

INTRODUCTION TO

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THE LATIN LANGUAGE

Commentary and Readings in Latin and English by Moses Hadas

APULEIUS: THE GOLDEN ASS

PLAUTUS: CATO THE ELDER

CICERO: LUCRETIUS

CATULLUS

VIRGIL

HORACE

OVID

SENECA

TACITUS

ISAIAH

ST. AUGUSTINE

THE MYSTERY PLAY

ROBERT II OF FRANCE

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

BERNARD OF CLUNY

STABAT MATER

CARMINA BURANA

MARTIN LUTHER

TOPLADY



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INTRODUCTION TO THE LATIN LANGUAGE

Commentary and Readings in Latin and English by Moses Hadas

As a literary language Latin has a history of nearly 2,500 years, and from the third century B. C. until our own time it is more homogenous than is English from Chaucer to Tennyson, a span of only 500 years. Today Latin is both a dead and a living language, though both terms need to be qualified. Classical scholars are mainly interested in the two or three centuries at either side of A. D. 1, and therefore try to pronounce Latin as they presume it was pronounced in the period of Caesar and Cicero. To the vowels they give approximately the values they have in modern Romance language, and they make the same distinctions between long and short, that is, a, a; e, e; i, i; o, o; u, u. The differences are mainly in the consonants. The letters c and g, t and d are pronounced "hard" even when they precede i. That is, c is always k, not ch, ts, or s; g is always g, not j or y. Thus in reading, a classical scholar will say Kikero, not Sisero as in English, Chichero, as it is in Italian, or Tsitsero as in German. The main evidence that this was the pronunciation in antiquity, aside from established linguistic laws, is the contemporary spelling of Latin words, especially proper names, in other languages, mainly, of course, Greek. Thus the Greek writer Plutarch writes Kikero for Cicero, and the Greek k was always k. To pronounce classical Latin in this way is correct, just as it is correct to pronounce Chaucer according to his own rather than our usage, but it is, as it were, a museum approach. It is contrary to the genius of language for pronunciations to remain fixed, and in fact the pronunciation of classical Latin changed, just as the pronunciation of Chaucerian English changed, though to a lesser degree.

In this sense classical Latin is a dead language: development is purposefully halted, and scholars cling to a standard which obtained almost two millennia ago. Thus in the Renaissance, humanist scholars refused to use any word which was not found somewhere in the writings of Cicero. Such artificial restraint must make a language dead, for new things and new ideas emerge which the language is then incapable of expressing. But in one sense even classical Latin never died, for scholars continued to use the classical language for writing and lecturing, and to this day there are learned periodicals which print contributions in Latin. This is not merely a stunt, for classical Latin is a universal language, more generally understood by the whole community of interested scholars than say Swedish or Polish. It is true that even those who write or lecture

dependent languages. During the formative years of these languages and afterwards, Latin continued to be used, not only as the language of the Church, but as the regular medium for all intellectual activity. Its role in creating a uniform European civilization, not fragmented by national boundaries, cannot be exaggerated. Here too, until the classical norm was reintroduced by the humanists, there was a certain degree of change, though not so great, of course, as in the Romance languages. Certain grammatical rules were relaxed, and pronunciation came to be affected by regional peculiarities. But as a written language, Latin continued homogenous.

The hearth of humanism was, of course, Italy, and it was Italian scholars, trained in Italy, who carried the new learning to the northern countries. Even the rigid Ciceronians of Italy pronounced Latin as if it were Italian, and their pronunciation, or adaptations of it, became the universal rule. The Latin liturgy of the Church was also pronounced in the Italian manner, and as long as education was intimately associated with the Church, there was no reason for a cleavage in pronunciation. After the Reformation, when the vernacular came to be used for worship, there appeared to be no reason for a special pronunciation to be cultivated in the schools, and because schoolmasters found it easier to teach it so, Latin came to be pronounced as if it were English. Hence until the twentieth century, schoolboys said, "Aymo, aymas, aymat," where they are now taught to say, "Amo, amas, amat." When an English scholar visited the great Scaliger in Leyden in 1608 and addressed him for a quarter hour in Latin, Scaliger apologized in good faith for his lack of knowledge of English.

