**Latin Recitation Level I OJCL 2012**

Ubi Rōmānī ad portam oppidī accessērunt, lēgātus Rōmānus magnā vōce clāmāvit:

"Audīte mē, Gallī. Vīcī vestrī incenduntur; aliī Gallī interficiuntur, aliī capiuntur. Multī senēs et fēminae multae in servitūtem dūcuntur. Nūllam spem salūtis habētis. Sī decem ex prīncipibus vestrīs obsidēs trādideritis atque reliquī mīlitēs arma dēposuerint, līberīs senibus fēminīsque parcēmus."

“A Legate Addresses the Gauls,” *Latin Our Living Heritage*, Book I (1962), p. 225

When the Romans approached the gate of the town, a Roman lieutenant shouted with a loud voice: "Hear me, Gauls! Your villages are being burned; some Gauls are being killed, others are being captured. Many old men and many old women are being lead into slavery. You have no hope of salvation. If you hand over ten of your chieftains and your remaining soldiers put down their weapons, we will spare your children, old men, and women."

Cf: NJCL 2012 Latin Oratory Latin ½ and I

**Latin Recitation Level II OJCL 2012**

The Gaul Critognatus speaks to his fellow Gauls in an assembly at the besiged Alesia.

"Rōmānī vērō quid petunt aliud aut quid volunt, nisi invidiā adductī, quōs fāmā nōbilēs potentēsque bellō cognōvērunt, hōrum in agrīs cīvitātibusque cōnsīdere atque hīs aeternam iniungere servitūtem? Neque enim ūllā aliā condiciōne bella gessērunt. Quod sī ea quae in longinquīs nātiōnibus geruntur ignōrātis, respicite fīnitimam Galliam, quae in prōvinciam redācta iūre et lēgibus commūtātīs secūribus subiecta perpetuā premitur servitūte."

Caesar, *Dē Bellō Gallicō*, VII, 77

"But the Romans -- what else do they seek or what do they want, except, since they are influenced by envy, to settle in the fields and cities of these whom they have recognized as noble in reputation and powerful in war and to impose eternal slavery on them? For they do not wage wars under any other condition. But if you are ignorant of those things which go on in faraway nations, look only at nearby Gaul, which, reduced to a province, its rights and laws having been changed, subjected to Roman axes (authority), is oppressed in everlasting slavery."

Cf: NJCL 2012 Latin Oratory Latin II

**Latin Recitation Advanced Prose OJCL 2012**

"Patria" lectures Cicero about the folly of letting Catiline leave Rome.

Nōnne hunc in vincula dūcī, nōn ad mortem rapī, nōn summō suppliciō mactārī imperābis? Quid tandem tē impedit? Mōsne maiōrum? At persaepe etiam prīvātī in hāc rēpūblicā perniciōsōs cīvēs morte multārunt. An lēgēs, quae dē cīvium Rōmānōrum suppliciō rogātae sunt? At numquam in hāc urbe, quī ā rēpūblicā dēfēcērunt, cīvium iūra tenuērunt. An invidiam posteritātis timēs? Praeclāram vērō populō Rōmānō refers grātiam, quī tē, hominem per tē cognitum, nūllā commendātiōne maiōrum tam mātūrē ad summum imperium per omnīs honōrum gradūs extulit, sī propter invidiam aut alicuius perīculī metum salūtem cīvium tuōrum neglegis.

Cicero, *In Catilinam I*, 27-28

Won't you order him to be led into chains, to be dragged to death, to be killed by the greatest punishment? Pray tell, what is stopping you? The custom of our ancestors? But very often even private citizens in this state have punished wicked citizens with death. Or is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Romans? But never in this city have those who have defected from the state held the rights of citizens. Or do you fear the hostility of future generations? That's really some thanks you are giving to the Roman people, who have exalted you, a man recognized through your own merits, with no recommendation of your ancestors, so early to the highest office through all the ranks of offices, if you neglect the well-being of your citizens because of (perceived) unpopularity or the fear of some danger.

