

Catullus

Libellus I

Polymetrics: Carmina 1-60

Translated by Ulysses K. Vestal

First published 1999

Revised August 2003, April 2004

Translation Copyright © 1993-2003 By Ulysses K. Vestal

All rights reserved. There are no restrictions on the use of this document for non-commercial purpose so long as no changes are made it. Commercial use is strictly prohibited.

Published by the Theatrum Pompei Project ® (<http://www.theaterofpompey.com>)

A Note on the Text and Translation

I have generally followed the texts (and advice) of D. F. S. Thomson, *Catullus* (Toronto, 1998 ed.) and (where applicable) of C. J. Fordyce, *Catullus* (Oxford, 1978 rev.).

Insofar as my translation is concerned, I have aimed at a literal but readable rendering. Readability of course takes precedence. Words appearing in brackets are typically explanatory. Their use seemed less intrusive and distracting than footnotes.

This translation is intended to be of some assistance to the student of Latin. While this translation may help the student grasp the literal meaning of the Latin, his understanding of higher matters is served by the two aforementioned editions as well as P. Y. Forsyth's *The Poems of Catullus: A Teaching Text* (1986).

1.

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
arida modo pumice expolitum?
Corneli, tibi: namque tu solebas
meas esse aliquid putare nugas
iam tum, cum ausus es unus Italorum
omne aevum tribus explicare cartis
doctis, Iuppiter, et laboriosis.
quare habe tibi quidquid hoc libelli,
qualecumque quod; o patrona virgo,
plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.

2.

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
cui primum digitum dare appetenti
et acris solet incitare morsus,
cum desiderio meo nitenti
carum nescioquid lubet iocari,
et solaciolum sui doloris,
credo, ut tum gravis acquiescat ardor;
tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem
et tristis animi levare curas!

To whom do I present this lovely new little book
just now polished with a dry pumice?
Cornelius, to you: for indeed you were accustomed
to think that my trifles were worth something
already then, when you dared—alone of the Italians—
to unravel all time on three rolls
scholarly, by Jupiter, and laborious.
Therefore, hold for yourself whatever this [is] of a little book,
such as it is; let it, Patron Virgin,
remain an enduring work for more than one generation.

Sparrow, the pet of my girlfriend,
with whom she usually plays, whom in her lap she holds,
to whom she gives over her fingertip to your pecking
and provokes your sharp bites.
When it pleases her shining with longing for me
to make some quaint joke,
and a little solace for her own anguish,
I suppose, so that then this heavy passion subsides;
Could I but play with you as she
and ease the sad feelings of my soul!

2b.

Tam gratum est mihi quam ferunt puellae
pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

Then it is as pleasing to me as they say that
to the long-legged girl was the golden apple
which loosened her girdle after it had been tied for so long a time.

3.

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque
et quantum est hominum venustiorum:
passer mortuus est meae puellae,
passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.
nam mellitus erat suamque norat
ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem,
nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis
(o factum male! o miselle passer!);
vestra nunc opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Mourn, all you Venuses and Cupids,
And all the company of lovelier people:
the sparrow of my girlfriend has died,
the sparrow, the pet of my girlfriend,
whom she loved more than her own little eyes.
For he was sugary-sweet and he knew his own
mistress as well as a girl her mother,
he did not move himself from her lap,
but hopping around - now this way, now that -
he used to chirp for his mistress alone.
Now he goes along that pitch-black road
in that direction, from where they deny that anyone returns.
However to you may it go badly, wretched shades of Orcus,
who devours everything pretty:
you took away from me so pretty a sparrow.
(What a wretched deed! Poor little sparrow!);
now the swollen eyes of my girlfriend are made red
from weeping because of your deed.

4.

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
 ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
 neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
 nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
 opus foret volare sive linteo.
 et hoc negat minacis Hadriatici
 negare litus insulasve Cycladas
 Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
 Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,
 ubi iste post phaselus antea fuit
 comata silva; nam Cytorio in iugo
 loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.
 Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
 tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
 ait phaselus: ultima ex origine
 tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
 tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
 et inde tot per impotentia freta
 erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
 vocaret aura, sive utrumque Iuppiter
 simul secundus incidisset in pedem;
 neque ulla uota litoralibus deis
 sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mari
 novissime hunc ad usque limpидum lacum.
 sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita
 senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
 gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

This pinnacle, which you see, my guests,
 says that it was the swiftest of ships,
 and was not unable to surpass the speed
 of any floating shaft, whether with little palms
 or with canvas this work would fly.
 And she denies that the shore of the menacing
 Adriatic denies this or the Cycladic Islands
 and famed Rhodes and wild Thracian
 Propontis or the savage gulf of the Euxine,
 (where this future pinnacle previously was
 a lush forest; for on a Cytorian ridge
 she often let out a whistling with her talking foliage.)
 O Euxine Amastris and box-treed Cytorus,
 to you the pinnacle says that this was and is
 very well-known: from her birth in the beginning
 she says that she stood on your peak,
 that she first dipped her little oars in your waters,
 and then through so many wild seas
 she carried her master, whether the port or starboard
 wind was calling, or whether a favourable Jupiter
 had fallen together on each heel;
 and not any vows to sea deities
 from her had been made, when she came from the sea
 after all else finally to this clear lake.
 But these matters were of former times: now in a
 secluded rest she is mature and she dedicates herself to you,
 the little twin Castor and the little twin of Castor.

5.

Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum seueriorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis!
soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut ne quis malus inuidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

6.

Flavi, delicias tuas Catullo,
ni sint illepidae atque inelegantes,
uelles dicere nec tacere posses.
uerum nescio quid febriculosi
scorti diligis: hoc pudet fateri.
nam te non uiduas iacere noctes
nequiquam tacitum cubile clamat,
sertis ac Syrio fragrans oliuo,
puluinusque peraeque et hic et ille
atritus, tremulique quassa lecti
argutatio inambulatioque.
nam nil stupra valet, nihil tacere.
cur? non tam latera ecfututa pandas,
ni tu quid facias ineptiarum.

Let us really live, my Lesbia, that is to say, let us love,
and all the muttering of old men of the sterner sort
let us value at one cent!
Suns can set and rise;
to us, when once this evanescent light sets,
one eternal night must be slept.
Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred,
then another thousand, then a second hundred,
then straight on to another thousand, then a hundred.
Then, when we have added up many thousands,
we will go bankrupt, lest we know how much
or lest anyone wicked can cast the evil eye,
inasmuch as he knows what the total of our kisses are.

Flavius, unless she were awkward and clumsy,
you would want to talk about your girlfriend to Catullus
and you would not be able to be silent.
But in fact you are fond of some sort of
sickly slut: this causes embarrassment to admit.
For the bed--quiet in vain--shouts that
you are not idle during celibate nights,
redolent in festoons of flowers and Syrian olive oil,
and pillows, equally both this one and that one
depressed and the shaky creaking and walking about
of a feeble bed.
For it does not at all avail, not at all, to be silent over debauchery.
Why? For you would not disclose such fucked out sides,
unless you should perform some kind of foolishness.

quare, quidquid habes boni malique,
dic nobis. uolo te ac tuos amores
ad caelum lepido uocare uersu.

7.

Qvaeris, quot mihi basiationes
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis
oraclum Iouis inter aestuosi
et Batti ueteris sacrum sepulcrum;
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtiuos hominum uident amores:
tam te basia multa basiare
uesano satis et super Catullo est,
quae nec pernumerare curiosi
possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

8.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat,
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non uult: tu quoque impotens noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser uiue,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.

Wherefore, whatever of good and bad you have
tell us. I want to sing you and your love
to the heavens with witty verse.

You ask, how many kisses of you,
Lesbia, are enough and more than enough.
As great a number of Libyan sand
as lie in asafetida-bearing Cyrene
between the temple of hot Jupiter
and the holy tomb of ancient Battus;
or as many stars, when the night is silent,
see the stealthy loves of men:
so many kisses to kiss you with
is enough and more than enough for frenzied Catullus,
which neither busybodies can reckon
nor bewitch with evil tongue.

