

Catullus

Poem 5, "Let Us Live and Love"

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

* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a syllable that may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

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

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

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

"Let Us Live and Love"

Vivāmus, mea Lesbia, atque amēmus,

rūmōrēsque senum severiōrum

omnēs ūnius aestimēmus assis.

Sōlēs occidere et redire possunt:

nōbīs, cum semel occidit brevis lux, 5

nox est perpetua ūna dormienda.

Da mī bāsia mīlle, deinde centum,

dein mīlle altera, dein secunda centum,

Dein, cum mīlia multa fēcerimus, 10

conturbābimus illa, nē sciāmus,

aut nē quis malus invidere possit,

cum tantum sciat esse bāsiorum.

Let us live, *Lesbia*, and let us love,
And let's not give a damn penny for every
Snide whisper of the puritanical old men.
The day's light comes and sets, and then returns again,
But for us the brief light shines but once,
And night stretches forth in one long sleep.
Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred more,
Another thousand, a second hundred or two,
A thousand and still a hundred hundred more.
Then when we have kissed a thousand thousand times
Let the countless number fly away before we pause
Counting, nor let some envious eye devise a plot
Knowing that so many kisses can be kissed.

Horace
Ode III.13 "The Fountain of Bandusia"

Poem 2: Latin I

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

— is a very long syllable (three beats)

* is a short syllable (one beat)

/ is a foot division

// is an extra pause (one beat)

This poem is written in a meter called "Fourth Asclepiadean." Here is the rhythm pattern for each stanza:

— / — ** / — // — ** / — * / — //

— / — ** / — // — ** / — * / — //

— / — ** / — / — //

— / — ** / — * / —

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

"The Fountain of Bandusia"

Ō fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitrō,

dulcī digne merō nōn sine flōribus,

crās donāberis haedō,

cui frōns turgida cornibus

prīmīs et venerem et proelia destinat: 5

frūstrā; nam gelidōs inficiet tibi

rubrō sanguine rīvōs,

Lascivī subolēs gregis.

"The Fountain of Bandusia" (continued)

Tē flagrantis atrōx hōra Canīculae
nēscit tangere, tū frigus amābilē 10
fessīs vōmere taurīs
praebēs et pecorī vagō.

Fiēs nobilius tū quoque fontium,
mē dicente cavis impositam ilicem
saxis unde loquācēs 15
Lymphae dēsiliunt tuae.

O Fountain of Bandusia, more sparkling than crystal,
Meriting sweet wine, nor lacking garlands,
Tomorrow you shall be honored with a kid
Whose brow, sprouting early horns,

Foretells both love and skirmishes.
In vain: for the offspring of the sportive flock
Shall lace your icy rivulets
With ruddy blood.

The ferocious season of the fiery Dog-Star
Cannot oppress you; you bestow a welcome coolness
On bullocks weary of the ploughshare
And on the meandering herd.

You too shall be acclaimed among noble fountains,
While I celebrate the holm-oak
Perched above the grottoed rocks
Whence your murmuring waters leap.

Aeneid IV. 621-629

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

* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a syllable that may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

__ can be either two short or one long syllable

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

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

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

Vergil's *Aeneid*: "Dido's Curse"

Haec precor, hanc vocem extrēmam cum sanguine fundō.

Tum vōs, Ō Tyriī, stirpem et genus omne futurum

exercēte odiīs, cinerīque haec mittite nostrō

mūnera. Nullus amor populīs, nec foedera suntō.

Exoriāre aliquis nostrīs ex ossibus ultor,

625

quī face Dardaniōs ferrōque sequāre colōnōs,

nūnē, ōlim, quōcumque dabunt sē tempore vīrēs.

Lītora lītoribus contrāria, fluctibus undās

imprecor, arma armīs; pugnent ipsīque nepōtēsque.

I pray these things, I pour out with my blood this final utterance.
Then you, O Tyrians, his offspring and all his future race
harass with hatreds, and send to our (my) ashes these these
funeral gifts. No love nor alliances are to be between these nations.
May some avenger arise from our (my) bones,
who will follow the Dardanian (Trojan) colonists with torch and steel,
Now, some day, at whatever time the powers will give themselves
Shores will be against shores, waves against waves,
I pray, arms against arms; let them fight and all of their descendants.

Catullus

Poem 101, "At His Brother's Tomb"

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

* is a short syllable (one beat)

~ is a syllable that may be either long or short

/ is a foot division

// is a heavy pause (equal to two beats)

___ can be either two short or one long syllable

This poem is written in a meter called "Elegiac Stanzas" or "Elegiac Couplets" Here is the rhythm pattern for each 2-line stanza. Notice that the first line is dactylic hexameter, while in the second line, the third and sixth foot are each missing a half-foot. A spondee can be substituted for any of the first four feet in the first line or for either of the first two feet in the second line. The second line is called "pentameter," but it is really composed of four feet and two half-feet.

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

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

"At His Brother's Tomb"

Multās per gentēs et multa per aequora vectus

adveniō hās miserās, frāter, ad inferiās,

ut tē postrēmō dōnārem munere mortis

et mūtā nēquiquam alloquerer cinerem,

quandō quidem fortunā mihi tete abstulit ipsum, 5

heu miser indignē frāter adempte mihi!

