

Catullus

Libellus III

Epigrams: Carmina 65-116

Translated by Ulysses K. Vestal

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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.). Line numbering occurs only for the longer poems.

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).

65.

Etsi me assiduo confectum cura dolore
 sevocat a doctis, Ortale, virginibus,
 nec potis est dulcis Musarum expromere fetus
 mens animi, tantis fluctuat ipsa malis__
 namque mei nuper Lethaeo in gurgite fratris
 pallidulum manans alluit unda pedem,
 Troia Rhoeteo quem subter litore tellus
 ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.

* * * * *

[alloquar, audiero] numquam ego te, uita frater amabilior,
 aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo,
 semper maesta tua carmina morte canam,
 qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
 Daulias, absumpti fata gemens Ityli—
 sed tamen in tantis maeroribus, Ortale, mitto
 haec expressa tibi carmina Battiadae,
 ne tua dicta uagis nequiquam credita uentis
 effluxisse meo forte putes animo,
 ut missum sponsi furtiuo munere malum
 procurrat casto uirginis e gremio,
 quod miserae oblitae molli sub veste locatum,
 dum aduentu matris prosilit, excutitur,
 atque illud prono praeceps agitur decursu,
 huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Even though sorrow calls me away, exhausted as I am
 with constant grief, from the learned maidens, Hortalus,
 and my mind's imagination is not able to bring forth the sweet
 birth of the Muses, my mind itself is tossed about with such great misfortunes--
 for indeed, just lately the flowing wave washed in the Lethaeon stream
 the pale foot of my brother whom the Trojan land snatched
 from our eyes and crushes
 close to the Rhoeteum shore.

* * * * *

Will I never tell you, will I never have heard you, o brother more beloved than life,
 will I never behold you hereafter? But certainly I will always love you,
 I will always sing songs saddened by your death,
 such songs as Daulias sings under the dense shade of branches,
 as she laments the fate of dead Itylus--
 but nevertheless in such great griefs, Hortalus, I send
 to you these translated songs of the son of Battus,
 lest you think that your words were entrusted in vain to the wandering
 winds and have slipped perhaps from my mind,
 as the apple delivered in the way of a secret gift
 falls forth from the chaste bosom of a maiden,
 which was placed under the soft robe of the forgetful wretch,
 while she jumps up with the arrival of her mother, it is shaken out
 and is driven headlong in a downward descent,
 a guilty blush flows across her sad face.

66.

Omnia qui magni dispexit lumina mundi,
 qui stellarum ortus comperit atque obitus,
 flammeus ut rapidi solis nitor obscuretur,
 ut cedant certis sidera temporibus,
 ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
 dulcis amor gyro devocet aereo:
 idem me ille Conon caelesti in lumine vidit,
 e Beroniceo uertice caesariem
 fulgentem clare, quam multis illa dearum
 levia protendens brachia pollicita est,
 qua rex tempestate novo auctus hymenaeo
 vastatum finis iuerat Assyrios,
 dulcia nocturnae portans vestigia rixae,
 quam de virgineis gesserat exuuiis.
 estne novis nuptis odio Venus? ane parentum
 frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrimulis,
 ubertim thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
 non, ita me divi, vera gemunt, iuerint.
 id mea me multis docuit regina querellis
 invisente novo proelia torva viro.
 et tu non orbem luxti deserta cubile,
 sed fratris cari flebile discidium.
 cum penitus maestus exedit cura medullas.
 ut tibi tunc toto pectore sollicitae
 sensibus ereptis mens excidit! at ego certe
 cognoram a parva virgine magnanimam.
 ane bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adeptus es
 coniugium, quod non fortior ausit alius?
 sed tum maesta virum mittens quae verba locuta est!
 Iuppiter, ut tristi lumina saepe manu!

He who sighted all the lights of the heavy heavens,
 who came to understand the risings and settings of the stars,
 how the fiery radiance of the devouring sun is darkened,
 how the planets retreat at fixed times,
 banishing Trivia [Diana] secretly to Mt. Latmus, 5
 how sweet love calls [her] down from her ethereal orbit:
 that same Conon saw me in the heavenly light,
 a lock from Berenice's head
 gleaming brightly, which she, a goddess to many,
 stretching out her delicate arms, promised, 10
 at a time when the king, blessed with a new marriage,
 hand gone to ravage Assyrian territory,
 carrying sweet traces of nocturnal fighting,
 which he had waged for her virginal spoils.
 Is Venus hated by new brides? Or are 15
 the joys of parents' disappointed by feigned little tears,
 which pour out copiously inside the threshold of her bedroom?
 They do not bewail—goddess, help me—true [feelings].
 My queen taught me this by many complaints,
 when her bridegroom was going to witness fierce battles. 20
 And you as a lonely woman mourned not a bed left desolate,
 but the lamentable separation of a dear brother,
 when completely your concern consumed your sad heart.
 How then to you distressed throughout your entire heart
 the mind failed after your feelings were torn away! Yet I assuredly 25
 knew you were brave from [when you were] a little girl.
 Or have you forgotten a good deed, by which you took a royal
 spouse, which another, though stronger, would not dare?
 But then sadly letting go your husband, what words were spoken!
 By Juppiter, how you rubbed your eyes often with a grieving hand! 30

quis te mutavit tantus deus? an quod amantes
 non longe a caro corpore abesse volunt?
 atque ibi me cunctis pro dulci coniuge divis
 non sine taurino sanguine pollicita es,
 si reditum tetulisset. is haut in tempore longo
 captam Asiam Aegypti finibus addiderat.
 quis ego pro factis caelesti reddita coetu
 pristina vota novo munere dissolvo.
 inuita, o regina, tuo de vertice cessi,
 inuita: adiuro teque tuumque caput,
 digna ferat quod si quis inaniter adiuravit:
 sed qui se ferro postulet esse parem?
 ille quoque eversus mons est, quem maximum in oris
 progenies Thiae clara supervehitur,
 cum Medi peperere novum mare, cumque iuventus
 per medium classi barbara nauit Athon.
 quid facient crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
 Iuppiter, ut Chalybon omne genus pereat,
 et qui principio sub terra quaerere venas
 institit ac ferri stringere duritiem!
 abiunctae paulo ante comae mea fata sorores
 lugebant, cum se Memnonis Aethiopsis
 unigena impellens nutantibus aera pennis
 obtulit Arsinoes Locridis ales equos,
 isque per aetherias me tollens avolat umbras
 et Veneris casto collocat in gremio.
 ipsa suum Zephyritis eo famulum legarat
 Graia Canopeis incola litoribus.
 hic, liquidi vario ne solum in lumine caeli
 ex Ariadnaeis aurea temporibus
 fixa corona foret, sed nos quoque fulgeremus
 devotae flavi verticis exuviae,

