 Quhil at the leyd in sondir brok and raif,
 That he ourtumlys speldyt on the sand.
 Thus gret slauchter was mayd fra hand to hand. 20

CAP. X.

*Heir 3yng Ascanjus the strang Numanus slew,
 Quhilk wordis owtragyus to the Troianys schew.*

Ascanyus this ilk tyme, as is sayd,
 That wont was wyth his schot bot to invaid
 The wild bestis, quhilkis cowth do nocht bot fle,
 Fyrst heyr in bargane leyt swyft arrowis fle ;

Ascaneus
 fyrst feat
 in war.

And by hys handis slew strang Numanus,
 That was to surname clepit Remulus,
 Had laytly Turnus 3yngast sistir wed
 As for his spous, and brocht ontill his bed.
 This ilk Numanus Remulus, in that steyd,
 Befor the frontis of the batell 3eyd,
 Furth schawand mony diuers sawys seyr,
 Baith ganand and vnganand for to heyr ;
 Rycht proud and hely in his breist and hart
 That newlingis of the kynryk was a part 10
 To him befall, his gret estait this wys
 Woustand he schew wyth clamour and loud cryis :
 Aschame 3e nocht, Phrigianis, that twys taik is,
 To be inclosit amynd a fald of stakis,
 And be assegit agane sa oft sys
 With akyn spyllis and dikis on syk wys?
 Schame 3e nocht to prolong 3our lyvis ? said he.
 Thyр venquest cowart wuchtis behald and se,
 That dar our spousage into batale craif!
 Quhat wyld dotage so mayd 3our hedis raif? 20
 Or quhat onthrifty God in sic foly
 Hes 3ou bywavyt heyr till Italy ?
 Heir ar nocht the slaw weirmen Atrides,
 Nor the fen3ear of fayr speche Vlixes.
 Bot we, that bene a peple derf and dour
 Cumyn of kynd, as keyn men in a stour,
 Our 3ong chyldring, the fyrst tyme born thai ar,
 Onto the nixt rynnand flude we bayr,
 To hardin thar bodeis and to mak thame bald
 Wyth the chil frostis and the wattyr cald. 30
 Our chyldir 3yng excercis bissely
 Hunting wyth hundis, hornis, schout, and cry,

Wyld deyr throu out the woddis chais and mayt.
 To dant and reyn the horssis ayr and layt,
 That is thar game and sport thai hant on raw,
 Or wyth thar bowis schute, or dartis thraw.
 Our 3ong spryngaldis may all laubouris indur,
 Content of litell fude, I 3ou assur,
 Off 3outh thai be accustumat to be skant,
 The erd wyth plewch and harrowis for to dant,
 Or than in batal bettis citeis doun.
 In euery age wyth irne graith ar we bown, 10
 And passand by the plewys, for gad wandis,
 Broddis the oxin wyth speris in our handis.
 Nor 3it the slaw nor febill onweildy age
 May waik our spreit, nor mynys our curage,
 Nor of our strenth to altyr ocht or payr.
 The steyll helmys we thrist on hedis hayr ;
 Best likis ws all tyme to rug and reyf,
 To drive away the spreith, and tharon leyf.
 3our payntit habittis dois of purpour schyne ;
 3our hartis likis best, so I devyne, 20
 In idylnes to rest abuf al thing,
 To tak 3our lust, and go in carylling :
 3our cotis hes traland slevis our 3our handis,
 3our foly hattis trappouris and brasing bandis.
 O verray Phrygiane wyfis, dasyt wychtis !
 To call 3ou men of Troy that onrycht is ;
 3e be onworthy to sa hie style to clame.
 On Dyndyma top go, and walk at hame ;
 Quhayr as the quhissyll rendris soundis seyr,
 Wyth tympanis, tawbronis, 3e war wont to heyr, 30
 And bos schawmys of turnyt buschboun tre
 That grew in Birycentia montane hie,

Onto the moder of Ida dedicat,
 Callis eftyr 3ou to dans, and nocht debayt :
 3eld 3ou to men, and leyf al 3our armyng,
 Rendir 3our swerdis, and all wapynnys resyng.

Ascanyus 3yng, byrnand for propyr tene,
 Sa gret owtrage of wordis mycht not sustene,
 Herand sa hie avant of pompus pryde,
 And sik dispyt blawin out apon hys syde.

His bow with horsis sennonis bend hes he,
 Tharin a takyll set of sovyr tre,

10

And tasant vp his armys far in twyne,

Thus onto Jove lawly dyd begyne

To mak hys first petitioun and prayer :

Omnipotent hie Jupiter, me heir

Assist to this hardy commancement !

My self onto thy templis sal present

Solempnyt gyftis, maste gudly may be get,

And eik befor thyne alter sall I set

A 3ong bullok of cullour quhyte as snaw,

With goldin schakaris hys forheyd arrayit on raw ; 20

The beste sal be full tydy, tryg, and wucht,

With heyd equale tyll hys moder on hycht,

Can allreddy wyth hornis fuynd and put,

And sraip or skattyr the soft sand with his fut.

The fader of hevin acceptit hys prayer,

And, on that part quhar the lyft was maist cleyr,

Towart the left hand maid a thundyrring.

All sammyn soundyt the dedly bowis string ;

Quhyrrand smertly furth flaw the takyll tyte,

Quyte throw the heyd the Remulus dyd smyte ; 30

The grundin steyll outthrou his tympillis glayd.

Hald on thy ways in haist, Ascanyus sayd,

Ascaneus
 oratioun to
 Jupiter.

Thy self to loif, knak now scornfully
 Wyth prowde wordis all at standis by.
 Sik bodword heir the twys takyn Troianis
 Sendis for hansell to Rutilianis.

Thus far spekis Ascanyus, and na mayr ;
 Bot the Troianis rasyt a sery in the ayr
 With rerd and clamour of blithnes, man and boy,
 That to the sternis thar curage sprang for joy,
 Ascanyus extolland abuf the skyis.

And, as thai mak this ryot on sik wys, 10
 Down from the regioun of the hevin tho
 The brycht curland haryt Appollo,
 Apon a clowd syttand quhayr he wald,
 The ostis of Italianis can behald,
 And eyk new Troyis cite, with cheyr glayd
 Till Iulus the victor thus he sayd :

Apollo's
 exhortacion
 to Ascaneus.

Eik and continew thy new vailzeand deidis,
 Thou zong child ; for that is the way the ledis
 Vp to the sternis and the hevynnis hie,
 O thou verray Goddis ofspring, quod he, 20
 That sal engendir Goddis of thy seyde.
 In the, be verray resson and of neyd,
 All batalis, quhilkis by werd ar destinate
 Agane Assaracus hows to move debait,
 Sal be appasyt, and to quyet brocht.
 This litill town of Troy, that heir is wrocht,
 May nocht withhald the in sic boundis lyte.

And sayand thus, from the heich hevin als tyte
 Discendis he, movand the hailsum ayr,
 And to the chyld Ascanyus socht rycht thar : 30
 Hys figur changyt that tyme as he wald
 In lyknes of ane Butes, hayr and ald,

That pursevant tofor and squyer had be
 To Troiane Anchyses, fader of Enee,
 And traisty kepar of hys chalmyr dur ;
 Now had Ene commytt to hym the cur
 For till attend apon Ascanyus zing.
 Lyke to this ancyeut Butes in al thing
 Furth steppis Phebus, baith in voce and hew,
 Wyth lokkis quhyte, and armour na thing new,
 Rousty, and wyth a felloun sound clattring,
 And sic wordis spak to Iulus zing, 10
 That otherwys is hait Ascanyus,
 With ardent mynd of bargane desyrus :

Eneas verray douchty son and ayr,
 It may suffice, the nedis do na mayr,
 Sen, thou onhurt, wyth thy schote in this steid
 The strang Numanus thou hes dung to deyd :
 This first loving and eik renoune hie
 The souerane Apollo grantys the,
 Nor na disdene at the sal haue, suythly,
 To be hys peregall into archery. 20
 Leyf of my chyld, and of sic batale ces ;
 Na mair at this tyme ; draw the out of pres.

On this wys carpis the brycht Appollo,
 And in the myddis of his sermond tho
 He vanyst far away, I wait neuyr quhayr,
 Furth of this mortal sycht in the schire ayr.
 The nobillis, and the Troiane capitannis trew,
 Be thir takynnys the God Appollo knew,
 And hard hys arrowis clatterand in hys cace.
 Tharfor thai haue withdraw furth of that place 30
 Ascanyus, at brycht Phebus mychty charge,
 And wald no langar thoill hym go at large,

Allthocht to fecht he had desyre and joy ;
 Hame to hys innys did thai hym convoy :
 Syne to the bargane hes thame sped agane,
 In oppyn perrellis, dangeris, and all pane,
 Thar personis and thar livis for thar toun
 Offerand, and for defens maid thame boun.

CAP. XI.

*Quhou Pandarus and Bitias, brethir twane,
 Kest vp the zettis, and thar was Bytias slane.*

Endlang the wallis kyrnellis euery stand,
 The bruyt and clamour rais fra hand to hand ;
 Thayr bustuus bowys keynly do thai bend,
 Scharp querrellis and casting dartis furth send, 10
 Quhilk thai with lyamis and thwangis lang owt threw ;
 Sa thik the genzeis and the flanis flew,
 That of schaftis and takyllis all the feildis
 War strowit, and the large planis ourheldis.
 On bos helmys and scheildis the weyrly schot
 Maid rap for rap, reboundand wyth ilk stot.
 Scharp and awfull inccessis the bargane,
 Als violent as eyr the zet doun rane
 Furth of the west dois smyte upon the wald,
 In October, quhen the twa sternis cald, 20
 That clepyt beyn the Kyddis, first vpspringis ;
 And als thik as the hail schour hoppis and dingis
 In furdys schald, and brays heyr and thair,
 Quhen trublit beyn the hevynniss and the ayr

The hystory
of Pandarus
and Bitias.

With stormy tempest and the northyn blastis,
Quhill clowdis clatteris, and all the lyft ourcastis.

Pandarus and Bitias, twa brethir germane,

By Alcanor engendrit, that Troiane,

Quham Hybera, the wild foresteres knaw,

Bred and vpbrocht in Jovys haly schaw,

Sa big 3ong men thai war, sa gret and wycht,

That equale semyt thame to be of hycht

With fyr treis of thar landis and hyllis ;

And tharto eik sa egyr of thar wyllis

10

At thai the port, quhilk be Eneas charge

Was commandit to kepe stekit, all at large

Has warpyt oppin on breid to the wall,

And baldly dyd thar fais clepe and call

To enter, gyf thay durst, and thaim assay :

Sa gret confidens in thar fors had thai.

And thai within stude by the 3et, that tyde,

Quhilk oppin was on the richt and left syde,

As thai had towris bene baith gret and squayr,

Enarmyt wyth thar wapynnys brycht and bayr,

20

The hie tymbrettis of thar helmis schane :

Like to behald as bustuus akis twane

Besyde the bene river Athesys grow,

Or flowand fludis bankis of the Pow,

Vpstrekand thar byg croppis to the ayr,

And onsned branchis wavand heyr and thayr.

Alsswith as the Rutylianys did se

The 3et oppyn, thai rusch to the entre :

Quercens formayst, and Equycoly,

A lusty knycht in armis rycht semly,

30

Wycht Tymarus, fers myndyt to assail,

And bald Hemon, wyth curage marcyall.

Bot thai wyth all thar complicis in fyght
 War dung abak, and constrenyt tak flyght,
 By Troiane routis, or than in that stryfe
 Quha that abaid lost in the port thar lyfe.
 Tho brymmar grew thar fers mudis within,
 So that the Troianis can flok and sammyn ryn
 Towart that place, and mayd felloun debayt;
 So bald thai wolx that in the plane gayt,
 Ischand without the portis on the land,
 Thai durst recontyr thar fays hand for hand. 10

A messyngeyr to Turnus come that tyde,
 That wondir fersly at ane othir syde
 The town assailzeis; and thar he til hym schew
 Quhat hait slauchtyr his fais mayd of new,
 And sik a port had all wyde oppin set.
 His first purpos he left, and to that zet,
 With felloun ire movyt, furth sprent he tho,
 Towart the Troianis and prowde brethyr two:
 And first hes slane byg Antyphates,
 That him on cace met formest in the pres, 20
 Son to the bustuus nobill Sarpedon,
 In purches get a Thebane wenche apon:
 Hym smate he down with the cast of a dart;
 The fleand shaft Italian to his hart
 Glydand, throw owt the schyre ayr duschit sone,
 The stomok persyt, and in the cost is done.
 The how cavern of his wond a flude
 Furth bruschet of the blaknyt deydly blude;
 So deip the grundin steyll heyde owt of sycht is,
 Ful hait and warm it festnyt in his lychtis. 30
 Syne Meropes and Erymanthus he
 And Aphydnus slew with his hand al thre;

And eftir that, with a stern mynd full tene,
 Slew Bytias, for al his glowrand ene :
 Bot that was nother with dart, swerd, nor knyfe ;
 For na sik wapyn mycht him haue reft the lyfe ;
 Bot wyth ane hydduus byssand fyry speyr,
 That clepyt is Phalarica in weyr,
 Quhilk with sa vehement fors this Turnus threw
 That as the thundris dynt at hym it flew :
 Quham nowder scheild of twa bull hydys thyk,
 Nor 3it the dowbyll malyt traste hawbryk, 10
 All gylt wyth gold, mycht it resyst nor stynt :
 The bustuus body down duschyt with the dynt,
 Quhil all the erd to granyt with a rattill ;
 The hydduus scheild abufe him mayd a brattyll :
 Lyke as the hie pillar of marbill stone
 Standand apou the cost Euboycon,
 Vmquhile besyde Bayis, the rych cite,
 With gryslly swouch down duschit in the see ;
 Quhilk was of auld of massy stanys a byng,
 And by the fludis sik wys doun was dyng, 20
 Hys fall drew down the cite quhayr it stude,
 And ruschit in a fer way in the flude :
 The seys mixt ourran, and all ourheyd
 Blak slyke and sand vp popyllit in the sted ;
 Quhyll of the feyrfull sovnd the ilandis tua
 Trymblyt, Inaryme, and eyk Prochita ;
 Quhilk Inaryme, at Jupiteris command,
 Full hard bed is to Typhesus the gyand.

At this tyme Mars, the God armypotent,
 Eikit the Latynis fors and hardiment, 30
 With felloun ire prikland so thar myndis,
 That as hym lyst he turnys so and wyndis ;

And makis the Troianys tak the flycht gud speid,
 On them he kest sik feyr and schamfull dreid.
 The Latyn pepill flokkis on euery syde
 Quhen thai beheld the port sa oppynynt wyde,
 Seand thai had a rowm to fecht at wyll ;
 The God of stryfe thar curage steris thartill.

CAP. XII.

*Quhou Turnus the big Pandarus smat down,
 Lyke a wod lyone past within the town,*

Pandarus, seand his brotheris corps at erd,
 And on quhat wys thus fortune with thaim ferd,
 And quhou the chance of batale 3eid al wrang,
 Full forcibly wyth his brayd schulderis strang] 10
 He thristis to the levys of the 3et,
 And closit queym the entre, and furth schet
 Wythout the port a gret sort of his feris,
 In hard bargane amynd the mortal weris ;
 And of his ennemeys sum inclosyt he,
 Ressaifand all at thrang to the entre.
 A fuyll he was, and wytles in a thyng,
 Persauyt nocht Turnus, Rutilian kyng,
 So violently thring in at the 3et ;
 Quham he onwar wythin the cite schet, 20
 Lyke as ane rageand wyld tygyr onstabill
 Among the febill bestis onfensabill.
 Sone as Turnus hym hes inclusit sene,
 A glowand new lycht bristis from his ene,

His armour ringis or clattris horribilly ;
 Hys cristis trymblyt on his heid in hy,
 That in hys sanguane bludy scheild als straucht
 Kest schynand fyre bemys lyk fyreflaucht.
 All suddanly, affrayit Eneadanys
 His face onfrendly persauit and byg banys.
 The hydduus Pandarus than hym self furth schew,
 That wonder fervent in hys furour grew,
 His broderis slauchtyr to revenge in wyll,
 Thus austernly he spekis Turnus ontyll : 10

The bargane
 betuix
 Turnus and
 Pandarus.

This is nocht queyn Amatais cheif cite,
 Suld the be geif into drowry, sayd he ;
 Nor 3it the myddis of Ardea cite bald,
 Thi faderis burgh, Turnus, dois the withhald :
 Thou seys thy fays strenth and wallis wyde ;
 3eild the forthy, thou may eschape na syde.

Turnus agane, with curage blyth and glayd,
 Nocht abasyt, ful baldly to hym sayd :
 My frend, begyn, gif thou hes hardyment,
 And mach wyth me allone apon this bent ; 20
 And hand for hand, gif at it be thy wyll,
 Thou sal schaw Pryam heyr thou hes fund Achill.
 The tother tho a huge speyr of hayll tre,
 With bark and knottis altogidder, leyt fle
 In al his fors ; bot the dynt dyd no deyr ;
 Nocht bot the ayr was wondyt wyth the speyr ;
 For wikkit Juno, the auld Saturnus get,
 Choppyt by the schaft, and fixt it in the zet.
 Ha ! quod Turnus, sa sal thou nocht astart
 Thys wapyn now in faith or we depart, 30
 Nor on sik wys eschape this bytand brand,
 Quhilk my gret fors thus rollis in my hand :

For he that aw this swerd, and wond sal wyrk,
 Is nocht sa faynt, ne sa sone, sall nocht irk.
 And wyth that word, standand on his typtays,
 Hevand hys swerd, heich hys hand dyd rays ;
 Down with the dynt duschit the steil blayd kene
 Amyd his forheid, hard betwix his ene,
 Hys berdles chekis or hys chaftis rownd
 In sondyr schorn hes with a grysly wound :
 Sa felloun sownd or clap mayd this gret clasche,
 That of his huge wecht, fell wyth a rasche, 10
 The erd dyndlyt, and all the cite schuke.
 So large feyld his gowsty body take,
 That fer onbreyd ourspred was all the plane,
 His armour sparkyt with hys blude and brane :
 Baith to and fra, apon hys schuldris tuay,
 Hys hed clovin in equale halfis lay.

Of dreidfull raddour trymlyng for affray,
 The Troianys fled rycht fast and brak away :
 And gif Turnus had than incontinent
 Ramembryt hym, and kaucht in mynd to rent 20
 The lokkis vp, and oppyn the zettis wyde,
 So that his feris without the port that tyde
 Mycht haue entryt, and cummyn in the cite,
 The last day of the batale that had be,
 And latty finale end to the remanis
 Of Phrigiane folkis and pepyl Troianis.
 Bot sic ardent hie furour martyall,
 And of slauchtyr desyre insaciabile,
 Draif hym to follow thame that hym ganestandis :
 And fyrst he kyllit Phalarys with his handis, 30
 And ane vther, that Gyges hecht, alssua,
 Of quham the howchys bath he smate in twa ;

Syne speris rent and hynt vp all on raw,
 And at the flearis bakkis fast dyd thraw,
 That wondir was to se hym quhar he went,
 For Juno eikyt his strenth and hardyment.
 Syne ane Hales onto the corpsis deyd,
 In cumpany he eikyt in that sted ;
 And Phegeas doun brytnys in the feyld,
 Spetit throw owt the body and his scheyld ;
 Alchandrus syne, and the prowde Halyus,
 Nemonas eyk, and kene Prytanyus, 10
 Quhilkis mysknew Turnus was within the wall,
 And to the bargan dyd thar feris call,
 Apoun the ground onon al deyd he layd,
 In bargan full expert : syne dyd invaid
 With schynand swerd, hard at the dykis syde,
 Ane Lynceus, the quhilk the sammyn tyde
 Resystis, as he myght, with fell afferis,
 And eftyr help cryis apon his feris ;
 Bot wyth a strake he smate hys nek in twa,
 Baith helm and hed flaw far the body fra. 20
 And, eftyr thir, ane Amycus he slew,
 That bane had bene to wyld bestis enew ;
 Was nane other mayr happy nor expert
 To graith and til invnet a castyng dart,
 And with vennom to garnys the steil hedis.
 By Turnus handis the ilk tyme done to deid is
 Eolus son, hecht Clytius, the heynd,
 And Creteus also, was the Musis frend ;
 Creteus, poet to Musis familiar,
 That in his mynd and breist all tymis bayr 30
 Sangis and gestis, musyk and harpyng ;
 Apon his stryngis playd he mony a spryng,

Layis and rymis on the best awys,
 And euermayr his maner and his gys
 Was for to syng, blason, and discryve,
 Men and stedis, knyghted, wer, and stryve.

CAP. XIII.

*The Troianis set on Turnus dyntis rude,
 Quhill at he fled, and lap into the flude.*

At last Mnestheus and strang Serestus,
 The Troiane capytanis, herand quhow that thus
 Thar pepyll slane war doun, did convene ;
 Thar feris fleand pail and wan haue thai sene,
 And thar cheif ennemy closyt in thar wallis.

Mnestheus on thame clepis thus and callis :

Quhayr ettyll 3e to fra hyne? quhidder wald 3e fle?

Quhat other wallys seyke 3e, or cite ?

Quhar haue 3e other strenth or forteres ?

O citesanis, behaldis heyr expres

Nane bot a man standand 3ou aganis,

Closyt wythin 3our dykis and wallis of stanis,

Onrevengit, sa gret occisioun

And huge slauchtyr sal mak wythin 3our tovn,

Or sa feyll vail3eand 3yng capytanys kend,

Onresystit, thus down to hell sall send !

O maste onworthy cowartis, ful of sleuth,

Of 3our onsyilly cuntre haue 3e na reuth,

Nor piete of 3our ancyeut Goddis kynd ?

Thynk 3e na lak and schame into 3our mynd,

10 Mnestheus
 callys aganis
 hys Troyane
 fleying.

20

To do sa gret owtrage to strang Enee,
 In hys absens thus catyfly to fle ?

The Troianis by sik wordis as he sayd
 In curage grew, and fermly all abayd,
 Abowt thar famen flokkand in a rowt.
 Turnus a lityl, thocht he was stern and stowt,
 Begouth frawart the bargane to withdraw,
 And sattyl towartis the ryveris syde alaw,
 Ay peys and peys, to that part of the tovn
 Was closyt with the river, rynnand down. 10
 Troianis, that seand, the mar apertly
 Assalzeit hym with mony schout and cry,
 And thikkit fast abowt hym inveroun.
 As quhen about the afull wyld lioun,
 With thar invasibill wapynnis scharp and squar,
 Ane multitude of men bilappit war ;
 And he full fers, with thrawin wlt, in the start,
 Seand the scharp poyntis, recullis backward :
 Bot, for to gif the bak, and fle away,
 Nouder hys greif nor curage suffyr may ; 20
 And, thocht he wald, for all his mekle mycht,
 Agane sa mony men and wapynnis brycht
 To pres fordwart may he cum na speid.
 Nane other wys Turnus, at sik a-neid,
 Steppys abak wyth huly pays full styll,
 His mynd scaldand in greif and egyr wyll :
 And forthir eyk amyd hys fays he
 Twys ruschyt in, and schuddrit the melle :
 And twys also that onrebutit knycht
 Endlang the wallys put thame to the flycht. 30
 Bot all togidder, intyll ane convyne,
 Apoun him hail the toun assemlyt syne,

Nor Saturnus get, Juno, in that fyght
 Agane thame durst him minister strenth nor mycht ;
 For Jupiter had from the hevynnis fayr
 Send down Iris, quhilk dwellis in the ayr,
 Onto hys spous and sister thar at hand
 Ful scharp chargis bryngis and command,
 Les than Turnus, quhou evir the chance befallis,
 Wythdrew hym fra the fatale Troiane wallis :
 Quharthrou this vailzeand campioune zong and kene
 Nowder with his scheild sa mekil mycht sustene, 10
 Nor sic defens mak with his hand, as air,
 With dartis at him swakkit heir and thair
 On sik wys is he quhelmyt and confundit,
 That euer inane hys bos helm rang and soundit,
 Clynkand about hys halfheddis with a dyn :
 Hys sovir armour, strang, and na thyng thyn,
 Is brokkyn and byrsit with feill stonys cast ;
 So thik war dyntis, and strakis smyt so fast,
 That of his helm down bettit war the crestis ;
 Sa sayr the bosys of hys target prest is, 20
 His scheild na langar mycht sik routis sustene ;
 The Troianis, with this Mnestheus in thar tene
 Dowblis thar dyntis at hym wyth speris cast,
 As it had bene the hydduus thundris blast.
 Our all his body furth zet the swayt thyk,
 Lyke to the trymbland blak stremys of pyk ;
 Ne gat he laser anys his aynd to draw :
 The febillit brath ful fast can beyt and blaw
 Amyd hys wery breist and lymmys lasch.
 Than at the last, al suddanly, with a plasch, 30
 Harnes and all togiddir quhayr he stude,
 Hym self he swakkis and lap into the flude.

With gyltyn stremis hym keppyt the river,
And bar hym vp abuf his wallis cleyr ;
Syne blythly careyt to hys feris bedene,
All blude and slauchtyr away was weschyn clene.

Finis Libri Noni.

Incipit Prologus Libri Decimi.

THE PROLOG
OF THE TENTH BUIK.



IE plasmatour of thingis vniuersall,
Thou renewar of kynd, that creat all,
Incomprehensabill thy warkis ar to con-
saive,

Quhilk grantit hes to euery wyght to haue
Quhat thing mast ganis onto hys governall.

In thys
prolog he
schawis
Gods workes
to be incom-
prehensybil
be mannis
wit or
reason, and
that he
preuis be
the creacyon,
and mystery
of the trinite.

Quhou mervallus beyn divisions of thi gracis,
Distribut so to ilk thing in all placis !
The son to schyne our all, and schaw his lyght,
The day to laubour, for rest thou ordanyt nycht ;
For diuers causys schupe seir sessionis and spacis. 10

Fresche veir to burgioun herbis and sweit flouris ;
The hait symmyr to nurys corn all houris,
And breid all kynd of fowlis, fysch, and beste ;
Hervyst to rendir hys frutis maiste and leste :
Wyntyre to snyb the erth wyth frosty schouris.

