

LANGUAGE FAIR 2020
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS

Level 4
Poetry

I LOVE ONLY YOU

[The poet professes his devotion to the one he loves.]

Tū mihi sōla placēs, nec iam tē praeter in urbe
formōsa est oculīs ulla puella meīs.
Atque utinam possēs ūnī mihi bella vidērī!
Displiceās aliīs: sīc ego tūtus erō.
Nīl opus invidiā est; procul absit glōria vulgī:
quī sapit, in tacitō gaudeat ipse sinū.
Sīc ego sēcrētīs possum bene vīvere silvīs,
quā nulla hūmānō sit via trīta pede.
Tū mihi cūrārum requiēs, tū nocte vel ātrā
lūmen, et in sōlīs tū mihi turba locīs.

...

Iam faciam quodcumque volēs; tuus usque manēbō,
nec fugiam nōtae servitium dominae,
Sed Veneris sanctae consīdam vinctus ad ārās:
haec nōtat iniustōs supplicibusque favet.
(Tibullus book III, Elegy 19: 3-12; 21-24)

TRANSLATION

You are pleasing for me alone, now beside you in the city
no woman is beautiful in my eyes.
And how you are able to seem beautiful to me alone!
You are displeasing to other: thus I will be safe.
There is no need of envy, the glory of the rabble is absent far away:
He who understands, in a silent space let that man rejoice.
Thus I am able to live well in my secret forest,
that no well-trodden path may be for a human foot.
You for me are a respite from cares, you at night are actually a black light,
and in the alone places you are for the crowd.

...

Now I will do whatever you wish, I will remain yours all the way,
I will not flee the servitude of a noted mistress,
but conquered I will sit down at the sacred altars of Venus:
this brands offenders and favors supplicants.

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Juno visits Semele

Surgit ab hīs soliō fulvāque recondita nūbe
līmen adit Semelēs nec nūbēs ante remōvit
quam simulāvit anum posuitque ad tempora cānōs 275
sulcāvitque cutem rūgīs et curva trementī
membra tulit passū; vōcem quoque fēcit anīlem,
ipsaque erat Beroē, Semelēs Epidauria nūtrix.
Ergō ubi captātō sermōne diūque loquendō
ad nōmen vērē Iovis, suspīrat et 'optō, 280
Iuppiter ut sit' ait; 'metuō tamen omnia: multī
nōmine dīvōrum thalamōs iniēre pudīcōs.
nec tamen esse Iovem satis est: det pignus amōris,
sī modo vērū is est; quantusque et quālis ab altā
Iūnōne excipitur, tantus tālisque, rogātō, 285
det tibi complexūs suaque ante īsignia sūmat!'

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* III. 273-286

With these words (Juno) rises from her throne, and wrapped in her saffron cloud, approaches the threshold of Semele, and she did not remove her cloud before she pretended to be an old woman and put white hair on her temples, furrowed her skin with wrinkles, and slowed her bowed limbs with a trembling walk. She also made her voice sound like an old woman, and she was Beroë herself, Semele's nurse from Epidauros. Therefore, after taking over their conversation and by talking for a long time, when they came to the name of "Jupiter," (Juno) breathed deeply and said, "I hope that it IS Jupiter; but I fear everything: Many men have entered chaste bedchambers under the name of gods. Nor is it enough to BE Jupiter: let him give a pledge of his love, if only he IS the real Jupiter; ask him to be as great as and of the same substance as he is when he is received by divine Juno; let him give you embraces and take you in front of his very likeness."

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Where to find a girl?

Tot tibi tamque dabit formōsās Rōma puellās, 55

“Haec habet” ut dīcās “quicquid in orbe fuit.”

Gargara quot segetēs, quot habet Methymna racēmōs,

aequore quot piscēs, fronde teguntur avēs,

quot caelum stellās, tot habet tua Rōma puellās:

māter in Aenēae cōstitit urbe suī. 60

Seu caperis prīmīs et adhūc crēscentibus annīs,

ante oculōs veniet vēra puella tuōs:

sīve cupis iuvenem, iuvenēs tibi mille placēbunt.

cōgēris vōtī nēscius esse tuī:

seu tē forte iuvat sēra et sapientior aetās, 65

hoc quoque, crēde mihi, plēnius agmen erit.

...

Sīc ruit ad celebrēs cultissima fēmina lūdōs: 97

cōpia iūdicium saepe morāta meum est.

Spectātum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae:

ille locus castī damna pudōris habet. 100

Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* I.55-66, 97-100

Rome will give you so many and such lovely girls that you may say, “This city has whatever there is in the world.” As many wheat fields as Gargara has, as many grapes as Methymna has, as many fish as are in the sea, or birds as are covered by foliage, as many stars as the sky has, your Rome has that many girls. The mother of Aeneas stands in his city. If you take (them) in first and still growing years, a real girl will come before your eyes: or if you want a young woman, a thousand young women will be pleasing to you. You will be forced to forget your vow (to find one girl): But if, by chance, later and wiser age (in a woman) pleases you, believe me, this will also be a fulsome crowd. ... Thus a very educated woman rushes to crowded games: Their great numbers have often boggled my mind! They come to see, they come to be seen themselves. That place holds the ruin of chaste modesty.