What god so powerful changed you? Or can it be that lovers
 desire that they not be away for a long time from beloved flesh.
 And then to all the gods on behalf of your sweet spouse
 you promised me with the blood of a bull,
 if he made a return. He in not at all a long time 35
 had added conquered Asia to Egyptian territory.
 On behalf of these deeds I, which I delivered to celestial company,
 discharge yesterday's vows with a new function.
 Unwilling, o queen, I departed from your head,
 unwilling: I swear by you and your head, 40
 which if anyone vainly has sworn, let him suffer something worthy:
 but would anyone claim that he is a match for steel?
 That mountain also was brought down, which as the greatest in these lands,
 the famous descendant of Thia [Helios] was carried over,
 when the Medes produced a new sea, and when the foreign 45
 youth sailed in a fleet through the middle of Athon.
 What will tresses do, when such great things yield to iron?
 By Juppiter, would that the entire race of Chalybes perish,
 and he who in the beginning began to search for veins of ore under the earth
 and forge the iron's hardness! 50
 A little before this the fate of my detachment the sisters of my hair
 were mourning, when the brother of Ethiopian Memnon,
 setting in motion the airs with flapping wings,
 presented himself, the winged horse of Locrian Arsinoe,
 while carrying me through heavenly shade, flies way 55
 and places me in the chaste lap of Venus.
 For that purpose she, the Zephyritis, the Greek
 resident of Canopan shores had sent her own slave.
 Here, not only so that in the diffuse light of a clear sky
 from Ariadne's time the golden 60
 crown would be fixed, but also so that we might shine
 for the dedicated memento of a blond head,

uvidulam a fluctu cedentem ad templa deum me
 sidus in antiquis diva novum posuit.
 Virginis et saevi contingens namque Leonis
 lumina, Callisto iuncta Lycaoniae,
 vertor in occasum, tardum dux ante Booten,
 qui vix sero alto mergitur Oceano.
 sed quamquam me nocte premunt vestigia divum,
 lux autem canae Tethyi restituit
 (pace tua fari hic liceat, Ramnusia virgo,
 namque ego non ullo vera timore tegam,
 nec si me infestis discerpent sidera dictis,
 condita quin veri pectoris evolvam),
 non his tam laetor rebus, quam me afore semper,
 afore me a dominae vertice discrucior,
 quicum ego, dum virgo quondam fuit omnibus expers
 unguentis, una milia multa bibi.
 nunc uos, optato quas iunxit lumine taeda,
 non prius unanimis corpora coniugibus
 tradite nudantes reiecta veste papillas,
 quam iucunda mihi munera libet onyx,
 uester onyx, casto colitis quae iura cubili.
 sed quae se impuro dedit adulterio,
 illius a mala dona levis bibit irrita pulvis:
 namque ego ab indignis praemia nulla peto.
 sed magis, o nuptae, semper concordia vestras,
 semper amor sedes incolat assiduus.
 tu uero, regina, tuens cum sidera divam
 placabis festis luminibus Venerem,
 unguinis expertem non siris esse tuam me,
 sed potius largis effice muneribus
 sidera cur iterent“utinam coma regia fiam,”
 proximus Hydrochoi fulgeret Oarion!

departing drenched from the the waves to gods' abodes
 the goddess places me as a new constellation among the ancient ones.
 Bordering on the stars of Virgo and fierce Leo, 65
 joined together to Lycaonian Callisto,
 I come round as a leader before slow Bootes,
 who barely late is immersed in the deep Ocean.
 But although at night the tracks of the gods press me down,
 while the light of whitened Tethys restores [me] 70
 (with no offence to you let it be permitted at this point, Ramnusian maiden,
 for I will not with any fear conceal these truths,
 not even if the stars rip me to pieces with hostile utterances,
 but rather I will unwrap these stored [feelings] of an honest heart),
 I do not so much rejoice at these things as I am tormented that I will always 75
 be absent, I will be absent from the head of my mistress,
 with whom I, having no share while formerly she was a maiden, in all those
 perfumes, drank together many inexpensives ones.
 Now you all, whom the marriage torch has joined with longed-for light,
 do not first hand over your bodies to loving spouses, 80
 baring your breasts, after your robe has been cast off,
 before the onyx [perfume jar] pours pleasant offerings to me,
 your onyx, by which you honor the laws of marriage in a chaste bed.
 But the woman who gives herself to vile adultery,
 let the light dust drink up her evil gifts, which are invalid: 85
 Indeed I seek no gifts from the unworthy.
 But rather, o brides, may harmony always,
 may always continuous love dwell in your home.
 You, in fact, o queen, when gazing at the stars, will appease
 the goddess Venus on holy days, 90
 do not allow that I that is yours go lacking perfume,
 but rather prove with copious offerings
 why the stars kept repeating, “Would that I could become a royal lock,”
 Orion would gleam next to Hydrochoös. 94

67.

O dulci iucunda viro, iucunda parenti,
 salve, teque bona Iuppiter auctet ope,
 ianua, quam Balbo dicunt servisse benigne
 olim, cum sedes ipse senex tenuit,
 quamque ferunt rursus gnato servisse maligne,
 postquam es porrecto facta marita sene.
 dic agedum nobis, quare mutata feraris
 in dominum veterem deseruisse fidem.

'Non (ita Caecilio placeam, cui tradita nunc sum)
 culpa mea est, quamquam dicitur esse mea,
 nec peccatum a me quisquam pote dicere quicquam:
 verum ius populi: ianua quicque facit,
 qui quacumque aliquid reperitur non bene factum
 ad me omnes clamant: ianua, culpa tua est.'

Non istuc satis est uno te dicere verbo
 sed facere ut quiuis sentiat et videat.

'Qui possum? nemo quaerit nec scire laborat?'

Nos volumus: nobis dicere ne dubita.

'Primum igitur, virgo quod fertur tradita nobis,
 falsum est. non illam uir prior attigerit,
 languidior tenera cui pendens sicula beta.
 numquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam;
 sed pater illius gnati violasse cubile
 dicitur et miseram conscelerasse domum,
 siue quod impia mens caeco flagrabat amore

O lovely door pleasant to the master, to the parent,
 greetings, and may Jupiter increase you with good wealth,
 whom they served Balbus well formerly,
 when the old man himself possessed the home, and whom
 they say on the contrary served the son badly, afterwards
 when the old man was stretched out you became a married door.
 Speak! Come to us, wherefore after having been changed you are said
 to have abandoned a longstanding faith to your old master.

“It is not fault ([I say] in such a way that I might please Caecilius, to whom
 currently I was entrusted), although it said to be mine,
 nor can anyone say that anything was done wrong by me:
 Indeed it’s the right of the people: who, anything the door does,
 whenever something is found to have been done not right,
 all shout at me: door, it is your fault.”

It is not enough that you assert that matter in one word,
 but to make it so that anyone might understand and see it.

“How can I? Nobody makes inquiries nor is anxious to know?”

We want to: do not hesitate to speak to us.

“Therefore first it is untrue that a maiden was entrusted to us.
 Her former husband did not touch her,
 to whom his hanging dagger was weaker than an immature beet.
 It never raised itself to the middle of the tunic;
 but the father is said to have violated the bed of the son
 and to have disgraced that wretched home,
 whether because impious mind burned with blind love

5

10

15

20

25

seu quod iners sterili semine natus erat,
ut quaerendum unde foret neruosius illud,
quod posset zonam soluere virgineam.'

Egregium narras mira pietate parentem
qui ipse sui gnati minxerit in gremium.
Atqui non solum hoc dicit se cognitum habere
Brixia Cycneae supposita speculae,
flauus quam molli praecurrit flumine Mella,
Brixia Veronae mater amata meae,
sed de Postumio et Corneli narrat amore,
cum quibus illa malum fecit adulterium.
dixerit hic aliquis: quid? tu istaec, ianua, nosti,
cui numquam domini limine abesse licet,
nec populum auscultare, sed hic suffixa tigillo
tantum operire soles aut aperire domum?
saepe illam audiui furtiua uoce loquentem
solam cum ancillis haec sua flagitia,
nomine dicentem quos diximus, utpote quae mi
speraret nec linguam esse nec auriculam.
praeterea addebat quendam, quem dicere nolo
nomine, ne tollat rubra supercilia.
longus homo est, magnas cui lites intulit olim
falsum mendaci ventre puerperium.'

or because he had been born incompetent with sterile son,
so that whence something more vigorous would be sought,
which could loosen the maidenly belt."