Nocht at thou neidynt ocht, all thing thou wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thou maid all thing-of nocht,
Of thi gudnes tobe participant ;
Thy Godhed na rychar, nor 3it mar skant,
Noudir now nor than, set thou ws wrocht and bocht. 20

Thy maist supreme indiuisable substance,
 In ane natur thre personis, but discrepans,
 Regnand etern, ressauis nane accident ;
 For quhy ? thou art rycht at this tym present
 It at thou was, and evir sal, but varians.

Set our natur God hes to hym vnyte,
 Hys Godhed incommixt remanis perfyte,
 The son of God havand verray naturis tuane
 In a person, and thre personis all ane
 In deite, natur, maieste, and delyte. 10

The Son the self thing with the Fader is ;
 The self substans the Haly Gaist, I wys,
 Is with thame baith ; thre distinct personage,
 Ar, war, and be sall, evyr of ane age,
 Omnipotent, a Lord, equale in blys.

Quhilk souerane substans, in gre superlative,
 Na cunnyng comprehend may nor discrive ;
 Nowther generis, generat is, nor doith proced,
 Allane begynnar of euery thing, but dreid,
 And in the self remanis etern on live. 20

The Fader, of nane generat, creat, ne boyr,
 His only Son engendris evirmoir ;
 Nocht makis, creatis, bot engendris all way
 Of his substans ; and all tyme of baith twa
 Procedis the Haly Gaist, equal in glor.

Of baith from ane begynning, procedis he ;
 So bene the warkis of the Trinite

Maist excellent, and wondirfull to consave :
 3it thame to traiste the mayr merite we haue,
 That be na manis ressoun prevyt may thai be.

The mistery
 of the trinite
 agaynst
 mannes
 reason.

The Fader knawys hym self, quhilk knowlege spredis
 Be generatioun etern, that evir breidis
 His Son, his word and wysdom eternall :
 Betwix thir twa is luf perpetuall,
 Quhilk is the Haly Gaist fra baith procedis.

Not at the Faderis natur mynyst is,
 Of hys substans he generis his Son in blys ; 10
 Ne so the Son of hys kynd is ybor,
 That he a part hes tharof, and na mor ;
 Bot all he gevys his Son, and all is his.

The ilk thing he hym gevis, that he remanis :
 Thys syngill substans indifferently thus ganis
 To thre in ane, and ilk ane of the thre
 The sammyn thing is in a maieste,
 Thocht thir personis be seuerall in thre granis.

Lik as the sawle of man is ane, we wait,
 Havand thre poweris distinct and separate, 20
 Vnderstanding, raison, and memor.
 Intelligens consideris the thing befor,
 Rayson decernis, memor kepis the consait.

A com-
 parison.

As thai beyn in a substance knyt all thre,
 Thre personys ringis in a Deite.
 We may tak als ane other similitude,
 Grosly the sammyn purpos to conclude,
 Flame, lycht, and heyt bene in a fyre we se.

Quhayr euyr the low is, lycht and heit bene thar ;
 And had the fyre bene byrnand euermayr,
 Evyr suld the flambe engendrit haue hys lyght,
 And of the byrnand low the flambis brycht
 Perpetually suld heyt haue sprung alquhayr.

So generis the Fader the Son with hym etern ;
 From baith procedis the Haly Gaist coetern.
 Thus rude exemplis and figuris may we geif ;
 Thocht, God by his awin creaturis to preif,
 War mayr onlyknes than lyknes to decern. 10

Frend, ferly nocht, na caus is to complene,
 Albeit thi wyt gret God may nocht attene ;
 For, mycht thou comprehend be thine engyne
 The maist excellent maieste devyne,
 He mycht be reput a pretty God and mene.

Consider thy ressoune is so febyll and lyte,
 And hys knowlege profund and infynyte.
 Consider quhou he is onmensurabyll :
 Him, as he is, to know thou art not abyll ;
 It sufficis the beleif thy crede perfyte. 20

God is, I grant, in all thing nocht includyt ;
 Gevis all gudnes, and is of nocht denudyt ;
 Of hym hes all thing part, and he nocht mynist ;
 Hail he is alquhayr, nocht diuidit, ne fynist ;
 Wythout all thing he is, and nocht excludyt.

O Lord, thy ways beyn investigabill !
 Sweit Lord, thy self is sa inestimabill,

I can write nocht bot wondris of thy mycht,
 That lawit sa far thy maiestie and hycht
 To be born man intill ane oxis stabill.

Thou tuke mankynd of ane onwemmyt mayd,
 Inclosit within a virginis bosum glaid,
 Quham all the hevynnys mycht nevir comprehend;
 Angellis, scheipherdis, and kingis thy Godhed kend,
 Set thou in cryb betwix twa bestis was laid.

Quhat infynite excellent hie bonte
 Abuse thy warkis all, in wonderfull gre! 10
 Lord, quhen thou man wrocht to thine awin ymage,
 That tynt him self throu hys fulych dotage,
 Thou man becam, and deit to mak hym fre.

Mayd thou nocht man first president vnder the,
 To dant the bestis, fowlis, and fysch in see;
 Subdewit to him the erth, and all tharin;
 Syne paradice grantit hym and all his kyn,
 Gave hym fre wyll, and power nevir to dee?

Enarmyt hym wyth ressoun and prudence;
 Only bad hym kepe thyne obedience, 20
 And to hym suld all creaturis obey?
 Bittyr was that frute for his ofspring, and fey,
 Mayd deid onknawin be fund, and lyfe go hens.

O thine inestimable luf and cheritie!
 Becom a thrall to mak ws bondis fre,
 To quykkyn thysclavys tholit schamfull ded maiste fell.
 Blyssyt be thou virginal frute, that hereit hell,
 And payit the pryce of the forbodin tre!

Chrystis
loue toward
man kynde.

Thocht thou large stremys sched upon the rude,
A drop had bene sufficient of thy blude,
A thousand warldis to haue redemyt, I grant ;
Bot thou the well of mercy wald nocht skant,
Ws to provok to luf the, and be gude.

Our all this syne, thine infynite Godhed,
Thy flesch and blude in form of wyne and breid,
To be our fude of grace, in plege of glor,
Thou hest ws geif, in perpetuall memor
Of thy passioun and dolorus panefull deid. 10

Quhat thankis dew or ganezeld, Lord benyng,
May I, maist wrachit synfull catyve inding,
Rendir for this souerane peirles hie bonte ?
Sen body, saule, and all, I haue of the,
Thou art my pryce, mak me thy praye conding.

My makar, my redemar, and support,
Fra quham all grace and gudnes cumis at schort,
Grant me that grace my mysdedis til amend,
Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end :
Thus I beseik the, Lord, thus I exhort. 20

From the, begynning and end be of my muse :
All other Jove and Phebus I refus.
Lat Virgyll hald his mawmentis to hym self ;
I wirschip noder idoll, stok, nor elf,
Thocht furth I wryte so as myne autour dois.

Is nane bot thou, the Fader of Goddis and men,
Omnipotent eternal Jove I ken.

Only the, helply fader, thar is nane vther :
 I compt nocht of thir paygane Goddis a fudder,
 Quhais power may nocht help a haltand hen.

Only Goddis
 help is
 sufficient
 for al men
 in al kynd of
 necessite.

The scripture clepis the God, of Goddis Lord ;
 For quha thy mandat kepys, in ane accord,
 Bene ane wyth the, nocht in substans, bot grace,
 And we our Fader the clepis in euery place :
 Mak ws thy sonnys in cherite, but discord.

Thow haldis court our cristall hevynnis cleyr,
 With angellis, sanctis, and hevynly spretis seyr, 10
 That, but cissing, thy glor and loving singis :
 Manifest to the, and patent, bene all thingis ;
 Thy spous, and queyn maid, and thy moder deyr.

Concord for ever, myrth, rest, and endles blys,
 Na feyr of hell, nor dreid of deyd, thar is
 In thy sweit realm, nor na kynd of ennoy ;
 Bot all weilfair, eys, and euerlestand joy,
 Quhais hie plesance, Lord, lat ws neuer mys ! Amen.

Finis Prologi Decimi Libri.

THE TENTH BUIK OF ENEADOS.

CAP. I.

*Quhou Jupiter the court of goddis dyd call,
And Venus makis complaynt amangis thame all.*



IN breid, or this, was warp and mayd
patent

The hevynly hald of God omnipotent.
The king of men and fader of goddis all
Ane consale or a sessioun maid do call,

Amang the spretis abufe and goddis gret,
Wythin hys sterrit hevyn and mylky set :
Quhayrfra, amynd hys trone sittand full hie,
Our all the erd he mycht behald and se
The Troianys castellis, and the pepill Latyne.
Down sat the Goddis in thar segis devyne, 10
The faldin zettis baith vp warpit brayd.
First Jove him self begouth, and thus he sayd :

Jupiters
oration in
the counsall
of the
Goddis.

O hevynly wychtis, of gret power and mycht,
Quhou is betyd 3our myndis bene sa lycht,
That 3our decreit fatal and sentence hie
Retretit thus and turnyt bakwartis suld be ?
Or quhy wyth frawart myndis, now of layt,
Aganis 3our ressonabyll oraclis 3e debait ?
My will was nocht at the Italianys
In batale suld concur contrar Troianis. 20

Quhat maner discord be this at we se,
 Expres agane our inhibitioun ? sayd he :
 Quhat dreid or reuerence thame, or thame, hes movit
 To ryn till armys, and rasis weyr controvit ?
 Or hes sic wys persuadit to bargane,
 Wyth bludy wapynnys rent, and mony slane ?
 Haist nocht the sessoun to provoike nor prevene :
 Of batale, cum sal detfull tyme bedene,
 Heireftir, quhen the fers burgh of Cartage
 To Romys boundis, in thar feirfull rage, 10
 Ane huge myscheif and gret quhalm send sall,
 And thyrrl the hie montanis lyke a wall.
 Than war just tyme in wreth to mak debait,
 Than war the tyme to rug and reyf thus gait :
 Now of sic thingis leyf and desyst ; wyth me
 Glaidly to mak frendly amyte.

A few wordis on this wys Jupiter said.
 Bot nocht in quhoyn wordis him answer maid
 The fresch goldyn Venus. O thou, quod sche,
 Fader of all, O eternal powste,
 Regnand abufe all men, and Goddis eyk,
 To the I cum, the rewthfully beseyk,
 Sen thar nane other maieste bene, ne glor,
 That in sik neyd may help ws to implor.
 Thow seys quhou, with bost and felloun feyr,
 The Rutilianis makis gret derray and steyr ;
 And quhou Turnus, pransand on semly stedis,
 Throw owt the ostis rydis in steill wedis ;
 And quhou orpit and proudly ruschis he
 Amyd Troianis, be favour of Mars, quod sche. 30
 The strenth of wallis, nor the portis schet,
 May nocht salf Troianis. Lo, wythin the 3et,

20 Venus
 oration to
 Jupiter
 complenyng
 on the
 Rutulianys.

Amyd the clos muralzeis and pail,
 And doubill dykis, quhou thai thame assail,
 Quhill the fowseis of blude rynniss on spait.
 Eneas absent of this na thing wait.
 Quhidder gif that thou list suffyr neuermayr
 Thayr sege scalyt, nor thame fre of dangar ?
 Behald agane abowt new Troys wall,
 3it bot begyn to big, and nocht clos all,
 Quhou inveroun musteris thar ennemeyis :
 Ane vther ost and sege abowt thame lysis, 10
 And newly, lo, Tedeus son, nocht far
 From Arpos cite into Calabar,
 To wery Troianis movis, Diomed.
 I feill agane my wondis newly bleid ;
 And I, thy blude, thi get, and douchter schene,
 3it mortale wapynniss mon thoil eyk and sustene !
 Gyf the Troianys, but thy benevolens,
 Or repugnant to thy magnificens,
 Hes socht onto the cost of Italy,
 Lat thame be punyst and thar cryme aby ; 20
 And I sall suythly stand content for me,
 Thou mak thame na kynd help nor 3it supple.
 Bot gif thai followit haue for thar behufe
 Sa feyll responsis of the Goddis abufe,
 With syndry admonitiouns, charge, and redis
 Of the infernal wuchtis and spretis that ded is,
 Than wald I knaw the caus or ressoun quhy
 That ony mycht pervert or 3it bewry
 Thy commandmentis ? how, or quharfor, may thai
 New fatys mak, and the ald do away ? 30
 Quhat nedis to rehers, quhou on the cost
 Of Scieyllly thar schippis brynt war lost ?

Or quharto suld I dwel, to schaw zou thus,
 Quhou be the God of tempýst, Eolus,
 The rageand wyndis send war our alquhayr,
 Or Iris catchit throw cludis of the ayr?
 Now movyt eyk bene fendlich wichtis affrayit :
 Befor, only that chance was onassayt ;
 Bot now Alecto newly is furth sent
 Into the ovir warld, that fell torment,
 With Bacchus fury enragit by and by,
 Walkand throu all citeis of Italy. 10

Na thing I paus on the empyre, quod sche,
 Allthocht we hop had at sic thing suld be,
 Quhen fortoun schew tharof sum apperans :
 Lat thaime be victour quham thou list avans.
 And gif na realm in this warld remanis,
 Quhom thy stern spous list geif to the Troianis,
 I the beseyk, of Troy by the rewyne,
 By that subuersioun rekand, and huge pyne,
 Suffyr that 3yng Ascanyus mot be
 Salf fra all wapynniss, and of perrell fre ; 20
 And, at the lest, in this ilk mortall stryfe
 Suffir thy nevo to remane alyfe.
 As for Ene, forsuyth, I mak na cayr :
 Thoill hym in onkowth stremys, as he was ayr,
 Be drive, and warpit euery sey about,
 To follow furth in dangeyr and in dout
 Quhat cours and went at fortoun lyst hym sent :
 Mot it ples the fader omnipotent
 That I may bot defend 3on litell page,
 And hym wythdraw from this fers weris rage. 30
 I haue in Cypir the cite Amathus,
 And the hie standand burgh that hecht Paphus,

And eyk the ile yclepyt Cithera,
 The hallowyt hald als of Idalia,
 Quhayr, rendrit vp all armys in that stede,
 Duryng his age he sobyr lyfe may leid.
 And command eyk, with gret fors and mastry
 The burgh of Cartage down thring Italy ;
 Fra thyne sal na thing resist nor ganestand
 Contrar citeis of Tyre or Affrik land.
 Quhat proffeit has it done, or avantage,
 Of Troys battale to haue eschape the rage, 10
 And throw amynd the Grekis fyris eik
 Haue fled away, and throw the sey haue seik
 Sa feill dangeris, bywent and ourdrive
 Our streme and landis, gyf that thus belyve
 Troianis hes socht till Itail to vpset
 New Troyis wallis, to be agane down bet ?
 Had nocht bene bettyr thame in thar natyve hald
 Had syttin still, amang the assys cauld
 And lattyr isillys of thar kynd cuntre,
 Or barrand soyll quhayr Troy was wont to be, 20
 Than thus, fra deid to deid, from pane to pane,
 Be catchit on, and euery day be slane ?
 Restoir, I pray the, to thai wrachit wyghtis
 Xanthus and Symois, fludis quhilk of rychtis
 Was wont to be thar propyr heretage :
 O fader, suffyr the fey Troiane barnage
 To seik agane quhat hard myschance befallis
 To Troy or Ilion with thar brokin wallys.

CAP. II.

*To Venus complaynt Juno fra end till end
Maid hasty ansuer, hir actioun to defend.*

The queyne Juno than, but mayr abayd,
 Prikkit with felloun fury thus furth brayd :
 Quhy dois thou, said scho, to me sik offens,
 Constrenyng me brek clos profund sylens ;
 And wyth thy wordis, quhar ayr I was koy,
 Prouokis to publis and schaw myne hyd ennoy ?
 Quhat maner man, or quhilk of goddis, lat se,
 To move batale constrenyt hes Ene,
 Or to ingyre him self to Latyn king
 As mortal fa, wythin his proper ring ? 10
 I geif the cace, to Italy socht he
 Of the fatis by the autoryte,
 Provokit tharto be the wyld dotage
 Of wod Cassandra in hyr fury rage :
 Lat se, for all this, gyf that anis in sport
 To leif his strenthis we did hym exhort ;
 Or for to put his lyfe in ony dangyer,
 To sayll, or submyt hym to wyndis seyr ?
 Lat se, gyf we hym causit to walk at large,
 And till ane bab commit the battellis charge, 20
 And governance haill of hys cite wallis ?
 Lat se gyf we, how evir the chance befallis,
 Persuadyt hym for to commove and steir
 Other quyet pepill with hym to rais the weyr,
 Or till adione vp frendship and ally
 Wyth Tyrrhene pepyll and folk of Tuscany ?

Junois ora-
 tionis aganis
 the Troianis.

Quhat God amovit hym with sic a gawd
 In his dedis to oys sik slychtis and frawd,
 Or quhilk of our hard poweris wrocht sic thyng?
 Quhayr was Juno wythall, this lady zing?
 Or quhayr was sche also quhen, zister nycht,
 Iris was send down throu the clowdis brycht?
 Is this a thing full onlesum, but let,
 Thocht Italianis wyth flambis ombeset
 The new cite of Troy vprysand? Lo!
 And is it nocht full gret dispyt also 10
 That, in hys natyve land and faderis ring,
 Turnus remane, or pretend to be king,
 Quhamto the God Pylumnus grandschir is,
 And haly nympe Venilia moder, I wys?
 Quhat! thinkis thou lesum is at Troianys in feyr
 Violens to mak wyth brandis of mortall weyr
 Agane Latynys, syk onkowth heritage
 Till occupy and subdew in bondage,
 And thar catale in spreth to drive away?
 Quhat! haldis thou lesum als, I pray the say, 20
 From otheris to withdraw sa thyftuusly
 Thayr eldfaderis and maist tendyr ally;
 Or, from betwix thar breist and armys tway,
 Thar treuth plycht spowsis for to reif away?
 To cum and beseyk trewis in strange landis,
 With syng or takyn of pece born in thar handis,
 And, netheles, to mak reddy for weyr,
 Purvay thar schippis, provyde armour and geyr?
 To salf Ene, hes thou nocht power and mycht
 From Grekis handis hym to withdraw be slycht, 30
 And set instead of that man, lycht as lynd,
 Ouder a cloud or a waist puft of wynd?

And eik thou may transform the schippis, quod sche,
 Intill als mony Goddessis of the see ;
 Bot, be the contrary, Rutilianis ofspring
 We suld support, that is forbodyn thyng !
 Thy son Ene, mysknawyng this deray,
 As thou allegis, is absent now away :
 And quhat iniuris, absent mot he remane,
 And ignorant for ay of this bargane ?
 Thow hes Paphos, thyne is Idalia,
 And thine mot be the ile of Cithera : 10
 Sen thou hes all thir at command and wyll,
 Lat other folkis in peis and rest dwell styll.
 Quhairto assailzeis thow a strang cite,
 That hes bene oft exercyt in melle,
 And lyst invaid pepyll with hartis kene ?
 I can nocht find quhat occasioun 3e meyne.
 Haue we etlyt the Phrigyane febill geyr
 Doun from the grund to welt our into weyr ?
 Quhidder was it we, or than Parys, that faltyt,
 That wrachit Troianis by Grekis war assaltit ? 20
 Quhat was the caus, that Europ and Asia
 To rais the weyr in armis war sa thra
 Aganyst otheris, and thar auld allians-
 Wyth thiftuus reyf to brek on sic mischans ?
 Was I nocht governour and cheif ledar thar,
 The tyme quhen that the Troiane adulterar
 Ombesegyt the cite of Spartha,
 And the quene Helen reft and brocht awa ?
 Or quhidder gif I evir into that weyr
 Minysterit dartis, wapynnis, or sic geyr ? 30
 Or 3it that bargane stuffyt or bet, lat se,
 With Cupidis blynd lust and subtilite ?

Than had bene honest tyme, and ganand baith,
 Till haue providit for thy frendis skaith :
 Now al to layt with thyne iniust complayntis
 Aganyst ws thou rysis, and attantis
 For to warp owt thy vane wordis chyding,
 Quhilk certis may avale the in na thing.

Wyth siclyke wordis Juno fra end to end
 Gan her querrell sustene and als defend ;
 And all the hevynly wychtis dyd quhyspir and roun,
 In opynyons full diuers, wp and doun : 10
 Lyke as first, or wyndis blast be persave,
 The swouch is hard wythin the woddis waif,
 With frasing soundis quhisland, 3it onknew
 Quharof cumis this brut owt throu the schaw ;
 Allthocht it be to maryneris a syng,
 Of windis blast to follow sur takyning.

The Fader than omnipotent maist hie,
 That our all thingis hes souerane maieste,
 Begouth to say ; and, quhen he spak, all cessit :
 The hevynly heich hous of Goddis was pecit ; 20
 The erthis grund schuke trymling for feyr,
 And still, but movying, stud the hevynis cleyr ;
 The wyndis eik thar blastis lownit sone ;
 The sey calmyt hys fludis plane abone.
 Ressaue, quod he, my sawis, and tak tent,
 And thir my wordis wythin 3our myndis emprent.
 Sen that algatis 3it may nocht sufferit be
 Latynis confidir wyth Troianis and Ene,
 Nor 3e can nocht mak end of 3our debait,
 I sall me hald indifferent, the meyn gait, 30
 And as for that, put na diuersite
 Quiddir so Italianys or Troianys thai be ;

Jupiters
 equal
 sentence in
 the mater
 betuix the
 Troianis and
 the Italianis,
 committing
 them baith
 to the
 fortoun of
 battell.

Quhow evir this day the fortoun with thame standis,
 Bruike weill thar chance and werd on athyr handis,
 Lat ich of thame hys hoip and fortoun sew :
 Quhidder so the fatis hes determyt of new
 Troianys to be assegit wyth Italianis,
 To thar myscheif, or wraik of the Troianis,
 Quhilkis wyth frawart admonytionis sa lang
 Peraventour hes errit and gane wrang,
 Nouder Troianis nor Rutilianis freith will I.
 Lat athir of thame thar awin fortoun stand by, 10
 And bruke thar wark thai haue begun ; but fail,
 King Jupiter sal be to all equale.

The fatis sal provid a way mair habil.
 And with that word, for till hald ferm and stabill
 Hys godly aith and promys sworn hes he,
 Be Stix the flude, Pluto hys broderis see,
 Be that ilk pykky layk, with brayis blak
 And laithly golf, to kepe all that he spak ;
 And, til afferm his aith, at hys lyking
 The heyynnys all maid trymbyll, for a sing. 20

Thus endyt was the consale, and al done,
 And Jupiter rais fra his goldyn trone,
 Quham hevynly wychtis amyddis thame wyth joy
 Ontill hys chymmys ryall dyd convoy.

CAP. III.

*Quhou the Troianys defendis thar cyte,
 Eneas absent sekand mair supple.*

During this quhile, all the Rutilianis stowt
 The cite portis lappyt rownd about,

For to doun bet the Troianis, euery syre,
 Inveroun all the wallys with hait fyre.
 Eneas barnage, at myschefis huge
 Thus ombeset, and segit but refuge,
 Inclusyt war but hop to wyn away,
 And sobyrly at defens, as thai may,
 On the hie towris hedis stud on raw :
 Ful thyn the cirkyllys of the wallis law
 Thai mannit abowt ; for in the first front stude
 Jasyus, Imbrasus son, and eik the gude 10
 Tymetes, son of strang Icetoane,
 And by thame alssso the Assaracus twane,
 The eldar Thybrys, with Castor full wroith,
 Brethir germane to kyng Sarpedon boith,
 Quham Clarus had, and Hemon, ferys twa,
 Followit from the hie realm of Lycia.
 Ane Agmon of Lyrnesya fast tharby
 Presys, wyth all the fors in his body,
 A felloune stone to welt the wallys tyll,
 Quhilk semyt be a gret part of a hyll ; 20
 Na les of statur than hys fader Clytyus
 Was he, nor ellis his brother Mnestheus.
 Wyth dartis thai assaill the cite fast,
 And thai defend with slyngis and stane cast ;
 Sum presis thyk the wyld fyre in to sling,
 The arrowis flaw spangand fra euery stryng.
 The Dardane chyld, the 3ing Ascanyus,
 Principall thocht and cuir of Dame Venus,
 Amyd the rowtis, in covert quhar he 3eid,
 Thair mycht be sene in hys fresch lustyheyd, 30
 Lyke as ane gem, wyth his brycht hew schynyng,
 Departis the gold set amydwart the ryng,

The tonne
 inuadit by
 the Rutuli-
 anis and de-
 fendit bi the
 Troianis.

Or in the crownell pycht, or rych hynger
 Quhilk dois the nek array, or the hed geir ;
 And mair semely than evir bane to se,
 Craftely closit within the box of tre,
 Or than amynd the blak terebynthine
 Growis by Orycia, and, as the geit dois schyne :
 Hys curland lokkis hyngis down weill dek
 About hys schuldris our hys mylk quhyte nek ;
 Ane circulet of plyabyll gold sa brycht
 Abuf hys haris apon hys hed weil pycht. 10
 Thow Ismarus, of magnanymyte
 Fulfillit, eik thar mycht men the se,
 Invnctand venemus schaftis the ilk tyde,
 Addres dartis, and wyrk wondis full wyde ;
 Cummynd of the gentyll blude of Meony,
 In Lyde cuntre born thou was, fast by
 The plentuous sulze quhar the goldin riveir
 Pactolus warpys on grund the gold vre cleir.
 Reddy at hand was Mnestheus wycht,
 Quham the renowne of this zistir nycht, 20
 For that he Turnus our the dichis drave,
 Full proud maid in hys curage our the laif :
 Wyth hym was Capys thar also, quham by
 The town Capua is namyt in Champany.
 Thus athyr party into hard barganyng
 Stude at debait, quhill Eneas the kyng,
 Wyth all hys ferys, baith day and mydnycht
 Slydis throw owt the salt famis lycht.
 For eftyer that fra kyng Evander he
 Departit was, as heyr abufe said we,
 And entrit in amynd the Tuscan tentis, 30
 The kyng he socht, and tald hym hys ententis,

All mennes
fortune and
wordlye
wysdom is
vnstabyll
and vncer-
tane.

