

CLASSICAL TRIPOS Part IA
Paper 8

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES TRIPOS Part IA
Paper GL 10

Thursday 16 June 2005 9 to 12

Paper 8

LATIN PROSE AND VERSE COMPOSITION

*Candidates should attempt **one** Section only.*

Section B may be attempted only by candidates who have offered **Paper 4**.

Alternative Latin Translation.

*Write your **number** (not your name) on the cover of the booklet.*

Candidates who do not write legibly may find themselves at great disadvantage.

STATIONERY REQUIREMENTS

20 Page Answer Book ×1

Rough Work Pad

**You may not start to read the questions
printed on the subsequent pages of this
question paper until instructed that you
may do so by the Invigilator**

SECTION A

Either (a) *for* LATIN PROSE:

'Back!' whispered Aunt Petunia.

She was looking at Harry as she had never looked at him before. And all of a sudden, for the very first time in his life, Harry fully appreciated that Aunt Petunia was his mother's sister. He could not have said why this hit him so very powerfully at this moment. All he knew was that he was not the only person in the room who had an inkling of what Lord Voldemort being back might mean. Aunt Petunia had never in her life looked at him like that before. Her large, pale eyes (so unlike her sister's) were not narrowed in dislike or anger, they were wide and fearful. The furious pretence that Aunt Petunia had maintained all Harry's life – that there was no magic and no world other than the world she inhabited with Uncle Vernon – seemed to have fallen away.

'Yes,' Harry said, talking directly to Aunt Petunia now. 'He came back a month ago. I saw him.'

J. K. ROWLING: *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*

(maternal) aunt: matertera

uncle: amneulus (usu. mother's brother but used this way at SENECA *dialogus* xix 4)

Or (b) *for* LATIN PROSE:

In private matters, if someone showed even minor negligence in the execution of a trust – to say nothing of deliberate fraud for his own profit or advantage – he was considered by our ancestors to have acted in a highly dishonourable manner. Legal proceedings for breach of trust were therefore established, and in the case of a conviction the disgrace was no less extreme than it was in cases of theft. This was no doubt because, in matters in which we are not able to be involved personally, the good faith of our friends is substituted for our own efforts; and if someone abuses that confidence, then he is attacking a safeguard which is common to all, and is thus, as far as lies within his power, undermining the fabric of society. For we cannot do everything for ourselves; each man is more useful than the next one in some particular task. That is why friendships are formed, so that the common good may be advanced by mutual services.

CICERO *pro Roscio Amerino* 111 (tr. D. H. Berry)

Or (c) *for* LATIN PROSE:

I ought to go into retirement, and consider what sort of advice I should give you. For you yourself, who consult me, also reflected for a long time whether to do so: how much more, then, should I myself reflect, since more deliberation is necessary in settling than in propounding a problem! And this is particularly true when one thing is advantageous to you and another to me. Am I speaking again in the guise of an Epicurean? But the fact is, the same thing is advantageous to me which is advantageous to you: for I am not your friend unless whatever is at issue concerning you is my concern also. Friendship produces between us a partnership in all our interests. There is no such thing as good or bad fortune for the individual: we live in common. And no one can live happily who has regard to himself alone and transforms everything into a question of his own utility: you must live for your neighbour, if you would live for yourself.

SENECA *Epistle* XXXXVIII 1–2 (tr. R. M. Gummere)

Or (d) *for* LATIN HEXAMETERS:

‘And since it is a god who urges me,
 my lips will follow him devotedly.
 I shall disclose my Delphi: I’ll reveal
 the truths of heaven, all the oracles
 that highest wisdom holds. The things I sing
 are mighty things our forebears did not probe,
 things that have long been hidden. Let us roam
 among the starry heights: yes, let us rise
 above the earth – this site so dull, inert:
 let clouds transport us, let us stand upon
 the sturdy Atlas’ shoulders: from that height,
 we shall watch those who stagger far below,
 who, lacking reason, stray and stumble, those
 who tremble in the face of what death holds:
 but I’ll dispel their fears: I shall unfold
 the ways of fate.’

OXID *Metamorphoses* XV (tr. Allen Mandelbaum)

[TURN OVER

Or (e) for LATIN ELEGIACS:

How great a monument my books have given you,
 My dear wife, dearer than myself, you see.
 Though fortune may detract much from their author,
 Yet through my talent glorious you shall be.

When I am read, your fame shall be read with me:
 You shall not wholly reach the mournful pyre.
 Though for your husband's fall you may seem piteous,
 To be what *you* are, some you'll find desire
 And call you fortunate to share my evils,
 And in their envy to your lot aspire.

I'd not have given you more by giving riches:
 A rich man's ghost takes naught to death's dark shore.
 You have – and I could give no boon that's greater –
 Enjoyment of a name for ever more.

OVID *Tristia* v 14 (tr. A. D. Melville)

There is no SECTION B

SECTION C

Both (a) *for* LATIN HEXAMETERS:

I shall disclose my Delphi: I'll reveal
 the truths of heaven, all the oracles
 that highest wisdom holds. The things I sing
 are mighty things our forebears did not probe,
 things that have long been hidden. Let us roam
 among the starry heights: yes, let us rise
 above the earth – this site so dull, inert:
 let clouds transport us, let us stand upon
 the sturdy Atlas' shoulders.'

ovid *Metamorphoses* xv (tr. Allen Mandelbaum)

and (b) *for* LATIN ELEGIACS:

How great a monument my books have given you,
 My dear wife, dearer than myself: you see.

.....

When I am read, your fame shall be read with me:
 You shall not wholly reach the mournful pyre.
 Though for your husband's fall you may seem piteous,
 To be what *you* are, some you'll find desire
 And call you fortunate to share my evils.
 And in their envy to your lot aspire.

ovid *Tristia* v 14 (tr. A. D. Melville)