You tell about an illustrious parent with marvelous piety,
a man who himself pissed in the lap of his own son. 30
But moreover Brixia placed under the watchtower of Cyncus,
which the river runs past with a soft stream,
Brixia the loved mother of my Verone,
says that she not only holds this as known,
but talks about the love of Postumius and Cornelius, 35
with whom she committed evil adultery.
Here someone will say: What? Door, you knew these matters,
to whom it is never permitted to go away from the master's threshold,
nor to listen to the people, but here fastened to the threshold,
you are merely accustomed to open and shut up the house? 40
Often I heard that women speaking alone with her voice
with her slaves about these sins of hers,
speaking by name whom we have said, inasmuch as she trusted
that there is neither a tongue nor ear for me.
Moreover she added a certain person who I do not want to say 45
by name, lest he raise his red eyebrows.
He is a tall fellow, to whom once false childbirth from a mendacious
womb brought great lawsuits. 48

68.

Quod mihi fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo
 conscriptum hoc lacrimis mittis epistolium,
 naufragum ut eiectum spumantibus aequoris undis
 sublevem et a mortis limine restituam,
 quem neque sancta Venus molli requiescere somno
 desertum in lecto caelibe perpetitur,
 nec ueterum dulci scriptorum carmine Musae
 oblectant, cum mens anxia peruigilat:
 id gratum est mihi, me quoniam tibi dicis amicum,
 muneraque et Musarum hinc petis et Veneris.
 sed tibi ne mea sint ignota incommoda, Mani,
 neu me odisse putes hospitis officium,
 accipe, quis merser fortunae fluctibus ipse,
 ne amplius a misero dona beata petas.
 tempore quo primum uestis mihi tradita pura est,
 iucundum cum aetas florida uer ageret,
 multa satis lusi: non est dea nescia nostri,
 quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiam.
 sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
 abstulit. o misero frater adempte mihi,
 tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,
 tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
 omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
 quae tuus in uita dulcis alebat amor.
 cuius ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
 haec studia atque omnes delicias animi.
 quare, quod scribis Veronae turpe Catullo
 esse, quod hic quisquis de meliore nota
 frigida deserto tepefactet membra cubili,

That you, crushed by fortune and by harsh chance, 1
 sent this short letter written to me with tears,
 so that I might lift up and bring back from the threshold of death
 a man wrecked and cast out by the foaming waves of the sea,
 whom deserted on a bed without a spouse neither sacred Venus 5
 allows to find rest in easy sleep,
 nor the Muses with the sweet song of ancient writers
 delight, when an anxious mind lies awake at night:
 it is pleasing to me, since you say that I am your friend,
 and you seek from this place the gifts of both the Muses and the Venuses. 10
 But so that my misfortunes may not be unknown to you, Manius,
 and that you not think that I disdain the duty of a guest,
 hear, with what waves of fortune I myself am overwhelmed,
 lest any longer you seek prosperous gifts from a sufferer.
 At the time when first the unembellished cloth was handed to me 15
 when my flowering youth was passing a pleasant spring,
 I played much and enough: the goddess is not unaware of us,
 who mixes sweet bitterness with cares.
 But a fraternal death removed from me this entire zeal
 with grief. O brother taken away from unhappy me, 20
 you, you, while dying, shattered my fortunes, brother,
 with you together our home is buried,
 all our joys together with you have disappeared,
 which your sweet love used to nourish in this life.
 With his annihilation I put to flight from my entire mind 25
 these zeals and all the pleasures of the mind.
 Wherefore, because write that it is shameful to be at Verona
 for Catullus, because here everyone from the better brand
 tries to warm their frigid limbs in an empty bed,

id, Mani, non est turpe, magis miserum est.
ignoscas igitur si, quae mihi luctus ademit,
haec tibi non tribuo munera, cum nequeo.
nam, quod scriptorum non magna est copia apud me,
hoc fit, quod Romae vivimus: illa domus,
illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur aetas;
huc una ex multis capsula me sequitur.
quod cum ita sit, nolim statuas nos mente maligna
id facere aut animo non satis ingenuo,
quod tibi non utriusque petenti copia posta est:
ultro ego deferrem, copia siqua foret.

68b.

Non possum reticere, deae, qua me Allius in re
iuverit aut quantis iuverit officiis,
ne fugiens saeculis obliuiscens aetas
illius hoc caeca nocte tegat studium:
sed dicam uobis, uos porro dicite multis
milibus et facite haec carta loquatur anus.
* * * * *
notescatque magis mortuus atque magis,
nec tenuem texens subtilis aranea telam
in deserto Alli nomine opus faciat.
nam, mihi quam dederit duplex Amathusia curam,
scitis, et in quo me torruerit genere,
cum tantum arderem quantum Trinacria rupes
lymphaque in Oetaeis Malia Thermopylis,
maesta neque assiduo tabescere lumina fletu
cessarent tristique imbre madere genae.
qualis in aërii perlucens vertice montis

that, Manius, it is not shameful, rather it is sorrowful. 30
Therefore you will pardon [me] if, I do not apportion to you
these gifts, which sorrow removed from me, when I cannot.
Moreover, as far the fact that there is not a great supply of writers with me,
for this reason it happens that we live at Rome: this house,
this abode of mine, there my time is passed; 35
to this place one scroll box out of many follows me.
Since this is the way it is, do not decide that we do this
with a grudging spirit or with a mind not sufficiently frank,
because to you a supply has not been provided to each request:
of my own accord I would have offered, if there was any supply. 40

I cannot kept silent, goddess, in which matter Allius 41
aided me or aided with such services,
lest an age fleeing with generations that brings forgetfulness
conceals this zeal of his in a dark night:
but I shall tell you, you in turn tell many 45
thousands and bring it about that this paper speaks when old.
* * * * *
[Allius?] will become known more and more when dead,
and a delicate spider weaving a thin web will not
do her work on the abandoned name of Allius. 50
For what care wily Amanthusia [Venus] gave me,
you know, and in what category she scorched me,
when as I burned as great as the Triangular crag [Sicily]
and as Malian water in in Oetaean Thermopylae
these sad eyes did not cease to waste away with constant 55
weeping and my cheeks [did not cease] to be wet with gloomy shower.
Such as on a lofty mountain's peak a glistening

