

# Poetry Recitation Contest

## DECEMBER 2018 - HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

### Latin - Level 1

Choose one option.

#### **OPTION 1 (Part A): Martial's Epigrams V.81**

*How things have changed in 2000 years!*

semper pauper eris, sī pauper es, Aemiliāne:  
dantur opēs nūllīs nunc nisi dīvitibus.

*You will always be poor, if you are poor, Aemilianus:  
nowadays wealth is given to none but the rich.*

#### **OPTION 1 (Part B): Martial's Epigrams XII.47**

*A lover ponders love's double-edge.*

difficilis facilis, iūcundus acerbus es tēdem:  
nec tēcum possum vīvere, nec sine tē.

*Difficult and easy, pleasant and sour, you are the same:  
I can live neither with you nor without you.*

#### **OPTION 2: Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII.707-710**

*Baucis and Philemon ask a favor from Jupiter.*

“esse sacerdotēs dēlūbraque vestra tuērī  
poscimus, et quoniam concordēs ēgimus annōs,  
auferat hōra duōs eadem, nec coniugis umquam  
busta meae videam, neu sim tumulandus ab illā.” 710

*“To be your priests and to watch over your shrines  
we request, and since we have spent our years united/harmonious(ly),  
may the same hour take (us) both away, and may I never see  
my wife's tomb, nor should I be entombed by her.”*

#### **OPTION 3: Vergil's Aeneid IV.1-5**

*Dido's agony worsens.*

at rēgīna gravī iamdūdum saucia cūrā  
vulnus alit vēnīs et caecō carpitur ignī.  
multa virī virtūs animō multusque recursat  
gentis honōs; haerent īfixī pectore vultūs  
verbaque nec placidam membrīs dat cūra quiētem. 5

*But the queen, injured now for a long time with a serious grief,  
nurses her wound in her veins and is consumed with a hidden fire.  
In her mind return the man's plentiful courage and his family's  
abundant distinction; planted in her heart linger his looks  
and words, and her grief gives her limbs no peaceful rest.*

# Latin - Level 2

Choose one option.

## **OPTION 1: Ovid's Metamorphoses X.1-7**

*Hymen comes to Orpheus's wedding.*

inde per inmēnsūm croceō vēlātus amictū  
aethera dīgreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad ōrās  
tendit et Orphēā nēquīquam vōce vocātur.  
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnīa verba  
nec laetōs vultūs nec fēlix attulit ōmen. 5  
fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimōsō strīdula fūmō  
ūsque fuit nullōsque invēnit mōtibus ignēs.

*From there through the boundless air, clad in a saffron mantle,  
departs Hymen and to the shores of the Cicones  
he stretches and is summoned by the voice of Orpheus — (but) in vain.  
In fact, he was present, but neither hallowed words  
nor happy faces nor a lucky omen did he bring.  
The torch, too, which he held, with tearful smoke was sputtering  
constantly and found no fires with movements (i.e., brandishing).*

## **OPTION 2: Martial's Epigrams I.109 (1-7)**

*The poet praises Publius's pooch.*

Issa est passere nēquior Catullī,  
Issa est pūrior ōsculō columbae,  
Issa est blandior omnibus puellīs,  
Issa est cārīor Indicīs lapillīs,  
Issa est dēlicīae catella Pūblī. 5  
hanc tū, sī queritur, loquī putābis;  
sentit trīstītiāque gaudiumque.

*Issa is worse than Catullus's sparrow,  
Issa is purer than a dove's kiss,  
Issa is more charming than all the girls,  
Issa is more precious than Indian gems,  
Issa is a puppy, Publius's favorite.  
If she whines, you will think that she is talking;  
she feels both sadness and joy.*

## **OPTION 3: Catullus's Carmen XLIX**

*The poet praises Cicero. Sort of.*

dīsertissime Romulī nepōtum,  
quot sunt quotque fuēre, Marce Tullī,  
quotque post aliīs erunt in annīs.  
grātiās tibi maximās Catullus  
āgit pessimus omnium poēta —  
tantō pessimus omnium poēta  
quantō tū optimus omnium patrōnus.

*Most eloquent of Romulus's descendents —  
as many there are, and as many there have been, Marcus Tullius,  
And as many there will be in years later on.  
Catullus gives you the greatest thanks,  
(Catullus) the worst poet of all —  
As much the worst poet of all*

*As you [are] the best advocate of all.*



*used to practice faithfulness and virtue freely without the law.  
Punishment and fear were missing, neither were threatening words  
read in posted/immovable bronze, nor did the crowd — humble — fear  
the “words” of its own judge, but they were safe without a protector.  
Not yet had the pine, cut down to view a foreign world,  
descended from its own mountains into the flowing waves,  
nor had mortal men come to know anything beyond their shores;*

# Latin - Levels 4+

Choose one option.

