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Section 1: Letters and Letter-Writing

INTRODUCTION

Letter 1 = Plautus *Pseudolus* 23–48

- Ps.** ut opinor, quaerunt litterae hae sibi liberos:
alia aliam scandit. **Cal.** ludis iam ludo tuo?
- Ps.** has quidem pol credo nisi Sibulla legerit,
interpretari álium posse neminem.
- 5 **Cal.** cur inclementer dicis lepidis litteris
lepidis tabellis lepida conscriptis manu?
- Ps.** an, opsecro hercle, habent quas gallinae manus?
nam has quidem gallina scripsit. **Cal.** odiosus mihi es.
lege vel tabellas redde. **Ps.** immo enim pellegam.
- 10 **Cal.** advortito animum. **Cal.** non adest. **Ps.** at tu cita.
Cal. immo ego tacebo, tu istinc ex cera cita;
nam istic meus animus nunc est, non in pectore.
- Ps.** tuam amicam video, Calidore. **Cal.** ubi ea est, opsecro?
- Ps.** eccam in tabellis porrectam: in cera cubat.
- 15 **Cal.** at te di deaque quantumst— **Ps.** servassint quidem.
Cal. quasi solstitialis herba paulisper fui:
repente exortus sum, repentino occidi.
- Ps.** tace, dúm tabellas pellego. **Cal.** ergo quin legis?
- Ps.** “Phoenicium Calidoro amatori suo
20 per ceram et lignum litterasque interpretes
salutem mittit et salutem abs te expetit,
lacrumans titubanti ánimo, corde et pectore.”
- Cal.** perii, salutem nusquam invenio, Pseudole,
quam illi remittam. **Ps.** quam salutem? **Cal.** argenteam.
- 25 **Ps.** pro lignea salute veis argenteam
remittere illi? vide sis quam tu rem geras.

PUBLIC LIFE AND POLITICS

Letter 2 = Cicero *ad fam.* 7.5

scr. Romae m. Apr. an. 54.

CICERO CAESARI IMP. S. D.

vide quam mihi persuaserim te me esse alterum non modo in iis rebus, quae ad me ipsum, sed etiam in iis, quae ad meos pertinent. C. Trebatium cogitaram, quocumque exirem, mecum ducere, ut eum meis omnibus studiis, beneficiis quam ornatissimum domum reducerem; sed, postea quam et Pompei commoratio diuturnior erat quam putaram, et mea
5 quaedam tibi non ignota dubitatio aut impedire profectionem meam videbatur aut certe tardare (vide quid mihi sumpserim), coepi velle ea Trebatium exspectare a te, quae sperasset a me, neque me hercule minus ei prolixè de tua voluntate promisi quam eram solitus de mea polliceri.

casus vero mirificus quidam intervenit quasi vel testis opinionis meae vel sponsor
10 humanitatis tuae. nam cum de hoc ipso Trebatio cum Balbo nostro loquerer accuratius domi meae, litterae mihi dantur a te, quibus in extremis scriptum erat: "M. Titinium, quem mihi commendas, vel regem Galliae faciam, vel hunc Leptae delega, si vis. tu ad me alium mitte quem ornem." sustulimus manus et ego et Balbus. tanta fuit opportunitas, ut illud nescio quid non fortuitum, sed divinum videretur. mitto igitur ad te Trebatium atque ita
15 mitto ut initio mea sponte, post autem invitatu tuo mittendum duxerim.

Please embrace him, my dear Caesar, with all your courtesy, in order to confer everything which you could be induced by my efforts to want to confer on my friends, upon this single fellow.

de quo tibi homine haec spondeo non illo vetere verbo meo, quod cum ad te de Milone scripsissem, iure lusisti, sed more Romano, quo modo homines non inepti loquuntur, probiorem hominem, meliorem virum, pudentiosem esse neminem; accedit etiam, quod familiam ducit in iure civili singulari memoria, summa scientia.

huic ego neque tribunatum neque praefecturam neque ullius beneficii certum nomen peto, benevolentiam tuam et liberalitatem peto neque impedio quo minus, si tibi ita placuerit,
25 etiam hisce eum ornēs gloriolae insignibus; totum denique hominem tibi ita trado, "de manu," ut aiunt, "in manum" tuam istam et victoria et fide praestantem. simus enim putidiusculi, quamquam per te vix licet; verum, ut video, licebit. cura ut valeas, et me, ut amas, ama.

Letter 3 = Cicero *ad fam.* 7.6

scr. in Cumano aut Pompeiano m. Mai. an. 54.

CICERO S.D. TREBATIO.

in omnibus meis epistulis, quas ad Caesarem aut ad Balbum mitto, legitima quaedam est accessio commendationis tuae, nec ea vulgaris, sed cum aliquo insigni indicio meae erga te benevolentiae. tu modo ineptias istas et desideria urbis et urbanitatis depone et, quo consilio profectus es, id adsiduitate et virtute consequere: hoc tibi tam ignoscemus nos
5 amici, quam ignoverunt Medae,

"quae Corinthum arcem altam habebant matronae opulentae, optimates,"

quibus illa manibus gypsatisissimis persuasit ne sibi vitio illae verterent, quod abesset a patria; nam

"multi suam rem bene gessere et publicam patria procul;

10 multi, qui domi aetatem agerent, propterea sunt improbatii."

quo in numero tu certe fuisses, nisi te extrusissemus. sed plura scribemus alias. tu, qui ceteris cavere didicisti, in Britannia ne ab essedariis decipiaris caveto et, (quoniam Medeam coepi agere) illud semper memento:

"qui ipse sibi sapiens prodesse non quit, nequiquam sapit." cura ut valeas.

Letter 4 = Cicero *ad fam.* 7.7

scr. Romae ex. m. lun. an. 54.

CICERO TREBATIO.

ego te commendare non desisto, sed quid proficiam ex te scire cupio. spem maximam habeo in Balbo, ad quem de te diligentissime et saepissime scribo. illud soleo mirari, non me totiens accipere tuas litteras, quotiens a Quinto mihi fratre adferantur. in Britannia nihil esse audio neque auri neque argenti. id si ita est, essedum aliquod capias suadeo et ad nos quam primum recurras.

5 sin autem sine Britannia tamen adsequi quod volumus possumus, perforce ut sis in familiaribus Caesaris. multum te in eo frater adiuvabit meus, multum Balbus, sed, mihi crede, tuus pudor et labor plurimum. habes imperatorem liberalissimum, aetatem opportunissimam, commendationem certe singularem, ut tibi unum timendum sit ne ipse tibi defuisse videare.

Letter 5 = Cicero *ad Att.* 9.6a

scr. in itinere in m. Mart. an. 49.

CAESAR IMP. S. D. CICERONI IMP.

cum Furnium nostrum tantum vidissem neque loqui neque audire meo commodo potuissem, properarem atque essem in itinere praemissis iam legionibus, praeterire tamen non potui quin et scriberem ad te et illum mitterem gratiasque agerem, etsi hoc et feci saepe et saepius mihi facturus videor; ita de me merens.

5 in primis a te peto, quoniam confido me celeriter ad urbem venturum, ut te ibi videam, ut tuo consilio, gratia, dignitate, ope omnium rerum uti possim. ad propositum revertar; festinationi meae brevitatique litterarum ignosces. reliqua ex Furnio cognosces.

Letter 6 = Cicero *ad fam.* 10.28

scr. Romae circ. iv Non. Febr. an. 43.

CICERO TREBONIO S.

quam vellem ad illas pulcherrimas epulas me Idibus Martiis invitasses! reliquiarum nihil haberemus. at nunc cum iis tantum negoti est, ut vestrum illud divinum in rem p. beneficium non nullam habeat querelam. quod vero a te, viro optimo, seductus est tuoque beneficio adhuc vivit haec pestis, interdum, quod mihi vix fas est, tibi subirascor; mihi enim negoti plus reliquisti uni quam praeter me omnibus.

5 ut enim primum post Antoni foedissimum discessum senatus haberi libere potuit, ad illum animum meum reverti pristinum, quem tu cum civi acerrimo, patre tuo, in ore et amore semper habuisti. nam cum senatum a. d. xiii K. Ian. tr. pl. vocavissent deque alia re referrent, totam rem p. sum complexus egique acerrime senatumque iam languentem et defessum ad pristinam virtutem consuetudinemque revocavi magis animi quam ingeni viribus. hic dies meaque contentio atque actio spem primum populo R. attulit libertatis recipiendae; nec vero ipse postea tempus ullum intermisi de re p. non cogitandi solum sed etiam agendi.

15 If I did not suppose that news from the city and reports of all the official proceedings of the Senate were being passed to you, I would personally be giving you a full account of this, although I am burdened with very weighty matters of business. But you will find that out from others. From me you will get only a few words, in a summary. We have a strong Senate; of the consulars – some are cowards, others are disloyal. We have suffered a great loss with the death of Servius; Lucius Caesar is a supporter, but because he is Antony's
20 uncle he does not express his opinions too forcefully in the Senate. The consuls are outstanding. Decimus Brutus is distinguished, Caesar is an excellent boy and I certainly have high hopes of him for the future; be sure of this, if he had not speedily enlisted the

veterans and had not the two legions switched their allegiance from Antony to him and so given Antony this cause for alarm, there is no crime, no cruelty that Antony would have failed to commit.

Even if I suppose that you have heard these facts, nevertheless I wanted you to know them better. I will write more when I have more free time.

Letter 7 = Pliny *Ep.* 10.96

C. PLINIUS TRAIANO IMPERATORI.

sollemne est mihi, domine, omnia de quibus dubito ad te referre. quis enim potest melius vel cunctationem meam regere vel ignorantiam instruere? cognitionibus de Christianis interfui numquam: ideo nescio quid et quatenus aut puniri soleat aut quaeri. nec mediocriter haesitavi, sitne aliquod discrimen aetatum, an quamlibet teneri nihil a robustioribus differant; detur paenitentiae venia, an ei, qui omnino Christianus fuit, desisse non prosit; nomen ipsum, si flagitiis careat, an flagitia cohaerentia nomini puniantur.

interim, in iis qui ad me tamquam Christiani deferebantur, hunc sum secutus modum. interrogavi ipsos an essent Christiani. confitentes iterum ac tertio interrogavi supplicium minatus; perseverantes duci iussi. neque enim dubitabam, qualecumque esset quod faterentur, pertinaciam certe et inflexibilem obstinationem debere puniri. fuerunt alii similis amentiae, quos, quia cives Romani erant, adnotavi in urbem remittendos.

Now that I have begun to deal with this problem, as so often happens, the charges are becoming more widespread and increasing in variety. An anonymous pamphlet has been circulated which contains the names of a number of accused persons. Amongst these I considered that I should dismiss any who denied that they were or ever had been Christians when they had repeated after me a formula of invocation to the gods and had made offerings of wine and incense to your statue (which I had ordered to be brought into court for this purpose along with the images of the gods), and furthermore had reviled the name of Christ: none of which things, I understand, any genuine Christian can be induced to do.

Others, whose names were given to me by an informer, first admitted the charge and then denied it; they said that they had ceased to be Christians two or more years previously, and some of them even twenty years ago.

hi quoque omnes et imaginem tuam deorumque simulacra venerati sunt et Christo male dixerunt. affirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel culpae suae vel erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo quasi deo dicere secum invicem seque sacramento non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta ne latrocinia ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent. quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse rursusque coeundi ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen et innoxium; quod ipsum facere desisse post edictum meum, quo secundum mandata tua hetaerias esse vetueram. quo magis necessarium credidi ex duabus ancillis, quae ministrae dicebantur, quid esset veri, et per tormenta quaerere. nihil aliud inveni quam superstitionem pravam et immodicam.

I have therefore postponed any further examination and hastened to consult you. The question seems to me to be worthy of your consideration, especially in view of the number of persons endangered; for a great many individuals of every age and class, both men and women, are being brought to trial, and this is likely to continue. It is not only the towns, but villages and rural districts too which are infected through contact with this wretched cult. I think that it is still possible for it to be checked and directed to better ends, for there is no doubt that people have begun to throng the temples which had been almost entirely deserted for a long time: the sacred rites which had been allowed to lapse are being performed again, and flesh of sacrificial victims is on sale everywhere, though up till recently scarcely anyone could be found to buy it.

It is easy to infer from this that a great many people could be reformed if they were given an opportunity to repent.

Letter 8 = Pliny Ep. 10.97

TRAIANUS PLINIO.

actum quem debuisti, mi Secunde, in excutiendis causis eorum, qui Christiani ad te delati fuerant, secutus es. neque enim in universum aliquid, quod quasi certam formam habeat, constitui potest. conquirendi non sunt; si deferantur et arguantur, puniendi sunt, ita tamen ut, qui negaverit se Christianum esse idque re ipsa manifestum fecerit, id est supplicando
5 dis nostris, quamvis suspectus in praeteritum, veniam ex paenitentia impetret. sine auctore vero propositi libelli in nullo crimine locum habere debent. nam et pessimi exempli nec nostri saeculi est.