Poor Catullus, you must cease to be playing the fool,
and you must reckon that what you see to have perished has perished.
Once the bright sunshine shone for you,
when you came wither your girl led,
she will be loved by us as no other was loved.
Then those many times of laughter were made,
which you wanted and the girl was not unwilling,
truly, the bright sunshine shone for you.
But now she does not want: you also undisciplined do not want,
do not follow she who flees, and do not live unhappily,
but endure with resolved mind, be strong.

vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,
nec te requiret nec rogabit inuitam.
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.
scelesta, vae te, quae tibi manet uita?
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

9.

Verani, omnibus e meis amicis
antistans mihi milibus trecentis,
venistine domum ad tuos penates
fratresque unanimos anumque matrem?
venisti. o mihi nuntii beati!
visam te incolumem audiamque Hiberum
narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
ut mos est tuus, applicansque collum
iucundum os oculosque suauabor.
quantum est hominum beatiorum,
quid me laetius est beatiusue?

10.

Varus me meus ad suos amores
visum duxerat e foro otiosum,
scortillum, ut mihi tum repente uisum est,
non sane illepidum neque inuenustum,
huc ut venimus, incidere nobis
sermone varii, in quibus, quid esset
iam Bithynia, quo modo se haberet,

Farewell, girl, now Catullus is strong,
and he will not look for you nor ask for you against your will.
But you will grieve, when you will be asked not at all.
Unfortunate, alas to you, what life remains for you?
who now will approach you? To whom will you seem attractive?
who now will you love? whose (girl) will you be said to be?
whom will you kiss? for whom will you bite their lips?
But you, Catullus, be steadfastly strong.

Veranius, who surpasses all to me
out of my three hundred thousand friends,
did you come home to your household gods,
and your likeminded brothers and your aged mother?
You did come. What blessed tidings for me!
I shall go and see you safe and sound and I shall hear
you describe the place, the deeds, [and] the tribes of Spain,
as is your custom, and leaning toward your pleasant neck,
I shall kiss your mouth and eyes.
O out of all of those who are more blessed,
who is happier or more blessed than I?

My friend Varus had led me from the forum, where I was passing time,
to see his girlfriend,
a little bimbo, as she seemed then at that time to me,
not very ungraceful nor unattractive,
as we came to this place, various topics of discussion were brought up,
among which, what was Bithynia like these days,
in what way was it holding itself up,

et quonam mihi profuisset aere.
 respondi id quod erat, nihil neque ipsis
 nec praetoribus esse nec cohorti,
 cur quisquam caput unctius referret,
 praesertim quibus esset irrumator
 praetor, nec faceret pili cohortem.
 “at certe tamen,” inquiunt “quod illic
 natum dicitur esse, comparasti
 ad lecticam homines.” ego, ut puellae
 unum me facerem beatiorem,
 “non” inquam “mihi tam fuit maligne
 ut, prouincia quod mala incidisset,
 non possem octo homines parare rectos.”
 at mi nullus erat nec hic neque illic
 fractum qui veteris pedem grabati
 in collo sibi collocare posset.
 hic illa, ut decuit cinaediorum,
 “quaeso” inquit “mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
 istos commoda: nam volo ad Serapim
 deferri.” “mane” inquit puellae,
 “istud quod modo dixeram me habere,
 fugit me ratio: meus sodalis—
 Cinna est Gaius— is sibi parauit.
 verum, utrum illius an mei, quid ad me?
 utor tam bene quam mihi pararim.
 sed tu insulsa male et molesta visis,
 per quam non licet esse neglegentem.”

11.

Fvri et Aureli comites Catulli,
 sive in extremos penetrabit Indos,

and precisely with what money it had been of use to me.
 I answered what was the truth, there’s nothing neither for the natives
 nor the praetors nor their staff,
 why there’s no reason someone would report a well-oiled head,
 especially for whom their praetor had been a cocksucker:
 he didn’t value his staff a hair.
 “But surely nevertheless,” they said, “you obtained men
 for a litter, which is said to be native product there.”
 I said, so that I could make myself seem
 particularly well-blessed to that girl,
 “It wasn’t so bad for me
 that, granted a bad province fell to my lot,
 I couldn’t obtain eight upstanding men.”
 Yet there was no one for me neither here nor there
 who could set for himself the broken foot
 of an ancient cot upon his neck.
 Thereupon she, as befits a slut,
 said, “Please, my Catullus, for just a little while
 lend me those men: for I want to be carried
 to the temple of Serapis.” “Just a minute,” I said to that girl,
 that which just now I said that I had,
 the reason flees me: my friend—
 he is Cinna Gaius: he obtained them for himself.
 Actually, whether they are his or mine, what is it to me?
 I use them as well as if I had obtained them for myself.
 But you, you stupid and troublesome woman, are acting unpleasantly,
 through whom one is not permitted to be careless.”

Furius and Aurelius, companions of Catullus,
 whether he will penetrate to Indian ends,

litus ut longe resonante Eoa
tunditur unda,
sive in Hyrcanos Arabesue molles,
seu Sagas sagittiferosue Parthos,
sive quae septemgeminus colorat
aequora Nilus,
sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
Caesaris uisens monimenta magni,
Gallicum Rhenum horribile aequor ulti-
mosque Britannos,
omnia haec, quaecumque feret uoluntas
caelitum, temptare simul parati,
pauca nuntiate meae puellae
non bona dicta.
cum suis uiuat ualeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans uere, sed identidem omnium
ilia rumpens;
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit uelut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
tactus aratro est.

12.

Marrucine Asini, manu sinistra
non belle uteris: in ioco atque uino
tollis lintea neglegentiorum.
hoc salsum esse putas? fugit te, inepte:
quamvis sordida res et inuenusta est.
non credis mihi? crede Pollioni
fratri, qui tua furta vel talento

where the shore is pounded at a distance
by an echoing eastern wave,
or to the Hyrcanians or to effeminate Arabs
or to the Sacae or to the arrow-bearing Parthians
or to the seven-mouthed Nile which stains
those waters,
whether he will walk across the tall Alps,
going to see the monuments of great Caesar,
Gallic Rhine and the dreadful water and the most
distant Britons,
all these things, whatever the will of the gods bring,
ready together to try,
announce no few good words
to my girl.
Let her live and be strong with her own adulterers,
whom three-hundred together her embrace holds,
loving none truly, but again and again rupturing
the genitals of all.
And let her not keep waiting for my love, as before,
which falls by her fault just as the flower of the
meadow's edge falls, after it has been touched
by the passing plough.

Marrucinus Asinius, you are not using
your left hand smartly: over merry-making and wine
you lift the napkins of inattentive persons.
Do you think that this is clever? The reason escapes you, fool:
it is as vulgar and unattractive thing as you like.
You don't believe me? Believe Pollio,
your brother, who would wishes that your thievery

mutari velit: est enim leporum
differtus puer ac facetiarum.
quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos
exspecta, aut mihi linteum remitte,
quod me non mouet aestimatione,
uerum est mnemosynum mei sodalis.
nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis
miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus
et Veranius: haec amem necesse est
ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

13.

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
et uino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.
sed contra accipies meros amores
seu quid suauius elegantiusue est:
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

14.

Ni te plus oculis meis amarem,
iucundissime Calue, munere isto

be changed for as much as a talent. For he is a young
man full of wit and cleverness.
Whether either look out for 300 lines of hendecasyllabics,
or send back my linen to me,
which does not concern me because of its value,
but in fact it is a souvenir of my comrade.
For Fabullus and Veranius sent to me for a gift
Saetaban napkins from the country of the Hiberi:
it is necessary that I should love these gifts
just as I love my dear Veranius and Fabullus.

My Fabullus, you will dine well at my house
in a few days, if the gods favor you,
if you will have brought with you a tasty and wonderful
dinner, not without a fair-skinned girl
and wine and salt and lots of laughter.
If, as I say, you will have brought these things, my good man,
you will dine well, for Catullus' purse
is full of cobwebs.
But in return you will receive this unadulterated love
or if anything is sweeter or more refined, [you'll have it]:
for I will give a perfume, which the Venuses and the Cupids
gave to my girl,
which when you will smell it, you will ask the gods
to make you, Fabullus, all nose.