It is of interest to note that the parallel substitution of a correct for a corrupted pronunciation was applied to Greek in the humanist period. The first teachers of Greek in the Renaissance were displaced scholars from Greece, which had been conquered by the Turks, and they naturally used their own vernacular pronunciation, which was like modern, not ancient Greek. It was Erasmus who introduced the scholarly pronunciation, which is still called by his name. Erasmus himself spoke Latin, and to him, therefore, Greek was something like Latin is to us.

With the introduction of the ancient pronunciation, the gap between secular and Church Latin was reduced. The simple vowel sounds are identical; the chief differences are in diphthongs, where ae, for example, is eh instead of eye, and in certain consonants when they are followed by i or e.

A word must be said of versification, since so great a proportion of the literature is poetry. In preclassical times Latin poetry seems to have been, like our own, accentual, and there are fragments which can be read like "Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of rye." Classical Latin poetry took over the quantitative meter

of the Greeks. That is to say, the verse pattern was determined not by the accentual stress (or lack of it) put upon a syllable, but by the length of time required to pronounce it, precisely as music is measured by eighth notes and quarter notes. It is a question whether quantitative meter is natural for Latin, though the classical poets employed it with very great skill; and it seems probable that accentual verse persisted in a kind of subliterate existence all through the classical period. In any case, when Christian hymns come to be written in Latin, accentual versification reappears and then becomes the rule.

Even when Latin was a sole or alternative vernacular, then, its usage was governed by external controls that do not ordinarily apply to other vernaculars. In all languages there is some difference between the literary and the spoken language, and in the spoken language between the usage of the world of fashion and ordinary humanity. In Latin the differences have been sharper than in most languages. The artificial verse forms, like the essentially alien mythology, which the Roman poets used, had to be learned, and consequently the language of the relatively few who learned it must have diverged from that of the many who did not. In the post-classical periods there was always the conservative influence of an organized Church and organized scholarship to prevent deviations which, when they were uncontrolled, developed into separate dialects.

It is therefore as difficult as it is essentially futile to trace the stages of such changes as we know. A student of English phonology can identify changes in pronunciation from Beowulf to Chaucer, to Shakespeare, to Pope, to T. S. Eliot. We cannot define analogous stages in Latin. Essentially, all secular students of classical Latin use, with minor national variations, what scholars have determined is the classical pronunciation. For Church Latin regularly, and for medieval Latin generally, the Church pronunciation is used. There was, of course, a point in time when c became s or ch instead of k; we cannot put our finger on it. In the readings which follow, therefore, there will be no attempt to indicate gradations. Either the so-called classical or the so-called Church pronunciation will be used, as seems appropriate to a given author.

It is characteristic of Latin literature that we are able to name its first writer, Livius Andronicus (284-204 B. C.), who translated the *Odyssey* into Latin. Of this we have fewer than a dozen lines, in quotations, of which the first is, "Virum mihi Camena insece versutum."

The language of older pieces, such as the Laws of the Twelve Tables, was constantly revised, so that they do not, in their present form, represent the earlier diction and pronunciation.

The first author of whom we have a considerable body of work extant is the comic playwright Plautus (254-184 B. C.). A good part of a Plautine play was meant to be sung rather than spoken, as can be seen from the following complaint of an unsuccessful clown --

Dico unum ridiculum dictum de dictis melioribus.
Quibus solebam menstrualis epulas ante
adipiscier.
Nemo ridet. Scivi extemplo, rem de conpecto
geri,
Ne canem quidem inritatam voluit quisquam
imitarier,
Saltem, si non adriderent, dentis ut restrin-
gerent.
Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificarier;
Pergo ad alios; venio ad alios, deinde ad alios:
una res!

The earliest considerable prose writer is Cato the Elder (234-149 B. C.). Here he praises agriculture as the best occupation--

Maiores nostri sic habuerunt, et ita in legibus
posiverunt, furem dupli condemnari, feneratorem

quadrupli. Quanto peiorem civem existimarint
feneratorem quam furem, hinc licet existimari. Et
virum bonum quom laudabant, ita laudabant, bonum
agricolam bonumque colonum. Amplissime laudari
existimabatur, qui ita laudabatur. Mercatorem autem
strenuum studiosumque rei quaerendae existimp; verum
(ut supra dixi) periculosum et calamitosum. At ex
agricolis et viri fortissimi et milites strenuissimi
gignuntur, maximeque pius quaestus stabilissimusque
consequitur, minimeque invidiosus; minimeque male
cogitantes sunt, qui in eo studio occupati sunt.

