1. *... limes mihi carminis esto*

*Oedipodae confusa domus, quando Itala nondum*

*signa nec Arctoos ausim spirare triumphos*

*...*

*tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro*

*facta canam....*

Statius, *Thebaid* 1.16-8, 32-3

2. *tu, carus Latio memorque gentis,*

*carmen fortior exeris togatum.*

Statius, *Silvae* 2.7.52-3

3. *Magnanimum Aeaciden formidatamque Tonanti*

*progeniem...*

Statius, *Achilleid* 1.1-2

4a. *unde ego tot scelerum facies, tot fata iacentum*

*exequar? heu vatem monstris quibus intulit ordo!*

*quae se aperit series! o qui me vera canentem*

*sistat et hac nostras exsolvat imagine noctes!*

Valerius Flaccus, *Argonautica* 2.216-9

4b. *...vos prodite, divae,*

*Eumenidum noctisque globos, vatique patescat*

*armorum fragor et tepidi singultibus agri*

*labentum atque acti Minyis per litora manes.*

Valerius Flaccus, *Arg.* 3.216-9

5. ...*haesuraque caro*

*dona duci promit chlamydem textosque labores.*

*...*

*i, memor i terrae, quae vos amplexa quieto*

*prima sinu; refer et domitis a Colchidos oris*

*vela per hunc utero quem linquis Iasona nostro.*

Valerius Flaccus, *Arg.* 2.408-24

1. Let the boundary of my song be the ruined house of Oedipus, since I would not yet dare to tell of Italian standards and Northern triumphs.... There will be a time when, stronger, I will sing your deeds with Pierian inspiration.

2. Dear to Latium, remembering your race, stronger, you bring forth a Roman song.

3. The great-souled descendant of Aeacus and the offspring feared by the Thunderer...

4a. How shall I tell so many images of crimes, so many fates of the fallen? Alas, into what horrors the account has carried the bard! What a sequence reveals itself! O for someone to stop me speaking the truth and to free my nights from this sight!

4b. You goddesses, show the troops of Furies and night, let the bard behold the crash of arms and fields warm with gasps of the falling and the ghosts driven over the shores by the Argonauts.

5. She offers gifts which will cling to the dear leader, a cloak and woven work.... “Go, go remembering the land which first embraced you in a peaceful breast; and when the shores of Colchis are conquered, bring your ship back, by the Jason you have left in my womb.”

6. *...pars aurea gestant*

*pocula bellorum casus expressa recentum.*

*atque ea prima duci porgens carchesia Graio*

*Cyzicus “hic portus” inquit “mihi territat hostis....”*

Valerius Flaccus, *Arg.* 2.653-6

7. *dat pictas auro atque ardentes murice vestes,*

*quas rapuit telis festina vocantibus auris*

*Hypsipyle.*

Valerius Flaccus, *Arg.* 3.340-2

8. *illa libens discit, quo vertice Pelion, et quis*

*Aeacides, puerique auditum nomen et actus*

*adsidue stupet et praesentem cantat Achillem.*

Statius, *Ach.* 1.577-9

9. ...*canere inde superbas*

*Aoniae laudes sensim testudinis orsus,*

*...*

*atque haec e multis carpsit* ***mollissima*** *mensae*

Silius Italicus, *Punica* 11. 435-9

10. ...*sed iam nudauerat ensem*

*magnanimus uates...*

*...*

*“te superis fratrique –“ et iam media orsa loquentis*

*absciderat plenum capulo latus; ille dolori*

*pugnat et ingentem nisu duplicatus in ictum*

*corruit, extremisque animae singultibus errans*

*alternus nunc ore uenit, nunc uulnere sanguis.*

Statius, *Theb.* 3.81-91

11. *...vates ut Thracius olim,*

*infestam bello quateret cum Cyzicus Argo,*

*spicula deposito Rhodopeia pectine torsit....*

Silius Italicus, *Punica* 12.398-400

6. ... Some carry golden cups, displaying the events of recent wars. And offering these goblets to the Greek leader, Cyzicus said “here the enemy frightens our harbor....”

7. He gives garments painted with gold and blazing with purple dye, which Hypsipyle snatched in haste from her loom when the winds were calling.

8. She eagerly learns where Mount Pelion is, and who is Aeacides, and hearing the boy’s name and deeds, she is constantly stunned, and sings of Achilles, who is present.

9. Then he began gradually to sing praises of the Aonian lyre.... and he chose these things out of many, as the softest for the meal.

10. But already the great-souled bard had bared his sword.... “You to the gods and your brother – “ and now as he spoke, his side, stabbed to the hilt, had cut off his speech in the middle; he fights the pain and, bending with effort, presses into the huge blow, and in the last gasps of his life, the blood, straying in turns, comes now from his wound, now from his mouth.

11. ...As the Thracian bard once, when Cyzicus threatened the hostile Argo with war, putting down his lyre-pick, hurled Rhodopeian spears....