Bridging the Works of Horace, Catullus, Ovid, and Haydock

By

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ABSTRACT

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I wrote this thesis to explore the metrical poetry of Horace, Catullus, and Ovid, as well as my own poetry and short fiction. I parsed the Latin poems, word-by-word, and provided literal translations, as well as idiomatic translations of selected poems by Horace and Ovid. In order to link these translations to my short story, *Into the Last Good Fight*, I wrote three metrical poems that synthesize the themes, concepts, and structures of my story with the themes, concepts, and structures of the Latin poems. To provide an even stronger link between the Latin portion of my thesis and the English portion, I translated two of my own poems into Latin, using the same literal method.

My translations are as literal as possible, so that even a beginning Latin student could understand my grammatical interpretation, but as I note in my introduction, my literal translations of the Latin at times fall short of comprehensibility in English. I struggled with being both literal and true to the Latin, which is why I also offered idiomatic translations, which are more comprehensible, in order to convey a fuller meaning of the text. This thesis demonstrates how my scholarly pursuits of English and Latin have worked together to mutually benefit one another.

Table of Contents:

Introduction

The first step in developing this creative thesis was to synthesize my works in the English and Latin languages into one cohesive opus. To begin, I selected three Latin poets who each work with different meters, and I selected one poem from each poet that was the most attractive to me, knowing that I wanted to draw on the themes from these poems to eventually inspire my own English poetry and prose. Horace's "The Ship of State" warns the storm-beaten, venerable ship of state to realize its decrepitude and retire from the powerful seas, which would surely tear it asunder. I figured that such a concept could inspire my own creative works, as could Catullus' "How Many Kisses," which is written from one lover to another, and Ovid's "Love and War," which includes the additional themes of soldiers and war, so these three poems covered a reasonable range of themes and concepts on which I could draw.

Next came the task of translating these poems into English. My approach to Latin translation has always been to translate each word as literally as possible in order to represent my understanding of the grammar as clearly as possible, even though this approach produces clumsy, colorless translations bereft of the intended voice and style of the poets. Without such voice and style, my literal translations inadequately convey the full meaning of the poets; however, I applied this approach when translating these three poems, so that a beginning Latin student could read my translations and be able to make connections between the Latin and English words, as well as the grammatical usages of the words. In order to help a reader of this thesis further understand

1

the grammar of these poems, I parsed each word from each poem and presented how it relates grammatically to its sentence.

This method of literal translation yields rigid, bulky, and obscure English verse and prose, so in addition to my literal translations of Horace and Ovid, I posited a more colloquial translation. For instance, if my literal approach produced certain phrases such as "seize the port securely" and "the sails are not whole for you," which are difficult to understand, I would generate a reinterpreted version without restricting the words and phrases solitarily to their Latin counterparts. Without being bound by the Latin grammar, I had more freedom to present in idiomatic English the meaning that the poets were trying to convey. A phrase such as "seize the port securely" is really describing how the ship should be securely moored in the harbor, and a phrase such as "the sails are not whole for you" is really describing how the torn sails have not been repaired. However, my research will show how the ship is a metaphor for the political state of Rome at the time it was written, so in this chapter, I will discuss how the translations of such phrases can stray even further from their literal groundings.

My literal translation of Ovid's *Love and War* yielded phrases such as "rivers doubled by storm cloud," and "will seek joined stars for seas to be swept." These are other examples where my literal translations fell short. A phrase such as "rivers doubled by storm cloud" is describing rushing rivers, and a phrase such as "will not seek joined stars for seas to be swept" is describing a

person who will not hope for smooth seas. These more easily understood interpretations are lost when translating literally.

By translating between these two languages, I understood that no matter what, I would achieve only a verisimilitude of meaning. Even if I could decipher exactly what each Latin poet was trying to say, I could still never convey the verve, panache, and élan with which he himself intended the words to be interpreted. Interpreted words have elements of enunciation, tone, and volume that augment their meaning. By transcribing words, we deprive them of such elements of augmentation, so a transcribed word can only evoke a semblance of the meaning of its spoken counterpart. When we read such transcriptions, we inherently reanimate the words, imagining how they were spoken. We do this in hopes of approaching the intended their meaning. Yet, when we translate such transcriptions across the barrier of languages, or even cultures, the sounds, understandings, and evocations of the words can become shadows of their original spoken counterparts. Thus, the translator ought to translate in such a way as would not only sound right when spoken, but as would also evoke the elements of enunciation, tone, volume, and style of the original speaker, and would also be understood in the context of the original speaker's cultural lens. Such a task could be impossible, as George Steiner would argue.

George Steiner, a writer on translation theory, has "inhibitions about decipherment, about the devaluation which must occur in all interpretive transcription" (Steiner, 239). He discusses that "substantively each and every act of translation leads 'downward'" (Steiner, 239). This means that each act of

translating produces a translation further and further from the original meaning. Thus, I do not espouse that any of my literal or idiomatic translations are accurate to the degree to which the Latin poets intended. Even when producing my own poems and short story, I underwent a process of translation. I had to find a way to translate my thoughts into written words in such a way that would instill in the reader exactly what I was thinking, so that I could accurately communicate my intended tones, styles, and meanings. I developed an idea for my short story, and translating that idea proved to be a difficult task, a task that can never fully execute. No one will read my story and picture the exact same scenery, the exact same character, the exact same smells and sounds as I was picturing when wrote it. My job was to present the best, clearest picture of my imagination. As a student of Latin and a writer of English fiction and poetry, I am always communicating by means of translation.

By the time I had carefully dissected these Latin poems, I had not yet created any works of my own in English, so I wrote a short story. This story balanced my amount of work between English and Latin, but it was a story about a boy who had run away from society and now lived alone in the woods in hopes of calming his troubled mind. It did not relate directly enough to the Latin poems, so I needed to connect its themes with the Latin poems' themes. To accomplish this synthesis, I found poetic English translations of my selected Horace, Catullus, and Ovid poems written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ben Jonson, and Henry Cromwell. Then I copied their rhyme schemes and meters in order to write my own poems. I wrote all my poems using the characters,

themes, and setting from my short story, while closely incorporating the themes and concepts from the Latin poems, as well as following the Latin poems' sentence structures. Thus, the English poems mirrored the Latin poems, so I had successfully linked my English work to my Latin work.

After I had dealt closely with three Latin poems, three poems from English poets that relate to those Latin poems, and my own three poems that relate to both, I wondered why those English poets chose these poems to mimic. Longfellow's and Jonson's seem a bit looser in terms of translation than Cromwell's. I wondered why. Through research, I found that Longfellow's poem was closely inspired by what had inspired Horace: the state of the Union, which in Longfellow's case refers to the United States (Dana, 2). However, Longfellow's poem came before the secession of the South, so rather than being an allegory to imminent civil war, it was an allegory to the growth of the Union (Dana, 2-3). Jonson and Cromwell, on the other hand, were not writing about anything grand; they simply used Catullus and Ovid for their own creative purposes: Jonson simply imitated Catullus (Boxer), and Henry Cromwell was a poet and translator (Pritchard) who translated Ovid's *Love and War* as part of his craft.

Having written poems combining the themes, concepts, and techniques of the Latin poetry to my English poetry, I still needed to strengthen the link between the languages, so I scanned each line of Latin poetry for its meter in order to offer a comparison between the Latin verse and my English iambs. Next, I translated my English poems into Latin, again using an entirely literal approach, in order to present a beginning Latin student with clear grammatical

templates. I understand that these translations do not represent smooth, classical Latin. I would have written these translations in more classical Latin if I were gearing this thesis toward a more advanced audience.

