Maudlin Of The Well "The Ferryman"

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Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento Canities inculta jacet, stant lumina flamma, Sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna Est eiter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra Juppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem

"Sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis aspicies..."

"Anchisa generate deum certissimia proles, Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem. Di cujus jurare timent et fallere numen."

Nec plura his. Ille admirans venerabile donum Fatalis virgae longo post tempore visum Caeruleam advertit puppim ripaeque propinquat.

Watching over these waves and streams of filth is the Horrible ferryman Charon, on whose chin countless unkept

Grey hairs lie outspread; his eyes endure in flame, and A squalid cloak hangs knotted from his shoulders.

Beneath lonely darkness the gloomy travellers go through shadow

And through the deserted abodes and ghostly kingdom of Dis:

Through uncertain moonlight under rays of a spiteful sort the way

Lies in the woods, where Jupiter hides the sky in shadow and

Night steals colour from the black heavens.

"In this manner you will at last behold the sacred grove of Styx

And the kingdom pathless to the living..."

"Child of Anchises, most certain prodigy of a god, you will see

The deep mere of the mournful river of Hades and the

swamp of Styx, whose divine power the gods fear to swear by and prove false."

Nothing more was said. Wondering at the venerable offering of the Fated branch, seen after a distant time, he turned the vessel to The darkness and the shores approached.

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