

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

DIDO, QUEEN of CARTHAGE

By Christopher Marlowe
And Thomas Nashe (?)

Written c. 1585-86

First Printed: 1594

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DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Gods:

Jupiter, King of the Gods.

Ganymede, Cup-bearer to the Gods.

Cupid, God of Love.

Mercury, or *Hermes*, the Messenger God.

Goddesses:

Juno, Queen of the Gods.

Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty.

Trojans:

Aeneas.

Ascanius, his son

Achates.

Ilioneus.

Cloanthus.

Sergestus.

Carthaginians:

Dido, Queen of Carthage.

Anna, her sister.

Nurse.

Other African Leader:

Iarbus, King of Gaetulia.

Lords, &c.

A. Our Story So Far.

The Trojan War has ended. After ten blood-soaked years, the Greeks have finally captured and destroyed Troy, thanks to Odysseus' (or Ulysses') master-stroke of strategy, the dastardly Trojan horse.

The Trojan royal family has been practically wiped-out, but one prince, Aeneas, did escape the burning wreckage of Troy. With a number of followers, Aeneas was able to sail away from Asia Minor on 20 ships. His goal was to sail to Italy, where it was his destiny to found the Roman race.

Unfortunately, the queen of the gods, Juno, despised our hero, and has placed impediments of all sorts in his way. After seven years, Aeneas still had not made it to Italy. Instead, a series of storms have left Aeneas' ships floundering in the Mediterranean Sea. Would they survive?

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Though likely written in the mid-1580's, *Dido, the Queen of Carthage* was not published until 1594, after Christopher Marlowe's death in 1593. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets []; a director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1594 quarto divides our edition of *Dido* into Acts and Scenes. However, as is the usual case, it does not provide scene settings or identify *asides*. We adopt the scene settings and *asides* suggested by Dyce.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

C. Optional Textual Changes.

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Mt. Olympus.

*Here the curtains drawn: - there is discovered
Jupiter dandling Ganymede upon his knee,
and Mercury lying asleep.*

1 **Jup.** Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me:
2 I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

4 **Gany.** I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows:
6 To-day, whenas I filled into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,
8 She reached me such a rap for that I spilled,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

10 **Jup.** What! dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
12 By Saturn's soul, and this earth-threatening hair,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
14 I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt Heaven and earth,
16 And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules!

18 **Gany.** Might I but see that pretty sport afoot,
20 O how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the gods to wonder at the game.
22 Sweet Jupiter! if e'er I pleased thine eye,
Or seemèd fair, walled-in with eagle's wings,
24 Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

26 **Jup.** What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
28 Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhaled with thy fire-darting beams,
30 Have oft driven back the horses of the Night,
Whenas they would have haled thee from my sight.
32 Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of Time;
34 Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And Heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
36 Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;

38 From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face:
40 And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
42 Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
44 But, as this one, I'll tear them all from him,

46 *[Plucks a feather from Hermes' wings.]*

48 Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love, these linkèd gems

50 *[Gives jewels.]*

52 My Juno wore upon her marriage day,
54 Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

56 **Gany.** I would have a jewèl for mine ear,
58 And a fine brooch to put in[to] my hat,
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.

60 **Jup.** And shall have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

62 *Enter Venus.*

64 **Venus.** Aye, this is it; you can sit toying there,
66 And playing with that female wanton boy,
While my Aeneas wanders on the seas,
68 And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
70 Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
72 Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Aeölus intrenched with storms,
74 And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
76 And charged him drown my son with all his train.
Then gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
78 And all Aeolia to be up in arms;
Poor Troy must now be sacked upon the sea,
80 And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse, to Aetna's hill transformed,
82 Preparèd stands to wrack their wooden walls;
And Aeölus, like Agamemnon, sounds
84 The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,

86 | And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!
 Ah, me! The stars surpris'd, like Rhesus' steeds,
 88 | Are drawn by darkness forth Astraeus' tents.
 What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
 90 | Whenas the waves do threat our crystal world,
 And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
 92 | Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
 False Jupiter! reward'st thou virtue so?
 94 | What! Is not piety exempt from woe?
 Then die, Aeneas, in thy innocence,
 96 | Since that religion hath no recompense.

98 | **Jup.** Content thee, Cythereä, in thy care,
 Since thy Aeneas' wandering fate is firm,
 100 | Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
 In those fair walls I promised him of yore:
 102 | But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
 Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
 104 | Or force her smile, that hitherto hath frowned:
 Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
 106 | And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
 And full three summers likewise shall he waste,
 108 | In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
 Which once performed, poor Troy, so long suppressed,
 110 | From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
 And flourish once again, that erst was dead.
 112 | But bright Ascanius, beauty's better work,
 Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
 114 | Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers,
 That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
 116 | No bounds, but Heaven, shall bound his empery,
 Whose azured gates, enchas'd with his name,
 118 | Shall make the morning haste her gray uprising,
 To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
 120 | Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
 The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
 122 | Till that a princess-priest, conceived by Mars,
 Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
 124 | Who will eternish Troy in their attempts.

126 | **Venus.** How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
 When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
 128 | And Phoebus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
 To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?
 130 |

132 | **Jup.** I will take order for that presently: –
 Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm;

134 Whereas the wind-god, warring now with Fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
136 And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.

138

[*Exit Hermes.*]

140

Venus, farewell! thy son shall be our care; –
142 Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.

144

[*Exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.*]

146 **Venus.** Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Aeneas with your calmy cheer,
148 Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceived with hell-born clouds,
150 Veiled his resplendent glory from your view;
For my sake, pity him, Oceānus,
152 That erst-while issued from thy watery loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth: –
154 Triton, I know, hath filled his trump with Troy,
And, therefore, will take pity on his toil,
156 And call both Thetis and Cymodoce,
To succour him in this extremity.

ACT I, SCENE II.

The Shore near Carthage.

Still on Stage: *Venus.*

*Enter Aeneas, Ascanius, Achates,
and one or two more.*

1 *Venus.* What do I see? my son now come on shore?
2 Venus, how art thou compassed with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys: –
4 Great Jupiter! still honoured may'st thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need! –
6 Here in this bush disguisèd will I stand,
While my Aeneas spends himself in plaints,
8 And Heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

10 *Aeneas.* You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
12 And Helen's rape doth haunt thee at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpast?
14 Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
16 Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
18 And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

20 *Achat.* Brave Prince of Troy, thou only art our god,
22 That, by thy virtues, free'st us from annoy,
And mak'st our hopes survive to coming joys!
24 Do thou but smile, and cloudy Heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows;
26 Though we be now in éxtrême misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
28 Yet shall the agèd sun shed forth his hair,
To make us live unto our former heat,
30 And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted food.

32 *Asca.* Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.

34 *Aeneas.* Alas! sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
36 Till we have fire to dress the meat we killed. –
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
38 That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new-found victuals on this shore.

40 **Venus.** See what strange arts necessity finds out:
42 How near, my sweet Aeneas, art thou driven!

44 **Aeneas.** Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow
46 Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal: –
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenchèd limbs,
48 While I with my Achates rove abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
50 Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

52 *[Exit Ascanius and others.]*

54 **Achat.** The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
56 Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

58 **Venus.** *[Aside]*
60 Now is the time for me to play my part. –
Ho, young men! saw you, as you came,
62 Any of all my sisters wand'ring here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
64 And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?

