

**Dido and Anna:
a relationship of mutual affection or a one-sided struggle for
survival?**

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Handout

Latin Text: Latin Library

Translations by A. S. Kline

<p>cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem: “Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent! Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, 10 quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis! Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum. Degeneres animos timor arguit: heu, quibus ille iactatus fatis! Quae bella exhausta canebat! Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet, 15 ne cui me vincolo vellem sociare iugali, postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit; si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset, huic uni forsant potui succumbere culpa. Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sychaei 20 coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede Penatis, solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem impulit: adgnosco veteris vestigia flammae. Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat, vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, 25 pallentis umbras Erebi noctemque profundam, ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua iura resolvo. Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.” Sic effata sinum lacrimis implevit obortis. 30</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 9-30</i></p>	<p>when she spoke ecstatically to her sister, her kindred spirit:</p> <p>“Anna, sister, how my dreams terrify me with anxieties! Who is this strange guest who has entered our house, with what boldness he speaks, how resolute in mind and warfare! Truly I think – and it’s no idle saying – that he’s born of a goddess. Fear reveals the ignoble spirit. Alas! What misfortunes test him! What battles he spoke of, that he has undergone! If my mind was not set, fixedly and immovably, never to join myself with any man in the bonds of marriage, because first-love betrayed me, cheated me through dying: if I were not wearied by marriage and bridal-beds, perhaps I might succumb to this one temptation.</p> <p>Anna, yes I confess, since my poor husband Sychaeus’s death when the altars were blood-stained by my murderous brother, he’s the only man who’s stirred my senses, troubled my wavering mind. I know the traces of the ancient flame. But I pray rather that earth might gape wide for me, to its depths, or the all-powerful father hurl me with his</p>
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lightning-bolt down to the shadows, to the pale ghosts, and deepest night of Erebus, before I violate you, Honour, or break your laws. He who first took me to himself has stolen my love: let him keep it with him, and guard it in his grave.”

So saying her breast swelled with her rising tears.

Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002

Anna refert: “O luce magis dilecta sorori,
solane **perpetua** maerens carpere iuventa,
nec dulcis natos, Veneris nec praemia noris?
Id cinerem aut Manis credis curare sepultos?
Esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, 35
non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas
ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
dives alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?
Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis;
hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes
Barcaeii. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
germanique minas?
Dis equidem auspibus reor et Iunone secunda 45
hunc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.
Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna
coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!
Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis 50
indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi,
dum pelago desaevit hiemps et aquosus Orion,
quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.”

Anna replied: “O you, who are more beloved to your sister than the light, will you wear your whole youth away in loneliness and grief, and not know Venus’s sweet gifts or her children? Do you think that ashes or sepulchral spirits care? Granted that in Libya or Tyre before it, no suitor ever dissuaded you from sorrowing: and Iarbas and the other lords whom the African soil, rich in fame, bears, were scorned: will you still struggle against a love that pleases? Do you not recall to mind in whose fields you settled? Here Gaetulian cities, a people unsurpassed in battle, unbridled Numidians, and inhospitable Syrtis, surround you: there, a region of dry desert, with Barcaeans raging around. And what of your brother’s threats, and war with Tyre imminent? The Trojan ships made their way here with the wind, with gods indeed helping them I think, and with Juno’s favour. What a city you’ll see here, sister, what a kingdom rise, with such a husband! With a Trojan army marching with us, with what great actions Punic glory will soar! Only ask the gods for their help, and, propitiating them with sacrifice, indulge your guest, spin reasons for delay, while winter, and stormy Orion,

