

DEDICATION CONCERT

Wednesday, March 10, 1999 • 7:30 p.m. • Jerry E. Hudson Concert Hall

PROGRAM

Willamette University Chamber Choir, Wallace H. Long, Jr., director
Willamette Master Chorus, Paul Klemme, director
Salem Chamber Orchestra, Bruce McIntosh, music director

OVERTURE

The Consecration of the House Ludwig van Beethoven
Bruce McIntosh, conductor

VOCES VERGILIANAE by John Peel
opera-oratorio in four scenes
libretto by M.D. Usher from the poetry of Vergil

Cast in order of appearance

Aeneas Kevin Walsh, baritone
Dido Janice Johnson, soprano
Venus/Anna Allison Swensen-Mitchell, mezzo-soprano
Jupiter Craig Kingsbury, bass
Mercury Kurt-Alexander Zeller, tenor

Bruce McIntosh, conductor

SCENE ONE

Chorus, Aeneas, Dido outside Dido's palace in Carthage

SCENE TWO

Chorus, Dido, Aeneas in the countryside around Carthage

INTERMISSION

SCENE THREE

Venus, Jupiter, Mercury on Mt. Olympus; later Mercury and Aeneas on the shores of Carthage

SCENE FOUR

Chorus, Dido, Anna in Dido's private chambers; later Anna and Aeneas on the shores of Carthage; finally Dido, Anna, Aeneas in Dido's palace

Voces Vergilianae was commissioned by Willamette University to celebrate the opening of the Mary Stuart Rogers Music Center. A sabbatical leave and a Hewlett grant assisted in the completion of the project. Music preparation by Cheryl Cramer, Erik Lundborg, Matthew Raley and Mark Wade. Choral preparation by Wallace H. Long, Jr. and Paul Klemme.

ENCORE CONCERT

Sunday, March 14, 1999 • 3 p.m.

An encore presentation of Wednesday's Dedication Concert.

LIBRETTIST'S NOTES TO VOCES VERGILIANAE

Vergil is arguably the most virtuosic composer of classical antiquity, a master of many voices, genres and styles. He is fluent not only in the verse of his Latin predecessors, but in Homer and the Hellenistic poets as well, and draws on them all, sometimes in one and the same breath. His work is everywhere sonorous, precise, rich in allusion. I have tried to convey Vergil's artistry in this libretto, which is a reworking of his magnificent poetry.

The theme of this opera-oratorio is the amorous tragedy of Dido and Aeneas. Their story, summarized below, occupies most of Books 1 and 4 of the *Aeneid*, but the verses used to tell it here are drawn from other books of the poem as well. Some are even borrowed from another of Vergil's poems, the *Georgics*. Of course, many of these verses in their original context have nothing directly to do with either Dido or Aeneas; and even when they do, the characters here often sing lines not assigned to them in the *Aeneid* proper. In displacing such passages my idea was to construct a narrative that was organic and faithful to its source, yet one that could also comment at a deeper level on the many thematic and semantic links between various scenes in Vergil's intricate poem. The result is an interpretation of the whole *Aeneid* through its parts: the disparate, even dissonant voices of its many characters meld for a moment to sing of arms, a man, a woman and their love. Nowhere is this more true than in the treatment of the Chorus, who sing from multiple perspectives in this piece. Polyphonic in every sense, they are at once Trojan and Carthaginian in their sympathies, and sometimes play the role of an omniscient narrator.

Vergil lived through one of the most tumultuous periods of Roman history. As a young man, he experienced the ravages of war during the civil unrest of the late Republic, and in later life enjoyed the blessings of Roman peace under Octavian. His poetry reflects — or refracts — the uncertainty of his times; it is an achieved anxiety creatively poised between hope and despair. This too I have tried to convey. Our text, for example, begins with

an optimistic passage taken over verbatim from Book 1 of the *Aeneid*, and ends with Dido's suicide, narrated by the Chorus, who sing the final lines of the epic — lines that properly describe not Dido's death by her own hand, but Aeneas' slaughter of his enemy, Turnus. Dido and Turnus are but two of the many casualties in Rome's relentless march to world domination, and Vergil himself invites his readers to make the connection between them in the *Aeneid*. I wanted to make it explicit — *suggestively* — by using lines from the one scene to evoke the other.