rivus muscoso prosilit e lapide,
 qui cum de prona praeceps est valle volutus,
 per medium densi transit iter populi,
 dulce viatori lasso in sudore levamen,
 cum gravis exustos aestus hiulcat agros:
 hic, velut in nigro iactatis turbine nautis
 lenius aspirans aura secunda venit
 iam prece Pollucis, iam Castoris implorata,
 tale fuit nobis Allius auxilium.
 is clausum lato patefecit limite campum,
 isque domum nobis isque dedit dominae,
 ad quam communes exerceremus amores.
 quo mea se molli candida diva pede
 intulit et trito fulgentem in limine plantam
 innixa arguta constituit solea,
 coniugis ut quondam flagrans advenit amore
 Protesilaeam Laodamia domum
 inceptam frustra, nondum cum sanguine sacro
 hostia caelestis pacificasset eros.
 nil mihi tam valde placeat, Ramnusia virgo,
 quod temere invitis suscipiatur eris.
 quam ieiuna pium desiderat ara cruorem,
 docta est amisso Laodamia viro,
 coniugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
 quam ueniens una atque altera rursus hiems
 noctibus in longis audivim saturasset amorem,
 posset ut abrupto uiuere coniugio,
 quod scibant Parcae non longo tempore abesse,
 si miles muros isset ad Iliacos.
 nam tum Helenae raptu primores Argivorum
 coeperat ad sese Troia ciere viros,
 Troia (nefas!) commune sepulcrum Asiae Europaeque,

brook rushes forth from mossy stone,
 which when rolling headlong down from the sloping valley,
 makes it way through the middle of the crowded people, 60
 sweet comfort on exhausted sweat of a traveler,
 when the severe summer splits open the burned up lands:
 Here, just as to sailors tossed on a black storm
 a favourable wind breathing more gently comes
 after having been besought now by prayer to Pollux, now to Castor, 65
 such aid was Allius to us.
 He opened up a closed field by means of a broad path,
 and he, yes he, gave a home for me and my mistress,
 to which we could exercise mutual affections.
 Where my dazzling goddess with delicate foot herself 70
 brought in and resting a gleaming sole on a well-worn threshold
 she sat down with a creaking sandal,
 as once upon a time blazing with love for a husband came
 Laodamia to Protesilaus' home
 [a love] begun in vain, since not yet with sacred blood 75
 a sacrifice had appeased celestial masters.
 May it not be so very pleasing to me, Ramnussian maiden [Nemesis],
 with the masters being unwilling that it be undertaken rashly.
 How much hungry altars longs for pious blood,
 Laodamia was taught after her husband was lost, 80
 compelled to let go the neck of a new spouse,
 before the coming of one and then another winter
 she would had sated a passionate love during a long night,
 that she could bear to live with a marriage cut short
 which the Fates knew was not a long time off, 85
 if as a soldier he had gone to Iliac [Trojan] walls.
 For then by the seizing of Helen the Argives' foremost
 men Troy had begun to incite to itself,
 Troy (what a curse!) the mutual tomb of Asia and Europe,

Troia virum et virtutum omnium acerba cinis,
 quae nunc et nostro letum miserabile fratri
 attulit. ei misero frater adempte mihi
 ei misero fratri iucundum lumen ademptum,
 tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
 omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
 quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
 quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra
 nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
 sed Troia obscena, Troia infelice sepultum
 detinet extremo terra aliena solo.
 ad quam tum properans fertur lecta undique pubes
 Graecae penetralis deseruisse focos,
 ne Paris abducta gauisus libera moecha
 otia pacato degeret in thalamo.
 quo tibi tum casu, pulcherrima Laodamia,
 ereptum est uita dulcius atque anima
 coniugium: tanto te absorbens uertice amoris
 aestus in abruptum detulerat barathrum,
 quale ferunt Grai Pheneum prope Cylleneum
 siccare emulsa pingue palude solum,
 quod quondam caesis montis fodisse medullis
 audit falsiparens Amphitryoniades,
 tempore quo certa Stymphalia monstra sagitta
 perculit imperio deterioris eri,
 pluribus ut caeli tereretur ianua diuis,
 Hebe nec longa uirginitate foret.
 sed tuus altus amor barathro fuit altior illo,
 qui tamen indomitam ferre iugum docuit.
 nam nec tam carum confecto aetate parenti
 una caput seri nata nepotis alit,
 qui cum diuitiis vix tandem iuuentus auitis

Troy a bitter funeral pyre of men and all courageous deeds, 90
 [Troy was it] which now also brought a pathetic death to our brother.
 A brother snatched from me, a wretched man,
 a pleasant light has been snatched from this wretched brother,
 with you together our entire house was buried,
 all our joys with you together perished, 95
 which your sweet love used to nourish in life.
 Whom now [laid to rest] so distantly not among familiar tombs
 and not laid to rest near related ashes,
 but Troy unfavoured, Troy unlucky, a foreign land,
 holds your tomb at the end of the earth. 100
 To which then, they say, the chosen youth of Greece
 while hurrying forsook the innermost hearths
 lest Paris delighting in his stolen mistress
 spend unchallenged leisure in a tranquil bedroom.
 By that fate, the most beautiful Laodamia, 105
 a husband was snatched sweeter than life and breath:
 the tide of love swallowing you up in such a great eddy
 carried you away into a steep abyss,
 such as, the Greeks say, near Cyllenaean Pheneus
 with the swamp having been drained dries up the rich ground, 110
 which formerly with the marrow of the mountain having been cut
 falsely fathered son of Amphitryon is said to have dug,
 at the time when with unerring arrow the Stymphalian monsters
 he struck at the command of an inferior master,
 so that the door of heaven would be frequented by more gods, 115
 and Hebe would not exist with lengthy virginity.
 But your deep love was deeper than that abyss,
 [a love] which taught a yet untamed woman to bear the yoke.
 For the not so dear—to a parent consumed by age—head
 of a lateborn grandchild the one daughter nourishes, 120
 who, when he was just in the nick of time found for grandfatherly riches

nomen testatas intulit in tabulas,
 impia derisi gentilis gaudia tollens,
 suscitata cano volturium capiti:
 nec tantum niueo gauisa est ulla columbo
 compar, quae multo dicitur improbius
 oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro,
 quam quae praecipue multivola est mulier.
 sed tu horum magnos vicisti sola furores,
 ut semel es flavo conciliata uiro.
 aut nihil aut paulo cui tum concedere digna
 lux mea se nostrum contulit in gremium,
 quam circumcursans hinc illinc saepe Cupido
 fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.
 quae tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo,
 rara verecundae furta feremus erae
 ne nimium simus stultorum more molesti.
 saepe etiam Iuno, maxima caelicolum,
 coniugis in culpa flagrantem concoquit iram,
 noscens omniuoli plurima furta Iovis.
 atqui nec divis homines componier aequum est,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 ingratum tremuli tolle parentis onus.
 nec tamen illa mihi dextra deducta paterna
 fragrantem Assyrio uenit odore domum,
 sed furtiva dedit media munuscula nocte,
 ipsius ex ipso dempta uiri gremio.
 quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unis
 quem lapide illa dies candidiore notat.
 hoc tibi, quod potui, confectum carmine munus
 pro multis, Alli, redditur officiis,
 ne uestrum scabra tangat rubigine nomen

