Book Three of the Corpus Tibullianum:

*Introduction, Text, Translation and Commentary*

By

Robert Maltby

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Book Three of the Corpus Tibullianum:

Introduction, Text, Translation and Commentary

By

Robert Maltby
For Stratis and Eleni
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Work on this volume began over ten years ago. Its aim was to provide the first complete text, translation and commentary in English on the third book of the *Corpus Tibullianum*. It is natural that over such a long period one’s ideas on the work should change. I started with the commonly accepted view that this was the work of several different authors, but as I became more deeply acquainted with the book it became clear to me that profound links and resonances between the different sections made the concept of a single author for the whole work a more likely possibility. It is hoped that this volume will help to highlight the literary sophistication often denied to this work and to open a debate on questions of authorship, structure and aesthetic value.

The text for this volume was established by a new collation of all the manuscripts listed in the *sigla*. I acknowledge a huge debt of gratitude to the staff of numerous libraries over Europe who have provided me with access to the original manuscripts or to photographs on-line.

Numerous friends and colleagues have helped me over this book’s long period of gestation. The publishing team has provided patient and professional support at all times. I am particularly grateful to Barrie Hall for his help and advice on the establishment of the text and for his detailed comments on earlier versions of this book. His unfailing eye for detail saved me from committing a number of errors and his sound judgement has served to improve the volume in many ways. My thanks also go to Tony Woodman for reading and improving a number of sections and, in particular, for his detailed comments on the *Messalla Panegyric*. I owe a debt to Stephen Heyworth for inviting me to speak at his Oxford seminar on [Tibullus] 3 in 2016 at which I benefitted from discussions on the topic with a number of scholars, including Laurel Fulkerson, who had just completed her own commentary on the elegies of the Tibullan Appendix. I owe a similar debt to other colleagues who have invited me to share my views on this subject at conferences or invited lectures, the feedback from which has enriched this volume considerably, namely: Niklas Holzberg (University of Munich - on two occasions), Anna Chahoud and Boris Kayachev (Trinity College Dublin), Tristan Franklinos and Laurel Fulkerson.
(University of Oxford), Anke Walter (University of Newcastle), Charilaos Michalopoulos (University of Thrace, Komotini), Athanassios Vergados (University of Newcastle). I am grateful to Philip Hardie who read a final version of the manuscript and provided help and support at all times. Boris Kayachev, a former doctoral student of mine, read through and commented on the manuscript at a late stage and I am grateful to him for his many sensible suggestions. Last but not least, my friends Stratis Kyriakidis and Eleni Kyriakidou read through the book in its final stages of completion, encouraged me in my speculations about authorship and gave advice on a number of literary issues. In grateful recognition of their hard work on the detailed preparation of the manuscript and their help and support over the years with this and many other projects the present volume is dedicated to them. For such errors, misprints and omissions as remain I alone am responsible.

Robert Maltby
St. Margaret’s Bay
Kent
August 2020
**CORPORIS TIBULLIANI**

**CODICVM MANVSCRIPTORVM SIGLA**

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**Excerpta et Florilegia**

**Exc. Fris.** Excerpta Frisingensia, Monacensis clm 6292, saec.XI (in.)

**Flor. Ven.** Florilegium Venetum, Marcianus latinus Z 497 (1811), saec. XI (ex.)

**Flor. Gall.** Florilegium Gallicum Parisinus latinus 7647, saec. XIII;
Parisinus latinus 17903, saec. XIII

**His etiam compendiis utor**

A+ A cum plerisque codicibus

codd. omnes quos noui codices
CORPORIS TIBULLIANI

LIBER TERTIVS
Martis Romani festae venere Kalendae
(exoriens nostris hic fuit annus auis)
et uaga nunc certa discurrent undique pompa
perque uias urbis munera perque domos.
dicite, Pierides, quonam donetur honore
seu mea seu fallor cara Neaera tamen.
ˈcarmine formosae pretio captiuntur auarae:
gaudeat, ut digna est, uersibus illa tuis.
lutea sed niueum inuoluat membrana libellum
pumex et canas tondeat ante comas
summaque praetexat tenuis fastigia charta
indicet ut nomen littera rubra tuum
atque extra geminas pingantur cornua frontes:
sic etenim comptum mittere oportet opus.’