Letter 9 = Tab. Vind. II 164

nenu...[.]n. Brittones
nimium multi · equites
gladis · non utuntur equi-
tes · nec resident
5 Brittunculi · ut · iaculos
mittant

Letter 10 = Tab. Vind. II 250

First hand “ ...ius Karus to his Cerialis, greetings. ... Brigionus (?) has requested me, my lord, to recommend him to you. I therefore ask, my lord, if you would be willing to support him in what he has requested of you. I ask that you think fit to commend him to Annius Equester, centurion in
5 charge of the region, at Luguvalium, [by doing which] you will place me in debt to you both in his name (?) and my own (?). I pray that you are enjoying the best of fortune and are in good health.

Second hand Farewell, brother.

First hand To Cerialis, prefect.”

SOCIAL ISSUES AND MORAL ATTITUDES

Letter 11= Cicero *ad fam.* 7.1

Rome October 55.

From M. Cicero to M. Marius greetings.

If some pain in your body or health problem has held you back from coming to the games I put it down to your good luck rather than your good sense, but if you have come to the opinion that these things which other people admire are to be despised, and although your health would have allowed it, you however refused to come, I am glad on both counts that
5 you were free from pain in your body and that you had the good sense to disregard those things which others admire for no reason. I hope that you will have some benefit from your leisure, a leisure indeed which you can enjoy to the full, since you were left almost alone in those delightful surroundings of yours. I have no doubt that in your bedroom, where you have had a window made for yourself and opened up a view of the bay at Stabiae, you have
10 spent the morning hours of those days in a little light reading, while those meanwhile who left you there were sitting half asleep among the crowds watching the mimes. Indeed, you spent the remaining parts of the day in those pleasures which you had arranged to suit yourself. We however had to endure whatever Spurius Maecius had approved.

omnino, si quaeris, ludi apparatusissimi, sed non tui stomachi; coniecturam enim facio de
15 meo. nam primum honoris causa in scaenam redierant ii, quos ego honoris causa de scaena decessisse arbitrabar. deliciae vero tuae, noster Aesopus, eius modi fuit ut ei desinere per omnes homines liceret. is iurare cum coepisset, vox eum defecit in illo loco : “si sciens fallo.”

quid tibi ego alia narrem? nosti enim reliquos ludos; qui ne id quidem leporis habuerunt,
20 quod solent mediocres ludi. apparatus enim spectatio tollebat omnem hilaritatem, quo quidem apparatu non dubito quin animo aequissimo carueris. quid enim delectationis habent sescenti muli in “Clytaemestra” aut in “Equo Troiano” creterrarum tria milia aut armatura varia peditatus et equitatus in aliqua pugna? quae popularem admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attulissent.

quod si tu per eos dies operam dedisti Protogeni tuo, dum modo is tibi quidvis potius quam
25 orationes meas legerit, ne tu haud paulo plus quam quisquam nostrum delectationis habuisti. non enim te puto Graecos aut Oscos ludos desiderasse, praesertim cum Oscos vel in senatu vestro spectare possis, Graecos ita non ames ut ne ad villam quidem tuam via Graeca ire soleas.

nam quid ego te athletas putem desiderare, qui gladiatores contempseris? in quibus ipse
30 Pompeius confitetur se et operam et oleum perdidisse. reliquae sunt venationes binae per dies quinque, magnificae, nemo negat; sed quae potest homini esse politico delectatio, cum aut homo imbecillus a valentissima bestia laniatur aut praeclara bestia venabulo transverberatur? quae tamen, si videnda sunt, saepe vidisti; neque nos, qui haec
35 spectamus, quicquam novi vidimus. extremus elephantorum dies fuit. in quo admiratio magna vulgi atque turbae, delectatio nulla exstitit; quin etiam misericordia quaedam consecuta est atque opinio eius modi, esse quandam illi beluae cum genere humano societatem.

However, during the days when the theatrical performances were on, in case by chance I
40 seem to you to have been not only fortunate but also quite idle, I almost ruptured myself in defending your friend Caninus Gallus at his trial. If the people were as accommodating to me as they were to Aesop, by heaven I would willingly give up my trade and live with you and people like us. For, in any case, I was already beginning to tire of it before, at a time when both age and ambition were urging me on, and, in addition, it was possible for me
45 not to defend any case I didn't like, and now as things are there is no life worth living. For I expect no profit from my labour and I am sometimes forced to defend men who had not deserved very well of me at the request of those who did.

So I am looking for every excuse for at last living my life to suit myself and I strongly praise and approve of both you and that retired way of life that you have chosen, and I can accept
50 more easily that you come to visit us less frequently because if you were in Rome I would not be allowed to enjoy your delightful company, nor you mine, if I have any, thanks to the very pressing calls on my time. If ever I win some respite from them, for I do not demand that I be entirely free of them, I shall truly teach you, who have been making a study of
55 weakness of health of yours and take care, as you do, that you may be able to come to visit my country houses and join me in an outing in a litter.

I have written a longer letter to you than usual as I have an abundance not of free time but of affection for you, because, if you remember, you had half invited me in one of your letters to write you something like this so that you wouldn't regret missing the games. If I
60 have achieved this, I am glad; if not, I console myself with the thought that after this you will come to the games and come to see me, and you will not leave any hope you may have of enjoying yourself dependent on my letters.

Letter 12 = Seneca Ep. Mor. 7

SENECA LUCILIO SUO SALUTEM.

quid tibi vitandum praecipue existimes, quaeris? turbam. nondum illi tuto committeris. ego certe confitebor inbecillitatem meam: numquam mores, quos extuli, refero. aliquid ex eo, quod conposui, turbatur; aliquid ex iis, quae fugavi, redit.

We who are recovering from a prolonged spiritual sickness are in the same condition as
5 invalids who have been affected to such an extent by prolonged indisposition that they cannot once be taken out of doors without ill effects. Associating with people in large numbers is actually harmful: there is not one of them that will not make some vice or other attractive to us, or leave us carrying the imprint of it or bedaubed all unawares with it. And inevitably enough, the larger the size of the crowd we mingle with, the greater the
10 danger.

nihil vero tam damnosum bonis moribus quam in aliquo spectaculo desiderere. tunc enim per voluptatem facilius vitia subrepunt. quid me existimas dicere? avarior redeo, ambitiosior, luxuriosior, immo vero crudelior et inhumanior, quia inter homines fui. casu in meridianum spectaculum incidi lusus exspectans et sales et aliquid laxamenti, quo hominum oculi ab
15 humano cruore adquiescant; contra est. quicquid ante pugnatum est, misericordia fuit. nunc omissis nugis mera homicidia sunt. nihil habent quo tegantur, ad ictum totis corporibus expositi numquam frustra manum mittunt.

hoc plerique ordinariis paribus et postulatiis praeferebant. quidni praeferebant? non galea, non scuto repellitur ferrum. quo munimenta? quo artes? omnia ista mortis morae sunt.
20 mane leonibus et ursis homines, meridie spectatoribus suis obiciuntur. interfectores interfecturis iubent obici et victorem in aliam detinent caedem. exitus pugnantium mors est; ferro et igne res geritur. haec fiunt, dum vacat arena. "sed latrocinium fecit aliquis, occidit hominem." quid ergo? quia occidit ille, meruit ut hoc pateretur; tu quid meruisti miser, ut hoc spectes? "occide, verbera, ure! quare tam timide incurrit in ferrum? quare
25 parum audacter occidit? quare parum libenter moritur? plagis agatur in vulnera, mutuos ictus nudis et obviis pectoribus excipiant." intermissum est spectaculum: "interim iugulentur homines, ne nihil agatur."

age, ne hoc quidem intellegitis, mala exempla in eos redundare, qui faciunt? agite dis immortalibus gratias, quod eum docetis esse crudelem, qui non potest discere.

30 When a mind is impressionable and has none too firm a hold on what is right, it must be rescued from the crowd: it is so easy for it to go over to the majority. A Socrates, a Cato or a Laelius might have been shaken in his principles by a multitude of people different from himself: such is the measure of the inability of any of us, even as we perfect our personality's adjustment, to withstand the onset of vices when they come with such a
35 mighty following. A single example of extravagance or greed does a lot of harm – an

intimate who leads a pampered life gradually makes one soft and flabby; a wealthy neighbour provokes cravings in one; a companion with a malicious nature tends to rub off some of his rust even on someone of an innocent and open-hearted nature – what then do you imagine the effect on a person’s character is when the assault comes from the world at large? You must inevitably either hate or imitate the world. But the right thing is to shun both courses: you should neither become like the bad because they are many, nor be an enemy of the many because they are unlike you.

Letter 13 = Seneca Ep. Mor. 3

From Seneca to Lucilius greetings.

You have sent me a letter by the hand of a “friend” of yours, as you call him. And in the next sentence you warn me to avoid discussing your affairs freely with him, since you are not even in the habit of doing so yourself; in other words you have described him as being a friend and then denied this in one and the same letter. Now if you were using that word in a kind of popular sense and not according to its strict meaning, and calling him a “friend” in much the same way as we refer to candidates as “gentlemen” or hail someone with the greeting “my dear fellow” if when we meet him his name slips our memory, we can let this pass. But if you are looking on anyone as a friend when you do not trust him as you trust yourself, you are making a grave mistake, and have failed to grasp sufficiently the full force of true friendship.

Certainly you should discuss everything with a friend; but before you do so, discuss in your mind the man himself. After friendship is formed you must trust, but before that you must judge. Those people who, contrary to Theophrastus’ advice, judge a man after they have made him their friend instead of the other way round, certainly put the cart before the horse. Think for a long time whether or not you should admit a given person to your friendship. But when you have decided to do so, welcome him heart and soul, and speak as unreservedly with him as you would with yourself. You should, I need hardly say, live in such a way that there is nothing which you could not as easily tell your enemy as keep to yourself; but seeing that certain matters do arise on which convention decrees silence, the things you should share with your friend are all your worries and deliberations. Regard him as loyal, and you will make him loyal. Some men’s fear of being deceived has taught people to deceive them; by their suspiciousness they give them the right to do the wrong thing by them. Why should I keep back anything when I’m with a friend? Why shouldn’t I imagine I’m alone when I’m in his company?

There are certain people who tell any person they meet things that should only be confided to friends, unburdening themselves of whatever is on their minds into any ear they please. Others again are shy of confiding in their closest friends, and would not even let themselves, they they could help it, into the secrets they keep hidden deep down inside themselves. We should do neither. Trusting everyone is as much a fault as trusting no one (though I should call the first the worthier and the second the safer behaviour).

Similarly, people who never relax and people who are invariably in a relaxed state merit your disapproval – the former as much as the latter. For a delight in bustling about is not industry – it is only the restless energy of a hunted mind. And the state of mind that looks on all activity as tiresome is not true repose, but a spineless inertia. This prompts me to memorise something which I came across in Pomponius. “Some men have shrunk so far into dark corners that objects in bright daylight seem quite blurred to them”. A balanced combination of the two attitudes is what we want; the active man should be able to take things easily, while the man who is inclined towards repose should be capable of action. Ask nature: she will tell you that she made both day and night.

Letter 14 = Pliny Ep. 2.6

From C. Pliny to Avitus greetings.

It would take too long to go into the details, (which anyway don't matter) of how I happened to be dining with a man – though no particular friend of his – whose elegant economy, as he called it, seemed to me a sort of stingy extravagance. The best dishes were set in front of himself and a select few, and cheap scraps of food before the rest of the company. He had even put the wine into tiny little flasks, divided into three categories, not with the idea of giving his guests the opportunity of choosing, but to make it impossible for them to refuse what they were given. One lot was intended for himself and for us, another for his lesser friends (all his friends are graded) and the third for his and our freedmen. My neighbour at table noticed this and asked me if I approved. I said I did not. “So what do you do?” he asked. “I serve the same to everyone, for when I invite guests it is for a meal, not to make class distinctions; I have brought them as equals to the same table, so I give them the same treatment in everything.” “Even the freedmen?” “Of course, for then they are my fellow-diners, not freedmen.” “That must cost you a lot.” “On the contrary.” “How is that?” “Because my freedmen do not drink the sort of wine I do, but I drink theirs.” Believe me, if you restrain your greedy instincts it is no strain on your finances to share with several others the fare you have yourself. It is this greed which should be put down and “reduced to the ranks” if you would cut down your expenses, and you can do this far better by self-restraint than by insults to others.

The point of this story is to prevent a promising young man like yourself from being taken in by this extravagance under guise of economy which is to be found at the table in certain homes. Whenever I meet with such a situation, my affection for you prompts me to quote it as a warning example of what to avoid. Remember then that nothing is more to be shunned than this novel association of extravagance and meanness; vices which are bad enough when single and separate, but worse when found together.

