

2018 VJCL Dramatic Interpretation

Memorize one “chunk” of Latin each day. Repeat it 5-10 times a day until it “sticks.”

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BOYS’ Latin 1/2 and One

Daedalus and Icarus, Using Latin I (1954) p. 173 (abridged & adapted)

“Ālae sunt validae,

“The wings are strong,

neque prope sōlem volāre dēbēmus,” Daedalus fīlium monet.

but

near the sun

we ought not to fly,”

Daedalus warns his son.

Prīmō Īcarus est timidus et prope terram manet, neque diū.

At first

Icarus is afraid

and stays near the earth,

but not for long.

Daedalus territus fīlium appellat et dē perīculō monet.

Daedalus, terrified,

calls his son

and warns him about the danger.

Sed Īcarus longē ā terrā et aquā per caelum altum prope sōlem volat.

But Icarus

flies far from the earth and the water through the lofty sky

near the sun.

Daedalus fīlium spectat et propter audāciam eius lacrimat.

Daedalus watches his son

and weeps for the lad’s boldness.

Subitō cēra ā pennīs sēparātur et bracchia Īcarī sunt nūda.

Suddenly the wax is separated from the feathers and Icarus’ arms are bare.

In aquam puer cadit, quae eum cēlat.

into the water

the boy falls,

which hide him.

Posteā Daedalus propter fīlium suum semper dolet.

Afterward

Daedalus

always mourns for his son.

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Boys’ Advanced Prose

The Werewolf Petronius, Satyricon 62 (abridged)

Nactus ego occāsiōnem persuadeō hospitem nostrum,

Having taken this opportunity, I persuade our houseguest

ut mēcum ad quīntum mīliārium veniat.

to come with me to the fifth milestone.

Erat autem mīles, fortis tamquam Orcus.

He was a soldier, strong as Hell.

Apoculāmus nōs circā gallicinia; lūna lūcēbat tamquam merīdiē.

We take off about cockcrow; the moon was shining like at noon.

Vēnimus inter monimenta: homō meus coepit ad stēlās facere;

We came among the tombs: my buddy began to head for the tombstones;

sedeō ego cantābundus et stēlās numerō.

I sat down singing and counted the tombstones.

Deinde ut respexī ad comitem,

Then as I looked back to my companion,

ille exuit sē et omnia vestīmenta secundum viam posuit.

he undressed himself and put all his clothes next to the road.

Mihi anima in nāsō esse; stābam tamquam mortuus.

My breath was (caught) in my nose! I stood there as if dead.

At ... subitō lupus factus est. Nōlīte mē iocārī putāre.

But suddenly became a wolf. Don't think I'm joking.

... Sed, quod coeperam dīcere,

But, as I started to say,

postquam lupus factus est, ululāre coepit et in silvās fūgit.

after he became a wolf, he began to howl and fled into the woods.

Ego prīmitus nēsciēbam ubi essem;

At first I didn't know where I was;

deinde accessī, ut vestīmenta eius tollerem: illa autem lapidea facta sunt.

then I moved forward to pick up his clothes; but they were made of stone.

... Gladium tamen strīnxī et – matauitatau! –

... Anyway, I drew my sword and [holy jumping jehosephat!]

umbrās cecīdī, donec ad vīllam amīcae meae pervenīrem.

I slashed at the shades until I reached my girlfriend's villa.

2019 NJCL Dramatic Interpretation

Boys' Advanced Poetry

Narcissus' Lament to His Reflection Ovid, Metamorphoses III.446-462

Et placet et videō; sed quod videōque placetque,
nōn tamen inveniō' -- tantus tenet error amantem --
'quōque magis doleam, nec nōs mare sēparat ingēns
nec via nec montēs nec clausīs moenia portīs;
exiguā prohibēmur aquā! Cupit ipse tenērī: 450
nam quotiēns liquidīs porrēximus ōscula lymphīs,
hic totiēns ad mē resupīnō nītitur ōre.

Posse putēs tangī: minimum (e)st, quod amantibus obstat.

Quisquis es, hūc exī! Quid mē, puer ūnice, fallis
quōve petītus abīs? Certē nec forma nec aetās 455 ↓ (don't
stop !)

est mea, quam fugiās, et amārunt mē quoque nymphae!

Spem mihi nescio quam vultū prōmittis amīcō,
cumqu(e) ego porrēxi tibi bracchia, porrigis ultrō.

Cum rīs(ī), adrīdēs; lacrimās quoque saepe notāvī 460 ↓ (don't stop !)

mē lacrimante tuās; nūtū quoque signa remittis
et, quantum mōtū formōsī suspicor ōris,
verba refers aurēs nōn pervenientia nostrās!

« He charms me and I see him, but what I see and charms me I cannot find” --such a great delusion holds this lover –
“and that I may grieve even more, what separates us is not a huge sea, nor a road, nor mountains, nor walls with
closed gates. We are kept apart by the tiniest water! My lover himself desires to be held: for he struggles toward me
with his mouth facing mine as often as I offer kisses to these liquid waters. You would think he could be touched. It
is a very small thing which blocks lovers. Whoever you are, come out to here! Why, O boy unlike any other, do you
elude me? Or where do you go when you are sought? Surely, it’s neither my physique nor my age that you flee, and
nymphs have also loved me! You promise me some sort of hope with your friendly face, and when I have offered you
my arms, you offer yours voluntarily. When I have laughed, you laugh back at me. I have often noted your tears as
well when I was weeping. You also signal back to me with your nod, and how much I suspect from the movement of
your sweet mouth, you return words which do not reach my ears!”

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Level ½ & One Girls

The Sibyl and Aeneas, Using Latin I (1961), p. 160, abridged & adapted.

"Iānua Orcī aperta est.