7 Flor. Gall.
Poem 1

The festive Calends of Roman Mars have come – this was New Year for our ancestors – and wandering gifts run about on all sides in fixed procession through the streets and houses of the city. Tell me, Pierian Muses, with what gift should my Neaera (or, if I am mistaken, at least dear Neaera) be honoured.

‘Beautiful women are taken by poetry, greedy ones by cash: let her rejoice, as she deserves, in your verses. But let saffron parchment wrap the snowy papyrus, and first let pumice shave off its white hairs [10]. Let a small label border its topmost edge, to make known your name with red inscription, and let the horns projecting from the two sides be painted. This is how one should send a polished work.’
Corporis Tibulliani Liber Tertius 6

per uos auctores huius mihi carminis oro 15
Castaliamque umbram Pieriosque lacus,
ite domum cultumque illi donate libellum,
sicut erit: nullus defluat inde color.
illa mihi referat sit nostri mutua cura
an minor an toto pectore deciderim.
sed primum meritam larga donate salute
atque haec submisso dicite uerba sono:
‘haec tibi uiur quondam nunc frater, casta Neaera,
mittit et accipias munera parua rogat
teque suis iurat caram magis esse medullis,
siue sibi coniunx siue futura soror.
sed potius coniunx: huius spem nominis illi
auferet extincto pallida Ditis aqua.’

16 Flor. Ven.

15 per uos B\textsuperscript{c} C G N: paruos A+: peruos V umbram Flor.\textit{Ven.},
G\textsuperscript{c} O: umbrosam A+: undam G\textsuperscript{p}\textit{e} lacos Flor.\textit{Ven.} 16 mihi referat B
C: mihi referet A+: referete mihi O.Skutsch sit nostri Lee: si nostri A+: nostri si C N S cura C, Lee: cura est A+
Baehrens 21 meritam G V\textsuperscript{p}: meritum A+: nymphen C: nympham P
longa P 26 sibi B G O V\textsuperscript{p}: tibi A+
I beg you as inspirers of this work of mine, by Castalian shade and Pierian spring, go to her house and give her this stylish book, just as you will find it: let it lose none of its colour. Let her tell me whether her love is equal to mine, or smaller, or whether I have fallen completely from her heart [20]. But first, as she deserves, wish her the best of health and speak these words in a low voice:

‘Chaste Neaera, this small gift your former husband, now your brother, sends and asks you to receive, and he swears that you are dearer to him than his innermost being, whether you will be his wife or his sister, but rather his wife: hope of this name the pale waters of Dis will take from him at death.’
II

Qui primus caram iuueni carumque puellae
eripuit iuuenem, ferres ille fuit.
durus et ille fuit qui tantum ferre dolorem
uiuere et erepta coniuge qui potuit.
non ego firmus in hoc, non haec patientia nostro
ingenio: frangit forta corda dolor.
nec mihi uera loqui pudor est uitaque fateri
tot mala perpessae taedia nata meae
ergo cum teneum fuero mutatus in umbram
candidaque ossa supra nigra fauilla teget,
ante meum ueniat longos incompta capillos
et fleat ante meum maesta Neaera rogum.
sed ueniat carae matris comitata dolore:
maerat haec genero, maerat illa uiro.
prefatae ante meos manes animamque recentem
perfusaque pias ante liquore manus,
 pars quae sola mei superabit corporis, ossa
incinctae nigra candida ueste legant.
et primum amnoso spargant collecta Lyaeo,
mox etiam niueo fundere lacte parent,
post haec carbaseis umorem tollere uelis
atque in marmorea ponere sicca domo.
illic quas mittit diues Panchaia merces
Eoique Arabes diues et Assyria
et nostri memores lacrimae fundantur eodem:
sic ego componi uersus in ossa uelim.
sed tristem mortis demonstret littera causam
atque haec in celebri carmina fronte notet:
LYGDAMVS HIC SITVS EST. DOLOR HVIC ET CVRA NEAERAE
CONIVGIS EREPTAE CAVSA PERIRE FVIT.