By universal consent the greatest prose writer in Latin is Cicero (106-43 B. C.). Cicero's essays are as eloquent as his speeches. Here is a characteristic piece from the *Tusculan Disputations*, in which he argues that death is not an evil --

Nos vero, si quid tale acciderit, ut a deo denuntiatum videatur, ut exeamus e vita, laeti et agentes gratias pareamus, emittique nos e custodia et levare vinclis arbitremur, ut aut in aeternam et plane in nostram domum remigrenus, aut omni sensu molestiae careamus; sin autem nihil denuntiabitur, eo tamen simus animo, ut horribilem illum diem aliis, nobis faustum putemus; nihilque in malis ducamus, quod sit vel a dis immortalibus vel a natura parente omnium constitutum. Non enim temere nec fortuito sati et creati sumus, sed profecto fuit quaedam vis, quae generi consuleris humano, nec id gigneret aut aleret, quod, cum exanclavisset omnis labores, tum incidere in mortis malum sempiternum; portum potius paratum nobis et per-fugium putemus. Quo utinam velis passis pervehi liceat! Sin reflantibus ventis reiciemur, tamen eodem paulo tardius referamur necesse est. Quod autem omnibus necesse est, idne miserum esse uni potest?

Among the very greatest products of the Latin genius is Lucretius' long philosophical poem *On the Nature of Things*. It was Lucretius' treatment of the hexameter that prepared the way for Vergil. The following selection is from the beginning of Book II, in praise of philosophy --

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli.
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes, o pectora caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periculis
Degitur hoc aevi quodcumquest!

Among the Latin lyric poets Catullus (87-54 B. C.) ranks first for emotional intensity. Here is his dedicatory poem, in his characteristic hendecasyllabic or eleven-syllable meter --

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum,
Arida modo pumice expolitur?
Corneli, tibi; namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas
Jam tunc, cum ausus es unus Itolorum
Omne aevum tribus explicare chartis,
Doctis, Jupiter, et laboriosis.
Quare habe tibi, quidquid hoc libelli est,
Qualecumque: quod, q patrona Virgo,
Plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.

Besides the *Aeneid*, Vergil wrote, in the same meter, didactic poems on agriculture called *Georgics*,

and pastoral poems called Eclogues. The fourth Eclogue foretells the birth of a child who shall be a savior; here is part of it --

Adgredere, o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores.
Cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum!
Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum,
Aspice, venturo laetantur ut omnia saeclo;
O mihi tum longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem:
Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

The best known and most widely imitated Latin lyric poet is Horace (65-8 B. C.). The first selection is *Integer vitae*, familiar in glee club repertoires, in the Sapphic meter --

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

.....
Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urguet;

Pone sub curru ninium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Next is a dialogue, in which lovers who have quarreled make up --

'Donec gratus eram tibi
Nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
Cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.'

'Donec non alia magis
Arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilii.'

.....
'Quid si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque iugo cogit aeneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloe
Reictaeque patet ianua Lydiae?'

'Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Illest, tu levior cortice et inprobo
Iracundior Hadria;
Tecum vivere amen, tecum obeam libens!'

And last, in his favorite Asclepiadaean meter, Horace's assurance of his own immortality --

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo inpotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multa pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam; usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.

The most charming of the Latin poets, and the most facile versifier, is Ovid (43 B. C. - 17 A. D.).

The following poem is on the death of his fellow poet Tibullus. The elegiac couplet, in which it is written, consists of one full hexameter line and one shortened by a syllable at middle and end --

Tene, sacer vates, flammae rapuere rogales?
Pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis?

.....
Si tamen e nobis aliquid, nisi nomen et umbra
Restat, in Elysia valle Tibullus erit.
Obvius huic venias, hedera iuvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo;
Tu quoque, si falsum est temerati crimen amici,
Sanguinis atque animae prodige, Galle, tuae
His comes umbra tua est, si qua est modo
corporis umbra.
Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.