## OPTION 1: Vergil's Aeneid I.81-91

*Aeolus releases the winds.*

haec ubi dicta, cavum conversā cuspide montem  
impulit in latus: ac ventī, velut agmine factō,  
quā data porta, ruunt et terrās turbine perflant.  
incubuere marī, tōtumque ā sēdibus īmīs  
ūnā Eurusque Notusque ruunt crēberque procellīs 85  
Africus, et vastōs volvunt ad lītora flūctūs.  
Insequitur clāmorque virum strīdorque rudentum.  
eripiunt subitō nūbēs caelumque diemque  
Teucrōrum ex oculīs; pontō nox incubat ātra.  
intonuere polī, et crēbrīs micat ignibus aethēr, 90  
praesentemque virīs intentant omnia mortem.

*When these things were said, with his spear turned he struck the hollow mountain  
against its side: and the winds, just as in a formed battle-column,  
rush by whatever gate is given and in a whirlwind blow through the lands.  
They fell upon the sea, and from the bottom of its foundations  
both the Eurus and Notus and Africus, crowded with gales,  
together churn it all up, and they roll massive waves toward the shores.  
Both the shouting of men and the creaking of cables follow.  
Suddenly the clouds steal away both the sky and its daylight  
from the Teucrians' eyes; dark night lies upon the sea.  
The heavens thunder, and the air flashes with repeated lightning bolts,  
and for the men all things threaten imminent death.*

## OPTION 2: Ovid's Fasti IV.809-818

*Augury settles a land dispute.*

iam luerat poenās frāter Numitōris, et omne  
pastōrum geminō sub duce vulgus erat; 810  
contrahere agrestēs et moenia pōnere utrīque  
convenit: ambigitur moenia pōnat uter.  
“nil opus est” dixit “certāmine” Rōmulus “ūllō;  
magna fidēs avium est: experiāmur avēs.”  
rēs placet: alter inīt nemorōsī saxa Palātī; 815  
alter Aventīnum māne cacūmen inīt.  
sex Remus, hic volucrēs bis sex videt ordine; pāctō  
stātur, et arbitrium Rōmulus urbis habet.

*Numitor's brother had already suffered his punishments, and the whole  
crowd of shepherds was under the twin brother[s];  
For each to assemble the peasants/rustics and set up the walls  
it is agreed: it is contested which [of them] shall set up the walls.  
“There is no need,” said Romulus, “for any quarrel;  
great is the trustworthiness of birds: let us put the birds to the test.”  
The situation is pleasing: one goes onto the wooded Palatine's crags;  
the other goes onto the summit of the Aventine — in the morning.  
Remus sees six birds, [but] this one sees two-times six in a row; by their agreement  
they stand, and Romulus has the mastery of the city.*

## OPTION 3: Vergil's Aeneid II.1-12a

*Aeneas begins the story of Troy's fall.*

conticuere omnēs intentīque ōra tenēbant  
inde torō pater Aenēās sīc orsus ab altō:  
“infandum, rēgīna, iubēs renovāre dolōrem,  
Trōiānās ut opēs et lāmentābile rēgnum  
ēruerint Danaī, quaeque ipse miserrima vīdī 5  
et quōrum pars magna fuī. quis tālia fandō  
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut dūrī mīles Ulixī  
temperet ā lacrimīs? et iam nox ūmida caelō  
praecipitat suādentque cadentia sīdera somnōs.  
sed sī tantus amor cāsūs cognōscere nostrōs 10  
et breviter Troiae suprēmum audīre labōrem,  
quamquam animus meminisse horret lūctūque refugit,  
incipiam.”

*They all fell silent and were intently holding their faces;  
then Father Aeneas, after rising from his lofty couch, [spoke] in this way:  
“Unspeakable grief, queen, you bid [me] to renew,  
how Trojan wealth and its pitiable realm,  
the Danaans destroyed, and which most wretched [things] I myself saw  
and of which I was a large part. In speaking such things, which soldier  
of the Myrmidons or Dolopes or of hard/cruel Ulysses  
might refrain from tears? Even now damp night from the sky  
falls and its setting stars advise sleep.  
But if there is so great a desire to learn of our misfortunes  
and to hear briefly of Troy’s final struggle,  
though my mind shudders to remember and shrinks back from sorrow,  
I shall begin.”*