66 **Aeneas.** I neither saw nor heard of any such.
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,
68 Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?
70 Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shrouds thy beauty in this borrowed shape;
72 But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,
74 Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
76 As to instruct us under what good Heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is called
78 On which, by tempest's fury, we are cast?
Tell us, O, tell us, that are ignorant;
80 And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

82 **Venus.** Such honour, stranger, do I not affect;
84 It is the use for Tyrian maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
86 And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the launds,

88 | And overtake the tuskèd boar in chase.
 But for the land whereof thou dost inquire,
 90 | It is the Punic kingdom, rich and strong,
 Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,
 92 | The kingly seat of southern Libya,
 Whereas Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
 94 | But what are you that ask of me these things?
 Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

96 | *Aeneas.* Of Troy am I, Aeneas is my name;
 98 | Who driven by war from forth my native world,
 Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;
 100 | And my divine descent from sceptred Jove:
 With twice twelve Phrygian ships I ploughed the deep,
 102 | And made that way my mother Venus led;
 But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
 104 | And they so wracked and weltered by the waves,
 As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
 106 | And all of them, unburdened of their load,
 Are ballassèd with billows' watery weight.
 108 | But hapless I, God wot! poor and unknown,
 Do trace these Libyan deserts all despised,
 110 | Exiled forth Europe and wide Asia both,
 And have not any coverture but Heaven.

112 | *Venus.* Fortune hath favoured thee, whate'er thou be,
 114 | In sending thee unto this courteous coast:
 A God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
 116 | Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
 And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
 118 | Not one of them hath perished in the storm,
 But are arrivèd safe, not far from hence;
 120 | And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
 Wishing good luck unto thy wandering steps.

122 | [Exit Venus.]

124 | *Aeneas.* Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
 126 | I know her by the movings of her feet: –
 Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son; –
 128 | Too cruël! why wilt thou forsake me thus?
 Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?
 130 | Why talk we not together hand in hand,
 And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
 132 | But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
 To dull the air with my discursive moan.

134 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

Within the walls of Carthage.

*Enter Iarbus, followed by Ilioneus, Cloanthus,
Sergestus and others.*

1 **Ilio.** Follow, ye Trojans! follow this brave lord,
2 And plain to him the sum of your distress.

4 **Iarb.** Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?

6 **Ilio.** Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet,
8 As poor distressed misery may plead:
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,
10 That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues.
12 We come not, we, to wrong your Libyan gods,
Or steal your household lares from their shrines:
14 Our hands are not prepared to lawless spoil,
Nor armed to offend in any kind;
16 Such force is far from our unweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
18 Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

20 **Iarb.** But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
22 Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?

24 **Cloan.** There is a place, Hesperia termed by us,
An ancient empire, famous for arms,
26 And fertile in fair Ceres' furrowed wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
28 That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;
30 When suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands;
32 Whereas the southern wind, with brackish breath,
Dispersed them all amongst the wrackful rocks;
34 From thence a few of us escaped to land;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

36 **Iarb.** Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
38 Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

40 **Serg.** Aye, but the barbarous sort do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;

42 | In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

44 | **Iarb.** Myself will see they shall not trouble ye:
46 | Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And every Trojan be as welcome here
48 | As Jupiter to silly Baucis' house.
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,
50 | Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

52 | **Serg.** Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlooked-for grace;
Might we but once more see Aeneas' face,
54 | Then would we hope to quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech.

56 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Outside the Walls of Carthage,
near a temple of Juno.*

Enter Aeneas, Achates, and Ascanius.

1 **Aeneas.** Where am I now? These should be Carthage walls.

2

Achat. Why stands my sweet Aeneas thus amazed?

4

6 **Aeneas.** O my Achates! Theban Niobë,
Who, for her sons' death, wept out life and breath,
And, dry with grief, was turned into a stone,
8 Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks, that town there should be Troy, yon Ida's Hill,
10 There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I die.

12

14 **Achat.** And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees
And kiss his hand; O, where is Hecuba?
16 Here she was wont to sit, but, saving air,
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone?

18

20 **Aeneas.** O, yet this stone doth make Aeneas weep;
And, would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
22 We might sail back to Troy, and be revenged
On these hard-hearted Grecians, which rejoice
24 That nothing now is left of Priamus!
O, Priamus is left, and this is he:
26 Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.

28 **Achat.** What means Aeneas?

30 **Aeneas.** Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
32 And when my grievèd heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life. —
34 O, were I not at all, so thou might'st be! —
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand;
36 He is alive; Troy is not overcome!

38 **Achat.** Thy mind, Aeneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eye-sight. Priamus is dead.

40 **Aeneas.** Ah, Troy is sacked, and Priamus is dead;
42 And why should poor Aeneas be alive?

44 **Asca.** Sweet father, leave to weep, this is not he,
For were he Priam, he would smile on me.

46 **Achat.** Aeneas, see, here come the citizens;
48 Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

50 *Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Ilioneus, and others.*

52 **Aeneas.** Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
54 To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them:
56 For we are strangers driven on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

58 **Ilio.** I hear Aeneas' voice, but see him not,
60 For none of these can be our general.

62 **Achat.** Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

64 **Serg.** You are Achates, or I [am] deceived.

66 **Achat.** Aeneas, see Sergestus, or his ghost!

68 **Ilio.** He names Aeneas; let us kiss his feet.

70 **Cloan.** It is our captain, see Ascanius!

72 **Serg.** Live long Aeneas and Ascanius!

74 **Aeneas.** Achates, speak, for I am overjoyed.

76 **Achat.** O, Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?

78 **Ilio.** Blest be the time I see Achates' face.

80 **Cloan.** Why turns Aeneas from his trusty friends?

82 **Aeneas.** Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
84 Your sight amazed me: O, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
86 O, tell me, for I long to be resolved.

88 **Ilio.** Lovely Aeneas, these are Carthage walls,

90 And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown;
Who, for Troy's sake, hath entertained us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
92 Oft hath she asked us under whom we served,
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,
94 Thinking the sea had swallowed up thy ships;
And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice!

96
98 **Serg.** See, where her servitors pass through the hall,
Bearing a banquet; Dido is not far.

100 **Ilio.** Look where she comes: Aeneas, view her well.

102 **Aeneas.** Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

104 *Enter Dido, Anna, Iarbus and train.*

106 **Dido.** What stranger art thou, that dost eye me thus?

108 **Aeneas.** Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen:
But Troy is not; – what shall I say I am?

110
112 **Ilio.** Renowmèd Dido, 'tis our general,
Warlike Aeneas.

114 **Dido.** Warlike Aeneas! and in these base robes?
Go, fetch the garment which Sicheus ware. –

116
118 *Exit an Attendant who brings in the garment,
which Aeneas puts on.*

120 Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,
Both happy that Aeneas is our guest!
122 Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen;
Aeneas is Aeneas, were he clad
124 In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.

126 **Aeneas.** This is no seat for one that's comfartless:
May it please your grace to let Aeneas wait;
128 For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen.

130
132 **Dido.** Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Aeneas, sit in Dido's place,
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,
134 Here let him sit; – be merry, lovely child.

136 **Aeneas.** This place beseems me not; O, pardon me.

138 **Dido.** I'll have it so; Aeneas, be content.

140 *Asca.* Madam, you shall be my mother.

142 *Dido.* And so I will, sweet child: – be merry, man,
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

144

[*Dido drinks.*]

146

Aeneas. In all humility, I thank your grace.

148

Dido. Remember who thou art; speak like thyself;
Humility belongs to common grooms.

150

152 *Aeneas.* And who so miserable as Aeneas is?

154 *Dido.* Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assured thou art not miserable.

156

Aeneas. O Priamus, O Troy, Oh Hecuba!

158

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:
Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.

160

162

164

166

168 *Aeneas.* A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony mace,
170 Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Aeneas sink at Dido's feet.

172

Dido. What! fain't Aeneas to remember Troy,
174 In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.