Seneca (4 B. C. - 65 A. D.) wrote tragedies as well as philosophic essays. The characteristic meter of his as of all ancient drama, is the iambic trimeter. The following is one long curse, from the *Thyestes* --

Fratrem expavescat frater, et gnatum parens
Gnatusque patrem; liberi pereant male
Peius tamen nascantur; imineat viro
Infesta coniunx; bella trans pontum vehant;
Effusus omnes inriget terras cruor,
Supraque magnos gentium exsultet duces
Libido victrix; inopia stuprum in domo
Levissimum sit; fratris et fas et fides
Iusque omne pereat.

Tacitus (55 - 120 A. D.) is the best of the Roman historians. Here a British patriot exhorts his countrymen to throw off the Roman yoke --

Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus
defuere terrae, iam et mare scrutantur; si loquos non
Oriens, non Occidens satiaverit. Soli omnium opes
atque inopiam pari adfectu concupiscunt. Auferre,
trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque,
ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant. Liberos
cuique ac propinquos suos natura carissimos esse
voluit. Hi per delectus, alibi servituri, auferuntur;
coniuges sorroresque, etiam si hostilem libidinem
effugiant, nomine amicorum atque hospitem pollu-
untur. Bona fortunaque in tributum, ager atque annus
in frumentum, corpora ipsa ac manus silvis ac paludi-
bus emuniendis, verbera inter ac contumelias,
conteruntur. Nata servituti mancipia semel veneunt,
atque ultro a dominis aluntur; Britannia servitutem
suam cotidie emit, cotidie pascit.'

The famous story of Cupid and Psyche is from the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, an African of the second century A. D. The passage following tells how Psyche fell in love with Love --

Videt capitis aurei genialem caesariem ambrosia
temulentam, cervices lacteas genasque purpureas
pererrantes crinium globos decoriter impeditos, alios
antependulos, alios retropendulos quorum splendore
nimio fulgurante iam et ipsum lumen lucernae vacil-
labat. Per humeros volatilis dei pinnae roscidae
micanti flore candicant et quamvis aliis quiescentibus
extimae plumulae tenellae ac delicatae tremule resul-
tantibus inquieta lasciviunt. Ceterum corpus glabellum
atque luculentum et quale peperisse Venerem non
paeniteret. Ante lectuli pedes iacebat arcus, et
pharetra et sagittae, magni dei propitia tela. Quam
dum insatiabili animo Psyche satis et curiosa rimatur
atque pertractat et mariti sui miratur arma, depromit
unam de pharetra sagittam et, puncto pollicis extre-
mam aciem periclitabunda trementis etiam nunc
articuli nisu fortiore pupugit altius, ut per summam
cutem roraverint parvulae sanguinis rosei guttae.
Sic ignara Psyche sponte in Amoris incidit amorem.

One of the most enchanting poems that has come down to us from antiquity is the lush Vigil of Venus, which may have been written in the second century. It is in trochaic tetrameters, and with a haunting refrain--

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

ver novum, ver jam canorum, ver renatus orbis est, vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites, et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus. cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum implicat casas virentis de flagello myrteo, cras Dione iura dicit fulta, sublimi throno. cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floridis; ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spiritu urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi, noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas. en, micant lacrimae trementes de caduco pondere; gutta praeceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos. en pudorem florulentae prodiderunt purpurae. cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

Plautus

I tell a hilarious story, one from my superior stock, the kind that used to win me a month's free board. Nobody laughs. At once I knew the thing was a conspiracy. Nobody as much as cared to imitate a snarling dog; if they wouldn't laugh they might at least bare their teeth. When I see I am made a mockery of, I leave this group and join another. I go to others, and then still others -- the same thing happens over and over.

Cato the Elder

This is the position our ancestors maintained and established by law: a thief is fined twice his taking, a usurer four times. This is an index of how much worse a citizen they regarded a usurer than a thief. And when they praised a good man, this is how they praised him: "He is a good agriculturist, a good farmer." A man who was so approved was thought to have received the highest praise possible. The merchant's calling I regard as demanding and diligent in winning profit, but (as I remarked above), it is dangerous and subject to disaster. But farmers produce the most stalwart men and the most vigorous soldiers. Their earnings are in the highest degree legitimate and stable, and least subject to envy. People engaged in agriculture are least given to devious scheming.