Cf: NJCL 2012 Latin Oratory Upper

**Latin Recitation Advanced Poetry OJCL 2012**

"Aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuentī  
mortālīs hebetat vīsūs tibi et ūmida circum                605  
cālīgat, nūbem ēripiam; tū nē qua parentis  
iussa timē neu praeceptīs pārēre recūsā):  
hīc, ubi disiectās mōlēs āvulsaque saxīs  
saxa vidēs, mixtōque undantem pulvere fūmum,  
Neptūnus mūrōs magnōque ēmōta tridentī                610  
fundāmenta quatit tōtamque ā sēdibus urbem  
ēruit. Hīc Iūnō Scaeās saevissima portās  
prīma tenet sociumque furēns ā nāvibus agmen  
ferrō accincta vocat.  
Iam summās arcēs Trītōnia, respice, Pallas               615  
insēdit nimbō effulgēns et Gorgone saevā.  
Ipse pater Danaīs animōs vīrīsque secundās  
sufficit, ipse deōs in Dardana suscitat arma.  
Ēripe, nāte, fugam fīnemque impōne labōrī;  
nusquam aberō et tūtum patriō tē līmine sistam.'                620

“Venus to Aeneas during the Last Night of Troy,” Vergil, *Aeneid* II. 604-620

"Look! (for I will snatch away all the cloud which is now pulled over your vision and weakens mortal sight for you and forms a damp fog around you; do not fear any orders of your parent nor refuse to obey her instructions): Here, where you see overthrown heaps and rocks pulled away from rocks, smoke billowing with mixed dust, Neptune is shaking the walls and their dislodged foundations with his great trident and uproots the whole city from its bottom. Here very savage Juno, at the forefront, holds the Scaean gates and in her rage, girt with a sword, calls the allied battle line from the ships.

"Now look! Tritonian Athena has settled on the highest citadels, flashing at her hem and her savage Gorgon. Father Jupiter himself is supplying spirits and favorable strength to the Greeks, he himself arouses the gods against the Trojan armaments. Son, snatch flight and put an end to your labor; I will nowhere be missing and I will set you safely on your father's threshold."

CF: NJCL 2012 Dramatic Interp. Upper Girls

**Dramatic Interpretation Boys OJCL 2012**

**Source:**  Adapted from Book III, *Odyssey.* Translated by Stanley Lombardo.

**Speaker:** Nestor

**Audience:** Telemachus

**Scene:** After a sacrifice of bulls to Poseidon at Pylos, Telemachus asks the city’s king, Nestor, about what has happened to Odysseus after the end of the Trojan War.

For nine years we devised all sorts of strategies to bring Troy down—which the son of Cronus scarcely brought to pass. In that effort no man could match Odysseus for cunning.

Your father was the master of all strategies— If indeed you are his son. I am amazed. As I look upon you. The way you speak is very much like him. One would not think a younger man could speak so appropriately.

Now all that time Odysseus and I never disagreed in assembly or council. We had one heart, and with our wisdom we advised the Argives on the best course to take. But when we had sacked Priam’s tall town, Zeus planned in his heart a bitter journey home for the Greeks—who were not all prudent or just, which is why the wrath of the Grey-eyed One brought many of them to an evil end. She caused a quarrel between Atreus’ two sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

It happened this way: These two called an assembly of the entire army in a reckless manner, toward sunset and all out of order. They made speeches, and announced their purpose in assembling the troops. Menelaus wanted the entire army to set their sights homeward, to begin shipping out on the open sea, but this was not at all to Agamemnon’s liking. He wanted to delay their departure and offer formal sacrifice to appease the wrath of Athena—the fool, he had no idea she would never relent. The minds of the eternal ones are not quickly turned. So these two stood there exchanging insults, and the soldiers rose up with one huge roar and took sides.