This thesis, which is a synthesis of two languages, explores grammar, meaning, fiction, and poetry, while providing literal translations that allow beginning Latin students to understand the direct connections between Latin and English. It is an experiment of creative pedagogy and creative scholarly pursuit. This approach to translation may useful for me as a pedagogical tool, as I intend to become a teacher of English and Latin. This exploration of creativity has strengthened my passion for writing and my hopes of one day publishing my fictional works.

Chapter 1

Into the Last Good Fight

I

In Sam's dream, he was warm. The air was heavy and still, and he was calm, but when he woke, he was cold; his blanket was thin, and Nipawset Mountain's late February wind beat through the cracks in his cabin's northern wall. Inside it was dark, so he knew that the fire in the cast-iron stove had died.

His corner bed was rigid, like a wide bench, and he had grown used to sleeping without a pillow on its worn plywood. As he stared at the same nails peering through the ceiling, and the same wood grain with its same decrepit pattern, he took one deep breath of the air that frosted his lungs, and rose to rekindle the fire.

He piled splinters and sticks and thin strips of pine in an arid pile atop the warm ashes and held a match until it caught; and he was hungry. He took his mug outside, beneath the grey sky just before dawn, and filled it with snow. He rested it atop the stove and stoked the fire, adding logs until the water was hot, and he sipped it until he was warm; but he was hungry and alone. Still, he would not go back.

Morning light began to whisper with the wind through the cracks in the cabin, and he thought of his little sister, Jane, and his Jack Russell terrier, Ticker, and how Jane must be taking care him. Sam was hungry, and he cried, and he fell asleep beside the stove.

II

He did not want to be Sam Cotter anymore. He did not even want to be

Sam. He resented all memories. The good ones were too tainted by the bad, and

the only reason he wouldn't keep lying on that wooden floor like a crucifix, wide-

eyed, searching for deeper, finer intricacies in the pattern of the rotting roof,

second after second, while jagged thoughts would erode his mind, bit by bit, his

heart fading into numbness, was because he was cold and hungry, and his heart

still beat, and though he tried, he could not control the instinct to rise and

survive.

Each time he rose, he remembered a story of a certain billionaire—a man

who supposedly retired at an old age and gave away his fortune, but kept

ownership of his company's building in downtown New York, so that he could

sweep the sidewalk outside its front door everyday. Sam always pictured the

looks on the faces of those who passed that man sweeping, as they could never

know who he really was. Working with his hands on one narrow task, the old

man could simplify his life, so his old mind was peaceful, as the story goes.

Sam would cut deadfall with his bow saw and chop them with his maul.

For brief moments he could home in on his task like the old man, narrowing his

world to one chop, but his memories always crept back in. Peace, he thought,

was impossible. Nonetheless, on Nipawset Mountain, he stayed to be free from

judgment.

III

8

Sam was now 20 years old. His grandfather, who died the year before, had taught him to hunt on this mountain, and that is when they first came across this abandoned cabin together. Even at that young age, Sam took note of where it was and how to get there. Part of him always considered it a possibility of escape, so throughout his years becoming an Eagle Scout, he was training for more than a badge. He learned how to handle the woods from the scouts, but he learned how to survive from his grandfather, and now that his grandfather was dead, he knew that no one among his friends or family knew where that cabin was, so the summer before his sophomore year at the University of Montana, he left a note for his family saying that he just had to get away, crying as he wrote, but he walked out in the middle of the night.

He brought his grandfather's Luxus Arms Model 11 rifle, a maul, fishing tackle, a buck knife, and his grandfather's killing knife from the war; it was long, almost like a bayonet, and it had a ringed grip, so his hand wouldn't slip as he stabbed. He brought matches and a flint, warm clothes, and one blanket, and he hitch-hiked from his home in Hobson, Montana, taking buses when he could, for two days, until he came to the northern lands that once belonged to the Maliseet Indians, which now would be home to him, but that was nine months ago.

IV

He had survived well through the fall hunting and fishing. He knew to collect berries and leaves when he could, but through the winter he ate mostly venison, and he was getting hungrier as he found fewer deer; and he felt malnourished and sick from the lack of variety. He learned to quickly skin and clean his kills while watching out for wolves or bears. They run toward blood, so he cooked his meat on a spit above a fire outside of his cabin, while he held his gun and kept his killing knife close at his side, his back against the wall, watching mostly for wolves but now also for bears, as winter was almost over.

V

He woke again beside the stove by mid-morning. He finished the cooled water in his mug, but the cabin had warmed a bit. He added more wood to the stove. He was too hungry now; he could not lie down again, but his mind hurt. He thought of Jane and Ticker, and how they must be asleep in warm beds, and how his mother would give them breakfast. He grabbed his knives and gun and marched into the gray morning.

Sam felt weak and tired, but he humped along until midday, and halted when he found steaming urine in the snow. He felt less hopeful than determined, less thankful than poised, and he followed the tracks, watching for movement until he saw the 12-point buck. He quickly took steady aim and shot it dead.

As he approached it, his mind hurt. His memories roared in, and he knelt to work the carcass with his buck knife. Sam thought of that peaceful billionaire street sweeper. He thought how he himself was in the snowy mountains of Nipawset Mountain in late February on a windless day beneath a blanketed sky, and how he was cleaning a gorgeous 12-point buck with his bare hands in fresh snow, but his mind continued to roar. This time he thought of his girl, Grace Attler, and how he never said goodbye. He didn't miss her. He thought if he ever went home, he'd pretend that he had. He didn't think that there was enough room left in his mind for love, because there were "too many eyes," he thought, as even in his own mind he felt watched—he hated it. He put down his knife and sat in the snow—but he smelled something rank and terrifying.

 His haste had made him careless. He forgot how the scent of hot blood travels quickly between the pines and how spring was not far off. 50 yards behind him stood a black bear, newly woken from hibernation, and surely starving. The second that Sam gathered himself to rise to his feet, it charged. Sam dashed toward a tree.

He unsheathed his grandfather's killing knife, which twinkled in the snow, and with the help of the tree, he dodged the bear's first attack, and the second— but not the third. As it turned around to face him, it swiped him on the left side of his upper body, slamming him into the snow. He tried to stand again, but the bear swiped the other way, this time clawing the back of his head. Sam face-

planted in the snow tasting blood in his mouth. His lung had been punctured, yet

he turned again to face this monster.

VII

His mind no longer hurt. He only felt the burning need to live. The bear

reared up, standing over him on its hind legs. Sam's fingers had not slipped from

that killing knife, so although he could barely breath, he surged from his knees

and deftly thrust his knife into its heart. It fell on top of him, pinning his legs

beneath its massive corpse. Sam lay facing the gray sky.

He had homed his mind like that old billionaire, yet as blood was

streaming down his cheek, his chest was collapsing. He was scared. He thought

of his dog, Ticker. "Ticker," he thought, and laughed quietly as his heart ticked

and flickered. Though he was lying in the snow pale and cold, he felt warm. The

air was heavy and still, and he was calm.

Chapter 2

Horace: To the Ship of State (my scansion)

Scansion template for each stanza:

First two lines: ‾‾/‾˘˘/‾// ‾˘˘/‾˘ (the final vowel can be either long or short).

      Note: two consecutive "//" denotes dieresis, which is a division

between <u>feet</u> that corresponds to the division between words.

Third Line: ‾‾ /‾˘˘/‾‾

Fourth Line: ‾‾/‾˘˘/‾˘˘ (the final vowel can be either long or short).

      Note: any unmarked vowel implies an elision with the prior marked

      vowel.

