

Poem I: AP Latin

Catullus

Poem 31: "An Invitation to Verona"

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

* is a short syllable (one beat)

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

/ is a foot division

This poem is written in a meter called "hendecasyllabic" (11-syllable) or "Phalacean."

Here is the rhythm pattern for each line:

— — / — * * / — * / — * / — ~

Practice the rhythm using "duh" for short syllables and "dum" for long ones. Try to hold the long syllables twice as long as the short ones. The rhythm sort of resembles the rhythm in the song, "Hail to the Chief."

"An Invitation to Verona"

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

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

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

Poem 2: AP Latin

Horace

Odes I.22, "The Pure Life"

- is a long syllable (by nature or position)(two beats)
- * is a short syllable (one beat)
- ~ is a *syllaba anceps* which may be either long or short
- / is a foot division
- // is a caesura

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

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

"Integer Vitae: The Pure Life"

Integer vītae scelerisque pūrus	1
nōn eget Maurīs iaculīs neque arcū	2
nec venēnātīs gravidā sagittīs,	3
Fusce, pharetrā,	4
sīve per Syrtīs iter aestuōsās	5
sīve factūrus per inhospitālem	6
Caucasum vel quae loca fābulōsus	7
lambit Hydaspes.	8

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

Integer Vitae.

No need of Moorish archer's craft
To guard the pure and stainless liver;
He wants not, Fuscus, poison'd shaft
To store his quiver,
Whether he traverse Libyan shoals,
Or Caucasus, forlorn and horrent,
Or lands where far Hydaspes rolls
His fabled torrent.
A wolf, while roaming trouble-free
In Sabine wood, as fancy led me,
Unarm'd I sang my Lalage,
Beheld, and fled me.
Dire monster! in her broad oak woods
Fierce Daunia fosters none such other,
Nor Juba's land, of lion broods
The thirsty mother.
Place me where on the ice-bound plain
No tree is cheer'd by summer breezes,
Where Jove descends in sleety rain
Or sullen freezes;
Place me where none can live for heat,
'Neath Phoebus' very chariot plant me,
That smile so sweet, that voice so sweet,
Shall still enchant me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poem 3: AP Latin

Vergil

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

- __ is a long syllable (by nature or position)(two beats)
- * is a short syllable (one beat)
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This poem is written in dactylic hexameter. Each line has six feet. Each of the first four feet can be either a dactyl (__ * *) or a spondee (__ __). The fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the last foot can be either a spondee or a trochee (__ ~). Here is the rhythm pattern:

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

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

errābat silvā in magnā; quam Trōius hērōs

ut prīmum iūxtā stetit agnōvitque per umbras

obscuram, quālem prīmō quī surgere mēse

aut videt aut vīdisse putat per nūbila lūnam,

dēmīsit lacrimās dulcīque adfātus amōre est:

"Īnfēlix Dīdō, vērus mihi nūntius ergō

vēnerat exstīnctam ferrōque extrēma secūtam?

Fūneris heu tibi causa fuī? Per sīdera iūrō

per superōs et sī qua fidēs tellūre sub ĩmā est,

invītus, rēgīna, tuō dē lītore cessī.

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

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

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