Cicero

As for me, if it should so happen that a divine summons would seem to ordain my departure from life, I should obey gladly and gratefully. I should consider myself discharged from custody and relieved of fetters, either to remove to my proper eternal domicile, or to be free of all sense and all vexation. But if no summons shall come, my attitude would still be that I would count as blessed that day which others reckon horrible; I would never regard as an evil a thing which is established either by the immortal gods or by nature, which is the parent of us all. It is not at random or without design that we were conceived and created, but there was surely a power which provided for the human race and would never have begotten or sustained it if it were merely destined to fall into the endless evil of death after it had disburdened itself of all its labors. Rather must we believe that a haven and refuge is prepared for us. Thither would that we might voyage with sails full spread! But if we are restrained by contrary winds, nevertheless it must be that we shall arrive at our goal, albeit somewhat delayed. Can an event which must befall everyone be a hardship for any individual?

Lucretius

Sweet it is, when the gale confounds the level of the mighty sea, to stand on dry land, a spectator of another's tossing, not because it is agreeable or pleasant to see another in difficulties, but because it is sweet to behold hardships of which you are yourself free. Sweet it is to observe the great conflicts of war ranging over the plains when you have no part in the danger. But nothing is sweeter than to hold the

lofty and serene sanctuary fortified by the teaching of the sages from which you can look down on others and behold them astray and wandering in their search of life, striving with all their powers, competing for honor, toiling strenuously day and night to attain great wealth and high power. Ah, wretched minds of men, ah, hearts that are blind! In what thick darkness, in what perilous dangers do you spend this span of life!

Catullus

On whom shall I bestow this dainty new book, freshly rubbed down with dry pumice? Upon you, Cornelius, for you used to value my trifles even in the old days when you alone of all Italians ventured to set forth all history in three volumes -- learned tomes, by Jove, and carefully wrought. So take this book, whatever its worth, whatever its character; and I pray my patron Muse that it may abide for longer than a single generation.

Vergil

Enter into thy great honors (the time is now at hand), dear progeny of heaven, great offspring of Jove! Look to the universe pendent in its arched mass, look to the lands and the wide spread of the sea and the lofty firmament, that all things may rejoice in the age that is to come. Ah, may the latter part of life endure and my spirit abide long enough to tell thy deeds. Begin, tiny babe, to recognize thy mother with a smile; ten weary months hath she endured. Begin, tiny babe; who does not win his parents' smile, him no god deems worthy of his table, no goddess of her couch.

Horace

The man upright in life and pure of offense requires no Moorish darts, Fuscus, nor a bow, nor a quiver heavy with poisoned arrows, whether his way lies through the seething African quicksands or the inhospitable Caucasus or the regions washed by the fabled Hydaspes. . . . Set me in the sluggish steppes where no tree is refreshed by a summer breeze, in the zone oppressed by mists and a gloomy sky; place me where Sun's chariot descends low over a land uninhabitable -- yet will I love Lalage, sweetly smiling, sweetly babbling Lalage.

"So long as I was favored by you and no other lad's arms were welcome around your snowy neck, I was much richer in my blessings than the Persian Mogul."

"So long as you warmed to no other girl and Lydia was not second to Chloe, Lydia's fame was great and she was more blessed than Roman Ilia."

"What if our old love should return and bind the severed lovers together with a yoke of bronze? What if flaxen Chloe is got rid of and the door opened wide for rejected Lydia?"

"Though your rival is handsomer than a star, and you more fickle than a cork and more passionate than the wicked Adriatic, with you would I love to live, with you gladly die."

I have builded me a monument more enduring than bronze, loftier than the regal pile of the pyramids, which neither the corrosive rains nor the blustering north wind could avail to overthrow, nor yet the countless successions of years and the passage of ages. I shall not wholly die; a great part of myself will avoid the death-goddess. Ever shall I wax with fresh praise, so long as the pontiff with silent maid ascends the lofty slope of the Capitoline.

Ovid

Have the pyre's flames carried you off sacred bard? Have they not shrunk from feeding on your heart? . If we survive at all, beyond name and shadow, Tibullus shall abide in the Elysian vale. Him you will advance to meet, gifted Catullus, your youthful brows garlanded with ivy and your favorite Calvus at your side. You too, Gallus, prodigal of your blood and life, if the charge of your violated friend is false, your shade too will accompany with these, if only bodies have shades. You, gentle Tibullus, have enlarged the number of the holy.

