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The Poems of Catullus**

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The Poems of Catullus

Poem 1

vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis!
soles occidere et redire possunt;
5 nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux.
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
10 dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

Poem 2

That man seems to me to be equal to a god
That man, if it is allowed, surpasses gods
Who sitting opposite you repeatedly
sees and hears you
5 Laughing sweetly, a thing which
Snatches every sense from poor me: for as soon as
I see you, Lesbia, nothing is left
Of my voice in my mouth
My tongue is paralysed. A thin flame
10 Spreads through my limbs, and with a sound that is all their own
my ears ring.
My two eyes are covered in darkness.

Poem 3

You ask how many kisses, Lesbia,
Are enough and more than enough for me to give you.
As many as the grains of Libyan sand
That lie in silphium rich Cyrenaica
5 Between the oracle of sultry Jupiter
And ancient Battus' sacred sepulchre.
Or as many as the stars, in silent night,
That look upon the secret loves of mortals.
So many are the kisses that would be enough
10 And more than enough for mad Catullus
To kiss you with; neither could busybodies count them
Nor wicked tongues cast spells on them.

Poem 4

nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.
dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

Poem 5

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

Poem 6

miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat,
5 amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque impotens noli,
10 nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.
15 scelesta, vae te, quae tibi manet vita?
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

Poem 7

cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
5 et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.
sed contra accipies meros amores
10 seu quid suavius elegantiusve est:
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

Poem 8

multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
5 quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
10 atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

Poem 9

Asinius Marrucinus, you don't use your left hand well.
While people are joking and drinking
You pinch the napkins of those who are carefree.
Do you think this is funny? You've got it wrong, you clown.

- 5 It's as mean and common a trick as can be.
Do you not believe me? Trust your brother Pollio.
He'd willingly exchange your thefts, even for a talent,
For he's a lad packed full of charm and wit.
Either look out for three hundred lines of abusive poetry
10 Or give me back my linen.

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