1-2 Exc. Fris. 6 Flor. Gall.
Poem 2

Iron-hearted was that man who first snatched from a youth his dear girl or from a girl her dear youth. And unfeeling too was he who could bear such pain and live on with his wife snatched away. I am not strong enough for that, such endurance is not in my nature; pain breaks strong hearts. I am not ashamed to speak the truth and confess that I have become tired of a life which has suffered so many wrongs.

Therefore, when I am changed into an insubstantial shade and black ash covers my white bones over [10], may grieving Neaera come, her long hair unkempt, and weep before my pyre. But may she come in the company of her dear mother’s grief, the one mourning her son-in-law, the other her husband.

Having first addressed my ghost and recently departed spirit and cleansed with water their dutiful hands, wrapped in black let them gather my white bones, the only part of my body to remain, and first, when gathered, sprinkle them with vintage wine, and next prepare to pour over them snow-white milk also [20], then to remove the moisture with linen cloths and place them dry in their marble home. There let the wares that rich Panchaia and the Arabs of the East and rich Assyria send be poured over them together with tears in memory of me. That is how I would wish to be laid to rest when turned to bones.

But let an inscription show the sad cause of my death and mark this epitaph on the frequented side: LYGDAMUS IS BURIED HERE. GRIEF AND LOVE FOR NEAERA, THE WIFE SNATCHED FROM HIM, CAUSED HIS DEATH [30].
III

Quid prodest caelum uotis inplesse Neaera,
blandaque cum multa tura dedisse prece, 5
non ut marmorei prodirem e limine tecti
insignis clara conspicuusque domo
aut ut multa mei renouarent iugera tauri
et magnas messes terra benigna daret,
sed tecum ut longae sociarem gaudia uitae,
inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu,
tunc cum permenso defunctus tempore lucis
nudus Lethaea cogere ir rate?

nam graue quid prodest pondus mihi diuitis auri
aruaque si findant pinguia mille boues?
quidue domus prodest Phrygis innixa columnis,
Taenare, siue tuis, siue, Caryste, tuis
et nemora in domibus sacros imitantia lucos
aurataque trabes marmoreumque solum?
quidue in Erythraeo legitur quae litore concha
tinctaque Sidonio murice lana iuuat,
et quae praeterea populus miratur? in illis
inuidia est. falso plurima uulgus amat. 15
non opibus mentes hominum curaeque leuantur,
nam Fortuna sua tempora lege regit.


III 1 flammis C Q 2 tulisse B 3 marmoreo C Q 7 sociarem G
H: sociarent A+ 9 permensae E 11 quid prodesse potest pondus
graue Flor. Gall. 13 subnixa C Q 14 Caryste editores: thariste
A+: cariste G: carista C 17 Erythraeo editores: erit(h)reo A+: eritheo
Flor. Gall., C 18 legitur quae Flor. Gall., G O: legiturque in A+
20 inuidia est Flor. Gall., G²: inuida quae A+ 21 hominum Exc. Fris.,
Flor. Gall., G V²: homini A+ 22 nam A+: nec Exc. Fris. regit
Flor. Gall., G: gerit Exc. Fris., A+
Poem 3

What good does it do, Neaera, to fill heaven with vows and offer pleasing incense with many a prayer, not that I might come forth from the door of a marble mansion, admired and distinguished for my illustrious house, or that my oxen should renew my many acres and that the bountiful earth should give great harvests, but that I should share with you the joys of a long life and that my old age should fall in your embrace then when I have completed my allotted span of light and am forced to depart naked on Lethe’s boat [10]? What good to me is a heavy mass of precious gold and a thousand oxen ploughing my rich fields? Or what good is a house supported on Phrygian pillars, or on yours, Taenarus, or on yours, Carystos, and woods in the house imitating sacred groves, and gilded beams and a marble floor? Or what use are the shells gathered on the Red Sea’s shores and wool dyed in purple from Sidon and whatever else the people admire? In them lies envy. The crowd loves most things falsely [20]. It is not wealth that lightens the minds and cares of men; Fortune with her own law rules the times.
sit mihi paupertas tecum iucunda, Neaera, et sine te regum munera nulla uolo.
o niueam quae te poterit mihi reddere lucem, o mihi felicem terque quaterque diem.
at si pro dulci reditu quaecumque uouentur
audiat auersa non meus aure deus,
 nec me regna iuuant nec Lydius aurifer annis
 nec quas terrarum sustinet orbis opes.
haec alii cupiant. liceat mihi paupere cultu
severo cara coniuge posse frui.
asdis et timidis faueas, Saturnia, uotis
et faueas concha, Cypria, uecta tua.
quod si fata negant reditum tristesque sorores
stamina quae ducunt quaeque futura canunt,
me uocet in uastos amnes nigramque paludem
Ditis et ignauam luridus Orcus aquam.