Unless I were to love you more than my own eyes,
my most congenial Calvus, I would hate you with

odissem te odio Vatiniano:
nam quid feci ego quidue sum locutus,
cur me tot male perderes poetis?
isti di mala multa dent clienti,
qui tantum tibi misit impiorum.
quod si, ut suspicor, hoc nouum ac repertum
munus dat tibi Sulla litterator,
non est mi male, sed bene ac beate,
quod non dispereunt tui labores.
di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum!
quem tu scilicet ad tuum Catullum
misti, continuo ut die periret,
Saturnalibus, optimo dierum!
non non hoc tibi, salse, sic abibit.
nam, si luxerit, ad librariorum
curram scrinia, Caesios, Aquinos,
Suffenum, omnia colligam uenena,
ac te his suppliciis remunerabor.
vos hinc interea ualete abite
illuc, unde malum pedem attulistis,
saecli incommoda, pessimi poetae.

14b.

Siqui forte mearum ineptiarum
lectores eritis manusque uestras
non horrebitis admovere nobis....

15.

Commendo tibi me ac meos amores,
Aureli. ueniam peto pudentem,

the hatred of Vatinius because of that gift of yours:
For what have I done or what I have said, on account of which
you damn near destroyed me with so many poets?
May the gods bestow many curses on that client of yours,
who sent you such a mass of scoundrels.
But if, as I suspect, Sulla the elementary schoolteacher
is the donor of that gift to you,
I am not unhappy, but good and fortunate,
because your labors are not for naught.
Great gods, what an uncouth and detestable little book!
To be sure, you sent it to your Catullus,
so that he might perish without delay
on the best day of days—the festival of Saturn!
You funny fellow, you will not get away with this.
For, if the sun will have risen, I'll dash off to
bookcases of the bookdealers, I'll gather all the hacks:
the Caesii, the Aquini, and Suffenus,
and I'll repay you with these compensations.
In the meantime you all, goodbye and get away from here
go to that place, whence you brought your wretched foot,
misfortunes of our age, you most awful poets.

If any—by chance—will be readers of my
nonsense and will not shudder to apply
your hands to you

I entrust to you myself and my love,
Aurelius. I ask for this modest favor,

ut, si quicquam animo tuo cupisti,
quod castum expeteres et integellum,
conserues puerum mihi pudice,
non dico a populo__ nihil veremur
istos, qui in platea modo huc modo illuc
in re praetereunt sua occupati__
uuerum a te metuo tuoque pene
infesto pueris bonis malisque.
quem tu qua lubet, ut lubet moueto
quantum uis, ubi erit foris paratum:
hunc unum excipio, ut puto, pudenter.
quod si te mala mens furorque uecors
in tantam impulerit, sceleste, culpam,
ut nostrum insidiis caput lacessas,
a tum te miserum malique fati!
quem attractis pedibus patente porta
percurrent raphanique mugilesque.

16.

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
qui duros nequeunt mouere lumbos.
vos, quod milia multa basiorum

so that, if you have desired anything with your soul,
which you desired chaste and untouched,
you might preserve this boy for me in a chaste manner.
I do not say from the crowd—we do not fear
those people, who on the street—now this way, now that,
preoccupied in their own affairs pass by—
but I fear danger from you and your penis,
harmful to good and bad boys.
You ply it where you wish, as it pleases you,
as much as you wish, as soon as it will be ready for business outside:
I exclude this one modestly, as I think.
But if your evil mind and demented passion
will have driven you, wicked man, into such wrongdoing,
so that you challenge our life with your deceits,
Then goddamn you, you wretch of evil prospects!
With feet drawn up while the portal is open
radishes and mullets will run quickly through him.

I'll bugger you and I'll make you fuck this,
catamite Aurelius and Furius slut.
You thought that I by the standard of my lines of verse
which are voluptuous, was too little chaste.
For it's fitting that this pious poet be chaste,
it is not necessary for his verses;
Then at last they possess charm and wit,
if they are voluptuous and too little chaste,
and what has an sexual urge they can arouse,
I do not talk to boys, but to these hairy ones
who cannot move their wooden limbs.
Because you read about my many thousands of kisses,

legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego uos et irrumabo.

17.

O Colonia, quae cupis ponte ludere longo,
et salire paratum habes, sed uereris inepta
crura ponticuli axulis stantis in rediuuiis,
ne supinus eat cauaque in palude recumbat:
sic tibi bonus ex tua pons libidine fiat,
in quo uel Salisubsalí sacra suscipiantur,

munus hoc mihi maximi da, Colonia, risus.
quendam municipem meum de tuo uolo ponte
ire praecipitem in lutum per caputque pedesque,
uerum totius ut lacus putidaeque paludis
liuidissima maximeque est profunda uorago.
insulsissimus est homo, nec sapit pueri instar
bimuli tremula patris dormientis in ulna.
cui cum sit uiridissimo nupta flore puella
et puella tenellulo delicatior haedo,
adseruanda nigerrimis diligentius uvis,
ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
nec se subleuat ex sua parte, sed uelut alnus
in fossa Liguri iacet suppernata securi,
tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam;
talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
ipse qui sit, utrum sit an non sit, id quoque nescit.
nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,
si pote stolidum repente excitare ueternum,
et supinum animum in graui derelinquere caeno,
ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

you think that I am incongruously a man?
I'll bugger you and I'll make you fuck this.

O Colonia, who desires to celebrate games on the long bridge,
and are prepared to leap about, but fears this miserable old
bridge's ill-fitting legs on secondhand, upright planks,
lest it fall and settle in the deep swamp:
on this one condition let the bridge be made good for you according
to your desire, on which even the rites of Salisubsalus can be
undertaken,
give, Colonia, to me this gift of greatest laughter.
I want a certain fellow towsman of mine to fall headlong,
head over heels, from your bridge into the mud,
but only where it is the murkiest part of this entire
lake and stinking swamp and especially where the quagmire is deepest.
He is the stupidest man, and he does not know anything to the extent
of a two-years old boy sleeping in the rocking arms of his father.
For whom although his wife is a girl with the greenest flower
and this tender girl is more playful than a young goat,
to be guarded more carefully than the most ripe grape,
he allows her to play as she wishes—he doesn't care a hair,
he does not lift himself on his own behalf, but just as the adder tree
felled by a Ligurian axe lies in the ditch,
just as much as if knowing everything, it didn't exist;
this towsman of mine, such a clod, doesn't see, doesn't hear,
who he is, whether he exists or not, this too he does not know.
Now I want him pitched headfirst from your bridge,
[to see] if he is able then to wake his dull lethargy,
and to leave behind his sluggish mind in the heavy slime,
as mule does its iron shoe in that tenacious quagmire.

18 - 20.

A Renaissance editor inserted at this point three poems outside the manuscript tradition which he believed to be written by Catullus. They have rightfully been rejected as spurious, but his numbering sequence has been maintained.

21.

Aureli, pater esuritionum,
non harum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut sunt aut aliis erunt in annis,
pedicare cupis meos amores.
nec clam: nam simul es, iocaris una,
haerens ad latus omnia experiris.
frustra: nam insidias mihi instrumentem
tangam te prior irrumatione.
atque id si faceres satur, tacerem:
nunc ipsum id doleo, quod esurire
meus iam puer et sitire discet.
quare desine, dum licet pudico,
ne finem facias, sed irrumatus.

Aurelius, father of hungers,
not only of these here now, but as many as either they were
or are or will be in other years,
you desire to screw my love.
And not secretly do you desire this: for you are together, you joke
together, clinging to his side you try out everything.
All in vain: for I will strike you before you establish your snares against
me with my cock down your throat.
And if, while your belly is full, you should do this, I would say nothing:
now I suffer this very thing, because my boy now
will learn to be hungry and to be thirsty
Therefore stop it, while it is permitted for you to be chaste, lest
you should make an end, but after having been sexually humiliated.

22.