The structure of this libretto is meant to be suggestive as well. It is modeled loosely on Greek tragedy, whose formal conventions of *strophe*, *antistrophe* and *epode* organize the choral passage in Scene 2. Like the musical movements of a French suite, these ancient Greek terms refer to dance movements that accompanied the choral songs of tragedy. I hope the listener will imagine in this scene the exaggerated gestures of two lovers courting each other on the mountainsides of Carthage.

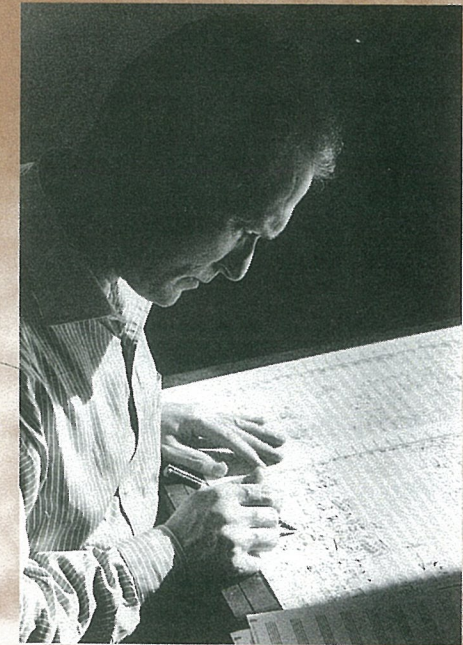
In reappropriating Vergil's poetry for this new occasion, I have often had to change a word in a line, or play with a given Latin word's connotation to make a verse fit its new context. In every instance, however, I have preserved the metrical integrity of the original (the basic rhythm of which is heard in e. e. cummings' famous poem "what if a much of a which of a wind"). In fact, throughout the process of composing this script, I have tried to keep Vergil's own meticulous practice in view: as described by an ancient commentator, "of working and reworking the poetry as a she-bear does her cubs, gradually licking it into shape." Others have reworked Vergil's poetry along similar lines, often setting his verses to non-Vergilian themes: Ausonius of Bordeaux in the 4th century; Scottish theologian Alexander Ross in the 17th. One Renaissance reader, Maphaeus Vegius, found the abrupt ending of the *Aeneid* unsatisfactory and composed a happier ending, an additional 'Thirteenth Book' in perfect Vergilian Latin. For my part, I have found Vergil a sufficient interpreter of himself, and I wanted to let him speak here in his own multifarious voices: *Voces Vergilianae*.

FACULTY COLLOQUIUM

Thursday, March 11, 1999

11:30 a.m.

James W. Rogers Rehearsal Hall



Meet John Peel, Irene Gerlinger Swindells Professor of Music and Composer-in-Residence as he provides insight into the compositional process behind the creation of *Voces Vergilianae*.

VOCES VERGILIANAE

AN OPERA-ORATORIO IN FOUR SCENES

BY JOHN PEEL

Libretto with translation
by M.D. Usher

from the poetry of Vergil

Voces Vergilianae was commissioned by Willamette University for the dedication of the Mary Stuart Rogers Music Center, March 10, 1999.

Scene One ... Chorus, Aeneas, Dido, on the shores and outskirts of Carthage, and later in Dido's palace

Scene Two ... Chorus; Dido; Aeneas, in the hill country around Carthage

Scene Three ... Venus, Jupiter, Mercury on Mount Olympus, and later Mercury and Aeneas on the shores of Carthage

Scene Four ... Chorus, Dido, Anna in Dido's private chambers; later Anna and Aeneas on the shores of Carthage;
and finally, Dido, Anna, Aeneas in the halls of Dido's palace

Troy falls violently — and by treachery — to the Greeks. The hero Aeneas escapes his burning city with a remnant of Trojan fighting men. The party heads West, guided by Apollo's prophecies and portents, in search of a new settlement in Italy; from these beginnings majestic Rome will eventually rise.

