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| **Prop.2.15.41-46**  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 solere Roma suos.[[1]](#footnote-1) | If all men wanted to spend such an [amorous] life, and heavy with much wine wanted to lie down their limbs, there would neither be a cruel sword nor a naval battle, nor would the water of Actium jostle our bones, nor would Rome, often beaten about by its own Triumphs, be tired to unbind its own hair.[[2]](#footnote-2) |
| **Prop.2.16.37-40**  cerne ducem, modo qui fremitu complevit inani  Actia damnatis aequora militibus:  hunc infamis arnor [sic] versis dare terga carinis  iussit et extremo quaerere in orbe fugam. | See the leader [Antony], who only just filled up the waters of Actium with the pointless scream of condemned soldiers: disgraceful love commanded him to give his back with his ships turned and to seek exile on the edge of the world. |
| **Prop.2.21.11**  Colchida sic hospes quondam decepit Iason | …thus, Jason deceived Medea, once her guest... |
| **Prop.2.34.6-7**  hospes in hospitium Menelao venit adulter  Colchis et ignotum nonne secuta virum est | A guest in his hospitality [Paris] came to Menelaus as an adulterer! And didn’t Medea follow an unknown man? |
| **Prop.1.15.9-22**  at non sic Ithaci digressu mota Calypso     desertis olim fleverat aequoribus: multos illa dies incomptis maesta capillis     sederat, iniusto multa locuta salo, et quamvis numquam post haec visura, dolebat     illa tamen, longae conscia laetitiae. nec sic Aesoniden rapientibus anxia ventis     Hypsipyle vacuo constitit in thalamo: Hypsipyle nullos post illos sensit amores,     ut semel Haemonio tabuit hospitio. Alphesiboea suos ultast pro coniuge fratres,     sanguinis et cari vincula rupit amor.  coniugis Euadne miseros elata per ignes     occidit, Argivae fama pudicitiae. | Calypso was not so moved by the departure of the Ithacan with shores deserted she wept at one time: for many days she sat mourning with hair a mess, having said many things to the unjust ocean, and thought never seeing him after these things, she still hurt, thinking of her long-ago happiness. Nor did Hypsiyple, anxious at the winds stealing Jason feel any loves after those events, how she once melted at the Thessalian guest. Alphesiboea avenged her brothers through her husband, and love broke the chains of dear blood. Evadne raised on the miserable pyre of her husband died, she famous for her Argive chastity. |
| **Prop.2.21.14-15**  Sic a Dulichio iuuene est elusa Calypso:  Vidit amatorem pandere vela suum. | So, Calypso was cheated by the Dulichian youth [Odysseus]: she saw her lover spread his sails. |
| **Prop.2.24b.39-46**  nil ego non patiar, numquam me iniuria mutat:  ferre ego formosam nullum onus esse puto.  credo ego non paucos ista periisse figura,  credo ego sed multos non habuisse fidem.  parvo dilexit spatio Minoida Theseus,  Phyllida Demophoon, hospes uterque malus.  iam tibi Iasonia nota est Medea carina  et modo servato sola relicta viro. | I will endure everything; injustice never changes me: I think that it is no burden to bear a pretty girl. I believe that not a few men died by her shape, but I think that many men do not believe it. Theseus delighted in Ariadne for a short time, Demophoon in Phyllis, each one a bad guest. Already Medea is known to you by the keel of Jason and just now she is left alone by the man she saved. |
| **Prop.1.3.1-2, 13-20, 43-44**  Qualis Thesea iacuit cedente carina  languida desertis Cnosia litoribus;  …  et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent  hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,  subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto  osculaque admota sumere †et arma† manu,  non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,  expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae;  sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,  Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos.  …  ‘leviter mecum deserta querebar  Externo longas saepe in amore moras.’ | As Ariadne laid down on deserted beaches, languid, with the keel of Theseus having departed…  And though Amor, though Liber commands me, seized with double fire for this girl—both are cruel gods—commands me to try to steal attempted kisses and to lightly place hands on the laying woman with my arm thrown around, nevertheless I did not dare to disturb the quiet of my mistress fearing the yoke of her expert cruelty. But fixed with intent eyes, I gaped like Argus did at the strange/unknown horns of Io…  ‘While I [Cynthia], deserted, lightly complain with myself about the long delays, [you, Propertius, are] in another’s love.’ |
| **Prop.2.28a.17-28**  Io versa caput primos mugiverat annos:  nunc dea, quae Nili flumina vacca bibit.  Ino etiam prima terris aetate vagata est:  hanc miser implorat navita Leucothoen.  Andromede monstris fuerat devota marinis:  haec eadem Persei nobilis uxor erat.  Callisto Arcadios erraverat ursa per agros:  haec nocturna suo sidere vela regit.  quod si forte tibi properarint fata quietem,  illa sepulturae fata beata tuae,  narrabis Semelae, quo sit formosa periclo,  credet et illa, suo docta puella malo | Io, turned in her head, mooed for the first years, now a goddess, who drinks the waters of the Nile as a cow. Ino wandered the earth in the first age: the miserable sailor now begs this woman as Leucothoe. Andromeda was devoted to sea monsters: she is now the same wife of noble Perseus. Callisto as a bear wandered through Arcadian fields: she now rules the nightly sails with her star. But if by chance the Fates should hasten peace for you, the fate of your death monument would be blessed. You will say to Semele how dangerous her beauty is, and she will believe and she will be a girl knowledgeable of evil. |
| **Prop.2.33a.1-10**  Tristia iam redeunt iterum sollemnia nobis:  Cynthia iam noctes est operata decem.  atque utinam pereant, Nilo quae sacra tepente  misit matronis Inachis Ausoniis!  quae dea tam cupidos totiens divisit amantis,  quaecumque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.  tu certe Iovis occultis in amoribus, Io,  sensisti multas quid sit inire vias,  cum te iussit habere puellam cornua Iuno  et pecoris duro perdere verba sono. | Already again, the sad festivals come to us: Cynthia now is engaged for 10 nights. And would that those rights die, which Io sent to Ausonian matrons from the tepid Nile! This goddess so often divides lusty lovers; whoever she is, she was always bitter. Certainly you, Io, perceived what it is to travel the many paths in the hidden lusts of Jove, when Juno commanded you, a child, to have horns and to lose your speech in the harsh sound of a cow. |

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1. Latin text is pulled from Barber’s OCT [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Translations are my own unless otherwise indicated [↑](#footnote-ref-2)