Hys name to hym rehersyng, and his blude ;
 And hys desyre, fully to conclude,
 Hes schawin planely, tuychand quhat he socht,
 And quhat supple alsso with hym he brocht ;
 And tald quhat army prowde Mezentus
 Had conveyt, and how the bald Turnus
 Sa violent and fers was in his will ;
 Exhortand hym to tak gude heid heirtill,
 And how vnstabil was all warldis chance,
 All mannis surte hingand in ballance ;
 And onto this his request and prayer
 Adionit hes, on ful gudly maner.
 Thayr was na mayr delay, bot Tarchon kyng
 Al reddy was to fulfyll his lyking,
 With moblis and all ryches at command,
 And vp gan knyht thar fordward and cunnand
 Of amyte and perpetuall ally.
 Than of the fatis fre, in thar navy,
 At command of the Goddis, pepill Tuscane
 Ar entrit in thar schyppis euerilkane,
 Submytting thame ontill a strange duik.
 Eneas barge than furth the vayage tuik
 Befor the laif, as admiral of the flote,
 And in hyr stevyn kervyn full weill, God wot,
 The lionis that the Phrygyane armis bene ;
 Abuse the quhilkis porturat fayr and grene
 Was Ida forest, to fugytyve Troianis
 Thayr best belouit wod and natyve wanys.
 In hyr was set the gret prince Eneas,
 That with hym self can mony thing cumpas
 Tuiching the chancis of batal in that tyde.
 Pallas adionit sat by hys left syde,

10

20

30

And he at hym dyd wysly ask and speyr
 The cours and namys of the starnis cleyr,
 Quhilk in the styl hevin schynis on the nycht :
 Now speris he franand with all hys mycht,
 To knaw Eneas wandring be the see,
 And quhou huge pane he had on landis dre.

CAP. IV.

*Heir comptis Virgill the pepil of Tuscane,
 Quhilkis with Eneas com to the bargane.*

3e Musis now, sweyt Goddessis ychone,
 Oppin and onclos 3our mont of Helicon :
 Reveil the secretis lyand in 3our mycht,
 Entone my sang, addres my style at rycht,
 To schaw quhat pyssance, ostis, and army,
 At this tyme from the boundis of Tuscany
 In falloschyp com with the prince Ene,
 And stuffit schippis of weyr set to the see.

Inuocacion.

10 A catalog
of Eneas
frendis.

Fyrst, prynce Massycus cummys with hys rowt,
 Into hys barge Tygrys, wyth stelit snowt,
 Swouchand throw owt the fludis quhayr scho went,
 A thowsand stowt 3ong men of his talent
 Vndir hym leiding, for the batale bown,
 From Clusyum com vmquhile, that nobill town, 20
 And fra the Tuscane cite of Cosa ;
 Baith casting dartis and flans vsit tha,
 With arrow casys and other quavyrris lycht,
 And mortal bowys buklyt for the fycht.

Massicus.

Abas.

Sammyne furth salys Abas, and hym by
 Hys barnage stud enarmyt richely ;
 Hys weirlike schip our the fludis ilkane
 Of God Appollois goldyn statw schane.
 The rich cite of Populonyas,
 Hys native cuntre, quharof born he was,
 Sax hundreth men of armys in weyr expert
 Wyth hym hes send ; and the ile in that part,
 Illua callyt, wythin the Tuscane see,
 Sa rich of steill it may nocht wastit be, 10
 Thre hundreth eyk hes send wyth hym to pas.

Asilas.

The thryd capitane, worthy Asylas,
 Of Goddis eik and men interpretur,
 Of euery spaying craft that knew the cuyr,
 Quhat the hart pypis and bestis entralis ment,
 Quhat signyfeit the starnys quhayr thai went
 Thar rycht coursis abufe the hevynnis hie,
 And euery byrdis vocis weil knew he,
 And quhat betaknyt, schynnyng from the hevin,
 Thyr fyry blastis or this thundris levyn : 20
 A thousand men assemblyt with hym ledis,
 With awful speris and scharp groundyn hedis,
 Quham the Hetruscane cite, Pysa gude,
 Inhabit first from Alpheus that flude,
 Send tyll obey hym as thar capitane.

Astur.

Syne followis Astur, the semlyest of ane,
 Astur, maist sovyr horsman for to seyke,
 Of variant cullour was hys armour eyk.
 Thre hundreth walyt men wyth hym he led,
 All of a wyll, furth to the battal sped ; 30
 The folkis alhail dwelt in the cite sweet
 Of Agelyn, otherwys callit Cerete,

And thai that dwellis in tha feyldis, I wys,
 Endlang the bankis of flude Mynyonys,
 Or intill ancyeut Pyrgus town alsua,
 Or inhabytis the cite Gravyssa,
 Ful contagiuis of tempest and grewis ayr.

Suld I the pretermyt, sen thou was thair ?

Cygnus.

I meyn the, Cygnus, of Lygurianys
 The cheif ledar, amang other capytanis
 Ane the maist forcy into batal steid.
 Ne wil I nocht forzet, suld I be deyd, 10
 The, strang Cupavus, with thy few menze,
 Fra quhais tymbret rysis apon hie
 The lusty swannis feddrame, brycht and schene :
 The cryme and caus of all 3our wofull tene
 Was luf and amouris, or pompus array
 Schroud in 3our faderis connysans al to gay.
 For, as thai tell, full dolorusly Cygnus
 Maid his complaynt amang the scroggy bus
 Of poppill tre branschis rising lang and squayr, 20
 Quhayrin the twa systeris transformyt war,
 And gan bewail Phaeton, hys best belovit ;
 Quhill that he sang and playit, as hym behuivit,
 The dolly tonys and lays lamentabill,
 With sic regrate to comfort and astabill
 Hys hevy amorus thochtis ennoyus,
 In quhite canos soft plumys joyus
 Became ourheild, in liknes of a swan,
 And led his age na mayr furth like a man.
 Bot tuike hys flycht vp from the erd in hy,
 And with a swouchand voce socht in the sky. 30
 His son, this tyde, havand hys falloschippis
 Distribut equaly into syndry schippis,

Amang the navy and the flote at large,
 Wyth ayris rollys furth hys bustuus barge,
 Clepyt Centaurus, and ithandly syne he
 Drivis throu fludis of the stormy see :
 Byg of statur stude he lyke to fecht,
 Bostand the streme with ballast of huge wecht,
 And with his lang and lusty ballyngair
 Ourslydis the deip fludis in thar fair.

Ocnus.

The nobill Ocnus from his native land
 A fair army assemblit brocht at hand, 10
 Son of God Tibris, the Tuscan riveir,
 Beget apon Manthus the lady cleir,
 That was baith nympe and famus prophetes :
 Thys Ocnus was the ilk man quhilk expres
 Of Mantua the cite dyd he wall,
 And eftir hys said moderis name can call
 Mantua, mychty of auld ancystry
 And forfaderis ; bot hys geneology
 Was nocht of ane kynrent cummin all ;
 For that town had thre clannis principall, 20
 And, vnder euery clan or trybe of tha,
 War other sobyr famyllis twys twa :
 Mantua eik was cheif and principal heid
 Till all thir pepill wonnyng in that steid,
 Takand thar fors and hardiment ilkane
 From the lynnage and nobill blude Tuscan.

Mezentius.

Mezentius, throu his auld tyranny,
 Furth of this cite aganist hym in hy
 Five hundreth men till armis maid to steyr ;
 Quham Myncyus, the fresch rynnand riveir, 30
 That from the lowch of Bennacus ischis down,
 And is ourheildyt all with redis brovn,

Hes careit to the braid seys large

Within thar weirly schip and awfull barge.

Furth held the stowt and degest Aulestes,
 Quhilk with gret strenth of rowaris in that pres,
 Rasing thame on thar thochtis for the nanis,
 The fludis smate with hundreth ayris at anis,
 Quhil that the famy stour of stremis le
 Vp weltis from the braid palmis of tre.

Aulestes.

The mekle houk hym bayr was Tryton callit ;

For in hir foirstam was the monstre stallit,

10

Wyth watry trumpe fleyand the fludis gray ;

Quhar as scho salyt, men mycht se hym ay

Wyth byrsy body porturat, and vissage

All rowch of harys, semyng of cullage

In mannys form fra his cost to his crown ;

Bot from his belly, and thens fordwart down,

The remanent straucht like a fischis taill,

In simylitude of huddoun or a quhaill ;

Vndre the brest of this ilk bysnyng thing

The se wallis bulrand makis murnyng.

20

Sa mony walit capitanis, nobyll men,

In help of new Troy, with schippys thrys ten,

Slydis throw the salt stremis of the see

With stelit stevynnis and bowand bulge of tre.

CAP. V.

Eneas schippis, translait in Nymphis of see,

Tald hym quhou Turnus assegit the cite.

Be this declynit was the dais lycht ;

The mone intill hyr waverand cart of nycht

A good
prynce is
euer vigilant
and cairful
for hys
subiectys.

Held rolland throw the hevynnys myddil ward,
 As Eneas, the Troiane prynce and lard,
 For thochtis mycht na wys his membris rest,
 Sa mony curis in hys mynd he kest,
 Bot sat in propyr persoun, and nane vther,
 To steir hys carvell and to rewill the ruther,
 And for to gyde the salys takand tent.
 Anone, amyd hys cours thar as he went,
 Recontyris hym hys falloschip in hy
 Of Nymphis, quham of schippys and his navy 10
 The haly moder, clepit Cybele,
 Maid to becum Goddessys in the see :
 All sammyn swam thai, hand in hand yfeir,
 And throw the wallis fast did swouch and scheir,
 Als feill in numbyr Nymphis throu the flude,
 As laityl wyth thar stelyt stevynnis stude
 Of Troiane schippis by the costis syde.
 A weil fer way, as our the streme thai glyde,
 Thar king thai knaw, and all in carralling
 About his schip went circulit in a ring. 20
 Amangis quham, in speche the maist expert,
 Cymodocea to the wail astert,
 And with hir rycht hand can the eft casteill
 Do gryp anon, that all hir bak ilk deill
 Abuf the sey watir dyd appeir.
 Beneth the calmyt stremys fayr and cleyr
 With hyr left hand craftely swymmish sche;
 Syne on this wys spekis till Enee,
 That of this wonderus mervell knew na thing : [30
 Walkis thou or nocht, thou verray Goddis ofspryng,
 Our prince and maister Eneas? Now awaik,
 Takyll thy schippis, and thy schetis slaik.

Cimodoceas
oration to
Eneas.

We beyn thy navy and thy flote, quod sche,
 Bowit sum tyme of the fyr and bich tre,
 Grew in the haly top of mont Ida ;
 And now, as present thou behald ws may,
 Nymphes we beyn, and sal be euermor.
 For, as 3on faithles Turnus by the schor
 Invadit ws wyth glavys and with fyre,
 On fors constrenyt for the flambis schyre,
 Thy cabillis we in sundyr brak in haist,
 To seik the throw the sey, as we war chaist : 10
 And than the moder of Goddis, Cybele,
 Havand of ws compassioun and piete,
 In this figour has ws all translait,
 For euermair to be deificat,
 As Goddessys, quhar so ws likis best,
 Amangis the fludis for to leyf and lest.
 Bot thy deyr chyld, 3yng Ascanyus stout,
 Besegit is, and closit round about
 With wallis, fousy, and trynschis, athyr syde,
 Amyd dartis or quarrellis fast dois glyde, 20
 And dreidfull hostis of stern pepill Latyne,
 By weir enforsyng to distroy all thyne.
 Evandrus horsmen, clepyt Archadanys,
 Mydlyt sammyn with Hetrurianys,
 Quham in thy help thou sendis by the land,
 Thai placis now, quhar as thou gaue command
 Can occupy, abydand thy cumming :
 Bot Turnus hes determit, as certane thing,
 Gret garnysonys to send betwix thame sone,
 That 3our hostis sall nøcht togidder joyn. 30
 Get vp, haue done, and sone in the mornyng,
 Alls wyth as the brycht day begynnys to spring,

Thy feris hail thou first to harnes call,
 And with thy scheild invinsibill tharwithall
 Thy selvin schroud, quham mychty God of fyre
 To the, as ane maist souerane lord and syre,
 Has wrocht and gevin, and wyth gold sa brycht
 The bordouris hes ourgylt and forgit at rycht.
 Gyf thou belevys nocht my sawis in vane,
 The lycht of day to morn, I schaw the plane,
 Huge hepys sal behald in feild dung down
 Of Rutilianis by fell occisioun. 10

Thus said scho ; and, departand with a skip,
 By hir rycht hand scho schowis furth the schip,
 As scho that was in that craft rycht expert ;
 And throu the wallis on the tother part
 Glydis away vndir the fomy seis,
 Als swyft as ganze or fedyrrit arrow fleis,
 That strivis for to pingill with the wind.
 The remanent hyr followys fast behind.
 Anchises son, the gret Troiane Ene,
 Awondris, onwyttig quhat this mycht be ; 20
 And, netheles, hys curage dyd avance
 With this ilk fatale augury or chance :
 Syne schortly, lukand to the hevin abone,
 On this maner can pray and maid hys bone.

Eneas
 oratione.

O blyssit moder of the Goddis, quod he,
 That hallowit art in the montane Ide,
 Quhamto the toppis of mont Dyndymane,
 And eyk the towrit citeis mony ane,
 With renit lyonis 3okkit to thi chayr,
 Ful tendyr bene and hartly euermar ; 30
 Be thou in battale now my president,
 Be my protectrix, dewly takand tent

At this orakyll be hastit to our weill ;
 O haly Goddes with happy fute of seyll
 Cum and assistis to thyne awyn Troianis.

No mor he spak, bot, with that word atanis,
 In the meyn quhile vpspryngis the brycht day,
 Chasand the cloudis of the nycht away.
 And first Eneas gan hys ferys command
 Thar baneris to displayt and follow at hand,
 Thar curage eik and curace to addres,
 And graith thame for the batail all expres. 10
 For he, be than, hys Troianis mycht behald ;
 And of the eft schip into his town and hald
 Men mycht hym se, and knaw, quhar at he stude,
 His schynand new scheuld from amynd the flude
 Into hys left hand rasis hie on hycht.
 The Troianys from the wallys of that sycht
 War sa reiosit, vp tha rasis a cry
 That rerdis to the starnys in the sky.
 The hoip of his returnyng hait as fyre
 Dowblit thar curage, and vprasis thar ire, 20
 That with thar handis fast thai dartis slyng,
 With sic a dyn of clamour and crying,
 And trumpys blast rasyt within the town :
 Sik maner bruyt as thocht men hard the sovn
 Of crannis crowping, fleand in the ayr
 With spedy fard in randoun heyr and thair,
 As from the flude of Trace, hait Strymone,
 Vndre the dyrk clowdis, oft we se,
 Thai fle the weddris blast and rak of wynd,
 Thair glaidsum soundis followand thame behynd. 30
 Bot quhat mycht meyn this affeyr and deray,
 A gret farly and wondyr was, perfoy,

To Turnus kyng of Rutuleis, that tyde,
 And the Italiane dukis hym besyde ;
 Quhill thai at last beheld towart the cost,
 And saw the navy cum and mekill ost,
 Semand the sey of schippis all our flet.
 The creist or schynand tymbret that was set
 Abufe Eneas helm and top on hycht,
 Kest byrnand flambis with a glytterand lycht ;
 And eyk the goldyn bois of his bukleir
 Large fyry stremis on breid schew fair and cleir : 10
 Lyke as the comete stern sanguynolent,
 Wyth hys red cullour trist and violent,
 Schynis sum tyme apoun the donk nycht ;
 Or frawart Syrius, that fervent star brycht,
 Quhilk with the scaldand heyt at hys rysyng
 Byrnis the erd of drowth, and is the syng
 Pretendand tyll all mortale folk, I ges,
 Contagyus infirmyteis and seyknis,
 That with his schrewyt lycht canicular
 Infekkit all the hevynnys and the ayr. 20

Bot Turnus hardy, stalwart, hie curage,
 For all this feyr, demynist nevyr a stage,
 Quhilk manfully schup thame to wythstand
 At the cost syde, and dyng thame of the land,
 That on na wys thar thai suld arrive ;
 And wyth glaid semblant gan his folk believe
 Exortyng for to rais thar spretis on hie,
 And with hys wordis forthirmar eik he
 Gan thame repreif of thar sa hasty feyr.
 Lo ! now present, says he, is cummyn heyr 30
 The mater quhilk 3e lang desyrit haue.
 The tyme is now to gryp in hand 3our glaif ;

The tyme of batale redde is at hand,
 Quhar strenth beis schawyn in stalwart stowr to stand.
 Now euery man ramembir on his spous,
 Think on thar native land and dwellyng hous :
 Reduce 3e now onto 3our mynd, ilkane,
 The worthy actis of 3our eldaris bygane,
 Thar lovabyll fame, and 3our awyn renowne ;
 And lat ws formaist haist ws to the see,
 And thar recontyr our fais or thai land,
 Quhill as thai first set fut apoun the sand, 10
 Wyth slyde to cummyn, half deill in effray,
 Or thai thar fute steppis ferm, and tak array.
 Hap helpis hardy men, be myne advys,
 That weyl dar tak on hand stowt interpris.

Turuus
 oration to
 hys men
 desyryng
 them to
 remember
 ther natyf
 contre, and
 to inuade
 ther enemies
 or thay land.

Thus said he ; and tharwith in his thocht
 Devysis quham maist ganandly he mocht
 Leid wyth hym, to resyst and meyt his fais ;
 Or quham he suld nocht from the sege vprais,
 Bot still remane to ferm and clos the toun,
 The wallis and the trynschis enveroun. 20

Fortowne is
 frend oft
 tymes to
 hardy men.

CAP. VI.

*Eneas fra the schippis landis his host,
 And Turnus thame assalit at the se cost.*

In the meyn session, the Troiane Ene
 Begouth hys folkis from thar schippis hie
 On bryggis and on plankis set on land.
 Mony abaid the ebbing of the sand,

Quhill the swarf fard wallys abak dyd draw,
 Than in the schaldis dyd thai kep on raw ;
 And sum with airis into coggis small
 Etlyt to land. But tho amang thaime all
 The prince Tarchon can the schor behald,
 Thayr as hym thoct suld be na sandis schald,
 Nor 3it na land brist lyppering on the wallis,
 Bot quhayr the flude went styll, and calmyt all is
 But stowr or bullyer, murmour or moving ;
 His stevynnis thidder stering gan the king, 10
 And on this wys hys feris dyd exort :
 Now, O 3e walit flour of weyr, at schort,
 Bend vp 3our ayris styth, and rays 3our schippys,
 Haist oure the flude, bayr to the schor with skyppys,
 And with 3our stelit stevynnis, ane and all,
 Thys ground onfrendly to ws and inimicall
 Do scheir and cleif in sundyr lyke a stok.
 Lat euery barge do prent hyr self a dok :
 Na fors I nocht in sik port by this meyn
 To brek the schip, sa we the land atteyn. 20

Fra Tarchon had thir wordis said, but mayr,
 Hys feris startis ilk man till ane ayr.
 The stowrand famy bargis did rebound,
 Inrowand fast towart the Latyn ground,
 Quhill that thar stammis tuke the bankis dry,
 And thar kelys stak in the slyke fast by,
 But ony harm or dangeir, euery one.
 Bot sa tyd nocht onto thy schip, Tarchon :
 For in the schald scho stoppis, and dyd stand
 Apon a dry chyngill or bed of sand, 30
 A lang tyme all to schaking wyth the flude ;
 Quhill finaly, thar rokkand as scho stude,

Tarchonis
 exhortation
 to his men.

To bristis scho, and rivis all in sondyr,
 Warpit the men amynd the faym thar vndir.
 The plankis, hechis, and mony brokyn ayr,
 That on the streym went flotand heyr and thayr,
 Mayd to thar landing gret impedymnt,
 And slyddry glar so from wallis went
 That oft thar feyt was smyttyn vp on loft :
 Bot finaly, all droukit and forwrocht,
 Thai salffit war, and warpit to the cost.

Than na delay of sleuth, nor feir, ne bost,
 Wythheld Turnus, bot wyth hys haill armee
 Aganis Troianis by the cost of the see
 He did array all sammyn in that stound.

The trumpettis blew thar bludy weyrlyke sound.
 And fyrst, in sing of gud luk in the weris,
 Ene the routis of the lauboreris,

Or rurell husbandis, invoidis and ourset,
 And hes the Latyn commonis haill doun bet,
 By slauchter first of thar chiftane, Theron,
 Amang all otheris the biggast man of one,
 Quhilk set vpone Eneas or he wyst ;

Bot he throw owt hys syde his sword hes thyrst,
 Persit the stalwart platit scheyld of steill,
 And throw the schynand hawbrek euery deill :

The giltyn mailzeis makis hym na steyd,
 For in the coist he tholis dynt of deyde.
 Syne smate he Lychas, and hym hes al to torn,
 That of hys ded moderis waym was furth schorn,
 And onto Phebus God was consecrait ;

And was sa chancy in hys zong estait
 That he the swerd eschakit by his hap,
 Bot nocht at this tyme so the deidis clap.

10 Turnus
 arrayis his
 armi agains
 the Troianys.

20 Eneas
 resistys hys
 enemyes and
 slays Theron
 ther captane
 with dyuers
 other.

30

And nocht far thens this douchty Eneas
 Kyllit the dowr and stalwart Cysseas,
 And put to deyd the bustuus Gyas strang,
 That wyth his burdoun down haill routis dang :
 Thayr strenthy handis helpyt thame na thyng,
 Nowder Hercules wapynniss nor armyng
 Mycht thame defend ; nor 3it thar syre that hecht
 Melampus, and compan3eon was in fecht
 To Hercules in hys sair journeis feyll,
 Quhill he in erd was levand and in heyll. 10
 And lo, as Pharon cryis and dois rowst
 Wyth haltand wordis and with mekill woust,
 Eneas threw a dart at hym that tyde,
 Quhilk, as he gapyt, in hys mowth dyd glyd.
 And thou also, the fey Greyk, Cydon,
 Quhilk strangly luffyt thir 3ong childer ichone,
 As thou the 3yng Clytius dyd persew,
 Quhais 3allow berd begouth to spring of new,
 And was alhail thy new lust and desyre,
 Be the rycht hand of this ilk Troiane syre 20
 Thayr had bene maid end of thy amouris grene,
 And wrachitly had lyn deid, I wene,
 War not the brethir of the clan Phorcanyss
 Apon Eneas assemblit all atanyss.
 In numbyr sevin thai war, and dartis sevin
 Alsammyn thai kest, forcy as fyry levin :
 Of quham sum dyd, but harm or other deyr,
 Stot from hys scheild, his hewmet, or hed geyr ;
 And sum, that wald haue hyt hys corps in hy,
 Venus hys haly moder choppyt by. 30
 Than to the traist Achates sayd Ene :
 Reik me dartis and castyng speris, quod he,

That in the Grekis bodeis fixit stude,
 Quhilum in Troys planys bedyit with blude ;
 And my rycht hand sall thraw thame so ilkane
 On Rutulanis, that nane sall fle in vane.
 A bustuus schaft wyth that he grippit has,
 And incontrair hys aduersaris gan tais,
 Quhilk flaw towartis Meonyus fast by :
 Owt throw the scheyld platit with steyll in hy
 Duschit the dynt, and throw the corslettis glidis,
 Gyrd throw the cost persing baith the sydis. 10
 Onto hym startis Alcanor, hys brothir,
 To beyr hym vp, quhen that he saw hym schuddir,
 With hys rycht arm ; bot throw hys gardy sone
 The grundin hed and bludy schaft ar done,
 Furth haldand the self randoun as it went ;
 The rycht arm, from the schulder al to rent,
 Apon the mankyt sennonys hyngis by
 As impotent, quyte lamyt, and dedly.
 Than Numytor furth of hys brotheris corps
 Ruggis the trunschoun, and with all his fors 20
 It swakkis at Ene ; bot he na mycht
 Had till attane ne wond the nobill knycht,
 3yt with the dynt the gret Achates thee
 He hurt and strenzeit has a litill wee.
 With this come Clawsus, full of vassalage,
 Confydand in his 3outh and florist age,
 The Curitanis wyth hym brocht in the preys,
 And with a lang styf speir ane Dryopes
 Smate in the hals, vnder the chyn, sa sair
 That hym bireft was in the place rycht thair 30
 Baith voce and spreit of lyfe ; and that na wondir,
 For his nek bayn and throthe war carf in sondir,

Clausus.

That doun he duschis with a felloun rerd,
 Quhil that his forret raschit on the erd,
 And of his mouth, a petuus thing to se,
 The lopprit blude in deid thraw voydis he.
 Thre vtheris syne this ilk Clawsus has slane,
 Born into Trace of the clan Boryane ;
 And thre com fra the cite of Idas,
 And vther thre of cite Ismaras,
 By diuers chancis put he al to deyd.
 Alesus hym recontris in that steyd, 10
 And all the barnage com from Aurunca,
 That auld cite ; and thame followis alssua
 To that melle the son of Neptunus,
 That is to knaw, the worthy Mesapus,
 Quhilk into horsman craft was maist expert.
 Nou presis this syde, and now zonderwart,
 To reyll abak and to expell in fycht
 Thar aduersaris, and mak thame tak the flycht.
 Thus by the cost Ausonya that tyde
 Hard wölx the batale apon athyr syde. 20

As thoct sum tyme amynd the large ayr
 The contrair wyndis stryvys heir and thar,
 With brethfull blastis in thar equale mychtis :
 Nane lyst obey tyll other, all sa wycht is,
 Nouder thai amang thame self, nor zit the cloudis,
 Ne zit the rageand seis, quhilkis sa loud is,
 So that the bargane lang standis in dout,
 Quha sal be victor, and quha vnderlout ;
 Sa forcely remanis the elementis
 Contrary vtheris to thar awin ententis. 30
 Nane other wys the Troiane hostis in feyld,
 And Latyn rowtis zokkit vnder scheyld,

Metys in the melle : jonyt sammyn than
 Thai fewtyr fut to fut, and man to man.

CAP. VII.

*Quhou Pallas confortis his host of Archadye,
 Quhilkis gave the bak and tuke purpos to fle.*

Bot quhen that Pallas at ane owtyr syde
 Persaut hys Arcayd army that tyde
 In sic a place had takyn land attanis,
 Quhar as a burn had warpyt rowand stanis,
 And buskis wyth the brais down had bet,
 That thai war in sa hard myscheif ourset,
 As men nocht vsyt for to go fecht on fute,
 And than, constrenit, knew nane other buyt,
 For scharpnes of that sted, bot leyf thar hors ;
 That weil persaut he how that on fors
 Thai gave the bak, and schupe to tak the flycht,
 The Latynys followand thame in all thar mycht :
 Than, quhile with prayer, now with wordis sowr,
 Thar curage he enflambis to the stowr,
 Quhilk maner having is suyth, as is the creid;
 As vtir poynt remedy at sik a neid.

