

## Poem I: AP Latin

### Catullus

#### Poem 31: "An Invitation to Verona"

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

\* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a *syllaba anceps* which 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 "duh" for short syllables and "dum" for long ones. Try to hold the long syllables twice as long as the short ones. The rhythm sort of resembles the rhythm in the song, "Hail to the Chief."

#### "An Invitation to Verona"

Poëtae tenerō, meō sodālī,	1
Velim Caeciliō, papÿre, dīcās	2
Vērōnam veniat, Novī relinquēns	3
Cōmī moenia Lāriumque litus.	4
Nam quāsdam volo cogitātiōnēs	5
amīcī accipiat suī meīque.	6
Quārē, sī sapiet, viam vorābit,	7
quamvīs candīda mīliēs puella	8
euntem revocet, manūque collō	9
ambās iniciēns roget morārī.	10
Quae nunc, sī mihi vēra nūntiantur,	11
Illum dēperit impotente amōre.	12

Nam quō tempore lēgit incohātam	13
Dindymī dominam, ex eō misellae	14
ignēs interiōrem edunt medullam.	15
Ignōscō tibi, Sapphicā puella	16
Mūsa doctior; est enim venustē	17
Magna Caeciliō incohāta Māter.	18

I ask you, papyrus page, to tell  
the gentle poet, my friend Caecilius,  
to come to Verona, leaving the walls  
of Novum Comum and the shore of Larius:  
for I wish him to receive certain thoughts  
of a friend of his and mine.  
Wherefore if he is wise he will devour the way with haste  
though his fair lady should call him back  
a thousand times, and throwing both her arms  
round his neck beg him to delay.  
She now, if a true tale is brought to me,  
dotes on him with passionate love.  
For since she read the beginning of his  
"Lady of Dindymus," ever since then, poor girl,  
the fires have been wasting her inmost marrow.  
I can feel the maiden more scholarly  
than the Sapphic muse; for Caecilius has indeed  
made a lovely beginning to his "Magna Mater."

## Poem 2: AP Latin

### Horace

#### Odes I.22, "The Pure Life"

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

\* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a *syllaba anceps* which may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

// is a caesura

This poem is written in "Sapphic" meter. Here is the rhythm pattern:

— \* — — / — // \*\* — /\* — ~  
— \* — — / — // \*\* — /\* — ~  
— \* — — / — // \*\* — /\* — ~  
— \* \* / — ~

#### "Integer Vitae: The Pure Life"

Integer vitae scelerisque purus	1
nōn eget Mauris iaculis neque arcū	2
nec venenatis gravidā sagittis,	3
Fusce, pharetrā,	4
sive per Syrtis iter aestuosās	5
sive facturus per inhospitalem	6
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus	7
lambit Hydaspes.	8

Namque mē silvā lupus in Sabīnā,	9
dum meam cantō Lalagēn et ultrā	10
terminum cūrīs vagor expeditīs	11
fūgit inermem,	12
quāle portentum neque mīlitāris	13
Daunias lātīs alit aesculētīs	14
nec Iubae tellūs generat, leōnum	15
ārida nūtrīx.	16
Pōne mē pigrīs ubi nūlla campīs	17
arbor aestīvā recreātur aurā,	18
quod latus mundī nebulae malusque	19
Iuppiter urget;	20
pōne sub currū nimium propinquī	21
sōlis in terrā domibus negātā	22
dulce rīdentem Lalagēn amābō,	23
dulce loquentem.	24

Integer Vitae.

No need of Moorish archer's craft  
To guard the pure and stainless liver;  
He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft  
To store his quiver,  
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,  
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,  
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls  
His fabled torrent.

A wolf, while roaming trouble-free  
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,  
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,  
Beheld, and fled me.

Dire monster! in her broad oak woods  
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,  
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods  
The thirsty mother.

Place me where on the ice-bound plain  
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,  
Where Jove descends in sleety rain  
Or sullen freezes;

Place me where none can live for heat,  
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,  
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,  
Shall still enchant me.