The hero is opposed by the goddess Juno, who is still bitter about a beauty-contest judgment against her made by Paris, Aeneas' Trojan ancestor, in favor of the lovely Venus, Aeneas' loving mother and resourceful patroness. Juno therefore stirs up a storm in an attempt to thwart his progress, and Aeneas and his men are shipwrecked on the shores of North Africa, near Carthage, a city sacred to her. Juno wishes to detain Aeneas here indefinitely; Venus, on the other hand, Juno's deed done, wants to secure a warm welcome for her son from the warrior nation that will later become Rome's bitter historical enemy. In pursuit of their separate agendas, the goddesses conspire to have Dido, the queen of Carthage, driven mad with love for Aeneas.

Dido, like Aeneas, is also a refugee of fate, who fled her native city of Tyre after her evil brother killed her husband, the king, and took over the throne. She has taken solemn vows never to marry again, and is in the process of doing what Aeneas wants most — building a glorious city for her subjects — but she unwittingly becomes an instrument of Rome's Manifest Destiny, for Aeneas' future is divinely ordained by Jupiter, king of the gods. The Trojan hero will — indeed must — move on to become the founder of Rome and father of the Roman people. Aeneas knows this, though he is weary from war and from journeys by land and sea. Dido too is vulnerable, something of a widowed pioneer woman carving out a new life in a strange land. Scene I opens with Aeneas and one of his companions heading inland to explore the interior.

CHORUS:

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
imminet adversasque aspectat desuper arces.
miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.
instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros
molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,
pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco;
iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum.
hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatri
fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas
rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent;
fervet opus redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

AENEAS (supplicates the queen):

o fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!
o regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem
iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas:
parce pio generi et propius res aspice nostras.

DIDO:

quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus
insequitur? quae vis immanibus applicat oris?
tunc ille Aeneas quem Dardanio Anchisae
alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam
finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem?

AENEAS:

O regina, novum coram, quem quaeritis, adsum,
Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste penatis
classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus;
Italiam quaero patriam, et genus ab Iove summo.

CHORUS:

They quickly followed the path that showed them the way,
then climbed to the top of a prominent hill that
towers high over the city below:
Aeneas marvels at the scope of their project, a mere village once;
he marvels at the gates, and the bustle in the cobblestone streets.
The Carthaginians press on intensely: some raise walls,
busy with building, rolling stones into place with their hands;
others survey the site for a palace, tracing around it a trench;
they establish their laws and their leaders, and appoint a sacred senate.
Some are dredging a harbor; others
lay the deep foundations for a theatre, its massive columns
cut from the quarries — high style for future performances.
They toil like bees, who in the first weeks of summer,
when the fields are in bloom, lead forth their young,
who pack flowing honey into the combs
until they burst with sweet nectar; one lightens his neighbor's load
when he returns to the nest, or, in close formation,
they ward off the idle drones from the hive.
Their work is steady and swift, and their honey is fragrant with thyme.

AENEAS (supplicates the queen):

O how fortunate those whose walls now rise!
Thou queen to whom Jove has granted a new city
and allowed to reign with justice over the proud:
spare my pious race and look favorably on our lot.

DIDO:

What misfortunes chase you through so many toils and snares,
Goddess-born, what power propels you to these wild shores?
Are you truly Aeneas, whom loving Venus bore
to Dardan's son, Anchises, on the banks of the Simöis,
the man driven from his ancestral lands to seek new realms?

AENEAS:

O queen, I, the new man you seek, am here,
Aeneas of Troy, snatched from these African seas.
I am pious, and have here on board ship my household
gods, rescued from the enemy. I am reputed known beyond the skies.
I seek a home in Italy — a nation from the high and mighty Jove.

DIDO:

Dardanidae, sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.
me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
quare agite, o tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.

II

CHORUS:

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit
et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras.
venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.

'STROPHE'

Dido progreditur magna stipante caterva
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

'ANTISTROPHE'

ipse iugis Libyae graditur mollique fluentem
fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
tela sonant umeris: haud Phoebus segnior ibat
Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

'EPODE'

ecce ferae saxi deiectae vertice caprae
decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis
transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cervi
pulverulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt.

uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur
fronde furens, qualis coniecta cerva sagitta ...

DIDO:

Sons of Dardan's Troy, in this place praise is its own reward;
there are tears for your plight here and human sympathies touch our minds.
Set free your hearts from fear, my Trojans, shut away your cares.
Not unaware of woe myself, I have learned to help the unfortunate.
A fate similar to yours has tossed me too through many toils,
and willed that I settle here in this land at last.
Wherefore, young men, come now, retire to our halls.

