

**PUTTING THE VERSE INTO DIVERSITY:  
TRIUMPHAL SONG AND SOUNDSCAPE AS AN EXPRESSION OF ROMAN PLURALISM**

Nandini B. Pandey, UW-Madison (nandini.pandey@wisc.edu)

**A. Ovid, *Tristia* 4.2 (trans. mine)**

iam fera Caesaribus Germania, totus ut orbis,  
victa potest flexo succubuisse genu,  
altaque velentur fortasse Palatia sertis,  
turaque in igne sonent inficiantque diem,  
candidaque adducta collum percussa securi  
victima purpureo sanguine pulset humum,  
donaque amicorum templis promissa deorum  
reddere victores Caesar uterque parent;  
et qui Caesareo iuvenes sub nomine crescunt,  
perpetuo terras ut domus illa regat,  
cumque bonis nuribus pro sospite Livia nato  
munera det meritis, saepe datura, deis;  
et pariter matres et quae sine crimine castos  
perpetua servant virginitate focos;  
**plebs pia cumque pia laetetur plebe senatus,  
parvae cuius eram pars ego nuper, eques.  
nos procul expulsos communia gaudia fallunt,**  
famaque tam longe non nisi parva venit.  
ergo omnis populus poterit spectare triumphos,  
cumque ducum titulis oppida capta leget,  
vinclaque captiva reges cervice gerentes  
ante coronatos ire videbit equos,  
et cernet vultus aliis pro tempore versos,  
terribiles aliis inmemoresque sui.  
quorum pars causas et res et nomina quaeret,  
pars referet, quamvis noverit illa parum:  
'hic, qui Sidonio fulget sublimis in ostro,  
dux fuerat belli, proximus ille duci.  
hic, qui nunc in humo lumen miserabile fixit,  
non isto vultu, cum tulit arma, fuit.  
ille ferox et adhuc oculis hostilibus ardens  
hortator pugnae consiliumque fuit.  
perfidus hic nostros inclusit fraude locorum,  
squalida promissis qui tegit ora comis.  
illo, qui sequitur, dicunt mactata ministro  
saepe recusanti corpora capta deo.  
hic lacus, hi montes, haec tot castella, tot amnes  
plena ferae caedis, plena cruoris erant.  
Drusus in his meruit quondam cognomina terris,  
quae bona progenies, digna parente, tulit.  
**hos super in curru, Caesar, victore veheris  
purpureus populi rite per ora tui,  
quaque ibis, manibus circumplaudere tuorum,  
undique iactato flore tegente vias.**  
tempora Phoebæ lauro cingetur 'io' que  
miles 'io' magna voce 'trumphe' canet.  
ipse sono plausuque simul fremituque calentes  
quadriugos cernes saepe resistere equos.  
inde petes arcem, delubra faventia votis,  
et dabitur merito laurea vota Iovi.

1 Already savage Germany, defeated, may have submitted,  
2 like the rest of the world, on bended knee, to the Caesars,  
3 and perhaps the high Palatine is decked in garlands,  
4 and incense crackles on the fire, suffusing the air,  
5 and the white victim, struck in the neck by an axe blow,  
6 beats the ground with purple blood,  
7 and both victorious Caesars prepare to offer the vowed gifts  
8 in the temples of the propitious gods to;  
9 and those young men who grow up under the Caesarian name,  
10 so that house may rule the lands in perpetuity,  
11 and with their good wives, Livia, for her son's safety,  
12 may give gifts, often to give, to the deserving gods;  
13 and equally the mothers and those women who without stain  
14 preserve the chaste hearths with perpetual virginity;  
15 **and the pious plebs and with the pious plebs the senate may rejoice,**  
16 **and the knights, of whom I recently was a small part.**  
17 **But the communal festivities evade us, expelled far away,**  
18 and none but faint rumor travels as far as this.  
19 So the whole people will be able to watch the triumph,  
20 and along with the leaders' titles will read the captured towns,  
21 and view the captive kings bearing chains round their necks,  
22 marching in front of the garlanded horses,  
23 and discern some with downturned faces, befitting their state,  
24 others, still menacing and indifferent to their fate.  
25 Some people will ask for causes, facts and names,  
26 others will answer, although they know little:  
27 'This one, who gleams on high in Sidonian purple,  
28 had been the war's general: this one next in command.  
29 This one who now fixes his wretched gaze on the ground  
30 did not have such an expression when he bore arms.  
31 That one, fierce and with hostile eyes still blazing,  
32 was the instigator and planner of the battle.  
33 This traitor, who hides his wretched face in his shaggy hair,  
34 trapped our men in a treacherous place.  
35 That one who follows him they say was their priest,  
36 who sacrificed captive bodies to a god who often refused them.  
37 This lake, these mountains, all these forts and rivers,  
38 were full of fierce slaughter, full of gore.  
39 In these lands Drusus once earned his name,  
40 which his son, worthy of his father, has rightly assumed.' ...  
47 **Above all these you'll be carried in your victory chariot, Caesar,**  
48 **by custom wearing purple before the faces of your people,**  
49 **and wherever you go, you'll be applauded by your subjects' hands,**  
50 **with flowers tossed everywhere strewing your route.**  
51 Soldiers, their heads garlanded with Phoebus' laurel,  
52 will sing in a loud voice, 'Io, io triumphe.'  
53 Often you'll see the four horses rearing as they start  
54 at the songs and applause and the roar commingled.  
55 Then you'll reach the citadel, and the shrines favoring your prayers,  
56 and the laurel wreath will be offered to deserving Jove.