My feris, says he, quhidder do 3e fle ?
 I 3ou beseik, be 3our gret renowne,
 And be 3our forey deidis done of ald,
 And be 3our pryncis fame, Evander bald,
 And be the ostis and mony victorys
 That 3e in weyr and batale wan feyll sys,

Pallas wyse
 and stout
 exhortation
 to the
 10 Troyans,
 desyring
 them not to
 fle, bot to
 tary man-
 fully for ther
 natyf euntre
 and prynces
 caus. For as
 the fleinge of
 ane army is
 the distruction
 of the
 field : So is
 wysdom,
 fortitude
 and stoutnes
 with a litil
 20 taryng the
 caus of
 wynnyng of
 the battell,
 as be his
 awin exem-
 pil he
 schawis to
 them imme-
 diatlye.

And be my gude beleyf and hoyp, that now
 Wyth hail confydens restis fixt in 3ow,
 As to attene onto my faderis gloire
 To ondertak sik dedis done befoire ;
 Do nevyr, for schame, onto 3our self that lak
 To lyppin in speid of fute and geve the bak.
 With swerdis dynt behuffis ws, perfoy,
 Throw amyddis our ennemys red our way.
 Quhar 3ondir sop of men thikkis in a rout,
 3ondir is the passage quhayr we moste wyn owt ; 10
 3ondir 3our noble cuntre wyl 3e pas ;
 3on way to wend exhortis 3our duke Pallas.
 Heir is na power of dyvynyte,
 Nor Goddis mycht gaynstandyng ws, quod he :
 Nane other bargane haue we in thir fychtis
 Bot agane deidly and with mortale wychtis :
 Als mony mortale bodeis heyr haue we,
 And als feyll handis to debait the melle.
 Behaldis, quhou the sey wyth obstakill gret
 Incluis ws, and at our bak can bet ; 20
 On land is left ws heyr na place to fle :
 Quhat ! wald 3e ryn to Troy owt throw the see ?
 Thus sayd he, and furthwith, or he wald ceys,
 Amyd hys fays ruschit in the preys,
 Quhayr as the routis thikast war in stour.
 And first of other, to hys fatale hour,
 Hym metis Lagus, a Rutilyane ;
 Quham, fyrst ourrollit with a mekill stane,
 Throu gyrd hys cost syne wyth a castyng dart,
 Peirsing hys rybbis through, at the ilk part 30
 Quhar bene the cupplyng of the ryg bone,
 And the ilk schaft stak in hys cors anone.

Pallas it jogglyt, and furth drew in hy :
 Quham ane Hysbon, standand neyr tharby,
 Wenyt to have kawcht, bot the gryp he falyt ;
 For as onwar he stowpyt, and devalyt,
 Wod wroth for wo of this myschevis deyd
 Of hys deir fallow, in the ilk steyd
 Pallas hym kepptyt sik wys on his brand,
 That all the blayd, vp to the hylt and hand,
 Amyd hys flaffand longis hyd hes he,
 On sik maner that na man mycht it se. 10
 Syne Pallas set apon Anchemolus,
 And Sthenelus, that of the kyng Rhetus,
 Prince of Marrubyanis, ancyeut pepill, bene ;
 The quhilk Anchemolus was that ilk, I wene,
 Defowlit his fadderis bed incestuusly,
 And had forlayn his awin stepmoder by.
 And 3e also, stowt gemel brether twa,
 Childer and sonnys onto hym Dawcya ;
 Tymber, I meyn, and thy brether Laryde,
 Amyd the feyld Rutiliane dyd abyde. 20
 3e war sa like in form and symilitude
 Nane mycht decern betwix 3ou quhayr 3e stude
 Quhilk maner errour, or sik mysknawing,
 To fader and mother is oft plesand thing,
 Seand thar childer resembill ane lyknes.
 Bot at this time has Pallas, as I ges,
 Markyt 3ou swa with sic rude differens,
 That by hys keyll 3e may be knaw fra thens ;
 For swa stud with the, Tymber, thou art deyd,
 Evandrus swerd hes swepit of thy heyd ; 30
 And thy rycht arm of smyttin, O Laryd,
 Amyd the feyld lysis the besyde,

And half lyfles thi fyngyrris war sterand,
 Wythin thy neif doys gryp and faik the brand.
 Than schame and dolour, mydlit baith ourane,
 Baldis the pepill Archaid eueryane
 To the bargane aganyst thar ennemeys ;
 For Pallas wordis maid thar curage rys,
 And eik, for thai beheld befor thar eyn
 Hys douchty deidis, thai hym love and meyn.
 For Pallas than throw gyrd Rheteus the king,
 As he on cace glayd by on char fleing. 10
 Na mair space was of tary, ne delay,
 That llus deid prolongit the ilk day ;
 For as agane the, Ilo, with fell feyr
 Pallas addressit had a stalwart speyr,
 Rhetheus start in betwix, and caught the dynt,
 As he on cace was fleand fers as flynt
 From thy handis, the maist forcy Teuthras,
 And thy brother Tyres, that by the was ;
 Ourweltis Retheus in ded thrawis atanis,
 And with hys helys smayt the Rutilian planis, 20
 Tumlyt from hys hie cart chargit quhar he sat,
 And on the grund reboundis wyth a squat.
 And lyke as sum tyme in the symmeris drouth,
 Quhen wyndis risis of the north or south,
 In seyr placis the hyrd, at his desyre,
 Among the scroggy rammell settis the fyre,
 Wlcanus hostis of brym flambyis reyd
 Spredand on breyd, vpbleis euery steyd ;
 Than he that set the kyndylling, glayd and gay,
 Behaldis quhou that the low dois mak deray, 30
 Blesand and crakand with a nice reuery :
 None vther wys, the Archadanis in hy

All sammyn socht in feyld with all thar mycht,
 And mayd debait to help Pallas in fycht.
 Bot tho Alesus, keyn into batale,
 Thame to recontyr etlys and assaill,
 And gan hym self weill schrowd vnder his scheyld ;
 Syne manfully ruschyt amynd the feyld,
 Quhar that he slew ane Ladon, and Pheres,
 And Demodocus eftyr in the pres.
 As hym Strymonyus by the gorgyt grippyt, [10
 With hys brycht brand his rycht hand he of quhyppyt ;
 And Thoas syne sa smat upon the heyd
 With a gret stane, quhill mixit of blude all red
 The harnys poplit furth on the brane pan.

Thys ilk Alesus fader, as witty man,
 For to eschew his sonnis fatis strang,
 Hyd hym prevely the thik woddis amang :
 Bot, fra the auld Alesus lay to de,
 And 3aldis vp the breth wyth wawland E,
 The fatale systeris set to hand anon,
 And can this 3ong Alesus so dispon, 20
 That by Evandrus wapynnys, the ilk stound,
 He destinat was to caught the dedis wound.
 Towart quham Pallas bownyt hes ful sone,
 And in hys renk on this wys maid hys boyne :
 Now grant, thou God and fader Tyberyne,
 Gude chance and fortoun to this heyd of myne
 The quhilk I tays upon this castyng speyr,
 That it may throw Alesus body scheyr ;
 And 3on harnes, cote armour, and spulze brycht,
 Quhilk now sa weyrly schynys on 3on knycht, 30
 Sall hyng upon ane ayk fast by thi bra.
 The God his asking hard, as he dyd pray :

For quhill Alesus onavisitly
 Cled with hys scheild Imaonus, hym by,
 That was to hym his frend and fallow deyr,
 Hys breist stud nakyt, but armour or geyr,
 Quhayrin he Pallas dedly schaft ressauit.

Bot Lausus, wylfull hys syde to haue savyt,
 As he that was a gret part of the ost,
 And lyst nocht suffyr with sik feyr nor bost,
 Or slauchtyr mayd be Pallas and deray, 10
 At his companzeis suld caught mayr affray,
 Ruschit in the melle; and first in hys tene
 Slew Abas, that gret bargane dyd sustene.
 The thykkest sop or rout of all the pres,
 Thayr as maist tary was, or he wald ces,
 Thys Lausus al to sparpyllit and invoidys.
 Down bettin war the barnage of Archadys;
 Down bettin eyk war the Hethruryanys;
 And 3e also, feil bodeis of Troianis,
 That war nocht put by Grekis to vtyrrans.
 Than all the ostis semlyt with speir and lans, 20
 The chiftanys all jonyt with haille poweris,
 The hyndmast wardis swarmyt all yferis;
 So thyk in stayll all marryt wolx the rout,
 Oneys mycht ony turn hys hand about
 To weyld his wappin, or to schut a dart.
 Full douchtely Pallas on the ta part
 Inforcis hym to greif hys fays that tyde;
 Lawsus resistis on that vthir syde:
 Thayr agis was nocht far indyfferent,
 And of maist semly statur, quhayr thai went, 30
 Thai war excelland of bewte baith tway;
 Bot so it stude, that fortoun, walloway!

The lonyng
 of the felld.

Wald nothyr suffyr to hys realm resort.
 And, netheles, to meyt sammyn, at schort,
 As into feyld to preyf thar hardyment,
 The governour of hevin omnipotent
 Lyst na way thoill : for, belyve eftir this,
 To athyr of thame thar deydly fatis, I wys,
 To ane far grettar aduersayr remanis,
 As heyr anon doys follow vnder anis.

CAP. VIII.

*Quhou that fers Turnus has young Pallas slane,
 For quham hys folkis makis gret dolour and mayn.*

During this fervour of the bargane swa,
 The haly nymphe, clepyt Juturna, 10
 Hyr brother Turnus dyd monys and exhort
 To succur Lawsus and his folk support ;
 The quhilk Turnus, as in hys spedy chair
 The myd routis went sloppand heir and thair,
 Beheld his feris debatand with Pallas.
 Lo, now is tyme to desyst, and lat pas
 All sic bargane, quod he, and ceis in hy ;
 For I will set on Pallas anerly ;
 Only to me, and to nane other wycht,
 The victory pertenis of sik a knycht ; 20
 Glaydly I wald his fader stude heyrby,
 This interprys to decerne and aspy.
 Thus said he, and his feris at command
 Voydit the feyld, and all plane left the land.

Turnus
 desiris to
 fecht with
 Pallas.

Than 3ong Pallas, seand Rutylianis
 Withdraw the feyld sa swyth, and rovm the planis,
 At the proud bidding of thar prince and kyng,
 Amervallit full gretly of this thing,
 And farly can on Turnus to behald,
 Our all his bustuus body, as he wald,
 Rollyng hys eyn, and all hys corps in hy
 With thrawin luke on far begouth aspy.
 Syne moving fordwart, wyth sic wordis on hie,
 To answer Turnus speche thus carpis he : 10
 Owthir now, quod he, for ay be lovyt I sall
 Of ryck kingly spulze triumphall,
 Quhilk heyr I sall rent from my aduersayr,
 Or than sal be renownyt evirmayr
 Of ane excellent end moist glorius.
 Do way thy bost and mannance mayd to ws :
 For my fader, quhom thou desyris besyde,
 Reputis all elyke, quhou evir the chance betyde.
 And sayand thus, amynd the plane furth startis :
 The blude congelyt abowt Archadiane hartis. 20
 Turnus down lepis from his twa quhelit chair,
 And bownys fast towartis his aduersar.
 Lyke as ane lyoun, from the hyllis hycht,
 Amynd the valle had scharply gottin a sycht
 Of sum prouwd bull, wyth his horn in the plane
 Addressand hym reddy to mak bargane,
 Cummys braidand on the best fast in a lyng ;
 On siclyke wys was Turnus tocummyng :
 And quhen that Pallas saw hym cum sa neyr
 He mycht areke to hym a casting speyr, 30
 Formast he bownys to the joynyng place,
 Gyf sa betyde that fortoun, of hyr grace,

Pallas
answere.

Hys interprys for stout ondertakyng
 Wald help, or hym support in ony thing,
 As he that zong was, and of strenth all out
 Na wys compeyr to Turnus stern and stout :
 And to the gret Goddis in hevyn abone
 Apon this maneyr prayand sayd he sone :

I the beseyk, thou mychty Hercules,
 Be my faderis gestnyng, and the ilk des
 Quhar thou strangear was ressauyt to herbry,
 Assyst to me, cum in my help in hy, 10
 To perform this excellent fyrst journe ;
 That Turnus, in the ded thraw, may me se
 Bereve fra hym hys bludy armour reid,
 And, zaldand vp the breth in the ilk steyd,
 Mot wyth his ene behald me hym befor
 In hie tryumphe, with ourhand as victor.

Gret Hercules the zong man hard anone,
 And from the boddum of hys hart can grone,
 Hydand hys smert for rewth of Pallas zing,
 Seand the fatis wald haue his ending ; 20
 And for ennoy salt teris, all in vane,
 Furth zetting our hys chekis thyk as rane.
 Tho Jupiter, his curage to astabyll,
 Thus to hys son spak wordis amyabill :

Jupiter
 comfortis
 his sone
 Hercules.

Tyll euery mortall wofull wycht, perfay,
 Determyt standis the fixit lattyr day ;
 Ane schort and onrecoverabill term is set
 Of lyfe, quhen all most neydlyngis pay that det ;
 Bot, to prolong thar fame by nobill deydis,
 Fra vertuus wark that cumys and procedis. 30
 Quhou mony sonnys and deir childryng, said he,
 Of goddis kyn, vnder Troy wallis hie

War done to ded, and brytnyt blude and bone !
 So that amangis all otheris Sarpedon,
 My tendir get, my kyn, and blude, lysis slane.
 Forsuyth also, I say the into plane,
 The finale fate awatis Turnus in feild,
 The dait and methis approchis of his eyld.

On this wys spak gret Jove to Hercules ;
 And, with that word, his ene towart the pres
 On the Rutilian feyld addressis he.
 And, the ilk stownd, zong Pallas lattis fle 10
 With mekill fors at Turnus a gret speyr,
 And syne anon his brycht brand burnyst cleir
 Hyntis furth of the scheyth to mak debayt.
 The schaft flaw towart Turnus, and hym smait
 Apon the schulder, abuf the gardis hie
 That risis amaist tharvpon we se,
 And throw the bordour of the scheyld swa persyt,
 Quhill fynaly in sum deyll it traversyt,
 And hurt a part of Turnus big body.

Than Turnus smyttin, full of felony, 20
 A bustuus lance with grundyn heyd full kene,
 That lang quhile taysit he in proper tene,
 Leit gird at Pallas, and thus wys sayd he :
 Consider, zongkeir, gyf our lancis be
 Bettyr of tempyr and mair penetrative.
 And, with the word, the schaft flaw furth belyve,
 So the scharp poynt of the brangland speyr
 Throw out amyddis of the scheyld can scheyr,
 Persand sa mony platis of irne and steyll,
 And sa feill plyis of bull hydys ilk deyll, 30
 All sammyn cowchit in his target strang,
 The bustuus strake throw all his armour thrang,

That styntit na thing at the fyne hawbryk,
 Quhill throu the cost thyrlit the deidly pryk.
 Pallas, nocht schrynkand for the mortale dynt,
 In vane the hait schaft of his wond hes hynt ;
 For all togidder by the sammyn way
 The blude and sawle passys hyne bayth tway.
 Apon his wond onon he rushchis doun :
 Abuf him rang his harnes with a sovn :
 And that onfrendly erth inimicall,
 That in his deyd he suld nocht scryk nor call, 10
 As was the gys, with bludy mouth bait he.
 Turnus, abufe hym standand, carpis on hie :
 O 3e pepill of Archaid, takis tent,
 And my wordis do rehers and present
 To kyng Evander, sayand hym planely,
 That hys son Pallas to hym send haue I
 In sik array as that he hes deseruit ;
 And, of my gentrys, will he be preservit
 To all estayt and honour funerall,
 With all solace pertenyng beriall 20
 Of tumbe and of entyrment, as efferis.
 Na lytill thyng, perfay, into thir weris
 Hes hym bycost the frendship of Ene.
 And, sayand thus, with hys left fut hes he
 Pallas ded corps ourwelt or euyr he stent,
 And syne about his sydis sone has rent
 Hys goldyn gyrdyll, pasand a gret deyll,
 Quharin was gravin craftely and weyll
 Of Danavs douchteris the iniquite :
 Quhou that the fyfty zong men, schame to se, 30
 War fowly murthuryt on the fyrst nycht,
 As thai war spowsit to thar ladeis brycht ;

The chalmeris porturit war byspret with blude ;
 Quhilk historeis Eurition, warkman gude,
 Had carvit weyll and wrocht full craftely
 In wechty platis of the gold massy ;
 Of quhais spulze now is Turnus glayd,
 Joyfull and blyth that he it conquest had.

Mennys wyt
 nor reason
 can not se
 thingis to
 cum.

O mannis mynd, so ignorant at all
 Of thingis tocum, and chancis quhilkis may fall !
 Vpheynt sone in blynd prosperite,
 Can nocht be war, nor myssour hald wyth the ! 10
 The tyme sall cum quhen Turnus sall, perfay,
 Hait and wary this spulze and this day,
 Desyrand he mycht by for mekill thing
 That he had nevyr tuichit Pallas zing.

Abowt the corps assemblit tho his feris,
 Wyth mekill murnyng and huge plente of teris.
 Apon a scheyld Pallas body thai layd,
 And bair hym of the feyld, and thus thai sayd :
 O Pallas, quhou gret dolour and wyrshyp
 To thy fader, and all hys falloschyp, 20
 Sall thou rendir and bryng hame, sayd thai.
 This was to the in weyrfayr the first day,
 Quhilk first in battaill dressit the to go ;
 The ilk for ay has the bereft tharfro !
 And, nocht the les, thy swerd leiffis in the planis
 Gret hepis deyd of the Rutilianis.

CAP. IX.

*The rich Magus na ranson mycht reskew,
And preist Hemonydes, bayth Eneas slew.*

The nane incertane rumor nor demyng,
Bot sovyr bodword cam thar, and warnyng,
Ontill Eneas of this gret myschance,
Schawand quhou that his folkis stud in ballance,
As bot in litill dystans all from deyd ;
The tyme requiryt for to set remeid,
And succur Troianis quhilkis had tane the flycht.
Than, as wod lyoun, ruschyte he in the fycht,
And all quham he arekis nerrest hand
Without reskew down mawis with his brand ;
The bytand blaid about hym inveroun
Amyd the rowtis reddis large rowm.
Enragit and inflambyt thus in ire,
Throw owt the ostis Turnus, that proud syre,
Quhilk had this new slauchtir mayd, socht he :
Ay prentand in hys mynd befor his E
The gudly Pallas, was sa stout and zing,
And the gret gentrice of Evander king ;
The cheyr and feyst hym maid bot a strangeyr,
Per ordour all thing, quhou and quhat maner
He was ressaut, and tretit thankfully ;
Syne of his band of frendship and ally
Wyth athis sworn and interchangit handis,
Remembryng tho his promys and cunnandis.
Amovit in this heyt, or euer he stynt,
Four zong men quyk he hes in handis hynt,

Eneas sorly
commouyt
with the
cruell
slachter
of his gud
frend Pallas
sparis no
man in the
feld.

10

20

That born was of the cite hecht Sulmon ;
 Als mony syne he takyn hes anon
 Bred and vpbrocht besyde the flude Vfens,
 Quham that he etlis for to send from thens
 To Pallas lykewalkis and obsequyis,
 To strow his funeral fyre of byrnand treis,
 As was the gys, with blude of presoneris,
 Eftyr the ald rytis into mortale weris.

Syne hynt Eneas a perellus lance in hand,
 And it adressis far furth on the land 10
 To ane Magus, that subtell was and sle,
 And jowkit in vnder the speyr has he.
 The schaft schakand flaw furth abufe his heyde ;
 And he Eneas in that samyn steyd
 Abowt the kneis grippyt humely,
 With petuus voce syne thus begouth to cry :
 Be thy deir faderis gost I the beseik,
 And be that gude beleif quhilk thou has eyk
 Of Ascanyvs vprysyng to estait,
 Thys silly sawle of myne, sa faynt and mayt, 20
 Thou salf to my a son and fader deyr.
 I haue a hows, rych, full of mobillis seyr,
 Quharin bedelvyn lyis a gret talent,
 Or charge of fyne siluer, in veschell quent
 Forgyt and punsyt wonder craftely ;
 Ane huge wecht of fynast gold tharby,
 Oncunzeit zit, ne nevir put in wark :
 Sa thou me salf, thy pyssans is so stark,
 The Troianis glory nor thar victory
 Sal na thyng change nor dymynew tharby, 30
 Nor a puyr sawle, thus hyngand in ballance,
 May sik diuisioun mak nor discrepans.

Eneas
answere.

Thus sayd this silly Magus, all in vane.
 Quhamtill Eneas answeris thus agane :
 Sa mony talentis of fyne syluer and gold,
 Quhilkis thou rehersing heir befor hes told,
 Do kepe onto thy small chyldyr and ayris ;
 Lat thame bruke weill, I consent it be tharis.
 All interchange and ransonyng, perfay,
 In this batale Turnus hes done away,
 Now laytly slayand zong Pallas, allace !
 That rewthfull harm, and that myschewus cace, 10
 Felis baith Ascanyus and my faderis gost,
 For thai na litill thyng tharby hes lost.
 Thus sayand, by the helm hym grippis he
 With his left hand, and fast as he mycht dre
 Wryth down hys nek, quharin, but mayr abayd,
 His bludy brand vp to the hyltis slayd.
 Nocht far thens stude Hemonydes allane,
 Prest onto Phebus and the thrynfald Dyane,
 On quhais hed wympyllit holy garlandis
 With thar pendentis lyke to a mytyr standis, 20
 Hys habyt as the schene son lemand lycht,
 And all hys armour quhyte and burnyst brycht ;
 Quham Eneas assalyt mychtely,
 And gan do chays owt throw the feyld in hy,
 That fleand stummerrit and to grond went sone.
 The Troiane prynce down lowtis hym abone,
 And with his brand hym bryntys at devys,
 In maner of ane offerand sacryfys.
 The large schaddow of Eneas in feyld
 Dyd hail the deid corps of this prest ourheild. 30
 Serestus sortis vp his armour gay,
 And on hys schuldris careyt hes away,

To hyng as trophe or sing victoriall
 Tyll Mars the God, quhilk Gradyus is call.

CAP. X.

*Quhat douchty chiftanis of the Latyn land
 That day Eneas killit with his hand.*

Ceculus, discendyt of Wlcanus blude,
 And Vmbro eyk, the stalwart chyftane rude,
 That cum was fra the montanis Marsyane,
 The bargane stuffis, relevand in agane.
 Bot Eneas, discend from Dardanus,
 Ganestandis thame, ful brym and furyus,
 And onto ane, hecht Anxurus, in the feyld
 Of strak the left arm all down with the scheyld ; 10
 Quhilk had maid sum gret vant, spekind proudly,
 Wenying that in hys sawis by and by
 Thayr had bene grete effect and hardyment,
 As thocht he wald extoll in hys entent
 His manheyd to the hevin and starnis hie,
 And promys to hym self, for his bonte,
 Agit cannos hayr and lang proces of 3eris :
 Lo, now he liggis law, for all his feris !
 Syne baldly with glaid curage, as I ges,
 Agane Eneas can Tarquytus dres, 20
 In schynying armour wonder prouwd and gay,
 Of Dryope born, the nympe or schene may,
 To Fawnus wonnyng in the woddis grene ;
 And, to recontyr Ene inflambyt in tene,

Kest hym selvin : bot the tother, but feyr,
 Buyr at hym mychtely with a lang speyr
 Throu out hys scheyld of pais and hawbrik fyne,
 That to the grond gan down his heyd declyne ;
 Allthocht he than full humely hym besocht,
 And schupe to say mekill, all was for nocht.
 Hys pallat in the dust bedowyn stude,
 And the body baithit in the hait blude
 Ene ourweltis, sayand thir wordis wythall,
 With trublit breist and mynd inimicall :

10

Now ly thow thar, that wenyt the so wycht
 That thou was feyrfull ontill euery wycht.
 Thy best belovit mother sall the nocht haue
 To erd, as custum is, nor delf in grave,
 Na do thy bonis honour with sik cuyr
 As thame to lay in faderis sepultur ;
 Bot sal be left to the wyld bestis fude,
 Or than the spait watyr of this flude
 Sal bayr the in the deip, and thar on raw
 With empty throtis sal thy banis gnaw
 Thyr sey monstreis in thar wod rage,
 And lape thy blude thar hungeir to asswage.

Eneas
 wordis to
 Tarquitus.

20

Syne, but delay, Antheus and Lycas,
 Quhilkis that of Turnus fyrst ward ledaris was,
 Persewis he, and also Numa bold,
 And Camerthes, brycht schynand all of gold,
 Son of the manly Volscens capitane ;
 In all the fertill grond Ausonyane
 The richest man, and kyng was this Volscens
 Of Amyclis the cite of silens.

30

And lyke as Egeon, the kyng of gyandis,
 Quhilk had, thai say, ane hundreth armys and handis,

And fyfty mowthis of quham the fyre dyd schyne,
 As he into the batale gigantyne
 Incontrar Jovis thundir and fyre flaucht
 With als mony scharp drawyn swerdis faucht,
 Clatterand in bargane with sa mony scheyldis :
 The sammyn wys, enragent throw the feyldis
 Went Eneas, as victor with ourhand,
 Fra tyme that anis bedyit hys burnyst brand
 And wet he had in hait Rutiliane blude.
 So that also, in this ilk fury wod, 10
 He draif at Nypheus amyd the breste bane,
 Set in hys four quhelyt chariot allane :
 Bot fra the hors on far dyd hym aspy
 Sa grym of cheir stalkand sa bustuusly,
 For feir thai start abak, and furth can swak
 The duke Nypheus wyd oppyn on his bak,
 And brak away with the cart to the schor,
 With stendis feyll and mony bray and snor.
 The self stound, amyd the pres fut hote
 Lucagus entyris in his chariote, 20
 With quhyte hors drawyng wonder lustely,
 Hys brother Lyger sittand neyr hym by.
 Thys Lyger led the renzeis wyth his hand,
 Bot bald Lucagus swakkis a burnyst brand.
 Eneas mycht nocht suffyr nor sustene
 Of thame sic fervour in thar felloun tene,
 Bot ruschit furth, and with a gret speyr
 Forganist thame can into sicht appeyr.
 Quhamto this Liger carpis apon hie :
 Thou seis nocht Dyomedis stedis heir, said he, 30
 Nor zit Achillis chayr persavis draw,
 Thocht athyr venquist the in the feyld, we know,

Nor 3it the Troiane planis behaldis thou ;
 The end of thyne age and of bargane now
 Sal be mayd in thir landis on this grond.