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti,
homo est uenustus et dicax et urbanus,
idemque longe plurimos facit versus.
puto esse ego illi milia aut decem aut plura
perscripta, nec sic ut fit in palimpsesto
relata: cartae regiae, noui libri,
noui umbilici, lora rubra membranae,
directa plumbo et pumice omnia aequata.

This Suffenus, Varus, whom you knew well,
is a charming and witty and sophisticated man,
yet this very same man makes by far the most lines of verse.
I think that a thousand or ten thousand or many thousands
lines have been written out by him, and not written down on
second-hand paper in the usual way: [he has] splendid sheets, the new
books, new wrapping sticks, those red thongs for the wrappers,
all ruled with lead and smoothed over with a pumice stone.

haec cum legas tu, bellus ille et urbanus
Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor
rursus uidetur: tantum abhorret ac mutat.
hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
aut si quid hac re scitius videbatur,
idem infaceto est infacetior rure,
simul poemata attigit, neque idem umquam
aeque est beatus ac poema cum scribit:
tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.
nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quisquam
quem non in aliqua re uidere Suffenum
possis. suus cuique attributus est error;
sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est.

23.

Furi, cui neque seruus est neque arca
nec cimex neque araneus neque ignis,
verum est et pater et noverca, quorum
dentes uel silicem comesse possunt,
est pulcre tibi cum tuo parente
et cum coniuge lignea parentis.
nec mirum: bene nam valetis omnes,
pulcre concoquitis, nihil timetis,
non incendia, non graues ruinas,
non facta impia, non dolos veneni,
non casus alios periculorum.
atqui corpora sicciora cornu
aut siquid magis aridum est habetis
sole et frigore et esuritione.
quare non tibi sit bene ac beate?
a te sudor abest, abest saliva,

When one reads these things, this fine and sophisticated
Suffenus seems on the contrary a mere goat-herd or ditch-digger:
he differs so much and changes.

Why should we think that this is so? He who just now seemed a man
about town or if there is anything more clever than this kind of man,
is at the same time more boarish than the boarish boondocks, as
soon as he touched his poems, and this same man is not ever equally as
happy as when he writes poetry:

he rejoices so in himself and he marvels so at himself.

Without a doubt we all deceive ourselves in the same way, and there is
not anyone whom one is able to see a Suffenus in some way.

His own imperfection is allotted to each one;

but we do not see what kind of sack is on our own back.

Furius, for whom there is neither slave nor moneybox
nor bedbug nor spider nor fire,
but for whom there is both a father and a step-mother, whose
teeth can eat up even flint,
it goes well for you with your parent
and with the wooden spouse of your parent.
And it's no wonder: for you have good heath,
you digest excellently, you fear nothing,
not fires, not low-pitched collaspes,
not impious deeds, not plots of poison,
not other accidents of dangers.
and what's more you have bodies dryer than a horn
or if anything is more dry [you have it]
from the sun and the cold and hunger.
How should it not go well and prosperously for you?
Sweat is absent from you, drool is absent,

mucusque et mala pituita nasi.
hanc ad munditiem adde mundiozem,
quod culus tibi purior salillo est,
nec toto decies cacas in anno;
atque id durius est faba et lapillis.
quod tu si manibus teras fricesque,
non umquam digitum inquinare posses.
haec tu commoda tam beata, Furi,
noli spernere nec putare parvi,
et sestertia quae soles precari
centum desine: nam sat es beatus.

24.

O qui flosculus es Iuventiorum,
non horum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
aut posthac aliis erunt in annis,
mallet divitias Midae dedisses
isti, cui neque servus est neque arca,
quam sic te sineres ab illo amari.
“qui? non est homo bellus?” inquires. est:
sed bello huic neque servus est neque arca.
hoc tu quam lubet abice elevaque:
nec servum tamen ille habet neque arcam.

25.

Cinaede Thalle, mollior cuniculi capillo
vel anseris medullula uel imula oricilla
vel pene languido senis situque araneoso,
idemque, Thalle, turbida rapacior procella,
cum laeva †mulier aries†offendit oscitantes,

and both mucus and bothersome snot of the nose.
Add to this cleanliness something cleaner,
that ass of yours is more pure than a salt cellar,
and you do not shit ten times in the entire year;
and it's harder than a bean or pebbles.
If you should rub or chafe it in your hands,
you could never dirty a finger.
Furius, do not scorn or reckon these so prosperous
advantages of little worth, and
stop begging for the 100 sesterces which you are accustomed to
ask for: for you are sufficiently prosperous.

O you who are the little flower of the Juventii,
not only of these here today, but as many either they were
or hereafter will be in later years,
I would prefer that you give the riches of Midas
to him, for whom there is neither slave nor money box,
than you allow yourself to be loved by him in this way.
“Why? Is he not a fine fellow,” you say. Yes, he is:
but to this fine fellow there is neither slave nor money box.
You as much as you like belittle and make light of this:
still he has neither slave nor money box.

You asshole Thallus, softer than the fur of a little rabbit
or the liver of a goose or the lowest part of a little ear
or an old man's penis - languid and decrepit with cobwebs,
at the same time, Thallus, more greedy than a strong gale,
when with his left hand he offends the yawning onlookers,

remitte pallium mihi meum, quod inuolasti,
sudariumque Saetabum catagraphosque Thynos,
inepte, quae palam soles habere tamquam auita.
quae nunc tuis ab unguibus reglutina et remitte,
ne laneum latusculum manusque mollicellas
inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent,
et insolenter aestues, velut minuta magno
depressa navis in mari, vesaniente vento.

26.

Furi, villula vestra non ad Austri
flatus opposita est neque ad Fauoni
nec saevi Boreae aut Apheliotae,
verum ad milia quindecim et ducentos.
o ventum horribilem atque pestilentem!

27.

Minister uetuli puer Falerni
inger mi calices amariores,
ut lex Postumiae iubet magistrae
ebriosa acina ebriosioris.
at vos quo lubet hinc abite, lymphae
vini pernicies, et ad severos
migrate. hic merus est Thyonianus.

28.

Pisonis comites, cohors inanis,
aptis sarcinulis et expeditis,
Verani optime tuque mi Fabulle,

you must return my cloak to me, which you have stolen,
and my Saetaban napkin and Bithynian embroidery, you fool,
openly you are accustomed to hold them just as if they were your
heirloom. Now unglue these items from your claws and return them,
lest these branded lashes shamefully marr
your soft flanks and tender hands,
and unrestrainedly you are tossed about, just as a small
ship that's overtaken on the great sea, by a raging wind.

Furius, your little country house has been exposed neither to
the blasts of the South wind nor to the West wind
nor to fierce North wind or East wind,
but in fact, to 15,200 sesterces.
O what a dreadful and unhealthy draft!

Servant boy of the old Falerian wine,
pour me cups of the more pungent vintage,
as the law of Postumia, our mistress of ceremonies, who's
more addicted to drink than an alcoholic grape, commands.
But you, go from here wherever it pleases, you waters,
banes of wine, and to those conservative prunes
migrate. This is unadulterated Thyonianus.

Companions of Piso, an empty-handed entourage,
with little bundles having been fitted out and set free,
excellent Veranius and you, my Fabullus,

quid rerum geritis? satisne cum isto
vappa frigoraque et famem tulistis?
ecquidnam in tabulis patet lucelli
expensum, ut mihi, qui meum secutus
praetorem refero datum lucello?
o Memmi, bene me ac diu supinum
tota ista trabe lentus irrumasti.
sed, quantum uideo, pari fuistis
casu: nam nihilo minore uerpa
farti estis. pete nobiles amicos!
at uobis mala multa di deaeque
dent, opprobria Romuli Remique.

29.