176

Aeneas. Then speak, Aeneas, with Achilles' tongue!
178 And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me! but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
180 Daily inured to broils and massacres,
Lest you be moved too much with my sad tale.
182 The Grecian soldiers, tired with ten years' war,
Began to cry, "Let us unto our ships,
184 Troy is invincible. Why stay we here?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appalled,
186 Summoned the captains to his princely tent;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,

188 | Seeing the number of their men decreased,
 And the remainder weak, and out of heart,
 190 | Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
 And so in troops all marched to Tenedos;
 192 | Where, when they came, Ulysses on the sand
 Assayed with honey words to turn them back:
 194 | And as he spoke, to further his intent,
 The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
 196 | And Heaven was darkened with tempestuous clouds:
 Then he alleged the gods would have them stay,
 198 | And prophesied Troy should be overcome:
 And therewithal he called false Sinon forth,
 200 | A man compact of craft and perjury,
 Whose ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
 202 | To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep:
 And him, Epeus having made the horse,
 204 | With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
 Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
 206 | Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus' banks,
 His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
 208 | Turned up to Heaven, as one resolved to die,
 Our Phrygian shepherds haled within the gates,
 210 | And brought unto the court of Priamus;
 To whom he used action so pitiful,
 212 | Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
 As therewithal the old man, overcome,
 214 | Kissed him, embraced him, and unloosed his bands.
 And then, – O Dido, pardon me!

216 | *Dido.* Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

218 | *Aeneas.* Oh! the enchanting words of that base slave
 Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
 220 | A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath;
 The rather, for that one Laöcoön,
 222 | Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
 Was with two wingèd serpents stung to death.
 224 | Whereat, aghast, we were commanded straight,
 With reverence, to draw it into Troy,
 226 | In which unhappy work was I employed:
 These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
 228 | Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.
 O, had it never entered, Troy had stood!
 230 | But Priamus, impatient of delay,
 232 | Enforced a wide breach in that rampired wall,
 Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
 234 | And so came in this fatal instrument:

236 At whose accursèd feet, as overjoyed,
 We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
 Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
 238 Which Sinon viewing, caused the Greekish spies
 To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp:
 240 Then he unlocked the horse, and suddenly
 From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
 242 Setting his spear upon the ground, leaped forth,
 And after him a thousand Grecians more,
 244 In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire
 That after burnt the pride of Asiä.
 246 By this the camp was come unto the walls,
 And through the breach did march into the streets,
 248 Where, meeting with the rest, "Kill! Kill!" they cried.
 Frighted with this confusèd noise, I rose,
 250 And looking from a turret, might behold
 Young infants swimming in their parents' blood!
 252 Headless carcasses piled up in heaps!
 Virgins, half-dead, dragged by their golden hair,
 254 And with main force flung on a ring of pikes!
 Old men with swords thrust through their agèd sides,
 256 Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
 Who, with steel pole-axes, dashed out their brains.
 258 Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
 And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
 260 With ashy visage, bluish sulphur eyes,
 His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
 262 Furrowed with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
 Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
 264 Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
 Burst from the earth, crying "Aeneas, fly,
 266 Troy is a-fire! the Grecians have the town!"
 268 **Dido.** O, Hector! who weeps not to hear thy name?
 270 **Aeneas.** Yet flung I forth, and, desperate of my life,
 Ran in the thickest throngs, and, with this sword,
 272 Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
 At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
 274 His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
 The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
 276 And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
 With balls of wild-fire in their murdering paws,
 278 Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
 All which hemmed me about, crying, "This is he!"
 280 **Dido.** Ah, how could poor Aeneas 'scape their hands?

282 |
 284 | *Aeneas.* My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
 286 | Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands;
 288 | So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
 290 | Who then ran to the palace of the king,
 292 | And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
 294 | About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,
 296 | Folding his hand in her's, and jointly both
 298 | Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,
 300 | He, with his faulchion's point raised up at once,
 302 | And with Megaera's eyes stared in their face,
 304 | Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance;
 306 | To whom the agèd king thus trembling spoke: –
 308 | "Achilles' son, remember what I was,
 310 | Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
 312 | Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turned!
 314 | King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
 316 | And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
 318 | Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
 320 | O, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
 322 | Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
 324 | This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
 326 | Treading upon his breast, strook off his hands.
 328 | *Dido.* O end, Aeneas, I can hear no more.
 330 | *Aeneas.* At which the frantic queen leaped on his face,
 332 | And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
 334 | A little while prolonged her husband's life.
 336 | At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels,
 338 | And swong her howling in the empty air,
 340 | Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
 342 | Whereat, he lifted up his bed-red limbs,
 344 | And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
 346 | Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
 348 | Which he, disdainingly, whisked his sword about,
 350 | And with the wound thereof the king fell down;
 352 | Then from the navel to the throat at once
 354 | He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
 356 | Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow,
 358 | As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.
 360 | Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
 362 | And dipped it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
 364 | And then in triumph ran into the streets,
 366 | Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;
 368 | So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
 370 | Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burned.

330 By this, I got my father on my back,
 This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
 Led fair Creusa, my beloved wife;
 332 When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way,
 And we were round environed with the Greeks,
 334 O there I lost my wife! and had not we
 Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
 336 Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
 And as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
 338 We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
 Whom Ajax ravished in Diana's fane,
 340 Her cheeks swollen with sighs, her hair all rent,
 Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
 342 But suddenly the Grecians followed us,
 And I, alas! was forced to let her lie.
 344 Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
 Polyxena cried out, "Aeneas! stay!"
 346 The Greeks pursue me! stay, and take me in!"
 Moved with her voice, I leaped into the sea,
 348 Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
 For all our ships were launched into the deep,
 350 And, as I swom, she, standing on the shore,
 Was by the cruel Myrmidons surprised,
 352 And after by that Pyrrhus sacrificed.
 354 **Dido.** I die with melting ruth; Aeneas, leave!
 356 **Anna.** O what became of aged Hecuba?
 358 **Iarb.** How got Aeneas to the fleet again?
 360 **Dido.** But how 'scaped Helen, she that caused this war?
 362 **Aeneas.** Achates, speak, sorrow hath tired me quite.
 364 **Achat.** What happened to the queen we cannot shew;
 We hear they led her captive into Greece:
 366 As for Aeneas, he swom quickly back,
 And Helena betrayed Deiphobus,
 368 Her lover, after Alexander died,
 And so was reconciled to Menelaus.
 370 **Dido.** O, had that ticing strumpet ne'er been born!
 372 Trojan, thy ruthless tale hath made me sad.
 Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
 374 To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

376

[Exeunt omnes.]

378 | *Enter Venus and Cupid, at another door.*
380 | *Venus takes Ascanius by the sleeve as he going off.*

382 | **Venus.** Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting maid;
384 | I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
386 | A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
388 | And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

390 | **Asca.** Are you Queen Dido's son?

392 | **Cupid.** Aye, and my mother gave me this fine bow.

394 | **Asca.** Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

396 | **Venus.** Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
398 | Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.

400 | For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
402 | And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat:
404 | Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing. –

406 | *[Venus sings.]*

408 | Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,
410 | Amongst green brakes I'll lay Ascanius,
412 | And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
414 | Blushing roses, purple hyacinth:
416 | These milk-white doves shall be his centronels,
418 | Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
420 | Will quickly fly to Cythereä's fist.
422 | Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
424 | And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
426 | Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee;
428 | Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
430 | That she may dote upon Aeneas' love,
432 | And by that means repair his broken ships,
434 | Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
436 | And he, at last depart to Italy,
438 | Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

440 | **Cupid.** I will, fair mother, and so play my part
442 | As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.

444 | *[Exit Cupid.]*

446 | **Venus.** Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling shades,
448 | Free from the murmur of these running streams,
450 | The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
452 | Or whisking of these leaves; all shall be still,
454 | And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,

428

Till I return and take thee hence again.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A hall in Dido's palace.

Enter Cupid as Ascanius.

1 **Cupid.** Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
2 To be enamoured of thy brother's looks.
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
4 Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
6 Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

8 *Enter Dido, Anna and Iarbas.*

10 **Iarb.** How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
12 But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

14 **Dido.** Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers, —
16 and yet have I had many mightier kings, —
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
18 I fear me, Dido hath been counted light
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
20 Albeit the gods do know, no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

22 **Iarb.** But Dido is the favour I request.

24 **Dido.** Fear not, Iarbas, Dido may be thine.

26 **Anna.** Look, sister, how Aeneas' little son
28 Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

30 **Cupid.** No, Dido will not take me in her arms.
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

32 **Dido.** Weep not, sweet boy, thou shalt be Dido's son;
34 Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing.