Sic wordis vane and onsemly of sovnd
 Furth warpys wyde this Lyger fulichly :
 Bot the Troian barroun onabasitly
 Na wordis pressis to rendre hym agane,
 Bot at hys fa leyt fle a dart or flane,
 That hyt Lucagus ; quhilk, fra he felt the dynt,
 The schaft hingand into his scheild, but stynt 10
 Bad dryf hys hors and char al fordwart strecht,
 As he that hym addressit to the fecht,
 And strekit furth hys left fut in his chair.
 Bot sone Eneas speir was reddy thair,
 Beneth hys schynand scheyld reversit law,
 So that the groundyn heid, the ilk thraw,
 At his left flank or leisk persyt tyte,
 Quhill clayr out our the charyot is he smyte,
 And on the ground weltis in the ded thrawis.
 Quham on this wys with sowr wordis and sawis 20
 The petuus Eneas begouth to chyde :
 Lucagus, said he, forsuith as at this tyde
 Na slaw cours of thy horssys onweldy
 Thy cart has rendryt to thyne ennymy,
 Nor 3it na vane wrathis nor gaistis quent
 Thi char constrenyt backward for to went,
 And malgre thyne wythdraw thi fais gryppis ;
 Bot lo now, of thy fre will, as thou skyppis
 Owt our the quhelys of thy cart, God wait,
 Levand the renis and hors all desolait. 30
 This beand said, the horsis renys he hynt.
 The tothir fey brother, or evyr he stynt,

Lap fra the cart, and kneland petuusly,
 Vphevand his bayr handis, thus did cry :
 O Troiane prynce, I lawly the beseyk,
 Be thyne awyn vertewes and thy thewys meyk,
 And be thy parentis maist of renowne,
 That sik a chyld engendrit hes as the,
 Thow spayr this wofull sylly sawle at lest,
 Haue rewth of me, and admyt my request.
 With wordis feyll as he thus can requer,
 Ene at last on this wys mayd answer :
 Syk sawys war langare furth of thy mynd.
 Sterve the behuffis, les than thou war onkynd
 As for to leyf thy broder desolayt
 All hym allane, na follow the sam gayt.
 And tharwythall the hyrnys of hys gost
 He rypyt wyth the swerd amynd his cost :
 So tyll hys hart stoundis the prik of deith,
 He weltis our, and zaldis vp the breith.

10

Thys Dardane prince as victor thus in weyr
 Sa mony douchty corpsis brocht on beyr,
 Amynd the planys reddand large gait,
 As dois a rowtand ryver reid on spait,
 That for hys dyntis wolx his fais agast,
 As for the feirfull drumly thundris blast.
 Quhil fynaly Ascanyus the 3yng page,
 And the remanent of Troiane barnage,
 Quhilk war, as sayd is, besegit in vane,
 Thayr strenth hes left, and takyn hes the plane.

20

CAP. XI.

*Juno rycht quayntly causis Turnus to flee,
Ane fenzeit figur persewand of Enee.*

The ilk stound, of hys awyn fre volunte,
Jove callis Juno, and thus carpis he :
O thou my systir germane and my feyr,
My best belovit spous, most leif and deyr,
Thyne oppynzoun hes nocht dissaut the,
As thou belevit : now may thou nocht se
Quhou Venus doys sustene and fortyfy
The Troiane routis and pyssans by and by ?
Nane active handis, nor stowt myndis, I wene,
Nor bodeis reddy all perrellis to sustene
Haue thai, thou may se be experiens. 10

Quhamto Juno, with humyllum reverens,
Answerit : my sweyt and maist gudly husband,
Quharto lyst the renew my sorrow at hand,
As cayrfull wycht that likis nocht sic bourdis ?
All efferd of thy fatal dreidfull wordis
I am bestad : bot war I now, I wene,
Als strangly belovit as I sum tyme haue bene,
Thocht zit, God wait, accordit so to be
Baith to myne honour and thy dignite.; 20
I say, war I beluffyt as I was ayr,
Thou Jove almychty ryngand euermayr
Suld nocht deny me sa sobyr a thyng,
Bot at I mycht withdraw, at my lyking,
Furth of the feyld Turnus, and hym save
Onto hys fader Dawnus, that our the lave

Belovit him, as ressoun wald, quod sche.
 Now sall he perisch, and now sal he de,
 And sched hys gentyll blude sa pacient,
 In grewus panis be Troianis tort and rent :
 And netheles hys kin origynall
 Is renownyt of godly stok ryall,
 Discendit of our seyde and hevynly clan,
 Fra God Pylumnus to rekkin the ferd man ;
 And eyk, thou wait, full oft with large hand,
 Wyth mony ostis, and rycht fayr offerand, 10
 Thy templis and thyne altaris chargit hes he,
 In wyrship of thy mychty maieste.

The souerane kyng of hevyn etherial
 In few wordis mayd answer thus at all :
 Gif thow askis a resput or delay,
 Bot for a tyme, or till a certane day,
 Of this evident deyd of Turnus 3ing,
 Desyrand I suld grant the sik a thing,
 Allthocht he mortale be rycht sone we knaw ;
 I leif the to remove hym and wythdraw, 20
 And from this instant perrellus hard fayt
 Steyll hym away, and gyde hym by the gait ;
 For so lang space 3yt restis at wyll of me
 To lenth hys lyfe, quhilk I the grant, quod he.
 Bot gif sa beys that vnder thy request
 Mair hie pardon lurkis, I wald thou cest :
 For gif thou wenis that all the victory
 Of the batale, and chancis by and by,
 May be reducit and alterat clar agane,
 A mysbeleve thou fosteris all in vane. 30

Jupiter
 grantis Juno
 Turnus lyfe
 for a tyme.

To quham Juno on this wys sayd weping :
 Quhat harm mycht fall, thocht be sum takin or sing

Thow schew thy mynd, and grantit that, quod sche,
 Quhilk be thy wordis of fatale destane
 Now grunschis thou to geve or to conceid ?
 That is to sa, quhat fors, thocht thou in deid
 Waldyst appreif and ratyfy agane
 That Turnus lyfe a lang tyme suld remane ?
 Bot now approchis to that innocent knycht
 A feyfull end ; he sal to deid be dycht,
 Or than my sawis ar voyd of verite.
 And O, wald God, at rather sa suld be 10
 That I dissavyt war bot with fals dreyd,
 And at thou lyst, as thou has mycht in deyd,
 Thy fatale promys and thy statutis strange
 In bettyr purpos to translait and change !

Fra scho thir wordis had said, the ilk tyde
 Down from the hevyn scho leyt hyr selvyn slyde,
 Befor hyr drivand a tempestuus wynd,
 And all about, befor and eik behynd,
 Within a clowd of myst circulit cleyne :
 So throw the ayr bownyt furth this queyne, 20
 Towart the Troiane ostis in the planis,
 And to the tentis socht of Lawrentanis.

Thys Goddes than furth of ane bos cloud
 In lyknes of Ene did schaip and schroud
 A voyd figur, but strenth or curage bald ;
 The quhilk wondrus monstre to behald
 With Troiane wapynnys and armour grathis sche,
 With scheild, and helm, and tymbret set on hie,
 Be semland lyke Eneas godlyheyd ;
 And tharto ekis scho in euery steid 30
 Quent fenzeit wordis, fant and contyrfayt,
 With voce but mynd, or ony other consayt ;

And fenzeis eyk hys contynens and pacis ;
 Syklyke as that, thai say, in diuers placis
 The wraithis walkis of goistis that ar deyd,
 Or as the slepy dremis, fra sted to sted
 Fleand in swevyn, makis illusionis,
 Quhen mennis myndis oft in dravilling gronis :
 And all befor the forfront of the feyld
 Richt haltandly, as curageus vnder scheyld,
 Musturis this ymage, that with dartis kene
 Aggrevit Turnus, and dyd hym chyde in tene, 10
 Prouocand hym to bargane and tyl ire.
 And Turnus tho als hote as ony fyre
 Thys fygur dyd inuaid, and tharat he
 In gret dyspyte a quhirrand dart leyt fle :
 Bot this ilk schaddo, as sum deyll addred,
 Turnyt abowt, and gaif the bak and fled.
 Than Turnus, wenyng Ene had tane the flycht,
 And al awondrit of that selcouth sycht,
 Within hys mynd a vane comfort kawcht he,
 And cryis lowd : quhidder fleis thou now, Ene ? 20
 Leif nevyr, for schame, thus dissolayt and wayst
 Thy new allyance promyst the in haist,
 Of Lavynya the spousyng chalmyr at hand,
 And all this ilk regioun and this land,
 Quhilk thou sa far hes socht owt our the se :
 My rycht hand sal the saysing geif, quod he.
 With sik wordis he schowtand dyd persew,
 And ay the glymmyrand brand baith schuke and schew,
 Na thyng persavand quhou this myrth and blys
 Away quyte with the wynd bewavit is. 30
 On cace thar stude a mekill schyp that tyde,
 Hyr wayl jonyt til a schor rokis syde,

Wyth plankis and with briggis layd on land,
 The entre reddey grathyt weyll thai fand ;
 In the quhilk schip Osynyus kyng, I wys,
 Come laitly from the cite of Clusys.
 Thydder went this wrath or schaddo of Ene,
 That semyt, all abasyt, fast to fle,
 And hyd hyr dern vndre hychis tharin.
 Na slawar Turnus hastis hym to ryn,
 That but delay he spedis to this schip,
 Ran ovr the brig, and inwith burd can skyp ; 10
 And scars was entrit in the forcastell,
 Quhen Saturnus douchter saw hir tyme befell,
 Than soyn the cabyll in sondir smytis sche,
 And fra the schoyr drave the schip throu the see.

Bot Turnus absent thus that sammyn howr
 Eneas seyrssis throw amynd the stowr,
 And in hys renk quham euyr he met lay deyd ;
 Full mony a man he kyllit in that sted.
 And tharwithall hys lycht and fenzeit gost,
 Fra tyme the schip was chargyt fra the cost, 20
 No langar sekis-hyrnys hyr to hyde,
 Bot flaw vp in the ayr the sammyn tyde,
 And al dissoluit into a dyrk cloud.
 The meyn sessoun, can fors of wyndis loud
 Turnus far furth amynd the deip sey drive :
 He dyd behald abowt him tho belyve,
 All ignorant quhat wys this chance was wrocht,
 And of hys lyfe salving na thing he rocht.
 With handis junct vphevit towart hevin,
 Syk wordis he furth braid with drery stevin : 30

Almychty fader of the hevynnis hie,
 Hes thou me reput on sic wys to be

Turnus
 oration to
 Jupiter.

Confusyt in this schame for myn offens ?
 And will I suffyr syk torment and pennans ?
 Quhidder am I drevin, and from quhens am I cumyn ?
 Quhat maner eschewyng or fleying haue I nummyn ?
 In quhat estait sall I return agane ?
 Sall I evir se the wallys Lawrentane,
 Or evir eft my tentis sall I se ?
 Quhat may 3on ost of men now say of me,
 Quhilkis my querrell and me followyt to feyld,
 Quham now, allace ! lo, fechtand vnder scheyld 10
 3ondir, schame to say the harm, sa wikkity
 Reddy to myschewus deyd beleft haue I ?
 Lo, I behald thame fleand pail and wan,
 And heris the granyng of mony douchty man
 In my defalt falland fey to the grond.
 Quhat sal I do ? allace the wofull stond !
 Or quhilk land, thocht a thousand tymys I stervit,
 May swelly me sa deip as I haue servit ?
 Bot, O 3e wyndis, rather haue mercy,
 On roukis and on craggis by and by 20
 Do swak this schip, sen heir na erd I se,
 And haue of wrachit Turnus sum piete,
 Quhilk of his fre will, stad in this maner,
 Beseikis 3ow with all hartly prayer,
 Do warp my body on the schaldis onkend,
 Far furth on Syrtis at the warldis end,
 Quhayr Rutilyanys me nevir fynd agane,
 Sa that na fame nor rumour may remane
 Eftir my deid of this schamefull trespas.
 And sayand thus, in mynd dyd he cumpas 30
 Full mony chancis rolland to and fro,
 Quhidder gif he suld, for proper lak and wo,

Turnus fallis
in dispayr.

Into this fury smyte hym with his brand,
 And thrist the bludy blaid in with his hand
 Throw owt his rybbis, and sched his hart blude ;
 Or than to swak hym self amynd the flude,
 Swymmmand to seik the nerrast costis bay,
 In feild agane the Troianis to assay.
 Athir way till assay thrys presyt hes he,
 And thrys hym styntis Juno, queyn maist hie,
 Havand compassioun of this 3ong man bald,
 And can asswage hys mynd, and hand withhald. 10
 Furth held the schip, slydand owt our the fludis,
 With prospeyr wynd and followand tyde sa gude is,
 Quhill he is careyt suyrly throw the see
 Tyll Ardea, his faderis auld cite.

CAP. XII.

*In Turnus sted Mezentius did succeed,
 Killit down his fays, and spulzeit of thair weid.*

Durand this quhile, in fatis marciall,
 Mezentys movyt with ardour bellicall,
 Be instigation of Jove in that neyd,
 Can to the batale in hys place succeed ;
 And the Troianis to invayd na thing sparis,
 That semyt prowde as all the feild war tharis. 20
 Than sammyn to recontyr hym atanis
 Semlyt hayll ostis of Hethrurianis,
 And all assailzeit Mezentius allone.
 Aganist a man thai routis euery one,

Exempyll of
 a furyous
 man of war.

Inflambit all in malice, maid persutis,
 And thik as hail schour at hym schaftis schutis.
 Bot he, lyke to a ferm rouk, quhilk we se
 Strekyt on lenth amynd the large see,
 Sytuat aganys the rageand windis blast
 And brym wallys boldynnand wonder fast,
 From all that violens dois hym self defend,
 And hail the fors sustenis to the end
 Baith of the hevynnis and byr of seis rage,
 Remanand onremovyt ferm in his stage : 10
 Als stern standis Mezentius in that stound.
 And first he hes fellit and laid to the ground
 Hebrus, the son of ane Dolycaon,
 And him besyde Latagus slew onon,
 And Palmus eik, accustumat to fle :
 Bot wyth a stane Latagus brytnit he
 Quhilk of a montane semyt a gret nuike,
 Wyth quham hym on the vyssage he ourtuike ;
 And Palmus hough sennonis smayt in tuay
 Maid hym sa slaw he mycht nocht fle away : 20
 Thayr armour syne to Lawsus gevyn hes he
 To weyr on his schuldris, and crowne on hie
 Thar crestis set the quhilk sa rychly schane.
 He slew also Evantes a Troiane,
 And Mynas syne he kyllis in the feyld,
 Quhilum to Paris companjeon and evin eild ;
 Quham on a nycht Theana, gude and fayr,
 To his fader Amycus in Troy bayr,
 Quhen Heccuba, douchter of Cysseus,
 Dremyt scho was gret, the story tellis thus, 30
 With a fyre broind, and the self samyn nycht
 Was delyver of Paris, the fey knyght,

Quhilk in his native cite mayd his end.
 Bot thir feyldis Lawrentan ombekend
 Withhaldis now the body of Mymas :
 So brym in stour that stond Mezentius was.
 Lyke to the strenthy sangler, or the bore,
 Quham hundis quest with mony quhryne and rore
 Down driving from the hychtis mayd discend,
 Quhilk mony wintir tofor had him defend
 In Vesulus, the cauld montane hie,
 That is ourheildyt with mony fyr tre ; 10
 Or than the bustuus swyne weyll fed, that breidis
 Amang the buskis rank of rysp and redis,
 Besyde the laik of Lawrens, mony 3eris,
 Quhen that he is betrappyt fra his feris
 Amyd the hunting ralis and the nettis,
 Standis at the bay, and vp hys byrsis settis,
 Grasland his tuskis, wyth astern fyry ene,
 With spaldis hard and harsk, awfull and tene,
 That nane of all the huntmen thar present
 Hym to engreif has strenth or hardyment, 20
 Nor dar approchyng within hys byt neyr,
 Bot standand far on dreich wyth dart and speyr,
 Assoverit of hys reyk, the beste assayis,
 With felloun schoutis, bustuus cryis and brays.
 Nane other wys stud all the Tuscane rout
 This stalwart knyght Mezentius about ;
 And, thocht thai just caws had of wreth and feyd,
 Thar was nane of thame durst hym put to deyd,
 Nor curage had with drawyn swerd in hand
 Hym till assail nor mach apon the land, 30
 Bot wyth takyllis and casting dartis on far
 Thai warp at hym, bot durst nocht ane cum nar,

A compar-
son.

And wyth huge clamour hym infestis that tyde.
 He, onabasyt, abowt on euery side
 Behaldis, gyrnand full of propyr tene,
 And with hys scheild choppit by schaftis bedene.

Furth of the ancyeut boundis of Coryt tho
 Was cum a Greik, quhilk clepyt was Acro,
 That fugityve into his lvsty heyt
 Had left hys spowsal trewth plycht oncompleit :
 Quham as Mezentius saw amynd the rout
 Him grevand soir, as weriour stern and stout, 10
 And saw the plesand plomys set on hycht
 Of hys tymbrell, and eyk the purpouir brycht,
 Quhilk of his trewth plycht lufe he bair in sing ;
 Than, lyke a hungry lioun rummesyng,
 Constrenyt by his rageand empty maw,
 The beistis dennys circuland all on raw,
 Gif he on cace aspyis a swyft ra,
 Or the 3ing hart with springand tyndis twa,
 Joiful he bradis tharon dispitously,
 Wyth gapand goule, and vprasis in hy 20
 The lokkerris lyand in his nek rouch,
 And all the beistis bowillis trymbilis through,
 Hurkulland tharon quhar he remanyt and stude,
 His gredy gammis bedyis with the red blude :
 On the sammyn wys, Mezentius rycht baldly
 Mydwart his fais rowt ruschit in hy ;
 Down smytis fey Acron amynd the ost,
 That in the ded thraw, 3aldand vp the gost,
 Smate with hys helys the grond in maltalent,
 And brokkin schaftis wyth his blude bysprent. 30

This ilk Mezentius eik dedenzeit nocht
 To sla Orodes, quhilk than was on flocht,

That is to know, quhill frawart hym he went,
 And reput na wys, as by his entent,
 Syk ane fleand to wond into the bak,
 Onwarnyst, quhen he na defens mycht mak,
 Bot ran abowt and met hym in hys rais ;
 Than athir man assemblit face for face :
 Orodes mair of prattik was all out,
 Bot the tother in dedis of armys mayr stout,
 That to the erth ourthrawyn he hes his feyr,
 And, possand at hym wyth his stalwart speyr, 10
 Apon hym set hys fut, and thus he said :
 O now my feris, beis baith blyth and glaid ;
 Lo, a gret party of this weyr, but les,
 Heyr lyis at erd, the douchty Orodes.
 Hys feris sammyn rasit vp a cry,
 Wyth joyus sound in sing of victory,
 And blew the prys triumphall for his deth.
 Bot this Orodes, zaldand vp the breth,
 Onto Mezentyus carpys thus on hie :
 Me onrevengit, thou sal nocht victour be, 20
 For weyll I wait that sone I sal be wrokin ;
 Na, for all thy prowde wordis thou hes spokin,
 Thou sall nocht lang endur into sik joy,
 Bot siclike chancis and semblant ennoy
 Abydis the ; thocht thou be neuer sa bald,
 Thys sammyn feyld sall thy deid corps withhald.
 To quham Mezentyus smyland sayd in tene :
 Thou sall de fyrst, quhat evyr to me forseyne
 Or providyt has mychty Jove, quod he,
 Quham fader of Goddis and kyng of men cleip we. 30
 And sayand thus, the schaft the ilk thraw
 Furth of hys wond and body dyd he draw.

The Orodes the hard rest doith oppres,
 The cauld and irny slepe of deidis stres,
 And vp the breth he zald anon rycht
 With ene closit in evyr lestand nycht.

Cedicus al totrynschit Alcathous,
 And Sacrator to grund laid Hydaspus ;
 Rapo, ane Archaid, has Parthenyus slane,
 And Orses, wondir byg of blude and bane ;
 And Mesapus kyllit the stout Clonyus,
 And Erycates with Lichaonyus : 10
 The formaist liggand at the erd he ourraucht,
 That by hys hedstrang hors a fall had caucht,
 And Lychaonyus eik, a fute man, he
 Lichtit on fut and slew in the melle.
 Aganys hym than went a man of Arge,
 Hait Lycyus, bodin with speyr and targe ;
 Bot by the way Valerus, gude in nedis,
 Nocht inexpert in douchty eldris dedis,
 Recontryt hym, and put hym to the deyd :
 Salyus a Troiane in that sammyn steid 20
 Atronyus slew ; and Nealces, expert
 To schute the fleand arrow or casting dart
 Quhilk invadis a man or he be war,
 Slew Salyus with schot, beand on far.

CAP. XIII.

*Quhou Eneas the zong Lausus has slane,
 Quhilk fred his fader hurt in the bargane,*

Thus awfull Mars equally wyth his brand
 The sorow rasit apon athyr hand.

Huge slauchter mayd was and seir woundis wyde,
 Thai kyll and ar bet down on euery syde,
 That sammyn in the feyld thai fall in feyr,
 Baith the victouris, and thai that venquist weir,
 And nother party wyst, nother he nor he,
 To salf hym self, or quhar away to fle :
 So that the Goddis in Jovys hevinly hald
 Had compassioun and reuth for to behald
 The wroith and ire of athyr in the fychtis,
 That sik distres rang amang mortale wychtis. 10
 Venus towart the Troiane syde tuike tent :
 Aganyst quham, all full of maltalent,
 Saturnus douchtyr Juno, that full bald is,
 Towart the party aduersar behaldis ;
 And the pail furour of Tysiphone
 Walkis wod wroth amydwart the melle.

Monye slane
 of both
 partyis.

Bot pryncipally Mezentyus all engrevyt,
 With a gret speyr, quharwith he feyll myschevit,
 Went brangland throu the feild all hym allon :
 As bustuus as the hydduus Oryon, 20
 Quhen he on fute woyd throu the mekle see,
 Scherand the streym with hys schulderis hie,
 Abufe the wallis of the flude apperis ;
 Or lyke ane ancyeut ayk tre, mony 3eris
 That grew apon sum montane toppys hycht,
 Semand so hie to euery mannis sycht,
 Quhilk, thocht hys rutis spred in the grond all sydis,
 His crop vpstraucht amyd the cloudis hydys.
 Sik like Mezentyus mustyrris in the feyld, [30
 With huge armour, baith speyr, helm, and scheyld.
 Aganyst quham Eneas fast hym hyis,
 Fra tyme amyd the rowt he hym aspyis.

The tother, onabasyt, all reddy thar
 The cumming of his douchty aduersar
 Abydis stowtly, fermyt in his fors,
 And massely vpstude with bustuus cors ;
 And, mesurand with hys E als large spais
 As he mycht thraw a castyng speyr, thus says :
 My rycht hand, and this fleand dart mot be,
 Quhilk now I tais, as verray God to me !
 Assisting to my schot I 3ou beseyk ;
 For I awow, and heyr promittys eyk, 10
 In syng of trophe or tryumphall meith,
 My lovit son Lawsus for to cleith
 With spulze and all harnes rent, quod he,
 Of 3ondir rubbaris body, fals Enee.

Thus sayd he ; and fra hys hand the ilk tyde
 The casting dart fast byrrand lattis glyde,
 That fleand scentis on Eneas scheyld ;
 Syne, standand far on rovm 3ond in the feyld,
 Smate worthy Anthores the ilk thraw,
 Betwix the bowellis and the rybbis law. 20

Anthores, ane of gret Hercules feris,
 That come from Arge in to his lusty 3eris,
 Inherdand to Evander the Archaid,
 And had his dwelling and hys residence mayd
 In Palentyn, cite Italiane,

Onhappely now lyggis thus down slane,
 All of a wound and dynt quhilk in the fycht
 Addressit was towart ane other knycht.

3it, deand, he beheld the hevynnis large,
 And can ramembyr his sweit cuntre of Arge. 30

Than the reuthfull Eneas kest hys speyre,
 Quhilk throu Mezentius armour all dyd scheyre

Throw gyrd hys targe platit thris wyth steyll,
 And throw the cowchit lynnyn euery deyll,
 And thrynfald plyis of the bullis hydys,
 That law down in hys flank the dynt abydis :
 Bot it byrest hym nowder lyfe ne mycht.
 Eneas tho, quhilk was expert in fycht,
 Joyfull quhen that Mezentius blude saw he,
 Furth hynt hys swerd at hang law by hys thee,
 And fervently towart hys fa can pas,
 Quhilk, for the dynt, sum deyll astonist was. 10

Quhen Lawsus saw this aventour of weyr,
 He wepiti waill sayr for hys fader deyr :
 Sa wobegone becam this lusty man
 That salt teris fast our his chekis ran.
 Forsuyth, I sall nocht ourslyp in this steyd
 Thy hard myschance, Lawsus, and fatale deyd,
 And thy mayst dowchty actis bellicall :
 O fresch zongker, maist ding memoriall
 I sall rehers, gyf ony faith ma be
 Gevin to sa gret dedis of antiquite. 20

With this Mezentius menzeit drew abak,
 Harland hys leg quharin the schaft stak,
 That quhayr he went he baris our the feild
 His ennemys lance fixit in his scheyld.
 Betwix thame ruschis in the zong Lawsus,
 Amyd thar wapynnis, stern and curagius,
 Him self has set for to sustene the fycht :
 Vnder Eneas rycht hand rasyt on hycht,
 That reddy was to smyte a deidly wond,
 In steppis he, and baldly the ilk stound 30
 The bytand brand vphevyt keppit he,
 And can resist and stynt the gret Enee.

A compari-
son.