"The door of Hades is open.

Multī in rēgnū mortuōrum dēscendunt,

Many people go down into the kingdom of the dead,

sed patriam iterum nōn vident. ...

but they do not see their homeland again.

Nūllī vīvī illūc īre possunt."

No one alive can go there."

"Dea Venus māter mea est," Aenēās clāmat. "Mē iuvābit."

"The goddess Venus is my mother,"

Aeneas shouts.

"She will help me."

"In silvā propinquā est sacer rāmus aureus," inquit Sibylla.

"In a nearby forest

is a sacred golden branch,"

says the Sibyl.

"Prīmū ad mē fer rāmū aureū! Properā!

"First

bring the golden branch to me!

Hurry!

Deinde tibi portam rēgnī mortuōrum mōnstrābō."

Then

I will show you the gateway of the kingdom of the dead."

Aenēās sine morā in silvā properat.

Aeneas

without delay

hurries into the forest.

Subitō Aenēās per rāmōs aurū splendidū cōspicit et capit.

Suddenly

Aeneas sees through the branches shining gold

and seizes it.

Sibylla dīcit, "Ecce! Iānua cavernae aperta est.

The Sibyl says,

"Look! The door of the cave

is open.

Nunc portābimus rāmū aureū ad Prōserpinā, rēgīnā mortuōrum."

Now

we will carry

the golden bough

to Proserpina,

the queen of the dead."

Advanced Girls' Prose

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Tanaquil and Servius Tullius Livy, Ab Urbe Condita I.41 (abridged)

Tarquinium moribundum cum quī circā erant excēpissent,

When those who were around had removed the dying Tarquin,

illōs fugientēs lictōrēs comprehendunt.

the lictors caught those who were fleeing.

Clāmor inde concursusque populī, mīrantium quid reī esset.

Then [there was] a shout and a gathering of people wondering what was going on.

Tanaquil inter tumultum claudī rēgiam iubet, arbitrōs ēiēcit.

Tanaquil in the midst of this uproar ordered the palace to be closed, evicted the witnesses.

... Serviō properē accitō cum paene exsanguem virum ostendisset,

When she had shown her nearly bloodless husband to Servius, who had been hastily summoned,

dextram tenēns orat nē inultam mortem socerī,

holding his right hand, she begged that his father-in-law's death not go unavenged,

nē socrum inimicīs lūdibriō esse sinat.

that he not let his father-in-law to be a butt-of-jokes for his enemies.

"Tuum est" inquit, "Servī, sī vir es, rēgnum,

"The kingdom is yours, Servius," she said,

nōn eōrum quī aliēnīs manibus pessimum facinus fēcere.

"not of those who have committed this heinous crime with foreign hands.

Ērige tē

Rouse yourself

deōsque ducēs sequere

and follow as your leaders the gods

quī clārum hoc fore caput dīvīnō quondam circumfūsō ignī

portendērunt.

who once predicted when a divine flame surrounded it that this head of yours would be famous.

Nunc tē illa caelestis excitet flamma;

Now let that heavenly flame arouse

you;

nunc expergīscere vērē.

now truly wake up!

Et nōs peregrīnī rēgnāvimus;

We have ruled even though we were foreigners.

quī sīs,

Consider who you are,

nōn unde nātus sīs, reputā.

not where you were born.

Sī tua rē subitā cōnsilia torpent,

If your own plans are dull because of this sudden accident,

at tū mea cōnsilia sequere."

at least follow mine!"

**2019 NJCL Dramatic Interpretation
Advanced Girls' Poetry**

Venus speaks to Aeneas in the African woods Aeneid I, 387-406

**“Quisquis es, haud, crēd(ō), invīsus caelestibus aurās ↓ (don't stop !)
vītālēs carpis, Tyriam qu(i) advēneris urbem.
Perge mod(o) atqu(e) hinc tē rēgīn(ae) ad līmina perfer.
Namque tibī reducēs sociōs classemque relātam 390 ↓ (don't stop !)
nūnti(ō), et in tūtum versīs aquilōnibus āctam,
nī frūstr(ā) augurium vānī docuēre parentēs.
Aspice bis sēnōs laetantēs agmine cynōs,
aetheriā quōs lāpsa plagā Iovis āles apertō ↓ (don't stop !)
turbābat caelō: nunc terrās ōrdine longō 395 ↓ (don't stop !)
aut caper(e), aut captās iam dēspectāre videntur:
ut reducēs illī lūdunt strīdentibus ālīs,
et coetū cīnxēre polum, cantūsque dedēre,
haud aliter puppēsque tuae pūbēsque tuōrum ↓ (don't stop !)
aut portum tenet aut plēnō subit ōstia vēlō. 400
Perge mod(o), et, quā tē dūcit via, dīrige gressum.”
Dīxit, et āvertēns roseā cervīce refulsit,
ambrosiaeque comae dīvīnum vertic(e) odōrem ↓ (don't stop !)
spīrāvēre.**

Whoever you are, I believe you enjoy the air of life, by no means hated by the gods, you who have come to the Tyrian city. Just continue and take yourself from here to the threshold of the queen. For I announce to you your comrades returned and your fleet brought back and driven to safety by the changed north winds, unless my addled parents have taught me augury in vain. Look at those 12 swans rejoicing in formation, which Jove's bird, having slipped down from the heavens, was disturbing in the open sky: now they seem either to reach the lands in a long line or to look down on the lands which have already been reached; just as those landed swans are playing with their noisy wings and have surrounded the sky with their throng and have sung, by no means otherwise your ships and the young men of your comrades either hold the port or are coming to the harbors under full sail. Just continue and direct your step where the path leads you.” She spoke, and turning away, she shone from her rosy neck, and her sweet-smelling hair breathed off a divine scent from her head.