

2016 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Levels ½ and I – Boys

Achilles Returns Hector's Body to Priam

Diū lūget Priamus. Tandem, ubi nox venit, Priamus ex urbe exit et sōlus ad Graecōrum nāvēs prōcēdit. Deus Mercurius eum dūcit per vigilēs Graecōrum. Tandem ad Achillis tabernāculum advenit. Intrat et Achillem salūtat. Ad terram prōcumbit et “Ō Achilles, tē orō,” inquit, “tandem ab irā dēsiste et filium mortuum ad mātrem miseram remitte.”

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Achillēs, ubi Priamum videt, attonitus est, filium mortuum reddit et patrem ad urbem Trōiam incolumem remittit.

Oxford Latin Course, Part I (1996), p. 52 (adapted) Priam mourns for a long time. Finally, when night comes, Priam goes out from the city and alone proceeds to the ships of the Greeks. The god Mercury leads him through the watchmen of the Greeks. Finally he comes to Achilles' tent. He enters and greets Achilles. He bows down to the ground and says, “O Achilles, I beg you, please cease from your anger and send back my dead son to his unhappy mother.” Achilles, when he sees Priam, is astonished, returns the dead son, and sends the father back to the city of Troy safe and sound.

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Level II – Boys

Numa Becomes Rome's Second King

Numa Pompilius, Sabīnus, rēx Rōmae dēlēctus est, sed p̄mō regere recūsābat. “Vītā amoenam agō; periculōsum est accipere hoc rēgnū urbīs Rōmae.” Tandem Numae pater dīxit, “Quamquam neque dīvitias neque fāmam cupis, crēdemihī hoc rēgnū certē esse officiū tibi ā deīs datum. Dī ipsī iūstitiam et sapientiam tuam p̄ patriā tuā postulant.” Numa respondit, “P̄mū deīs sacrificia faciam. Sī ōmina bona erunt, rēx erō.”

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Ascendit Capitōlīnum atque sacrificia fēcit. Ōmine bonō mox vīsō, Numa scīvit sēcrtē nōn solum ā Rōmānīs et Sabīnīs sed etiam ā deīs rēgem dēlēctum esse.

Using Latin II (1955), p. 29 (abridged)

Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, was chosen Rome's king, but at first he refused to rule. “I live a pleasant life; it is dangerous to accept this rule of the city Rome.” Finally Numa's father said to him, “Although you desire neither riches nor fame, believe me that this rule is surely a duty given to you by the gods. The gods themselves demand your justice and wisdom for your country.” Numa replied, “First I will make sacrifices to the gods. If the omens are good, I will be king.” He climbed the Capitoline Hill and made sacrifices. After a good omen was soon seen, Numa knew that he certainly had been chosen king not only by the Romans and Sabines, but also by the gods.

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Advanced Prose – Boys

The Death of Tiberius Gracchus

Tiberius Gracchus, tribūnus plēbis creātus, ā senātū dēscīvit; populī favōrem profūsus largītiōnibus sibi conciliāvit; agrōs plēbī dīvidēbat, prōvinciās novīs colōniīs replēbat. Cum autem tribūnīciam potestātem sibi prōrogārī vellet, viam sibi ad regnum parāre vidēbātur. Cum convocātī patrēs dēlībērārent quidnam faciendum esset, statim Tiberius Capitōlium petīit, manum ad caput referēns, quō signō salūtem suam populō commendābat. Hoc nōbilitās ita accēpit, quasi diadēma posceret. Segniter cessante cōnsule, Scīpiō Nāsica sublātā dextrā prōclāmāvit, “Quī rempūblicam salvam esse volunt, mē sequantur!”

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Dein optimātēs, senātus atque equestris ōrdinis pars maior in Gracchum irruunt, quī fugiēns dēcurrēnsque clīvō Capitōlīnō frāgmentō subselliī ictus, vītā, quam glōriōsissimē dēgere potuerat, immātūrā morte fīnīvit.

Fābulae Rōmānae (1993) p. 123 (abridged) Tiberius Gracchus, created tribune of the plebeians, broke away from the Senate; extravagant with gifts, he won over the favor of the people for himself; he divided the fields for the plebeians, he refilled provinces with new settlements. But when he wanted his tribunician power to be extended for himself, he seemed to be preparing a path toward kingship for himself. When the gathered senators were deliberating what should be done, Tiberius immediately headed for the Capitolium, raising his hand to his head, by which signal he entrusted his safety to the people. The nobility took this as if he were demanding a crown. Because the consul was feebly hesitating, Scipio Nasica raised his right hand and shouted, “All those who want the state to be safe should follow me!” Then the upper class, the senate, and the greater part of the equestrian order rushed upon Gracchus, who, fleeing and running down the Capitoline slope, was struck by a piece of a senatorial chair, and ended the life (which he could have spent very well) in an untimely death.