His feris followis with a felloun schowt :
 Quhill that Mezentius of the feyld wan owt,
 Diffend and coverit with hys sonniss cheyld ;
 Thai cast dartis thikfald thar lord to held,
 With schaftis schot, and flanis gret plente,
 Perturband thar stern aduersar Ene,
 That all enragyt hys sovir targe erekkit,
 And thar vndre hym haldis closly dekkyt.
 And lyke as sum tyme cloudis brystis attanis,
 The schowr furth zettand of hoppand hailstanys, 10
 That all the plewmen and thar hynis in hy
 Fleis of the croftis and feyldis by and by :
 And eik the travellour zond vnder the wald
 Lurkand wythdrawis to sum sovir hald,
 Owdir vndir watyr brays and bankis dern,
 Or in sum craggis clyft, or deip cavern,
 So lang as that the schour lestis on the plane,
 That he may, when the son schynys agane,
 Exers his journe, or his wark als fast ;
 Sik wys Ene with schoit and dartis cast 20
 Was all ourheyld, and ombeset ilk syde,
 Quhil he the pres of batale styntis that tyde,
 And all thar fors sustenyt and deray,
 Reprevand Lawsus, thus begouth to say,
 And mannansit hym with brand of blude all red :
 Quhidder hastis thou sa fast apon thy ded ?
 Or quhou dar thou ondertak into fycht
 Syk interprys, quhilk is abuf thy mycht ?
 Thou art nocht wys ; thy tendir hart, quod he,
 And reuthfull mynd all owt dissavis the. 30
 Bot for all thys zong Lausus, vail que vaill,
 Wald no wys ces Eneas till assaill.

Than hyear rays the wraith and felloun ire
 Of the ilk manfull Troiane lordly syre,
 And eyk the fatale sisteris tho in deyd
 Had wymplyt vp this Lawsus lattyr threid :
 For so Eneas stokis hys styf brand
 Throw owt this zongkeyr, hard vp to his hand,
 That swerd, befor maid mannansing and bost,
 Throw gyrd that gentill body and his cost,
 His target persand, and hys armour lycht,
 And eik his coyte of goldin thredis brycht 10
 Quhilk his moder hym span ; and, to conclude,
 His bosum all is fyllit of hait blude.
 Sone eftyr is the spreit of lyfe furth went
 Down to the goistis law wyth sad entent,
 And left the body deyd, and hyne dyd pas.
 Bot quhen Anchises son, fers Eneas,
 Beheld his vult and continans in deying,
 Hys sweit vyssage sa in the ded thrawyng
 Becumming wan and pail on diuers wys,
 He sychit profoundly owder twys or thrys, 20
 And drew abak his hand, and rewth has hynt ;
 For so into hys mynd, eftyr the dynt,
 The image of his faderly piete
 Imprentit was, that on this wys said he :
 O douchty zingling, worthy to be menynt,
 Worthy to be bewalyt and complenyt,
 Quhat sall the reuthfull compacient Ene
 For sa gret lovable dedis rendre the ?
 Or quhat may he the zeld sufficyent
 For sik natural and inborn hardymnt ? 30
 Thyne armour, quharof suntyme thou reiosit,
 With the I leif, for ay to bene eniosyt.

Onto thy parentis handis and sepulture
 I the beleve to be entyrit, quod he,
 Geve that sic maner of tryumphe and cost
 May do thame plesour, or eys onto thy gost.
 Bot thou, onsilly child, sa wyll of reid,
 Do comfort heyrwyth thy lamentable deyd,
 That thou ourmatchit art and thus lysis slane
 By the gretast Eneas handis tuane.
 Syne he hys feris can repreve and chyde,
 That thai sa lang delayit hym besyde, 10
 Makand na haist to bayr hys corps away ;
 And he hym self betwix hys armys tway
 The ded body vplyftis fra the grond,
 That with the red blude of his new grene wond
 Besparkyt had his zallow lokkis brycht,
 That ayr war kemmyt and addressit rycht.

CAP. XIV.

*Fra Mezentius knew zong Lawsus deceis,
 Hym to ravenge his lyfe lost in the pres.*

The meyn session, hys fader, wyth his feris
 Down at the fludis syde of Tyberis,
 Stanschit his wondis with watyr by and by,
 Weschand the blude and swait from hys body. 20
 Hys helm of steill besyde hym hang weil ne
 Apon a grane or branch of a grene tre ;
 Hys other wechty harnes, gud in neyd,
 Lay on the gyrs besyde hym in the meid ;
 His trasty chosyn verlettis hym abowt :
 And he ful sor wondyt, all in dout,

Stude lenand with hys wery nek and bonis
 Owt our a bowand tre, with sayr gronis ;
 Hys weyll kemmyt berd, hyngand full straucht
 Apon his breist, onto hys gyrdill raucht :
 And feyll tymis on Lawsus menis he,
 Prayand full oft he mycht hym salfly se,
 And mony messingeris onto hym hes send,
 To withdraw hym the feyld, and to defend
 That he abyde na langar in bargane, [10
 And schaw quhat sorow for hym hys fader had tane.

Bot than Lawsus ded owt of the feyld
 Hys wofull feris careit apon a scheyld,
 Wepand sa gret a man was brocht to grond,
 And discumfyt with sa grysly a wond.
 Mezentius mynd and consayt, the ilk tyde,
 Suspekand the harmys quhilkis war betyde,
 On far considerit the caus of thar murnyng,
 And on hys canos hair the dust can slyng,
 Wyth mekill powdir fyland hys hasart heyd ;
 And baith hys handis in that sammyn steyd 20
 Towart the hevin vphevis in a fary,
 And he the Goddis and starnis fast dyd wary ;
 Syne, lenand on hys sonnis corps, thus cryis :

O my deir chyld and tendir get heyr lyis !
 Had I sa gret appetit and delyte
 Onto this wrachit lyfe sa ful of syte,
 That I the sufferit to entyr in my steyd
 Vndre our fays hand, and with thy deyd
 My lyfe is salfit ? Ha, I thy fader heyr,
 Quhilk the begat, my only son sa deyr, 30
 Suld I be salf and lyfand eftir the,
 Throu thai sa grysly wondis that I se ?

Mezentius
 lamentis his
 sonnis dede.

Allace, onto me, wrachit cative thing,
 Myne exill now at last and hanising
 Becumin is hard and insufferabill!
 The stound of deid, the panis lamentabill,
 Is deip engravin in my hart onsound.
 Now am I smyttin with the mortal wond!
 I, the self man was the caus of thy deyd;
 With my trespas, my chyld, in euery steyd
 Fylit the glor and honour of thy name,
 Thy hie renown bespottand wyth my schame, 10
 As I that was, by invy and haitrent
 Of my awin pepill, with thar haill assent,
 Expellit from my ceptre and my ring,
 And was adettyt, for my mysdoing
 Onto our cuntre, till haue sufferit pane.
 I aucht and worthy was to haue bene slane,
 And to haue 3ald this wikkit sawle of myne
 Be all maner of turment and of pyne,
 For till amend myne offencis and feyd.
 Ha, now I leyf, allace! and thou are deyd! 20
 3it want I nocht off men the cumpany,
 Nowder lycht of lyfe, nor cleirnes of the sky,
 Bot soyn I sal thame leve and part tharfra.
 And sayand thus, sammyn with mynd ful thra
 He rasyt hym vp apon his wondit thee,
 And determyt to revenge hym or de;
 For thocht the violens of his sayr smart
 Maid hym onfery, 3it hys stalwart hart
 And curage ondekeyt was gude in neyd.
 He bad ga fech Rhebus, hys ryall steyd, 30
 Quhilk was hys wirschyp and hys comfort hayll,
 And hys support hys fays to assail;

For by this hors in euery gret iourne
 Hame fra the feyld victour eschapyt he.
 Quhamto Mezentys, but mayr abayd,
 Seand the steid droupand and sad, thus sayd :
 Rhebus, we twa hes levit lang yfeyr,
 Gyf that to mortal wichtis in this erd heyr
 Ony tyme may be reput lang, quod he.
 Owder this day beys thou revengear wyth me
 Of Lawsus dolorus deid, and wreck our schame,
 And sall as victour wyth the bryngin hame 10
 3on bludy spulze, and Eneas heyd ;
 Or, gif na fors nor strenth into that steyd
 Will suffir ony way that it be so,
 We sall in feyld sammyn de baith tuo.
 For, O moist forey steyd, my lovyt foill,
 I can na wys beleif at thou may thoyll
 To be at ony otheris commandment,
 Nor that the list dedene, geve I war schent,
 Till obey ony master or lord Troiane.
 And sayand thus, ful towartly anone 20
 The steid bekend held to his schulder plat,
 And he at eys apon hys bak doun sat ;
 And baith hys handis fyllit with dartis kene,
 Wyth helm on heid burnyst brycht and schene,
 Abuf the quhilk his tymbret buklyt was,
 Lyke till a lokryt mayn wyth mony fas.
 And into sik array wyth swyft cours he
 Furth steris his steid, and drayf in the melle.
 Deip in hys hart boldynnis the felloun schame,
 Mixit wyth dolour, angyr, and defame ; 30
 The fervent luf of hys son 3yng of age
 Gan catching hym into the furyus rage ;

Tharto alssu persuadis to the fycht
 Hys hors, weill knawin his hardyment and mycht :
 And, in sik poynt, throu out the routis all
 With mychty voce thrys dyd Eneas call.

Eneas hard hym cry, and weyl hym knew,
 And glaid tharof can towartis him persew,
 And prayand says : The fader of Goddis hie,
 And eyk mychty Apollo, that grant to me,
 Thow wald begyn in bargane on this land
 To mell with me, and to meyt hand for hand. 10
 Thus carpyt he, and wyth stern lance, but tary,
 Furth steppis for to meyt hys aduersary.

Bot Mezentius, seand hym cumand,
 Cryit to hym anon and bad hym stand.
 O thou maist cruell aduersar, said he,
 Quhat wenys thou so to effray and bost me,
 Sen thou my son has me bereft this day,
 Quhilk was only the maner and the way
 Quharby thou mycht ourcum me and dystroy ?
 Now, sen that I haue tynt all warldis joy, 20
 Nouder I abhor the deyd, to sterue in fycht,
 Nor rak I ocht of ony Goddis mycht.
 Desyst, and ceys to bost me or manas,
 For I am cum to de in this ilk plays ;
 Bot first I bring the thir rewardis, quod he.
 With that word, at his fa a dart leyt fle,
 And eftyr that ane other has he cast,
 And syne ane other hes he fixit fast,
 About hym prekand in a cumpas large :
 Bot all thir dyntis sustenynt the goldin targe. 30
 Thrys on the left half, fast as he war wod,
 About Eneas raid he quhayr he stude,

Thyk with his handis swakkand dartis kene :
 And thrys this Troiane prynce our all the grene,
 Intil hys stalwart stelyt scheild stikand out,
 Lyke a hayr wod, the dartis bair about.
 At last, as he ennoyit of this deray,
 This irksom traysing, jowking, and delay,
 And cummyryt wolx sa mony dartis in vane
 Thus oft to draw furth and to cast agane,
 As he that was matchit that tyme, but fail,
 With hys fa man in bargane inequale, 10
 Quhilk ay was at avantage and on flocht,
 Full mony thing revoluit he in thocht ;
 Syne on that weyrman ruschit he in teyn ;
 In the forhed, betwix the horsys eyn,
 He kest hys speyr with all his fors and mycht.
 Vpstendis thair the stalwart steyd on hycht,
 And wyth his helis flang up in the ayr,
 Down swakkis the knyght sone with a fellow fayr,
 Foundris fordwart flatlingis on hys spald,
 Ourquhelmyt the man, and can his feyt onfald. 20
 Than the Latynis, and eyk pepill Troianys,
 The hevynnys dyndlit with a schowt at anis.
 Eneas gyrd abufe hym with a brayd,
 Hynt furth hys swerd, and forthir thus he sayd :
 Quhar is he now, Mezentius, sa stern ?
 Quhayr is the fers stowt curage of that bern ?
 Quhamto Mezentius, this ilk prince Tyrrhene,
 Fra that he mycht alyftyn vp his ene
 To se the hevynnys licht, and draw hys braith,
 And hys rycht mynd agane recoverit haith, 30
 Thus answeris : O thou dispituus fo,
 Quharto me chydis thou reprochand so,

Mezentius
 last anseuer
 afor his
 decht.

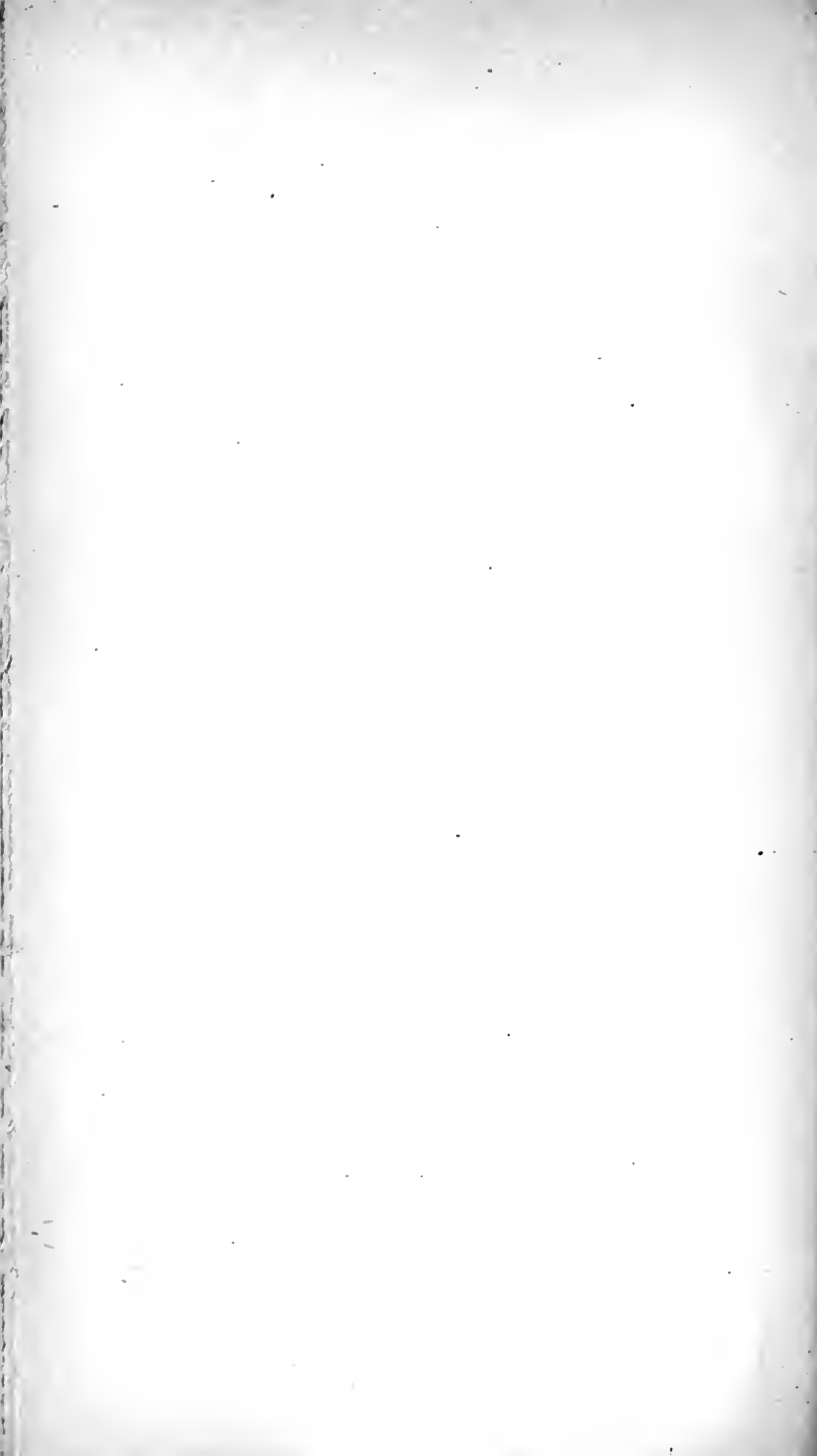
And manancis me to the deid by and by ?
 Of my slauchtyr I think na vyllany,
 Nor on sik wys heyr com I nocht in feyld,
 That I stand aw to suelt vnder my scheyld ;
 Nor, I beleve, na frendschip in thy handis,
 Nane syk trefy of sauchnyng nor cunnandis,
 My son Lawsus band vp with the, perfay.
 Bot of a thing I the beseyk and pray,
 Gif ony plesour may be grantit or beyld
 Till aduersaris that lysis venquyst in feyld, 10
 That is to know, suffyr my body haue
 Ane sepultur, and with erd be bygrave.
 I know abowt me standand in this steyd
 My folkis byttyr haitrent and gret feyd :
 Defend me from thar furour, I requeir,
 And grant my corps, besyde my sonnys in feir,
 Into sum tumber entyrit for to be.
 And sayand thus, knowand at he most de,
 Befor his ene persavit the burnist brand
 That through his gorge went from Eneas hand ; 20
 Within his armour, schortly to conclude,
 Furth bruscht the sawle with gret stremys of blude.
 Be this the son declynyt was almost,
 So that the Latynis and Rutilian ost,
 Quhat for the absens of thar duke Turnus,
 And new slauchtyr of bald Mezentius,
 Wythdrew thame to thar reset in affray,
 And Troianys went onto thar rest quhil day.

**Heyr endis the tenth buik with al that
 belangis it.**



NOTES
AND VARIOUS READINGS.





NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS.

Bl. Ed.—The Black letter edition of 1553.

C. MS.—The Cambridge MS., preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, and printed for the Bannatyne Club.

E. MS.—The Elphinstoun MS., preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, from which the present edition is printed.

R. MS.—The Ruthven MS., preserved in the same collection.

Rudd.—The edition of Ruddiman, published in 1710.

Page 1, l. 7, *dirk poese*; R. MS. *depe poise*; Bl. Ed., *dark poetrye*. L. 9, *bot japis*; Bl. Ed., *bot gaistis*. L. 12, *than twise*; Bl. Ed., *than thryis*.

P. 2, l. 2, *browneis*; domestic spirits according to the popular superstitions of Scotland. Of them Ruddiman remarks, "they were a kind of ghosts, of whom the ignorant common people and old wives tell many ridiculous stories, and represent to have been not only harmless, but very useful, and that they were such servile spirits that they did not stick at the meanest drudgery if they were but civilly used. These, they say, were very frequent of old, but now, I cannot tell how, are become exceedingly rare, so that scarce one is to be found, so much as to tell us the reason of their name. All that we can conjecture about it is that their hard labour and mean employment made them of a swarthy or tanny colour, whence they got the name of *brownies*; as these who move in a higher sphere are called *fairies*, from their fairness." Douglas calls fairies *fairfolkis* at p. 172, l. 23. See also Scott's *Border Minstrelys*, *Introd.* p. cv. L. 3, *wow*; R. MS., *nou*.

L. 5, monis cruik; at the full moon. Rudd. remarks that 'cruik is used for circle, when the moon's orb is round and full. Thus we say, Scot., 'He has a thing in the crook of his neiff,' when his hand goes round and encircles it, that it is scarce seen." *L. 8, call on sibil*; R. MS., *call our sybill*. *L. 21, plite*; Bl. Ed. *place*. *L. 26, folk*; omitted in Bl. Ed. *L. 27, And purgatorie*; Bl. Ed., *Ane mitigat pane*.

P. 3, l. 5, taxis; Bl. Ed., *takis*. *L. 8, a tary*; Bl. Ed., *to tary*. *L. 15, claus*; E. MS. *caus*. *L. 17, Austyne*; St Augustine.

P. 4, l. 1. Ascensius. Josse Badius or Jodocus Badius Ascensius, an eminent printer, was born in 1462 at Assche, a village in the territory of Brussels, from which he derived his name. His work, "Annotationes doctorum virorum in grammaticos, oratores, poetas, philosophos," was published in 1511. *L. 4, R. MS. And made profound philosophour be his sawis*; Bl. Ed., *And maist profound philosophoure by his sawis*. *L. 16. Destinet in hell specially places twane*; Bl. Ed. *The wikkit punist the iust in gloir remane*. *Ll. 17-24*. This stanza of eight lines is omitted in the Bl. Ed., probably from its referring to purgatory. *L. 20. Lymb of faderis auld*. Lymb or limbo, a place in the outskirts of hell, in which the souls of the pious who died before the time of Christ were supposed to await his coming, and where the souls of unbaptized infants remained. *Lat. Limbus*. This fanciful doctrine is referred to, if not originated, in Virgil's sixth Book—see p. 37. The *Limbus* or *infernus puerorum* is described in Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism, as "the hel quhairin is the saulis of al the barnis that departis of this warld nocht being baptizit, allanerly in original syn without ony actual syn, and thair is priuatioun of grace and priuatioun of glore, bot na sensibil payne, and the payne of thir bairnis is verrai lital, eisy, and soft, because that thai ar priuate of grace and glore nocht throch thair awin actual syn bot allanerly throch the syn of our first father Adam." (*Fol. cvii.*)

P. 5, l. 3, cristnit clerk suld; C. MS. cristyn clerk kouth.
L. 11, that omitted in C. MS. and Bl. Ed.

P. 6, l. 6. Hark; Bl. Ed. Herfore I will.

P. 7, l. 8, this mysty poetry; E. MS. of this misty poetry.
Ll. 9, 10, in Bl. Ed.—

Help me Christ, sone of the Virgyne Mary,
To end this wark to thy laud and glorye.

P. 9, l. 28. Perpetually ilk yeir, &c.; Bl. Ed. And of ther
lyues ther to mak ane end. L. 30, warrin draw; R. MS.,
mycht thai draw.

P. 10, l. 10, vnreturnable; Bl. Ed. ouerturnabil. L. 25,
sculptur; R. MS. sepulture.

P. 12, l. 2, of thi bedis; Bl. Ed. of thy deuotioune.

P. 13, l. 27, forsand; C. MS. forgeand.

P. 14, l. 18. Nor; C. MS. Nowdyr.

P. 15, l. 18. Involupand; Bl. Ed. Inuolwand.

P. 16, l. 12, of stremis seis and sandis; C. MS. of fludis,
stremys, and sandis.

P. 17, l. 18, pit of wraik; R. MS. pot of wraik.

P. 18, l. 24, infekkis; C. MS. pollutis. L. 32, clenging
graith; Bl. Ed. clengeing clath.

P. 19, l. 26, jouand; C. MS. jonand.

P. 20, l. 18, sepultur; C. MS. sepulcre.

P. 21, l. 4, yone; R. MS., thow; L. 7, cum trew; C. MS.
our trew.

P. 22, l. 8, gum or glew; a mistranslation of viscum. See
footnote, vol. i. p. cxlvi. L. 13, figur; Bl. Ed. cullour.

P. 23, l. 19. The reliquies; R. MS. And the reliquyis of
the dry ameris syue. L. 22, brassin tvn; Bl. Ed. brusin
towm.

P. 24, l. 10, dekkit; R. MS. and Rudd. dykit.

P. 26, l. 7, schaldand; C. MS. skaldand. L. 17, waist.
E. MS. werst; L. 18, voyde. E. MS. wyde. L. 25, port;
C. MS. porch.

P. 27, l. 3, slottry sleip; Bl. Ed. flettry slepe. L. 8, that
woundring; Bl. Ed. that wandring.

P. 28, l. 9, *popland and bullerand*; R. MS. *popland and boukand*. L. 15, *feltat*; C. MS. *feltrat tatis*; Bl. Ed. *taltis*. L. 18, *prevagely*; C. MS. *pevagely*. L. 19, *schow*; Bl. Ed. *schaw*. L. 20, *fow*; Bl. Ed. *faw*, for *fauch*, yellow, which Rudd. thinks may be the best reading.

P. 29, l. 15. *Quhom the cald sessoun cachis*; R. MS. *Quhen the cald session thame cachis*.

P. 30, l. 3, *heynd kynd*; C. MS. *heynd child*.

P. 31, l. 6, *sternis*; Bl. Ed. *stormes*.

P. 33, l. 26, *constrenit*; R. MS. *constrenit sal be graif the banys law*.

P. 34, l. 2. *Reiosit*; R. MS. *Reiositure*.

P. 35, l. 21, *skuggis*; R. MS. *stagis*. Ll. 27, 28, are transposed in R. MS.

P. 36, l. 7, *wechty*; R. MS. *wourthy*. L. 9, *paysand*; R. MS. *pissant*. L. 10, *jonit*; C. MS. *sewit*; R. MS. *Gan grane or grank full fast the jonit or sewit barge*. L. 13, *attour*; C. MS. *outour*. L. 16, *rispis*; the Bl. Ed. *rihsis*; *harsk and star*; C. MS. *harsk and sear*.

P. 37, l. 20, *To consall and to jugement*; R. MS. *The counsale and the jugement*.

P. 38, l. 16, *infection*; R. MS. *infortoun*. L. 23, *trist*; R. MS. *traist*.

P. 39, l. 6, *begrat*; R. MS. *begrat*. L. 7, *fey Dido*; R. MS. *fare Dido*. L. 21, *mist*; C. MS. *must*.

P. 40, l. 21, *wer in cumin*; Bl. Ed. *warren cummin*.

P. 41, l. 5, *In mydle erd most menit*; C. MS. *mydlerd oft menyt*—an expression, according to Ruddiman (*s. v.*), borrowed from the A.S. *middan eard*, the world; and he remarks that it is a “phrase yet in use in the north of Scotland among old people, by which they understand this earth in which we live, in opposition to the grave. Thus they say, ‘There’s no man in middle erd is able to do it,’ *i.e.*, no man alive, or on this earth, and so it is used by our author. But the reason is not so easy to come by; perhaps it is because they look upon this life as a *middle state*, as it is between

heaven and hell, which last is frequently taken for the grave; or that life is, as it were, a *middle* betwixt non-entity, before we are born, and death, when we go hence, and are no more seen; as life is called a coming into the world, and death a going out of it."

P. 42, l. 1, *maglit*; C. MS. *manglit*; R. MS. *ane cruell maglit face*. L. 7, *hydand*; Bl. Ed. *handand*. L. 20, *at the neis Rethe*; R. MS. *at the neis rycht by the costis law*. L. 22, R. MS. *apoun the wandring and wrachit gaistis cryis*.

P. 43, l. 12, *ye ken*; Bl. Ed. *we ken*. L. 13, *ledis*; C. MS. *hedis*. L. 17, *out from*; Bl. Ed. *out of*. L. 32, *to quenche*; R. MS. *to quent*.