II

CHORUS:

The next day Dawn arose and left the bed of her lover, Ocean,
to shower the land with new streams of light.
Aeneas and love-lorn Dido venture to the woods
to hunt, as the morning Sun the world wraps in his rays.

'STROPHE'

Dido emerges from the palace, crowded by attendants.
She wears a Sidonian gown with fine embroidered hems;
her quiver is of gold, her tresses tied with golden ribbons,
gold also on the pin that holds her purple shawl.

'ANTISTROPHE'

He too proceeds to the mountainsides of Carthage;
fingering his flowing hair; he weaves a garland of green and gold,
as the clanging weapons on his shoulders sing: as swift as Phoebus,
so moves Aeneas; from his face outstanding beauty shines.

'EPODE'

Look there! wild boars driven down the ridge,
dart along the slopes — and there! a herd of deer
shoots though the open fields; they fall in flight together;
form a dusty mass, and leave the mountaintops behind.

Unlucky Dido burns with love, and roams through all the forest
raving like a deer shot by an arrow ...

DIDO (gazing at Aeneas):

quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes,
quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis!
credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.

CHORUS:

... quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit
pastor agens telis liquitque volatile ferrum ...

AENEAS (admiring Dido):

quam duxit longe, donec curvata coirent
inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis,
laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam!

CHORUS:

... nescius: illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat
Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis harundo.

interea magno misceri murmure caelum
incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus.
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
deveniunt, prima et Tellus et pronubia luno
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius Aether
conubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.

DIDO (to Aeneas):

vere tument terrae et genitalia semina poscunt ...

AENEAS:

et pater omnipotens fecundis imbris aether ...

DIDO:

coniugis in gremium laetae descendit, et omnis ...

AENEAS:

magnus alit magno commixtus corpore fetus.

DIDO (gazing at Aeneas):

How new — how curious — this guest who has approached my royal throne
his face, his bearings, how strong his chest and arms!
I believe — and my faith is not unfounded — this is a son of gods.

CHORUS:

... like an unexpected doe in the forest groves of Crete, that a shepherd
strikes from afar; and drives her off, leaving the winged weapon there ...

AENEAS (admiring Dido):

My, how far she drew back that bow: its arching tips touch
one another! How she handles it, so balanced, her left hand on the shaft,
and with her right the string pulled tight against her breast!

CHORUS:

... yet unaware of what he has done: the doe darts through the woods of Crete
in flight, the lethal barb hanging from her side.

And as they hunt, the sky becomes confused
by a violent storm. Now clouds and claps of thunder give the chase,
drive Dido and the Trojan captain to a solitary cave.
Mother Earth and nuptial Juno give the sign:
lightning-like, the fires flash; Sky himself is witness to
the wedding, Nymphs celebrate the couple from on high.

DIDO (to Aeneas):

The Earth swells with spring, and yearns to be sown with seeds of life.

AENEAS:

and father Sky, omnipotent, with fructifying rain ...

DIDO:

falls into the lap of his happy spouse, and huge ...

AENEAS:

he joins her massive form to his, bringing everything to birth.

CHORUS:

ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur
nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem:
coniugium vocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

III

VENUS:

Omnipotens! Libyae magnas it fama per urbes
tam ficti praviue tenax quam nuntia veri:
nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere
regnorum immemores turpique cupidine captos.
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem
conspexi Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
demissa ex umeris dives quae munera Dido
fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro!
certe hinc Romanos olim volventibus annis,
hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucris,
qui mare, qui terras omnis ditione tenerent,
pollicitus — quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?

JUPITER:

parce metu, Cytherea, manent immota tuorum
fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit.
Romanis, rerum dominis gentique togatae,
his ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.

tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

(to Mercury)

vade age, nate, voca Zephyros et labere pennis
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc
expectat fatisque datas non respicit urbes.
adloquere et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.

CHORUS:

That was the first cause of death and woe, that day.
For Dido starts to move away from petty rumors
and appearances: she no longer thinks of secret love,
but calls this marriage, and with this name conceals her blame.

