INTRODUCTION TO

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

CONTENTS:
1 LP
1 text (8 p.)
THE LATIN LANGUAGE

SIDE I
INTRODUCTION
LIVIUS ANDRONICUS "Odyssey"
PLAUTUS
CATO THE ELDER
CICERO "Tusculan Disputations"
LUCRETIUS
"On the Nature of Things"
CATULLUS
VIRGIL "Eclogue IV"
HORACE "Integre Vitae"

SIDE II
OVID
SENECA "Thyestes"
TACITUS
APULEIUS "Golden Ass"
"Vigil of Venus"
ST. JEROME "Vulgate"
ST. AUGUSTINE "Confessions"
MYSTERY PLAYS
HYMN "Veni, Sancte Spiritus"
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS "Pange Lingua"
BERNARD OF CLUNY
"On the Contempt of the World"
"Stabat Mater"
"Carmina Burana"
LUTHER "Ein Feste Burg" (Burtman)
TOPLADY "Rock of Ages" (Gladstone)

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
INTRODUCTION TO

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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 languages, 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 e. 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, "Ayo, 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, accented, 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 subliterary 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 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 insec 

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,
Qubis solebam menstrualis eplus ante
adpliacer.
Nemo ridet. Scivi extemplo, rem de conpecto
geri,
Ne canem quidem irritatam vohit quiesquam
imitarier,
Saltem, si non ariderent, denta ut retрин-
gerent.
Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic judicariar;
Pergo ad alios; venio ad alios, deinde ad alios:
una rest!

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
postuerunt, furem dupli condemnari, feneratorem

quadrupli. Quanto peiorem cievem existimarint
feneratorem quam furem, hine licet existimari. Et
vivum bonum quom laudabant, ita laudabant, bonum
agricolam bonumque coloum. Amplissime laudari
existimabatur, qui ita laudabatur. Mercatorem autem
strenuem studiosumque rei quaerendae existimabat; verum
ut supra dixi) periculosem et calamitosum. At ex
agricolis et viri fortissimi et milites strenuissimi
gignabatur, maximeque plus quaeest stabiliissimusque
 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 denunia-
tum videatur, ut exemptus e vita, laeti et agentes gratias
pareamus, emittique nos e custodia et levari vinculis
arbitremur, ut aut in aeternam et plane in nostram
domum remigrrens, aut omni sensu molestiae carae-
mas; sin autem nihil denuntiabatur, eo tamen simus
animo, ut horribilem illum diem aliijs, 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, qua generi consules
humano, nec Id sigeret aut aleret, quod, cum exan-
clavisets omnis labores, tum incideret in mortis malum
sempiternum; portum potius paratum nobis et per-
fugum putemus. Quo utiam velis paseis pervehii liceat:
Sed refractissimus venit reiciemur, tamen eodem paulo
mea dixius referamur esse necesse est, quod autem omnibus
esse est, idem 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
hemistich that prepared the way for Vergil. The follow-
ing selection is from the beginning of Book II, in
praise of philosophy--

Suave, mari magno turbantis aequora venis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non qua vexari quemquam lucunda voluptas,
Sed qubis ipse meliora quia cernere suave est.
Suave etiam bellm certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte percili.
Sed nil dulcis est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientem templum serena,
Despicere unde queas alio putesque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.
O miserum hominum mentes, o peccao caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque perilcis
Degitur hoc aevi quodcumque!

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

Cui donum lepidum novum libellum,
Arida modo pumice expolitum?
Cornell, tibi; namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare magis
Jam tunc, cum ausus es unus Talorum
Omne aevum tribus explice chartis,
Doctis, Jupiter, et laboriosus.
Quare habe tibi, quidquid hoc libelli est,
Qulacunque: quod, q patroina Virgo,
Plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.

Besides the Aeneid, Vergil wrote, in the same
meter, didactic poems on agriculture called Georgica,
and pastoral poems called Eclogues. The fourth Eclogue foretells the birth of a child who shall be a savior; here is part of it --

Adgregere, o magnos (aderit iam tempus) honores, Cara deum suboles, magnum lovis incrementum!
Aspe convexo nutantem pondere mundum, Terrasse, tractusque maris, caelunque profundum, Aspe, 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 mansa, 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 college republicries, 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 fachirus per inhospitali
Caeusum vel quae loca fabulous
Lambit Hydaspes.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iupiter urget;
Pone sub curru nium propinqu
Solis in terra dominus 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 braccia candidae
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persurum vigil rege beatior.'

'Donec non alia magis
Arsisti neque erat Lydina post Chloen,
Multi Lydina nominis
Romana vigil clarior Ili.'

'Quid si prisa redit Vetus
Diductosque luso cogit aeneo?
Si flavo excultur Chloe
Recitaeque patet iana Lydiae?'

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

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

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo inpontens
Possit diruere, aut immemorabilis
Annorum serio et fugit temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam; usque ego poster
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitae virgine postflex.