Letter 15 = Pliny Ep. 3.14

C. PLINIUS ACILIO SUO S.

rem atrocem nec tantum epistula dignam Larcius Macedo vir praetorius a servis suis passus est, superbus alioqui dominus et saevus, et qui servisse patrem suum parum, immo nimium meminisset. lavabatur in villa Formiana. repente eum servi circumsistunt. alius fauces invadit, alius os verberat, alius pectus et ventrem, atque etiam – foedum dictu – verenda contundit; et cum exanimem putarent, abiciunt in fervens pavimento, ut experirentur an viveret. ille sive quia non sentiebat, sive quia se non sentire simulabat, immobilis et extentus fidem peractae mortis implevit. tum demum quasi aestu solutus effertur; excipiunt servi fideliores, concubinae cum ululatu et clamore concurrunt. ita et vocibus excitatus et recreatus loci frigore sublatis oculis agitatoque corpore vivere se – et iam tutum erat – confitetur. diffugiunt servi; quorum magna pars comprehensa est, ceteri requiruntur. ipse paucis diebus aegre fociatus non sine ultionis solacio decessit ita vivus vindicatus, ut occisi solent. vides quot periculis, quot contumeliis, quot ludibriis simus obnoxii; nec est quod quisquam possit esse securus, quia sit remissus et mitis; non enim iudicio domini sed scelere perimuntur.

verum haec hactenus. quid praeterea novi? quid? nihil, alioqui subiungerem; nam et charta adhuc superest, et dies feriatu patitur plura contexi. addam quod opportune de eodem Macedone succurrit. cum in publico Romae lavaretur, notabilis atque etiam, ut exitus docuit, ominosa res accidit. eques Romanus a servo eius, ut transitum daret, manu leviter admonitus convertit se nec servum, a quo erat tactus, sed ipsum Macedonem tam graviter palma percussit ut paene concideret. ita balineum illi quasi per gradus quosdam primum contumeliae locus, deinde exitii fuit. vale.

Letter 16 = Seneca Ep. Mor. 47

SENECA LUCILIO SUO SALUTEM.

libenter ex is, qui a te veniunt, cognovi familiariter te cum servis tuis vivere. hoc prudentiam tuam, hoc eruditionem decet. “servi sunt.” immo homines. “servi sunt.” immo contubernales. “servi sunt.” immo humiles amici. “servi sunt.” immo conservi, si cogitaveris tantundem in utrosque licere fortunae.

5 itaque rideo istos, qui turpe existimant cum servo suo cenare. quare, nisi quia superbissima consuetudo cenanti domino stantium servorum turbam circumdedit? est ille plus quam capit, et ingenti aviditate onerat distentum ventrem ac desuetum iam ventris officio, ut maiore opera omnia egerat quam ingessit; at infelicibus servis movere labra ne in hoc quidem, ut loquantur, licet. virga murmur omne conpescitur, et ne fortuita quidem
10 verberibus excepta sunt, tussis, sternumenta, singultus. magno malo ulla voce interpellatum silentium luitur. nocte tota ieiuni mutique perstant.

sic fit, ut isti de domino loquantur, quibus coram domino loqui non licet. at illi, quibus non tantum coram dominis, sed cum ipsis erat sermo, quorum os non consuebatur, parati erant pro domino porrigere cervicem, periculum imminens in caput suum avertere; inconviis
15 loquebantur, sed in tormentis tacebant. deinde eiusdem arrogantiae proverbium iactatur, totidem hostes esse quot servos. non habemus illos hostes, sed facimus.

alia interim crudelia, inhumana praetereo, quod ne tamquam hominibus quidem, sed tamquam iumentis abutimur. cum ad cenandum discubuimus, alius sputa detergit, alius reliquias temulentorum toro subditus colligit. alius pretiosas aves scindit; per pectus et
20 clunes certis ductibus circumferens eruditam manum frustra excutit, infelix, qui huic uni rei vivit, ut altitia decenter secet, nisi quod miserior est, qui hoc voluptatis causa docet quam qui necessitatis discit.

Another, the one who serves the wine, is got up like a girl and engaged in a struggle with his years; he cannot get away from his boyhood, but is dragged back to it all the time; although he already has the figure of a soldier, he is kept free of hair by having it rubbed
25 away or pulled out by the roots. His sleepless night is divided between his master’s drunkenness and sexual pleasures, boy at the table, man in the bedroom. Another who has the privilege of rating each guest’s character, has to go on standing where he is, poor fellow, and watch to see whose powers of flattery and absence of restraint in appetite or
30 speech are to secure them an invitation for the following day.

Add to these the caterers with their highly developed knowledge of their master’s palate, the men who know the flavours that will sharpen his appetite, know what will appeal to his eyes, what novelties can tempt his stomach when it is becoming queasy, what dishes he will push aside with the eventual coming of sheer satiety, what he will have a craving for on that
35 particular day.

These are the people with whom a master cannot tolerate the thought of taking his dinner, assuming that to sit down at the same table with one of his slaves would seriously impair his dignity. “The very idea!” he says.

Yet have a look at the number of masters he has from the ranks of these very slaves. Take
40 Callistus’ one-time master. I saw him once actually standing waiting at Callistus’ door and refused admission while others were going inside, the very master who had attached a price-ticket to the man and put him up for sale along with other rejects from his household staff. There’s a slave who has paid his master back – one who was pushed into the first lot, too, the batch on which the auctioneer is merely trying out his voice! Now it was the
45 slave’s turn to strike his master off his list, to decide that *he’s* not the sort of person he wants in *his* house. Callistus’ master sold him, yes, and look how much it cost him!

vis tu cogitare istum, quem servum tuum vocas, ex isdem seminibus ortum eodem frui caelo, aequae spirare, aequae vivere, aequae mori! tam tu illum videre ingenuum potes quam ille te servum. Variana clade multos splendidissime natos, senatorium per militiam

50 auspicantes gradum, fortuna depressit, alium ex illis pastorem, alium custodem casae fecit; contemne nunc eius fortunae hominem, in quam transire, dum contemnis, potes.

nolo in ingentem me locum inmittere et de usu servorum disputare, in quos superbissimi, crudelissimi, contumeliosissimi sumus. haec tamen praecepti mei summa est: sic cum inferiore vivas, quemadmodum tecum superiorem velis vivere. quotiens in mentem
55 venerit, quantum tibi in servum liceat, veniat in mentem tantundem in te domino tuo licere. “at ego,” inquis, “nullum habeo dominum.” bona aetas est; forsitan habebis. nescis, qua aetate Hecuba servire coeperit, qua Croesus, qua Darei mater, qua Platon, qua Diogenes ?

Be kind and courteous in your dealings with a slave; bring him into your discussions and
60 conversations and your company generally. And if at this point all those people who have been spoilt by luxury raise an outcry protesting, as they will, “There couldn’t be anything more degrading, anything more disgraceful”, let me just say that these are the very persons I will catch on occasion kissing the hand of someone else’s slave.

Don’t you notice, too, how our ancestors took away all odium from the master’s position
65 and all that seemed insulting or degrading in the lot of the slave by calling the master “father of the household and speaking of the slaves as members of the household” (something which survives to this day in the mime?) They instituted, too, a holiday on which master and slave were to eat together, not as the only day this could happen, of course, but as one on which it was always to happen. And in the household they allowed
70 the slaves to hold official positions and to exercise some jurisdiction in it; in fact they regarded the household as a miniature republic.

“Do you mean to say,” comes the retort, “that I’m to have each and every one of my slaves sitting at the table with me?” Not at all, any more than you’re to invite to it everybody
75 who isn’t a slave. You’re quite mistaken, though, if you imagine that I’d bar from the table certain slaves on the grounds of the relatively menial or dirty nature of their work – that muleteer, for example, or that cowhand. I propose to value them according to their character, not their jobs. Each man has a character of his own choosing; it is chance or fate that decides his choice of job. Have some of them dine with you because they deserve it, others in order to make them so deserving. For if there’s anything typical of the slave
80 about them as a result of the low company they’re used to living in, it will be rubbed off through association with men of better breeding.

You needn’t, my dear Lucilius, look for friends only in the City or the Senate; if you keep
your eyes open, you’ll find them in your own home. Good material often lies idle for want
85 of someone to make use of it; just give it a trial. A man who examines the saddle and bridle and not the animal itself when he is out to buy a horse is a fool; similarly, only an absolute fool values a man according to his clothes, or according to his social position, which after all is only something that we wear like clothing.

“He’s a slave.” But he may have the spirit of a free man. “He’s a slave.” But is that really
90 to count against him? Show me a man who isn’t a slave; one is a slave to sex, another to money, another to ambition; all are slaves to hope or fear. I could show you a man who has been a Consul who is a slave to his “little old woman”, a millionaire who is the slave of a little girl in domestic service. I could show you some highly aristocratic young men who are utter slaves to stage artistes. And there’s no state of slavery more disgraceful than one which is self-imposed. So you needn’t allow yourself to be deterred by the snobbish people
95 I’ve been talking about from showing good humour towards your slaves instead of adopting an attitude of arrogant superiority towards them. Have them respect you rather than fear you.

Here, just because I’ve said they “should respect a master rather than fear him”, someone
will tell us that I’m now inviting slaves to proclaim their freedom and bringing about their
100 employers’ overthrow. “Are slaves to pay their “respects” like dependent followers or early morning callers? That’s what he means, I suppose.” Anyone saying this forgets what is

enough for a god, in the shape of worship, cannot be too little for a master. To be really respected is to be loved; and love and fear will not mix. That's why I think you're absolutely right in not wishing to be feared by your slaves, and in confining your lashings to
105 verbal ones; as instruments of correction, beatings are for animals only. Besides, what annoys us does not necessarily do us any harm; but we masters are apt to be robbed of our senses by mere passing fancies, to the point where our anger is called out by anything which fails to answer to our will. We assume the mental attitudes of tyrants. For they too forget their own strength and the helplessness of others and grow white-hot with fury as if
110 they had received an injury, when all the time they are quite immune from any such danger through the sheer exaltedness of their position. Nor indeed are they unaware of this; but it does not stop them seizing an opportunity of finding fault with an inferior and maltreating him for it; they receive an injury by way of excuse to do one themselves.

But I won't keep you any longer; you don't need exhortation. It is a mark of a good way of
115 life that, among other things, it satisfies and abides; bad behaviour, constantly changing, not for the better, simply into different forms, has none of this stability.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY

Letter 17 = Cicero *ad fam.* 16.18

Rome, 46 or 45 (?).

Tullius to Tiro greetings.

Well then! Isn't that as it should be? I think so, and should like to make it "to his dear Tiro". However, let us beware of jealous malice, if you wish – the malice I have often despised.

I am glad your perspiration has done you good. If my place at Tusculum has done you good
5 too, heavens, how much better I shall love it! But if you love me, and if you don't make a
very pretty pretence of it, which after all answers nicely – well, however that stands,
humour your health. In your devotion to me you have not hitherto devoted yourself enough
to that. You know what it requires – digestion, no fatigue, a short walk, massage, proper
evacuation. Mind you come back in good shape. I should love not only you but my house in
10 Tusculum more.

Prod Parhedrus to hire the garden himself. That will give the gardener a jolt. That rascal
Helico used to pay HS 1,000 when there was no sun-trap, no drain, no wall, no shed. After
all my expense is this fellow going to make fools of us? Give him a hot time, as I did Motho
and in consequence have more flowers than I can well use.

15 I should like to know what is happening about Crabra, even though nowadays water is really
too plentiful. I shall send the sundial and the books when the weather is clear. But have
you no books with you? Or are you composing something Sophoclean? Mind you have
results to show.

Caesar's familiar A. Ligurius is dead, a good fellow and a friend of mine. Let me know
20 when we are to expect you. Look after yourself carefully.

Goodbye.

Letter 18 = Cicero *ad fam.* 16.20

scr. eodem loco et tempore quo ep. xviii.

TULLIUS TIRONI S.

sollicitat, ita vivam, me tua, mi Tiro, valetudo; sed confido, si diligentiam quam instituisti
adhibueris, cito te firmum fore. libros compone; indicem cum Metrodoro libebit, quoniam
eius arbitratu vivendum est. cum holitore, ut videtur. tu potes Kalendis spectare
gladiatores, postridie redire, et ita censeo; verum ut videbitur. cura te, si me amas,
5 diligenter. vale.