36 *[Cupid sings.]*

38 No more, my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where learned'st thou this pretty song.

40

42 *Cupid.* My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.
44 *Dido.* How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!
46 *Cupid.* Will Dido let me hang about her neck?
48 *Dido.* Aye, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.
50 *Cupid.* What will you give me? Now, I'll have this fan.
52 *Dido.* Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.
54 *Iarb.* Come, Dido, leave Ascanius, let us walk.
56 *Dido.* Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.
58 *Iarb.* Ungentle queen! is this thy love to me?
60 *Dido.* O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.
62 *Cupid.* And if my mother go, I'll follow her.
64 *Dido.* Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine!
66 *Iarb.* Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee.
68 *Dido.* No, live Iarbas: what hast thou deserved,
70 That I should say thou art no love of mine?
72 Something thou hast deserved. Away, I say;
74 Depart from Carthage – come not in my sight.
76 *Iarb.* Am I not king of rich Gaetulia?
78 *Dido.* Iarbas, pardon me, and stay awhile.
80 *Cupid.* Mother, look here.
82 *Dido.* What tell'st thou me of rich Gaetulia?
84 Am not I queen of Libya? then depart.
86 *Iarb.* I go to feed the humour of my love,
88 Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.
90 *Dido.* Iarbas!
Iarb. Doth Dido call me back?
Dido. No; but I charge thee never look on me.
Iarb. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.

92 | [Exit Iarbas.]

94 | **Anna.** Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

96 | **Dido.** Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrined another Jove. –
98 | O Anna! Did'st thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon would'st thou abjure this single life.

100 | **Anna.** [*Aside*] Poor soul, I know too well the sour of love.
102 | O, that Iarbas could but fancy me!

104 | **Dido.** Is not Aeneas fair and beautiful?

106 | **Anna.** Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.

108 | **Dido.** Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

110 | **Anna.** Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical.

112 | **Dido.** Name not Iarbas; but, sweet Anna, say,
Is not Aeneas worthy Dido's love?

114 | **Anna.** O sister! were you empress of the world,
116 | Aeneas well deserves to be your love.
So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
118 | The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

120 | **Dido.** But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.
122 | Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

124 | **Anna.** Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?

126 | **Dido.** Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
128 | Run for Aeneas, or I'll fly to him.

130 | [Exit Anna.]

132 | **Cupid.** You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

134 | **Dido.** No; for thy sake, I'll love thy father well. –
O dull-conceited Dido! that till now
136 | Didst never think Aeneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
138 | I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glistening eyes shall be my looking glass,
140 | His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.

142 | Instead of music I will hear him speak, –
His looks shall be my only library, –
144 | And thou, Aeneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
146 | Than twenty thousand Indias can afford. –
O, here he comes: Love, Love, give Dido leave
148 | To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

150 |
152 | *Enter Aeneas, Achates, Sergestus,
Ilioneus and Cloanthus.*

154 | Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?

156 | *Achat.* That will Aeneas shew your majesty.

158 | *Dido.* Aeneas, art thou there?

160 | *Aeneas.* I understand your highness sent for me.

162 | *Dido.* No; but now thou art here, tell me, in sooth,
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.

164 | *Aeneas.* So much have I received at Dido's hands,
166 | As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigged,
168 | My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
170 | Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;
Nor stern nor anchor have our maimèd fleet;
172 | Our masts the furious winds strook overboard:
Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
174 | We will account her author of our lives.

176 | *Dido.* Aeneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
178 | And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of riveled gold,
180 | Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
182 | Through which the water shall delight to play:
Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks,
184 | Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
186 | Hollow pyramids of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
188 | The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballace, empty Dido's treasury:
190 | Take what ye will, but leave Aeneas here. –

192 Achates, thou shalt be so richly clad,
 As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships
 And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
 194 Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
 Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
 196 So that Aeneas may but stay with me.

198 *Aeneas.* Wherefore would Dido have Aeneas stay?

200 *Dido.* To war against my bordering enemies.
 Aeneas, think not Dido is in love;
 202 For if that any man could conquer me,
 I had been wedded ere Aeneas came:
 204 See where the pictures of my suitors hang;
 And are not these as fair as fair may be?

206 *Achat.* I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sacked.

208 *Aeneas.* I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.

210 *Ilio.* This man and I were at Olympus' games.

212 *Serg.* I know this face; he is a Persian born:
 214 I traveled with him to Aetolia.

216 *Cloan.* And I in Athens, with this gentleman,
 Unless I be deceived, disputed once.

218 *Dido.* But speak, Aeneas; know you none of these?

220 *Aeneas.* No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.

222 *Dido.* All these, and others which I never saw,
 224 Have been most urgent suitors for my love;
 Some came in person, others sent their legates,
 226 Yet none obtained me: I am free from all;
 And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
 228 This was an orator, and thought, by words
 To compass me, but yet he was deceived:
 230 And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
 But his fantastic humours pleased not me:
 232 This was Alciön, a musiciän,
 But, played he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
 234 This was the wealthy king of Thessaly;
 But I had gold enough, and cast him off;
 236 This Meleäger's son, a warlike prince;
 But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:
 238 The rest are such as all the world well knows;

240 | Yet now I swear, by Heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

242 | *Aeneas.* O, happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

244 | *Dido.* Then never say that thou art miserable:
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:

246 | Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not. – [*Aside*] Oh, if I speak

248 | I shall betray myself: – Aeneas, come;
We two will go a-hunting in the woods;

250 | But not so much for thee, – thou art but one, –
As for Achates, and his followers.

252 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE II.

A grove near Carthage.

Enter Juno to Ascanius, asleep.

1 **Juno.** Here lies my hate, Aeneas' cursèd brat,
2 The boy wherein false destiny delights,
3 The heir of Fame, the favourite of the Fates,
4 That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
5 And wrong my deity with high disgrace:
6 But I will take another order now,
7 And race th' eternal register of time.
8 Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
9 Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
10 For here, in spite of Heaven, I'll murder him,
11 And feed infection with his let-out life: –
12 Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
13 Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die? –
14 O, no, God wot, I cannot watch my time,
15 Nor quit good turns with double fee down told.
16 Tut! I am simple, without mind to hurt,
17 And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;
18 But lustful Jove, and his adulterous child,
19 Shall find it written on confusion's front,
20 That only Juno rules in Rhamnus' town.

Enter Venus.

22
24 **Venus.** What should this mean? My doves are back returned,
25 Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,
26 To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life. –
27 Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
28 Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

30 **Juno.** Fie, Venus! that such causeless words of wrath
31 Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine.
32 Are not we both sprong of celestial race,
33 And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
34 Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin,
35 Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

36
38 **Venus.** Out, hateful hag! Thou wouldst have slain my son,
39 Had not my doves discovered thy intent;
40 But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,
41 And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
42 If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy!

44 **Juno.** Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have
For saving him from snakes' and serpents' stings,
That would have killed him, sleeping, as he lay?
46 What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
48 When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was avancèd by my Hebe's shame,
50 And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I mustered all the winds unto his wrack,
52 And urged each element to his annoy.
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
54 And wish that I had never wronged him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with fate,
56 That hath so many unresisted friends:
Wherefore I change[d] my counsel with the time,
58 And planted love where envy erst had sprong.

60 **Venus.** Sister of Jove! if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
62 We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
64 And to a sceptre change his golden shafts;
Fancy and modesty shall live as mates;
66 And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Aeneas, and desire is thine;
68 The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

70 **Juno.** More than melodious are these words to me,
That overcloy my soul with their content:
72 Venus, sweet Venus! how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
74 But that thou may'st more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
76 Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
78 Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,
And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
80 She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk, nor think, of aught but him:
82 Why should not they then join in marriage
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,
84 Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirmed
86 Betwixt these two whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoined in one,
88 Shall chain felicity [un]to their throne.

90 **Venus.** Well could I like this reconcilment's means;
But, much I fear, my son will ne'er consent,
92 Whose armèd soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light [un]to Lavinia's shore.

