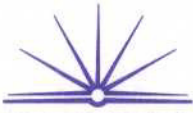




46.

Not before we came to the sacred seat of ancient
Ceres did I look back to her missing and turn back my mind
to her; it was here with all collected in one place, and
the companions, and the son and the father stopped. Mad, who
did I not accuse of men and gods, or what ^{more} cruel did I
see in the town left behind? I left the son Ascanius, and
Andrius the father, and the Trojan gods with the companions and
concealed them in a curved valley; I myself return to the
city, clad in glittering armour. The demise stands to renew
all, and ~~but~~ I returned to all Troy, and again my



Lead (life) was placed in danger. I returned to the
outer walls and concealed from the lights of the gates,
which I strove to leave behind, and with guards having been
observed I follow through the night and the lustrous
~~star~~ moon.