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 aliqwid, nisi nonem et umbra Restat, in Elysia vale Tibullus erit.
Obvius haec venias, hederia juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, doce Catulle, tuo;
Tu quoque, si falsum est temperati crimem amici,
Sanguinis atque animae prodige, Galli, tuae
His comes umbra tua est, si quae est modo
Corporis umbra.
Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulli, 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
Gatusque patrem; liberis pereant male
Pelus tamen nascentur; inmiae vitae
Infesta comiax; bella trans pontum vehant;
Effusus omnes larigit terras crur;
Surpasse magnos gentium exultat duces
Libido victrix; inpia stuprum in domo
Levisimum sit; fratris et fas et fides
Lasque 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 --

Raptiores orbis, postquom cuncta vastantibus
defueram terrae, iam et mare scrutatur;
si quoque non
Oriens, non Occidens satiaverit. Soli omnium opes
atque inopia pari adfectu concupiscunt. Auferre,
trucladare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque,
ubi solitudinem factunt, pacem adpellant. Liberos
cuique ac propluquis suas natura carissimos esse
voluit. Hi per deletus, alibi servitui, auferunt;
coniuges sororesque, etiam si hostilem libidinem
effugiant, nomine amicorum atque hospitium pollu-
untur. Bona fortunaeque in tributum, aetern atque annus
in frumentum, corpora ipsa ac manus silvia ac pahud-
bus emuniendis, vebera inter ac contumelia,
conteruntr. Nata servituii mancipia semel veneunt,
atque ultro a dominis aluntr; Britannia servitutem
suum 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 genalem caesarem ambrosia
temulentam, cervices lacteae genaque purpurea
pererrantes crinum globos decoriter impeditos, allos
antependulos, allos retropendulos quorum splendore
nimio fulgurante iam et ipsum lumen lucernae vacill-
labat. Per numeros volatiliis del pinam rosciad
micanti floris candidant et quamvis alud quiescentibus
extimae plumaque tenellae ac delicatae tremula resultan-
tes inqueta lascivint. Ceterum corpus glabellum
atque lulentum et quale peperisse Venerem non
paeenteret. Ante lectuli pedes iacabat arcus, et
pharetra et sagittiae, magni dei propitia tela. Quam
dum insatiabili animo Psychae latiss et curiosa rimatum
atque pertractat et mariti sui miratur arma, depromit
unam de pharetra sagittam et puncto pollicis extrem-
num aciem perclitabunda tremens etiam nunc
artici niu fortiore pudigt altius, ut per summam
cutem rovaverint parvaluae sanguinis rosei guitae.
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 mutant altites, et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbritus, cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum implicat casas virentis de flagello myrteo, cras Dionysus ducit fulna, sublimi throno.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.
ipsa gemmis purpuram pingit annum floridis; ipsa surgentis papillae de Favoni spiritu urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi, noctis aura quem reliquum, sparagri uenientis 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.

Catullus
Cato the Elder
This is the position our ancestors maintained and established by law: a thief is fined twice his taking, a waster four times. This is an improvement. A man 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 inclined 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 should 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 begetten 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. Whether we would not in thistles would we be able to find the full depth, wide, of the things of this world. 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, Cornelia, 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 and 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 Moors' darts, Fuscus, nor a javelin, nor a heavier arrow 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 steps 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 Isis.

"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 I would 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 successors 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 poet 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 Calvisus 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 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 heart 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 marashe 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 dew 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 wanted 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 pruning-hooks; 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 are 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 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 noon tide's glow; Peace when deep griefs o'erflow; Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene and still, Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwel 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 sung, 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 changeDiscern, 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, ev'ry 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 la-
den mind; he will strengthen the sober and punish the
wicked, both with justice... Then shall all who be-
hold 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, unbrided. There
shall be peace without recrimination, peace without
passion, peace without quarrel, a period to toil and
strife, an anchor firmed fixed.

Stabat Mater (Translated by Thomas Walsh):
Stood the Mother in her anguish
By the Cross wherein 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 Paradisal place!

Carmina Burana
When we daily in the tavern we care not what the earth
may be, but we hasten to our gaming, over which we
always saw. 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 nimbler 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 prover and the dead; drinks
the slander, drinks the brother; drinks the crook;
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 seeketh 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 languor know,
These for sin could not alone;
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 ex-
erted 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
dominum Deus Iacob,
et docebit nos vias suas,
et ambulabimus in semitis eius;
Quia de Sion exhibit lex,
et verbum Domini de Jerusalem,
Et judicabit gentes,
et arguit populos multos;
et confabund gladiis suos in voveres.
et lanceas suas in falcaces;
Non levavit gens contra gentem gladium,
ne exercebantur ultra ad proelium.
Domus Iacob, venite,
ambulemus in lumine Domini.
Proeliciati enim populos tues, dominum Iacob;
quia repleti sunt ut olim
et augures habuerunt ut Philisthims,
et pueris allatis adhæeerunt.
Repleta est terra argento et aurum,
et non est finis tesaurorum eius;
Et repleta est terra eius equis,
et innumeralites quadragiae eius.
Et repleta est terra eius idolis,
opus manuum eorum adoraverunt, quod
fecerunt digitis eorum.
Et incurvatus est homo, et humillatus est vir;
ne ergo dimittas eis.