III

VENUS:

Omnipotent Jove, a rumor runs through the proud cities of this land,
as bent on lies and on distortion as on reporting truth,
that Dido and Aeneas are now warming the long winter months
luxuriously together; snared by base desire, unmindful of their realms.
I myself have seen Aeneas laying foundations and building new homes:
he shines in a purple cloak from Tyre,
a gift presented by his wealthy Dido. See how casually it falls
from his shoulders, its fabric lined by her with gold!
But surely, from him will spring, in years to come, the Roman race,
destined to be leaders both on land and sea by sheer command,
the descendents of the reinvigorated blood of Troy,
you promised me this, did you not? What thinking turns you, father, from this course?

JUPITER:

Fear not, dear Venus; that fate remains for you
unmoved. You will see his city and the walls of Italy
as promised, and you will bear your brave Aeneas high
up to the stars of heaven. No thought turns me from this course.
For the Roman race, lords of nations, for those who wear the toga,
I set no limit — to their times or their prosperity.

Thou, Aeneas, man of Rome, remember that your talents lie
in ruling peoples of the earth by force: yet introduce
your customs to the pacified; spare the conquered; crush the proud.

(to Mercury)

Up my son and go! call the swift West Winds and fly!
Rouse our Trojan captain, whose hopes are high on Carthage.
He looks no longer for the city we have fated for him.
Rouse him now, carry my commands across the sky.

MERCURY (descends to earth, accosts Aeneas):

quid struis aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
heia age, rumpe moras. varium et mutabile semper
femina. heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum?
ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
regnator; caelum et terras qui numine torquet,
ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras:
'tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.'
i, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.

AENEAS:

solvite vela citi! deus aethere missus ab alto,
quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.
adsis o placidusque iuves et sidera caelo
dextra feras. nos nunc sequimur te, sancte deorum.

IV

CHORUS:

quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus?
quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor?

DIDO (to her sister, Anna):

Anna, vides toto properari litore circum?

ANNA:

classem aptant taciti sociosque ad litora cogunt,

DIDO:

undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras
puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.

MERCURY (descends to earth, accosts Aeneas):

What's all this hope and building, wasting idle time in an African land?
Come now, break away from these delays. Womankind is always
fickle, inconsistent. Shame on you! forgetful of your kingdom, of your destiny!
The governor of the gods himself sent me down from bright Olympus,
the god whose power causes heaven and earth to twist and reel.
Jove himself orders me to bring this ultimatum through the skies.
'Thou, man of Rome, remember that your talents lie
in ruling the peoples of the earth by force: yet introduce
your customs to the pacified; spare the conquered; crush the proud.'
Go now, go and chase the winds to Italy, seek your realms across the sea.

AENEAS:

Let loose the sails, men, quickly! Thou god sent from high above,
whoever you are, we shall once again obey as we applaud your imperial command.
Stand by our side; be gracious; help us; and with your right hand
bring favorable constellations to the sky. We now follow you, holy one of gods.

IV

CHORUS:

What, Dido, were your feelings then, when this came to your attention?
What wailing passed your lips when you saw from
atop the citadel the shores stirring with activity, when you observed
before your very eyes the oceans churning with commotion?

DIDO (to her sister, Anna):

Anna, do you see them bustling about along the shore?

ANNA:

I do: they rig the fleet in silence and are mustering their comrades on the beach,

DIDO:

They are streaming in from all directions, their sails begging for a breeze,
and the sailors joyfully fitting out the ships with crowns.

ANNA:

arma parant et quae rebus sit causa novandis
dissimulant. taedet Libyae perferre laborem.

DIDO:

quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
expectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentis.
i soror atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:
non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat:
tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere
extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sororis),
quam mihi cum dederit cumulatam morte remittam.

ANNA (approaches the shore, implores Aeneas):

o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis ...

AENEAS:

dic, Anna, o virgo, quid vult hic cursus ad oras?

ANNA:

o, generate dea, mitte hanc de pectore curam.
Tros Anchisiade, melioribus utere fatis.
perge modo et, qua me ducit via, derige gressum.
(She turns to depart)

AENEAS (stationary, but still within earshot of Anna):

Italiam quaero patriam, et genus ab love summo.
desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.