We spent the night nursing our resentment against each other, for Zeus was bringing on our doom. At dawn some of us hauled our ships to the bright water and loaded on board our goods. Half of the army held back, remaining with King Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but half of us embarked and launched our ships, which pulled away swiftly, for some god had made the teeming water smooth as glass. We pulled in to Tenedos and offered sacrifice, eager to reach home, but Zeus held firm against our immediate return and stirred up still more dissension. Some now turned back their curved ships, following Odysseus, a wise leader with a flexible mind, out of respect for King Agamemnon. But I fled on with all my ships, for I knew that Zeus had evil in mind. Diomedes also got his men out then, and Menelaus brought up the rear. We asked the god to give us a sign and he showed us one, telling us to cut through the sea straight to Euboea, the sooner to get ourselves out of danger. A shrill wind rose up and started to blow, and the ships flew over the teeming brine. We put in at Geraestus that night, and with all that water behind us, we sacrificed many bulls to Poseidon.

On the fourth day Diomedes made Argos, but I held on toward Pylos, and the wind did not die down once since it began to blow.

And so I came home, dear child, knowing nothing of who survived and who was lost.

**Dramatic Interpretation Girls OJCL 2012**

**Source:** Adapted from *Cleopatra’s Daughter* (Michelle Moran)

**Speaker:** Selene

**Scene:** Cleopatra, Alexander (her brother) and Selene were hiding their mausoleum as the Romans took control of Alexandria.

“Mother” I screamed, and before Alexander could leap forward to defend me, soldiers descended the stairs from the second story of the mausoleum. My mother unsheathed her dagger, but a broad shouldered Roman caught her wrist and another man unlocked the door.

“Let go of me!” My mother's voice was a sharp warning, and although she had no power to command Roman soldiers, once the man had disarmed her, he freed her wrist. He was built like my father, with well-muscled legs and a powerful chest. He could've snapped her arm if he had wanted. I wondered if this was Octavian. He ordered his soldiers to take us to the place. Caesar wanted to see my mother before he spoke to the people of Alexandria. My mother raised her chin and demanded to know who he was. ..Marcus Agrippa, former consul of Rome and commander-in-chief of Caesar’s fleet. Hearing this, Alexander looked across the chamber at me. Agrippa was the general who defeated our father at Actium. He was the secret behind every one of Octavian's military successes and the man our father had feared above any other.

“Agrippa.” My mother caressed his name like silk. She spoke Latin to him, and her words were accented. “Do you see this treasure?” she pointed out the leopard skins on the floor, and the heavy chests wrought with silver and gold that nearly obscured the rugs from view. “It can be yours. All of Egypt can be yours if you wish. Why give it to Octavian when you were the one who conquered Antony?”

But Agrippa narrowed his eyes and asked if she was proposing that he betray Caesar.

“I am saying that, with me you would be accepted as Pharaoh, by the people. There would be no war. No bloodshed. We could reign as Hercules and Isis.”

The man holding my arm chuckled softly, “You might as well ask the sea to stop meeting the shore.”

Agrippa clenched the hilt of his sword. “She is desperate, and doesn't know what she's saying. Stay here with the treasure, Juba—”

“Juba.” My mother said his name with as much loathing as one word could carry. She obviously knew him. Juba unhanded me but there was nowhere for me to run. The mausoleum was surrounded by Octavian's soldiers. I stood next to Alexander as our mother advanced on the man who wore his black hair longer than any Roman. “Your mother was a Greek, and your father lost his kingdom to Julius Caesar. And now look, you have become a Roman how proud that would have made them.”

Juba clenched his jaw. “If I were you I'd save my speeches for Octavian.” My mother pleaded not to be taken to Octavian but the Agrippa told her there was no other choice. My life would not be filled with my father’s songs. There would be no more dinners on candlelit barges and never again would I sit on my father’s lap while he recounted the story of his triumphant march through Ephesus.

**Monologue OJCL 2012**

**Topic:**  Danaë and King Acrisius