Quis hoc potest uidere, quis potest pati,
nisi impudicus et uorax et aleo,
Mamurram habere quod Comata Gallia
habebat uncti et ultima Britannia?
cinaede Romule haec uidebis et feres?
et ille nunc superbus et superfluens
perambulabit omnium cubilia,
ut albulus columbus aut Adoneus?
cinaede Romule, haec uidebis et feres?
es impudicus et uorax et aleo.
eone nomine, imperator unice,
fuisti in ultima occidentis insula,
ut ista uestra diffututa mentula
ducenties comesset aut trecenties?
quid est alid sinistra liberalitas?
parum expatruit an parum elluatus est?
paterna prima lancinata sunt bona,

What news do you bear? With that dud
did you endure enough cold and famine?
Does anything of small profit stand in your ledgers
as paid-out, as with me, who, after following my
praetor, assigns to small profit what was handed over?
O Memmius, slow did you thoroughly screw me and for a long time
while I was flat on my back with that entire trunk of yours.
But, as much as I look around, you were with identical
plight: for you have been stuffed with no smaller prick.
Seek noble friends!
But to you may the gods and goddess give many bad things,
disgraces of Romulus and Remus.

Who can see this, who can endure it,
unless he's a pervert and a devourer and a gambler,
that Mamurra holds what long-haired Gaul
and farthest Britain used to hold before?
You submissive Romulus, will you see and endure these things?
And now being haughty and indulgent
will he make a tour of the beds of all,
as a white pigeon or as Adonis?
You submissive Romulus, will you see and endure these things?
You are a pervert and a devourer and a gambler.
With this pretext, one and only general,
have you been in the farthest island of the West,
so that that fucked-out prick of yours
could squander 20 or 30 million sesterces?
What is this other than misguided generosity?
Has he squandered too little or too little overindulged?
First his paternal possessions were mangled,

secunda praeda Pontica, inde tertia
Hibera, quam scit amnis aurifer Tagus:
nunc Galliae timetur et Britanniae.
quid hunc malum fouetis? aut quid hic potest
nisi uncta deuorare patrimonia?
eone nomine urbis o piissime
socer generque, perdidistis omnia?

30.

Alfene immemor atque unanimis false sodalibus,
iam te nil miseret, dure, tui dulcis amiculi?

iam me prodere, iam non dubitas fallere, perfide?

nec facta impia fallacum hominum caelicolis placent.
quae tu neglegis ac me miserum deseris in malis.
eheu quid faciant, dic, homines cuiue habeant fidem?
certe tute iubebas animam tradere, inique, me
inducens in amorem, quasi tuta omnia mi forent.
idem nunc retrahis te ac tua dicta omnia factaque
uentos irrita ferre ac nebulas aereas sinis.

si tu oblitus es, at di meminerunt, meminit Fides,
quae te ut paeniteat postmodo facti faciet tui.

31.

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
quam te libenter quamque laetus inuiso,

second the Pontic booty, then third
the Iberian booty, which Tagus, the gold-bearing rivers, knows of:
now it is feared for Gaul and Britian.
Why do you cherish this evil man? Or what is he able to do,
except to devour rich estates?
For this reason, most dutiful father-in-law
and son-in-law of the city, have you ruined everything?

Alfenus neglectful and untrue to likeminded friends,
presently have you no pity, hard-hearted man, for your sweet little
friend?
presently do you not hesitate to betray me, to deceive me, faithless
man?
And yet wicked deeds of treacherous men are not pleasing to the gods.
Those things you ignore and you forsake miserable me in dire straits.
Alas, speak, what do men do or to whom might they have trust?
Surely you, hateful man, ordered me to entrust my soul,
leading me into love, as if everything will be safe and sound for me.
Now you—the same man—drag back yourself and you allow that the
wind and the lofty clouds carry back both your words and all deeds—all
in vain.
If you are forgetful, the gods yet remember, Trust remembers,
who makes it so that later you might regret your deed.

Sirmio, darling of almost islands and of islands,
and whatever islands each of the two Neptunes
brings in clear lakes and in the vast sea.
how willingly and how gladly I look upon you,

uix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
o quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
salve, o uenusta Sirmio, atque ero gaude
gaudente, vosque, o Lydiae lacus undae,
ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

32.

Amabo, mea dulcis Ipsitilla,
meae deliciae, mei lepores,
iube ad te ueniam meridiatum.
et si iusseris, illud adiuuato,
ne quis liminis obseret tabellam,
neu tibi lubeat foras abire,
sed domi maneat paresque nobis
nouem continuas fututiones.
uerum si quid ages, statim iubeto:
nam pransus iaceo et satur supinus
pertundo tunicamque palliumque.

33.

O Fvrum optime balneariorum,
Vibenni pater et cinaede fili,
(nam dextra pater inquinatio,
culo filius est voracior),
cur non exilium malasque in oras

scarcely believing myself that I have left the Thynian and Bithynian
plains and that I see you in safety.
What is more blessed than cures unshackled,
when the mind puts down its burden, and exhausted
from foreign toil we come to our hearth,
and we relax in a longed-for bed?
This alone is what there is for such great toils.
Hail, lovely Sirmio, and rejoice at the master
rejoicing, and you, waves of Lydian lake,
laugh at whatever of laughter there is at home.

Please, my sweet Ipsitilla,
my darling, my charm,
bid that I come to you for a mid-day siesta.
and if you will have ordered, you will make this easier,
do not let anyone bolt the board of the threshold
nor should it please you to go outside,
but you should remain at home and be at hand for
nine continuous fucks from us.
But if you will do anything, immediately order it:
for having lunched I'm reclining and being well-fed, flat on my back,
I am boring into my tunic and cloak.

O best thief of baths,
Vibennius the father and you the catamite son,
for he is the father with the more corrupt right hand,
he is the son with the more insatiable ass),
why don't you go into exile and to some wretched shores?

itis? quandoquidem patris rapinae
notae sunt populo, et natis pilosas,
fili, non potes asse venditare.

34.

Dianae sumus in fide
puellae et pueri integri:
Dianam pueri integri
 puellaeque canamus.
o Latonia, maximi
magna progenies Iouis,
quam mater prope Deliam
 deposiuit oliuam,
montium domina ut fores
siluarumque virentium
saltuumque reconditorum
 amnumque sonantum:
tu Lucina dolentibus
Iuno dicta puerperis,
tu potens Trivia et notho es
 dicta lumine Luna.
tu cursu, dea, menstruo
metiens iter annuum,
rustica agricolae bonis
 tecta frugibus explēs.
sis quocumque tibi placet
sancta nomine, Romulique,
antique ut solita es, bona
 sospites ope gentem.

Since the plunders of the father are known to the people
and, you--that son--cannot sell your hairy ass
for one cent.

Under the protection of Diana
we girls and boys chaste are:
Let us boys and girls chaste of Diana
 sing.
O daughter of Latona, great
offspring of greatest Jove,
whom your mother near the Delian
 olive brought forth,
to be mistress of mountains
and of woods clothed in green
and of secluded glades
 sonorous streams:
You as Iuno Lucina are named
by grieving women in labor,
you are named as powerful Trivia and Luna
 with the spurious light.
You, goddess, in monthly movement,
measuring out the route of the year,
the rural home of the farmer
 you fill up with good fruits.
May you be revered by whatever name
pleases you, and as you are accustomed
in an olden style, with good help
 may you preserve Romulus' race.

35.

Poetae tenero, meo sodali,
uelim Caecilio, papyre, dicas
Veronam veniat, Noui relinquens
Comi moenia Lariumque litus.
nam quasdam volo cogitationes
amici accipiat sui meique.
quare, si sapiet, viam vorabit,
quamuis candida milies puella
euntem reuocet, manusque collo
ambas iniciens roget morari.
quae nunc, si mihi vera nuntiantur,
illum deperit impotente amore.
nam quo tempore legit incohatam
Dindymi dominam, ex eo misellae
ignes interiorem edunt medullam.
ignosco tibi, Sapphica puella
musa doctior; est enim venuste
Magna Caecilio incohata Mater.

36.