ANNA (despairing, returns to Dido. Aeneas lingers, then follows at a distance):

iactatus, soror, est, sed nullis ille movetur
fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
fata obstant placidasque viri deus obstruit auris.
ac velut annoso validam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
erueri inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;

ANNA:

I see them gathering their equipment — yet they hide the motive for these new maneuvers.
Their tasks here in Carthage have become old and wearisome it seems.

DIDO:

Where is he rushing off to? Let him at least give one last gift to his wretched love
and wait for smooth sailing, for favorable winds.
Go sister, supplicate our proud ... guest ... no, enemy:
Tell him I no longer seek that by-gone marriage, the one he threw away.
He will not be without his beloved Italy, or lose his fated realm. .
I ask only for some idle time, some respite, some small reprieve from fury,
until fortune teaches me, defeated now, how to suffer grief.
Pity your sister; this is the last favor I ask.
Should he grant it, I would repay it with interest in death.

ANNA (approaches the shore, implores Aeneas):

Thou, done at last with great perils by sea ...

AENEAS:

What is it, Anna, maiden: what do you seek in this journey to shore?

ANNA:

O goddess born, put this business from your mind.
Thou son of Troy, offspring of Anchises, make better use of fates than this.
Follow me now, direct your step in the way I go.
(She turns to depart)

AENEAS (stationary, but still within earshot of Anna):

I seek a home in Italy — a nation from the high and mighty Jove.
Cease to hope and to expect: the fates of gods are not turned by prayers.

ANNA (despairing, returns to Dido. Aeneas lingers, then follows at a distance):

He has been storm-tossed, sister, but is not moved a bit
by tears. He is deaf, unsympathetic to every plea.
Fate stands against us; some god blocks his open ears.
As when, from the Alps, the North Winds strive with one another
to uproot a powerful, aged oak with blast after blast on every side —
and the oak tree creaks, its highest branches strewn upon the ground
as its trunk is smashed, yet it clings to the cliffs

ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum vertice ad auras
aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
mens immota manet, lacrimae volvuntur inanes.

DIDO (to Aeneas, as he arrives from shore):

dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?

AENEAS:

pro re pauca loquar: neque ego hanc abscondere furto
speravi (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam
praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera veni.

DIDO:

nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?

AENEAS:

sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes.
nunc etiam interpret divum Iove missus ab ipso
(testor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
detulit: ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi
intransit muros vocemque his auribus hausit.

DIDO:

mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te
per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

AENEAS:

Italiam quaero patriam, et genus ab Iove summo:
hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthagini arces
Phoenissam Libyaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
invidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna.

and stretches as far to the skies of heaven with its crown
as with its roots to Tartarus below; just so
the hero is pounded with plea after plea on all sides:
he feels intense sorrow in his powerful chest,
yet his mind remains unmoved, and the tears fall, to no avail.

DIDO (to Aeneas, as he arrives from shore):

Did you expect you could hide from me, deceiver,
so great a crime as this and slip away from here without a word?

AENEAS:

Let me state a few facts in this case. I did not hope to conceal
my departure from you — and do not pretend that I did. Nor did I ever
present you with a wedding torch or enter into such binding pacts with you.

DIDO:

Does not our love, the hand you pledged, does not Dido herself —
soon to die a cruel death — not hold you back?

AENEAS:

It has come to pass, as Apollo and his
oracles foretold, that I should take Italy for my possession.
And now a messenger from Jove himself has come
(I swear to you by both our crowns) to carry down this ultimatum
swift across the skies: I saw the god myself in plain light of day
pass through the city walls, and on hearing him, I drank down his voice completely.

DIDO:

Is it me you are running away from? I swear by these tears, by you and your right hand,
by our bed of love, by the marriage we had just begun,
if I deserve anything from you, if anything of me
was sweet to you, take pity on this ruined house, and on me,
I pray — if there is any place for prayers now — change your mind.

AENEAS:

I seek a home in Italy — a nation from the high and mighty Jove.
She is my love — my country. If the citadels of Carthage
and the prospect of a city in Africa can keep you here, a refugee from Tyre, who
would begrudge us Trojans, after all we have suffered, from settling on Italian soil?
Surely, it is right that we too obtain a kingdom abroad.