The man who is upright in life and free of sin  
has no need of Moorish spears or a bow  
or a quiver heavy with poisoned  
arrows, Fuscus,

whether he's about to embark on a journey  
through the hot Syrtes or the barren  
Caucasus or the places which the Hydaspes  
(famous in story) washes.

For in the Sabine forest, as I'm singing  
of Lalage and wandering beyond my boundary  
marker (without a care in the world), a wolf  
runs away from me[, although I'm] unarmed,

such a monster as warlike Apulia  
doesn't produce in its broad oak forests  
and Juba's land (dry nurse of lions)  
doesn't spawn.

Put me in barren fields where no tree  
is refreshed by a summer breeze,  
a corner of the world which clouds and  
bad weather oppresses;

put me beneath the chariot of the  
too-close sun, in a land bereft of houses;  
I'll [still] love Lalage, who laughs sweetly  
and speaks sweetly.

## Poem 3: AP Latin

### Vergil

Aeneid, Book VI: Lines 450-471, "Aeneas Greets Dido in the Underworld"

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

\* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a *syllaba anceps* which may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

This poem is written in dactylic hexameter. Each line has six feet. Each of the first four feet can be either a dactyl ( \_\_ \* \*) or a spondee ( \_\_ \_\_ ). The fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the last foot can be either a spondee or a trochee ( \_\_ ~ ). Here is the rhythm pattern:

      \*\*      \*\*      \*\*      \*\*  
\_\_ \_\_ / \_\_ \_\_ / \_\_ \_\_ / \_\_ \_\_ / \_\_ \*\* / \_\_ ~

... Inter quās Phoenissa, recēns ā vulnere, Dīdō

errābat silvā in magnā; quam Trōius hērōs

ut prīmum iūxtā stetit agnōvitque per umbras

obscuram, quālem prīmō quī surgere mēse

aut videt aut vīdisse putat per nūbila lūnam,

dēmīsit lacrimās dulcīque adfātus amōre est:

"Infēlix Dīdō, vērus mihi nūntius ergō

vēnerat exstīctam ferrōque extrēma secūtam?

Fūneris heu tibi causa fuit? Per sīdera iūrō

per superōs et sī qua fidēs tellūre sub īmā est,

invītus, rēgīna, tuō dē litore cessī.

Sed mē iussa deum, quae nunc hās īre per umbrās,

per loca senta sitū cōgunt noctemque profundam,  
imperīis ēgēre suīs; nec crēdere quīvī  
hunc tantum tibi mē discessū ferre dolōrem.  
Siste gradum tēque aspectū nē subtrahe nostrō.  
Quem fugis? Extrēmum fātō quod tē adloquor hoc est.  
Tālibus Aenēās ārdentem et torva tuentem  
lēnībat dictīs animum lacrimāsque ciēbat.  
Illa solō fixōs oculōs āversa tenēbat  
nec magis inceptō vultum sermōne movētur  
quam sī dūra silex aut stet Marpēsia cautēs.

Here Tyrian Dido, too, her wound unhealed,  
Roamed through a mighty wood. The Trojan's eyes  
Beheld her near him through the murky gloom,  
As when, in her young month and crescent pale,  
One sees th' o'er-clouded moon, or thinks he sees.  
Down dropped his tears, and thus he fondly spoke:  
"O suffering Dido! Were those tidings true  
That thou didst fling thee on the fatal steel?  
Thy death, ah me! I dealt it. But I swear  
By stars above us, by the powers in Heaven,  
Or whatsoever oath ye dead believe,  
That not by choice I fled thy shores, O Queen!  
Divine decrees compelled me, even as now  
Among these ghosts I pass, and thread my way  
Along this gulf of night and loathsome land.  
How could I deem my cruel taking leave  
Would bring thee at the last to all this woe?  
O, stay! Why shun me? Wherefore haste away?  
Our last farewell! Our doom! I speak it now!"  
Thus, though she glared with fierce, relentless gaze,  
Aeneas, with fond words and tearful plea,  
Would soothe her angry soul. But on the ground  
She fixed averted eyes. For all he spoke  
Moved her no more than if her frowning brow  
Were changeless flint or carved in Parian stone.