Et incurvavit sublimitates hominum,
et humillatitut altitudine vivorum,
et elevavit Dominus solus in die illa;
et idola penitus contenteratur.
Et introibunt in speluncas petrarum et in
voragines 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, qua fiesbat amando Aeneas; non flente autem mortem suam, qua fiesbat non amando te, Deus, lunem cordis mel, et panis oris intus animae meae, et virtus maritanae mentis meae et eximia cogitationis meae! Et haec non fiesbat, sed fiesbat Didonis extinstam, ferrosque extrema secutam, sequens ipsa extrema condita tua, relicta te, et terra iones in terram; et si prohiberet ea legere, dolerem, quia non legerem quod dolerem. Talis demencia honestiores et ubierores literae patiuntur, quae 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 through 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—

Quae sancta in sepulcro
O Christicola!

The woman answer:

Ihesus Nascens crucifixum,
O coelica!

The angel says:

Quid, Christicola, viventem quaeritis cum mortuis?
Non est hic, sed surrexit, prout dixit dominus;
Nemo tibi quid jam voces locutus est in Galilea,
Quod Christum oportebat pati, atque die tertia
Resurgere cum gloria.

And so the play proceeds to the Resurrection and Nulli me tangere, and closes with the chant 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 emite coalitus
Lucis tuae radius;
Veni, pater panispernum,
Veni, dator munera,
Veni, lumen cordium;
Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labores requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

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

Lever, quod est sordidum,
Rigm, quod est aridum,
Regum, quod est devium,
Fove, quod est languidum,
Flecte, quod est rigidum,
Sana, quod est sanctum.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidetibus
Sacerdos septenarium;
Da virtutis meritis;
Da salutis eisibus,
Da perenne gaudio.

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,
Sangvinisque pretiosi,
Quam in mundi praeitura
Fructus ventris generosi
Vox effudit gentium.

No-iae, datus, nobis natus,
Ex intacta virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui morae incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Verbum Caro panem facit
Verbo carnis efficit,
Pitques sanguis Christi merus;
Esti sensus deficit,
Ad finem cor sincerus
Sola fides sufficit.

Genitori Genitoque
Leu et jubilatio;
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio
Procedanti ab utroque
Comper 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 passima sunt, vigilium
Necce minaciter imminet arbitrer illa supremus;
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, acqua
Cronet;
Recte remuneret, anxia liberet, astera donet;
Anferret aspera duraque pondera mentis onustae;
Sobria nuniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.

Tunc erit omnibus insipientibus ora tonantis
Summa potestas, plena scientia, pax rata
sanctis,
Pax erit omnibus ilia fidelibus, illa beata;
Irresolubilis, invariabilis, interrema.
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine
rixa,
Meta laboribus atque tumultibus, anchora fixa.
We shall close with Latin versions of two familiar vernacular hymns. The first is Martin Luther's \textit{Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott}, done into Latin by the distinguished German philologist, Philip C. Buttmann:

\begin{quote}
Arx fidae dvs noster est,
is telum quo nitasum;
Is expicit ex omnibus
Quis malis implicatur.
Nam cui semper mos,
Jam ter terrat nos;
Per austum per viam,
Saemum levat situm;
Nil par in terris illi.

In nobis nihil situm est
Quaemque parseamus;
Quem dvs ducem posuit,
Is facit ut vivamus.

Scin' quis hdi potest?
Iesus Christus est,
Qui, dux coelitum,
Non habet semelum;
Is vicert profecto.
\end{quote}

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

\begin{quote}
Iesus pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentes,
Tu per sanguinem teneentes,
In peccata mi redimis,
Tolle culpas, sordes mundae.

Coram te nec justus forem,
Quamvis tota vi labores,
Nec si fide unquam cessu,
Fletu stillans indefesso;
Tibi soli tanti munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu locum feris,
Sed me versus cruces gero;
Vestimenta nudus emus,
Open debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quero immaculam,
Nisi laves, morbundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nos sepulcro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens iudex inter nubes;
Iesus pro me perforatur,
Condar intra tum latus.
\end{quote}

Moses Haas, Professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University, is the author of \textit{A History of Greek Literature} (1930) and \textit{A History of Latin Literature} (1952), and the editor of the Modern Library \textit{Tacitus} (1942), \textit{Cicero} (1951), and \textit{The Greek Poets} (1953). He has published many translations of classical literature.