

WJEC

Level 1 Certificate in Latin Literature

For summer 2012 and 2013 only

Prescribed text for Unit 9531  
Latin Literature Themes

Theme B  
Love and Marriage

This is the official examination text for the  
WJEC Level 1 Certificate in Latin Literature 2012 and 2013

**CIL 1.2.1211**  
***Epitaph to Claudia***

Stranger, what I have to say will not take long: stand close by and read it through.  
Here is the not very beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman:  
Her parents gave her the name, Claudia.  
She loved her husband with all her heart:  
She bore two sons; one of them  
She leaves on earth, the other she has placed beneath the earth.  
With charming conversation and a fine way of walking too,  
She looked after the house. She spun wool. I have spoken. Now go on your way.

**Cicero, *ad Att. 5.1***  
***Letter to his friend Atticus***

I have seen nothing so mild, nothing so calm as my brother was on that day, towards your sister. If any offence had been taken as a result of the calculation of her expenditure, it was not apparent. On the next day, we set out from Arpinum and ate lunch at Arcanum. Very considerately Quintus said, "Pomponia, you call in the women, and I shall summon the men." Nothing could have been sweeter, not only in his words but also in his behaviour and expression. But she, in our hearing, said, "I myself am a guest here." Simply, I think, because Statius had gone ahead to take care of lunch for us! Then Quintus said to me, "You see, this is the kind of thing I endure every day." I myself was extremely upset by this situation; as you can see she had responded harshly and bitterly in both her words and her expression. So we all reclined at table except for her. Quintus sent something from the table to her, which however she sent back. What more is there to say? There seemed to me nothing milder than my brother, and nothing more prickly than your sister; and I am passing over many similar events.

## Catullus, *Poem 5*

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love,  
And value all the gossip of those  
rather strict old men at one as!  
Suns can set and rise again:  
But when once the brief light has set for us,  
There is one everlasting night to sleep through.  
Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred,  
Then another thousand, and then a second hundred,  
Then yet another thousand, and then a hundred,  
Then when we have kissed many thousands of times,  
We shall mix them all up, so that we do not know,  
Nor can some evil person cast his curse upon us,  
When he knows what the number of kisses is.

## Catullus, *Poem 8*

miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,  
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.  
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,  
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat  
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla. 5  
ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,  
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,  
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.  
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque impotens noli,  
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive, 10  
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.  
vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,  
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.  
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.  
scelestas, vae te, quae tibi manet vita? 15  
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?  
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?  
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?  
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

## Catullus, *Poem 70*

My woman says that she prefers  
To marry none but me, not even if Jupiter himself should ask her.  
She says this; but what a woman says to her eager lover  
She ought to write in the wind and fast-flowing water.

## Catullus, *Poem 72*

You used once to say that Catullus was the only man you knew,  
Lesbia, and that you would not prefer to have Jupiter rather than me.  
Then I loved you, not so much as the common man loves his girl,  
But as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law.  
Now I have got to know you: and for this reason, even if I burn more passionately,  
You are nonetheless much cheaper and more trivial to me.  
How is this possible, you say? Because such injustice  
Compels a lover to love still more, but to like less.

## Catullus, *Poem 83*

Lesbia mi praesente viro mala plurima dicit:  
haec illi fatuo maxima laetitia est.  
mule, nihil sentis? si nostri oblita taceret,  
sana esset: nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,  
non solum meminit, sed, quae multo acrior est res,  
irata est. hoc est, uritur et loquitur.

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## Ovid, *Ars Amatoria 1.469-478* *Advice to a rejected lover*

si non accipiet scriptum inlectumque remittet,  
lecturam spera propositumque tene.  
tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra iuveni,  
tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi.  
ferreus adsiduo consumitur anulus usu,  
interit adsidua vomer aduncus humo.  
quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius unda?  
dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua.  
Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces:  
capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen.

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## Martial, *Epigrams 8.12* *Marital equality?*

Do you want to know why I do not want to marry a rich wife?  
I do not want to play the bride to my wife.  
A married lady should be of lower status than her husband, Priscus:  
In no other way can a woman and her husband be equal.

## **Pliny, Letters 4.19** **To Calpurnia Hispulla, his wife's aunt**

cum sis pietatis exemplum, filiam fratris tui ut tuam diligis, affectumque ei repraesentas, non tantum amitae verum etiam patris amissi. maxime igitur gaudebis, cum cognoveris eam dignam patre, dignam te, dignam avo evadere. summum est acumen, summa frugalitas; amat me, quod castitatis indicium est. praeterea studium litterarum ex mei caritate concepit. meos libellos habet, lectitat, ediscit etiam. quanta sollicitudine afficitur cum ego acturus sum, quanto gaudio cum egi! disponit qui nuntient sibi quos clamores excitaverim, quem eventum iudicii tulerim. eadem, si quando recito, in proximo sedet, velo discreta, laudesque meas avidissimis auribus excipit. versus quidem meos cantat formatque cithara, non artifice aliquo docente, sed amore, qui magister est optimus.

his ex causis est mihi spes certissima, perpetuam nobis concordiam maioremque in dies futuram esse. illa enim diligit non aetatem meam aut corpus, quae paulatim occidunt ac senescunt, sed gloriam meam. hoc vero decet puellam tuis manibus educatam, quae amare me ex tua praedicatione consuevit. ergo tibi gratias agimus, ego quod illam mihi, illa quod me sibi dederis. vale.

## **Pliny, Letters 6.24** **Faithful unto death**

I was sailing across our Lake Larius, when a friend showed me a house with a bedroom which sticks out into the lake. "From this bedroom," he said, "a woman once threw herself with her husband. Her husband was afflicted with a very serious illness. His wife begged him to allow her to inspect his body; for, she said, there was no one who would tell him more faithfully whether he could be cured. She looked, despaired, encouraged him to die and she herself was the companion of his death, indeed she was his leader and example and driving force; for she tied herself to her husband and leapt into the lake."