Annales Volusi, cacata carta,
uotum soluite pro mea puella.
nam sanctae Veneri Cupidinique
uouit, si sibi restitutus essem
desissemque truces vibrare iambs,
electissima pessimi poetae
scripta tardipedi deo daturam
infelicibus ustulanda lignis.
et hoc pessima se puella vidit

Papyrus, I wish that you would tell
Caecilius, that romantic poet, my comrade,
that he should come to Verona, leaving behind
the walls of Novum Comum and the Larian shore.
For I wish that he would receive certain thoughts
of his own and my friend.
Therefore, if he will be wise, he will devour the road,
even though that fair-skinned girl calls him back a thousand times
as he leaves, and throwing both hands around his neck
asks him to stay.
Now she, if facts are being reported to me,
loves him to death with an uncontrolled love.
For from that time when she read the begun yet unfinished
“mistress of Dindymus,” the fires of this poor little girl
have been eating the interior of her marrow.
I forgive you, girl more literate than the Sapphic
Muse, for the Great Mother of Caecilius charmingly
was begun yet unfinished.

Annals of Volusius, you shitty rolls,
fulfill a vow on behalf of my girl.
For she vows to sacred Venus and Cupid,
if I were restored to herself
and stop brandishing these savage iambs,
that she is going to give the most select
writings of the worst poet to the lame god
to be burnt with infertile wood.
and the worst girl perceives that she

iocosis lepide uouere divis.
nunc o caeruleo creata ponto,
quae sanctum Idalium Vriosque apertos
quaeque Ancona Cnidumque harundinosam
colis quaeque Amathunta quaeque Golgos
quaeque Durrachium Hadriae tabernam,
acceptum face redditumque uotum,
si non illepidum neque inuenustum est.
at uos interea uenite in ignem,
pleni ruris et inficetiarum.
annales Volusi, cacata carta.

37.

Salax taberna uosque contubernales,
a pilleatis nona fratribus pila,
solis putatis esse mentulas uobis,
solis licere, quidquid est puellarum,
confutuere et putare ceteros hircos?
an, continenter quod sedetis insulsi
centum an ducenti, non putatis ausurum
me una ducentos irrumare sessores?
atqui putate: namque totius uobis
frontem tabernae sopionibus scribam.
puella nam mi, quae meo sinu fugit,
amata tantum quantum amabitur nulla,
pro qua mihi sunt magna bella pugnata,
consedit istic. hanc boni beatique
omnes amatis, et quidem, quod indignum est,
omnes pusilli et semitarii moechi;
tu praeter omnes une de capillatis,
cuniculosae Celtiberiae fili,

vows this wittily to the happy gods.
Now you, born from a seablue sea,
who looks after sacred Ida and open Urium
and who looks after Ancona and reedy Cnidus
and who looks after Amathunta and Golgos
and Dyrrachium, the inn of the Adriatic,
regard this vow as received and returned,
if it is neither ungraceful nor unattractive.
But meanwhile you, full of boondocks and clumsiness,
come to the pyre.
Annals of Volusius, you shitty rolls.

Lusty tavern and you fellow comrades,
the ninth pillar from the brothers wearing the felt caps,
do you think that there are cocks for you alone,
that for you alone it's permitted, however many girls there are,
to fuck and to think that the rest are he-goats?
Or because you morons, 100 or 200, sit in an unbroken line,
do you not think that I would not dare
to thrust together with my cock 200 spectators?
but somehow consider this: for against you
I will scribe the front of the entire tavern with cocks.
For this girl for myself, who flees my bosom,
will be loved as much as no one else was loved,
for whom by me great wars were fought,
settles over next to you. All the free and well-to-do men
love this woman, and even, what is shameful,
all the puny and alley-lurking adulterers;
beyond everyone you alone from the long-haired ones,
son of rabbit-ridden Celtiberia,

Egnati. opaca quem bonum facit barba
et dens Hibera defricatus urina.

38.

Malest, Cornifici, tuo Catullo
malest, me hercule, et laboriose,
et magis magis in dies et horas.
quem tu, quod minimum facillimumque est,
qua solatus es allocutione?
irascor tibi. sic meos amores?
paulum quid lubet allocutionis,
maestius lacrimis Simonideis.

39.

Egnativs, quod candidos habet dentes,
renidet usque quaque. si ad rei uentum est
subsellium, cum orator excitat fletum,
renidet ille; si ad pii rogum fili
lugetur, orba cum flet unicum mater,
renidet ille. quidquid est, ubicumque est,
quodcumque agit, renidet: hunc habet morbum,
neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum.
quare monendum est te mihi, bone Egnati.
si urbanus esses aut Sabinus aut Tiburs
aut pinguis Vmber aut obesus Etruscus
aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus
aut Transpadanus, ut meos quoque attingam,
aut quilubet, qui puriter lauit dentes,
tamen renidere usque quaque te nollem:
nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Egnatius. Whom a dark beard and that tooth scoured
with Hiberan piss makes a good man.

Cornificius, it's going badly for your Catullus,
it's going badly, by Hercules, and painfully,
and more and more through the days and hours.
Have you, what is no effort and easily done,
comforted him with some word of ease?
I am angry with you. In this way my loves?
[give me] what little word of ease you like,
something more sorrowful than the tears of Simonides.

Egnatius, because he has white teeth,
he smiles constantly in every way. If something has happened
at the defendant's bench, when the orator arouses tears,
he smiles; if at the funeral pyre of a pious son there
is mourning, when the bereaved mother weeps for her one and only,
he smiles. Whatever it is, wherever he is,
whatever he is doing, he smiles: he has this sickness,
and not a proper one, as I reckon, and not an urbane one.
For that reason I must warn you, my good Egnatius.
If you are a city man or a Sabine or a Tiburtine
or a plump Umbrian or a fat Etruscan
or a dark and toothy Lanuvinian or a Transpadane,
so that I might touch upon my own people, or whoever you
please to name, who in a pure manner washes their teeth.
Still I do not wish for you to smile constantly and wherever:
for no action is more foolish than a foolish laugh.

nunc Celtiber es: Celtiberia in terra,
quod quisque minxit, hoc sibi solet mane
dentem atque russam defricare gingiuam,
ut quo iste vester expolitor dens est,
hoc te amplius bibisse praedicet loti.

40.

Qvaenam te mala mens, miselle Rauide,
agit praecipitem in meos iambs?
quis deus tibi non bene aduocatus
vecordem parat excitare rixam?
an ut pervenias in ora uulgi?
quid uis? qualubet esse notus optas?
eris, quandoquidem meos amores
cum longa voluisti amare poena.

41.

Ameana puella defututa
tota milia me decem poposcit,
ista turpiculo puella naso,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
propinqui, quibus est puella curae,
amicos medicosque conuocate:
non est sana puella, nec rogare
qualis sit solet aes imaginosum.

42.

Adeste, hendecasyllabi, quot estis
omnes undique, quotquot estis omnes.

Now you are a Celtiberian: in Celtiberian land what
everyone pisses, with this it is accustomed in the morning for them
to scour their teeth and red gums,
so that the more polished that tooth of yours is, the more that
it proclaims that you drank something of your piss.

What sick mind, lovesick Ravidus,
drives you headlong against my iambs?
What god not properly invoked by you
gets away to arouse an insane quarrel?
Or [are you doing this] so that you might arrive onto crowd's lips?
What do you want? In any way possible do you desire to be notorious?
You will be, since you have wished to love
my love at risk of a lengthy punishment.

Ameana, a fucked-out girl,
demanded all of 10,000 from me,
that girl with the ugly nose,
friend of the bankrupt Formian.
You there, you relatives, for whom the girl is your concern,
summon your friends and physicians:
the girl is not well, and she is not accustomed
to ask the bronze full of images [i.e. mirror] what kind of girl she is.

Be present, my hendecasyllabics, as many as you
all are from everywhere, however many as you all are.

iocum me putat esse moecha turpis,
et negat mihi nostra reddituram
pugillaria, si pati potestis.
persequamur eam et reflagitemus.
quae sit, quaeritis? illa, quam uidetis
turpe incedere, mimice ac moleste
ridentem catuli ore Gallicani.
circumsistite eam, et reflagitate,
“moecha putida, redde codicillos,
redde putida moecha, codicillos!”
non assis facis? o lutum, lupanar,
aut si perditius potes quid esse.
sed non est tamen hoc satis putandum.
quod si non aliud potest, ruborem
ferreo canis exprimamus ore.
conclamate iterum altiore uoce.
“moecha putide, redde codicillos,
redde, putida moecha, codicillos!”
sed nil proficimus, nihil mouetur.
mutanda est ratio modusque uobis,
siquid proficere amplius potestis:
“pudica et proba, redde codicillos.”

