“Phoebe, graves Troiae semper miserate labores,
    “Phoebus (Apollo), having always pitied the heavy struggles of Troy,
Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
    you who directed the Dardanian weapons and hands of Paris
corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
    against the body of Aeacus’ descendant [Achilles], with you as leader
tot maria intravi duce te penitusque repostas
    I have entered so many seas skirting great lands, and the peoples
Massylum gentes praetentaque Syrtibus arva:
    of the Massylians secluded deep within [Africa] and the fields stretching to the Syrtes;
iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
    now at last we have grasped the shores of fleeing Italy.
Hac Troiana tenus fuerit fortuna secuta;
    [Only] thus far may Trojan [mis]fortune have followed [us],
vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
    now it is right you also to spare the Trojan people,
dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens
    all you gods and goddesses, whom Troy and the great
gloria Dardaniae. Tuque, o sanctissima vates,
    glory of Dardania has opposed. And you, oh most holy prophet,
praescia venturi, da (non indebita posco
    fore-knowing of what is to come, grant (I seek kingdoms not unowed
regna meis fatis) Latio considere Teucros
    to my fates) that the Trojans settle in Latium,
errantesque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
    and [their] wandering gods and the disturbed divine powers of Troy.
Tum Phoebo et Truiiae solido de marmore templum
    Then I will found a temple to Phoebus and Trivia [made] from solid marble,
instituam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi.
    and festival days from the name of Phoebus.
Te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
    Great inner chambers await you, too, in our kingdoms:
hic ego namque tuas sortes arcanaque fata
    for here I will place your lots and the hidden fates
dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
spoken for my people, and I will consecrate chosen men,
alma, viros. Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
kindly one. Only do not entrust your songs to the leaves,
ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis;
lest disturbed they fly off, a mockery for the swift winds;
ipsa canas oro.” Finem dedit ore loquendi.
I ask that you yourself sing [them].” He gave an end of speaking with his mouth.

At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
But not yet submissive to Phoebus, the prophetess, massive,
bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
rages in the cave, if [i.e. in the hope that] she might be able
excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
to have shaken off the great god from her chest; so much the more that one [Apollo] tires out
os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo.
her frenzied mouth, taming her fierce hearts, and he molds her by controlling her.

Ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
And now a hundred huge openings of the dwelling lay open
sponte sua vatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
of their own accord, and they carry the responses of the prophet through the airs:

“O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis
“Oh [Aeneas], having completed at last the great dangers of the sea
(sed terrae graviora manent), in regna Lavini
(but graver ones remain on land), the Dardanians will come into the kingdoms of Lavinium
Dardanidae venient (mitte hanc de pectore curam),
(send this care from your chest),
sed non et venisse volent. Bella, horrida bella,
but they will wish even not to have come. Wars, terrible wars,
et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
and the Tiber foaming with much blood I see.

Non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
Not Simois nor the Xanthus nor the Greek camps will have been
defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
lacking for you; another Achilles now [has] been produced in Latium,

natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno

and he himself [is] the son of a goddess. Nor will Juno ever be

usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis

absent, having been added to the Trojans, while you as a suppliant in

needy things

quas gentes Italum aut quas non oraveris urbes!

will not have begged what peoples of Italy or what cities!

Causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris

The cause of such great evil for the Trojans [will be] again a foreign

externique iterum thalami.

wife, again bridal chambers [will be] foreign.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,

You – do not yield to troubles, but instead go more daringly,

qua tua te Fortuna sinet. Via prima salutis

where your fortune will allow you. The first route of safety,

(quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.”

which you suppose least, will be revealed from a Greek city.