Letter 19 = Pliny *Ep.* 5.19

C. Pliny to Valerius Paulinus greetings.

I have noticed your kindness to your household, so will frankly confess my indulgence to
mine. I always have in mind the phrase of Homer's: "he was gentle as a father", and also
our own "father of the household"; but, even if I were harsh and unfeeling by nature, my
heart would be softened by the illness of my freedman Zosimus, whose claim to sympathy is
5 all the stronger now that he needs it so much. He is an honest fellow, obliging and
educated, marked out by his talent for acting, where he has great success. His delivery is
clear and intelligent, his acting correct and balanced, and he plays the lyre well, better
than an actor need do. He also reads speeches, history, and poetry so well that it might be
his sole accomplishment. I have told you all this in detail so that you may better realise all
10 the pleasant services I receive from Zosimus which no one else can give me. I have
moreover long felt for him an affection which has increased with the dangers he has come

through; for it seems a law of nature for nothing to excite and intensify love so much as the fear of losing its object, and this has happened to me more than once in his case.

15 Some years ago he was exerting himself during a passionate performance when he began to spit blood. I then sent him to Egypt, and after a long stay there he recently returned with his health restored. Now after demanding too much of his voice for several days on end he has a slight return of his cough as a reminder of the old trouble, and once again has brought up blood. I think the thing to do is to send him to your place at Forum Julii, for I have often heard you say that the air is healthy there and the milk excellent for treating this
20 kind of case. Please write to your people and ask them to receive him on the estate and in your home, and to meet the expenses of anything he may need. This will not be much, for he is abstemious and moderate in his habits to the point of frugally denying himself not only delicacies but even essentials for his health. I will see that he has sufficient money for his journey to you when he sets out.

Letter 20 = Seneca *Ep. Mor.* 2

From Seneca to Lucilius greetings.

Judging from what you tell me and from what I hear, I feel that you show great promise. You do not tear from place to place and unsettle yourself with one move after another. Restlessness of that sort is symptomatic of a sick mind. Nothing, to my way of thinking, is a better proof of a well ordered mind than a man's ability to stop just where he is and pass
5 some time in his own company.

Be careful, however, that there is no element of discursiveness and desultoriness about this reading you refer to, this reading of many different authors and books of every description. You should be extending your stay among writers whose genius is unquestionable, deriving constant nourishment from them if you wish to gain anything from your reading that will
10 find a lasting place in your mind. To be everywhere is to be nowhere. People who spend their whole life travelling abroad end up having plenty of places where they can find hospitality but no real friendships. The same must needs be the case with people who never set about acquiring an intimate acquaintanceship with any one great writer, but skip from one to another paying flying visits to them all. Food that is vomited up as soon as it is
15 eaten is not assimilated into the body and does not do one any good; nothing hinders a cure so much as frequent changes of treatment; a wound will not heal over if it is being made the subject of experiments with differing ointments; a plant which is frequently moved never grows strong. Nothing is so useful that it can be of any service in the mere passing. A multitude of books only gets in one's way. So if you are unable to read all the books in
20 your possession, you have enough when you have all the books you are able to read. And if you say, "But I feel like opening different books at different times", my answer will be this: tasting one dish after another is the sign of a fussy stomach, and where the foods are dissimilar and diverse in range they lead to contamination of the system, not nutrition. So always read well-trying authors, and if at any moment you find yourself wanting a change
25 from a particular author, go back to ones you have read before.

Each day, too, acquire something which will help you to face poverty, or death, and other ills as well. After running over a lot of different thoughts, pick out one to be digested thoroughly that day. This is what I do myself; out of the many bits I have been reading I lay hold of one. My thought for today is something which I found in Epicurus (yes, I actually
30 make a practice of going over to the enemy's camp – by way of reconnaissance, not as a deserter!). "A cheerful poverty," he says, "is an honourable state." But if it is cheerful it is not poverty at all. It is not the man who has too little who is poor, but the one who hankers after more. What difference does it make how much there is laid away in a man's safe or in his barns, how many head of stock he grazes or how much capital he puts out at
35 interest, if he is always after what is another's and only counts what he has yet to get, never what he has already. You ask what is the proper limit to a person's wealth? First, having what is essential, and second, having what is enough.

Letter 21 = Tab. Vind. II 311

Sollemnis Paridi fratri plurimam salute[m]
ut scias me recte ualere
quod te inuicem fecisse
5 cupió · homo inpientissimi
me qui mihi ne unam epistulam misisti sed
putó me humanius
facere qui tibi scribo
10 tibi frater
contubernalem meum
salutabis a me Diligentem et Cogitatum et
Corinthum et rogó
15 mittas mihi nómina

Letter 22 = Tab. Vind. II 346

... I have sent (?) you ... pairs of socks from Sattua, two pairs of sandals and two pairs of underpants, two pairs of sandals ... Greet ... ndes, Elpis, Iu ..., ... enus, Tetricus and all your messmates with whom I pray that you live in the greatest good fortune.

Letter 23 = Pliny Ep. 1.15

From C. Pliny to Septicius greetings.

Who are you, to accept my invitation to dinner and never, come? Here's your sentence and you shall pay all my costs in full, no small sum either. It was all laid out, one lettuce each, three snails, two eggs, barley-cake, and wine with honey chilled with snow (you will reckon this too please, and as an expensive item, seeing that it disappears in a dish), besides
5 olives, beetroots, gherkins, onions and any number of similar delicacies. You would have heard a comic play, a reader or singer, or all three if I felt generous. Instead you chose to go where you could have oysters, sow's innards, sea-urchins, and Spanish dancing-girls. You will suffer for this – I won't say how. It was a cruel trick done to spite one of us – yourself or most likely me, and possibly both of us, if you think what a feast of fun, laughter and
10 learning we were going to have. You can eat richer food at many houses, but nowhere with such free and easy enjoyment. All I can say is, try me; and then, if you don't prefer to decline invitations elsewhere, you can always make excuses to me.

Letter 24 = Tab. Vindol. II 291

First hand	Cl(audia) Severa Lepidinae [suae sa]l[u]tem. iii idus Septembr[e]s soror ad diem sollemnem natalem meum rogo libenter facias ut venias ad nos, iucundiozem mihi [diem] interventu tuo factura si [v]e[n]ie[s]. Cerial[em t]uum saluta. Aelius meus e[um] et filiulus salutant.
5 Claudia's own hand	sperabo te soror. vale soror anima mea, ita valeam carissima, et ave
First hand	Sulpiciae Lepidinae Cerialis a S[e]vera

Letter 25 = Extract from Cicero *ad Att.* 5.1

scr. Minturnis iii aut prid. Non. Mai. an. 51.

CICERO ATTICO SALUTEM.

nunc venio ad transversum illum extremae epistulae tuae versiculum in quo me admones de sorore. quae res se sic habet. ut veni in Arpinas, cum ad me frater venisset, in primis nobis sermo isque multus de te fuit. ex quo ego veni ad ea quae fueramus ego et tu inter nos de sorore in Tusculano locuti. nihil tam vidi mite, nihil tam placatum quam tum meus
5 frater erat in sororem tuam, ut, etiam si qua fuerat ex ratione sumptus offensio, non appareret. ille sic dies. postridie ex Arpinati profecti sumus. ut in Arcano Quintus maneret dies fecit, ego Aquini, sed prandimus in Arcano. nosti hunc fundum. quo ut venimus, humanissime Quintus “ Pomponia ” inquit “tu invita mulieres, ego viros accivero.” nihil potuit, mihi quidem ut visum est, dulcius idque cum verbis tum etiam animo ac vultu.
10 at illa audientibus nobis “ego ipsa sum” inquit “hic hospita,” id autem ex eo, ut opinor, quod antecesserat Staius ut prandium nobis videret. tum Quintus “en” inquit mihi “haec ego patior cotidie.”

dices “quid quaeso istuc erat?” magnum; itaque me ipsum commoverat; sic absurde et aspere verbis vultuque responderat. dissimulavi dolens. discubuimus omnes praeter illam,
15 cui tamen Quintus de mensa misit. illa reiecit. quid multa? nihil meo fratre lenius, nihil asperius tua sorore mihi visum est; et multa praetereo quae tum mihi maiori stomacho quam ipsi Quinto fuerunt. ego inde Aquinum. Quintus in Arcano remansit et Aquinum ad me postridie mane venit mihi que narravit nec secum illam dormire voluisse et cum discessura esset fuisse eius modi qualem ego vidissem. quid quaeris? vel ipsi hoc dicas
20 licet, humanitatem ei meo iudicio illo die defuisse. haec ad te scripsi fortasse pluribus quam necesse fuit, ut videres tuas quoque esse partes instituendi et monendi.

For the rest, make sure you execute all my commissions before you leave Rome, and write to me about everything, and get behind Pomptinus, and when you have left let me know, and don't ever doubt how much I love and like you.

25 I parted very amicably from A. Torquatus at Minturnae, an excellent person. You might intimate to him in conversation that I have written something to you.

Letter 26 = Extract from Cicero *ad fam.* 14.3

scr. Dyrrhachi pr. K. Dec. an. 58.

TULLIUS S. D. TERENTIAE SUAE ET TULLIAE ET CICERONI.

accepi ab Aristocrito tres epistulas, quas ego lacrimis prope delevi; conficior enim maerore, mea Terentia, nec meae me miseriae magis excruciant quam tuae vestraeque; ego autem hoc miserior sum quam tu, quae es miserrima, quod ipsa calamitas communis est utriusque nostrum, sed culpa mea propria est. meum fuit officium vel legatione vitare
5 periculum vel diligentia et copiis resistere vel cadere fortiter. hoc miserius, turpius, indignius nobis nihil fuit. quare cum dolore conficior tum etiam pudore; pudet enim me uxori meae optimae, suavissimis liberis virtutem et diligentiam non praestitisse. nam mi ante oculos dies noctesque versatur squalor vester et maeror et infirmitas valetudinis tuae, spes autem salutis pertenuis ostenditur. inimici sunt multi, invidi paene omnes ; eicere nos
10 magnum fuit, excludere facile est. sed tamen quam diu vos eritis in spe, non deficiam, ne omnia mea culpa cecidisse videantur.

Letter 27 = Pliny Ep. 1.14

C. Pliny to Junius Mauricus.

You ask me to look out for a husband for your brother's daughter, a responsibility which I feel is very rightly mine; for you know how I have always loved and admired him as the finest of men, and how he influenced my early years by his advice and encouraged me to become worthy of his praise. You could not entrust me with anything which I value or
5 welcome so much, nor could there be any more befitting duty for me than to select a young man worthy to be the father of Arulenus Rusticus's grandchildren.

I should have had a long search if Minicius Acilianus were not at hand, as if he were made for us. He loves me as warmly as one young man does another (he is a little younger than I am), but respects me as his elder, for he aspires to be influenced and guided by me, as I
10 was by you and your brother. His native place is Brixia, one of the towns in our part of Italy which still retains intact much of its honest simplicity along with the rustic virtues of the past. His father is Minicius Macrinus, who chose to remain a leading member of the order of knights because he desired nothing higher; the deified Emperor Vespasian would have raised him to praetorian rank, but he has always steadfastly preferred a life of honest
15 obscurity to our status – or our struggles to gain it. His maternal grandmother, Serrana Procula, comes from the town of Patavium, whose reputation you know; but Serrana is a model of propriety even to the Patavians. His uncle, Publius Acilius, is a man of exceptional character, wisdom and integrity. You will in fact find nothing to criticise in the whole household, any more than in your own.

Acilianus, himself has abundant energy and application, but no lack of modesty. He has held the offices of quaestor, tribune and praetor with great distinction, thus sparing you the necessity of canvassing on his behalf. He has a frank expression, and his complexion is fresh and high-coloured; his general good looks have a natural nobility and the dignified bearing of a senator. (I think these points should be mentioned, as a sort of just return for
25 a bride's virginity). I am wondering whether to add that his father has ample means; for if I picture you and your brother for whom we are seeking a son-in-law, I feel no more need be said; but in view of the prevailing habits of the day and the laws of the country which judge a man's income to be of primary importance, perhaps after all it is something which should not be omitted. Certainly if one thinks of the children of the marriage, and
30 subsequent generations, the question of money must be taken into account as a factor influencing our choice.

It may seem to you that I have been indulging my affection, and going further than the facts allow, but I assure you on my honour that you will find the reality far better than my description. I do indeed love the young man dearly, as he deserves, but, just because I love
35 him, I would not overload him with praise.

Letter 28 = Pliny Ep. 4.19

C. PLINIUS CALPURNIAE HISPULLAE SUAE S.

cum sis pietatis exemplum, fratremque optimum et amantissimum tui pari caritate dilexeris, filiamque eius ut tuam diligas, nec tantum amitae ei affectum verum etiam patris amissi repraesentes, non dubito maximo tibi gaudio fore cum cognoveris dignam patre, dignam te, dignam avo evadere.

