Formative Translation 2 – Aeneid IV, Lines 397-415

Chris Miller (1806060) 12 April 2020

Then indeed the Teucrians bend to their work, and lead down their high ships along the entire shore. The anointed hulls float, and they bring from the forests oars still leafy, and timbers untrimmed in their longing for flight. You could see them departing, rushing out from every part of the city, and it was just as when ants plunder a huge heap of grain, mindful of the winter, and store it up again in their home: a black line goes over the fields, and together they convey their booty through the grass in a narrow track. Some shove the huge grains, straining against them with their shoulders, while others drive the line onward and punish delays. The whole path seethes with work.

What feeling then befell you, Dido, noticing such things, or what groans did you give when you looked out from your high citadel upon a shore seething with activity all along its length, and you saw the whole sea roiling before your eyes amidst such a din! Willful Love, is there any end to which you will not drive mortal hearts? Again she was driven to descend into tears, again to beseech him with her prayers, and to subsume her pride as a suppliant to love, lest she should soon die in vain because she leaves something untried.