entered his name into the properly witnessed will,
 taking away unnatural joys of a distant relative made a laughing stock,
 he scares off from a hoary head a vulture:
 and any mate has not delighted in the snowy dove so much, 125
 which by far is said more shamelessly to always
 snatch kisses from a nipping beak,
 than the woman who is especially lustful.
 But you alone have surpassed the great passions of those,
 when first you are united in marriage with your blond husband. 130
 Worthy then to give way to her not at all or a little
 my light brought herself into our lap,
 often running about whom here and there Cupid
 gleamed radiant in a saffron tunic.
 Yet although she is not happy with Catullus alone, 135
 we endure the few affairs of a discreet mistress
 lest we be excessively troublesome in the manner of silly fools.
 Often even Juno, greatest of divinities,
 contained an anger blazing at her husband's fault,
 knowing the many affairs of Jove who wants everything. 140
 And yet it is not fair that man be compared to gods,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 carry off the thankless burden of a shaky parent.
 And nevertheless she, not having been led to me by parental righthand,
 came to a home perfumed with Assyrian scent,
 but in the middle of the night she gave secret little favours, 145
 after having been taken away from the very lap of that very husband.
 Wherefore that is sufficient, if to us alone is given
 the day which she marks by a more radiant stone.
 This gift, all I could do, made ready with poetry
 for many services, Allius, is rendered to you, 150
 lest your [family's] name with corroded rust,

haec atque illa dies atque alia atque alia.
huc addent diui quam plurima, quae Themis olim
antiquis solita est munera ferre piis.
sitis felices et tu simul et tua uita,
et domus <ipsa> in qua lusimus et domina,
et qui principio nobis terram dedit aufert,
a quo sunt primo omnia nata bona,
et longe ante omnes mihi quae me carior ipso est,
lux mea, qua viva vivere dulce mihi est.

both this day and another and another touch.
The Gods will add to this amount the many gifts, which Themis [Justice]
once used to offer to the devoted of olden times.
May you all be fortunate both you and [the love of] your life,
and this very house in which we play and the mistress,
and he who in the beginning gave the land takes away,¹
from which all my prosperities were at first born,
and far before all she is dearer to me—this very man—than myself,
my light, while this woman still lives it is sweet for me to live.

155

160

¹ This line is corrupt and the meaning unclear. Two lines believed missing between lines 142-3 may have supplied the context to make sense of it.

69.

Noli admirari, quare tibi femina nulla,
Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur,
non si illam rarae labefactes munere uestis
aut perluciduli deliciis lapidis.
laedit te quaedam mala fabula, qua tibi fertur
valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.
hunc metuunt omnes, neque mirum: nam mala valde est
bestia, nec quicum bella puella cubet.
quare aut crudelem nasorum interface pestem,
aut admirari desine cur fugiunt.

70.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.
dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

71.

Si cui iure bono sacer alarum obstitit hircus,
aut si quem merito tarda podagra secat,
aemulus iste tuus, qui vestrem exercet amorem,
mirifice est apte nactus utrumque malum.
nam quotiens futuit, totiens ulciscitur ambos:
illam affligit odore, ipse perit podagra.

Do not be astonished, on account of which no woman
Rufus, wants to lay her tender thigh beneath you,
not even if you should undermine her with a gift of exquisite cloth
or with the pleasures of translucent stone.
A certain ugly rumor handicaps you, according to which a fiece billy goat is said
to dwell with you under the hollow of your armpits.
Everyone fears him, and no wonder: for this is a very ugly
beast, and with whom a pretty girl would not lie in bed.
Therefore either kill that cruel plague of noses,
or cease to wonder why they flee.

My woman says that she would prefer to marry no one
except me, not even if Jupiter personally should woo her.
She says: but what a woman says to her eager lover,
one ought to write on the wind and swift-moving water.

If an accursed he-goat of the armpit obstructed anyone with good reason,
or if hindering gout torments anyone deservedly,
that rival of yours, who exercises your love,
amazingly has suitably acquired both maladies.
For as often as he has sex, he so often punishes both of them:
he afflicts her with smell, he dies from gout.

72.

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem.
dilexi tum te non tantum ut uulgus amicam,
sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.
nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius uror,
multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
qui potis est, inquis? quod amantem iniuria talis
cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

73.

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri
aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.
omnia sunt ingrata, nihil fecisse benigne <est>;
immo etiam taedet; <taedet> obstetque magis;
ut mihi, quem nemo gravius nec acerbius urget,
quam modo qui me unum atque unicum amicum habuit.

74.

Gellius audierat patrum obiurgare solere,
si quis delicias diceret aut faceret.
hoc ne ipsi accideret, patrum perdepsit ipsam
uxorem, et patrum reddidit Harpocratem.
quod voluit fecit: nam, quamvis irrumet ipsum
nunc patrum, verbum non faciet patrum.

You once said, Lesbia, that you knew Catullus alone,
and you did not want to possess Jupiter before me.
Then I loved you not so much as the riffraff love a friend,
but as a father loves his children and son-in-laws.
Now I have understood you: therefore although I crave you more excessively,
nevertheless you are by far more cheap and more shallow to me.
How is this possible, you ask? Because such disservice
compels a lover to love more, but to admire less.

Cease to want to deserve well anything from anyone
or to think that somebody can be dutiful.
All are thankless, it is nothing to have acted kindly;
no, in fact it is troublesome; it is more troublesome and harmful;
as for me, nobody vexes me more harshly nor more cruelly,
than that person who just now considered me as a one and only friend.

Gellius had heard that his uncle was given to fits of complaining,
if anyone were to mention or were to perform public displays of affectation.
Lest this were to happen to himself, he pounded his uncle's very wife,
and turned his uncle into the Tight-Lipped God.
He did what he wanted: for, even though he now screws in the face
that very uncle, his uncle will not make a sound.

75.

Huc est mens deducta tua mea, Lesbia, culpa
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

76.

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere nullo
divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt.
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
quare cur tete iam amplius excrucies?
quin tu animo offirmas atque istinc te ipse reducis,
et dis inuitis desinis esse miser?
difficile est longum subito deponere amorem,
difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias:
una salus haec est. hoc est tibi peruincendum,
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
o di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum aspiciate et, si uitam puriter egi,
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
quae mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.

To this point my mind has been brought down, Lesbia, by your wrong-doing
and so acting of its accord ruined itself by its own devotion,
so that now it neither can wish kindness for you, if you should become extremely
good, nor desist to love you, if you should do everything bad.

If there is any pleasure for a man remembering
former good deeds, when he thinks that he is pious,
and has not transgressed the sacred faith, and in no treaty has not
abused the power of the gods for deceiving men,
much happiness waits ready for you, Catullus,
in a long lifetime from this thankless love.
For whatever men are able to either to say or do well to anyone,
these have been said and have been done by you.
All these things which have been entrusted to a thankless heart are lost.
Wherefore now why will you torment yourself further?
Why don't you toughen your mind and from there you bring back
yourself and with the gods being unwilling why don't you cease to be a wretch.
It is difficult to put down at once a longstanding love,
it is difficult, but in fact you must affect this in whatever way:
the only salvation is this. This must be overcome by you,
you must do this, whether it is not possible or whether it is possible.
O Gods, since it is characteristic of you to have pity, or if for anyone you
ever, moreover, brought help at the end in death itself,
look upon wretched me, and if I have conducted life in a pure manner,
seize this affliction and ruin from me,
which steals upon me into my deepest limbs as a paralysis drives out
happiness from my entire heart.

non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

77.

Rufe mihi frustra ac nequiquam credite amice
(frustra? immo magno cum pretio atque malo),
sicine subrepsi mi, atque intestina perurens
ei misero eripuisti omnia nostra bona?
eripuisti, heu heu nostrae crudele venenum
vitae, heu heu nostrae pestis amicitiae.

78.

Gallus habet fratres, quorum est lepidissima coniunx
alterius, lepidus filius alterius.
Gallus homo est bellus: nam dulces iungit amores,
cum puero ut bello bella puella cubet.
Gallus homo est stultus, nec se videt esse maritum,
qui patruus patrum monstret adulterium.