43.

Salve, nec minimo puella naso
nec bello pede nec nigris ocellis
nec longis digitis nec ore sicco
nec sane nimis elegante lingua,
decoctoris amica Formiani.
ten provincia narrat esse bellam?

This shameless floozy thinks that I am a joke,
and she denies that she is going to return to me our
tablets, if you can endure this.
Let us follow her and let us demand them back.
Who is she, you ask? She, whom you see
strutting about indecently, laughing like a mime
and annoyingly through the mouth of Gallic whelp.
Encircle her, and demand them back,
“Rotten floozy, return my tablets,
return my tablets, you rotten floozy!”
You don’t care one cent? You piece of filth, you whorehouse,
or if you can be anything more depraved, you’re it.
But still this must not be considered sufficient.
But if she cannot be made something else,
let us extort a blush out of the iron face of that dog.
Shout out again in a louder voice:
“Rotten floozy, return my tablets,
return my tablets, you rotten floozy!”
But we accomplish nothing, she is not moved.
The plan and method must be changed by us,
if you are able to accomplish anything further:
“You chaste and virtuous woman, return my tablets.”

Greetings, lady with neither the smallest nose
nor with pretty foot nor with dark eyes
nor with slender fingers nor dry mouth
and decidedly not with a very refined tongue,
you friend of a Formian bankrupt.
Does the province say that you are pretty?

tecum Lesbia nostra comparatur?
o saeculum insapiens et infacetum!

44.

O fvnde noster seu Sabine seu Tiburs
(nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
cordi Catullum laedere; at quibus cordi est,
quouis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),
sed seu Sabine siue uerius Tiburs,
fui libenter in tua suburbana
uilla, malamque pectore expuli tussim,
non inmerenti quam mihi meus uenter,
dum sumptuosas appeto, dedit, cenas.
nam, Sestianus dum uolo esse conuiua,
orationem in Antium petitozem
plenam veneni et pestilentiae legi.
hic me grauedo frigida et frequens tussis
quassauit usque, dum in tuum sinum fugi,
et me recurauit otioque et urtica.
quare refectus maximas tibi grates
ago, meum quod non es ulta peccatum.
nec deprecor iam, si nefaria scripta
Sesti recepso, quin grauedinem et tussim
non mihi, sed ipsi Sestio ferat frigus,
qui tunc vocat me, cum malum librum legi.

45.

Acmen Septimius suos amores
tenens in gremio “mea” inquit “Acme,
ni te perdit amo atque amare porro

Is our Lesbia compared with you?
What a foolish and crude age!

O estate of ours, whether Sabine or Tiburtine,
(for that you are Tiburtine they assert to whom it is not
in their heart to hurt Catullus; yet for whom it is in their heart,
they maintain with whatever wages that you're Sabine.
Still whether Sabine or more truly Tiburtine,
I was happy in your suburban
villa and I drove from my chest a foul cough,
which my stomach not undeservingly to me gave,
while I was seeking lavish dinners.
For, while I wanted to be a Sestian guest,
that oration against Antius as a candidate for office
full of poison and plague I read.
Thereupon a frigid cold and a constant cough
shook my constantly until I fled to your bosom,
and I cured myself by both leisure and nettle tea.
Therefore healthy again to you the greatest thanks
I give, because you did not avenge my sin,
and now I don't deign to halt, if the unholy writings
of Sestius I take up again, that a cold and a cough
not to me, but to Sestius himself a chill might carry,
who only invites me when I have read his foul book.

Septimius while holding Acme, his love,
in his lap says, “My Acme,
unless I love you desperately and I'm ready to love indefinitely

omnes sum assidue paratus annos,
quantum qui pote plurimum perire,
solus in Libya Indiaque tosta
caesio ueniam obuius leoni.”
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.
at Acme leuiter caput reflectens
et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
illo purpureo ore suauia,
“sic” inquit “mea uita Septimille,
huic uni domino usque seruiamus,
ut multo mihi maior acriorque
ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.”
hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
dextra sternuit approbationem.
nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
mutuis animis amant amantur.
unam Septimius misellus Acmen
mauult quam Syrias Britanniasque:
uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
facit delicias libidinisque.
quis ullos homines beatiore
uidit, quis Venerem auspiciorem?

46.

Iam uer egelidos refert tepores,
iam caeli furor aequinoctialis
iucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:
ad claras Asiae uolemus urbes.

all the years perpetually,
as much as [he loves] who is able to desperately love the most,
I alone in Libya or parched India
may wish to meet a green-eyed lion.”
As he said this, Love as before on the left
sneezed on the right his approval.
Yet Acme gently bending back her head
and kissing the intoxicated eyes of the sweet boy
with that rosy mouth,
says, “In such a way, my life Septimius,
let us serve forever this one master,
as by far for me a greater and fiercer
fire burns in my soft bones.”
As she said this, Love as before on the left
sneezed on the right his approval.
Now having begun from a good omen
with their souls belonging to each other they love [and] they are loved.
Lovesick Septimius desires Acme
more than all the Syrias and Britains:
faithful Acme over one Septimius
takes pleasures and desires.
Who sees any people more blessed,
who [sees] a more auspicious tryst?

Now the spring brings back thawed warmth,
now the fury of the equinoctial sky
becomes calm with pleasant winds of the Zephyr.
Catullus, let the Phrygian fields and the fertile, sweltering
territory of Nicaea be abandoned:
Let us fly to the renowned cities of Asia.

iam mens praetrepidans auet uagari,
iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
o dulces comitum valete coetus,
longe quos simul a domo profectos
diuersae varie viae reportant.

47.

Porci et Socraton, duae sinistrae
Pisonis, scabies famesque mundi,
uos Veraniolo meo et Fabullo
uerpus praeposuit Priapus ille?
uos convivia lauta sumptuose
de die facitis, mei sodales
quaerunt in trivio vocationes?

48.

Mellitot oculos tuos, Iuuenti,
si quis me sinat usque basiare,
usque ad milia basiem trecenta
nec numquam videar satur futurus,
non si densior aridis aristis
sit nostrae seges osculationis.

49.

Disertissime Romuli nepotum,
quot sunt quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
quotque post aliis erunt in annis,
gratias tibi maximas Catullus
agit pessimus omnium poeta,

Now my mind--trembling in anticipation--yearns to roam,
now my happy feet grow strong with desire.
O sweet band of companions, farewell,
after having departed together far-off from home,
different roads in different ways carry them back.

Porcius and Socrates, two perverse fellows
of Piso, that scab and famine of the world,
does that lustful Priapus prefer
you to my little Veranius and Fabullus?
Lavishly from day on do you make
luxurious dinner parties, while my friends
seek invitations on the street corner?

If anyone should allow me to kiss constantly your
honey-sweet eyes, Juuentius,
all the way to three thousand kisses
and I would not ever seem that I was going to be full,
not if the crop of our kissing was thicker
than dry ears of wheat.

Marcus Tullius, most skilled in oratory of the descendants of Romulus,
as many as they are and as many as they were and as many afterwards
as they will be in other years,
Catullus, the worst poet of all,
extends his deepest thanks,

tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

50.

Hesterno, Licini, die otiosi
multum lusimus in meis tabellis,
ut convenerat esse delicatos:
scribens versiculos uterque nostrum
ludebat numero modo hoc modo illoc,
reddens mutua per iocum atque uinum.
atque illinc abii tuo lepore
incensus, Licini, facetisque,
ut nec me miserum cibus iuuaret
nec somnus tegeret quiete ocellos,
sed toto indomitus furore lecto
uersarer, cupiens uidere lucem,
ut tecum loquerer, simulque ut essem.
at defessa labore membra postquam
semimortua lectulo iacebant,
hoc, iucunde, tibi poema feci,
ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.
nunc audax caue sis, precesque nostras,
oramus, caue despuas, ocelle,
ne poenas Nemesis reposcat a te.
est uehemens dea: laedere hanc caeto.