94
Juno. Fair queen of love, I will divorce these doubts,
96 And find the way to weary such fond thoughts.
This day they both a-hunting forth will ride
98 Into these woods adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
100 I'll make the clouds dissolve their watery works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their shewers;
102 Then, in one cave, the queen and he shall meet,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
104 Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts
Unto the purpose which we now propound.

106
Venus. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:
108 Be it as you will have [it] for this once.
Mean time, Ascanius shall be my charge;
110 Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down.

112

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

The woods.

*Enter Dido, Aeneas, Anna, Iarbas, Achates,
Cupid as Ascanius, and Followers.*

- 1 **Dido.** Aeneas, think not but I honour thee,
2 That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou see'st, are laid aside,
4 Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud supplies.
All fellows now, disposed alike to sport;
6 The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow a while,
8 Until I gird my quiver to my side. –
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.
- 10 **Iarb.** [*Aside*] Ungentle! can she wrong Iarbas so?
12 I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
"We two will talk alone": – what words be these?
- 14 **Dido.** What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
16 We could have gone without your company.
- 18 **Aeneas.** But love and duty led him on perhaps,
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.
- 20 **Iarb.** Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
22 Or art thou grieved thy betters press so nigh?
- 24 **Dido.** How now, Gaetolian! are ye grown so brave,
To challenge us with your comparisons?
26 Peasant! go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love: –
28 Aeneas, be not moved at what he says;
For, otherwhile, he will be out of joint.
- 30 **Iarb.** Women may wrong by privilege of love;
32 But, should that man of men, Dido except,
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
34 I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage.
- 36 **Dido.** Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
38 And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?
- 40 **Anna.** Sister, see! See Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand.

42

Dido. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?

44

Cupid. Ay, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Mean time, these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.

50

Dido. What! Dar'st thou look a lion in the face?

52

Asca. Ay, and outface him too, do what he can.

54

Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all.

56

Aeneas. And mought I live to see him sack rich Thebes,
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

60

Iarb. [*Aside*] And might I live to see thee shipped away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.

66

Aeneas. Stout friend, Achates, do'st thou know this wood?

68

Achat. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That saved your famished soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

74

Aeneas. O how these irksome labours now delight
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil
To be well-stored with such a winter's tale?

78

Dido. Aeneas, leave these dumps and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,
You to the valleys, – thou [*to Iarbus*] unto the house.

82

[*Exeunt all except Iarbus.*]

84

Iarb. Ay, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far-fet to the sea,
Preferred before a man of majesty.
O love! O hate! O cruël women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change!
And, like the planets, ever love to range:

90

92 | What shall I do, thus wrongèd with disdain,
Revenge me on Aeneas, or on her?
On her? Fond man, that were to war 'gainst Heaven,
94 | And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts:
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
96 | Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire;
98 | But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
100 | But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies' shapes.
102 | O, God of Heaven! turn the hand of Fate
Unto that happy day of my delight;
104 | And then, – what then? – Iarbas shall but love;
So doth he now, though not with equal gain,
106 | That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain.

108

[*Exit.*]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

A cave.

A storm.—

Enter Aeneas and Dido in the cave, at several times.

1 **Dido.** Aeneas!

2

Aeneas. Dido!

4

Dido. Tell me, dear love! how found you out this cave?

6

Aeneas. By chance, sweet queen! as Mars and Venus met.

8

Dido. Why, that was in a net, where we are loose;
10 And yet I am not free; oh, would I were!

12 **Aeneas.** Why, what is it that Dido may desire,
And not obtain, be it in human power?

14

Dido. The thing that I will die before I ask,
16 And yet desire to have before I die.

18 **Aeneas.** It is not aught Aeneas may achieve?

20 **Dido.** Aeneas, no; although his eyes do pierce.

22 **Aeneas.** What, hath Iarbas angered her in aught?
And will she be avengèd on his life?

24

Dido. Not angered me, except in angering thee.

26

Aeneas. Who then, of all so cruël, may he be,
28 That should detain thy eye in his defects?

30 **Dido.** The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Paeän's, sparkles fire,
32 Whenas he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus hath put on Cupid's shape,
34 And I must perish in his burning arms:
Aeneas, O Aeneas! quench these flames.

36

Aeneas. What ails my queen? Is she fall'n sick of late?

38

Dido. Not sick, my love, but sick; I must conceal
40 The torment that it boots me not reveal;
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace:
42 Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:

44 Aeneas, thou art he! what did I say?
45 Something it was that now I have forgot.

46 *Aeneas.* What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

48 *Dido.* Nay, nothing; but Aeneas loves me not.

50 *Aeneas.* Aeneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
51 As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

52 *Dido.* It was because I saw no king like thee,
54 Whose golden crown might balance my content;
55 But now, that I have found what to effect,
56 I follow one that loveth fame 'fore me,
57 And rather had seem fair [in] Sirens' eyes,
58 Than to the Carthage queen, that dies for him.

60 *Aeneas.* If that your majesty can look so low
61 As my despisèd worths, that shun all praise,
62 With this my hand I give to you my heart,
63 And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
64 By Heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
65 By Paphos, Capys, and the purple sea,
66 From whence my radiant mother did descend,
67 And by this sword, that saved me from the Greeks,
68 Never to leave these new-uprearèd walls,
69 Whiles Dido lives and rules in Juno's town, —
70 Never to like or love any but her.

72 *Dido.* What more than Delian music do I hear,
73 That calls my soul from forth his living seat
74 To move unto the measures of delight!
75 Kind clouds that sent forth such a courteous storm,
76 As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:
77 Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,
78 Whose crown and kingdom rests at thy command:
79 Sichaeus, not Aeneas, be thou called;
80 The King of Carthage, not Anchises' son.
81 Hold; take these jewèls at thy lover's hand,

82

[*Giving jewels.*]

84

85 These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
86 Wherewith my husband wooed me, yet a maid,
87 And be thou king of Libya by my gift.

[*Exeunt to the cave.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the cave.

Enter Achates, Cupid as Ascanius, Iarbas, and Anna.

1 **Achat.** Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
2 Or day so clear, so suddenly o'ercast?

4 **Iarb.** I think some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth whenas she please,
6 And dive into black tempests' treasury,
Whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.

8
9 **Anna.** In all my life I never knew the like;
10 It hailed, it snowed, it lightened, all at once.

12 **Achat.** I think it was the devil's revelling night,
There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
14 Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is cracked,
Or agèd Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
16 The motion was so over-violent.

18 **Iarb.** In all this coil, where have ye left the queen?

20 **Asca.** Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

22 **Anna.** Behold, where both of them come forth the cave.

24 **Iarb.** Come forth the cave? Can Heaven endure this sight?
Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
26 Whose flinty darts slept in Typhoüs' den,
Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin: –
28 Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,
That, with the sharpness of my edgèd sting,
30 I might have staked them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

32

Enter Aeneas and Dido.

34

Aeneas. The air is clear, and southern winds are whist;
36 Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Aeölus doth cease to frown.

38

Dido. Achates and Ascanius, well met.

40

Aeneas. Fair Anna! how escaped you from the shower?

42

Anna. As others did, by running to the wood.

44

Dido. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?

46

Iarb. Not with Aeneas in the ugly cave.

48

Dido. I see, Aeneas sticketh in your mind;
50 But I will soon put by that stumbling block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.

52

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

An apartment in the dwelling of Iarbus.

Enter Iarbas, to sacrifice.

1 **Iarb.** Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,
2 That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarged our ills.

4
6 *Servants bring in the sacrifice, then exeunt.*

8 Eternal Jove! great master of the clouds!
Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts!
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
10 When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, O hear! Iarbas' plaining prayers,
12 Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods "Eliza" to resound:
14 The woman that thou willed us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
16 She craved a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
18 And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,
20 Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straight-way fled:
22 Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
24 Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

26
28 *Enter Anna.*

Anna. How now, Iarbas; at your prayers so hard?