23 sed mihi Y 24 at Flor. Ven., C D G N 25 poterit quae te C Q
27 reditu dulci G 28 auersa C O: aduersa A+ 29 non me
Flor. Gall., C G iuent G 31 capiant C Q 32 securo uitae
G2 Vat. Pal. lat. 910 36 canunt Heinsius: neunt codd. 38 Ditis et
ignauam … aquam Heinsius: divus in ignaua … aqua codd.
Let me have poverty with you, Neaera - that would be sweet - and without you I want no royal gifts. O bright the day that can bring you back to me! Oh three and four times happy for me will be that day. But if whatever vows are made for your sweet return a god not favourable to me should hear with ears averted, then neither kingdoms can help me, nor Lydia’s gold-bearing river, nor all the wealth the earth’s globe bears. [30]. Let others wish for these things, if only I with simple life and free from care be allowed to enjoy my dear wife.

Be present, Saturn’s daughter, and grant my fearful prayers; grant them, Lady of Cyprus, voyaging on your seashell. But if the Fates and the sad sisters who spin their threads and sing the future forbid her return, then let pale Orcus call me to the desolate streams, black swamp and stagnant waters of Dis.
Di meliora ferant nec sint mihi somnia uera
quam tuli hesterna pessima nocta quies.
ite procul, uani, falsumque auertite, uisus,
desinite in nobis quae rerere uelle fidem.
diu uera moment, uenturae nuntia sortis;
ueramoment Tuscis exta probata uiris:
somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte
et pauidas mentes falsa timere iubent.
et natum in curas hominum genus uomnia noctis
fare pio placant et salient sale.

7-8 Exc. Fris., Flor. Gall.
Poem 4

May the gods bring better things, and may the dreams that sleep at its worst brought me last night be untrue. Away with you, empty visions, and turn aside your falsehood. Cease wishing to search in me for credibility. The gods give true warnings, messages of our coming fate; entrails tested by Tuscan men give true warnings. Random dreams delude in the deceptive night and bid fearful minds conceive false terrors; and the human race, born for cares, expiates the night omens with sacred spelt and leaping salt [10].
et tamen, utcumque est, siue illi uera moneri
mendaci somno credere siue uolent,
efficiat unos noctis Lucina timores
et frustra inmeritum pertimuisse uelit,
si mea nec turpi mens est obnoxia facto
nec laesit magnos inpia lingua deos.
iam nox aetherium nigris emensa quadrigis
mundum caeruleo lauerat amne rotas
nec me soperiatur menti deus utilis aegrae
   Somnus (sollicitas deficit ante domos).
tandem, cum summo Phoebus prospehit ab ortu,
pressit languentis lumina sera quies.
hic iuuenis casta redimitus tempora lauro
   est usus nostra ponere sede pedem.
non uidit quicquam formosius ulla priorum
aetas, humanum nec fuit illud opus.
intonsi crines longa ceruice fluebant
stillabat Syrio myrrea rore coma.
candor erat qualem praefert Latonia Luna,
et color in niueo corpore purpureus,
   ut iuueni primum urgo deducta marito
   inficitur teneras ore rubente genas,
et cum contextunt amaranthes alba puellae
   lilia et autumno candida mala rubent.


11 utrumque D E J Nac S illis Dissen monenti C D E Gpc P v W
Nevertheless, however it is, whether they wish to receive true warnings or to believe in deceptive sleep, may Lucina render vain the terrors of the night and may it be her will that in my innocence my fear was groundless, provided my mind is not guilty of any shameful deed and my tongue has not offended with impiety the great gods.