This I am not now looking for, that she would love me in return,
or, because this is not possible, that she wish to be chaste:
I personally choose to be healthy and to put aside this loathsome sickness.
O Gods, return to me this on behalf of my devotion.

Rufus, you all believe in vain and to no purpose that you are my friend
(in vain? no, with great cost and woe),
is this how you stole upon me, and scalding my guts
you snatched all our blessings from wretched me?
You snatched, alas, alas, you cruel poison of our
life, alas, alas, you plague upon our friendship.

Gallus has brothers, of whom very enchanting is the wife of one,
enchanting is the son of the other.
Gallus is a fine fellow: for he unites sweet affectations,
so that this fine girl sleeps with this fine guy.
Gallus is an ignorant fellow, he does not realize that he is married,
who as an uncle teaches adultery for an uncle.

78b.

* * * * *

sed nunc id doleo, quod purae pura puellae
suavia comminxit spurca saliva tua.
verum id non impune feres: nam te omnia saecla
noscent et, qui sis, fama loquetur anus.

but now this rankles me, that your foul spit
has pissed upon the pure lips of a pure girl.
In fact you do not suffer it without punishment: for all ages
will know you, and who you are, fame as an old woman will tell.

79.

Lesbius est pulcher. quid ni? quem Lesbia malit
quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua.
sed tamen hic pulcher vendat cum gente Catullum,
si tria natorum suavia reppererit.

Lesbius is handsome. Why shouldn't he be? This man Lesbia prefers
than you with your entire kind, Catullus.
But nevertheless this handsome man would sell Catullus with his kind,
if he has found three kisses of his friends.

80.

Quid dicam, Gelli, quare rosea ista labella
hiberna fiant candidiora nive,
mane domo cum exis et cum te octava quiete
e molli longo suscitatur hora die?
nescio quid certe est: an vere fama susurrat
grandia te medii tenta vorare viri?
sic certe est: clamant Victoris rupta miselli
ilia, et emulso labra notata sero.

How should I say, Gellius, why those rosy lips
become whiter than a winter snow,
when you leave home in the morning and when the eighth hour
arouses you from a gentle slumber during the long day?
this certainly is something: how can it be that this talk truly whispers
that you devour big erections of a man's middle?
This is certainly so: the ruptured loins of poor little Victor and his
his lips stained with milked sperm cry out.

81.

Nemone in tanto potuit populo esse, Iuuenti,
bellus homo, quem tu diligere inciperes,
praeterquam iste tuus moribunda ab sede Pisauri
hospes inaurata palladior statua,
qui tibi nunc cordi est, quem tu praeponere nobis
audes, et nescis quod facinus facias?

Could nobody in such a great people, Juventius, be
a charming person, whom you could begin to esteem,
beyond that guest of yours from the dying seat of Pisarium
who's paler than a gilded statue,
who now is in your heart, whom you dare to relegate over us
and know now what a crime you commit?

82.

Quinti, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum
aut aliud si quid carius est oculis,
eripere ei noli multo quod carius illi
est oculis seu quid carius est oculis.

Quintius, if you desire that Catullus owes to you his eyes
or anything else if something is more precious than his eyes,
do not rob him what by far is more precious to him
than eyes or something more precious than eyes.

83.

Lesbia mi praesente uiro mala plurima dicit:
haec illi fatuo maxima laetitia est.
mule, nihil sentis? si nostri oblita taceret,
sana esset: nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,
non solum meminit, sed, quae multo acrior est res,
irata est. hoc est, uritur et loquitur.

Lesbia says many bad things to me while her man is present:
this is the greatest happiness to that moron.
Ass, do you perceive nothing? If forgetful of us she should say nothing,
she would be sober: now in view of the fact that she growls and interrupts me,
she not only remembers, but, which act is more to the point,
is furious. That is to say, she burns with passion and thus talks.

84.

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda uellet
dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias,
et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias.
credo, sic mater, sic liber auunculus eius,
sic maternus auus dixerat atque auia.
hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures:
audibant eadem haec leniter et leviter,
nec sibi postilla metuebant talia uerba,
cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis:
Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
iam non Ionios esse sed Hionios.

85.

Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

86.

Quinta formosa est multis. mihi candida, longa,
recta est: haec ego sic singula confiteor.
totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venustas,
nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosa est, quae cum pulcerrima tota est,
tum omnibus una omnis surripuit veneres.

He used to say “haccomadations,” if ever he wanted to say “accomodations,”
and for “insidiousness” Arius used to say, “hinsidiousness.”
and then strangely he flattered himself that he is speaking,
when he said “hinsidiousness” as much as he could.
I believe, in such a way his mother, his free uncle,
his maternal grandfather and grandmother had spoken.
After he had been sent to Syria our ears found relief from all [these words]:
they used to hear these same words calmly and lightly,
and afterwards they did fear for themselves such words,
when suddenly a dreaded announcement is reported:
that the Ionian waves, after Arrius had gone there,
are not now the Ionian waves but the “Hionian” waves.

I hate and I love. How do I do this, perhaps you ask.
I do not know, but I feel it happen and I’m tormented.

Quintia is beautiful to many. To me she is fair, tall,
straight-limbed: in this way I admit these individual qualities.
Beauty--I deny that this is everything: for there is no charm,
not a grain of salt in so statuesque figure.
Lesbia is beautiful, who not only is completely most appealing,
but also in one body steals from all every sexy charm.

87.

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est.
nulla fides ullo fuit umquam foedere tanta,
quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est.

88.

Quid facit is, Gelli, qui cum matre atque sorore
prurit, et abiectis pervigilat tunicis?
quid facit is, patruum qui non sinit esse maritum?
ecquid scis quantum suscipiat sceleris?
suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys
nec genitor Nympharum abluit Oceanus:
nam nihil est quicquam sceleris, quo prodeat ultra,
non si demisso se ipse voret capite.

89.

Gellius est tenuis: quid ni? cui tam bona mater
tamque valens vivat tamque venusta soror
tamque bonus patruus tamque omnia plena puellis
cognatis, quare is desinat esse macer?
qui ut nihil attingat, nisi quod fas tangere non est,
quantumvis quare sit macer invenies.

No woman can say that she was truly loved as much
as my Lesbia was loved by me.
In any treaty there was never as much faith
as there has been found in your love from my part.

What does the man do, Gellius, who with his mother and sister
is sexually aroused, and after his tunics have been cast aside stays awake at night?
What does the man do, who does not allow his uncle to be a married man?
Does anyone know how much wickedness he undertakes?
He undertakes, Gellius, so much that neither far-away
Tethys nor the father of the Nymphs, Oceanus, washes it away:
for there's not anything of wickedness, to which he might proceed further,
not even if he should eat himself with his head lowered.

Gellius is thin: why not? For whom there's so a good a mother
and so vivacious and so vibrant a sister
and so good an uncle and [a world] so entirely full of girls
of his own kin, for what reason should he cease being scrawny?
Although he touches nothing, unless to touch what it is not allowed,
as much as you like for what reason he should be thin you will find.

90.

Nascatur magus ex Gelli matrisque nefando
coniugio et discat Persicum aruspicium:
nam magus ex matre et gnato gignatur oportet,
si vera est Persarum impia religio,
gratus ut accepto veneretur carmine divos
omentum in flamma pingue liquefaciens.