30 **Iarb.** Aye, Anna: is there aught you would with me?

32 **Anna.** Nay, no such weighty business of import,
34 But may be slacked until another time;
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
36 Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

38 **Iarb.** Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
40 Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love
And dive into her heart by coloured looks.

42
44 **Anna.** Alas, poor king! that labours so in vain,
44 For her that so delighteth in thy pain.
46 Be ruled by me, and seek some other love,
46 Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

48 **Iarb.** Mine eye is fixed where fancy cannot start:
48 O leave me! leave me to my silent thoughts,
50 That register the numbers of my ruth,
50 And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
52 Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
52 Before my sorrow's tide have any stint.

54 **Anna.** I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
56 In this delight of dying pensiveness;
56 Away with Dido; Anna be thy song;
58 Anna, that doth admire thee more than Heaven.

60 **Iarb.** I may, nor will, list to such loathsome change,
60 That intercepts the course of my desire: –
62 Servants, come, fetch these empty vessels here;
62 For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
64 That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.

66 [Exit Iarbus.]

68 [Servants re-enter, and carry out the vessels, etc.]

70 **Anna.** Iarbas, stay! Loving Iarbas, stay,
70 For I have honey to present thee with.
72 Hard-hearted! wilt not deign to hear me speak?
72 I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
74 And strew thy walks with my dishevelled hair.

[Exit.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

An apartment in Dido's palace.

Enter Aeneas.

1 **Aeneas.** Carthage, my friendly host, adieu,
2 Since destiny doth call me from thy shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
4 Hath summoned me to fruitful Italy;
Jove wills it so; my mother wills it so:
6 Let my Phaenissa grant, and then I go.
Grant she or no, Aeneas must away;
8 Whose golden fortune, clogged with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to fame's immortal house,
10 Or banquet in bright honour's burnished hall,
Till he hath furrowed Neptune's glassy fields,
12 And cut a passage through his topless hills.
Achates, come forth! Sergestus, Ilioneus,
14 Cloanthus, haste away! Aeneas calls.

Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus, and Ilioneus.

18 **Achat.** What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?

20 **Aeneas.** The dreams, brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embraced the night,
22 Commands me leave these unrenowmèd reams,
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,
24 And none but base Aeneas will abide.
Aboard! aboard! since Fates do bid aboard,
26 And slice the sea with sable-coloured ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
28 And follow them, as footmen, through the deep;
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
30 To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
"Come back, come back," I hear her cry a-far,
32 "And let me link thy body to my lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
34 We may, as one, sail into Italy."

36 **Achat.** Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing stars in all:
38 This is no life for men-at-arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
40 And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inured to war.

42

44 **Ilio.** Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks.
46 Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
48 No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Aeneas in her arms.

50 **Cloan.** To Italy, sweet friends! to Italy!
We will not stay a minute longer here.

52
54 **Aeneas.** Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you:

[*Exeunt all except Aeneas.*]

56 I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
58 To leave her so, and not once say farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love:
60 But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
62 Her silver arms will coll me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, "Stay, Aeneas, stay;"
64 Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
66 I may not dure this female drudgery; –
To sea, Aeneas! Find out Italy!

68

Exit.

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

Another apartment in Dido's palace.

Enter Dido and Anna.

1 **Dido.** O, Anna, run unto the waterside;
2 They say Aeneas' men are going a-board;
It may be he will steal away with them:
4 Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run.

Exit Anna.

6
8 O, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift:
10 I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice;
12 The common soldiers rich embroidered coats,
And silver whistles to control the winds,
14 Which Circes sent Sichaeus when he lived:
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
16 See, where they come, how might I do to chide?

*Enter Anna, with Aeneas, Achates,
Ilioneus, Sergestus and Carthaginan Lords.*

20
22 **Anna.** 'Twas time to run, Aeneas had been gone;
The sails were hoisting up, and he aboard.

24 **Dido.** Is this thy love to me?

26 **Aeneas.** O, princely Dido, give me leave to speak;
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

28
30 **Dido.** How haps Achates bid me not farewell?

32 **Achat.** Because I feared your grace would keep me here.

34 **Dido.** To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again.
I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

36 **Achat.** Then let Aeneas go aboard with us.

38 **Dido.** Get you aboard, Aeneas means to stay.

40 **Aeneas.** The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.

42 **Dido.** O false Aeneas, now the sea is rough,
But when you were aboard, 'twas calm enough;
44 Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

46 **Aeneas.** Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son?
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?

48
49 **Dido.** Aeneas, pardon me, for I forgot
50 That young Ascanius lay with me this night;
51 Love made me jealous; but, to make amends,
52 Wear the imperial crown of Libya,

54 [Giving him her crown and sceptre.]

56 Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Aeneas, for this crime.

58
59 **Aeneas.** This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

60
61 **Dido.** O, how a crown becomes Aeneas' head!
62 Stay here, Aeneas, and command as king.

64 **Aeneas.** How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!
66 [Aside] A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,
A sword and not a sceptre, fits Aeneas.

68
69 **Dido.** O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill:
70 Now looks Aeneas like immortal Jove;
71 O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
72 And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
73 Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
74 And fan it in Aeneas' lovely face:
75 O, that the clouds were here wherein thou flee'st,
76 That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves;
77 Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
78 And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.

80
81 **Aeneas.** O, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
82 When I leave thee, death be my punishment;
83 Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward destinies!
84 Blow winds! Threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
85 This is the harbour that Aeneas seeks.
86 Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

88 **Dido.** Not all the world can take thee from mine arms;
Aeneas may command as many Moors
90 As in the sea are little water-drops. –
And now, to make experience of my love,
92 Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,

And, seated on my jennet, let him ride
 94 As Dido's husband through the Punic streets;
 And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,
 96 To wait upon him as their sovereign lord.

98 **Anna.** What if the citizens repine thereat?

100 **Dido.** Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,
 Command my guard to slay for their offense.
 102 Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
 The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
 104 The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
 All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives,
 106 And I, the goddess of all these, command
 Aeneas ride as Carthaginian king.

108 **Achat.** Aeneas, for his parentage, deserves
 110 As large a kingdom as is Libya.

112 **Aeneas.** Aye, and unless the destinies be false,
 I shall be planted in as rich a land.

114 **Dido.** Speak of no other land; this land is thine,
 116 Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord: –
 Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way,
 118 And from a turret I'll behold my love.

120 **Aeneas.** Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,
 And thou and I, Achates, for revenge,
 122 For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
 Our kinsmen's lives, and thousand guiltless souls,
 124 Will lead an host against the hateful Greeks,
 And fire proud Lacedaemon o'er their heads.

126 *Exeunt all except Dido and Carthaginian Lords.*

128 **Dido.** Speaks not Aeneas like a conqueror?
 130 O, blessèd tempests that did drive him in,
 O, happy sand that made him run aground!
 132 Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods. –
 Aye, but it may be he will leave my love,
 134 And seek a foreign land, called Italy;
 O, that I had a charm to keep the winds
 136 Within the closure of a golden ball,
 Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
 138 That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast
 As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail:
 140 I must prevent him, wishing will not serve; –

142 Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
 And bear him in the country to her house;
 Aeneas will not go without his son;
 144 Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
 Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.

146

Exit First Lord.

148

What if I sink his ships? O, he will frown:
 150 Better he frown, than I should die for grief.
 I cannot see him frown, it may not be:
 152 Armies of foes resolved to win this town,
 Or impious traitors vowed to have my life,
 154 Affright me not; only Aeneas' frown
 Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart;
 156 Not bloody spears appearing in the air
 Presage the downfall of my empery,
 158 Nor blazing comets threatens Dido's death;
 It is Aeneas' frown that ends my days:
 160 If he forsake me not, I never die;
 For in his looks I see eternity,
 162 And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

164

*Re-enter First Lord, with Attendants
 carrying tackling, etc.*

166

First Lord. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
 168 And here's Aeneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

170

Dido. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
 Packed with the winds to bear Aeneas hence? –
 172 I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
 Drive if you can my house to Italy:
 174 I'll set the casement open, that the winds
 May enter in, and once again conspire
 176 Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;
 But though ye go, he stays in Carthage still,
 178 And let rich Carthage fleet upon the seas,
 So I may have Aeneas in mine arms. –
 180 Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
 And would be toiling in the watery billows,
 182 To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
 O cursèd tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
 184 To measure how I prize Aeneas' love,
 Thou wouldst have leaped from out the sailors' hands,
 186 And told me that Aeneas meant to go:
 And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.