P. 44, l. 13, *cache*; R. MS. *teich*. L. 18, *chariot*; R. MS. *carte*.

P. 45, l. 15, *souerane nun*; Bl. Ed. *souerane now*. L. 30, *and how*; Bl. Ed. *in how*.

P. 46, l. 16, *Grislie*; E. MS. *gaistlie*.

P. 47, l. 11, *scurge*; R. MS. *skoure*. L. 13, *to pyn thaim*; R. MS. *apoun thaim*. L. 24, *thrymbland*; C. MS. *trymbland*.

P. 48, l. 20, *cluddis blast*; Bl. Ed. *cluddis blak*. L. 17, *redy*; C. MS. *langand*. L. 29, *warrin chasit*; R. MS. *war inchasit*.

P. 49, l. 1, *brudy*; Bl. Ed. *bludy*.

P. 50, l. 22, *all wychtis*; Bl. Ed. *all vtheris*.

P. 51, l. 15, *Dan Phebus*; R. MS. *Deiphebus*; Bl. Ed. *Dame Phebus*.

P. 52, l. 15, *grene swardis*; C. MS. *beyn swardis*. L. 15, *battill gers*—rich rank grass. Ruddiman explains *battill* as thick, rank, like men in order of battle. This is, however, a mistake, as the word is derived from the A.S. *batan*, to bait or Isl. *beit*, pasture. Various forms of the word occur in old English writers. Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.* v., c. 3, uses *battle* in precisely the same sense—*over-battle ground*, i.e., too rank. Spencer, *F. Q.* vi. viii. 38, has the verb *to battil*, to grow fat, and *batful* and *battling* are used by Drayton, *Polyolb.* S. 3, S. 14, and by Robert Greene, (works by Dyce,)

i. pp. 181, 191, as epithets applied to meadows and pastures. The verb to *batten* seem to be from the same root, and probably also the word *battels*, an Oxford student's account for eating and drinking, though Johnson derives the latter from AS. *taelan* or *tellan*, to reckon.

P. 55, l. 6, *rycht way*; C. MS. *hie way*. L. 12, Bl. Ed. *Quhare at the last thay of Anchises gat ane sycht*. L. 14, *full of sence*; C. MS. *full of fence*. Ll. 19-20 in Bl. Ed. are transposed, and for l. 19 the Bl. Ed. reads, *The nobil actis of ther posterite*.

P. 58, Heading C. XIII., l. 1, *sair*; Bl. Ed. *sere*.

P. 60, l. 11, *seis*; C. MS. *feildis*.

P. 61, l. 8, *roumit*; R. MS. *rownit*. L. 24, *commixit with*; R. MS. *comptit of*; C. MS. *commixit of*.

P. 62, l. 8, *lordschip haif*; C. MS. *lordschip hald*. L. 14, *of piete or in weir*; R. MS. *in pece or in were*. L. 32, *gudschir*; Bl. Ed. *grantschir*.

P. 64, l. 10, *In schuldir*; C. MS. *on schuldir*, which is a better reading.

P. 66, l. 12, *sall blasoun*; R. MS. *sall blissing*.

P. 67, l. 22, *regioun*; C. MS. *realm*.

P. 68, l. 7, *as thow*; Bl. Ed. *and thow*. L. 10, R. MS. *Quhilk onely throw the sicht of cawing*. L. 21. *for til exers*; Bl. Ed. *for tyl expert*.

P. 69, l. 9, *deuly dycht*; C. MS. *deirly dycht*. L. 12, *bewtie* C. MS. *bonte*.

P. 70, l. 4, *blak as nycht*; C. MS. *dyrk as nycht*. L. 21, *thow God of the fluide Tyberyne*; R. MS. *thow God of blude Tyberiene*. L. 22, *fertyris*; Bl. Ed. *fercyns*.

P. 72, l. 2, *Departis all wayes*; R. MS. *Apertis all wyse*;

P. 73. The note relative to Virgil here inserted occurs in the Bl. Ed., and seems to have been afterwards cancelled, as it is frequently found wanting, even in fine copies of that edition.

P. 74, l. 4, *altering hail of new*; Bl. Ed., *all of new*. L. 12. *ringis*; Bl. Ed. *reging*.

P. 75, l. 6, *bewalit of*; C. MS. *bewalit oft*. L. 10, *his*

ascens; Bl. Ed. *of his offence*. L. 14, *rokis*; R. MS. *chuddis*. L. 21, *soure*; C. MS. *seir*. Ll. 21-24, omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 29, *dowy*; C. MS. *dolly*; Bl. Ed. *dolly dikis*.

P. 76, l. 8, *isch schokkis*; Bl. Ed. *yse schokkis*. L. 16, *with cheping*; R. MS. *wyth weping*.

P. 77, l. 6, *storme*; C. MS. *stern*. L. 7, *repaterit*; R. MS. *recreate*. L. 19, *Hornit Hebaude*; R. MS. *Hornyt the bowde*; Bl. Ed. *The horned byrd*. L. 25, *full sad*; Bl. Ed. *fall sone*. L. 29, *greiking*; R. MS. *breking*.

P. 78, l. 2, *schapin like ane Y*. According to Rudd. "the cranes, when they fly in a body, resemble the letter Y, and are called Palamedes' birds, because they are said to have given him the occasion of inventing his four letters in the time of the Trojan War. Hence Martial, Epig. 75, lib. 13 :

Turbabis versus, nec litera tota volabit

Unam perdidit si Palamedis avem.

and Epig. 14, lib. 9 :

Quod penna scribente grues ad sidera tollant."

L. 13, *gum and rak*, mist and fog. *Rak*, a thick mist. In illustration of this word, Rudd. gives some old Scottish proverbs. "The *rack rides*, *i.e.*, *nimbus vento pellitur, ætheris omen serenioris*. Scot. Also we call the moss that grows over spring-wells when neglected, and the viscous humour in sore eyes, or in these of one not well awaked, a *rawk*. Hence the common expression among us, "Before ye have *rawked* your ene," *i.e.*, before you be awaked. The Scottish words *reek* and *roik* seem to have the same origin as this."

P. 79, l. 4, *Ourvoluit I this volume*; R. MS. *ourevoluit of this*. L. 12, *frostis dayis*; C. MS. *froistis doith*. L. 14, *altar*; R. MS. *auctor*. L. 16, *weirfair*; R. MS. *wefefure*. L. 17, *So, weill*; Bl. Ed. *Go, well*. L. 20, R. MS. *according to the proces of thi state*.

P. 80. In the C. MS. chapter i. Book VII. forms the concluding chapter of Book VI.

P. 81, l. 20, *Youland and yammerand*; C. MS. *Youland with yammering*. L. 27, *portis nyse*; Bl. Ed. *partis nyse*.

P. 82, l. 13, *swirland*; R. MS. *swelland*. L. 25, *now, thou*; Bl. Ed. *now, now*.

P. 84, l. 16, *by the Goddis*; Bl. Ed. *gan the Goddis*. L. 19, *blysfull*; R. MS. *blythfull*.

P. 87, l. 1, *wollit*; R. MS. *walit*.

P. 88, l. 2, R. MS. *Thare nauy come, thay ankirrit fast and hank*.

P. 89, l. 8, *mesis etyn, done, and lost*; Bl. Ed. *meissis consumit ar and loist*. L. 14, *dicht*; C. MS. *dychit*; R. MS. *dykit*. L. 29, *did involup and*; Bl. Ed. *did involuend*.

P. 91, l. 7, *Bad beyr*; Bl. Ed. *And bare*. L. 16, *and fast*; Bl. Ed. *and first*.

P. 92, l. 26, *syddir*; C. MS. *cedir*.

P. 94, l. 7, *and, wanting in Bl. Ed.* L. 32, *than hard I say*; R. MS. *thame hard I say*.

P. 95, l. 1, *Off this cuntre*; Bl. Ed. *Of this mater*.

P. 96, l. 14, *plagis*; R. MS. *placis*.

P. 97, l. 24, *most douchty*; R. MS. *maist wourthy*.

P. 98, l. 2, *rowing*; C. MS. *rolling*. L. 27, *and joye*; Bl. Ed. *na ioye*.

P. 99, l. 4, *ane gaist*; R. MS. *as agast*. L. 7, *turnand your went*; R. MS. *torne in your went*. L. 28, *stallis*; Bl. Ed. *stabillis*. L. 31, *Thair brusit trappouris*; Bl. Ed. *Thare brusouris trappouris*.

P. 100, l. 7, *fast swermand*; Bl. Ed. *fast furth snering*. L. 22, *hes tak his name*; R. MS. *has tane the name*. L. 23, *And hes careyt throu*; Rudd. *And was caryit out throw*.

P. 101, l. 24, *sovir way*; R. MS. *sone away*.

P. 102, l. 3, *Sirtis*; Bl. Ed. *certis*. L. 7, *sound*; R. MS. *sand*. L. 29, *duell*; R. MS. *fell*. L. 30, *And sall commove*; Bl. Ed. *I shall them moue the depest pit of hell*.

P. 103, l. 7, *eild fadir and maoh*; C. MS. *eldfar and mawch*.

P. 104, l. 13, *myrk*; C. MS. *dyrk*. L. 29, *in thaik and ruffis*; Bl. Ed. *in thak and rewis*.

P. 105, l. 16, *all in a rage*; C. MS. *half in a rage*. L. 23, R. MS. *This eddir slyding oureslippit slekit bodyis soft*. L. 24, Rudd. *Of this lady, amang hir wedis oft*.

P. 106, l. 12, *quietlie*; C. MS. *quently*. L. 20, *wyld dotage*; Bl. Ed. *auld dotage*.

P. 108, l. 5, *round top*; R. MS. *ground top*. L. 20, *Wyth swift fard*; Bl. Ed. *The swift fard*.

109, l. 12, *pilchis of foune skynnis*; Bl. Ed. *pilchis and foune skynnis*. L. 18, *ballettis*; E. MS. *battallis*.

P. 110, l. 21, *hychty*; R. MS. *lichtlie*. L. 26, *runctys*; E. MS. *runchis*.

P. 111, l. 7, *quhat*, omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 28, *same*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 112, l. 12, *lief na way*; R. MS. *lief na may*.

P. 113, l. 14, *thir singis*; R. MS. *thir thingis*. L. 25, *lyth and bane*; Bl. Ed. *lith and vane*.

P. 114, l. 4, *sparkis*; C. MS. *sparklis*. L. 5, *fervent*; R. MS. *frawart*.

P. 115, ll. 3, 4, are transposed in C. MS. L. 15, *forstaris*; C. MS. *fosteris*. L. 18, *furnest*; C. MS. *burnyst*. L. 22, *of studis, flokis*; Bl. Ed. *of stedis, folkis*.

P. 116, l. 17, *To cuyll his heit*; R. MS. *cuyll his heid*; C. MS. *his feit*.

P. 117, l. 18, *churlis*; R. MS. *carlis*.

P. 118, l. 1, *The blast*; Bl. Ed. *The blaw*.

P. 119, l. 12, *and of the fray*; R. MS. *of the affray*. L. 16, *flokkis pasturit*; Bl. Ed. *flokkis fosterit*. L. 17, *bowis*; Bl. Ed. *bolis*.

P. 122, l. 16, *ernystly*; C. MS. *ernystfully*; R. MS. *And roupit eftir fatale ernyst folly*. L. 21, *and dispositionis*; Bl. Ed. *and disputacyouns*. L. 32, *thai assay*; Bl. Ed. *thay affray*.

P. 124, Heading C. XI., l. 2, *all*, omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 7, *fyrst thai move*; Bl. Ed. *first euir thay moue*. L. 14, *and son rysing*; R. MS. *the son rising*.

P. 125, l. 8, *pronounce*; Bl. Ed. *promyse*. L. 19, *in his*

secret closet; Bl. Ed. *in this secret closyt*. L. 24, *marbyll hyrst*; Bl. Ed. *mekil hirst*.

P. 126, l. 13, *battellit about*; R. M.S. *battellit all about*. L. 19, *ammelit*; Bl. Ed. *ammellyt*.

P. 127, l. 8, *mont Helicone*; Bl. Ed. *mouth of Elicone*.

P. 128, l. 3, *The gyder of his army*; R. MS. *Togidder with his army*. L. 23, *inset*; Bl. Ed. and C. MS. *in sete*.

P. 129, l. 5, *followis*; Rudd. thinks this word might be read *fellowis* or *followaris*. L. 6, *in thair handis*; C. MS. and Bl. Ed. *in his handis*. L. 9, *poyntalis*; E. MS. *pynsalis*; R. MS. *poyntis*. L. 32, *holtis*; E. MS. *hyllis*.

P. 133, l. 24, *in the yallo corn*; Bl. Ed. *in ane yallow*. L. 27, *stamping stedis*; R. MS. *stamping of stedis*.

P. 134, l. 20, *at thair fais*; R. MS. *at thar feris*; Bl. Ed. *in thair face*. L. 24, *furth swith*; C. MS. *ful swith*. L. 25, *nor thou*; Bl. Ed. *nor now*.

P. 135, l. 17, *sobir*; Bl. Ed. *souir*. L. 29, *thair land*; R. MS. *thorne land*. L. 31, Bl. Ed. *Euer lyke thame to cache and drawe away*.

P. 136, l. 9, *all kynd*; Bl. Ed. *ilk kynd*.

P. 138, l. 9, *this*, omitted in Bl. Ed. Heading C. XIV., l. 2, *weirlyk*; R. MS. *wikkit*. L. 13, *of weyr*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 139, l. 27, *O Numycus*; Bl. Ed., *Of Munitus now*.

P. 141, l. 2, *thai gofe*; Bl. Ed. *thay go*; R. MS. *thai gan*.

P. 142, l. 5, *soupit in site*; Bl. Ed. *woful ane wicht*, repeating the end of the following line. L. 9, *lurdanry*; R. MS. *lurdanly*. L. 22, *wait*, omitted in all the MSS.; supplied from Bl. Ed.

P. 143, l. 7, *louk*—to enclose, Eng. *lock*, Scot. *lucken*; used, according to Rudd., for water-fowls whose claws are joined together with a membranaceous skin for swimming; and hence, he adds, the *Lucken-Booths* of Edinburgh had their name, because, standing in the middle of the High Street, they almost joined the two sides of it. *The man with the lucken hand* is also mentioned in Thomas the

Rhymer's Prophecies, of whom, says Rudd., the credulous vulgar expect great things. *L. 7, releifis*; E. MS. *refusis*. *L. 18, mythis*; E. MS. *minschis*. *L. 26, glasteris, and thai gang at*; R. MS. *glasteris at the gangat*. *L. 29, eftir a gus*; E. MS. *eftir a grene guse*.

P. 144, l. 5, byngis; Bl. Ed. *bringis*. *L. 6, beuer and byce*; Bl. Ed. *leuer and ane byce*. *L. 8, To semble wyth thair schaftis*; Bl. Ed. *The sembyl with thare chaftis*. This difficult line is interpreted by Rudd. "to make wry faces, and to set upon the dice," or to play at dice. *L. 10, crinis the corn*; R. MS. *cryis for the corn*. *L. 16, scurrevagis*; Bl. Ed. *skurriouris*.

P. 145, l. 7, the boithe; Bl. Ed. *the bage—thar baulkis*; Bl. Ed. *thar bawggis*. *L. 14, sum latit lattoun, &c.* On this line Rudd. remarks that the sense seems to be "That some, contrary to all law and reason, take mixt metal, copper or brass, which they *leep*, *i.e.*, put into molten tin or silver, that so it may pass for true silver, though truly it is of small value." *Lepis* may, however, mean to spend money freely, to make it go,—*Isl., leipa, hleipa*, to run, in which case the meaning of the line would be, "some illegally circulate a base metal, held in little estimation." *L. 15, a pan boddum*; R. MS. *a plane boddum*. *L. 19, crynis the cunye*, clips, or sweats the coin. This was a common offence in ancient times. Mr Pike, in his History of Crime in England (vol. i. p. 195) states that Edward I. hanged 280 Jews for this offence, and so late as the year 1694 Archbishop Fleetwood preached a sermon "against clipping" before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. *L. 21, a ged staf*; C. MS. *a Jed staff*. *L. 27, patereris*. On this word Rudd. remarks, "Thus Chaucer. in the Romant of the Rose, fol. 139, 'Before the people patter and pray,' *i.e.*, repeat many paternosters. In some places of England thay yet say in a derisory way, 'to patter out prayers,' *i.e.*, to mutter or mumble them,—*q.d.*, to say many Paternosters, as in times of popery the ignorant women did, in Latin, without under-

standing them : which is no argument against the devout use of that divine form, as some of our people pretend."

P. 146, *l.* 17, *braulis* ; Bl. Ed. *brangillis*. *L.* 18, *ga chat the* ; R. MS. *ga chak the*, go, hang thyself. *L.* 19, Bl. Ed. *muse the not so hie than*.

P. 147, *l.* 3, *liffyr ill*, probably disease of the liver—Rudd. *L.* 4, *thar bonty or bone*, Bl. Ed. *thar bontay ar boune*. *L.* 11, *rat rane* ; Bl. Ed. *ratt rime*. *L.* 15, *the sevin sternis* ; the Pleiades or Vergiliæ. *L.* 16, *The elwand, &c.* ; Orion's belt, called in ancient times "Our Lady's Elwand."—See note on *Arthuris Hufe* in vol. ii. p. 310. *L.* 17, *the horne* ; probably the constellation Monoceros or the Unicorn. *The hand staff* ; the name of a constellation, probably Orion's sword. *L.* 18, *Prater John*—Prester John, the supposed king and priest of a mediæval kingdom in the interior of Asia, the locality of which, however, was quite undefined. According to the reports of the Nestorian missionaries, in the 11th and 12th centuries, the Ungh or Khan of Tartary had been converted to Christianity ; *Ungh* was accordingly supposed to be 'John,' and *Khan* was rendered as 'priest.' This royal convert thus figured as at once a priest and the sovereign of a rich and magnificent kingdom. According to Ruddiman, "He is most obliged to our reverend Bishop, who, not knowing where to fix him on earth, has translated him to heaven and made a fixed star of him ; tho', unluckily, he has still left us in as great uncertainty where to find him on the celestial, as we were in before on the terrestrial globe." *Port Jaff*—Rudd. remarks that it was a fictitious name given to one of the constellations, probably so named from Jaffa, anciently Joppa, according to some the oldest city in the world, being built by Japhet, and that before the flood. It is very famous for its port or harbour, being the nearest to Jerusalem, much frequented by those who went on pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and in the time of war the Pope gave the same indulgences to those that had been at Jaffa as to those

who at other times had visited the holy places in and about Jerusalem. The poet Arator speaks of it thus, Lib. i. :—

“Te quoque laude potens cœlestibus inclyta signis
Carminibus, Joppe, canimus.”

For these reasons, it seems, it has by the superstitious people been consecrated a constellation.” L. 22, Bl. Ed. *Leid lere ane vthir lessoun this I the like.*

P. 148, l. 7, *but seill*; Bl. Ed. *but feal.*

P. 150, l. 32, *schaddowis*; C. MS. *schaddo.*

P. 153, l. 15, *hyr mannans*; R. MS. *sic malice.* L. 21.

R. MS. *Betis the brayis, chawis the bankis down.*

P. 154, l. 3, *in the brycht mornynng*; Bl. Ed. *and brycht mornynng.* L. 26, *feill*; Bl. Ed. *fell.*

P. 156, l. 6, *and wallis*; R. MS. *stremis of wellis.*

P. 157, l. 19, *Quham*; Bl. Ed. *Quhen.* L. 24. *stand*; C. MS. *standis.*

P. 158, l. 4, *peple*; C. MS. *folkis.*

P. 159, l. 26, *starrit speyr cumpas*; Bl. Ed. *sterrit cumpas.*

P. 160, l. 16, *truth and band*; Bl. Ed. *faith and band.*

P. 161, l. 18, *ane band*; Bl. Ed. *our band*; C. MS. *or band.* L. 26, *pirnit*; C. MS. *prynnit.* L. 30, *adionit in band*; Bl. Ed. *adionit in hand.*

P. 162, l. 2, *and suppowell*; Bl. Ed. *and with supple.* L. 3, *fra hyne hame*; Bl. Ed. *fra hyne one.* L. 7, *hallow*; Bl. Ed. *alhallow.*

P. 163, l. 1, *hungris*; R. MS. *hungry.* L. 2, *appetit of meyt*; Bl. Ed. *appetite of men.* L. 25, *fendlych hole*; R. MS. *fendlich hell.* L. 26, *sonnis beme nevyr schane*; Bl. Ed. *sonnys beme neuer nane.*

P. 164, l. 6, C. MS. *The laithly ordur or filth stilland tharfra.* L. 15, *Be cuming*; Bl. Ed. *Be cummyn of.* L. 19, *stern melle*; Bl. Ed. *strang melle.* L. 20, *bodeis thre*; Bl. Ed. *hedis thre.* L. 32, *out from that stand*; Bl. Ed. *out from that land.*

P. 165, l. 8, *queme stane*; Bl. Ed. *quhine stane.* L. 17,

dyndillit; C. MS. *dynnyt*. L. 20, *Cacus traist*; Rudd. reads *Cacus craft*, on his own authority.

P. 166, l. 13, *Grasling*; Bl. Ed. *Gnassing*.

P. 167, l. 6 *demmit wyth the rokis*; R. MS. *dynnyt quhill the rolkis*. L. 28, *wappand*; C. MS. *warpand*.

P. 169, l. 22, *Thro*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 170, l. 20, *ligging*; C. MS. *luyng*; Bl. Ed. *lugeing—a bab*; R. MS. *abed*. L. 31, *stern Centaures*; Bl. Ed. *strang Centaurcis*.

P. 171, l. 3, *Of Crete*; R. MS. *In Crete—at full*; R. MS. *at will*. L. 24, *thai sanctify*; Bl. Ed. *and sacrify*.

P. 173, l. 2, *rutis*; C. MS. *runtis*. L. 8, R. MS. *Bot as thir beistis ar, thai dullit was* L. 11, *from the hevynis*; C. MS. *from the hie hevynnis*. L. 14, *ontaucht*; R. MS. *uncouth*. L. 20, *suirly*; R. MS. *sovirly*.

P. 174, l. 5, *his auld trew name*; Bl. Ed. *his awin trew name*.

P. 175, l. 12, *buskis*; C. MS. *beistis—skroggy*; Bl. Ed. *skrokky*. L. 15, *The*, omitted in Bl. Ed. and R. MS.

P. 176, l. 19, *wyth thame*; Bl. Ed. *and thame*. L. 23, *hym*—omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 178, l. 24, *caucht*; Bl. Ed. *claucht*. L. 27, *ansuerit*; R. MS. *welterand*.

P. 179, l. 12, *be*, omitted in R. MS.

P. 180, l. 4, *enty*; R. MS. *entive*. L. 16 *startis*; Bl. Ed. *steris*.

P. 182, l. 13, *The irne and mettal*; C. MS. *the irne the mettal*. L. 24, *sprenkillicis*; C. MS. *strynklyis*; Bl. Ed. *trinklicis*.

P. 183, l. 10, *his meyt schois hoit*; R. MS. *put schois hote*. L. 11, *gys*; Bl. Ed. *wyse*.

P. 184, l. 29, *edge*; R. MS. *hegge*.

P. 185, l. 21, *hakit*; Bl. Ed. *halkit*. L. 22, *swakyt*; Bl. Ed. *swalkit*.

P. 186, l. 18, *Latynus leyndis*; R. MS. *Latynus landis*. L. 27, *off all*; Bl. Ed. *and all*.

P. 187, l. 1, *of mony yeris*; C. MS. *and mony yeris*.

P. 189, l. 4, *O Tyber*; Bl. Ed. *Of Tyber*.

P. 190, l. 1, *flowand*; C. MS. *followand*. L. 20, *sayr hart*; Bl. Ed. *sad hart*.

P. 191, l. 9, *enarmouris spulyeit clene*; Bl. Ed. *enarmouris of spulye clene*.

P. 192, l. 7, *of thing to cum*; Bl. Ed. *of ony thing to cum*; R. MS. *of ane thing*. L. 23, Rudd. reads, *So weill farrand and lusty personage*, on his own authority. L. 24, *in his tendyr age*; Bl. Ed. *in tyl his tender age*.

P. 193, l. 4, *the rak*; R. MS. *the reik*. Heading C. X. l. 2, *gudlie armour*; C. MS. *godly armour*. L. 21, and *skuggy fyrris*; C. MS. *of skowgy fyrris*.

P. 194, l. 18, *barones*; Bl. Ed. *bernes*. Ll. 23-24; R. MS.

Amyd ane holl or ane derne vaill

Of her fre will to him scho tald ane tale.

P. 195, l. 2, *chylde*; R. MS. *son*.

P. 196, l. 3, *had tharin porturate*; R. MS. *had thar importurate*. L. 4, *gresy*; R. MS. *grisy*.

P. 198, l. 3, *chymmys calendare* — the Curia Calabra built by Romulus on the Capitoline Hill. Rudd. remarks, "our author should have called it the chymmis Calabare, but because the main design of it was to know the Kalends, &c., he has therefore called it *calendare*, as things of that kind are called at present." L. 9, *Franchemen*; Bl. Ed. *Gaulis*.

P. 199, l. 11, for *ensorius* read *Censorius*.

P. 200, l. 18, *stammys*; Bl. Ed. *stanis*. L. 31, *ruschand*, Bl. Ed. *ruschit*.

P. 201, l. 30, *In plait and maill*; Bl. Ed. *In place and male*. Rudd. *In place of melle wod brym and fud of ire*; Bl. Ed. *wod brym as ony fyre*.

P. 202, l. 1, *In went*; Bl. Ed. *Inuent*. Rudd. *In vane*. Ll. 5-7, R. MS.

And vtheris Goddis in thar cumpany.

Actius Appollo fleand in the sky,

His bow aboue thare hedis has he bent.

L. 15, *scaland*; C. MS. *sclakand*.

P. 205, l. 1, *lusty warkis*; Bl. Ed. *lusty versis*. L. 2, *worthy clerkis*; Bl. Ed. *lusty clerkis*. L. 4, *nor sic onthryfty sparkis* Bl. Ed. *no sic rnvourthy werkis*.