5 summum est acumen, summa frugalitas; amat me, quod castitatis indicium est. accedit his studium litterarum, quod ex mei caritate concepit. meos libellos habet lectitat ediscit etiam. qua illa sollicitudine cum videor acturus, quanto cum egi gaudio afficitur! disponit qui nuntient sibi quem assensum quos clamores excitarim, quem eventum iudicii tulerim. eadem, si quando recito, in proximo discreta velo sedet, laudesque nostras avidissimis
10 auribus excipit. versus quidem meos cantat etiam formatque cithara non artifice aliquo docente, sed amore qui magister est optimus.

his ex causis in spem certissimam adducor, perpetuam nobis maioremque in dies futuram esse concordiam. non enim aetatem meam aut corpus, quae paulatim occidunt ac senescunt, sed gloriam diligit. nec aliud decet tuis manibus educatam, tuis praeceptis
15 institutam, quae nihil in contubernio tuo viderit nisi sanctum honestumque, quae denique amare me ex tua praedicatione consueverit. nam cum matrem meam parentis loco vererere, me a pueritia statim formare laudare, talemque qualis nunc uxori meae videor, ominari solebas. certatim ergo tibi gratias agimus, ego quod illam mihi, illa quod me sibi dederis, quasi invicem elegeris. vale.

Letter 29 = Pliny Ep. 6.7

C. PLINIUS CALPURNIAE SUAE S.

scribis te absentia mea non mediocriter affici unumque habere solacium, quod pro me libellos meos teneas, saepe etiam in vestigio meo colles. gratum est quod nos requiris, gratum quod his fomentis acquiescis; invicem ego epistulas tuas lectito atque identidem in
5 manus quasi novas sumo. sed eo magis ad desiderium tui accendor: nam cuius litterae tantum habent suavitatis, huius sermonibus quantum dulcedinis inest! tu tamen quam frequentissime scribe, licet hoc ita me delectet ut torqueat. vale.

Section 2: Ovid and Latin Love-poetry

OVID

Poem 1 = Ovid *Amores* 1.1

- arma gravi numero violentaque bella parabam
edere, materia conveniente modis.
par erat inferior versus; risisse Cupido
dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.
5 “quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina iuris?
Pieridum vates, non tua, turba sumus.
quid, si praeripiat flavae Venus arma Minervae,
ventilet accensas flava Minerva faces?
10 quis probet in silvis Cererem regnare iugosis,
lege pharetratae Virginis arva coli?
crinibus insignem quis acuta cuspide Phoebum
instruat, Aoniam Marte movente lyram?
sunt tibi magna, puer, nimiumque potentia regna:
cur opus adfectas ambitiose novum?
15 an, quod ubique, tuum est? tua sunt Heliconia tempe?
vix etiam Phoebus iam lyra tuta sua est?
cum bene surrexit versu nova pagina primo,
attenuat nervos proximus ille meos.
nec mihi materia est numeris levioribus apta,
20 aut puer aut longas compta puella comas.”
questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille soluta
legit in exitium spicula facta meum,
lunavitque genu sinuosum fortiter arcum,
“quod” que “canas, vates, accipe” dixit “opus!”
25 me miserum! certas habuit puer ille sagittas.
uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.
sex mihi surgat opus numeris, in quinque residat;
ferrea cum vestris bella valete modis.
cingere litorea flaventia tempora myrto,
30 Musa per undenos emodulanda pedes.

Poem 2 = Ovid *Amores* 1.2

- esse quid hoc dicam, quod tam mihi dura videntur
strata, neque in lecto pallia nostra sedent,
et vacuus somno noctem, quam longa, peregi,
lassaque versati corporis ossa dolent?
5 nam, puto, sentirem, si quo temptarer amore —
an subit et tecta callidus arte nocet?
sic erit: haeserunt tenues in corde sagittae,
et possessa ferus pectora versat Amor.
cedimus, an subitum luctando accendimus ignem?
10 cedamus: leve fit, quod bene fertur, onus.
vidi ego iactatas mota face crescere flammam
et vidi nullo concutiente mori.
verbera plura ferunt quam quos iuvat usus aratri,
detractant prensi dum iuga prima, boves.
15 asper equus duris contunditur ora lupatis:
frena minus sentit, quisquis ad arma facit.

acrius invitos multoque ferocius urget,
 quam qui servitium ferre fatentur, Amor.
 en ego, confiteor, tua sum nova praeda, Cupido;
 20 porrigimus victas ad tua iura manus.
 nil opus est bello: pacem veniamque rogamus;
 nec tibi laus armis victus inermis ero.
 necte comam myrto, maternas iunge columbas;
 qui deceat, currum vitricus ipse dabit;
 25 inque dato curru, populo clamante triumphum,
 stabis et adiunctas arte movebis aves.
 ducentur capti iuvenes captaeque puellae:
 haec tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.
 ipse ego, praeda recens, factum modo vulnus habebō
 30 et nova captiva vincula mente feram.
 Mens Bona ducetur manibus post terga retortis
 et Pudor, et castris quidquid Amoris obest.
 omnia te metuent; ad te sua bracchia tendens
 vulgus "io" magna voce "triumphe!" canet.
 35 Blanditiae comites tibi erunt Errorque Furorque,
 assidue partes turba secuta tuas.
 his tu militibus superas hominesque deosque;
 haec tibi si demas commoda, nudus eris.
 laeta triumphanti de summo mater Olympo
 40 plaudet et appositas sparget in ora rosas.
 tu pinnas gemma, gemma variante capillos
 ibis in auratis aureus ipse rotis.
 tum quoque non paucos, si te bene novimus, ures;
 tum quoque praeteriens vulnera multa dabis.
 45 non possunt, licet ipse velis, cessare sagittae;
 fervida vicino flamma vapore nocet.
 talis erat domita Bacchus Gangetide terra:
 tu gravis alitibus, tigribus ille fuit.
 ergo cum possim sacri pars esse triumphī,
 50 parce tuas in me perdere victor opes.
 aspice cognati felicia Caesaris arma:
 qua vicit, victos protegit ille manu.

Poem 3 = Ovid *Amores* 1.3

iusta precor: quae me nuper praedata puella est,
 aut amet aut faciat, cur ego semper amem.
 a, nimium volui: tantum patiatu'r amari;
 audierit nostras tot Cytherea preces.
 5 accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviat annos;
 accipe, qui pura norit amare fide.
 si me non veterum commendant magna parentum
 nomina, si nostri sanguinis auctor eques,
 nec meus innumeris renovatur campus aratris,
 10 temperat et sumptus parcus uterque parens,
 at Phoebus comitesque novem vitisque repertor
 hac faciunt et me qui tibi donat Amor,
 et nulli cessura fides, sine crimine mores
 nudaque simplicitas purpureusque pudor.
 15 non mihi mille placent, non sum desultor amoris:
 tu mihi, si qua fides, cura perennis eris;

tecum, quos dederint annos mihi fila sororum,
 vivere contingat teque dolente mori;
 te mihi materiem felicem in carmina praebe:
 20 provenient causa carmina digna sua.
 carmine nomen habent exterrita cornibus lo
 et quam fluminea lusit adulter ave
 quaeque super pontum simulato vecta iuvenco
 virginea tenuit cornua vara manu.
 25 nos quoque per totum pariter cantabimur orbem
 iunctaque semper erunt nomina nostra tuis.

Poem 4 = Ovid *Amores* 1.5

aestus erat, mediamque dies exegerat horam;
 apposui medio membra levanda toro.
 pars adaperta fuit, pars altera clausa fenestrae,
 quale fere silvae lumen habere solent,
 5 qualia sublucent fugiente crepuscula Phoebos
 aut ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.
 illa verecundis lux est praebenda puellis,
 qua timidus latebras speret habere pudor.
 ecce, Corinna venit tunica velata recincta,
 10 candida dividua colla tegente coma,
 qualiter in thalamos famosa Semiramis isse
 dicitur et multis Lais amata viris.
 deripui tunicam; nec multum rara nocebat,
 pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi,
 15 cumque ita pugnaret tamquam quae vincere nollet,
 victa est non aegre prodicione sua.
 ut stetit ante oculos posito velamine nostros,
 in toto nusquam corpore menda fuit:
 quos umeros, quales vidi tetigique lacertos!
 20 forma papillarum quam fuit apta premi!
 quam castigato planus sub pectore venter!
 quantum et quale latus! quam iuvenale femur!
 singula quid referam? nil non laudabile vidi,
 et nudam pressi corpus ad usque meum.
 25 cetera quis nescit? lassique requievimus ambo.
 proveniant medii sic mihi saepe dies.

Poem 5 = Ovid *Amores* 1.6

It's a dog's life for you, porter, chained to the wall. You're entitled
 To something better. Come now, let's hear that door
 Creak open, sweet music of rusty hinges. I'm not demanding
 Any outsize favour. Just give me a wide enough crack
 5 To squeeze through sideways. Love's melted off my poundage,
 I'm a shadow, a skeleton. One inch – or two – is enough.
 Love will teach you to creep undetected past watchful sentries,
 He'll never let you put a foot wrong.
 I used to be scared of the dark and its empty phantoms,
 10 Was amazed by anyone who went out at night.
 Then came a snicker of laughter – quite audible – from Cupid
 And his sexy mother. "You too can be brave," they said,
 And presto! I was in love. Nowadays neither flitting ghosts nor
 Murderous footpads cause me the slightest qualms.

15 It's just *you* I fear. You're stubborn. You alone need my flattery;
 You hold the bolt that could finish me off.
 Just look at this doorpost, all wet with my tears. (If you want a
 Really good view of it, why not undo the bars?)
 When you were stripped for that flogging, and all ashiver,

20 Didn't I get your mistress to let you off?
 Have you the gall to suggest that the favour I once showed you
 Can be paid with any lesser service in return?
 One good turn merits another. Here's your chance to get what you're after —
The night is passing: slide that door bolt free!

25 Just slide it — I tell you, you'll win reprieve from your long bondage,
 Goodbye to the endless bread and water of servitude! —
 No good. You're a hard case, porter. All my entreaties
 Fall on deaf ears. The door stays barred. Such tough
 Oak-battened defences are fine when a city lies under

30 Siege — but where's the invader now,
 In peacetime? Shut out a lover, what's left for your enemies?
The night is passing: slide that door bolt free.
 No army marches behind me, I'm innocent of weapons —
 If it weren't for that incubus Love

35 I'd be on my own. But he can never be got rid of:
 Simpler, for me, to tear body and soul apart.
 One poet, then, mildly fuddled, with Love as escort
 And a cock-eyed wreath set askew
 On his sticky-damp hair. Who'd shrink from such an attacker?

40 *The night is passing: slide that door bolt free.*
 Still obstinate? Or asleep? God damn you, have my entreaties
 Been wasted on empty air?
 Yet, as I recall, when first I tried to slip past you,
 You stayed awake till all hours

45 Watching the stars wheel round. Got a girl in your cubbyhole?
 If so, you're one up on me.
 Only give me the same chance — I'd take on your shackles.
The night is passing: slide that door bolt free.
 Listen — didn't I catch the creak of the hinges, the labouring
 scratch of an opened door? —

50 No such luck. Just a random gust, rattling the woodwork,
 Blowing my hopes sky-high.
 Boreas, flame of a north wind, remember your air-raped
 Bride, come thunder these deaf posts down for me!

55 Silence throughout the city: damp with bright dewfall.
The night is passing: slide that door bolt free.
 I've a sword and a torch, I'm ready to storm this standoffish
 Mansion by frontal assault —
 Darkness, desire and drink don't make for moderation,

60 Night removes self-restraint; the others, fear.
 I've exhausted my repertoire. Neither threats nor entreaties
 Can shift you. You're tougher than the door itself.
 Guarding pretty girls isn't your forte. Man, you'd do better
 As a warder in some top-security gaol.

65 Already the morning star's at its frosty zenith, and cockcrow
 Shatters poor workers' dreams.
 I'm not exactly happy. Well, I'll take off this garland
 And leave it lying right on the front step.

Come morning, my mistress will find it there, mute witness
70 To this wasted vigil of mine.
I'd better be off now. You stuck to it. Duty is duty,
No Lovers Admitted. So, goodbye,
You and your door, slaves both. For unfeeling toughness
You're just about evenly matched.

Poem 6 = Ovid Amores 1.7

Any friend of mine here? Then tie up my hands (proper shackles
Are what they deserve) until
This frenzy has blown itself out. I went mad, I assaulted
My mistress. The poor girl's hurt, and in tears.
5 My rage was such, though, I could have beat up my own parents,
Horsewhipped the blessed gods.
Well, there *are* precedents – like sevenfold-shielded Ajax
When he ran amok through the meadows, slaughtering sheep,
Or Orestes the mother-killer, sick instrument of paternal
10 Vengeance, all ready to knock off
His pursuing Furies. What I did (no excuses!) was mess up
Her new coiffure. Like that, in disarray,
It looked splendidly windswept. Oh, her beauty – like Atalanta's
(I suppose) while hunting game on the Arcadian hills,
15 Or Ariadne's, all tears as the cruel sirocco lifted
Theseus, ship and promises, out of her life; –
And what price, Cassandra, about to be raped, in chaste Athena's
Shrine, on her knees? But she was a priestess, so
Wore her hair in a snood. Unanimous verdict: I'd been a brute, a
20 Madman. Only she said nothing. She was too scared
Yet her silent, frozen expression still condemned me, her speechless
Tears proclaimed my guilt.
I'd sooner have had my arms fall from their sockets – easier
To forego a part of myself. I found
25 A madman's strength – but it turned to my disadvantage,
My toughness did me no good.
Hands, agents of crime and violence, I disown you!
Clap on the gyves. The charge is sacrilege.
If I beat up Rome's lowest bum, *and he was a citizen*,
30 I'd be for it. Have I any more right to hit my girl?
Well, Diomedes started it. He set me a bad example –
First man to strike a goddess. I came next.
Yet Diomedes proved less culpable. *His* fury was expended
On an enemy. *I* hurt the girl I said I loved.
35 Come on now, conquering hero, enjoy your magnificent
Triumph, wear laurel, give thanks to the gods –
And hark to the crowd, as it surges behind your chariot, calling
“Up the brave boyo who defeated – a girl!”
She'll walk ahead, poor sweet, hair all dishevelled, dead-white
40 Except for the scratches on her cheeks –
My one and only captive. Bruised lips, bites around neck and shoulders
Would have made more appropriate scars.
Last point: if I had to boil over like some furious torrent,
Transported with sheer rage,
45 Couldn't I just have scared her by shouting, bawled her
Out in fine style, made threats – but have known

When to stop? I could have ripped down her dress from neck to waistline –
 The belt would have stopped me there.
 Instead, I grabbed the hair off her forehead, tore at those ladylike
 50 Cheeks with my nails. I admit it. I was a brute.
 She stood there, bewildered. Her face had gone pale and bloodless
 As new-sawn marble, I watched
 The numbness grip her, a shudder ran through her body
 Like a breeze in the poplar-leaves,
 55 Or rippling across a reed bed or ruffling catspaws
 Sketched on the skin of the sea.
 Tears brimmed in her eyes, spilled over at last, descended
 Like drops from melting snow.
 It was then that I first began to feel the enormity
 60 Of what I had done. Those tears she shed were my blood.
 Three times I tried to kneel before her in supplication
 And clasp her feet. Three times
 She thrust off those nightmare hands. Don't hesitate, darling,
 Scratch my face back. Revenge
 65 Will lessen the agony. Eyes, hair, have your will of them:
 Anger lends strength to a weak hand.
 Or else, at least remove the signs of my misdemeanour –
 Just rearrange your hair as it was before.

Poem 7 = Ovid *Amores* 1.9

militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;
 Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.
 quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas:
 turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.
 5 quos petiere duces annos in milite forti,
 hos petit in socio bella puella viro.
 pervigilant ambo, terra requiescit uterque;
 ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis.
 militis officium longa est via: mitte puellam,
 10 strenuus exempto fine sequetur amans.
 ibit in adversos montes duplicataque nimbo
 flumina, congestas exeret ille nives,
 nec freta pressurus tumidos causabitur Euros
 aptave verrendis sidera quaeret aquis.
 15 quis nisi vel miles vel amans et frigora noctis
 et denso mixtas perferet imbre nives?
 mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes,
 in rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet.
 ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae
 20 obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores.
 saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes
 caedere et armata vulgus inerme manu.
 sic fera Threicii ceciderunt agmina Rhesi,
 et dominum capti deseruistis equi.
 25 nempe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes,
 et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent.
 custodum transire manus vigilumque catervas
 militis et miseri semper amantis opus.
 Mars dubius, nec certa Venus: victique resurgunt,
 30 quosque neges umquam posse iacere, cadunt.

ergo desidiam quicumque vocabat amorem,
 desinat: ingenii est experientis amor.
 ardet in abducta Briseide maestus Achilles
 (dum licet, Argeas frangite, Troes, opes);
 35 Hector ab Andromaches complexibus ibat ad arma,
 et galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat;
 summa ducum, Atrides, visa Priameide fertur
 Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis.
 Mars quoque deprensus fabrilia vincula sensit:
 40 notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit.
 ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus;
 mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos;
 impulit ignavum formosae cura puellae
 iussit et in castris aera merere suis.
 45 inde vides agilem nocturnaque bella gerentem:
 qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet.

Poem 8 = Ovid *Amores* 1.11

colligere incertos et in ordine ponere crines
 docta neque ancillas inter habenda Nape
 inque ministeriis furtivae cognita noctis
 utilis et dandis ingeniosa notis,
 5 saepe venire ad me dubitantem hortata Corinnam,
 saepe laboranti fida reperta mihi,
 accipe et ad dominam peraratas mane tabellas
 perfer et obstantes sedula pelle moras.
 nec silicum venae nec durum in pectore ferrum,
 10 nec tibi simplicitas ordine maior adest;
 credibile est et te sensisse Cupidinis arcus:
 in me militiae signa tuere tuae.
 si quaeret quid agam, spe noctis vivere dices;
 cetera fert blanda cera notata manu.
 15 dum loquor, hora fugit: vacuae bene redde tabellas,
 verum continuo fac tamen illa legat.
 aspicias oculos mando frontemque legentis:
 et tacito vultu scire futura licet.
 nec mora, perlectis rescribat multa iubeto:
 20 odi, cum late splendida cera vacat.
 comprimat ordinibus versus, oculosque moretur
 margine in extremo littera rasa meos.
 quid digitos opus est graphio lassare tenendo?
 hoc habeat scriptum tota tabella "veni."
 25 non ego victrices lauro redimire tabellas
 nec Veneris media ponere in aede morer.
 subscribam VENERI FIDAS SIBI NASO MINISTRAS
 DEDICAT. AT NUPER VILE FUISTIS ACER.

Poem 9 = Ovid *Amores* 1.12

flete meos casus: tristes rediere tabellae;
 infelix hodie littera posse negat.
 omina sunt aliquid: modo cum discedere vellet,
 ad limen digitos restitit icta Nape.
 5 missa foras iterum limen transire memento
 cautius atque alte sobria ferre pedem.

ite hinc, difficiles, funebria ligna, tabellae,
 tuque, negaturis cera referta notis,
 quam, puto, de longae collectam flore cicutae
 10 melle sub infami Corsica misit apis.
 at tamquam minio penitus medicata rubebas:
 ille color vere sanguinolentus erat.
 proiectae triviis iaceatis, inutile lignum,
 vosque rotae frangat praetereuntis onus.
 15 illum etiam, qui vos ex arbore vertit in usum,
 convincam puras non habuisse manus.
 praebuit illa arbor misero suspendia collo,
 carnifici diras praebuit illa cruces;
 illa dedit turpes raucis bubonibus umbras,
 20 vulturis in ramis et strigis ova tulit.
 his ego commisi nostros insanus amores
 molliaque ad dominam verba ferenda dedi?
 aptius hae capiant vadimonia garrula cerae,
 quas aliquis duro cognitor ore legat;
 25 inter ephemeridas melius tabulasque iacerent,
 in quibus absumptas fleret avarus opes.
 ergo ego vos rebus duplices pro nomine sensi:
 auspicii numerus non erat ipse boni.
 quid precer iratus, nisi vos cariota senectus
 30 rodat, et immundo cera sit alba situ?

Poem 10 = Ovid *Amores* 1.15

quid mihi, Livor edax, ignavos obicis annos
 ingeniique vocas carmen inertis opus,
 non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet aetas,
 praemia militiae pulverulenta sequi
 5 nec me verbosas leges ediscere nec me
 ingrato vocem prostituisse foro?
 mortale est, quod quaeris, opus; mihi fama perennis
 quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.
 vivet Maeonides, Tenedos dum stabit et Ide,
 10 dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas;
 vivet et Ascraeus, dum mustis uva tumebit,
 dum cadet incurva falce resecta Ceres.
 Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe:
 quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.
 15 nulla Sophocleo veniet iactura cothurno;
 cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit.
 dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena
 vivent et meretrix blanda, Menandros erit.
 Ennius arte carens animosique Accius oris
 20 casurum nullo tempore nomen habent.
 Varronem primamque ratem quae nesciet aetas
 aureaque Aesonio terga petita duci?
 carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
 exitio terras cum dabit una dies.
 25 Tityrus et fruges Aeneiaque arma legentur,
 Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit.
 donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
 discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui.

Gallus et Hesperii et Gallus notus Eois,
 30 et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.
 ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri
 depereant aevo, carmina morte carent:
 cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
 cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi.
 35 vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
 pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua,
 sustineamque coma metuentem frigora myrtum
 atque a sollicito multus amante legar.
 pascitur in vivis Livor; post fata quiescit,
 40 cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.
 ergo etiam cum me supremus adederit ignis,
 vivam, parsque mei multa superstes erit.

Poem 11 = Ovid *Amores* 2.7

Am I always to be on trial against new accusations?
 Pleading my case so often, win or lose, is a bore.
 Suppose we're at the theatre: one backward glance, and your jealous
 Eye will deduce a mistress up in the gods.
 5 Any good-looking woman need only quiz me – at once you're
 Convinced it's a put-up job.
 If I say a girl's nice, you try to tear my hair out;
 If I damn her, you think I'm covering up.
 If my complexion is healthy, that means I've gone off you;
 10 If pale, then I'm dying of love for someone else.
 How I wish I'd some genuine infidelity on my conscience –
 The guilty find punishment easier to take.
 But by such wild accusations and false assumptions
 You devalue your rage. Don't forget
 15 How the wretched long-eared ass, when too heavily beaten,
 Gets stubborn, goes slow.
 And now this fresh "crime" – I've been having an affair with
 Cypassis, your lady's-maid!
 If I really wanted some fun on the side, I ask you, would I
 20 Pick a lower-class drudge? God forbid –
 What gentleman would fancy making love to a servant,
 Embracing that lash-scarred back?
 Besides, she's an expert coiffeuse, her skilful styling
 Has made her your favourite. What?
 25 Proposition a maid so devoted to her mistress?
 Not likely. She'd turn me down – and blab.
 By Venus and the bow of her winged offspring,
 I protest my innocence!

Poem 12 = Ovid *Amores* 2.8

O expert in creating a thousand hairstyles, worthy
 To have none but goddesses form your clientele,
 Cypassis! – and (as I know from our stolen pleasures)
 No country beginner: just right
 5 For your mistress, but righter for me – what malicious gossip
 Put the finger on us? How did Corinna know
 About our sleeping together? I didn't blush, did I,
 Or blurt out some telltale phrase?

I'm sorry I told her no man in his proper senses
10 Could go overboard for a maid –
Achilles fell madly in love with *his* maid, Briseis,
 Agamemnon was besotted by the slave –
Priestess Cassandra. I can't pretend to be socially up on
 Those two – then why should I despise
15 What's endorsed by royalty? Anyway, when Corinna
 Shot *you* a dirty look, you blushed right up.
It was *my* presence of mind, if you remember, that saved us,
 When I swore that convincing oath –
(Venus, goddess, *please* make the warm siroccos
20 Blow my innocent perjury out to sea!)
I did you a good turn. Now it's time for repayment.
 Dusky Cypassis, I want to sleep with you. Today.
Don't shake your head and play scared, you ungrateful creature,
 You're under a condominium of two
25 And only one's satisfied. If you're silly enough to refuse, I'll
 Reveal all we've done in the past, betray my own
Betrayal. I'll tell your mistress just where we met, and how often,
 And how many times we did it, *and* in what ways!

CATULLUS

Poem 13 = Catullus 7

quaeris quot mihi basiationes
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
5 oraclum Iovis inter aestuosi
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores:
tam te basia multa basiare
10 vesano satis et super Catullo est,
quae nec pernumerare curiosi
possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

Poem 14 = Catullus 11

Furi et Aureli comites Catulli,
sive in extremos penetrabit Indos,
litus ut longe resonante Eoa
tunditur unda,
5 sive in Hyrcanos Arabesve molles,
seu Sagas sagittiferosve Parthos,
sive quae septemgeminus colorat
aequora Nilus,
sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
10 Caesaris visens monimenta magni,
Gallicum Rhenum horribile aequor ulti —
mosque Britannos,
omnia haec, quaecumque feret voluntas
caelitum, temptare simul parati,
15 pauca nuntiate meae puellae
non bona dicta.
cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
20 ilia rumpens;
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
tactus aratro est.

Poem 15 = Catullus 51

That man seems to me to be
Equal to a god
If it is acceptable to say
He surpasses the gods.