188 | The water, which our poets term a nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
190 | And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there? –
The water is an element, no nymph.
192 | Why should I blame Aeneas for his flight?
O Dido, blame not him, but break his oars;
194 | These were the instruments that launched him forth;
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
196 | But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart. –
Was it not you that hoisted up these sails?
198 | Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
200 | And shear ye all asunder with her hands;
Now serve to chastise shipboys for their faults,
202 | Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,
204 | And see if those will serve instead of sails;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
206 | Which I bestowed upon his followers;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
208 | And swim to Italy, I'll keep these sure: –
Come, bear them in.

210

Exeunt.

ACT IV, SCENE V.

The country.

Enter the nurse, with Cupid as Ascanius.

1 *Nurse.* My lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.

2

Cupid. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

4

Nurse. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.

6

I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, services, ripe figs, and dates,
8 Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges;

8

A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
10 Musk-roses, and a thousand sorts of flowers;

10

And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
12 Where thou shalt see the red-gilled fishes leap,

12

White swans, and many lovely water-fowls;

14

Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?

14

16 *Cupid.* Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?

16

18 *Nurse.* But hereby, child. We shall get thither straight.

18

20 *Cupid.* Nurse, I am weary; will you carry me?

20

22 *Nurse.* Aye, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

22

24 *Cupid.* So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

24

26 *Nurse.* That I might live to see this boy a man!

26

How prettily he laughs. – Go, ye wag!

28

You'll be a twigger when you come to age.

28

Say Dido what she will, I am not old;

30

I'll be no more a widow. I am young,

30

I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

32

32 *Cupid.* A husband, and no teeth!

34

34 *Nurse.* O, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts!

36

Foolish is love, a toy. O sacred love!

36

If there be any Heaven in earth, 'tis love,

38

Especially in women of your years.

38

Blush, blush for shame, why shouldst thou think of love?

40

A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age;

40

A grave! why? I may live a hundred years,

42

Fourscore is but a girl's age. Love is sweet:

My veins are withered, and my sinews dry;

44 | Why do I think of love, now I should die?

46 | **Cupid.** Come, nurse.

48 | **Nurse.** Well, if he come a-wooing, he shall speed:
50 | O, how unwise was I to say him nay!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Dido's palace.

*Enter Aeneas, with a paper in his hand,
Drawing the platform of the city:
with him Achates, Cloanthus, and Ilioneus.*

1 **Aeneas.** Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end:
2 Here will Aeneas build a statelier Troy,
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
4 Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more,
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
6 And clad her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight.
8 From golden India, Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,
10 And triple-wise entrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
12 Wherewith his burning beams, like labouring bees,
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey's spoils,
14 Shall here unburden their exhalèd sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with their fumes.

16 **Achat.** What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?
18

20 **Aeneas.** Not past four thousand paces at the most.

22 **Ilio.** But what shall it be called? Troy, as before?

24 **Aeneas.** That have I not determined with myself.

26 **Cloan.** Let it be termed *Aenea*, by your name.

28 **Serg.** Rather *Ascania*, by your little son.

30 **Aeneas.** Nay, I will have it called *Anchisaeon*,
Of my old father's name.

32 *Enter Hermes with Ascanius.*

34 **Herm.** Aeneas, stay! Jove's herald bids thee stay.

36 **Aeneas.** Whom do I see? Jove's wingèd messenger?
Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.

38

40 **Herm.** Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
42 Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?
44 The king of gods sent me from highest Heaven
To sound this angry message in thine ears:
46 Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou in Libya shore?
48 If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts,
50 Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus' more than thousand years,
52 Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cyprus' isle.

54 **Aeneas.** This was my mother that beguiled the queen,
56 And made me take my brother for my son;
No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
58 That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms: –
Welcome, sweet child! where hast thou been this long?

60 **Asca.** Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
62 Who ever since hath lulled me in her arms.

64 **Aeneas.** Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying, keep him for a pledge.

66 *Exit Sergestus with Ascanius.*

68 **Herm.** Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
70 And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
72 Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.

74 *[Exit Hermes.]*

76 **Aeneas.** How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
78 What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
80 Though she repaired my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
82 And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

84 *Enter to them Iarbas.*

86 **Iarb.** How now, Aeneas sad! What mean these dumps?

88 **Aeneas.** Iarbas, I am clean besides myself;
Jove hath heaped upon me such a desperate charge,
90 Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

92 **Iarb.** As how, I pray? May I entreat you, tell?
94

Aeneas. With speed he bids me sail to Italy,
96 Whenas I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.

98 **Iarb.** If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
100 For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
102 And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

104 **Aeneas.** Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid.
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
106 Whil'st I rest thankful for this courtesy.

108 *[Exit Iarbas and Aeneas' train.]*

110 Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
112 Witness the gods, and witness Heaven and earth,
How loath I am to leave these Libyan bounds,
114 But that eternal Jupiter commands.

116 *Enter Dido.*

118 **Dido.** *[Aside]* I fear I saw Aeneas' little son,
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet:
120 If it be so, his father means to fly;
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit. –
122 Aeneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new rigged? Or to what end,
124 Launched from the haven, lie they in the road?
Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.

126 **Aeneas.** O, pardon me, if I resolve thee why.
128 Aeneas will not feign with his dear love;
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
130 When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father Jove, appeared to me,
132 And in his name rebuked me bitterly
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.

134 **Dido.** But yet Aeneas will not leave his love.
136

138 **Aeneas.** I am commanded, by immortal Jove
 To leave this town, and pass to Italy,
 And therefore must of force.

140 **Dido.** These words proceed not from Aeneas' heart.

142 **Aeneas.** Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
 144 And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!

146 **Dido.** Farewell! Is this the 'mends for Dido's love?
 Do Trojans use to quit their lovers thus?
 148 Fare well may Dido, so Aeneas stay;
 I die if my Aeneas say farewell!

150 **Aeneas.** Then let me go, and never say farewell.

152 **Dido.** Let me go! Farewell! I must from hence!
 154 These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
 O, speak like my Aeneas, like my love.
 156 Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath been
 When Dido's beauty chained thine eyes to her.
 158 Am I less fair than when thou saw'st me first?
 O, then, Aeneas, 'tis for grief of thee.
 160 Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen,
 And Dido's beauty will return again.
 162 Aeneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave?
 Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn
 164 To stay with Dido: can'st thou take her hand?
 Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith.
 166 Therefore, unkind Aeneas, must thou say,
 "Then let me go, and never say farewell?"

168 **Aeneas.** O, Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly black,
 170 Aeneas could not choose but hold thee dear:
 Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

172 **Dido.** The gods? what gods be those that seek my death?
 174 Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
 That he should take Aeneas from mine arms?
 176 O, no, the gods weigh not what lovers do;
 It is Aeneas calls Aeneas hence,
 178 And woeful Dido, by these blubbered cheeks,
 By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,
 180 Desires Aeneas to remain with her;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
 182 *Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: et istam*
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

184
186 *Aeneas. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis;
Italiam non sponte sequor.*

188 *Dido.* Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love?
190 How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world calls me a second Helen,
192 For being entangled by a stranger's looks?
So thou would'st prove as true as Paris did,
194 Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sacked,
And I be called a second Helena.
196 Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,
That I might see Aeneas in his face.
198 Now if thou goest, what can'st thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?
200

Aeneas. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath.
202 If words might move me, I were overcome.

204 *Dido.* And wilt thou not be moved with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjured man!
206 Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
208 And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
Ah, foolish Dido! to forbear this long!
210 Wast thou not wracked upon this Libyan shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
212 Repaired not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen?
214 O serpent! that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harboured in my bosom;
216 Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
218 Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope that that which love forbids me do,
220 The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
222 To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:
Aye, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
224 Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which, if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
226 And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
228 Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
230 If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:

232 For though thou hast the heart to say, “farewell!”
I have not power to stay thee. –

234 [Exit Aeneas.]

236 Is he gone?
Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go:
238 He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
240 Will, being absent, be obdurate still:
By this is he got to the water-side;
242 And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, remembering me,
244 Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Aeneas? Ah! he's gone, he's gone!

246 Enter Anna.

248 **Anna.** What means my sister, thus to rave and cry?

250 **Dido.** O Anna! my Aeneas is aboard,
252 And, leaving me, will sail to Italy.
Once didst thou go, and he came back again;
254 Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.

256 **Anna.** Wicked Aeneas!

258 **Dido.** Call him not wicked, sister; speak him fair,
260 And look upon him with a mermaid's eye:
Tell him, I never vowed at Aulis' gulf
262 The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
264 Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
266 I crave but this. – he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently:
268 If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run! stay not to answer me.

270 **Anna.** I go, fair sister! Heaven grant good success!

272 [Exit Anna.]

274 Enter the Nurse.

276 **Nurse.** O Dido! your little son Ascanius
278 Is gone! He lay with me last night,

280 And in the morning he was stol'n from me:
I think some fairies have beguiled me.

282 **Dido.** O cursèd hag and false dissembling wretch!
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
284 Thou, for some petty gift, hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy: –
286 Away with her to prison presently!

288 *Enter Attendants.*

290 Traitoress too kenned! and cursèd sorceress!

292 **Nurse.** I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours.

294 **Dido.** Away with her! Suffer her not to speak! –

296 *[Exit Nurse with Attendants.]*

298 My sister comes; I like not her sad looks.

300 *Re-enter Anna.*

302 **Anna.** Before I came, Aeneas was aboard,
304 And, spying me, hoist up the sails amain;
But I cried out, "Aeneas! false Aeneas! stay!"
306 Then gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,
Made me suppose, he would have heard me speak;
308 Then gan they drive into the ocean;
Which, when I viewed, I cried, "Aeneas, stay!"
310 Dido, fair Dido, wills Aeneas stay!"
Yet he, whose heart's of adamant or flint,
312 My tears nor complaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief;
314 Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They gan to move him to redress my ruth,
316 And stay awhile to hear what I could say;
But he, clapped under hatches, sailed away.

318 **Dido.** O Anna! Anna! I will follow him.

320 **Anna.** How can you go, when he hath all your fleet?

322 **Dido.** I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
324 And, o'er his ship, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
326 Or else, I'll make a prayer unto the waves,

That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece:
 328 O Anna! fetch Arion's harp,
 That I may tice a dolphin to the shore,
 330 And ride upon his back unto my love!
 Look, sister, look! Lovely Aeneas' ships;
 332 See! see! the billows heave him up to Heaven,
 And now down fall the keels into the deep:
 334 O sister, sister! take away the rocks;
 They'll break his ships. O Proteus! Neptune! Jove!
 336 Save, save Aeneas, Dido's liefest love!
 Now is he come on shore, safe without hurt;
 338 But see! Achates wills him put to sea,
 And all the sailors merry make for joy;
 340 But he, remembering me, shrinks back again:
 See where he comes; welcome! welcome, my love!
 342

344 *Anna.* Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies:
 Sweet sister! Cease; remember who you are.

346 *Dido.* Dido I am, unless I be deceived;
 And must I rave thus for a runagate?
 348 Must I make ships for him to sail away?
 Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
 350 And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,
 But die in fury of this oversight?
 352 Aye, I must be the murderer of myself;
 No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.
 354 Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
 To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
 356 Not far from hence
 There is a woman famousèd for arts,
 358 Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
 Who willed me sacrifice his ticing reliques:
 360 Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire.

362 [Exit Anna.]

364 Enter Iarbus.

366 *Iarb.* How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight,
 That hath dishonoured her and Carthage both?
 368 How long shall I with grief consume my days,
 And reap no guerdon for my truest love?
 370

Enter Attendants with wood and torches.

372
 374 *Dido.* Iarbas, talk not of Aeneas; let him go;
 Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,

376 That shall consume all that this stranger left;
 For I intend a private sacrifice,
 To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.

378 **Iarb.** But afterwards, will Dido grant me love?

380 **Dido.** Aye, aye, Iarbas, after this is done,
 382 None in the world shall have my love but thou;

384 [They make a fire.]

386 So, leave me now; let none approach this place.

388 [Exit Iarbus and Attendants.]

390 Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself,
 And make Aeneas famous through the world
 392 For perjury and slaughter of a queen.
 Here lie[s] the sword that in the darksome cave
 394 He drew, and swore by, to be true to me: –
 Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his. –
 396 Here lie[s] the garment which I clothed him in
 When first he came on shore; – perish thou too! –
 398 These letters, lines, and perjured papers, all
 Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
 400 And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
 And order all things at your high dispose,
 402 Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
 They may be still tormented with unrest;
 404 And from mine ashes, let a conqueror rise,
 That may revenge this treason to a queen,
 406 By plowing up his countries with the sword.
 Betwixt this land and that be never league,
 408 *Littora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas*
Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotes:
 410 Live, false Aeneas! truest Dido dies!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

412 [Throws herself into the flames.]

414 *Enter Anna.*

416 **Anna.** O, help, Iarbas! Dido, in these flames,
 418 Hath burnt herself! Ah me! unhappy me!

420 *Enter Iarbus, running.*

422 **Iarb.** Cursèd Iarbas, die to expiate
 The grief that tires upon thine inward soul:

424 | Dido, I come to thee. Ah, me, Aeneas!

426 | *[Kills himself.]*

428 | **Anna.** What can my tears or cries prevail me now?

Dido is dead, Iarbas slain; Iarbas, my dear love!

430 | O sweet Iarbas! Anna's sole delight;

What fatal destiny envies me thus,

432 | To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?

But Anna now shall honour thee in death,

434 | And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,

That gods and men may pity this my death,

436 | And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:

Now, sweet Iarbas! stay! I come to thee.

438 | *[Kills herself.]*

440 | **FINIS**

Optional Textual Suggestions.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Optional Universal Emendations:

1. modernize *renowned* to *renowned*: II.i.111, IV.iii.22.
2. modernize *shew* (and its variations) to *show*: I.i.42, II.1.364, III.i.156, III.ii.101 (*shewers* to *showers*).

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 12: emend *thee* to *ye*.
2. line 107: modernize *ballased* to *ballasted*.
3. line 129: emend *shades* to *shapes*.

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 115: modernize *ware* to *wore*.
2. line 304: modernize *strook* to *struck*.
3. line 312: modernize *swong* to *swung*.
4. line 314: modernize *bed-red* to *bed-rid*.
5. line 318: emend *wound* to *wind*.
6. line 350: and also at 366, modernize *swom* to *swam*.
7. line 352: emend *And after by that* to *and, after that by*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 97: emend *Jove* to *love*.
2. line 101: emend *sour of love* to *power of love*.
3. line 189: modernize *ballace* to *ballast*.
4. line 211: emend *Olympus'* to *Olympia's*.
5. line 248: in place of *come*, reinstate *speak*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 32, and also at 58: modernize *sprong* to *sprung*.

Act III, Scene iii.

1. line 56: modernize *mought* to *might*.
2. line 86: emend *to the sea* to *o'er the sea*.

Act III, Scene iv.

1. line 55: emend *effect* to *affect*.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 132: emend *be our* to *be 'mong our*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 13: emend *honey's spoils* to *honey-spoils*.
2. line 119: emend *Achates* to *Sergestus*.
3. line 332: emend *him* to *'em*.