P. 206, l. 1. *tenchis*; C. MS. *thewhes*. L. 3, *lychtnes*; E. MS. *blythnes*. L. 7, *aucht*; Bl. Ed. *suld*. L. 20, *langis for*. Rudd. *gangs for*. L. 25, *than the fewlume*; Bl. Ed. *nor the fewlume*.

P. 207, l. 19, *fuilhardy*; R. MS. *full hardy*. L. 23, *this proverb*; R. MS. *na proverb*. L. 32, *vaiill que vaiill*; R. MS. *valeyte que valeyte*—*deyd*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 208, l. 8, *to ensew*; Bl. Ed. *I ensew*.

P. 210, l. 10, *your cartis*; Bl. Ed. *yone cartis*.

P. 213, l. 15, *to*, omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 21, *all ressavit*; R. MS. *all rasit*.

P. 214, l. 11, *rasys in ire*; R. MS. *raisis in the are*.

P. 216, l. 31, *Enee*; Bl. Ed. *euer*.

P. 217, l. 32, *gret plesand lycht*; Bl. Ed. *new plesand lycht*.

P. 220, l. 20, *thair lyfe is now*; R. MS. *that levis now*. L. 25, *walyt*; C. MS. *valyeand*.

P. 222, l. 9, *feill tymes*; R. MS. *fyue tymes*. L. 19, *had deput*; Bl. Ed. *had put*.

P. 224, l. 10, *quhat thinkis thou*; Bl. Ed. *quhat thingis thou now say*. L. 14, *wittering*; Bl. Ed. *wrytyng*.

P. 225, l. 1, *and Troiane*; Bl. Ed. *the Troyane*. L. 2. *at thou efferis*; Bl. Ed. *that all efferis*.

P. 227, l. 2, *stern*; omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 20, *I yow tell*; R. MS. *I yow fur*.

P. 229, l. 25, *rycht*; omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 230, l. 1, *ws*; omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 16, *rentis*; omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 231, l. 31, *commancement*; Bl. Ed. *commandement*.

P. 232, l. 12, *Jove*; Bl. Ed. *Jouy*; also at p. 233, l. 2.

P. 233, l. 18, *Fordoveryt*; Bl. Ed. *fordwart*. L. 22, *hamis*; R. MS. *helmys*.

P. 234, l. 12, *trake*; R. MS. *straik*.

P. 236, l. 8, *lat be*; R. MS. *lat thame be*. L. 20, and *best*; Bl. Ed. and *neft*.

P. 238, l. 6, *Mythis Eurilly*; Bl. Ed. *Smytis Eurill*. L. 18, and *turnys wentis*; Rudd. *turnis and wentis*.

P. 239, l. 17, *persewyt*; Bl. Ed. *persauit*.

P. 240, l. 14, or *balkis hie*; E. MS. of *balkis hie*; R. MS. and *bawkis hie*. L. 18, in *this wilsum den*; R. MS. in *this wisdome then*. L. 25, *hang on his bak*; R. MS. *nerchand his bak*. L. 26, *schundir*; C. MS. *schuldir*.

P. 241, l. 11, *capitane*; omitted in Bl. Ed.; *neir wod*, Bl. Ed. *al wod*. L. 24, *dede*; omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 242, l. 10, *bowys he hevely*; the word *he* is omitted in the MSS. and Bl. Ed., but has been inserted on the authority of Rudd.

P. 244, l. 2, *Tithone*; Bl. Ed. and C. MS. *Titan*.

P. 245, l. 29, *to leve on live*; Bl. Ed. *to leif alase*.

P. 246, l. 4, *quething*; R. MS. *quenthing*. L. 11, *to reduce thy spreit*; R. MS. *to reduce agane thy spreit*. L. 24, *brandis*; Bl. Ed. *handis*.

P. 247, l. 13, *armis*; Bl. Ed. *handis*. L. 17, *the clamour*; R. MS. and *clamour*.

P. 248, l. 4, *with pikkis*; Bl. Ed. *with wappinnys*. L. 11, *vnsvyerit*; Bl. Ed. *vnserit*.

P. 249, l. 1, R. MS., *Caleope O thou God of musis all*. L. 19, *schyllis*; C. MS. *sillys*; Bl. Ed. *chotys*.

P. 250, l. 26, *onfarrand*; C. MS. and Bl. Ed. *evil farrand*. L. 31, *ragit*; Bl. Ed. *ragent*.

P. 251, l. 19, *rakles*; C. MS. *wytles*.

P. 252, l. 2, *schyll*; C. MS. *syl*. L. 28, *fulyschly*; R. MS. *full lichtly*.

P. 254, l. 18, *wychtis*; R. MS. *wretchis*. L. 25, *a peple*; Bl. Ed. *of nature*. L. 26, *keyn*; Bl. Ed. *bene*. L. 32, *hornis*; R. MS. *harnes*.

P. 255, l. 6, *fude*; Bl. Ed. *mete*. L. 16, *hayr*; R. MS. *bare*. L. 31, *buschboun*; Bl. Ed. *buschbome*.

P. 256, l. 12, *Jove*; R. MS. *Jovy*. L. 23, *fuyñ*, Rudd., *kruyn*; R. MS. *crvne*.

P. 258, l. 17, *renoune hie*; C. MS. *hie renounee*.

P. 259, l. 4, R. MS., *In oppin perrellis during and all pane*. L. 18, *lyamis and thwangis*; Rudd., *lynzellis and quhayngis*.

P. 260, l. 2, *quhill*; R. MS. *quhilk*. L. 5, *foresteres*; R. MS. *fostaris*. L. 12, *to kepe stekit*; Bl. Ed. *to be steikit*. L. 16, *fors*; R. MS. *hors*. L. 31, *myndyt*; R. MS. *menyt*.

P. 263, l. 22, *onfensabill*; Bl. Ed. *miserabil*.

P. 265, l. 4, *Hevand his swerd*; R. MS. *Hering vp his swerde*. L. 17, *of dreidfull raddour*; R. MS. *With dredeful dreddour*. L. 18, Bl. Ed. *They fled richt fast and syne did brak away*.

P. 266, l. 31, *musyk and harpyng*; Bl. Ed. *musit in harping*; R. MS. *mvsyng and harpyng*.

P. 267, l. 22, *of your onsyllly cuntre*; R. MS. *of your awne silly cuntre*.

P. 270, l. 2, *abuf his wallis cleyr*; R. MS. *apoun the wallis clere*.

P. 271, l. 1, This Prologue was transcribed by G. Bannatyne into his famous MS. collection of Scottish poetry, probably from the Bl. Ed. L. 10, *spacis*; E. MS. *placis*. L. 15, *to synb the erth*; R. MS. *for to snyb*. L. 16, *to that fyne*; E. MS. *to that kynd*. L. 20, *Set thou ws wrocht and bocht*; R. MS. *Set vs wrocht of nocht*.

P. 272, l. 6, *Set our natur*; Bl. Ed. *Sen our natur*. L. 7, *incommixt*; Bannatyne MS. *vncorrupt*.

P. 274, l. 9, *God*, omitted in Bl. Ed. L. 15, *a pretty God and mene*. Rudd. was of opinion that *pretty* might be read *petty*, both being probably derived from the Fr. *petit*. The word *pretty*, however, here seems to be derived from O. N. *pretta*, to deceive, and means treacherous or provoking.

P. 275, l. 25, *bondis fre*; R. MS. *bondis fle*.

P. 276, l. 7, *in form of wyne and breid*; Bl. Ed. *lustye with wyne and brede*. L. 13, *peirles*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 277, l. 1, *the helply fader*; Bl. Ed. *thy help fader*, L. 2, *fudder*; Bl. Ed. *futhir*. L. 7, *the clepis*; Bannatyne MS. *callis the*; L. 13, *maid, and thy moder deyr*; R. MS. *maid of thi moder dere*.

P. 279, l. 2, *inhibitioun*; R. MS. and Bl. Ed., *inhabitacioun*. L. 3, *thame, or thame*; Bl. Ed. *thaine or thayrs*. L. 6, *Wyth bludy*; R. MS. *The bludy*. L. 15, *now of sic thingis*; Bl. Ed. *now all sic thyngis*. L. 16, *Glaidly to mak*; C. MS. *Glaidly do makis*; Bl. Ed. *Glaidly and with one mak*.

P. 281, l. 14, *avans*; Bl. Ed. *to avance*. I. 15, *in this*; Bl. Ed. *into this*. L. 28, *mot it*; Bl. Ed. *moist it*.

P. 282, l. 17, *thame*; Bl. Ed. *than*.

P. 284, l. 4, *wythall this lady ying*; Bl. Ed. *with al her ladyis ding*.

P. 285, l. 17, *the Phrigyane febill geyr*; Bl. Ed. *the litill Phrigrigane gere*.

P. 286, l. 27, *yit*; R. MS. *this*. L. 32, *Italianys*; Rudd. *Rutihanis*.

P. 287, l. 3, *sew*; R. MS. *schew*. L. 9, *Rutihanis*; Bl. Ed. *Itahianis*.

P. 291, l. 7, *same as p. 127, l. 7*. L. 9, *lyand in your mycht*; Bl. Ed. *and in your nicht*. L. 18, *of his talent*; Rudd. *of hys talent*.

P. 293, l. 28, *age*; R. MS. *life*.

P. 294, l. 13, *famus*, omitted in Bl. Ed.

P. 295, l. 5, *thochtis*; C. MS. *thoftis*; R. MS. *coisits*; Bl. Ed. *choftis*.

P. 297, l. 2, *and bich tre*; R. MS. *of the busche tre*. L. 16, *lest*; Bl. Ed. *rest*.

P. 298, l. 7, *belevys nocht*; R. MS. and Bl. Ed. *beleves ocht*. L. 10, *by fell occisioun*; Bl. Ed. *by occasioun*. L. 25, *Goddis*; E. MS. *wodis*. L. 39, *yokkit to thi chayr*; R. MS. *lokkit in ane schare*.

P. 299, l. 25, *crowping*; C. MS. *crowplyug*. L. 30, *soundis followand*; Bl. Ed. *sovnus stowrand*.

P. 300, l. 3, *towart*; Bl. Ed. *endlang*.

P. 301, l. 11, *half deill*; R. MS. *half deid*. L. 13, *hardy men*; E. MS. *hardymen*.

P. 302, l. 1, R. MS. *Quhilk farde wallis*. L. 19, *this meyn*; R. MS. and Bl. Ed. *his mene*.

P. 303, l. 18, *haill*; Bl. Ed. *all hale*. L. 32, *clap*; Bl. Ed. *gap*.

P. 304, l. 4, *down haill routis dang*; Bl. Ed. *al the routis dang*. L. 18, *yallow berd*; Bl. Ed. *yowng berd*.

P. 305, l. 10, *gyrd throw*; Bl. Ed. *out throw*.

P. 306, l. 12, *That auld cite*; Bl. Ed. *That cald ciete*. L. 32, *yokkit*; R. MS. *lokkit*.

P. 307, l. 17, *is suyth as is the creid*: Bl. Ed. and R. MS. *soith as is the crede*. L. 18, *As vtir poynt remedy*; Bl. Ed. *As vther poyntit remedie*. L. 19, *do ye fle*; R. MS. *do ye fle hens*. L. 20, *renowne*; R. MS. *reuerense*.

P. 311, l. 13, *brane pan*; Bl. Ed. *harne pan*. L. 14, *as witty man*; R. MS. *ane witty man*. L. 28, R. MS. *That I may throw Illesus body bere*.

P. 312, l. 8, *nor bost*; C. MS. *na bost*.

P. 313, Heading of C. VIII. l. 2, *and mayn*; R. MS. *and pane*. L. 18, *anerly*; Bl. Ed. *enterly*.

P. 316, l. 18, *trauersyt*; Bl. Ed. *reuersit*.

P. 317, l. 18, *will he be*; R. MS. *quhil he be*.

P. 318, l. 16, *plente of teris*; R. MS. *playnt of teris*.

P. 319, Heading of C. IX. *ranson*; Bl. Ed. *ressoun*. L. 6, *The tyme*; R. MS. *That tyme*. L. 24, *his promys and cunandis*; Bl. Ed. *his promyses and commandis*.

P. 320, l. 22, *rych*; R. MS. *richt full*.

P. 321, l. 15, *Wryth down*; R. MS. *Bowit downe*.

P. 322, l. 4, *rude*; R. MS. *gude*.

P. 323, l. 8, *baithit*; R. MS. *bathyn*.

P. 324, l. 6, *enragent*; Bl. Ed. *enrageing*. L. 16, *wyd oppyn*; Bl. Ed. *wyde apon*. L. 28, *into sicht*; R. MS. *in to fecht*.

P. 326, l. 1, *kneland pctunsly*; Bl. Ed. *lurkand pietcously*. L. 28, *hes left*; Bl. Ed. *has lesit*.

P. 327, Heading of C. XI. l. 2, *persewand of Enee*; R. MS. *persauit has he*. L. 9, *I wene*; Bl. Ed. *I mene*.

P. 328, l. 29. *clar agane*; R. MS. *all agane*.

P. 329, l. 24. *and schroud*; Bl. Ed. *ane schroud*.

P. 330, l. 26, *saysing*; Bl. Ed. *sauyng*. L. 28, *baith schuke and schew*; Bl. Ed. *with schuke and schew*; R. MS. *baith schuke and drewe*.

P. 331, l. 21, *hyr*; E. MS. *heyr*.

P. 332, l. 6, *euir se*; Bl. Ed. *never se*.

P. 333, l. 2, R. MS. *or with ane swerde stifty in his hand*. L. 5. *bay*; R. MS. *lay*. L. 11, *slydand*; R. MS. *saland*. L. 16. *ardour*; Bl. Ed. *furoure*.

P. 334, l. 18, *Wyth quham*; Bl. Ed. *With quhom*; R. MS. *With quhillk*.

P. 335, l. 6, *quhryne*; R. MS. *cry*. L. 17, *Grasland*; Bl. Ed. *Graissand*. L. 32, *bot durst nocht ane cum nar*; Bl. Ed. *but durst nane cum nere*.

P. 336, l. 22, *trymbilis*; C. MS. *thrymlys*.

P. 342, l. 31, *vail que vaill*; Rudd. *then at hale*.

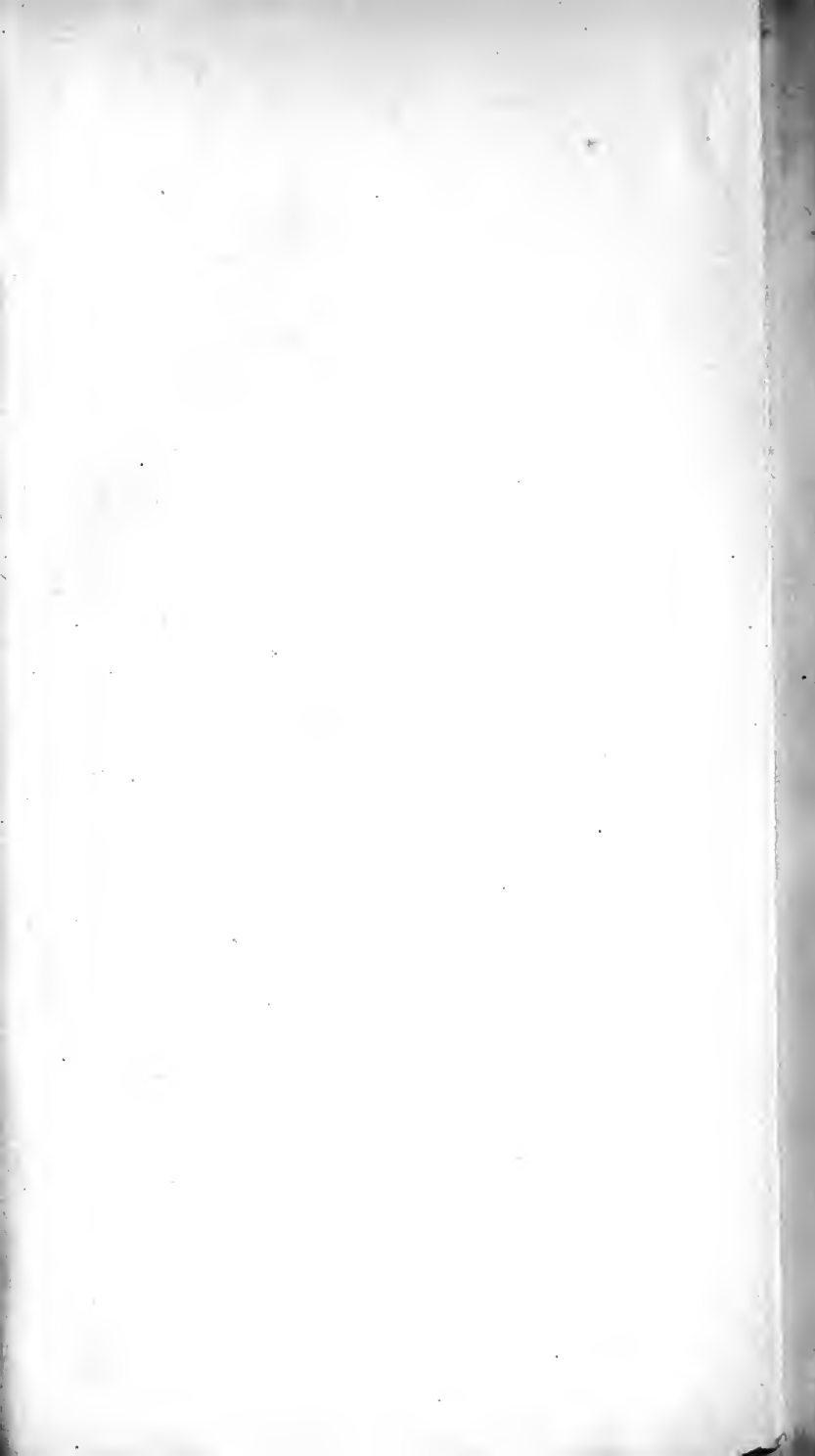
P. 344, l. 4. *or eys onto thy gost*; Bl. Ed. *or ellis into thy gost*. L. 12, *armys*; Bl. Ed. *handis*. L. 15, *besparkyt*; C. MS. *besparklyt*.

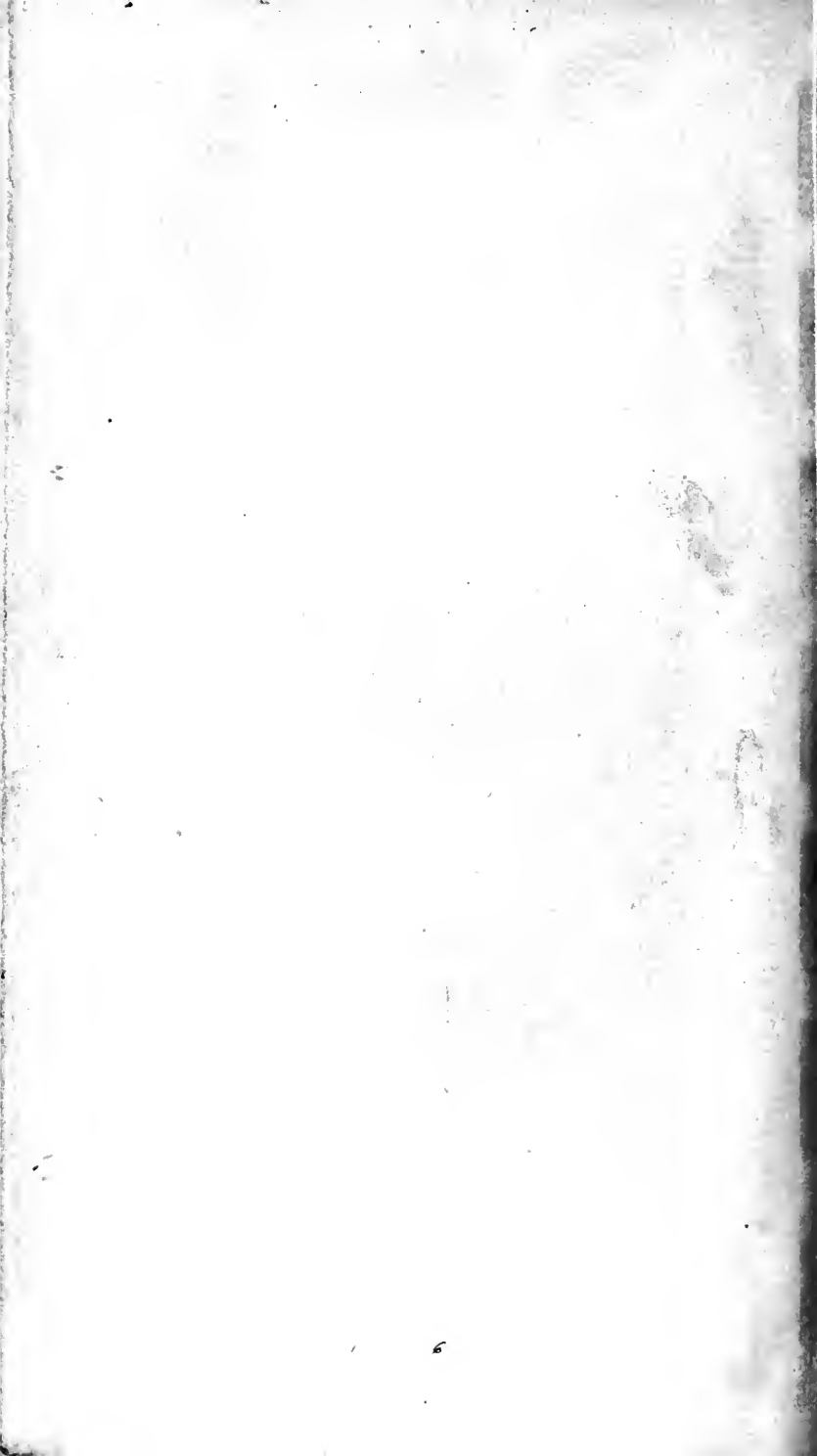
P. 354, l. 2, *sayr*; Bl. Ed. *sary*; R. MS. *sere*. L. 27, *my stede*; Bl. Ed. *ony stede*.

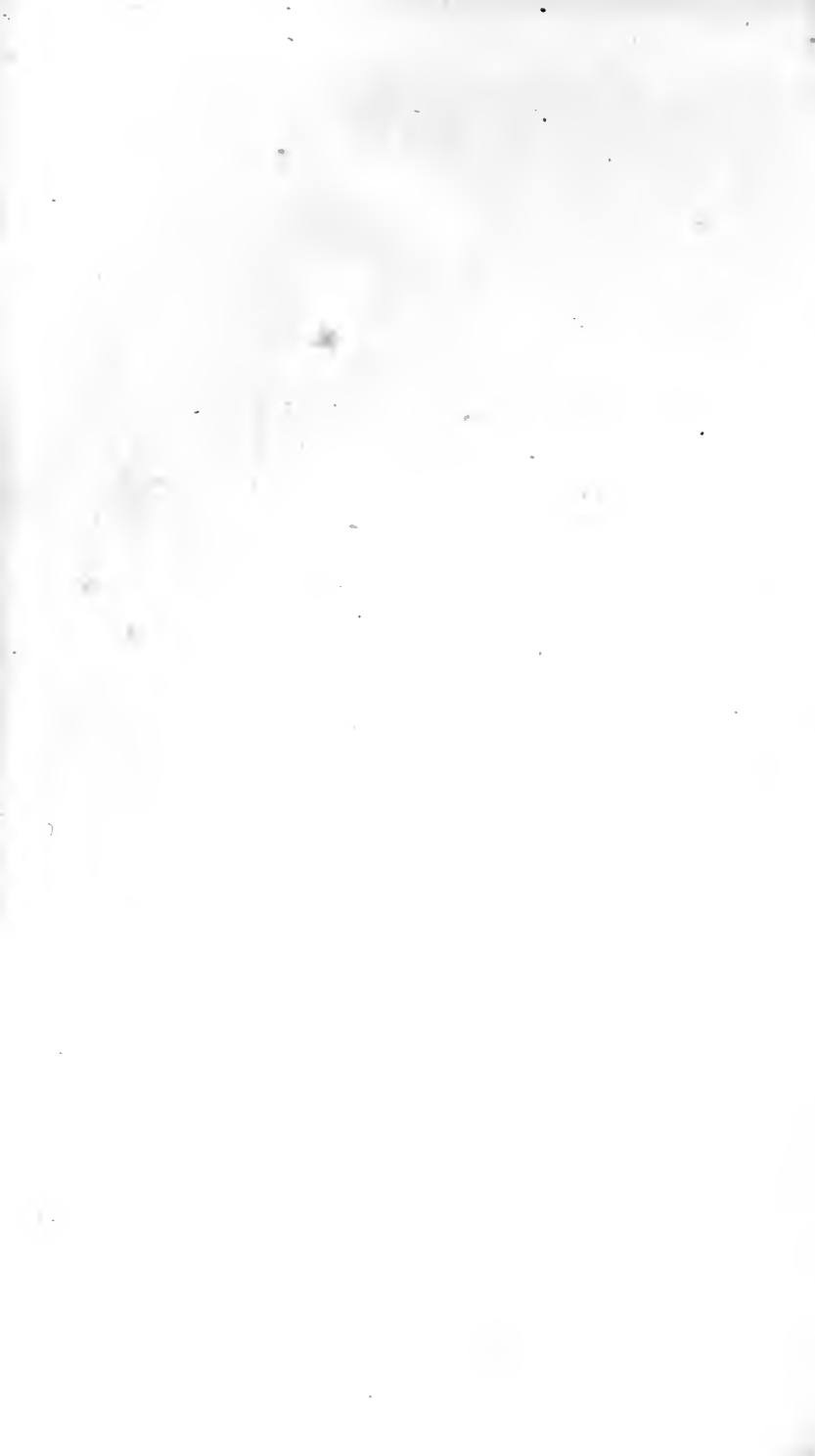
P. 347, l. 8, *revengear*; R. MS. *revengeade*; Bl. Ed. *revengeit*. L. 15, *O moist*; Bl. Ed. *O thou*. L. 18, *nor that the list dedene*; Bl. Ed. *nor at the leist dedenete*. L. 20, *towartly*; Bl. Ed. and R. MS. *cowartlie*.

P. 348, l. 21, *the deyd, to sterue in fycht*; R. MS. *the deid stoure in fecht*. L. 30, *thir dyntis*; R. MS. *thare dartis*.

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.









PR 2250 .A5 S6 1874 v.3 SMC
Douglas, Gawin,
The poetical works of Gavin
Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld

