

CLC Stage 12: finis

iam nūbēs ātra ad terram dēscendēbat; iam cinis dēnsissimus incidēbat. plūrimī Pompēiānī iam dē urbe suā dēspērābant. Clēmēns tamen nōn dēspērābat, sed obstinātē vīllam petīvit, quod Caecilium quaerēbat. tandem ad vīllam pervēnit. sollicitus ruīnās spectāvit. tōta vīlla ardēbat. Clēmēns fūmum ubīque vīdit. per ruīnās tamen fortiter contendit et dominum suum vocāvit. Caecilius tamen nōn respondit. subitō canis lātrāvit. 5

servus tablīnum intrāvit, ubi canis erat. Cerberus dominum custōdiēbat.

Caecilius in tablīnō moribundus iacēbat. mūrus sēmirutus eum paene cēlābat. Clēmēns dominō vīnum dedit. Caecilius, postquam vīnum bibit, sēnsim respīrāvit.

‘quid accidit, domine?’ rogāvit Clēmēns.

‘ego ad vīllam vēnī’, inquit Caecilius. ‘Metellam nōn vīdī ! Quīntum nōn vīdī ! vīlla erat 10 dēserta. tum ego ad tablīnum contendēbam. subitō terra tremuit et pariēs in mē incidit. tū es servus fidēlis. abī ! ego tē iubeō. dē vītā meā dēspērō. Metella et Quīntus periērunt. nunc ego quoque sum moritūrus.’

Clēmēns recūsāvit. in tablīnō obstinātē manēbat. Caecilius iterum clāmāvit, ‘Clēmēns, abī ! 15 tē iubeō. fortasse Quīntus superfuit. quaere Quīntum ! hunc ānulum Quīntō dā !’

Caecilius, postquam Clēmētī ānulum suum trādīdit, statim expīrāvit. Clēmēns dominō trīste, ‘valē,’ dīxit et ē vīllā discessit.

Cerberus tamen in vīllā mānsit. dominum frūstrā custōdiēbat.

Ὄνος πατήσας σκόλοπα χωλὸς εἰστήκει·  
λύκον δ' ἰδὼν παρόντα καὶ σαφῆ δεῖσας  
ὄλεθρον οὕτως εἶπεν· "ὦ λύκε, θνήσκω,  
μέλλω τ' ἀποπνεῖν. σοὶ δὲ συμβαλὼν χαίρω.  
σὺ μᾶλλον ἢ γῦψ ἢ κόραξ με δειπνήσεις. 5  
χάριν δέ μοι δὸς ἀβλαβῆ τέ καὶ κούφην  
ἐκ τοῦ ποδός μου τὴν ἄκανθαν εἰρύσσας,  
ὥς μου κατέλθῃ πνεῦμ' ἀναγές εἰς Ἄϊδου."  
κάκεϊνος εἰπὼν "χάριτος οὐ φθονῶ ταύτης"  
ὀδοῦσιν ἄκροισ σκόλοπα θερμὸν ἐξήρει. 10  
ὁ δ' ἐκλυθεὶς πόνων τε κἀνίης πάσης  
τὸν κνηκίην χάσκοντα λακτίσας φεύγει,  
ῥίνας μέτωπα γομφίους τ' ἀλοιήσας.  
"οἴμοι" λύκος "τάδ'" εἶπε "σὺν δίκῃ πάσχω·  
τί γὰρ ἄρτι χωλοὺς ἤρξάμην ἰατρεύειν, 15  
μαθὼν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς οὐδὲν ἢ μαγικεύειν;"

*A donkey was lame after stepping on a thorn. Seeing a wolf close by and fearing death already in sight, he made a speech as follows: 'Wolf, I'm dying. I'm on the point of breathing my last. But I'm glad I met you; I'm glad to know that it's you who will dine on me, rather than a vulture or a crow. Do me a slight favour, which will be no trouble; draw the thorn out of my foot, so my spirit may go down to death free of pain.' 'This is a favour I don't mind granting,' said the wolf, and with the edge of his teeth he pulled out the feverish thorn. Freed of all his pain and discomfort, the donkey lashed out with his heels against the tawny beast while his mouth was still open, smashing in his whole face, snout and jaws alike. Then he fled. 'Alas!' said the wolf. 'This is what I deserve to suffer. Why, at this late date, did I undertake to heal the lame, in the role of a physician, when the only profession I ever learned was that of a butcher?'*

Virgil, Aeneid 2, lines 776-789

“quid tantum insānō iuvat indulgēre dolori,  
ō dulcis coniunx? nōn haec sine numine dīvum  
eveniunt; nec tē comitem hinc portāre Creūsam  
fās aut ille sinit superī regnātor Olympī.

longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum; 780

et terram Hesperiam veniēs, ubi Lȳdius arva  
inter opīma virum lēnī fluit agmine Thȳbris.

illic rēs laetae regnumque et rēgia coniunx  
parta tibi. lacrimās dilectae pelle Creūsae.

nōn ego Mȳrmidonum sēdēs Dolopumve superbās 785

aspiciam aut Grāis servitum mātribus ībo,

Dardanis et dīvāe Veneris nurus;

sed mē magna deum genetrix his dētinet oris.

iamque vale et nātī servā commūnis amōrem.”

*‘O husband that I love, why do you choose to give yourself to wild grief? These things do not happen without the approval of the gods. It is not their will that Creusa should go with you when you leave this place. The King of High Olympus does not allow it. Before you lies a long exile and a vast expanse of sea to plough [780] before you come to the land of Hesperia where the Lydian Tiber flows with smooth advance through a rich land of brave warriors. There prosperity is waiting for you, and a kingdom and a royal bride. Wipe away the tears you are shedding for Creusa whom you loved. I shall not have to see the proud palaces of the Myrmidons and Dolopians. [785] I am a daughter of Dardanus and my husband was the son of Venus, and I shall never go to be a slave to any matron of Greece. The Great Mother of the Gods keeps me here in this land of Troy. Now fare you well. Do not fail in your love for our son.’ Tr. D. West (1990)*

Catullus, Poem 8.

Miser Catulle, dēsīnās ineptire,  
et quod vidēs perisse perditum dūcās.  
fulsere quondam candidi tibi solēs,  
cum ventitābas quō puella dūcēbat  
amāta nōbīs quantum amābitur nulla. 5  
ibi illa multa tum iocōsa fiēbant,  
quāe tū volēbas nec puella nōlēbat.  
fulsere vēre candidi tibi solēs.  
nunc iam illa nōn vult: tū quoque, impotens, nolī,  
nec quāe fugit sectāre, nec miser vīve, 10  
sed obstinatā mente perfer, obdūrā.  
valē, puella! iam Catullus obdūrat,  
nec tē requīret nec rogābit invitam:  
at tū dolēbis, cum rogāberis nullā.  
scelesta, vāe tē! quāe tibi manet vīta! 15  
quis nunc te adībit? cui vidēberis bella?  
quem nunc amābis? cuius esse dicēris?  
quem bāsiābis? cui labella mordebis?  
at tū, Catulle, destinātus obdūrā.

*Wretched Catullus, you should stop fooling / and what you know you've lost, admit losing. / The sun shone brilliantly for you, time was, / when you kept following where a girl led you, / loved by us as we shall love no-one. [5] / There when those many amusing things happened / which you wanted nor did the girl not want, / the sun shone brilliantly for you, truly. / Now she's stopped wanting, you must stop, weakling. / Don't chase what runs away, nor live wretched, [10] / but with a mind made up be firm, stand fast. / Goodbye, girl. Catullus now stands fast, / won't ask nor look for you who're not willing. / But you'll be sorry when you're not asked for. / Alas, what life awaits you now, devil? [15] / Who'll find you pretty now? What type touch you? / Whom will you love and whose be called henceforth? / Whom will you kiss? And you will bite whose lips? / But you, Catullus, mind made up, stand fast.* Tr. G. Lee (1990)

**Aeschylus's 'Agamemnon' (931-947 & cut to 958-960)**

Κλ: καὶ μὴν τόδ' εἶπε μὴ παρὰ γνώμην ἐμοί.

Ἄγ: γνώμην μὲν ἴσθι μὴ διαφθεροῦντ' ἐμέ.

Κλ: ἠϋξῶ θεοῖς δείσας ἂν ὦδ' ἔρδειν τάδε.

Ἄγ: εἴπερ τις, εἰδώς γ' εὖ τόδ' ἐξεῖπον τέλος.

Κλ: τί δ' ἂν δοκεῖ σοι Πρίαμος, εἰ τὰδ' ἤνυσεν;

935

Ἄγ: ἐν ποικίλοις ἂν κάρτα μοι βῆναι δοκεῖ.

Κλ: μὴ νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἰδεσθῆς ψόγον.

Ἄγ: φήμη γε μέντοι δημόθρους μέγα σθένει.

Κλ: ὁ δ' ἀφθόνητός γ' οὐκ ἐπίζηλος πέλει.

Ἄγ: οὔτοι γυναικός ἐστιν ἱμείρειν μάχης.

940

Κλ: τοῖς δ' ὀλβίοις γε καὶ τὸ νικάσθαι πρόπει.

Ἄγ: ἦ καὶ σὺ νίκην τήνδε δήριος τίεις;

Κλ: πιθοῦ: κράτος μέντοι πάρες γ' ἐκῶν ἐμοί.

Ἄγ: ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ', ὑπαί τις ἀρβύλας

λύοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἔμβασιν ποδός.

945

καὶ τοῖσδέ μ' ἐμβαίνονθ' ἀλουργέσιν θεῶν

μὴ τις πρόσῳθεν ὄμματος βάλοι φθόνος.

Κλ: ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν κατασβέσει;

τρέφουσα πολλῆς πορφύρας ἰσάργυρον

κηκίδα παγκαίνιστον, εἰμάτων βαφᾶς.

960

**Greek chorus: Euripides' 'Hippolytus' (525-554)**

- Ἐρῶς Ἐρῶς, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων  
στάζων πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν 525  
ψυχᾶ χάριν οὐς ἐπιστρατεύσῃ,  
μῆ μοί ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείῃς  
μῆδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.  
οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ' ἄστρων ὑπέρτερον βέλος, 530  
οἶον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας ἴησιν ἐκ χειρῶν  
Ἐρῶς ὁ Διὸς παῖς.
- ἄλλῶς ἄλλῶς παρά τ' Ἀλφεῶ 535  
Φοῖβου τ' ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμνοις  
βούταν φόνον Ἑλλάς αἰ' ἀέξει·  
Ἐρῶτα δέ, τὸν τύραννον ἀνδρῶν,  
τὸν τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας  
φιλάτων θαλάμων κληδοῦχον, οὐ σεβίζομεν, 540  
πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πάσας ἰέντα συμφορᾶς  
θνατοὺς ὅταν ἔλθῃ.
- τὰν μὲν Οἰχαλίᾳ 545  
πῶλον ἄζυγα λέκτρων,  
ἄνανδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἄνυμφον, οἰκῶν  
ζεῦξασ' ἀπ' Εὐρυτίων  
δρομάδα νᾶϊδ' ὅπως τε βάκ- 550  
χᾶν σὺν αἵματι, σὺν καπνῷ,  
φονίοισι νυμφεῖοις  
Ἀλκμήνας τόκῳ Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν· ὦ  
τλάμων ὑμεναίων.