

Poem 1: Latin III

Catullus

Poem 3, "Upon the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow"

— is a long syllable (by nature or position) (two beats)

* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a syllable that may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

This poem is written in a meter called "hendecasyllabic" (11-syllable) or "Phalacean"
Here is the rhythm pattern for each line:

— — / — ** / — * / — * / — ~

Practice the rhythm using "dum" for long and "dah" for short syllables.

"Upon the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow"

Lūgēte, Ō Venerēs Cupīdinēsque

et quantum est hominum venustiōrum!

Passer mortuus est meae puellae,

passer, dēliciae meae puellae,

quem plūs illa oculis suis amābat;

5

nam mellītus erat, suamque norat

ipsam tam bene quam puella mātrem;

nec sēsē a gremiō illius movēbat,

sed, circumsiliens modo huc modo illūc,

ad sōlam dominam usque pīpilābat.

10

Quī nunc it per iter tenebricōsum

illūc unde negant redīre quemquam.

At vōbīs male sit, malae tenebrae

Orcī, quae omnia bella dēvorātis:

"On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow" (continued)

Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis 15

Vae factum male! Vae miselle passer!

Tuā nunc operā meae puellae

flendō turgidulī rubent ocelli.

On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow

Oh mourn, ye Romeos and Juliets,
And all ye cool young men that hang around;
This sparrow, who lies dead, belongs to her –
This sparrow was my darling girl's delight.
She loved it deeply – more than her very eyes,
Because it was so sweet. This sparrow knew
Its mistress like my darling knew her mum.
The sparrow never left my darling's side,
But, hopping up and down around her lap,
Would tweet at her – a comfort in her pain.
Well, now it tweets its way along the road
To Hell, a place which no-one can escape.
So damn you, all ye ghastly shades of Dis
Which eat up all the cool stuff in the world;
You stole from me the coolest ever bird.
What evil have you done to this poor bird?
I blame you for the tears, and for the grief,
Because my darling's eyesikins are red.

.....
LITERAL TRANSLATION

Mourn, oh Venuses and Cupids
And however much there is of rather charming men:
The sparrow of my girl is dead,
The sparrow, my girl's delight,
Whom she loved more than her own very eyes -
For it was honey sweet, and knew its very own
As well as a girl knows her mother,
It used not to move itself from her lap,
But hopping around, now here, now there,
Used to chirp constantly to its sole mistress:
Who now goes along that gloomy journey
From which they do not say that anyone returns.
But may there be to you badness, evil shades
Of Orcus, which devour everything beautiful:
You have stolen from me such a beautiful sparrow.
Oh evil deed! Oh poor little sparrow!
Now, by your doing, the little swollen eyes
Of my girl grow red from weeping.

Poem 2: Latin III

Horace

Ode III.2 "In Praise of the Manly Life"

___ is a long syllable (by nature or position) (two beats)

___ is a very long syllable (three beats)

* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a syllable that may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

// is an extra pause (one beat)

This poem is written in a meter called the "Alcaic Strophe" Here is the rhythm pattern for each stanza:

~/ __* / __ __ / __** / __* / __//

~/ __* / __ __ / __** / __* / __//

~/ __* / __ __ / __* / __~

~/ __* / __ __ / __** / __* / __~

Practice the rhythm using "dum" for long and "dah" for short syllables.

"In Praise of the Manly Life"

Angustam amīcē pauperiem patī

rōbustus ācrī militiā puer

condiscat, et Parthōs ferōcīs

Vexet equēs metuendus hasta,

vītamque sub dīvō et trepidīs agat

in rēbūs. Ilum ex moenibus hosticīs

mātrōna bellantis tyrannī

prōspiciēns et adulta virgō

"In Praise of the Manly Life" (continued)

suspīret (ēheu!) Mē rudis agminum
sponsus lacessat rēgius asperum 10
tactū leōnem, quem cruenta
per mediās rapit ira caedēs.

Dulce et decōrum est pro patria mori.
Mors et fugācem persequitur virum,
nec parcit imbellis iuventae 15
poplitibus timidōque tergo.

Let the boy toughened by military service
learn how to make bitterest hardship his friend,
and as a horseman, with fearful lance,
go to vex the insolent Parthians,

spending his life in the open, in the heart
of dangerous action. And seeing him, from
the enemy's walls, let the warring
tyrant's wife, and her grown-up daughter, sigh:

'Ah, don't let the inexperienced lover
provoke the lion that's dangerous to touch,
whom a desire for blood sends raging
so swiftly through the core of destruction.'

It's sweet and fitting to die for one's country.
Yet death chases after the soldier who runs,
and it won't spare the cowardly back
or the limbs, of peace-loving young men....

Vergil

Latin III: Poem 3

Aeneid II. 270-282, 289

- ___ is a long syllable (by nature or position) (two beats)
- * is a short syllable (one beat)
- ~ is a syllable that may be either long or short
- / is a foot division
- ** can be either two short or one long syllable

This poem is written in a meter called "Dactylic Hexameter." Here is the rhythm pattern. Each line consists of six feet. The first four feet can be any combination of either dactyls (___**) or spondees (___ ___). The fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the last foot can be either a spondee or a trochee (___*).

___** / ___** / ___** / ___** / ___** / ___~

Practice the rhythm using "dum" for long and "dah" for short syllables.

Vergil's *Aeneid*: "Aeneas's Vision of Hector"

In somnīs, ecce, ante oculōs maestissimus Hēctor 270
 vīsus adesse mihi, largōsque effundere flētūs,
 raptātus bīgīs, ut quondam, āterque cruentō
 pulvere, perque pedēs traiectus lōra tumentēs.
 Ei mihi, quālis erat, quantum mutātus ab illō
 Hectore, quī redjī exuviās indūtus Achillī, 275
 vel Dānaum Phrygiōs iaculātus puppibus ignēs,
 squālentem barbā et concrētōs sanguine crīnēs
 vulneraque illa gerēns, quae circum plūrima mūrōs
 accēpit patriōs. Ultrō flēns ipse vidēbar
 compellāre virum et maestās exprōmere voce: 280
 "Ō lux Dardaniae, spēs Ō fidissima Teucrum,
 quae tantae tenuēre morae? . . ."
 "Heu, fuge, nāte deae, tēque hīs," ait, "ēripe flammīs." 289

In my dreams, behold, before my eyes, Hector, most mournful,
seems to be present to me, and to pour out many tears,
snatched by the chariot, as formerly, and blackened with gory
dust, the reins having pierced through his swollen feet.

Ah, me! How he looked! How much changed from that
Hector, who returned, clothed in the spoils of Achilles,
or who hurled the Phrygian fire into the ships of the Greeks,
wearing a filthy beard and his hair clotted with blood,
and those many, many wounds, which he received around
his native walls. Moreover, weeping, I myself seemed
to address the hero and to utter these mournful words:

“Oh, light of Troy! Oh, most trusted hope of the Trojans,
What great obstacles have delayed you? . . .”

“Alas, flee, son of a goddess,” he said, “and snatch yourself from these flames.”