- 5 Sitting opposite
Over and over again he sees and hears you
Laughing sweetly
Something which
Tears all senses from me, poor wretch
- 10 For as soon as I have caught a glimpse of you,
Lesbia, I'm left with nothing (speechless).
My tongue is paralyzed.
A subtle flame spreads through my limbs.
My ears ring with a sound that is all their own.
- 15 My eyes are veiled in twin darkness.

Poem 16 = Catullus 70

Lesbia says she'd rather marry me
Than anyone,
 though Jupiter himself came asking
or so she says,

- 5 but what a woman tells her lover in desire
should be written out on air & running water.

Poem 17 = Catullus 72

There was a time, Lesbia, when
you confessed only to Catullus in love:
you would set me above Jupiter himself.
I loved you then

- 5 not as men love their women
but as a father his children – his family.
Today I know you too well
 and desire burns deeper in me
and you are more coarse
- 10 more frivolous in my thought.
“How”, you may ask, “can this be?”
Such actions as yours excite
 Increased violence of love,
Lesbia, but with friendless intention.

Poem 18 = Catullus 76

siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere nullo
divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
5 multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt.
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
10 quare iam te cur amplius excrucies?
quin tu animo offirmas atque istinc teque reducis,
et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
difficile est longum subito deponere amorem,
difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias:
15 una salus haec est. hoc est tibi pervincendum,
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
o di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum aspicate et, si vitam puriter egi,
20 eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
quae mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitas.
non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
25 ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

Poem 19 = Catullus 85

odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

PROPERTIUS

Poem 20 = Propertius 1.1

- Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
5 donec me docuit castas odisse puellas
improbis, et nullo vivere consilio.
ei mihi, iam toto furor hic non deficit anno,
cum tamen adversos cogor habere deos.
Milanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores
10 saevitiam durae contudit lasidos.
nam modo Partheniis amens errabat in antris,
ibat et hirsutas ille videre feras;
ille etiam Hylaei percussus vulnere rami
saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.
15 ergo velocem potuit domuisse puellam:
tantum in amore fides et benefacta valent.
in me tardus Amor non ullas cogitat artes,
nec meminit notas, ut prius, ire vias.
- But you whose trick it is to lure the moon from heaven,
20 And task to solemnize rites in magic altar-fire,
Come change my mistress' mind
And make her face blanche paler than my own! –
Then I shall believe that you can draw
The stars and rivers with Colchian spells.
25 And, friends, that call me back from decline,
Seek out the remedies for unsound hearts:
I shall bear with fortitude cauterization and knife,
If only I'm free to speak as my anger wants.
Carry me through the farthest peoples and seas,
30 Where never a woman can follow my spoor.
- Stay, to whom the god inclines a compliant ear:
Be always nicely matched in a safe love.
Our Venus plies bitter nights against me,
And at no time does Love either rest or cease.
35 Be warned, avoid my woe. Let each be held by
His own suit, don't change the seat of accustomed love!
But if anyone heeds my warning too late, alas,
How grievously he will recall my words.

Poem 21 = Propertius 1.2

- Now what's the point, my love,
In sallying forth with an elaborate hair-do,
Parading in rippling Coan silk?
Why drench your hair in Orontean myrrh,
5 And promote yourself with exotic favours,
And ruin natural grace with purchased show,
And not allow your limbs
To glisten with their own goodness?
No beauty parlour for you, believe me:
10 Naked Love loves no artificial beauty.

Observe what tints the lovely earth puts forth:
 The better ivies come of themselves,
 The lovelier arbutus grows in lonely grottoes,
 Pure water flows in unimproved courses,
 15 Beaches gemmed with native pebbles seduce,
 Birds sing the sweeter for lack of art.

Leucippus' Phoebe did not set fire to Castor thus,
 Nor her sister Hilairia to Pollux by show:
 Nor Evenus' daughter, once the quarrel between
 20 Idas and ardent Phoebus, by her father's coasts:
 Nor did Hippodamia, drawn away
 In a foreign chariot, lure with a false
 Brilliance her Phrygian husband.
 The colours those of Apelles' paintings,
 25 Their beauty was not in debt to jewels.
 Their cause was not the collection of lovers at large:
 Beauty great because chaste sufficed for them.

I no longer fear that I'm cheaper to you than those:
 If she pleases one, a girl makes show enough —
 30 In especial when Phoebus lends his songs to you,
 And Calliope readily her Aonian lyre,
 And grace unparalleled informs the agreeable words,
 All things whatever that Venus,
 And those that Minerva approves.
 35 This way you will always be most dear to me —
 If only you'd tire of this pitiful extravagance!

Poem 22 = Propertius 1.3

As on the lonely beach the Cnossian lay
 Fainting while Theseus' keel receded;
 As Cepheus' Andromeda, freed at last
 From the rocks, reclined in her first sleep;
 5 As one exhausted in the relentless Thracian
 Ring-dance falls in a heap on Apidanus' sword;
 Just so, it seemed to me, did Cynthia breathe
 Soft quietude, head propped on outspread hands,
 When deep in wine I dragged my footsteps in
 10 As the slaves shook up the late-night torches.

I, not yet quite totally deprived of all my senses,
 Endeavoured softly to go to her dented bed —
 Although here Love, here Wine, each god strong
 As the other, ordered me, goaded with double fire,
 15 Lightly to pass my arm beneath her prostrate form
 And seize and hold her, venturing kisses.

Yet, fearing the furious objurgations I knew so well,
 I did not dare disturb my mistress' peace:
 Fast I stood, with riveted eyes, like Argus
 20 Before Inachus' daughter's strange horns.
 Now I untied the garland from my head,
 And put it, Cynthia, about your brows.
 And now I joyed to arrange your straying locks,
 And covertly place apples in your hands:
 25 But I lavished all my gifts on thankless sleep —
 The gifts that rolled profuse from my leaning breast!

And when you stirred at times and heaved a sigh,
 I stood transfixed with empty apprehension
 Lest visions brought you unaccustomed dread
 30 And someone strove to make you, unwilling, his:
 But then the moon, fleeting past the open shutters,
 The officious moon, whose light would linger,
 Opened with gentle beams your eyes becalmed.

 Her elbow propped in the soft bed, then she said:
 35 "Has another's "injustice" chased you out and shut
 The doors and brought you back, at last to me?
 Where have you squandered the watches of my night,
 And droop (alas for me) now the stars are put out?
 If only you might endure, you shameless man, such nights
 40 As you always enforce on my misfortune!

 I have eluded sleep with nitid weaving,
 And then, worn out, with a song to Orpheus' lyre,
 Lamented quietly in my loneliness
 Your frequent long delays in love with strangers
 45 Until Oblivion brushed my sinking form
 With his welcome wings. And that
 Was my latest concern, amid my tears."

Poem 23 = Propertius 1.7

Ponticus, while you sing of Cadmean Thebes
 And the grievous arms of fraternal battle,
 And contend, so help me gods, with the nonpareil
 Homer, provided the Fates are kind to your verse;
 5 I, as is my wont, pursue my desires,
 And seek some means to soften my hard mistress:
 I'm forced to serve not my wit so much as grief,
 And protest about the harsh trials of my prime.

 This is the fame and crumbling of my life,
 10 And hence comes the name I seek from art:
 Let my praise be just that I pleased a talented girl,
 Ponticus, and often bore her unfair scorn:
 Let unrequited suitors hereafter read me,
 May study of my ills advantage them.

 15 If the crackshot Boy convulse you with his bow
 (As I might wish he had not ravished me),
 You shall piteously mourn the camps to no avail,
 The seven distant armies lying dumb
 And mouldered in perpetual neglect:
 20 In vain you'll wish to write romantic verse —
 Belated, Love shall not inform your songs.

 Then you'll wonder often at me, no stunted poet,
 And I shall be preferred of Roman wits.
 The youths will not keep silence by my grave:
 25 "Great poet of our ardours, here you lie!"
 Take care your pride does not disparage my songs:
 When Love comes late his tax is often high.

Poem 24 = Propertius 1.16

I that was once flung wide for mighty triumphs,
The portal named for Tarpeia's modesty,
Whose threshold gold-plated chariots thronged,
And suppliant tears of prisoners made wet,
5 Now am stricken by drunkards' nightly brawls,
Often I groan at the thumps of unworthy fists,
Nor do I lack unsightly garlands hung up,
And torches lie as signs to those excluded.
Honour surrendered to lewd graffiti, I cannot
10 Ward off scandalous nights from my mistress:
Her life more foul than this generation's rankness,
She's not converted to spare her own good name.

So now I'm forced to weep in deeper despair,
Sadder by this suitor's long alfresco vigil:
15 He never suffers my pillars to rest,
Rehearsing his poems with insinuating charm.
"Door, more inwardly cruel than my mistress' self,
Why are your silent, stern panels closed to me?
Ignorant how to feel, and forward my secret suit,
20 Why do you never, unbarred, let in my desires?
And shall no end be ceded to my woe?
Shall even unsightly sleep lie here on your tepid step?
Midnight, full stars, and the icy breezes
Of dawn's frost pinch me lying here:
25 You only never compassionate man's aches,
Your silent hinges not reciprocate my prayers.

Would that some chink might transmit my whisper
And make my mistress prick her stubborn ears!
Then if she were more stubborn than Sicily's rocks,
30 Then if she were harder than iron and steel,
She yet should not have power to soothe her precious eyes,
And a sigh should surface amid reluctant tears.
Now she lies fast in another's blest arms,
My words fade on the zephyrs of night.

35 You are the only, you the special cause of my grief,
Door, never persuaded by my bribes.
Though used to tell all in angry scenes,
No insolence of my tongue has injured you
That you should tolerate my being made hoarse
40 By loud complaints, to keep a night-long vigil,
Agitatedly waiting in the street outside.
For you I've often drawn out new lines of verse,
And given close-pressing kisses to your steps.
How often I've turned from your perfidious pillars,
45 And discreetly produced the offerings due!"

With this and whatever you hapless lovers invent,
Thus he drowns out the birds' dawn-chorus.
Thus for my mistress' faults and her lover's tears
Am I forever continually defamed.

TIBULLUS

Poem 25 = Tibullus 1.1, 41–78

I do not miss my ancestors' former wealth and the profit
My forefathers got from the stored-up grain.
A small crop is enough; enough indeed to rest on a mattress,
If I can, and refresh my limbs on my familiar bed.
5 How pleasant to hear the unbending gales from the bedroom,
Holding my mistress in my unwarlike arms;
Or when a wintry Auster has poured out its icy waters,
To pursue, with the rain's assistance, a carefree sleep.
This is all the luck I want; he may be the rich one rightly,
10 Who can endure the madness of the sea and the unsmiling rains.
All the gold there is, and all the emeralds may perish,
Sooner than that any girl should weep for my journeyings.

te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,
ut domus hostiles praeferat exuvias;
15 me retinent vinctum formosae vincla puellae,
et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.
non ego laudari curo, mea Delia; tecum
dum modo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer.
te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
20 te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
flebis et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,
tristibus et lacrimis oscula mixta dabis.
flebis: non tua sunt duro praecordia ferro
vincta, neque in tenero stat tibi corde silex.
25 illo non iuvenis poterit de funere quisquam
lumina, non virgo, sicca referre domum.
tu manes ne laede meos, sed parce solutis
crinibus et teneris, Delia, parce genis.
interea, dum fata sinunt, iungamus amores:
30 iam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput,
iam subrepet iners aetas, nec amare decebit,
dicere nec cano blanditias capite.
nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum frangere postes
non pudet et rixas inseruisse iuvat.
35 hic ego dux milesque bonus: vos, signa tubaeque,
ite procul, cupidis vulnera ferte viris,
ferte et opes: ego composito securus acervo
despiciam dites despiciamque famem.

Poem 26 = Tibullus 1.2

Strengthen the wine, drown these fresh agonies,
That sleep may overpower my weary eyes;
Let none wake me as Bacchus stuns my brain,
And my doomed love finds its relief from pain.
5 My girl is now watched by a cruel guard,
Her solid door is shut and firmly barred.
You, uncomplaisant keeper's door, may showers,
Lash you, and thunderbolts hurled by Jove's powers.
Swayed by my tears, open for me alone,
10 And, as I turn your hinge-post, do not groan.

If I have cursed you in my insanity,
 Forgive it – let the curses fall on me.
 Remember now those litany-filled hours,
 When on your posts I hung my wreaths of flowers.

15 And, Delia, you must boldly trick your guard;
 Venus herself assists those who have dared,
 And youths who attempt thresholds not tried before,
 And girls who will unlatch a fast-barred door.
 She teaches stealth in creeping out of bed,

20 And how to place the feet with noiseless tread,
 How one may talk under a husband's eyes
 With nods, and with set signs speak pleasantries –
 But not to all – those sloth has not delay'd
 She helps, nor night's thick darkness made afraid.