Nunc tamen intereā haec, priscō quae mōre parentum

trādita sunt tristī munere ad inferiās,

accipe frāternō multum mānantia fletū,

atque in perpetuum, frāter, ave atque valē! 10

Through many nations and many seas have I come
To carry out these wretched funeral rites, brother,
That at last I may give you this final gift in death
And that I might speak in vain to silent ashes.
Since fortune has borne you, yourself, away from me.
Oh, poor brother, snatched unfairly away from me,
Now, though, even these, which from antiquity and in the
custom of our
parents, have been handed down, a gift of sadness in the
rites, accept
them, flowing with many brotherly tears, And for eternity,
my brother,
hail and farewell.

Poem 2: Latin II

Horace

Ode I.5 "To Pyrrha"

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

— is a very long syllable (three beats)

* is a short syllable (one beat)

/ is a foot division

// is an extra pause (one beat)

This poem is written in a meter called "Fourth Asclepiadean." Here is the rhythm pattern for each stanza:

— / — ** / — // — ** / — * / — //

— / — ** / — // — ** / — * / — //

— / — ** / — / — //

— / — ** / — * / —

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

"To Pyrrha"

Quis multa gracilis tē puer in rosā

perfusus liquidis urget odoribus

gratō, Pyrrha, sub antrō?

Cui flavam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? Heu, quotiens fidem 5

mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

nigris aequora ventis

emirabitur insolens,

"To Pyrrha" (continued)

quī nunc tē fruitur crēdulus aureā;
quī semper vacuam, semper amābilem 10
spērat, nēscius aurae
fallācis! Miserī, quibus

intemptāta nitēs! Mē tabulā sacer
vōtivā pariēs indicat ūvidā
suspendisse potēti 15
Vestīmenta maris deō.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
Of faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung,
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

This English translation of "To Pyrrha" was composed by John Milton
(1608-1674).

Vergil
Aeneid I.1-11

Latin II: Poem 3

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

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

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

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

Opening lines of Vergil's *Aeneid*:

Arma virumque canō, Trōiae quī prīmus ab ōris
Ītāliam, fātō profugus, Lāvīniaque vēnit
lītora, multum ille et terrīs iactātus et altō
vī superum saevae memorem Iūnōnis ob īram;
multa quoque et bellō passus, dum conderet urbem, 5
inferretque deōs Latiō, genus unde Latīnum,
Albānīque patrēs, atque altae moenia Rōmae.
Mūsa, mihi causās memorā, quō numine laesō,
quidve dolēs, rēgīna deum tot volvere cāsūs
insignem pietāte virum, tot adīre labōrēs 10
impulerit. Tantaene animīs caelestibus īrae?

I sing, arms and the hero, who, from the coasts of Troy
to Italy, driven by fate, has come to the Lavinian
shores, much has he been tossed about both on land and sea
by the power of the gods above, on account of the remembered anger of cruel Juno;
many things also in war he has suffered, until he could build a city,
and bring his gods to Latium, from which has come the Latin nation,
and the Alban fathers, and the walls of lofty Rome.
Muse, recall to me the causes, what deity having been harmed,
or what the queen of the gods, grieving, will have compelled a man,
so distinguished in piety, to spin around among so many calamities,
to undergo so many hardships. Are such great resentments in heavenly minds?

Catullus

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

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

* is a short syllable (one beat)

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/ is a foot division

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

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

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

"Upon the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow"

Lūgēte, Ō Venerēs Cupīdinēsque

et quantum est hominum venustiorum!

Passer mortuus est meae puellae,

passer, deliciae meae puellae,

quem plūs illa oculis suis amabat;

5

nam mellitus erat, suamque norat

ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem;

nec sese a gremio illius movebat,

sed, circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc,

ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.

10

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum

illuc unde negant redire quemquam.

At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae

Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:

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

Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis 15

Vae factum male! Vae miselle passer!

Tuā nunc operā meae puellae

flendō turgidulī rubent ocelli.

On the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow

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

.....
LITERAL TRANSLATION

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

Horace

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

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

___ is a very long syllable (three beats)

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/ is a foot division

// is an extra pause (one beat)

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In Praise of the Manly Life"

Angustam amīcē pauperiem pati

rōbustus acri militiā puer

condiscat, et Parthōs ferōcīs

Vexet equēs metuendus hasta,

vītamque sub divō et trepidīs agat

in rēbūs. Illum ex moenibus hosticīs

matrona bellantis tyranni

prōspiciēs et adulta virgō

"In Praise of the Manly Life" (continued)

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

Dulce et decōrum est prō patriā mori.
Mors et fugācem persequitur virum,
nec parcit imbellis iuventae 15
poplitibus timidoque tergo.

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

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

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

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

Aeneid II. 270-282, 289

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

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

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

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

In somnīs, ecce, ante oculōs maestissimus Hēctor 270

vīsus adesse mihi, largōsque effundere flētūs,

raptātus bīgīs, ut quondam, āterque cruentō

pulvere, perque pedēs traiectus lōra tumentēs.

Ei mihi, quālis erat, quantum mutātus ab illō

Hectore, quī redīt exuviās indūtus Achillī, 275

vel Dānaum Phrygiōs iaculātus puppibus ignēs,

squālentem barbam et concrētōs sanguine crīnēs

vulneraque illa gerēns, quae circum plūrima mūrōs

accēpit patriōs. Ultrō flēns ipse vidēbar

compellāre virum et maestās exprōmere voce: 280

"Ō lux Dardaniae, spēs Ō fidissima Teucrum,

quae tantae tenuēre morae? . . ."

"Heu, fuge, nāte deae, tēque hīs," ait, "ēripe flammīs." 289

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

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

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

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