*From the Aeneid Book II, lines 705-804*

*Adapted from the 1942 translation by Alfred J. Church*

*http://www.mainlesson.com/display.php?author=church&book=aeneid&story=anchises*

The fire was coming nearer, and the light growing brighter, and the heat more fierce.

Aeneas said:

"Climb, dear father, on my shoulders; I will carry you and I won’t be tired by the weight. We will be saved, or we will perish together. Our little son Ascanius shall go with me, and my wife shall follow behind, but not too near."

Then Aeneas put a lion's skin upon his shoulders and stooped down, and the old man, his father Anchises, climbed on his back. And his little son Ascanius took hold of his father’s hand, keeping pace as best he could with his little steps. And his mother Creusa followed behind.

So they went, with many fears. Aeneas had not been afraid of the swords and spears of the enemy, but now he was full of fear for his father and wife and child. When they had nearly reached the city gates, they heard a great sound of feet in the darkness, and the old man cried:

"Fly, my son, fly; they are coming. I see the flashing of shields and swords!"

So Aeneas hurried on, but his wife was separated from him. Whether she lost her way, or whether she was tired and sat down to rest herself, no one knew. Only Aeneas never saw her again; nor did he know that she was lost, till they had got out of the city, and joined their friends at the place they had arranged to meet for their escape, and she was not with them.

He told his friends that they must take care of the old man, his father, and of Ascanius, his son, and that he would go back to the city and search for his wife.

He returned through the city gate and went to his house, thinking that by some chance she might have gone back there. He found the house, but the Greeks were there, and it was nearly burnt to the ground.

Then he saw in the temple of Juno long lines of prisoners, women and children. And still he looked for his wife, going through all the streets of the city, and calling her name aloud.

At last he saw her. It was Creusa, and yet she was different, so tall and beautiful. And she said to him:

"Why are you sad? These things have come about by the will of the gods. Jupiter himself has ordered that your Creusa should not sail across the seas with you.

You have a long journey to make, and many seas to cross till you come to the land of Hesperia, to the place where the river Tiber flows softly through a fair and fertile land. There you shall have great prosperity.

Weep not for your Creusa. And now farewell. Think sometimes of me, and love the boy, Ascanius, for he is your child and mine."

So she spoke, and then she vanished out of sight. Three times he tried to put his arms round her, and three times she slipped away from him, being thin and light as air…

And now the night was over and morning was about to break. He went back to his comrades and found a great company of men and women, all ready to follow him wherever he might lead them.

And he took his father on his shoulders, and went his way to the mountains, his people following him.