51.

Ille mi par esse deo uidetur,
ille, si fas est, superare diuos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te

as much the worst poet of all
as you are the best patron of all.

Licinius, during yesterday, we had nothing to do
[and] we played a great deal in my tablets,
as it had been agreed to be risqué:
each of us, while writing little verses,
played now in this meter, now in that meter,
returning equal measures over joke and wine.
And then from there I left, Licinius,
aflame with your charm and wit,
so that neither food could aid poor me
nor sleep cover my eyes with restfulness,
but wild with madness I tossed
over the whole bed, wanting to see the light, so that
I might chat with you and so that I might be together [with you].
Yet after my limbs, exhausted with suffering,
were reclining half-dead on the little bed,
I made this poem for you, bosom buddy,
from which you might behold my grief.
Now beware of being reckless, and, I pray,
beware of spurning our prayers, brother,
lest Nemesis demand penalties from you.
The goddess is powerful: beware displeasing her.

He seems to me to be equal to a god,
and if the heavens allow it, he seems to surpass the gods,
who sitting opposite you again and again

spectat et audit
dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
vocis in ore.
lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo
tintinant aures, gemina et teguntur
lumina nocte.
otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est:
otio exsultas nimiumque gestis:
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes.

52.

Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
sella in curuli struma Nonius sedet,
per consulatum peierat Vatinius:
quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?

53.

Risi nescio quem modo e corona,
qui, cum mirifice Vatiniana
meus crimina Calvos explicasset,
admirans ait haec manusque tollens,
“di magni, salaputium disertum!”

watches and hears
you laughing sweetly, a thing which tears
all sensation from wretched me: for at the same time, Lesbia,
I caught sight of you, there remains nothing to me
in my mouth of speech.
My tongue thickens, a thin flame beneath my limbs
flows down, with their own sound
my ears ring, and my eyes are shrouded
with a twin night.
Leisure, Catullus, is bothersome to you:
You let yourself go with leisure and far too much you long for it:
leisure has ruined formerly both kings and
prosperous cities.

What’s going on, Catullus? Why do you wait to die?
Nonius with the tumor sits on his curule chair,
Vatinius perjures himself on his consulship:
What’s going on, Catullus? Why do you wait to die?

I laughed at someone just now from the spectators,
who, when wonderfully the Vatinian
indictments my Calvus had set forth,
in amazement said these words while throwing up his hands,
“Great gods, what an eloquent little man.”

54.

Othonis caput oppido est pusillum,
 Herri rustica, semilauta crura,
 subtile et leve peditum Libonis,
 si non omnia, displicere uellem
 tibi et Sufficio seni recocto...
 irascere iterum meis iambis
 inmerentibus, unice imperator.

The head of Otho is quite puny,
 legs of Herrius are halfwashed and muddy,
 delicate and light is the farting of Libo,
 if not everything, I could wish that this displease
 you and Sufficius, that old man rejuvenated....
 you will be angered again by my unoffending
 iambs, you one and only emperor.

55.

Oramus, si forte non molestum est,
 demonstres ubi sint tuae tenebrae.
 te Campo quaesiuius minore,
 te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis,
 te in templo summi Iouis sacrato.
 in Magni simul ambulatione
 femellas omnes, amice, prendi,
 quas uultu uidi tamen sereno.
 auelte, sic ipse flagitabam,
 Camerium mihi pessimae puellae.
 quaedam inquit, nudum reduc...
 “en hic in roseis latet papillis.”
 sed te iam ferre Herculi labos est;
 tanto te in fastu negas, amice?
 dic nobis ubi sis futurus, ede
 audacter, committe, crede luci.
 nunc te lacteolae tenent puellae?

We ask you, if perchance it isn't troublesome,
 to show us where your haunts are.
 I have sought you in the Campus Minor,
 in the Circus, in all the bookshops,
 in the Temple of Jupiter on High,
 Likewise in the Portico of Magnus
 I took hold of all the girlies, my friend,
 whom I saw, however, with unclouded faces.
 * * *, so I demanded, [this line is corrupt in all MSS]
 my Camerius, you very naughty girls.
 A certain girl—her bare chest exposed—said,
 “Look here! He hides here between my rosy breasts.”
 But to endure you is now a labor of Hercules.
 Do you claim that you are not in such disdain, my friend.
 Tell us where you will be found, publish it
 clearly, entrust it to us, expose it to the daylight.
 Are you presently holding those milky-white girls?

si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
fructus proicies amoris omnes.
verbosa gaudet Venus loquella.
vel, si uis, licet obseres palatum,
dum vestri sim particeps amoris.

56.

O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam,
dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno!
ride quidquid amas, Cato, Catullum:
res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.
deprendi modo pupulum puellae
trusantem; hunc ego, si placet Dionae,
protelo rigida mea cecidi.

57.

Pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis,
Mamurrae pathicoque Caesarique.
nec mirum: maculae pares utrisque,
urbana altera et illa Formiana,
impressae resident nec eluentur:
morborum pariter, gemelli utriusque,
uno in lecticulo erudituli ambo,
non hic quam ille magis uorax adulter,
rivalis socii puellularum.
pulcre convenit improbis cinaedis.

If you are holding a tongue in a closed mouth,
you renounce all the satisfaction of love.
Venus rejoices in long-winded speech.
Or, if you prefer, it is permitted that you shut your mouth,
as long as I am a partner in your love.

O what a ridiculous matter and full of laughs,
worthy of your ears and laughter!
Cato, laugh to the extent that you love Catullus:
this matter is ridiculous and very full of laughs.
I caught this little boy thrusting away at a girl;
if it pleases Diona, I've beat him with my own rigid
point in place of a spear.

This agrees beautifully for these submissive perverts,
subservient Mamurra and Caesar.
And it's no wonder: stains equal to each,
that one a city [stain], the other a Formian,
have been impressed [and] will persist and will not be washed away:
equally unhealthy, both twins,
both learned men in one little couch,
this one not more the devourer than that one is an adulterer,
allied rivals for these girlies.
This agrees beautifully for these submissive perverts.

58a.

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes.

Caelius, our Lesbia, this Lesbia,
this Lesbia, whom alone Catullus
loved more than himself and all his own kin,
now on cross-roads and in alleys
strips the descendants of bold Remus.

58b.¹

Non custos si fingar ille Cretum,
non Ladas ego pinnipesue Perseus,
non si Pegaseo ferar uolatu,
non Rhesi niveae citaeque bigae;
adde huc plumipedas uolatilesque,
uentorumque simul require cursum:
quos vinctos, Cameri, mihi dicares,
defessus tamen omnibus medullis
et multis languoribus peresus
essem te mihi, amice, quaeritando.

Not if I were formed into the Cretans' sentinel,
not [if I were] Ladas or wingfooted Perseus,
not if I were carried by Pegasian flight,
not the snowy and swift chariot and pair of Rheseus;
add to this the featherfooted and swift [creatures],
and call for as well the wind's speeds:
Camerius, bestow to me those captured winds,
I would still be exhausted in all my bones
and consumed with much fatigue
I would be, my friend, in searching for you for myself.

¹This poem is not complete. It may or may not belong to poem 55.

59.

Bononiensis Rufa Rufulum fellat,
uxor Meneni, saepe quam in sepulcretis
uidistis ipso rapere de rogo cenam,
cum devolutum ex igne prosequens panem
ab semiraso tunderetur ustore.

60.

Num te leaena montibus Libystinis
aut Scylla latrans infima inguinum parte
tam mente dura procreavit ac taetra,
ut supplicis uocem in nouissimo casu
contemptam haberes a nimis fero corde?

Rufa of Bononia sucks little Rufus,
the wife of Menenius, whom often you saw
in the cemetaries stealing her dinner from that pyre,
when chasing after the bread rolling down out of the fire
she is beaten by a half-shaven gravedigger.

Surely not did a lioness from the African hills
or Scylla barking from the lowest part of her loins
beget you with a mind so hard and vile,
so that the voice of the suppliant in the final crisis
you might despise with your heart too fucking cruel?