

Chapter 1 : Results for W-A-Camps | Book Depository

Propertius: Elegies II (Latin Texts) (Bk.2) by Propertius (Author), W.A. Camps (Editor) Be the first to review this item.

These golden temples sprang from earthly gods: Tarpeian Jupiter thundered from a bare cliff, and Tiber was foreign to our cattle. The Curia that shines up there, adorned with the purple hem of the Senate, held the Fathers, clothed in animal skins to its rustic heart. No man cared to seek out alien gods: Vesta, poor, delighted in garlanded donkeys, and skinny cattle dragged along cheap emblems. Their raw soldiers did not gleam with threatening armour: Such were the Titienses, heroic Ramnes, and the Luceres of Solonium, such Romulus who drove four white triumphal horses. Indeed, Bovillae was hardly a suburb of the tiny city, and Gabii greatly crowded, that now is nothing. And Alba stood, powerful, founded through the omen of a white sow, when it was far from there to Fidenae. Here, Troy, for the best, you sent your exiled household gods. Here, at such auguries, the Trojan vessel sailed! You win in vain! Now to try and portray those towers in patriotic verse, ah me, how puny the sound that rises from my mouth! But however thin the streams that flow from my chest, it is all in the service of my country. Let Ennius crown his verse with a shaggy garland: Bacchus, hold out to me leaves of your ivy, so that my books might make Umbria swell with pride, Umbria fatherland of the Roman Callimachus! Whoever sees the towers of Assisi climbing from the valley, honour those walls according to my genius! Rome favour me, the work soars up for you: I will sing rites and days, and the ancient names of places: The threads you spin are not from a true distaff. Singing, you summon tears: Orops of Babylon, child of Archytas, fathered me, Horos, and my house is descended from Conon. My prophecy touched on truth, though unwillingly. The track of the heavens must be examined, and the path of truth among the stars, and knowledge looked for from the five zones. Calchas was a profound example: Yet the Greeks did not return: Nauplius raises his fires by night in vengeance, and Greece sails weighed down by her spoils. Victorious Ajax, son of Oileus, rape, then love, your prophetess, Cassandra, though Minerva forbids her to be stripped of her robe! So much for history: Ancient Umbria gave birth to you, at a noble hearth: Or has my mouth revealed your country? Where misty Mevania wets the open plain, and the summer waters of the Umbrian lake steam, and the wall towers from the summit of climbing Assisi, that wall made more famous by your genius? Since though many bullocks ploughed your fields, the merciless measuring-rod stole your wealth of land. But you create elegies, deceptive art: Since whatever victories your labour wins you, one girl will escape your grasp: Now whether your ship is tossed about in mid-ocean, or you go unarmed among armed men, or the trembling earth yawns in a gaping chasm: Learn the native tokens of the god Vertumnus. This crowd of mine delights me, I enjoy no ivory temple: Tiber once took its course here, and they say the sound of oars was heard over beaten waters: The first grape changes hue, for me, in darkening bunches, and hairy ears of corn swell with milky grains. Here you see sweet cherries, autumn plums, and mulberries redden through summer days. Here the grafter pays his vows with apple garlands, when the unwilling pear stock has borne fruit. Be silent echoing rumour: My nature is adaptable to every form: Give me a scythe and tie twists of hay on my forehead: Once I carried weapons, I remember, and was praised: Loaded down with my nets I hunt: I can bend like a shepherd over his crook, or carry baskets of roses through the dust. Dark-green cucumbers, gourds with swollen bellies, and the cabbages tied with light rushes mark me out: Because my single shape becomes vertebar all my native tongue from that gave me my name. I saw the broken ranks, the abandoned weapons, and the enemy turn their backs in shameful flight. Six lines should yet be added: I was a maple stock, cut by a swift sickle: But, Mamurius, creator of my bronze statue, let the rough earth never spoil your skilful hands that were able to cast me for such peaceful use. The work is unrepeated, but the honour the work is given that is not. Still, if any part you wish to read is smeared, that blot will have been made by my tears: A moment ago Bactra in the east saw you again, now the Neuric enemy with their armoured horses, the wintry Getae and Britain with its painted chariots, and the dark-skinned Indians pounded by the eastern waves. Was this the marriage oath and the night sealed with kisses, when, an innocent, I yielded to the urgency of your conquering arms? The ill-omened torch, carried before me by those who led, drew its dark light from a ruined pyre: Oh, my harmful vows hang from every gate: Let him perish who tore a stake from an innocent tree, and