91.

Non ideo, Gelli, sperabam te mihi fidum
in misero hoc nostro, hoc perduto amore fore,
quod te cognossem bene constantemve putarem
aut posse a turpi mentem inhibere probro;
sed neque quod matrem nec germanam esse uidebam
hanc tibi, cuius me magnus edebat amor.
et quamvis tecum multo coniungerer usu,
non satis id causae credideram esse tibi.
tu satis id ducti: tantum tibi gaudium in omni
culpa est, in quacumque est aliquid sceleris.

92.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male nec tacet umquam
de me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.
quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
assidue, v erum dispeream nisi amo.

Let a magus be born from the unspeakable union of Gellius and his mother
and let him learn Persian divination:
for it is proper that a magus should be born from mother and son,
if the impious religion of the Persians is true,
so that he, a pleasing man, might venerate the gods with a pleasing song,
while melting the fat intestines in the fire.

For this reason Gellius, I used to hope that you would be faithful
to me in this my unhappy, in this my ruined love,
not because I had known you well, either because I thought that you were loyal
or because I thought that you could restrain your mind from repulsive scandal;
but because I saw that she, whose great love was consuming me,
was neither your mother nor your sister.
And even though I was associated with you by many dealings,
I had not believed that this was sufficient reason for you.
You reckoned that it was sufficient: there's so much delight for you
in all your wrongdoing, in whatever act there's something of crime.

Lesbia always speaks badly to me and does not ever keep quiet
about me: would that I perish if Lesbia does not love me.
With what sign? It is because my [words] are as many: I curse her
constantly, but would that I perish if I do not love her.

93.

Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere,
nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

I do not desire excessively, Caesar, to want to be pleasing to you,
and to know whether you are a white or dark man.

94.

Mentula moechatur. Moechatur mentula? Certe.
Hoc est quod dicunt: ipsa olera olla legit.

Cock commits adultery. Does the cock commit adultery? Certainly.
This is what they say: the pot itself gathers plants.

95.

Zmyrna mei Cinnae nonam post denique messem
quam coepta est nonamque edita post hiemem,
milia cum interea quingenta Hortensius uno
* * * * *

The Zmyrna of my Cinna finally after the ninth harvest
after it was begun and published after the ninth winter,
when 500,000 in the meantime Hortensius with one
* * * * *

Zmyrna cavas Satrachi penitus mittetur ad undas,
Zmyrnam cana diu saecula peruoluent.
at Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam
et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas.
parva mei mihi sint cordi monumenta <poetae>,
at populus tumido gaudeat Antimacho.

Zmyrna will be sent far off to the deep waters of the Satrachus,
for a long time hoary generations will wind through the Zmyrna.
But the annals of Volusius will die at Padua itself
and they will often provide loose tunics for mackrels.
Let the few monuments for my poet be pleasing to me,
but let the people rejoice at windy Antimachus.

96.

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumque sepulcris
accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
atque olim missas flemus amicitias,
certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est
Quintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo.

97.

Non (ita me di ament) quicquam referre putavi,
utrumne os an culum olfacerem Aemilio.
nilo mundius hoc, nihiloque immundior ille est,
verum etiam culus mundior et melior:
nam sine dentibus est. hoc dentis sesquipedalis,
gingivas vero ploxeni habet ueteris,
praeterea rictum qualem diffissus in aestu
meientis mulae cunnus habere solet.
hic futuit multas et se facit esse venustum;
et non pistrino traditur atque asino?
quem siqua attingit, non illam posse putemus
aegroti culum lingere carnificis?

If anything pleasing and accepting can reach
to silent graves, Calvus, from our pain,
by which yearning we renew old loves
and weep for friendships formerly dismissed,
surely this untimely death does not so much cause pain
for Quintilia, as she rejoices because of your love.

I did not think--the gods love me so--that it mattered,
whether I smelled the mouth or ass of Aemilius.
By no degree is the former cleaner, and by no degree is the latter more unclean,
but still his ass is cleaner and clearer:
for it's without teeth. This mouth has teeth one and half feet long,
he has, in fact, the gums of an old dung cart,
moreover he has an open mouth such as the split cunt of
a pissing mule is accustomed to have in heat.
He fucks many girls and he makes that he is charming;
and is he not handed down to the mill and donkey?
If any girl touches him, should we not think that she is able
to lick the ass of a diseased executioner.

98.

In te, si in quemquam, dici pote, putide Victi,
id quod verbosis dicitur et fatuis.
ista cum lingua, si usus veniat tibi, possis
culos et crepidas lingere carpatinas.
si nos omnino vis omnes perdere, Victi,
hiscas: omnino quod cupis efficies.

99.

Surripui tibi, dum ludis, mellite Iuventi,
suaviolum dulci dulcius ambrosia.
verum id non impune tuli: namque amplius horam
suffixum in summa me memini esse cruce,
dum tibi me purgo nec possum fletibus ullis
tantillum vestrae demere saevitiae.
nam simul id factum est, multis diluta labella
guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis,
ne quicquam nostro contractum ex ore maneret,
tamquam commictae spurca saliva lupae.
praeterea infesto miserum me tradere amori
non cessasti omnique excruciare modo,
ut mi ex ambrosia mutatum iam foret illud
suaviolum tristi tristius elleboro.
quam quoniam poenam misero proponis amori,
numquam iam posthac basia surripiam.

Against you, if against anyone, it can be said, dirty Victius,
that which is said to long-winded and silly men.
With that tongue of yours, if the need should arise for you,
you could lick asses and thick-soled sandals of hide.
If you want to ruin all of us completely, Victius,
let your mouth hang open, you will achieve completely what you desire.

I stole from you, while you were playing, honey-sweet Iuventius,
a little kiss sweeter than sweet ambrosia.
But I did not take it unpunished: for indeed for more than a hour,
I remembered that I was hung up on the top of a cross,
while I excused myself to you and I was not able to remove with
any tears a tiny bit of your cruelty.
For as soon as this was done, you wiped your lips drenched with
with tears with all your fingers,
lest anything contracted from our mouth remain,
just as if it were foul saliva of a filthy whore.
moreover you have not ceased to hand wretched me over for punishment,
to a harmful love and to torment [me] in every manner, so that for me
that kiss will now be changed more unhappily from ambrosia
to an unhappy cure for insanity
Since you set down that penalty for my wretched love,
never moreover hereafter will I steal kisses.

100.

Caelius Aufillenum et Quintius Aufillenam
flos Veronensum depereunt iuuenum,
hic fratrem, ille sororem. hoc est, quod dicitur, illud
fraternum uere dulce sodalicium.
cui faveam potius? Caeli, tibi: nam tua nobis
perspecta est igni tum unica amicitia,
cum vesana meas torreret flamma medullas.
sis felix, Caeli, sis in amore potens.

Caelius and Quintius, the flower of Veronese youth,
madly love Aufillenus and Aufillena,
the former loves the brother, the latter the sister. It is, what is said,
that brotherly partnership is indeed sweet.
Whom should I rather favor? Caelius, you: for your one and only
friendship was tried by fire then for us,
when a frenzied flame scorched my marrows.
May you be lucky, Caelius, may you be successful in your love.

101.