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Advanced Poetry – Boys

Neptune Chides the Winds and Calms the Storm

Eurum ad sē Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc tālia fātur:

“Tantane vōs generis tenuit fidūcia vestrī?

Iam caelum terramque meō sine nūmine, ventī,

miscēre, et tantās audētis tollere mōlēs?

Quōs ego—sed mōtōs praestat compōnere fluctūs. 135

Post mihi nōn similī poenā commissa luētis.

Mātūrāte fugam, rēgīque haec dīcite vestrō:

nōn illī imperium pelagī saevumque tridentem,

sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immānia saxa,

vestrās, Eure, domōs; illā sē iactet in aula 140

Aeolus, et clausō ventōrum carcere rēgnet.”

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Sīc ait, et dictō citius tumida aequora plācat,

collēctāsque fugat nūbēs, sōlemque redūcit.

Cŷmothoē simul et Trītōn adnexus acūtō

dētrūdunt nāvēs scopulō; levat ipse tridentī; 145

et vastās aperit syrtēs, et temperat aequor,

atque rotīs summās levibus perlābitur undās.

Vergil, *Aeneid* I. 131 -147

He calls Eurus and Zephyrus to himself, then speaks such words: “Has such great confidence in your race taken hold of you? Do you, winds, now dare to mix up the sky and the land without my divine permission and to raise up such great masses (of water)? I ought to But it is better to compose the disturbed waves. After today you will pay for your crimes with no similar punishment. Hasten your flight and say these words to your king: not to him has the power of the sea and the savage trident been given by lot, but to me. He holds the huge rocks, your – Eurus! – homes; let Aeolus strut himself in that hall and rule in the closed prison of the winds.” Thus he speaks and swifter than his word, he soothes the swollen seas, puts to flight the gathered clouds, and brings back the sun. Cymothoe and Triton, having pushed, together dislodge the ships from the sharp rock; Neptune himself lifts them up with his trident; he both opens up the vast sand bars and calms the sea, and glides through the tops of the waves on light wheels.

2016 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Levels ½ and I – Girls

The Sibyl's Books

Sibylla novem librōs portat et rēgī Tarquiniō mōnstrat. Magnum pretium postulat. Tarquinius rīdet, “Librōs pretiōsōs nōlō.” Statim Sibylla īrāta discēdit, sed postrīdiē dīcit: “Iam nōn novem, sed sex librōs habeō. Trēs dēlēvī. Dā mihi pretium novem librōrum, et tibi sex dabō.” Tarquinius iterum rīdet, et fēmina discēdit,

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

sed postrīdiē dīcit, “Dā mihi pretium novem librōrum aut hōs trēs quoque dēlēbō.” Tarquinius librōs dēsīderat. “Dā mihi trēs librōs et tibi pretium novem librōrum dabō.”

Using Latin I (1954) p. 188 (abridged and adapted) The Sibyl brings nine books and shows them to King Tarquin. She demands a high price.

Tarquin laughs, “I don’t want your expensive books.” Immediately the angry Sibyl leaves, but the next day she says: “Now I have not nine books, but six. I have destroyed three. Give me the price of nine books, and I’ll give you six.” Tarquin laughs again, and the woman leaves, but the next day she says, “Give me the price of nine books, or I’ll destroy these three also.” Tarquin wants the books. “Give me the three books and I will give you the price of nine books.”

2016 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Level II – Girls

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia

Clytemnestra sēnsit Īphigenīam ā mīlitibus arcessītam esse. Īphigenīa māt̄rī maestae dīxit, “Māt̄er amāta, nūllō tempore pater meus mē sacrificāre dēsiderāvit; iniūriam nōn facit; est voluntās deōrum. Nōn erō ignāva. Cupiō mīlitēs nostrōs contra fortūnam malam dēfendī. Brevī tempore exercitūs Graeci ā portū ventīs secundīs nāvīgābunt et victōriam habēbunt. Omnēs scient mē prō patriā occīsam esse.”

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Ubi Agamemnōn filiam ad āram dūxit, puella fortis mīlitibus dīxit, “Sentiō does mortem meam cupere. Mortem nōn recūsābō.” Subitō magnus clāmor audītus est. Dea Diāna aderat et puellam ad locum longinquum portāvit.