Seneca

Let brother dread brother, parent son, and son parent. Let children die a death accursed and children yet more accursed be born. Let hate-filled wife threaten husband; let them carry their war across the seas and irrigate all lands with their spilled blood. Let conquering Lust exult over the great

leaders of nations. Let impious adultery at the hearth be the least of the evil. Let every decency and loyalty and law between brothers perish.

Tacitus

Ravishers of the world are they, and when no lands are left for their total devastation they scrutinize the seas. If an enemy is rich they are greedy for pelf, if poor, avid for ambition; neither east nor west can satiate them. They alone covet the wealth of all and their poverty with equal passion. They call rapine, murder, devastation by the false name of empire, and when they have made a solitude they call it peace. Nature has ordained that each man should hold his children and kindred dear. But ours are pressed and carried away into alien slavery; our wives and our sisters, even if they escape the enemy's lust, are tainted by the title of friends and guests. Our goods and fortunes are wasted away in tribute, our fields and produce requisitioned, our very bodies and our strength is drained by labor in forests and marshes amidst blows and insults. Slaves born to bondage are sold once and for all and maintained by their owners: Britain buys its own slavery daily, and daily feeds it.

Apuleius

She saw the divine curls of his golden head, clusters intoxicated with ambrosia, straying in comely disarray over his milk-white neck and deep red cheeks, some hanging forward, some falling back; so brilliant was their glow that the very light of the lamp faded. Over the shoulders of the winged god dewy feathers glistened white with a sparkling bloom, and though the wings were at rest the tender and delicate wisps at their ends stirred tremulously and wantoned without ceasing.

Isaiah (Authorized Version)

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord. Therefore thou hast forsaken thy people the house of Jacob, because they be replenished from the east, and are soothsayers like the Philistines, and they please themselves in the children of strangers. Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land is also full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots: Their land also is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made: And the mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself: therefore forgive them not. . . . And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. And the idols he shall utterly abolish. And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.

St. Augustine

What more miserable can befall a miserable man than not to commiserate himself but to weep for the death of Dido which came of her love for Aeneas, and not to weep for his own death which came of his not loving Thee, light of my heart, bread of my inward soul, virtue which joins my intellect and the reflections of my bosom's heart? . . . For this thing I did not weep, but I wept for Dido who "quenched her life, pursuing the ultimate with the sword;" myself, dust returning to dust, pursued the ultimate of thy works but abandoned thee. And when I was forbidden to read these things I grieved because I could not read what would bring me grief. Such is the folly of that literature which is regarded as nobler and richer than that by which I learned to read and write.

The Mystery Play:

The Angel: Whom seek ye in the sepulchre,
Christian women?
The Marys: Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified, O
heaven-dweller.
The Angel: Why, Christian women, do ye seek the
living among the dead?
He is not here, but has arisen, even as
he said unto his disciples. Remember
what he said unto you even in Galilee,
that the Christ must suffer and on the
third day arise in glory.

Robert II of France (translated by Roy Palmer):

Come, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray;
Divinely good thou art,
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come today!

Come tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest!
With soothing power;
Rest which the weary know;
Shade 'mid the noontide's glow;
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast.
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ.
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

St. Thomas Aquinas (translated by Edward Caswall):

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His flesh, the mystery'sing;
Of the blood, all price excelling,
Shed by our Immortal King.
Destined for the world's redemption
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

Word made flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His blood He changes:-
What though sense no change
discerns,
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.

Bernard of Cluny

'Tis the last hour, the times are at their worst, let us be vigilant. Lo, with threatening mien the supreme arbiter cometh; he cometh, he cometh, evils to end and rectitude to crown. Righteousness he will requite, he will liberate from anxiety, and bestow heaven; he will bear away the rough and hard burdens of the laden mind; he will strengthen the sober and punish the wicked, both with justice. . . . Then shall all who behold the thunderer's face possess highest power and fullest knowledge; peace will be approved for the holy. All the faithful shall enjoy that peace, that blessed peace, indissoluble, unvarying, unabridged. There shall be peace without recrimination, peace without passion, peace without quarrel, a period to toil and strife, an anchor firm fixed.

Stabat Mater (Translated by Thomas Walsh):

Stood the Mother in her anguish
By the Cross whereon did languish,
Clenched with nails, her Son
and Lord;
While her spirit's desolation,
Sorrowing and lamentation
Felt the piercing of the sword.