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
aduenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

After I had been conveyed through many nations and over many seas
I arrive, brother, for these sorrowful funeral sacrifices,
so that I might present you with a last gift for death
and in vain I might address the silent ash.
Since fortune has taken you, yes you, from me,
alas, unfortunate brother undeservedly snatched from me, now however in
these circumstances, these things, which by fathers' ancient custom
were offered as sad gifts for funeral sacrifices,
receive them with profusely flowing fraternal tears,
and for eternity, brother, hail and farewell.

102.

Si quicquam tacito commissum est fido ab amico,
cuius sit penitus nota fides animi,
meque esse invenies illorum iure sacratum,
Corneli, et factum me esse puta Arpocratem.

If anything entrusted by a faithful friend to a discreet person,
whose faithful mind is intimately known,
you will both find that I am bound by the oath of these men,
Cornelius, and reckon that I have been made a silent god.

103.

Aut sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Silo,
deinde esto quamvis saevus et indomitus:
aut, si te nummi delectant, desine quaeso
leno esse atque idem saevus et indomitus.

Silo, please either return to me my 10,000 sesterces,
then be as wild and untamed as you like:
or, if the coins please you, please cease
to be a pimp and at the same time wild and untamed.

104.

Credis me potuisse meae maledicere vitae,
ambobus mihi quae carior est oculis?
non potui, nec, si possem, tam perditae amarem:
sed tu cum Tappone omnia monstra facis.

Do you believe that I could speak ill of my soul-mate,
who is more dear to me than both my eyes?
I could not, and, if I could, I would not love her so desperately:
but with Tappo you turn everything into a monstrous act.

105.

Mentula conatur Pipleium scandere montem:
Musae furcillis praecipitem eiciunt.

Cock tries to scale the Piplan mountain:
The Muses throw him out headfirst with pitchforks.

106.

Cum puero bello praeconem qui videt esse,
quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

What should he believe, who sees that the auctioneer is
with a pretty boy, except that he is intent upon selling himself?

107.

Si quicquam cupido optantique optigit umquam
insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque carius auro
quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido.
restituis cupido atque insperanti, ipsa refert te
nobis. o lucem candidiore nota!
quis me uno vivit felicitior aut magis hac rem
optandam in vita dicere quis poterit?

If anything ever occurred to an eager man and a desiring man
but not expecting anything, then this is quite properly pleasing to the soul.
Wherefore it is also pleasing to us more dearly than gold
that you restore yourself, Lesbia, to my desire.
You restore yourself to this desirous and not expecting man, of your own accord
return yourself to us. O day with the whiter mark!
Who lives more happily than me alone or who could say that
a situation should be desired more in life than this one.

108.

Si, Comini, populi arbitrio tua cana senectus
spurcata impuris moribus intreat,
non equidem dubito quin primum inimica bonorum
lingua exsecta avido sit data vulturio,
effossos oculos voret atro gutture corvus,
intestina canes, cetera membra lupi.

If, Cominius, by verdict of the people your hoary old age,
made foul by disbased morals, would be put to death,
for my part I do not doubt that first your tongue—the enemy of upstanding
citizens--would have been cut out and given to the hungry vulture,
the raven would devour in its black throat your gouged-out eyes;
dogs, your guts; wolves, your remaining limbs.

109.

Iucundum, mea uita, mihi proponis: amorem
hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuum usque fore.
di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita
aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

It is pleasant, my soul-mate, that you promise this to me: that this love
of ours between us will be constant forever.
Ye mighty gods, make it so that she can truly promise this,
and say this without dishonesty and from the heart,
so that we might be allowed to conduct for our entire life
this eternal treaty of sacred friendship.

110.

Aufillena, bonae semper laudantur amicae:
accipiunt pretium, quae facere instituunt.
tu, quod promisti, mihi quod mentita inimica es,
quod nec das et fers saepe, facis facinus.
aut facere ingenuae est, aut non promisse pudicae,
Aufillena, fuit: sed data corripere
fraudando officiis plus quam meretricis avarae
quae sese toto corpore prostituit.

Aufillena, accomodating mistresses always are praised:
they receive the price of those things which they set out to do.
Because you promised, because you lied to me (you are an enemy),
because you do not give yet often take, you are committing an outrage.
Either it is honest to do it, or it was not chaste to have promised it,
Aufillena: but to carry off presents by cheating men
out of your services is more than the conduct of a greedy whore
who prostitutes herself with her whole body.

111.

Aufillena, viro contentam vivere solo,
nuptarum laus ex laudibus eximiis:
sed cuivis quamvis potius succumbere par est,
quam matrem fratres concipere ex patruo.

Aufillena, it is the compliment of wives out of exceptional compliments
to live content with one man:
but it is fitting that any woman lie under any man rather than
a mother conceive [brotherly] cousins from her uncle.

112.

Multus homo es, Naso, neque tecum multus homo est quin
te scindat: Naso, multus es et pathicus.

You are a large man, Naso, and there is not many a man with you
that wouldn't split you: Naso, you are large and pathetic.

113.

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Maeciliam: facto consule nunc iterum
manserunt duo, sed creuerunt milia in unum
singula. fecundum semen adulterio.

When Pompeius first was consul, Cinna, two used to know
Maecilla: with Pompeius having been made consul now a second time
two have remained, but a thousand apiece for each one has grown.
The seed of adultery is prolific.

114.

Firmano saltu non falso Mentula dives
fertur, qui tot res in se habet egregias,
aucupium omne genus, piscis, prata, arva ferasque.
nequiquam: fructus sumptibus exsuperat.
quare concedo sit dives, dum omnia desint.
saltum laudemus, dum modo ipse egeat.

Cock is not wrongly said to be rich because of his
estate at Firmum. He has so many outstanding things in his possession,
every kind of wildfowl, fish, meadows, ploughed fields, and wildgame.
In vain: he exceeds his revenues with his expenses.
Therefore I concede he is rich, provided that he has nothing.
Let us praise his estate, provided that he personally is in need.

115.

Mentula habet lustra et triginta iugera prati,
quadraginta arvi: cetera sunt maria.
cur non divitiis Croesum superare potis sit,
uno qui in saltu tot bona possideat,
prata arva ingentes silvas saltusque paludesque
usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum?
omnia magna haec sunt, tamen ipsest maximus ultro,
non homo, sed vero mentula magna minax.

116.

Saepe tibi studioso animo venante requirens
carmina uti possem mittere Battiadae,
qui te lenirem nobis, neu conarere
tela infesta mittere in usque caput,
hunc video mihi nunc frustra sumptum esse laborem,
Gelli, nec nostras hic valuisse preces.
contra nos tela ista tua evitabimus acta,
at fixus nostris tu dabis supplicium.

Cock has thirty plots of wood and meadow,
forty of farmland: the rest is swamp.
Why is he not able to surpass the riches of Croesus,
who in one country estate holds so many properties,
meadows, farmland, vast forests, country estates and swamps
all the way to the Hyperboreans and Oceanus, the sea? All these
things are great, however he personally is greatest of his own accord,
he's not a man, but in fact a great menacing cock.

Often when I am hunting about with a zealous mind, I look for you
so that I can send the songs of Callimachus,
whereby I might mollify you to ourself, and so that you would not try
to send harmful spears all the up into my head, and I
see for myself that now in vain this work has been taken up,
Gellius, and that in this matter our prayers might not prevail.
We will avoid those missiles of yours that were thrown against us,
yet you, pierced with ours, will pay the penalty.