

Poetry Recitation Contest

HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DECEMBER 2022

Beginning Latin (Level 1)

OPTION 1: Ovid, *Metamorphoses* VII.74-77

Medea comes to Hecate's altar, and her love for the hero Jason is rekindled.

<p>Ūbat ad antiquās Hecatēs Persēidos ārās, quās nemus umbrōsum sēcrētaque silva tegēbat, et iam fortis erat, pulsusque recesserat ardor, cum videt Aesonidēn exstīnctaque flamma relūxit.</p>	<p>[Medea] made her way to the ancient altar of Hecate, daughter of Perses, which a shadowy grove and secret woods concealed. Even now she was steadfast,* and the flame [of love] had receded, driven out [from her heart], when she saw Jason, and the flame once extinguished [was] rekindled again.</p>
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NOTES:

**(i.e. her intention to forget and move on from Jason remained intact)*

OPTION 2: Vergil, *Aeneid* 6.298-301

The dread ferryman Charon appears.

<p>Portitor hās horrendus aquās et flūmina servat terribilī squālōre Charōn, cui plūrima mentō cānitiēs inculta iacet; stant lūmina flammā, sordidus ex umerīs nōdō dēpendet amictus.</p>	<p>The dreadful Ferryman safeguards these waters and river with his frightful foulness — Charon, whose most abundant gray hair hangs loose, uncombed, from his chin; his lights remain fixed — in flame; a filthy cloak hangs down from a knot on his shoulders.</p>
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OPTION 3: *Historia Augusta: The Emperor's Soul*

This poem from the Historia Augusta is attributed to the emperor Hadrian. He speaks to his soul affectionately, as if it were a person, and worries what will happen to it when he dies.

<p>animula vāgula blandula hospēs comēsque corporis quae nunc abībīs in loca pallidula rīgida nūdula nec ut solēs dabis iocōs.</p>	<p>Little soul, wandering, charming, [are] a guest and companion of the body — you who now will go away to places a bit pale, rocky, a bit bare and will not give jokes, as you normally do.</p>
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Intermediate Latin (Levels 2-3)

OPTION 1: Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XV.739-744

The god Asclepius comes to Rome in the form of a serpent.

scinditur in geminās partēs circumfluus amnis (Īnsula nōmen habet) laterumque ā parte duōrum porrigit aequālēs mediā tellūre lacertōs: hūc sē dē Latiā pīnū Phoebēius anguis contulit et finem speciē caeleste resūptā luctibus inposuit vēnitque salūtifēr urbī.	<i>The stream is divided into twin parts, flowing around (the Island has its name); it stretches its arms equal(ly) in the direction of its two sides with land in the middle: here the Phoebean serpent brought itself from the Latin pine-tree and — with his heavenly appearance taken back up — brought an end to our sorrows and came [as] a health-bringer to the city.</i>
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OPTION 2: Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XV.75-82

Pythagoras makes the case for vegetarianism.

'parcite, mortālēs, dapibus temerāre nefandīs corpora! sunt frūgēs, sunt dēdūcentia rāmōs pondere pōma suō tumidaeque in vītibus ūvae, sunt herbae dulcēs, sunt quae mītescere flamma mollīrīque queant; nec vōbīs lacteus ūmor ēripitur, nec mella thymī redolentia flōrem.'	<i>'Mortals, do not defile your bodies with sinful eating. You have the crops to sustain you, the fruit which forces the branches to bend down under its weight, the grapes that swell on the vine, scented herbs and vegetables that fire can soften; milk's sweet flow cannot fail you, nor honey fragrant with thyme.'</i> <i>(trans. Raeburn)</i>
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OPTION 3: Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XIV.602-608

The hero Aeneas becomes a god.