Oh, how mournful and distressed
Stood she there, who was the Blessed
Mother of the Promised One;
And her weeping -- and her grieving!
And her trembling at perceiving
There her First-Born's Passion!

Who is he whose eyes are tearless,
Witnessing Christ's Mother peerless,
Dolorous and so alone?
Who is he who would not share her
Mother pangs, such griefs prepare
her
As she stands and mourns her Own?

May I, by the Cross protected,
Through the death of Christ elected,
Be anointed unto grace;
When the body's day is ended
Be my soul by thee attended
To the Paradisial place!

Carmina Burana

When we dally in the tavern we care not what the earth may be, but we hasten to our gaming, over which we always sweat. The subject of our inquiry is what is doing in the tavern, where the money box is kept; there what I have to say is heard. . . . Mistress drinks and master drinks; soldier drinks and cleric drinks; that lad drinks, that wench drinks; the butler drinks along with the maid; the nimble drink, the sluggish drink; the white drink; the black drink; the homebody drinks, the vagabond drinks; the boor drinks, the wizard drinks. Drinks the pauper and the invalid; drinks the exile and the nameless; drinks the lad and the greybeard; drinks the provost and the dead; drinks the sister, drinks the brother; drinks the crone, drinks the mother; drinks the she and drinks the he; drink a hundred, drink a thousand.

Martin Luther (translated from the German by E. H. Hedge):

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our helper he amidst the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Death seeks to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
And arm'd with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength con-
fide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our
side,

The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

Toplady:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which
flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me
pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no langour know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting
breath,
When my eyes shall close in
death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

We come now to Christian writers, and must naturally begin with Jerome's translation of the Bible, called the Vulgate, which exerted an even greater influence on subsequent Latin literature than the King James version has exerted upon English literature. The selection is from the Book of Isaiah--

Et ibunt populi multi, et dicent:
Venite, ascendamus ad montem Domini, et ad
domum Dei Iacob,
et docebit nos vias suas,
et ambulabimus in semitis eius;
Quia de Sion exhibit lex,
et verbum Domini de Ierusalem,
Et iudicabit gentes,
et arguet populos multos;
et conflabunt gladios suos in vomeres.
et lanceas suas in falces;
Non levabit gens contra gentem gladium,
nec exercebuntur ultra ad proelium.
Domus Iacob, venite,
ambulemus in lumine Domini.
Proiecisti enim populum tuum, domum Iacob;
quia repleti sunt ut olim
et augures habuerunt ut Philisthim,
et pueris alienis adhaeserunt.
Repleta est terra argento et auro,
et non est finis thesaurorum eius;
Et repleta est terra eius equis,
et innumerabiles quadrigae eius.
Et repleta est terra eius idolis;
opus manuum suarum adoraverunt, quod
fecerunt digiti eorum.
Et incurvatus est homo, et humiliatus est vir;
ne ergo dimittas eis.
Et incurvabitur sublimitas hominum,
et humiliabitur altitudo virorum,
et elevabitur Dominus solus in die illa;
et idola penitus conterentur.
Et introibunt in speluncas petrarum et in
voragine terrae,
a facie formidinis Domini, et a gloria
maiestatis eius,
cum surrexerit percutere terram.

The most influential of the Latin Fathers is St. Augustine (354-430). In the following selection from his Confessions he is reproaching himself for having wept when he was a schoolboy over the fate of Dido, instead of for his own sinfulness--

Quid enim miserius misero non miserante se-
ipsum, et flente Didonis mortem, quae fiebat
amando Aeneam; non flente autem mortem suam,
quae fiebat non amando te, Deus, lumen cordis
mei, et panis oris intus animae meae, et virtus
maritans mentem meam et sinum cogitationis
meae? . . . Et haec non flebam, sed flebam Di-
donem extinctam, ferroque extrema secutam, se-
quens ipse extrema condita tua, relicto te, et
terra lens in terram; et si prohiberer ea leg-
ere, dolerem, quia non legerem quod dolerem.
Talis dementia honestiores et uberiores lit-
terae putantur, quam illae quibus legere et
scribere didici.