Night in her black chariot had already traversed the heavenly sky and had washed her wheels in Ocean’s blue stream, but Sleep, the god who helps the ailing mind, had brought me no rest – he fails before troubled homes [20]. Finally, when Phoebus looked forth from the top of his rising, late sleep closed my tired eyes.

Then a youth, his brows wreathed in chaste laurel, appeared in my dream to set foot in my home. No previous age of men saw anything more beautiful than he, nor was that a human work of art. His unshorn locks flowed down his slender neck and his myrrh-scented hair dripped with Syrian dew. His radiance was such as Latona’s daughter the Moon displays, and rosy was the colour on his snow-white body [30], as a maiden first escorted to her young husband with blushing face dyes her tender cheeks, and as when girls entwine amaranthus with white lilies and as shining apples grow red in autumn.
ima uidebatur talis alludere palla
namque haec in nitido corpore uestis erat.
artis opus rarae, fulgens testudine et auro
pendebat laeua garrula parte lyra.
hanc primum ueniens plectro modulatus eburno
feliges cantus ore sonante dedit.

sed postquam fuerant digitī cum uoce locuti,
edidit haec dulci tristia uerba modo:
'salue, cura deum: casto nam rite poetae
Phoebusque et Bacchus Pieridesque fauent.

sed proles Semelae Bacchus doctæque sorores
dicere non norunt quid ferat hora sequens:
at mihi fatorum leges aeueque futuri
euentura pater posse uidere dedit.

quare ego quae dicam non fallax, accipe, uates
quodque deus uero Cynthius ore feram.
tantum cara tibi quantum nec filia matri,
quantum nec cupido bella puella uiro,
pro qua sollicitas caelestia numina uotis,
qua tibi securos non sinit ire dies
et cum te fusco Somnus uelauit amictu,
unanum nocturnis fallit imaginibus,
carmibus celebrata tuis formosa Neaera
alterius mauult esse puella uiri
duersasque tuis agitat mens inpia curas,
nec gaudet casta upta Neaera domo.

The hem of his cloak seemed to play about his ankles (for this was the garment on his shining body). A work of rare art, gleaming with tortoiseshell and gold, a melodious lyre hung on his left side. This he played when first he came with an ivory plectrum and gave forth auspicious songs from his tuneful lips. But after his fingers and voice had spoken together he sweetly pronounced these sad words:

“Hail, beloved of the gods; for Phoebus, Bacchus and the Pierides rightly favour the pure poet. But Bacchus, offspring of Semele, and the learned sisters know not how to tell what the next hour will bring. But my father gave me the ability to see the laws of fate and the events of the future age. Therefore accept what I say as no false prophet, and what I, the Cynthian god, utter from my truthful lips.

She who is as dear to you as no daughter ever was to her mother, no pretty girl to her passionate lover, for whom you importune the heavenly powers with prayers, who does not allow your days to pass in peace and, when Sleep has veiled you in his dusky robe, deceives you in your naivety with nocturnal visions, beautiful Neaera, celebrated in your songs, prefers to be another man’s girl. Her wicked mind concerns itself with cares that are the opposite of yours, and as a wife Neaera takes no joy in her chaste home.
Corporis Tibulliani Liber Tertius

a crudele genus nec fidum femina nomen,  
a pereat, didicit fallere si qua urum.  
sed flecti poterit; mens est mutabilis illis:  
tu modo cum multa bracchia tende prece.  
saeuus Amor docuit ulidos temptare labores,  
saeuus Amor docuit uerbera posse pati.  
me quondam Admeti niueas pauisse iuuencas  
non est in uanum fabula ficta iocum.  
tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora  
nec similis chordis reddere uoce sonos,  
sed perlucenti cantum meditabar auena,  
ille ego Latonae filius atque louis.  
nescis quid sit amor, iuuenis, si ferre recusas  
inmitem dominam coniugiumque ferum.  
ergo ne dubita blandas adhibere querelas;  
quod si uera canunt sacris oracula templis,  
aec illi nostro nomine dicta refer:  
“Hoc tibi coniugium promittit Delius ipse;  
felix hoc, alium desine uelle uirum.”