made mournful trumpets from shrill horns, he is more worthy than Ocnus to lean on, and twist the rope, and feed your hunger, mule, to eternity! Tell me, does the breastplate cut your tender shoulders? Does the heavy spear chafe your unwarlike hands? They say your face is lean and drawn: While I, when evening leads on the bitter night, kiss the weapons you have left behind. On winter nights I labour to spin for your campaigns, to cut Tyrian cloth for the sword: With naked breasts she carried weapons, and barbarously hid her soft hair under a helmet. If only the Roman camps were open to women! I would have been a loyal burden on your campaign. Scythian hills would not hinder me, where the mighty god turns water to ice with deeper cold. Every love is powerful, but greater in an acknowledged partner: Why then should robes of Phoenician purple gleam for me now, or clear crystals decorate my fingers? The whimpering of the little puppy Craugis is dear to me: I roof over the shrines with flowers, cover the crossroads with sacred branches; and the Sabine herb crackles on ancient altars. Tatius encircled this hill with a maple-wood palisade, and ringed his camp securely with mounds of earth. The hills were walls: There was a pleasant grove hidden in an ivied hollow and many a tree filled the native streams with rustling. Here Tarpeia drew water for the Goddess: How could one death be sufficient for that wicked girl, who wanted, Vesta, to betray your flames? She saw Tatius practising manoeuvres on the sandy plain, and lifting his ornate spear among the yellow crests. She often feigned that the innocent moon was ominous, and said she must wash her hair in the stream. And sitting on that Tarpeian Hill of hers, she sobbed out, from there, her wound that nearby Jupiter would not forgive: Hills of Rome, and Rome that crowns the hills, and Vesta shamed by my wickedness, farewell! That horse will carry my passions to his camp, whose mane is dressed to the right, by Tatius himself! So rumour says, tomorrow, there will be a purging of the whole city: The whole track is slippery and treacherous: O if only I knew the incantations of the magical Muse! Then my tongue would have brought help to my lovely man. The ornate robe is worthy of you, not him without honour of a mother, nourished by the harsh teats of a brutal she-wolf. Stranger, as your queen, shall I give birth so in your palace! Rome betrayed comes along with me, no poor gift to you. If not, so that the raped Sabine women are not un-avenged, rape me, and choosing one after the others repay in kind! I can separate the warring armies: Hymenaeus add your measure, trumpeter cease your wild sounds: Now the fourth bugle-call sings out the coming of day, and the stars themselves fall slipping into Ocean. I will try to sleep: I will search out dreams of you: She ran, like a Thracian by swift Thermodon, tearing at her clothes, with naked breasts. It was a festival in the city the city-fathers called it Parilia.

Chapter 2 : - Propertius Elegies II (Propertius) by W.A. Camps

The elegies of Propertius were written during the peaceful and progressive age of Augustus. This Golden Age was the hallmark of Latin literature; it was an age where poets enjoyed idyllic leisure and generous funding for their works.

Elegies[edit] Translations are taken from the English version by J. Postgate in the Loeb Classical Library London: William Heinemann, [] Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora, Et teneam moriens deficiente manu. May I look on thee when my last hour comes; may I hold thy hand, as I sink, in my dying clasp. May I be looking at you when my last hour has come, and dying may I hold you with my weakening hand. Venus herself aids the stout-hearted. Be not afraid to swear. Null and void are the perjuries of love; the winds bear them ineffective over land and the face of the sea. Great thanks to Jove! The Sire himself has decreed no oath should stand that love has taken in the folly of desire. Te propter nullos tellus tua postulat imbres, arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Iovi. Because of thee thy Egypt never sues for showers, nor does the parched blade bow to Jove the Rain-giver. Of the River Nile. Because of you your land never pleads for showers, nor does its parched grass pray to Jupiter the Rain-giver. Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses? Who was the first discoverer of the horrible sword? How savage was he and literally iron! Atque aliquis senior veteres veneratus amores annua constructo sarta dabit tumulo, et "bene" discedens dicit "placideque quiescas, terraque securae sit super ossa levis. Credula vitam spes fovet et fore cras semper ait melius. Fond Hope keeps the spark alive, whispering ever that to-morrow things will mend. Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit, componit furtim subsequiturque Decor. Whatsoever [Love] does, whithersoever she turns her steps, Grace follows her unseen to order all aright. The traditional attribution of these poems to Tibullus is no longer credited. Difficile est tristi fingere mente iocum. Periuria ridet amantum Jupiter laughs at the false oaths of lovers. Est nobis voluisse satis. It is enough for me to have shown the will.

Chapter 3 : W.A. Camps (Author of Propertius Elegies)

Elegies: Bk.2 by Sextus Propertius, W. A. Camps (Volume editor) starting at \$ Elegies: Bk.2 has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.

Chapter 4 : Sextus Propertius | Open Library

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Chapter 6 : Propertius (c BC" c BC) - The Elegies: Book IV

by Propertius, W a Camps (Editor) Be the first to review this item Book II is especially suitable for the reader wanting a representative selection of Propertius' poetry.

Chapter 7 : - Propertius Elegies III (Propertius) by W.A. Camps

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Chapter 8 : Tibullus - Wikiquote

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by Sextus Propertius, W.A. Camps (Editor) + Add to Wishlist Propertius, though his works are small in volume, is one of the foremost poets of the Augustan age, and his writing has a certain appeal to modern tastes (witness the admiration of Ezra Pound).