

AENEAS AT SEA: THE STORM.

Aeneid, III, vv. 192-208

(In the metre of the original)

Soon as—gaining the deep
 in our barks—when no longer the far-off
Land was seen,—(all round,—
 sky, everywhere sky and the ocean)
Then, o'er my head, in its gloom,
 dark lower'd a threatening storm-cloud,
Laden with winter and night
 that affrighted the wave with its darkness.

Straightway the winds are up
 and rolling the sea into mountains,
Billowy. Scattered far,—
 we're tost on weltering vastness.

Mists have smothered the day,
 and dank night stolen the starlit
Firmament; bursting its cloud-
 bonds, the lightning flashes redoubled.

Off from our course far driv'n,
 we wander blind on the billows.

E'en Palinurus* denies
 he can daytime from night now distinguish;
Much less determine his way
 from the sky in the midst of the ocean.

Thus for a full three days
 scarce seen and clouded in blind mist,
Drift we on o'er the sea,
 (with as many a night that is starless)

At length, first, on the fourth
 day, landfall lifts the horizon;
Mountains are opening up,
 Smoke-curls rise high in the distance.

Down drop the sails, to oars
 rise eager and lusty the sailors;
Bending to, they sweep
 and swirl white foam in the sea-blue.

H. MELLISH.

*The Pilot.