corniger exsequitur Veneris mandāta suīsque, quicquid in Aenēā fuerat mortāle, repurgat et respersit aquīs; pars optima restitit illī. lustrātum genetrix dīvīnō corpus odōre unxit et ambrōsiā cum dulcī nectare mixtā contigit ōs fēcitque deum, quem turba Quirīnī nuncupat Indigetem templōque ārīsq̄ue recēpit.	<i>The horned god* did as Venus commanded, and used his own waters to sprinkle Aeneas and cleanse his nature of all that was mortal, while leaving him all that was best. His mother anointed his purified body with fragrance divine and touched his lips with ambrosia mingled with nectar. She made him a god, whom Romulus' people titled Indiges, Native, and honoured with temples and altars.</i> <i>(trans. Raeburn)</i>
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NOTES:

*Numicius, a river god in ancient Latium

Advanced Latin (Levels 4-5+)

OPTION 1: Catullus, *Carmina* 84

Arrius sports a new accent (haccent?).

<p><i>chommoda</i> dīcēbat, sī quando <i>commoda</i> vellet dīcere, et <i>īnsidiās</i> Arrius <i>hīnsidiās</i>, et tum mīrificē spērābat sē esse locūtum, cum quantum poterat dīxerat <i>hīnsidiās</i>. crēdō, sīc māter, sīc liber avunculus eius, sīc māternus avus dīxerat atque avia. hōc missō in Syriam requiērant omnibus aurēs: audībant eadem haec lēniter et leviter, nec sibi postillā metuēbant tālia verba, cum subitō affertur nūntius horribilis, <i>Īoniōs</i> flūctūs, postquam illūc Arrius īsset, iam nōn <i>Īoniōs</i> esse, sed <i>Hīoniōs</i>.</p>	<p>Arrius would say "Chomfortable" if he ever wanted to say "comfortable" and "hambush" instead of "ambush," and then he would hope he had spoken amazingly when he had said "hambush" as loudly as possible. I believe his mother, his uncle (a free man), his maternal grandfather and grandmother had all spoken in this way. When he was sent to Syria, everyone's ears had rested: They would hear these same words smoothly and lightly; nor thereafter would people fear such words from him, when suddenly horrible news is reported, that Ionian waves, after Arrius had gone there, were no longer Ionian but Hionian.</p>
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OPTION 2: Lucan, *Pharsalia* 6.750-762

The witch Erichtho raises the dead.

<p>Prōtinus adstrictus caluit cruor, ātraque fōvit Vulnera, et in vēnās extrēmaque membra cucurrit. Percussae gelidō trepidant sub pectore fibrae: Et nova dēsuetīs subrepēns vīta medullīs Miscētur mortī. Tunc omnis palpitat artūs: Tenduntur nervī: nec sē tellūre cadāver Paulātīm per membra levat, terrāque repulsum est, Ērectumque simul. Distentō lūmina rictū Nūdantur. Nōndum faciēs vīventīs in illō, Iam morientis erat. Remanent pallorque rigorque; Et stupet illātus mundō. Sed murmure nūllō Ōra adstricta sonant. Vōx illī linguaque tantum Respōnsūra datur.</p>	<p>Instantly the clotted blood grew warm; it warmed the livid wounds, coursing into the veins and the extremities of the limbs. Struck by it, the vital organs thrilled within the cold breast; and a new life, stealing into the inward parts that had lost it, wrestled with death. Next, the dead man quivered in every limb; the sinews were strained, and he rose, not slowly or limb by limb, but rebounding from the earth and standing erect at once. His mouth gaped wide and his eyes were open; he looked as if he were not yet alive but already like a man dying. The pallor and stiffness remained; and he was dazed by his restoration to this world. The mouth was fettered and gave forth no sound: voice and utterance were given him only for the purpose of reply.</p> <p>(trans. Duff)</p>
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OPTION 3: Vergil's *Aeneid* II.1-12a

Aeneas begins the story of Troy's fall.

<p>conticuēre 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 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 et breviter Troiae suprēmum audīre labōrem, quamquam animus meminisse horret lūctūque refugit, incipiam."</p>	<p>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."</p>
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