**Figure 1: Prop. 2.1.19-36**

non ego Titanas canerem, non Ossan Olympo

impositam, ut caeli Pelion esset iter, 20

nec veteres Thebas, nec Pergama nomen Homeri,

Xerxis et imperio bina coisse vada,

regnave prima Remi aut animos Carthaginis altae,

Cimbrorumque minas et bene facta Mari:

bellaque resque tui memorarem Caesaris, et tu 25

Caesare sub magno cura secunda fores.

nam quotiens Mutinam aut civilia busta Philippos

aut canerem Siculae classica bella fugae,

eversosque focos antiquae gentis Etruscae,

et Ptolemaeei litora capta Phari, 30

aut canerem Aegyptum et Nilum, cum attractus in urbem

septem captivis debilis ibat aquis,

aut regum auratis circumdata colla catenis

Actiaque in Sacra currere rostra Via

te mea Musa illis contexteret armis 35

et sumpta et posita pace fidele caput

…I’d not sing Titans; Ossa put on Olympus, as Pelion a road to Heaven; nor ancient Thebes; or Troy the name of Homer; or split seas meeting at Xerxes’s order; or Remus’s first kingdom, or the spirits of proud Carthage, or the German threats and Marius’s service. I’d remember the wars of your Caesar, his doings, and you, un­der mighty Caesar, my next concern.

As often as I sang Mutina; Philippi, the citizens graveyard; the sea-fights in that Sicilian rout; the ruined Etruscan fires of the former race; Ptolemy’s Pharos, its captive shore; or sang of Egypt and Nile, when crippled, in mourning, he ran through the city, with seven imprisoned streams; or the necks of kings hung round with golden chains; or Actium’s prows on the Sacred Way; my Muse would al­ways weave you into those wars, mind loyal at making or breaking peace.[[1]](#footnote-1)

**Dem Bones:**

**Figure 2: Prop. 1.22:**

Qualis et unde genus, qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates,

quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.

si Perusina tibi patriae sunt nota sepulcra,

Italiae duris funera temporibus,

cum Romana suos egit Discordia ciuis,

(sic mihi praecipue, puluis Etrusca, dolor,

**tu proiecta mei perpessa es membra propinqui,**

**tu nullo miseri contegis ossa solo),**

proxima supposito contingens Umbria campo

me genuit terris fertilis uberibus.

You always ask in the name of our friendship, Tullus, from where and of what sort my people are, and who my household gods are. If the Perusine tombs are known to you, the graves from Italy’s hard times, when Roman discord egged on her own citizens, (thus to me in particular, the Etruscan dirt was a pain: you allowed the limbs of your neighbor to be scattered; you covered them with no scrap of soil), neighboring Umbria touching below bore me from her lands, rich and fertile.

**Figure 3: Prop. 2.15.41-48:**

qualem si cuncti cuperent decurrere vitam

et pressi multo membra iacere mero,

**non ferrum crudele neque esset bellica navis,**

**nec nostra Actiacum verteret ossa mare,**

nec totiens propriis circum oppugnata triumphis

lassa foret crinis solvere Roma suos.

haec certe merito poterunt laudare minores:

laeserunt nullos pocula nostra deos

If everyone desired to spend their life this way, compelled to lay down their limbs by much wine, **there would be no cruel iron nor a warship, nor would our bones turn over in the Actian deep**, nor would a tired Rome, battered around so often by her own triumphs, let down her hair. These things, certainly, those who come after us should rightly praise: our cups harmed no gods.

**Figure 4: 2.8.17-24**

sic igitur prima moriere aetate, Properti?

sed morere; interitu gaudeat illa tuo!

exagitet nostros Manis, sectetur et umbras,

insultetque rogis, calcet et ossa mea!

**quid? non Antigonae tumulo Boeotius Haemon**

**corruit ipse suo saucius ense latus,**

**et sua cum miserae permiscuit ossa puellae,**

**qua sine Thebanam noluit ire domum?**

So, will you die, like this, Propertius, you who are still young? Then die. Let her rejoice at your death! Let her disturb my ghost, and harass my shade, insult my pyre, even trample on my bones! **Why? Didn’t that Boeotian Haemon, his flank wounded by his own sword, fall by Antigone’s tomb, and mingle his bones with those of the luckless girl,**

**not wanting to return to their Theban home without her?**

**Dueling exempla: Eriphyle and Evadne**

**Figure 6: 2.16.29-30**

aspice quid donis Eriphyla invenit amaris,

arserit et quantis nupta Creusa malis.

Look at what Eriphyle found in bitter gifts, and with how many evils the bride Creusa burned.

**Figure 7: 3.13.23-4**

hoc genus infidum nuptarum, hic nulla puella

nec fida Euadne nec pia Penelope.

This sort is one of unfaithful wives: here there is no girl, neither (one like) a faithful Evadne nor dutiful Penelope.

**Figure 8: 3.13.57-8**

tu quoque ut auratos gereres Eriphyla lacertos.

delapsis nusquam est Amphiaraus equis.

And you also might bear gold on your shoulders, like Eriphyle, after his horses sank, Amphiaraus is nowhere to be found.

**Figure 9: 1.15.19-22**

coniugis Euadne miseros elata per ignis

occidit, Argiuae fama pudicitiae.

Alphesiboea suos ulta est pro coniuge fratres,

sanguinis et cari uincula rupit amor.

Evadne died, raised by the fires of her husband, she, the fame of Argive purity. Alphesiboea was avenged for her husband against her brother: love even broke the bonds of dear blood.

1. This translation and subsequent translations adapted from A.S. Kline. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)