

## AMONOLOGUE FROM DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE

O Anna my Aeneas is aboard

And leaving me will sail to Italy.

Once didst thou go and he came back again.

Now bring him back and thou shalt be a queen

And I will live a private life with him.

Call him not wicked, sister. Speak him fair

And look upon him with a mermaid's eye.

Tell him I never vowed at Aulis' gulf

The desolation of his native Troy,

Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,

Nor ever violated faith to him.

Request him gently, Anna, to return.

I crave but this: He stay a tide or two

That I may learn to bear it patiently.

If he depart thus suddenly I die.

O Anna, Anna I will follow him.

I'll frame me wings of wax like Icarus

And o'er his ships will soar unto the sun

That they may melt and I fall in his arms.  
Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves  
That I may swim to him like Triton's niece.  
O Anna fetch Arion's harp  
That I may tice a dolphin to the shore  
And ride upon his back unto my love.  
Must I make ships for him to sail away?  
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship  
And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do  
But die in fury of this oversight?  
Ay, I must be the murderer of myself.  
No but I am not; yet I will be straight.  
Lay to thy hands and help me make a fire  
That shall consume all that this stranger left,  
For I intend a private sacrifice  
To cure my mind that melts for unkind love.  
So! Leave me now. Let none approach this place.  
Now, Dido, with these relics burn thyself  
And make Aeneas famous through the world  
For perjury and slaughter of a queen.

Here lie the sword that in the darksome cave  
He drew and swore by to be true to me.  
Thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his.  
Here lie the garment which I clothed him in  
When first he came on shore. Perish thou too.  
These letters, lines, and perjured papers all  
Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.  
And now ye gods that guide the starry frame  
And order all things at your high dispose,  
Grant, though the traitors land in Italy  
They may be still tormented with unrest.  
And from mine ashes let a conqueror rise  
That may revenge this treason to a queen  
By plowing up his countries with the sword.  
Betwixt this land and that be never league.  
*Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas*  
*Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotes.*  
Live, false Aeneas! Truest Dido dies!  
*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*