25 Roaming the city in distress by night
 I find no harm, protected by her might.
 She will let no one meet me with a sword
 To wound, or rob my clothes for his reward.
 Once in love's power one may pass anywhere –

30 Sacrosanct; ambushes can cause no fear.
 The chills of winter night can do no harm;
 I face the soaking showers without alarm;
 No hardship – if she unbars the doorway wide,
 Snaps her fingers, and summons me inside.

35 All people who approach us, spare your eyes;
 It's Venus' will to hide her robberies.
 Don't scare us with loud footsteps, or inquire
 Our names, or come close with the torch's fire.
 If someone does by chance see, he must hide

40 The fact; by all gods it must be denied.
 If someone talks he'll find Venus to be
 True child of blood and of the raging sea;
 Your husband won't believe him in his heart –
 I learnt this through a witch's magic art.

45 I've seen her drawing stars down from the sky,
 And turning rapid streams by sorcery;
 She splits the soil, and from beneath their stones
 Draws ghosts, and from warm pyres calls bones.
 With crooning spells she holds shades from below –

50 She sprinkles them with milk, and back they go.
 At will she drives the clouds from heaven's grim face,
 Hides summer skies, and calls snow in their place.
 She knows Medea's every poisonous herb,
 And Hecat's wild hounds she alone can curb.

55 She wrote a spell, that you might steal his wit –
 Chant it three times, and after each time spit.
 Then he won't credit anything that's said –
 Not his own eyes, that see us both in bed.
 Keep clear of others, though; with them he'll find

60 The truth; about me only he'll be blind.
 Why trust her? She it was said she could free
 My heart from love, by herbs and sorcery.

With fire she cleansed me and by clear moonlight
 A dusky beast fell for the dark god's rite.
 65 It was not for release I made my prayer,
 (I could not), but that you should also care.
 He must be a man of iron who could pursue
 Arms and rapine – the fool! – instead of you.
 Then let him rout Cilician regiments,
 70 And on ground won from them dispose his tents;
 Let him be wound in silver, sheathed in gold,
 Sit on a swift horse wondrous to behold;
 If but with Delia I may yoke my pair,
 And on the old hill feed my flock with her;
 75 While my unwarlike arms enfold her round,
 Softly I'll sleep even on the naked ground.
 What use to watch on a rich couch till light,
 If tears of fruitless love outlast the night?
 Embroidered rugs and feather beds can't bring
 80 Us sleep, nor water's drowsy murmuring.
 Have words of mine injured great Venus' might,
 And is my tongue now punished for the slight?
 Am I accused of entering unpurified
 Or stealing garlands from the altar-side?
 85 If I were guilty I'd fall instantly
 And kiss the temple threshold on my knee,
 And crawl prostrate along the precinct floor,
 And beat my head against the holy door.
 Beware, you who so gaily mock my fate –
 90 The god will find new victims soon or late.
 I've seen a man who mocked young love's distress
 Bowing, when old, to Venus' stern duress,
 In quavering tones composing badinage,
 And trying to prink his hair, now white with age;
 95 He stood outside her door quite undismayed,
 Or in mid-forum stopped her passing maid.
 Youths and boys jostle round; and for protection
 Each spits in his young breast to avert the infection.
 Venus, be kind; to you my heart is bound;
 100 Why burn in rage the fruits from your own ground?

Poem 27 = Tibullus 2.4

Slavery confronts me now, and a mistress –
 Farewell, my inheritance, Liberty!
 Worse! Slavery unrelieved, and chains:
 Love never eases his victims' bonds;
 5 He burns them, innocent or guilty;
 Remove the firebrands, cruel girl; I am in flames.
 To be free from the sensation of such pain,
 How preferable to be a stone on a frozen mountain,
 Or as a cliff, to bear the brunt of the raging gales,
 10 Pounded by the shipwrecking breakers of the ocean.
 Now my day is bitter, and the night shade bitterer;
 All times of day are soured with gall.

My verse and its author Apollo are no use to me;
 She's there demanding at all times, with hands cupped.

15 Keep away, Muses, if you're useless to a lover;
 I do not worship you for the celebration of war,
 Or to talk of sun's courses or the nature of the moon,
 When her back-turned chariot retraces its completed cycle.
 I only look through poetry for access to my mistress;

20 Keep away Muses, if your themes are powerless.
 I must get gifts for her by crime and murder,
 Or else lie weeping outside her bolted house;
 Or steal the decorations hung in holy shrines –
 Yes, and I must desecrate Venus above all others –

25 She is behind the evil deed, and is responsible
 For my rapacious mistress: she must feel my sacrilegious hands.
 Damnation take those who collect green emeralds,
 And dye the snow-white sheep in Tyrian purple;
 Coan dresses, and the Red Sea's iridescent shell

30 Only give girls another cause for greed.
 These have corrupted them: hence keys in doors
 And the watchdogs at the entrance.
 If you bring a fat bribe, the guard is won,
 The bolts don't bar the way, the dogs don't bark.

35 Whoever gave the lustful goddess beauty
 Brought a great good among a thousand evils!
 So sobs and arguments ring out; from this prime cause
 Love goes into the world an ill-famed vagabond.
 Fire and the whirlwind sweep off your hoarded gains,

40 For shutting lovers out who cannot find your price.
 I hope there'll be men to smile when they see that fire,
 And no busy hand to pour water on the flame.
 Death will come, and there will be none to mourn,
 Or make his offering towards your sorry funeral:

45 Whereas the good, ungrasping girl, if she lives to a hundred,
 Will be mourned with tears beside her burning pyre,
 And some old fellow in respect for his past love
 Will throw a wreath on her mound each year,
 And as he leaves, say *Rest in peace; your cares are over;*

50 *Let the earth lie light upon your bones.*
 My warning is true, but truth will not profit me;
 Love has to be pursued on its own terms.
 Go on, then, and tell me to sell my forefather's home –
 So be it! – Under the hammer, household gods!

55 All Circe's, all Medea's poisons,
 All the grasses Thessaly produces,
 All the hippomane that drips from mares in heat
 When Venus inspires the invincible hearts with passion,
 All this mixed with a thousand other herbs I'll drink for her,

60 If only my Nemesis will look on me with a kindly eye.

HORACE

Poem 28 = Horace *Odes* 1.5

quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,

5 simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora ventis
emirabitur insolens

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
10 qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis. miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
15 suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

Poem 29 = Horace *Odes* 1.13

Lydia, when you praise
Telephus' rosy neck or Telephus'
wax-white arms, alas,
my simmering liver swells with crotchety bile;

5 nor my mind nor complexion
are true to their nature, and stealthy tears
on my cheeks are symptoms
of inward maceration above slow fires;

and if some violent, drunken row
10 has marked your snowy shoulders or the ravening
boy has stamped a memento
on your lips with his teeth, I am charred.

You may not, let me tell you,
expect fidelity of the savage who injures
15 that delicious mouth which Venus
has imbued with the essence of her nectar.

Thrice happy the couple
who are not torn apart by quarrels
but are held in a bond
20 of unbroken love which only death dissolves.

Poem 30 = Horace *Odes* 1.25

The insistent blows of roistering youths
seldom rattle your shutters,
your sleep is unbroken, the door
that moved its hinges

5 so smoothly once now clings to its
jamb. Now you hear less and less:
“Lydia, do you sleep while I expire for
you the whole night long?”

A lonely crone in an alley, you in your turn
10 shall snivel for fornicators’ disdain
on moonless nights (the rising wind a
bacchante from Thrace)

when the scorching love and lust
that more usually madden mares
15 shall rage about your liver.
And you shall deplore

that pleasant young men take greater delight
in myrtle’s pale – and ivy’s dark-green
and consign dead leaves to Eurus,
20 winter’s companion.

Poem 31 = Horace *Odes* 1.33

Tibullus, don’t grieve overmuch to recall
inimical Glycera, don’t keep on declaiming
lugubrious verses querying why, faith
broken, a younger man outshines you.

5 Love for Cyrus scorches Lycoris known
for her little forehead; Cyrus inclines
to waspish Pholoe; but sooner
shall she-goats go with Apulian wolves.

than Pholoe err in shabby indiscretion.
10 This is Venus’s way: her cruel humour
is pleased to subject to her yoke of bronze
incompatible bodies and minds.

Even I, when a better love sought me,
was detained in pleasant chains by Myrtale,
15 a one-time slave-girl more stormy than
Adriatic waves rolling round to Calabria.

Poem 32 = Horace *Odes* 4.13

The Gods have heard my prayer, Lyce,
Lyce, the Gods have heard: you are old,
and yet you want to seem lovely
and sportive, and you drink,

5 and drunk you solicit indifferent Cupid
with a quavering song. Cupid, however,
keeps watch and flourishes in clever
musical Chia's fair cheeks.

Rude, he won't break his flight for sapless
10 oaks and avoids you – for yellow teeth
and wrinkles and the snow
on your head pollute you.

Nor glistening Coan silk nor precious
gems can bring you back the days
15 that transient time has shut away
in superseded calendars.

Alas, where has Venus fled, and where
complexion and graceful carriage – oh where
is she, Cinara's happy successor,
20 that she who breathed desire,

whose noted form and charming skills
usurped me from myself? To Cinara
Fates allowed few years
but Lyce shall be long

25 preserved, an aged crow,
that burning young men may study
(not without much laughter)
the torch collapsed in ashes.

[END OF TEXT]

Prescribed Text Overview

Section 1	Text	Source	Language
Introduction	Letter 1	Plautus <i>Pseudolus</i> , 23–48	Latin
Public Life and Politics	Letter 2	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 7.5	Latin and English
	Letter 3	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 7.6	Latin
	Letter 4	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 7.7	Latin
	Letter 5	Cicero <i>ad Atticum</i> 9.6a	Latin
	Letter 6	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 10.28	Latin and English
	Letter 7	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 10.96	Latin and English
	Letter 8	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 10.97	Latin
	Letter 9	<i>Tabulae Vindolandenses II</i> 164	Latin
	Letter 10	<i>Tabulae Vindolandenses II</i> 250	English
	Social Issues and Moral Attitudes	Letter 11	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 7.1
Letter 12		Seneca <i>Epistulae Morales</i> 7	Latin and English
Letter 13		Seneca <i>Epistulae Morales</i> 3	English
Letter 14		Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 2.6	English
Letter 15		Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 3.14	Latin
Letter 16		Seneca <i>Epistulae Morales</i> 47	Latin and English
Friends and Family	Letter 17	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 16.18	English
	Letter 18	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 16.20	Latin
	Letter 19	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 5.19	English
	Letter 20	Seneca <i>Epistulae Morales</i> 2	English
	Letter 21	<i>Tabulae Vindolandenses II</i> 311	Latin
	Letter 22	<i>Tabulae Vindolandenses II</i> 346	English
	Letter 23	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 1.15	English
	Letter 24	<i>Tabulae Vindolandenses II</i> 291	Latin
	Letter 25	Cicero <i>ad Atticum</i> 5.1 (extract)	Latin and English
	Letter 26	Cicero <i>ad familiares</i> 14.3	Latin
	Letter 27	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 1.14	English
	Letter 28	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 4.19	Latin
	Letter 29	Pliny <i>Epistulae</i> 6.7	Latin

Section 2	Text	Source	Language
Ovid and Latin Love-Poetry	Poem 1	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.1	Latin
	Poem 2	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.2	Latin
	Poem 3	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.3	Latin
	Poem 4	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.5	Latin
	Poem 5	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.6	English
	Poem 6	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.7	English
	Poem 7	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.9	Latin
	Poem 8	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.11	Latin
	Poem 9	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.12	Latin
	Poem 10	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 1.15	Latin
	Poem 11	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 2.7	English
	Poem 12	Ovid <i>Amores</i> 2.8	English
	Poem 13	Catullus 7	Latin
	Poem 14	Catullus 11	Latin
	Poem 15	Catullus 51	English
	Poem 16	Catullus 70	English
	Poem 17	Catullus 72	English
	Poem 18	Catullus 76	Latin
	Poem 19	Catullus 85	Latin
	Poem 20	Propertius 1.1	Latin and English
	Poem 21	Propertius 1.2	English
	Poem 22	Propertius 1.3	English
	Poem 23	Propertius 1.7	English
	Poem 24	Propertius 1.16	English
	Poem 25	Tibullus 1.1	Latin and English
	Poem 26	Tibullus 1.2	English
	Poem 27	Tibullus 2.4	English
	Poem 28	Horace <i>Odes</i> 1.5	Latin
	Poem 29	Horace <i>Odes</i> 1.13	English
	Poem 30	Horace <i>Odes</i> 1.25	English
	Poem 31	Horace <i>Odes</i> 1.33	English
	Poem 32	Horace <i>Odes</i> 4.13	English

Administrative information

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History of changes

Unit details	Version	Description of change	Authorised by	Date

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