

2023 VJCL DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION Advanced Poetry—

Passage 1

Camilla Fells Ornytus Virgil, *Aeneid* XI. 673-689

hīs addit Amastrum,

She adds to these Amastrus,

Hippotadēn, sequiturqu(e) incumbēns ēminus hastā don't stop at the end of this line
son of Hippotas, and she follows at a distance, leaning on her long spear,

Tēreaqu(e) Harpalycumqu(e) et Dēmophoonta Chromimque;

Tereus and Harpalycus and Demophoon and Chromis;

Quotqu(e) ēmissa manū contorsit spīcula virgō,

and as many spears as the maiden threw twisted out from her hand

tot Phrygiū cecidēre virī.

that many Trojan men died.

Procul Ornytus armīs

don't stop at the end of this line

Afar Ornytus in [strange] weapons

ignōtīs

[strange]

et equō vēnātor lāpyge fertur,

and as a hunter is carried by a Iapygian horse

cui pellis lātōs umerōs ērepta iuvencō

don't stop at the end of this line

His pelt,

torn from a youthful

pugnātōr(ī) operit,

fighter, covers his wide shoulders,

caput ingēns ōris hiātus

don't stop at the end of this line

(his huge head) the gaping of its mouth

et mālae tēxere lupī

and jaws of a wolf covered his huge head with its white teeth,

cum dentibus albīs,

agrestisque manūs armat sparus; ipse catervīs don't stop at the end of this line

and a rustic hunting spear equips his hands;

He himself In the midst of his troops

vertitur in mediīs et tōtō vertice supr[ā]est.

turns around

and with his entire head towers above them.

hunc ill[a] exceptum (nequ[e] enim labor agmine versō) don't stop!

trāicit

She shoots this man, whom she has intercepted (for it was not hard after the battle line turned),

et super

and in addition

haec

these words

inimicō pectore

from her hostile heart

fātur:

she uttered:

“silvīs tē, Tyrrhēne, ferās agitāre putāstī ?

“Did you think you were chasing wild beasts in the woods, Tuscan?

Advēnit quī vestra diēs

[The day] has arrived (to disprove your words) with the weapons of a woman.

muliēbribus armīs

don't stop at the end of this line

verba redargueret.

(to disprove your words)

one more section on next page.

nōmen tamen haud leve partum
Nevertheless, this not at all trivial reputation

don't stop!

mānibus hōc referēs,
you will take back to the shades of your ancestors,

tēlō cecidisse Camillae."
that you were killed by the weapon of Camilla."

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Advanced Poetry—Passage 2

Catullus, Carmen 8: Catullus Tries to Convince Himself to Move On

Miser Catulle, dēsinās ineptīre,
Wretched Catullus, may you cease being foolish,
et quod vidēs perisse perditum dūcās.
and what you see has died may you consider it dead.

Fulsēre quondam candidī tibi solēs,
Bright suns once shone for you,
cum ventitābās quō puella dūcēbat
when you were continuing to go where the girl was leading you,
amāta nōbīs quant(um) amābitur nūlla.
(the girl) loved by me as much as no girl will (ever) be loved.

Ib(i) illa multā cum iocōsā fiēbant,
There those things were happening with much joking,
quae tū volēbās nec puella nōlēbat,
which you desired and your girl did not reject,
fulsēre vērē candidī tibi solēs.
truly bright suns shone for you.

nunc i(am) illa nōn vult: tū quoqu[e] impotēns don't stop at the end of this line
nōlī,
Now she is no longer willing: you also, do not wish to be powerless,

nec quae fugit sectāre, nec miser vīve,
and do not chase after one who flees, and do not live miserably,
sed obstinātā mente perfer, obdūrā.
but carry through with a firm mind, persevere.

Valē puella, iam Catullus obdūrat,
Goodbye girl, now Catullus is standing firm,
nec tē requīret nec rogābit invītam.
and he will neither seek you out again nor ask for you (since you are) unwilling.

At tū dolēbis, cum rogāberis nūlla.
But you will regret it when you will be propositioned not at all.
Scelestā, vae tē, quae tibi manet vīta?
Wicked woman, woe is you, what life remains for you?

quis nunc t(ē) adībit? cui vidēberis bella?
Who will now go to you? To whom will you seem beautiful?
quem nunc amābis? cuius esse dicēris?
Whom will you now love? Whose will you be said to be?

quem bāsiābis? cui labella mordēbis?
Whom will you kiss? For whom will you bite your lips?
at tū, Catulle, dēstinātus obdūrā. But you, Catullus, now determined, persevere.