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 31-53</i></p>	<p>rage at sea, while the ships are damaged, and the skies are hostile.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>
<p>“Anna, vides toto properari litore; circum undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras, puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas. Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem, et perferre, soror, potero. Miserae hoc tamen unum 420 exsequere, Anna, mihi. Solam nam perfidus ille te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus; sola viri mollis aditus et tempora noras. I, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum: non ego cum Danais Troianam excindere gentem 425 Aulide iuravi, classemve ad Pergama misi, nec patris Anchisae cineres Manisve revelli, cur mea dicta neget duras demittere in auris. Quo ruit? Extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti: exspectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentis. 430 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— 435 quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatam morte remittam.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 416-436</i></p>	<p>“Anna, you see them scurrying all round the shore: they’ve come from everywhere: the canvas already invites the breeze, and the sailors, delighted, have set garlands on the sterns. If I was able to foresee this great grief, sister, then I’ll be able to endure it too. Yet still do one thing for me in my misery, Anna: since the deceiver cultivated only you, even trusting you with his private thoughts: and only you know the time to approach the man easily. Go, sister, and speak humbly to my proud enemy. I never took the oath, with the Greeks at Aulis, to destroy the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Pergama, or disturbed the ashes and ghost of his father Anchises: why does he pitilessly deny my words access to his hearing?</p> <p>Where does he run to? Let him give his poor lover this last gift: let him wait for an easy voyage and favourable winds. I don’t beg now for our former tie, that he has betrayed, nor that he give up his beautiful Latium, and abandon his kingdom: I ask for insubstantial time: peace and space for my passion, while fate teaches my beaten spirit to grieve. I beg for this last favour (pity your sister): when he has granted it me, I’ll repay all by dying.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>

<p>Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus fertque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit; fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit auris. 440</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 437- 440</i></p>	<p>Such are the prayers she made, and such are those her unhappy sister carried and re-carried. But he was not moved by tears, and listened to no words receptively: Fate barred the way, and a god sealed the hero's gentle hearing.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>
<p>Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450 mortem orat; taedet caeli convexa tueri.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4.450-451</i></p>	<p>Then the unhappy Dido, truly appalled by her fate, prayed for death: she was weary of gazing at the vault of heaven.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>
<p>Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495 impius, exuviasque omnis, lectumque iugalem, quo perii, superimponas: abolere nefandi cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 494-498</i></p>	<p>Build a pyre, secretly, in an inner courtyard, open to the sky, and place the weapons on it which that impious man left hanging in my room, and the clothes, and the bridal bed that undid me: I want to destroy all memories of that wicked man, and the priestess commends it.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>
<p>“Annam cara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem; dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha, 635 et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat: sic veniat; tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta. Sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi, perficere est animus, finemque imponere curis, Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae.” 640</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 634 - 640</i></p>	<p>“Dear nurse, bring my sister Anna here: tell her to hurry, and sprinkle herself with water from the river, and bring the sacrificial victims and noble offerings. Let her come, and you yourself veil your brow with sacred ribbons. My purpose is to complete the rites of Stygian Jupiter, that I commanded, and have duly begun, and put an end to sorrow, and entrust the pyre of that Trojan leader to the flames.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Translated by A. S. Kline, 2002</p>

Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis
per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat:
“Hoc illud, germana, fuit? Me fraude petebas?” 675
Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?
Quid primum deserta querar? Comitemne sororem
sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses:
idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.
His etiam struxi manibus, patriosque vocavi 680
voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem?
Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque
Sidonios urbemque tuam. **Date volnera lymphis**
abluam, et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
ore legam.” Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, 685
semianimemque sinu **germanam amplexa fovebat**
cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

Virgil's Aeneid, 4. 672-687

Her sister, terrified, heard it, and rushed through the crowd, tearing her cheeks with her nails, and beating her breast, and called out to the dying woman in accusation: “So this was the meaning of it, sister? Did you aim to cheat me? This pyre of yours, this fire and altar were prepared for my sake? What shall I grieve for first in my abandonment? Did you scorn your sister’s company in dying? You should have summoned me to the same fate: the same hour the same sword’s hurt should have taken us both. I even built your pyre with these hands, and was I calling aloud on our father’s gods, so that I would be absent, cruel one, as you lay here? You have extinguished yourself and me, sister: your people, your Sidonian ancestors, and your city. I should bathe your wounds with water and catch with my lips whatever dying breath still hovers.” So saying she climbed the high levels, and clasped her dying sister to her breast, sighing, and stemming the dark blood with her dress.

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