**B. Aeneid 8.678-723 (trans. Fratantuono & Smith)**

hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar  
cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis,  
stans celsa in puppi, geminas cui tempora flammis 680  
laeta vomunt patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.  
parte alia ventis et dis Agrippa secundis  
arduus agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,  
tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona.  
hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis, 685  
victor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro,  
Aegyptum virisque Orientis et ultima secum  
Bactra vehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx.  
**una omnes ruere ac totum spumare reductis**  
**convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.** 690  
alta petunt; pelago credas innare revulsas  
Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos,  
tanta mole viri turrilis puppibus instant.  
stuppea flamma manu telisque volatile ferrum  
spargitur, arva nova Neptunia caede rubescunt. 695  
**regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro,**  
necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis.  
**omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis**  
contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Minervam  
tela tenent. **saevit medio in certamine Mavors** 700  
caelatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Dirae,  
et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia palla,  
**quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.**  
Actius haec cernens arcum intendebat Apollo  
desuper; omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, 705  
omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabaei.  
ipsa videbatur **ventis regina vocatis**  
vela dare et laxos iam iamque immittere funis.  
illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura  
fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, 710  
contra autem **magno maerentem corpore Nilum**  
pandentemque sinus et tota veste **vocantem**  
caeruleum in gremium latebrosaue flumina victos.  
at Caesar, triplici invecus Romana triumpho  
moenia, dis Italis votum immortale sacrabat, 715  
**maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.**  
**laetitia ludisque viae plausuque fremebant;**  
omnibus in templis matrum **chorus**, omnibus arae;  
ante aras terram caesi stravere iuveni.  
ipse sedens niveo candentis limine Phoebi 720  
dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis  
postibus; incedunt victae longo ordine gentes,  
**quam variae linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis.**

**C. Aeneid 6.781-87 (trans. Fairclough)**

en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma  
imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,  
septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,  
felix prole virum: qualis Berecynthia mater 785  
invehitur curru Phrygias turrata per urbes  
laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,  
omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.

Here stands on the lofty deck Augustus Caesar, leading Italians into battle, together with the fathers and people, and the great gods, the Penates; his happy brows pour forth twin flames, and the star of his father is revealed on the top of his head. [682] In another part is Agrippa, high up, under favorable winds and gods, leading his contingent; his temples gleam, bedecked with the ships' beaks consisting of the naval crown, the proud mark of battle. Here Marc Antony, with barbarian help and varied weapons, victor from the nations of the dawn and from the red shore, brings along with him Egypt and the power of the East and furthest reaches of Bactra; and his Egyptian wife – an abomination! – follows. [689] All rush together at once, and the entire sea, upturned by the oars, now withdrawn, and the three-pronged prows, foams up. They seek the depths; you might believe that the Cyclades, uprooted, were swimming in the sea, or that high mountains were battling with mountains; in such a mass do the men press upon the towering ships. The flame of tow and steel flying with spears rain down from their hands; the Neptunian fields reddens [sic] with fresh bloodshed. In the middle of them does the queen call upon her hosts by the Isis rattle of her fatherland, nor does she yet look back at the twin snakes behind her back. Portents of gods of all kinds and Anubis, the barker, position their weapons against Neptune and Venus, and against Minerva. In the midst of the battle Mavors rages, embossed in iron, and from the sky come the grim Furies and with her robe ripped comes Discord, rejoicing, whom Bellona follows with her bloody lash. [704] Beholding these things, from above Actian Apollo was stretching his bow; because of this fright all Egypt and India, all Arabians, and all Sabaeans were turning their backs. The queen herself, winds invoked, appeared to put up her sails in retreat, and now and again to let the sheets loose. Amidst the slaughter, the one powerful in fire had made her appear pallid because of her imminent death as she is carried on billows and by Iapyx, the Apulian wind; moreover, across from her was the Nile, with [h]is vast body, mourning and opening his bosom, calling the conquered, with all his garments open, into his sea blue lap and shaded streams. [714] But Caesar, borne in triple triumph within the walls of Rome was consecrating to the Italian gods his undying votive offering – three hundred very great shrines through the entire city. The streets were resounding with happiness, games and applause; in every temple was a chorus of matrons, and in all the temples were altars, and before the altars slain bullocks were strewn upon the ground. [720] He himself, sitting upon the snowy-white threshold of radiant Phoebus, reviews the gifts of nations and fixes them to the lofty door posts. The conquered peoples process in a long line, as diverse in languages and deportment as in their dress and arms...

Lo, under his auspices, my son, shall that glorious Rome extend her empire to earth's ends, her ambitions to the skies, and shall embrace seven hills with a single city's wall, blessed in a brood of heroes; even as the Berecynthia mother, turret-crowned, rides in her chariot through Phrygian towns, happy in a progeny of gods, clasping a hundred grandsons, all denizens of heaven, all tenants of the celestial heights.