

## Metrical Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*

BOOK III, LINES 506-524

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By Ceraunian lands we are borne o'er the deep  
The voyage to Italy shortest by sea  
While the sun o'er the rim of the wide waters sinks  
And the mountains in shadows enveloped we see.

The oars being allotted, we cast ourselves down  
On the welcoming lap of the wished for land,  
All around on the beach our worn limbs we repose,  
And sleep steals our spirits and holds them in hand.

Not yet had the hours drawn the car of the night  
To the medial point of her slumberous way,  
When quick from his bed Palinurus up sprung  
To determine the winds and the course for the day.

The stars slipping down in the broad silent dome  
Arcturus Hyadas and Trio he notes  
And turning him southward Orion on high  
In the glow of his own golden blazanry floats.

Then seeing all tranquil above and around him  
The stars and the winds to foretell a fine day  
To the high standing poop of the vessel proceeding  
He sounded the call to be up and away.

The clear notes resounding, we break up the camp.  
The sails to the favoring breezes we spread  
And calling the Gods to our aid on the course  
We hazard its dangers by kind Zeus led.

Already Aurora all flushed from her labors  
Was chasing the stars to their places of rest  
When the low shore of Italy far o'er the deep  
And dim in the distance appears in the West.

Achates the first saw the long wished for land  
And saluted her "Italy!" once and again  
And then his companions fair Italy yiewing  
All joined with full voice in the joyful refrain.