

**LATIN
STANDARD LEVEL
PAPER 1**

Monday 24 May 2004 (afternoon)

1 hour

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Do not open this examination paper until instructed to do so.
- Answer Question 1.
- The use of dictionaries is permitted for paper 1.

Translate into English the section of the following passage indicated between the asterisks. A translation of the rest of the passage appears on the facing page.

1. Lowly Iphis has fallen in love with the high born Anaxarete but she spurns him.

uiderat a ueteris generosam sanguine Teucris
Iphis Anaxareten humili de stirpe creatus;
700 uiderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum.
luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
uincere non potuit, supplex ad limina uenit.
et modo, nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes orauit alumnae;
705 et modo, de multis blanditus cuique ministris,
sollicita petiit propensum uoce fauorem.

* saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua uerba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
710 molle latus tristisque serae conuicia fecit.
saeuior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro quod Noricus excoquit ignis
et saxo quod adhuc uiuum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet factisque immitibus addit
715 uerba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.
non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis et ante fores haec uerba nouissima dixit: *

“uincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei, laetos molire triumphos
720 et Paeana uoca nitidaque incingere lauro.
uincis enim, moriorque libens, age, ferrea, gaude!”

OVID *Metamorphoses* 14.698-721

Iphis, sprung from a lowly stock, had seen
Anaxarete, a noblewomen born of the blood-line of old Teucer;
700 he had seen her and caught fire in all his bones.
And after a long struggle, when he could not
defeat passion with reason, he came, a suppliant, to her threshold.
And sometimes he confessed his unhappy love to her nurse,
and he begged her, by her hopes for her fosterling, not to be hard on him;
705 and sometimes, after coaxing each of her many servants,
he sought with an anxious voice the weight of their favour.

“You are victorious, Anaxarete, and not for long will you have to bear
any weariness of me. Start up your joyful triumph
720 and call on Paeon and bind yourself with gleaming laurel.
For you win and I gladly die. Come, iron one, rejoice!”