The dominant theme in the literature of the Middle Ages, even when it is not theological or liturgical, is religion. An approach to belles-lettres may be noted in the Mystery Plays though these too were acted in churches (until they were condemned) and were so stylized as to be virtually liturgical. When the three Marys (acted by clerics) approach the tomb, an angel asks them--

Quem quaritis in sepulcro
O Christicolae!

The women answer:

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum,
O coelicola!

The angel says:

Quid, Christicolae, viventem quaeritis cum
mortuis?
Non est hic, sed surrexit, prout dixit
discipulis.
Mementote quid jam vobis locutus est in
Galilea,
Quod Christum oportebat pati, atque die tertia
Resurgere cum gloria.

And so the play proceeds to the Resurrection and Noli me tangere, and closes with the chanting of Te deum laudamus.

We turn now to a group of hymns. Robert II, King of France 996-1031, was the author of the hymn familiar in English as

Come, Holy Ghost in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray.

Here is part of the original:

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium!
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium!

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava, quod est sordidum,
Riga, quod est aridum,
Rege, quod est devium,
Fove, quod est languidum,
Flecte, quod est rigidum,
Sana, quod est saucium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

The most famous of the hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Doctor Angelicus, is the Pange lingua, for vespers on Corpus Christi--

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Ex intacta virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparsa verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Verbum Caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Etsi sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio!
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio!
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio!

The ingenuity with which a most intricate rhyme scheme could be made to seem natural and easy is illustrated by the 3000-line poem, On the Contempt of the World, by Bernard of Cluny of the twelfth century. Here is a specimen--

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus;
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, aequa
coronet;
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet;
Auferet aspera duraque pondera mentis onustae;
Sobria munit, improba puniat, utraque iuste.
Tunc erit omnibus insipientibus ora tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax rata
sanctis.
Pax erit omnibus illa fidelibus, illa beata;
Irresolubilis, invariabilis, intemerata.
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine
rixa,
Meta laboribus atque tumultibus, anchora fixa.

A number of translators have imitated Bernard's elaborate rhyme scheme. Here is a specimen by Moultrie--

O Sion glorious, City victorious, tower of
Salvation,
Thee I seek and desire; to thee I eye aspire,
in contemplation.

Stabat Mater has been variously ascribed to Innocent III, Bernard of Clairvaux, Bonaventura, and a number of Gregorys. The consensus of modern opinion ascribes it to Iacopone da Todi of the thirteenth century.

Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti,
Quae maerebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.

Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

But there were secular songs too, some very secular indeed, sung mostly by wandering students. The collection known as the Carmina Burana dates probably from the twelfth century. Here is a drinking song--

In taberna quando sumus,
Non curamus quid sit humus,
Sed ad ludum properamus,
Cui semper insudamus.
Quid agatur in taberna,
Ubi nummus est pincerna,
Hoc est opus ut queratur,
Si quid loquar, audiatur.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
Bibit miles, bibit clerus,
Bibit ille, bibit illa,
Bibit servus cum ancilla,
Bibit velox, bibit piger,
Bibit albus, bibit niger,
Bibit constans, bibit vagus,
Bibit rudis, bibit magnus.

Bibit pauper et egrotus,
Bibit exul et ignotus,
Bibit puer, bibit canus,
Bibit presul et decanus,
Bibit soror, bibit frater,
Bibit anus, bibit mater,
Bibit ista, bibit ille,
Bibit centum, bibit mille.

We shall close with Latin versions of two familiar vernacular hymns. The first is Martin Luther's Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott, done into Latin by the distinguished German philologist, Philip C. Buttmann:

Arx firma deus noster est,
Is telum quo nitamur;
Is explicat ex omnibus
Quis malis implicamur.
Nam cui semper nos,
Jam ter terret nos;
Per astum, per vim,
Saevam levat sitim;
Nil par in terris illi.

In nobis nihil situm est
Quominus pereamus:
Quem deus ducem posuit,
Is facit ut vivamus.
Scin' quis hanc potest?
Iesus Christus est,
Qui, dux coelitus,
Non habet aequalum;
Is vicerit profecto.

And finally, Rock of Ages Cleft for Me, by Augustus Montague Toplady, done into Latin by the eminent British Prime Minister, William Ewart Gladstone:

Iesus pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus!

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens iudex inter nubes;
Iesus pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus.

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