Using Latin I, 1954, p. 311 (abridged) Clytemnestra realized that Iphigenia had been summoned by the soldiers. Iphigenia said to her grieving mother, “Beloved mother, at no time has my father desired to sacrifice me; he does no injustice; it is the will of the gods. I will not be cowardly. I want our soldiers to be defended against bad fortune. In a short time Greek armies will sail from port with favorable winds and will have victory. Everyone will know that I was killed for my country.” When Agamemnon led his daughter to the altar, the brave girl said to the soldiers, “I feel that the gods desire my death. I shall not refuse death.” Suddenly a great uproar was heard. The goddess Diana was present and took the girl to a faraway place.

2016 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Advanced Prose – Girls

The Death of Glauce

Iāsōn et Mēdēa Corinthum vēnērunt, cuius urbis Creōn quīdam rēgnum tum obtinēbat. Erat autem Creontī filia ūna, nōmine Glaucē. Quam cum vīdisset, Iāsōn cōstituit Glaucēn in mātrimōnium dūcere. At Mēdēa irā graviter commōta iūre iūrandō cōfirmāvit sē tantam iniūriam ultūram. Vestem parāvit summā arte textam et variīs colōribus īfectam; hanc mortiferō quōdam venēnō tinxit, cuius vīs tālis erat ut sī quis eam vestem induisset, corpus eius quasi ignī ūrerētur. Hōc factō vestem ad Glaucēn mīsit. Illa autem, nihil malī suspicāns, dōnum libenter accēpit, et vestem novam more fēminārum statim induit.

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Vix vestem induerat Glaucē cum dolōrem gravem per omnia membra sēnsit, et paulō post crūdēlī cruciātū adfecta ē vītā excessit.

Ritchie, *Fābulae Facilēs* (1906), abridged Jason and Medea came to Corinth, of which city a certain Creon then held the rule. However, Creon had one daughter named Glauce. When Jason had seen her, he decided to wed Glauce. But Medea, seriously angered, took an oath that she would avenge such a great insult. She prepared a cloak woven with the highest skill and dyed with various colors; this she tinted with a certain deadly poison, the effect of which was that if anyone had put on that cloak, his/her body would be burned as if by fire. Having done this, she sent the cloak to Glauce. That woman, however, suspecting nothing evil, gladly accepted the gift and in the manner of women immediately put on the new cloak. Scarcely had Glauce put on the cloak when she felt a serious pain through all her limbs, and a little later, afflicted by cruel torture, she died.

2016 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Advanced Poetry – Girls

Dido Pleads with Aeneas

... Mēne fugis? Per ego hās lacrimās dextramque tuam tē

(quandō aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa relīquī), 315

per cōnūbia nostra, per inceptōs hymenaeōs,

sī bene quid dē tē meruī, fuit aut tibi quicquam

dulce meum, miserēre domūs lābentis et istam,

ōrō, sī quis adhūc precibus locus, exue mentem.

Tē propter Libycae gentēs Nomadumque tyranny 320

ōdēre, infēnsī Tyriī; tē propter eundem

exstīnctus pudor et, quā sōlā sīdera adībam,

fāma prior. Cui mē moribundam dēseris – hospes

(hoc solum nōmen quoniam dē coniuge restat)?

(memorize to this spot for MOJCL State convention)

Quid moror? An mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater 325

dēstruat aut captam dūcat Gaetūlus Iarbās?

Saltem sī qua mihi dē tē suscepta fuisset

ante fugam subolēs, sī quis mihi parvulus aulā

lūderet Aenēās, quī tē tamen ōre referret,

nōn equidem omnīnō capta ac dēserta vidērer. 330

Vergil, *Aeneid* IV. 314-330

Are you fleeing me? I beg you through these tears and through your pledge (since I myself now have left nothing else to poor me), through our marriage, through our wedding once begun, if I have deserved anything well from you, or if anything of mine has ever been sweet to you, take pity on my collapsing home and change that mindset, I pray thee, if there still is any place for prayers. Because of you the Libyan tribes and the tyrants of the Nomads hate me, as are the Tyrians hostile. Because of that same you, my sense of modesty/shame has been eradicated and my former reputation, by which alone I was approaching the stars/immortality. For what are you deserting me, who am doomed to die, -- guest (since only this title remains from our marriage)? What am I delaying for? Until my brother Pygmalion should destroy my walls or Gaetulian Iarbas should take me captive? At least if some offspring had been undertaken for me from you before your flight, if some little Aeneas were to play for me in my hall, who would at least remind me of you by his appearance, I would certainly not seem altogether taken and deserted.