Ō nāvīs, rĕfĕrēnt īn mărĕ tē nŏvī

flūctūs. ō quĭd ăgīs? fōrtĭtĕr ōccŭpā

pōrtūm. nōnnĕ vĭdēs, ūt

nūdūm rēmĭgĭō lătŭs

ēt mālūs cĕlĕrī sāucĭŭs Āfrĭcō

āntēmnāequĕ gĕmānt āc sĭnĕ fūnĭbŭs

vīx dūrārĕ cărīnāe

pōssīnt īmpĕrĭōsĭŭs

āequōr? nōn tĭbĭ sūnt īntĕgră līntĕă,

nōn dī, quōs ĭtĕrūm prēssă vŏcēs mălō.

quāmvīs Pōntĭcă pīnūs,

sīlvāe fīlĭă nōbĭlĭs,

īactēs ēt gĕnŭs ēt nōmĕn ĭnūtĭlĕ:

nīl pīctīs tĭmĭdūs nāvĭtă pūppĭbŭs

fīdīt. tū, nĭsĭ vēntīs

dēbēs lūdĭbrĭūm, căvĕ.

nūpēr sōllĭcĭtūm quāe mĭhĭ tāedĭūm,

nūnc dēsīdĕrĭūm cūrăquĕ nōn lĕvĭs,

īntērfūsă nĭtēntīs

vītēs āequŏră Cȳclădās.

Horace: To the Ship of State (my literal translation and grammatical defense)

Oh ship, new waves will carry you back on the sea! Oh what are you doing?
Seize the port securely! Don't you see how the side is naked without oars, and
how the wounded mast and yardarms groan in the swift Southwester, and how
without ropes the keels could scarcely withstand the more powerful sea?   The
sails are not whole for you; there are no gods, whom you may call upon, pressed
by danger again. Although Pontic Pine, the daughter of a noble forest, and

(although) you boast both your lineage and useless name, a terrified sailor puts

no trust in painted sterns. You, unless you owe the winds mockery, be careful!

Lately, you who have been an agitated worry to me and now are my desire and

care not light, may you avoid the waters poured between the shining Cyclades!

O navis, referent in mare te novi fluctus.

Oh ship, new waves will carry you back on the sea!

"O navis" is a vocative address. "Novi fluctus" is nominative masculine plural,

"referent" is 3rd person plural future indicative active, "te" is accusitive singular,

"in mare" is ablative of place where.

o quid agis? fortiter occupa portum.

Oh what are you doing? Seize the port securely!

 "Quid" is an accusative interrogative pronoun, "agis" is 2nd person singular

present indicative active, "occupa" 2nd person singular present imperative active,

"portum" accusative singular, "fortiter" is an adverb.

nonne vides, ut nudum remigio latus

Don't you see how the side is naked without oars

"Nonne" interrogative adverb, "vides" 2nd person singular present indicative

active (primary sequence), "ut" adverb meaning "how" when used with an

indicative verb, "latus nudum" is nominative neuter singular, "remigio" is

ablative of separation, I "supplied," i.e., understood, an ellipted "sit" for an

optimal grammatical translation, and I supplied the present subjunctive of the

verb "to be" because this is an indirect question in the primary sequence.

et malus celeri saucius Africo antemnaeque gemant

and how the wounded mast and yard-arms groan in the swift Southwester,

I brought the "ut" translated as "how" into these subsequent clauses, "saucius

malus" is masculine nominative singular, "antemnae" is feminine nominative

plural, these nominatives share "gemant" which is 3rd person plural present

subjunctive active (subjunctive because of indirect question, present because of

sequence of tenses), "celeri Africo" is ablative of place where.

ac sine funibus vix durare carinae possint imperiosius aequor?

and how without ropes the keels could scarcely withstand the more

powerful sea?

Again, I brought the "ut" down to this clause, "sine funibus" is an ablative of

separation, "carinae" is feminine nominative plural, "possint" 3rd plural present

subjunctive active (subjunctive because of indirect question, present because of

sequence of tenses), "durare" present infinitive active, "vix" is an adverb,

"imperiosius aequor" is neuter accusitive singular, "imperiosius" is a comparitive

adjective.

non tibi sunt integra lintea, non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

The sails are not whole for you; there are no gods, whom you may call upon,

pressed by danger again.

"Integra lintea" is neuter plural nominative, "non sunt" is 3rd person plural

present indicative active, "tibi" dative of reference, "non di" I carried over the

"sunt," "di" is masculine nominative plural, "quos" relative pronoun referring to

"di," and "quos" introduces a relative clause of characteristic (Henle, 135),

"iterum" is an adverb, "voces" is 2nd person singular present subjunctive active

(subjunctive because it is in a relative clause of characteristic, present because it

is after the main verb "sunt" in the primary sequence of tenses), "pressa" is a

feminine nominative singular perfect passive participle referring to the "navis,"

"malo" is ablative of means.

quamvis Pontica pinus, silvae filia nobilis,

Although Pontic Pine, the daughter of a noble forest,

"Quamvis" is an adverb, "Pontica pinus" is feminine nominative singular, "filia" is

feminine nominative singular, "filia nobilis" is feminine genitive singular.

iactes et genus et nomen inutile:

and (although) you boast both your lineage and useless name,

I carried down "quamvis," "iactes" is 2nd person singular present subjunctive

active (subjunctive because "quamvis takes the subjunctive in this concessive clause), "et..et" is "both...and," genus et nomen inutile" are neuter singular accusatives (I added "your" to have it sound a bit better, as possessive pronouns are rarely expressed in Latin, but generally required in idiomatic English).

nil pictis timidus navita puppibus fidit.

a terrified sailor puts no trust in painted sterns.

"Timidus navita" masculine nominative singular, "fidit" is 3rd person singular present indicative active, "pictis" perfect passive participle modifying "puppibus" which is feminine ablative plural (ablative of place where), "nil" is indeclinable meaning "nothing" or in this case "no faith."

tu, nisi ventis debes ludibrium, cave.

You, unless you owe the winds mockery, be careful!

"Tu" is vocative, "nisi" is a conjunction, "debes" is 2nd person singular present indicative active, "ventis" masculine plural dative of "debes," "ludibrium" is neuter accusative plural, "cave" is 2nd person singular present imperative active.

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,

Lately, you who have been an agitated worry to me

"Nuper" is an adverb, "quae" is feminine nominative singular referring to the ship, I inserted a "fuisti" 2nd person singular perfect active indicative meaning

"has been," "sollicitum taedium" is neuter genitive poetic plural, "mihi" dative singular.

nunc desiderium curaque non levis,

and now are my desire and care not light,

I supplied an "et," "nunc" is an adverb, I supplied "es," I supplied "meum" to modify "desiderium" which is neuter nominative singular, "cura" is feminine nominative singular, "non levis" is feminine nominative singular.

interfusa nitentis vites aequora Cycladas.

may you avoid the waters poured between the shining Cyclades!

"Vites" is the present hortatory subjunctive 2nd person singular active, "interfusa" is neuter accusative plural perfect passive participle modifying "aequora," "nitentis" is ablative of place where perfect passive participle feminine plural modifying "Cyclades," which is feminine accusative plural.

Horace: To the Ship of State (my attempt to loosen the translation into more understandable terms)

Oh ship, you will be brought out to sea again unless you securely moor yourself in port, so why don't you moor yourself? Don't you see that you don't even have oars, your mast is weakened, and your yardarms groan in the swift southwest

wind, and that your keels cannot hold up against the sea without the help of ropes? Your sails have holes in them, and if the sea gets rough again, you have no gods whom you could call upon for help. Although you are made of respected wood, and although you come from a strong line of ships and have a respected name, a terrified sailor won't trust you just because of your name painted on your stern. Unless you want the winds to toss you around like their toy, be careful! You have worried me a lot lately so I've been thinking about you with care, so please avoid the swirling waters between the Cyclades!

Horace: To the Ship of State (a researched look into Horace's implications)

In Steele Commager's, *The Odes of Horace: a Critical Study*, he interprets Horace's, "The Ship of State" as political in nature. He says that the first four stanzas seem to be a narrative context addressing a literal ship, but that we must reassess our interpretation once we read the final four stanzas. These last stanzas evoke a far more personal sentiment with "such transcendent affection" (164) that "it is clear that Horace has something more in mind than an actual vessel" (164). At the time when Horace wrote this ode under the rule of Octavian, Rome, long weakened by civil wars, was again "drifting into civil war— *referent in mare te novi fluctus*—and the weakened fabric of her government— *non tibi sunt integra*—might well have seemed inadequate to another struggle" (167). Commager cites Quintilian: "The author names the ship for the state, the

waves and tempests for the civil wars, and the port for peace and concord" (164).

Throughout the ode, Horace neither mentions a captain (political leader), nor

favors a political party, so this ode represents how he was concerned for all

Romans who were caught in this "ship of state" (168-69). With this information,

I shall write another translation of this ode through a political lens:

Oh Rome, another civil war is coming. What are you doing? You must

stop this madness and come together to find peace. Don't you know that you will

lose all of your soldiers (oars) in civil war (Swift southwester), that your leaders

will not be safe (mast and yardarms), that only a thread (ropes) is what is

holding your civil stability (keels) together, and that civil war (the more

powerful sea) will tear you asunder? Your government is in shambles (torn

sails), and not even the gods will help us through another civil war. You are

great; you have been a vast and powerful empire throughout many generations,

but scared civilian will not trust your former glory. Rome, unless you owe the

fates (winds) mockery, be careful! I have worried for you lately, but you are my

every thought, and I care for you deeply. I pray that you avoid the savage chaos

of civil war!

Horace: To the Ship of State (Longfellow's version: O Ship of State)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,

What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

In what a forge and what a heat

Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

'T is of the wave and not the rock;

'T is but the flapping of the sail,

And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,

Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Horace: To the Ship of State (my version: To a Runaway Son, based my short story)

O Sam, the itch to get away

Has taken you too far astray!

I pray you come back home to us—

I wish we had time to discuss

That you're not ready for the fray.

You're young, and you are being rash,

For we all know you have no cash.

You have no graduate degree,

And you don't have a place to live.

Do you think something has to give?

And really how far can you flee,

When you have no one else to call

But us when to your knees you fall?

Although you are resourceful, smart,

And perseverant in your heart,

The world is colder than you know;

The fray will chase you as you go.

O Sam, be strong against all strife,

As I pray daily for your life.

I hope you're warm and safe and sound;

Beware of strangers all around—

I saw that you took Grampa's knife…

After Horace: To the Ship of State (my version translated into Latin)

Ad Affectum Filium

O Sam, desiderium fugii

Te errantem nimis longe tulit!

Precor te domum ad nos rediturum esse—

Volo nos temporem habuisse ut diceremus

Te non paratum esse dimicare.

Tu adulescens es, et te geris temerarie,

Nam omnes noscimus te pecuniam non habere.

Bacalaureatus non es,

Et locum non habes ubi dormias.

Putasne fortunam te secuturam esse?

Et quidem quam procul potesne fugere,

Cum nullum alium habeas quem possis vocare

Praeter nos cum ad tua genua cadas?

Quamquam es callidus, scitus,

Et tenax in corde tuo,

Mundus est frigidior quam scis:

Dimicatio te persequetur euntem.

O Sam, confortare contra omnem contentionem,

Dum quotidie causa servandae vitae tuae precor.

Spero te calidum et integrem et incolumem esse;

Attendite! Ubique hostes!—

Vidi te cultrum avi cepisse...

Explanation: I translated Horace's ode as literally as I could, strictly following the rules of Latin grammar. Then I saw how Longfellow translated it loosely and poetically. He wrote a 22-line poem in iambic tetrameter with a specific rhyme scheme. I mimicked that format as best I could. Rather than writing to a ship which is going out to sea, but is unfit to do so, I wrote about the mother in my short story who is writing to her son who ran away from home but is unfit to do so.

Chapter 3

Catullus: VII (my scansion)

Scansion template for each line:

¯ ¯ / ¯ ˇ ˇ / ¯ ˇ / ¯ ˇ / ¯ ¯ (the first two vowels in each line can be a combination of long and short, and the last vowel of each line can be either long or short).

> Note: any unmarked vowel implies an elision with the prior marked vowel.

quāerīs, quōt mǐhǐ bāsǐātǐōnēs

tūāe, Lēsbǐă, sīnt sătīs sǔpērquě.

quām māgnūs nǔměrūs Lǐbȳssāe harēnāe

lǎsārpīcǐfěrīs īacēt Cȳrēnīs

ōrāclūm Iǒvǐs īntěr āestǔōsī

ēt Bāttī větěrīs sācrūm sěpūlcrǔm;

āut quām sīděrǎ mūltǎ, cūm tǎcēt nōx,

fūrtīvōs hǒmǐnūm vǐdēnt ǎmōrēs:

tām tē bāsǐǎ mūltǎ bāsǐārě

vēsānō sătǐs ēt sǔpēr Cătūllō est,

quāe nēc pērnǔměrārě cūrǐōsī

pōssīnt nēc mǎlǎ fāscǐnārě līnguǎ.

Catullus: VII (my literal translation and grammatical defense)

You ask how many of your kisses may be enough and more than enough for me.

As great as the number of Libyan sand that lies in perfume-bearing Cyrene,

between the oracle of glowing Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus, or as many

stars when the night is silent, that see the stolen loves of men; so many kisses

that you kiss is enough and more than enough for mad Catullus, "kisses" which

busy-bodies may neither reckon up nor an evil tongue betwitch.

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.

You ask how many of your kisses may be enough and more than enough for

me.

"Quaeris" is 2nd person singular present indicative active, "quot" adverb, "mihi"

dative singular, "basiationes" feminine accusative plural, "tuae" feminine

genitive singular, "sint" 3rd person plural present subjunctive active (indirect

statement, primary sequence), "satis superque" are adverbs.

quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis oraclum

Iovis inter aestuosi et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum;

As great as the number of Libyan sands that lies in perfume-bearing Cyrene,

between the oracle of glowing Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus,

"Quam" comparative adverb, "magnus numerus" masculine nominative singular,

"Libyssae harenae" feminine explanatory genitive (Henle, 149) singular, "iacet"

3rd person singular present indicative active (I supplied and understood "qui"

28

meaning "that" referring to "magnus numerus"), "lasarpiciferis Cyrenis" feminine ablative plural (ablative of place where), "inter" preposition + accusatives "oraclum" and "sacrum sepulcrum," "Iovis aestuosi" are possessive genitives modifying "oraclum," and "Batti verteris" are possessive genitives modifying "sacrum sepulcrum."

aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox, furtivos hominum vident amores:

or as many stars when the night is silent, that see the stolen loves of men;

"Aut" is a conjunction, "quam" is a comparative adverb, "sidera multa" is neuter nominative plural, "cum" adverb – cum temporal clause, "tacet" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "nox" feminine nominative singular (I inserted and understood "quae" meaning "that" referring to "sidera multa"), "vident" 3rd person plural present indicative active, "furtivos amores" masculine accusative plural, "hominum" masculine genitive plural.

tam te basia multa basiare vesano satis et super Catullo est,

so many kisses that you kiss is enough and more than enough for mad Catullus

"Tam" adverb, "te" feminine accusative singular (accusative subject of the infinitive "basiare," "basia multa" neuter accusative plural, "basiare" present active infinitive (subject of est), "vesano Catullo" masculine dative singular, "satis et super" is an adverb phrase, "est" 3rd person singular present indicative active.

quae nec pernumerare curiosi possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

"kisses" which busy-bodies may neither reckon up nor an evil tongue betwitch.

"Quae" referring to the kisses – introduces a relative clause of characteristic, "nec…nec" conjunctions – neither…nor, "pernumerare" and "fascinare" are present active infinitives attached to "possint" which is a 3rd person plural present active subjunctive (subjunctive because it is a relative clause of characteristic), "curiosi" masculine nominative singular, "mala lingua" feminine nominative singular.

Catullus: VII (Ben Jonson's version: To the Same)

Kisse me, sweet: the warie lover

Can your favours keepe, and cover,

When the common courting jay

All your bounties will betray.

Kisse again: no creature comes.

Kisse, and score up wealthy summes

On my lips, thus hardly sundred,

While you breath. First give a hundred,

Then a thousand, then another

Hundred, then unto the tother

Adde a thousand, and so more:

Till you equall with the store,

All the grasse that *Rumney* yields,

Or the sands in *Chelsey* fields,

Or the drops in silver *Thames*,

Or the starres, that gild his streames,

In the silent sommer-nights,

When youths ply their stolne delights.

That the curious may not know

How to tell' hem as they flow,

And the envious, when they find

What their number is, be pin'd.

Explanation: Again, I translated this poem as literally as I could. Then I noticed how Ben Jonson took some poetic liberties with it. The theme is very similar, but the setting and form and meter changed entirely from Catullus' version. So I changed the scene and the characters. I wrote about my main character in my short story writing a Shakespearean sonnet to his girl. He says that if she kisses him enough times, he'll tell her that he missed her while he was away, and he'll write more poems (he really just wants the kisses).

Catullus VII (My Sonnet Version: How Many Kisses? (for me to lie))

How many times, I wonder, have we kissed?

How many more would be enough for me

To say that you're the only one I've missed?

As many as the buds that strewn the trees

We sat beneath in Monterey that spring

When drowsy dusk fell embered from the sky,

As many as the crickets that would sing

As silent darkness whispered light goodbye,

As many as the northern stars that woke

To greet us on that dewy night in May,

Passing across the mountain sky, they spoke,

Saying how things will never stay this way.

     So Grace, if you'd kiss me that many times,

     I'd say I've missed you with more of these rhymes.

After Catullus VII (my translation of my poem)

Quot Basia Basiavimus?

Quot basia basiavimus? Miror.

Quot plus satis superque mihi sint?

Dicam te puellam unicam esse quam desideraverim?

Quam magnus numerus germinum quae arbores sternabant

Sub quibus in Monterey illo veri sedebamus

Cum soporum crepusculum ardenter ab caelo caderet,

Quam magnus numerus cicadarum canebat

Cum tenebrae luci sussurarent, "Vale,"

Quam magnus numerus Boreorum siderum, quae excitata sunt

Ut nos illa umida nocte Maio salutarent

Transientia montem caeli, locutus est,

Dicens res numquam nostras similes mansuras esse.

      Ita, Grace, si me iterum tot basies,

      Dicam me te plus quam haec carmina mea desideravisse.

Chapter 4

Ovid: Love and War (my scansion)

Scansion template for each couplet:

First line: ¯˘˘/ ¯˘˘/ ¯˘˘/ ¯˘˘/ ¯˘˘/ ¯¯

First line alternative: ¯¯/ ¯¯/ ¯¯/ ¯¯/ ¯¯/ ¯¯

> I.e., the first five feet can be either spondees or dactyls, but the final foot
>
> must be a dactyl.

Second line: ¯¯/ ¯¯/ ¯// ¯˘˘/ ¯˘˘/ ¯ (the first two feet can be either spondees or

dactyls, the rest remain constant).

> Note: two consecutive "//" denotes dieresis.
>
> Note: any unmarked vowel implies an elision with the prior marked
>
> vowel.

Mīlĭtĭt ōmnĭs ămāns, ĕt hăbēt sŭă cāstră Cŭpīdō;

> Āttĭcĕ, crēdĕ mĭhī, mīlĭtăt ōmnĭs ămāns.

Quāe bēllō est hăbĭlīs, Vĕnĕrī quŏquĕ cōnvĕnĭt āetās.

> Tūrpĕ sĕnēx mīlēs, tūrpĕ sĕnīlĭs ămōr.

Quōs pĕtĭērĕ dŭcēs ănĭmōs īn mīlĭtĕ fōrtī,

> hōs pĕtĭt īn sŏcĭō bēllă pŭēllĭ vĭrō.

Pērvĭgĭlānt āmbō; tērrā rĕquĭēscĭt ŭtērquē—

> īllĕ fŏrēs dŏmĭnāe sērvăt, ăt īllĕ dŭcīs.

Mīlĭtĭs ōffĭcĭūm lōngā est vĭă; mīttĕ pŭēllām,

36

strēnŭŭs ēxēmptō fīnĕ sĕquētŭr ămāns.

Ībĭt ĭn ādvērsōs mōntēs dŭplĭcātăquĕ nīmbō

flūmĭnă, cōngēstās ēxtĕrĕt īllĕ nĭvēs,

nēc frĕtă prēssūrūs tŭmĭdōs cāusābĭtŭr Ēurōs

āptăquĕ vērrēndīs sīdĕră quāerĕt ăquīs.

Quīs nĭsĭ vĕl mīlēs vĕl ămāns ēt frīgŏră nōctīs

ēt dēnsō mīxtās pērfĕrĕt īmbrĕ nĭvēs?

Mīttĭtŭr īnfēstōs āltēr spĕcŭlātŏr ĭn hōstēs;

īn rĭvălĕ ocŭlōs āltĕr, ŭt hōstĕ, tĕnēt.

Īllĕ grăvēs ūrbīs, hīc dūrāe līmĕn ămīcāe

ōbsĭdĕt; hīc pōrtās frāngĭt, ăt īllĕ fŏrēs.

Sāepĕ sŏpōrātōs īnvādĕrĕ prōfŭĭt hōstēs

cāedĕrĕ et ārmātā vūlgŭs ĭnērmĕ mănū.

Sīc fĕră Thrēĭcĭī cĕcĭdērūnt āgmĭnă Rhēsī,

ēt dŏmĭnūm cāptī dēsĕrŭīstĭs ĕquī.

Nēmpē mērītōrūm sōmnĭs ŭtūntŭr ămāntēs,

ēt sŭă sōpītīs hōstĭbŭs ārmă mŏvēnt.

Cūstōdūm trānsīrĕ mănūs vĭgĭlūmquĕ cătērvās

mīlĭtĭs ēt mĭsĕrī sēmpĕr ămāntĭs ŏpūs.

Mārs dŭbĭūs nēc cērtă Vĕnūs; vīctīquĕ rĕsūrgūnt,

quōsquĕ nĕgēs ūmquām pōssĕ ĭacērĕ, cădūnt.

Ērgō dēsĭdĭām quīcūmquĕ vŏcābăt ămōrēm,

dēsĭnăt. Īngĕnĭī est ēxpĕrĭēntĭs ămōr.

37

Ārdĕt ĭn ābdūctā Brĭsēīdē māestŭs Ăchīllēs—

      dūm lĭcĕt, Ārgēās frāngĭtĕ, Trōĕs, ŏpēs!

Hēctŏr ăb Āndrŏmăchēs cōnplēxĭbŭs ībăt ăd ārmā,

      ēt, gălĕām căpĭtī quāe dărĕt, ūxŏr ĕrāt.

Sūmmă dŭc[um], Ātrīdēs, vīsā Prĭămēīdĕ fērtūr

      Māenădĭs ēffūsīs ōbstŭpŭīssĕ cŏmīs.

Mārs quŏquĕ dēprēnsūs fābrīlĭă vīncŭlă sēnsīt;

      nōtĭŏr īn cāelō fābŭlă nūllă fŭīt.

Īpsĕ egŏ sēgnĭs ĕrām dīscīnctăquĕ in ōtĭă nātūs;

      mōllĭĕrānt ănĭmōs lēctŭs ĕt ūmbră mĕōs.

Īnpŭlĭt īgnāvūm fōrmōsāe cūră pŭēllāe

      ĭussĭt ĕt īn cāstrīs āerĕ mĕrērĕ sŭīs.

Īndĕ vĭdēs ăgĭlēm nōctūrnăquĕ bēllă gĕrēntēm.

      quī nōlēt fĭĕrī dēsĭdĭōsŭs, ămēt!

Ovid: Love and War (my literal translation and grammatical defense)

Every loving one soldiers, and Cupid has his own encampments; Atticus, trust me, every lover is a solider. Which age is fit for war, also is suitable for Venus: ugly is the old soldier; ugly is senile love. What qualities generals sought in a brave soldier, these a beautiful girl seeks in a male comrade; both remain awake all night; and each rests on the ground: one watches his mistress' doorway, one his general's; the duty of a soldier is a long journey: send a girl, and the nimble

lover will follow, boundary having been taken away; he will go into looming

mountains and rivers doubled by storm cloud, and that man will lead a pathway

through heaped up snows, and he, about to press through the channels, will not

plead to swollen southeast winds and will not seek joined stars for seas to be

swept. Who but either a soldier or a lover bears through the night's cold and

snow mixed with dense rain? One is sent as a scout into the hostile enemy; the

other holds eyes on a rival, as his enemy. One besieges a laden city; the other

besieges the threshold of a harsh girl. One shatters gates, the other doors. It has

often been useful to invade enemies, fallen asleep, and to cut unarmed enemies

with armed hand; just as the wild forces of Thracian Rhesus fell, and you, captive

steeds, forsook your master; just as often lovers use the sleeps of husbands, and

move their own implements on lulled enemies. To pass by the bands of guards

and troops of watchmen is always the job of the soldier and the wretched lover.

Mars flutters and Venus is not fixed: and conquered men resurge, and whomever

you deny to be able to be overthrown, fall down. Therefore, whoever was calling

love indolent, may he cease: love is of an experimenting nature. Great Achilles

burns for lost Briseis: Trojans, smash the Greek works while it is allowed!

Hector was going to arms from Andromache's embrace, and, who would give the

helmet for his head, was his wife. It is said that Priam's daughter having been

seen, it is said that the peak of leaders, Atrides, was stunned by the flowing hair

of the Maenad; and also trapped Mars felt the artificer's bounds: no tale was

more notorious in heaven. I myself was lazy and born into ungirded leisure;

shade and couch had made my spirits soft; care for a lovely girl struck my

laziness and ordered me to earn wages in her camps. Thence you see one nimble

and waging nocturnal wars. Who will not wish to be made slothful, may he fall in

love!

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;

Every loving one soldiers, and Cupid has his own encampments;

"Omnis amans" masculine nominative singular (amans = present active

participle), "militat" 3rd person singular present active indicative, "et"

conjunction, "habet" 3rd person singular present active indicative, "sua castra"

neuter accusative plural, "Cupido" masculine nominative singular.

Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

Atticus, trust me, every lover is a solider.

"Attice" masculine vocative singular, "crede" 2nd person singular present

imperative active, "mihi" credeo + dative, "militat" 3rd person singular present

active indicative, "omnis amans" masculine nominative singular (amans =

present active participle).

Quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas.

Which age is fit for war, also is suitable for Venus:

"Quae aetas " feminine nominative singular, "habilis" feminine nominative

singular predicate adjective, "est" 3rd person singular present active indicative, "bello" neuter dative singular direct object, "quoque" conjunction, "convenit" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "Veneri" feminine dative singular.

Turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.

Ugly is the old soldier; ugly is senile love.

"Turpe senex miles" masculine nominative singular, "senex miles" is a predicate nominative, I inserted and understood "est" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "turpe senilis amor" masculine nominative singular, "senilis amor" is a predicate nominative.

Quos petiere duces animos in milite forti,

What qualities generals sought in a brave soldier,

"Duces" masculine nominative plural, "petiere" 3rd person plural perfect active indicative (poetic), "quos animos" masculine accusative plural, "in milite forti" masculine ablative singular.

Hos petit in socio bella puella viro.

these a beautiful girl seeks in a male comrade.

"Hos" masculine accusative plural, "petit" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "bella pulla" feminine nominative singular, "in socio viro" masculine ablative singular (ablative of time where).

Pervigilant ambo; terra requiescit uterque —

both remain awake all night; and each rests on the ground:

"Pervigilant" 3rd person plural present indicative active, "ambo" indeclinable numeral, "terra" feminine ablative singular (ablative of place where), "requiescit" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "uterque" masculine nominative singular pronoun.

Ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis.

one watches his mistress' doorway, one his general's;

"Ille" masculine nominative singular, "fores" feminine accusative plural, "dominae" feminine genitive singular, "servat" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "at" conjunction, "ille" masculine nominative singular, "ducis" masculine genitive singular.

Militis officium longa est via; mitte puellam,

the duty of a soldier is a long journey: send a girl,

"Officium" neuter nominative singular, "militis" masculine genitive singular, "longa via" feminine nominative singular (predicate nominative), "est" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "mitte" 2nd person singular present active imperative, "puellam" feminine accusative singular.

Strenuus exempto fine sequetur amans.

and the nimble lover will follow, boundary having been taken away;

I supplied an understood "et," "strenuus amans" masculine nominative singular, "exempto fine" ablative absolute (exempto – perfect passive participle).

Ibit in adversos montes duplicataque nimbo (flumina)

he will go into looming mountains and rivers doubled by storm cloud,

"Ibit" 3rd person singular future indicative active , "in adversos montes" masculine accusative plural prepositional phrase, "duplicataque flumina" neuter accusative plural, nimbo – ablative of means).

Flumina, congestas exteret ille nives,

and that man will lead a pathway through heaped up snows,

"Flumina" neuter accuative plural, I supplied an understood "et," "congestas nives," feminine accusative plural (congestas – perfect passive participle), "ille" masculine nominative singular, "exteret" 3rd person singular future active indicative.

Nec freta pressurus tumidos causabitur Euros

and he, about to press through the channels, will not plead to swollen southeast winds

I supplied an understood "et," "freta" neuter accusative plural, "pressurus" masculine nominative future active participle, "tumidos Euros" masculine accusative singular, "causabitur" 3rd person singular future indicative deponent.

Aptaque verrendis sidera quaeret aquis.

and will not seek joined stars for seas to be swept.

"Apta sidera" neuter accusative plural (apata – perfect passive participle),

"quaeret" 3rd person singular future active indicative, "verrendis aquis" dative

(quaero takes dative) femine plural gerundive.

Quis nisi vel miles vel amans et frigora noctis

  Et denso mixtas perferet imbre nives?

Who but either a soldier or a lover bears through the night's cold and snow

mixed with dense rain?

"Quis" masculine nominative singular, "nisi" conjunction, "vel..vel" conjunctions,

"miles" and "amans" masculine nominative singulars, "et" conjunction, "frigora"

neuter accusative plural, "noctis" feminine genitive singular, "et" conjunction,

"denso imbre" masculine ablative singular (ablative of accompaniment), "mixtas

nives" feminine accusative plural.

Mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes;

One is sent as a scout into the hostile enemy;

"Mittitur" 3rd person singular present passive indicative, "in infestos hostes"

masculine accusative plural, "alter speculator" masculine nominative singular

with speculator as a predicate nominative.

In rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet.

the other holds eyes on a rival, as his enemy.

"Alter" masculine nominative singular, "in rivale" masculine ablative singular (ablative of place where), "oculos" masculine accusative plural, "ut" indeclinable adverb, "hoste" masculine ablative singular (ablative of manner), "tenet" – 3rd person singular present active indicative, I inserted "hoc" (masculine ablative singular) meaning "this" for clarity.

Ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae

      Obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores.

One besieges a laden city; the other besieges the threshold of a harsh girl; one shatters gates, the other doors.

"Ille" masculine nominative singular, "graves urbes" feminine accusative plural, "hic" masculine nominative singular, "limen" neuter accusative singular, "durae amicae" feminine genitive singular, "obsidet" 3rd person singular present active indicative, "hic" masculine nominative singular, "portas" feminine accusative plural, "frangit" 3rd person singular present active indicative, "at" conjunction, "ille" masculine nominative singular, "fores" feminine accusative plural.

Saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes

      Caedere et armata vulgus inerme manu.

It has often been useful to invade enemies, fallen asleep, and to cut unarmed enemies with armed hand;

"Saepe" adverb, "soporatos hostes" masculine accusative plural (soporatos – perfect passive participle, "invadere" present active infinitive, "profuit" 3rd person singular perfect active indicative, "caedere" present active infinitive, "et" conjunction, "armata manu" feminine singular ablative of means (armata – perfect passive participle), "vulgus" neuter accusative singular, "inerme" adverb.

Sic fera Threicii ceciderunt agmina Rhesi,

Just as the wild forces of Thracian Rhesus fell,

"Sic" adverb, "fera agmina" neuter nominative plural, "Threicii Rhesi" genitive masculine singular, "ceciderunt" 3rd person plural perfect active indicative.

Et dominum capti deseruistis equi.

and you, captive steeds, forsook your master;

"et" conjunction, "capti equi" masculine vocative plural, "dominum" masculine accustive singular, "deseruistis" 2nd person plural perfect active indicative.

Nempe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes,

Just as often lovers use the sleeps of husbands,

"Nempe" conjunction, "amantes" masculine nominative plural, "utuntur" 3rd person plural present indicative deponent, "somnis" masculine abaltive plural (utor take the ablative), "maritorum" masculine genitive singular.

Et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent.

and move their own implements on lulled enemies.

"Et" conjunction, "sua arma" neuter accusative plural, "movent" 3rd person plural present active indicative, "sopitis hostibus" masculine dative plural (dative indirect object).

Custodum transire manus vigilumque catervas

      Militis et miseri semper amantis opus.

To pass by the bands of guards and troops of watchmen is always the job of the soldier and the wretched lover.

"Custodum" masculine genitive plural, "transire" present active infinitive, "manus" feminine accusative plural, "vigilumque" masculine genitive plural, "catervas" feminine accusative plural, "militis" masculine genitive singular, "et" conjunction, "miseri" masculine genitive singular, "semper" adverb, I supplied an understood "est," "opus" neuter nominative singular (predicate nominative), "amantis" masculine genitive singular.

Mars dubius nec certa Venus; victique resurgunt,

Mars flutters and Venus is not fixed: and conquered men resurge,

"Mars" masculine nominative plural, I inserted an understood "est," "dubius" masculine nominative singular (predicate adjective), "nec" conjunction, "certa Venus" feminine nominative singular, "victique" masculaine nominative plural perfect passive participle, "resurgunt" 3rd person singular present indicative active.

Quosque neges umquam posse iacere, cadunt.

and whomever you deny to be able to be overthrown, fall down.

"Quosque" masculine accusative plural, "neges" 2nd person singular present
active indicative, "umquam" adverb, "posse" present active infinitive, "iacere"
present active infinitive, "cadunt" 3rd person plural present active indicative.

Ergo desidiam quicumque vocabat amorem,

      Desinat. ingenii est experientis amor.

**Therefore, whoever was calling love indolent, may he cease: love is of an
experimenting nature.**

"Ergo" adverb, "quicumque" masculine nominative singular, "desidiam" feminine
accusative singular, "amorem" masculine accusative plural, "desinat" 3rd person
singular present active subjunctive (jussive subjunctive, primary sequence),
"ingenii" masculine present singular, "est" 3rd person singular present active
indicative, "experientis" masculine genitive singular perfect passive particple,
"amor" masculine nominative singular.

Ardet in abducta Briseide magnus Achilles —

Great Achilles burns for lost Briseis:

"ardet" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "in abducta Briseide"
feminine ablative singular prepositional phrase, "magnus Achilles" masculine

nominative singular.

Dum licet, Argeas frangite, Troes, opes!

Trojans, smash the Greek works while it is allowed!

"Dum" conjunction, "licet" 3rd person singular present indicative active, "Argeas" neuter accusative plural, "frangite" 2nd person plural present imperative active, "Troes" vocative masculine plural, "opes" neuter accusative plural.

Hector ab Andromaches conplexibus ibat ad arma,

Hector was going to arms from Andromache's embrace,

"Hector" masculine nominative singular, "ab conplexibus" masculine ablative plural, "Andromaches" feminine genitive singular, "ibat" 3rd person singular imperfect active indicative, "ad arma" neuter accusative plural prepositional phrase.

Et, galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat.

and, who would give the helmet for his head, was his wife.

"Et" conjunction, "galeam" feminine accusative singular, "capiti" neuter dative singular (dative of purpose), "quae" feminine nominative singular, "daret" 3rd person singular imperfect subjunctive active (relative clause of characteristic, secondary sequence), "uxor" feminine nominative singular, "erat" 3rd person singular imperfect active indicative.

Summa ducum, Atrides, visa Priameide fertur

      Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis.

It is said that Priam's daughter having been seen, it is said that the peak of leaders, Atrides, was stunned by the flowing hair of the Maenad;

"Summa" feminine nominative singular, "ducum" masculine plural partitive genitive, "Atrides" masculine nominative plural, "fertur" 3rd person singular present indicative passive, "visa Priameide" feminine singular ablative absolute, "Maenadis effusis comis" feminine plural ablative of means, "obstipuisse" perfect infinitive active (indirect discourse).

Mars quoque deprensus fabrilia vincula sensit;

and also trapped Mars felt the artificer's bounds:

"Mars" masculine nominative singular, "quoque" conjunction, "deprensus" masculine nominative perfect passive participle, "fabrilla vincula" neuter accusative plural, "sensit" 3rd person singular perfect active indicative.

Notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit.

no tale was more notorious in heaven.

"Notior" feminine nominative singular comarative adjective, "in caelo" neuter ablative singular, "fabula nulla" feminine nominative singular, "fuit" 3rd person singular perfect active indicative.

Ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus;

I myself was lazy and born in ungirt leisure;

"Ipse ego" masculine nominative singular, "segnis" masculine nominative singular, "natus" masculine nominative singular perfect passive participle, "eram" 3rd person singular imperfect active indicative, "discinctaque in otia" feminine ablative singular.

Mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos.

shade and couch had made my spirits soft;

"Mollierant" 3rd person plural pluperfect active indicative, "animos meos" masculine accusative plural, "lectus" masculine nominative plural, "et" conjunction, "umbra" feminine nominative plural.

Inpulit ignavum formosae cura puellae

Iussit et in castris aera merere suis.

care for a lovely girl struck my laziness and ordered me to earn wages in her campaign;

"Inpulit" 3rd person singular perfect active indicative, I supplied a "meum" meaning "my" modifying "ignavum" masculine accusative singular, "formosae" feminine singular dative of reference, "cura" feminine nominative singular, "iussit" 3rd person singular perfect active indicative, "et" conjunction, "in suis castris" feminine ablative plural, "aera" neuter accusative plural, "merere" present active infinitive.

Inde vides agilem nocturnaque bella gerentem.

Thence you see one and waging nocturnal wars.

"Inde" adverb, "vides" 2nd person singular present active indicative, I supplied an "esse" for indirect discourse with an understood "I" subject, "agilem" masculine accusative singular, "gerentem" masculine accusative singular present active parctiple, "nocturnaque bella" neuter accusative plural.

Qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet!

Who will not wish to be made slothful, may he fall in love!

"Qui" masculine nominative singular, "nolet" 3rd person singular future indicative active, "fieri" present passive infinitive, "desidiosus" masculine nominative singular predicate adjective, "amet" present primary sequence 3rd person singular hortatory subjunctive indicative active.

Ovid: Love and War (a more colloquial translation)

Every lover is a soldier, and Cupid has his own camp. Atticus, trust me, every lover is a soldier. The prime age for a soldier is the prime age for a lover. An old soldier is ugly, and when two old people make love is ugly. The qualities that generals look for in good soldiers are the same qualities that pretty girls look for good boyfriends.

Both lovers and soldiers and soldiers stay awake all night resting on the ground. One watches his mistress's door, and the other guards his general's. Soldiers go far and wide for their duty, and lovers cross looming mountains, rushing rivers, blizzards, or rough seas, without even hoping for a smooth

journey, to get to their loved ones. Who but lovers and soldiers bears through cold nights and wet snowstorms? One is sent to scout the hostile enemy; the other, by keeping his eyes on a rival suitor, acts as an enemy to him.

The soldier besieges a mighty city, while the lover besieges the threshold of a harsh girlfriend. One breaks down gates, the other breaks down doors. The armed soldier waits until the enemy is asleep unarmed to sneak past and kill them, just as the wild forces of Thracian Rhesus fell because his men betrayed him. Often, lovers wait for husbands to sleep in order to sneak in to use their own implements on the lulled enemy. Therefore, lovers and soldiers always have to pass by guards and watchmen.

Both love and war are unpredictable: conquered men rise again while the unconquerable fall. Therefore, do not call love indolent. Love is something you need to work for. Great Achilles was so enraged that he lost Briseis that he ceased to fight, allowing the Trojans the advantage. Hector's wife, Andromache, held him right before battle; she even put his helmet on his head. Furthermore, it is said that the beauty of Priam's daughter stunned Atrides, the highest leader. Even Mars was trapped and bound by a lover, and no tale was more notorious in heaven. I myself was once a slothful and careless man, until a beautiful girl motivated me to rise and soldier for her love. Now you see that I am nimble and fight for her all night, so if you even want to avoid being slothful, just fall in love!

Ovid: Love and War (Henry Cromwell's version: Elegy IX: Of Love and War)

Trust me, my Atticus, in love are wars;

And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars:

The age that's fit for war best suits with love,

The old in both unserviceable prove,

Infirm in war, and impotent in love.

The soldiers which a general does require,

Are such as ladies would in bed desire:

Who but a soldier, and a lover, can

Bear the night's cold, in show'rs of hail and rain?

One in continual watch his station keeps,

Or on the earth in broken slumbers sleeps;

The other takes his still repeated round

By mistress' house — then lodges on the ground.

Soldiers, and lovers, with a careful eye,

Observe the motions of the enemy:

One to the walls makes his approach in form,

Pushes the siege, and takes the town by storm:

The other lays his close to Celia's fort,

Presses his point, and gains the wish'd-for port.

As soldiers, when the foe securely lies

In sleep, and wine dissolv'd, the camp surprise;

So when the jealous to their rest remove,

And all is hush'd, — the other steals to love.

You then, who think that love's an idle fit,

Know, that it is the exercise of wit.

In flames of love the fierce Achilles burns,

And, quitting arms, absent Briseis mourns:

From the embraces of Andromache

Went Hector arm'd for war, and victory.

As Agamemnon saw Cassandra pass

With hair dishevell'd, and disorder'd dress,

H' admir'd the beauties of the prophetess:

The god of war was caught in th' act of love;

A story know to all the court above.

Once did I pass my hours in sloth and ease,

Cool shades and beds of down could only please;

When a commanding beauty rais'd my mind,

I left all little trifling thoughts behind,

And to her service all my heart resign'd:

Since, like an active soldier, have I spent

My time in toils of war, in beauty's tent:

And for so sweet a pay all dangers underwent.

You see, my Atticus, by what I prove,

Who would not live in idleness-must love.

Ovid: Love and War (My Version: A Lover is Not a Hunter)

A lover's mind is fogged from day to day,

For lovers' thoughts cannot be kept at bay.

A hunter's mind is calm, quiet, and clear,

For hunters do not fall in love with deer.

A lover stays up late each sultry night,

So he can never see fresh dawn's new light.

A hunter wakes before the rising sun,

For he must eat before the day is done.

A lover dreams about his lady friend,

And this same vision never seems to end.

While each day hunters watch the forest change,

Seeing what movements come within their range.

Lovers who lose their women need not fear,

Because other women are always near,

But if a hunter does not kill his prey,

That was his dinner that just got away.

A Lover lures by wink or by word and charm;

Women are drawn to join them, arm in arm.

Hunters have no words while focused, stalking;

Spears and arrows tend to do the talking.

So when a lover fights for love his mind

Spins with restless thoughts all intertwined,

But when a hunter homes in with his knife,

His mind is calm—the purest thrill of life.

Explanation: Again, I translated it as literally as I could. Then I saw how

Cromwell did a good job of keeping the theme and main points of Ovid's original,

but changed the form and meter into iambic pentameter couplets. And so I did

too, but rather than writing about how lovers are like soldiers, I wrote from my

main characters perspective. He doesn't think he's capable love. He prefers

hunting, so he writes about how lovers are not like hunters.

Conclusion

Synthesizing English and Latin proved to be a journey of two paths that merged at a confluence, a confluence that is this thesis. Each time I focused on Latin, I was either translating or scanning. In order to translate, I needed to apply my knowledge of English vocabulary and grammar. In order to scan, I needed to apply my knowledge of stressed and unstressed syllables within metrical feet, which I have learned from my English course. All of my English poetry and prose, when taken as a whole, relates to each of the Latin poems, whether through translation into Latin, metrical construction, sentence structure, creative themes, or concepts. This means that each part of this thesis is inextricably linked to each other, and no part can be exclusively linked to a single language.

This synthesis was of primary importance for developing a successful thesis, and while producing this coherence, I followed each road I set out to with this opus. I wrote prose, I scanned varying types of Latin verse, I wrote metrical poetry, and I handled translating between the two languages with the same literal approach that I have always preferred, and in doing so I was able to create templates for beginning Latin students to understand and follow. What I have created is a unique perspective on how my scholarly pursuits of the English and Latin languages have been richly influenced by each other.

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