DIDO:

nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor;
perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
nam quid dissimulo, aut quae me ad maiora reservo?
num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
num lacrimas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est?
quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxuma luno,
nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
nusquam tuta fides. eiectionem litore, egentem
excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi;
amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi.
heu furis incensa feror! nunc augur Apollo,
nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso
interpres divum fert horrida iussa per auras.
scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
solicitat. neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.
i, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido
saepe vocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens,
et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,
omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.
audiam et haec Manis veniet mihi fama sub imos.

AENEAS:

desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis;
Italiam non sponte sequor: per sidera iuro,
per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est
invitus, regina, tuo de litore cedo.

DIDO (to Aeneas as he leaves):

improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
improbe Amor! dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Aenea, an sua cuique deus fit dira Cupido?

DIDO:

Your mother was no goddess, nor the Trojan Dardanus your father,
you deceiver! No, the Caucasus and its jagged crags
gave birth to you, and wild tigers from Hyrcania gave you suck.
Why am I pretending? For what greater good do I hold myself in check?
Did he groan at my weeping? Did he lift his eyes?
Was he overcome with tears? Did he pity the woman who loves him?
Where do I begin a list of such deeds? Now, now the great goddess Juno
and father Jove refuse to look on my lot with an equal gaze.
Nowhere is there certain trust. Washed up on the beach, in need,
I took him in, and in my madness gave him a portion of my realm.
I saved from death his wasted fleet and his companions.
Oh, I am borne away possessed, fired by the Furies!
First the prophet Apollo and his oracles, and now some messenger
from Jove himself has been sent to bring this horrid ultimatum across the skies.
Ha! this clearly is a job fit for the gods above, a concern
to disturb them in their repose! I neither hold you back, nor take issue with your speech.
Go on, chase the winds to Italy, seek your realms across the sea.
I truly hope, if powers fixed on piety hold any sway,
that you drink down punishments amidst the jagged crags
at sea, invoking once — again — the name of Dido. When I am gone, I will hunt you
down, black firebrands from Hades in my hands, and
when the chill of death has separated spirit from my flesh,
I shall stand by your side, wherever you go, like a shade. You will pay for this,
you traitor; and when rumor of it reaches me below I will be all ears.

AENEAS:

Stop burning the both of us with your complaints.
I do not go to Italy on my own accord. By the stars I swear,
by the gods above, in good faith, if there be any in the depths of earth,
unwillingly I leave your shores, my queen.

DIDO (to Aeneas as he leaves):

Foul Love! what don't you force on our mortal frames?
Oh, foul Love! Do the gods instill this madness in our minds,
Aeneas, or do we each make our own god of terrible Desire?

ANNA:

tecum erat iste labor; o vis Cytherea, Cupido,
iste etiam labor est Veneri (variabile numen)!
una dolo divum sic femina victa duorum est!

DIDO (collapses, draws a dagger from the folds of her gown):

hactenus, Anna soror; potui: nunc vulnus acerbum
conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.

ANNA (wails, holding the swooning, reckless Dido in her arms):

heu nimium, Dido, nimium crudele luisti ...

DIDO:

felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum ...

ANNA:

... supplicium Teucrium conata lacessere amore!

DIDO:

... numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.

DIDO AND ANNA:

idem ambas fato dolor atque eadem hora ligarent.

CHORUS:

lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
tectae fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus Aether
Phoenissae et ferrum adverso sub pectore condit
fervida et — en — illi solvuntur frigore membra
vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

ANNA:

This was your doing, Desire, strength of Venus,
your doing, Venus, too, capriciousness divine!
One woman overcome by the deceit of two gods!

DIDO (collapses, draws a dagger from the folds of her gown):

I have done all I could, Anna, sister; but now the bitter wound
is killing me and the world around is plunging into darkness.

ANNA (wails, holding the swooning, reckless Dido in her arms):

Alas, oh Dido! you have paid far too cruel a punishment ...

DIDO:

Happy, alas, far too happy I might have been ...

ANNA:

... for trying to arouse a Trojan's love!

DIDO:

... if only his Trojan keels had never touched my shore.

DIDO AND ANNA:

I wish the same pain of fate at this very hour could bind us both.

CHORUS:

The palace trembles with a shriek and women's wailing,
the sky resounds with the forceful laments
of Dido as she thrusts an iron dagger through her bosom —
seething. Behold: her limbs fall slack and cold, and with
a groan, her life, so damaged and outraged, departs to the land of shades.