



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

CLASSICAL TRIPOS Part IB
Paper 12

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES Part IB
Paper GL 21

Wednesday 25 April 2007 9 to 12

TRANSLATION FROM ENGLISH INTO LATIN PROSE AND VERSE

*Of the **three** Sections attempt **one** only.*

*Classic candidates may attempt Section **B** only if they are offering Paper 4
(Alternative Latin Translation).*

*MML candidates may attempt Section **B** only if they are offering Intensive
Latin (i.e. those who offered Option A in Latin Part IA).*

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

**Candidates who do not write legibly may find themselves at a grave
disadvantage**

STATIONERY REQUIREMENTS

8 Page Booklet x 1
Rough Work Pad x 1

SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS

None

**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

From this section attempt one passage only.

For LATIN PROSE:

1 We should not, I think, be doing justice to the feelings which are uppermost in many of our hearts if we passed to the business of the day without taking notice of the fresh gap which has been made in our ranks by the untimely death of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is a loss of which I dare hardly trust myself to speak; for apart from ties of relationship, there had subsisted between us, for thirty-three years, a close friendship and affection which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to invade. Nor can I better describe him than by saying that he perhaps, of all men in this generation, came nearest to the mould and ideal of manhood which every English father would like to see his son aspire to, and if possible to attain. The bounty of nature, enriched and developed, not only by early training, but by constant self-discipline through life, blended in him gifts and grace which, taken alone, are rare, and in such attractive union are rarer still.

H. ASQUITH

2 For LATIN PROSE:

Minor disasters affecting private individuals leave the city as a whole unmoved. When the fury spreads and attacks everyone, it is struck down on all sides. Tiny snakes go unnoticed. There is no public hunt for them. But when a serpent has exceeded the normal size and grown into a monster, poisoning the wells with its spittle, scorching whatever it breathes on and crushing everything in its way, the engines of war are brought out to attack it. Evil things, if tiny, can talk their way out and get off. If they are huge, everyone goes straight at them. In the same way, a single sick person does not disturb even his own household. But where deaths come thick and fast and there is obviously a plague, you get an outcry and flight from the city, you see hands raised in supplication to the gods. If there are signs of fire in a single house, family and neighbours pour water on it. But a vast blaze, which has already destroyed many homes, takes a good part of the city to smother it.

SENECA *On Mercy* 25

3 For LATIN PROSE:

To the death of Poppaea, outwardly regretted, but welcome to all who remembered her profligacy and cruelty, Nero added a fresh measure of odium by prohibiting Gaius Cassius from attendance at the funeral. It was the first hint of mischief. Nor was the mischief long delayed. Silanus was associated with him; their only crime being that Cassius was eminent for a great hereditary fortune and an austere character, Silanus for a noble lineage and a temperate youth. Accordingly, the emperor sent a speech to the senate, arguing that both should be removed from public life, and objecting to the former that, among his other ancestral effigies, he had honoured a bust of Gaius Cassius, inscribed :—“*To the leader of the cause.*” The seeds of civil war, and revolt from the house of the Caesars,—such were the objects he had pursued. And, not to rely merely on the memory of a hated name as an incentive to faction, he had taken to himself a partner in Lucius Silanus, a youth of noble family and headstrong temper, who was to be his figure-head for a revolution.

TACITUS *Annals* XVI 7

4 For LATIN PROSE:

Think of that night preceding that day—fortunate for this city but (woe is me!) fatal, I fear, for us! What spirit had Lucius Flaccus then (for I will say nothing of myself), what love of country, what valour, what steadfastness! But why do I speak of these things which at the time they were done were praised to the skies by the common consent of all, by the unanimous voice of the Roman people, by the testimony of the whole world? Now I fear that, far from counting in Flaccus’s favour, they may somewhat injure him. For I know that sometimes the memory of evil men is much keener than that of good men. It is I, Flaccus, I, I say, who will have ruined you if anything goes amiss. Mine was the pledge, mine the assurance, mine the guarantee when I solemnly promised that if we saved the state, so long as you lived you would not only be guarded but even honoured by the protection of all respectable men.

CICERO *Pro Flacco* 103

5 For LATIN HEXAMETERS:

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
 And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON

[TURN OVER

6 For LATIN ELEGIACS:

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require.
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.

GRAY

SECTION B

*This section may be attempted **only** by candidates who are offering **Paper 4** (Alternative Latin Translation = MML Paper GL 12).*

For LATIN PROSE:

7 Since these things are so, Conscript Fathers, the guards of the Roman people do not fail you: see to it that you do not seem to fail the Roman people. You have a consul who has been saved from many dangers and plots and from the jaws of death not for his own sake but for your preservation. All the orders are united in purpose, heart, and voice to save the state. Our country beset with the torches and weapons of an infamous conspiracy, in supplication, to you holds out her hands. To you she commends herself, to you the lives of all the citizens, to you the citadel and the Capitol, to you the shrines of her household gods, to you that undying fire of Vesta, to you the temples and shrines of all the gods, to you the walls and the dwellings of our city. Moreover, to-day on your decision hang your lives, the lives of your wives and children, the fortunes of all, your houses and firesides.

CICERO *In Catilinam* IV 18

SECTION C

Attempt **both** passages in this Section.

8 For LATIN HEXAMETERS:

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

MILTON

9 For LATIN ELEGIACS:

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require.

GRAY

END OF PAPER