

Project Gutenberg's The Poems and Fragments of Catullus, by Catullus

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org

Title: The Poems and Fragments of Catullus

Author: Catullus

Translator: Robinson Ellis

Release Date: July 19, 2006 [EBook #18867]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ISO-8859-1

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CATULLUS ***

Produced by Melissa Er-Raqabi, Ted Garvin, Taavi Kalju and
the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at
<http://www.pgdp.net>

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF CATULLUS,

TRANSLATED IN THE METRES OF THE ORIGINAL

BY

ROBINSON ELLIS,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1871.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Pg vii]

PREFACE.

The idea of translating Catullus in the original metres adopted by the poet himself was suggested to me many years ago by the admirable, though, in England, insufficiently known, version of Theodor Heyse (Berlin, 1855). My first attempts were modelled upon him, and were so unsuccessful that I dropped the idea for some time altogether. In 1868, the year following the publication of my larger critical edition[A] of Catullus, I again took up the experiment, and translated into English glyconics the first Hymenaeal, *Collis o Heliconici*. Tennyson's Alcaics and Hendecasyllables had appeared in the interval, and had suggested to me the new principle on which I was to go to work. It was not sufficient to reproduce the ancient metres, unless the ancient quantity was reproduced also. Almost all the modern writers of classical metre had contented themselves with making an accented syllable long, an unaccented short; the[Pg viii] most familiar specimens of hexameter, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Clough's *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* and *Amours de Voyage* were written on this principle, and, as a rule, stopped there. They almost invariably disregarded position, perhaps the most important element of quantity. In the first line of *Evangeline*—

*This is the forest
primeval, the
murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,*

there are no less than five violations of position, to say nothing of the shortening of a syllable so distinctly long as the *i* in *primeval*. Mr. Swinburne, in his Sapphics and Hendecasyllables, while writing on a manifestly artistic conception of those metres, and, in my judgment, proving their possibility for modern purposes by the superior rhythmical effect which a classically trained ear enabled him to make in handling them, neglects position as a rule, though his nice sense of metre leads him at times to observe it, and uniformly rejects any approach to the harsh combinations indulged in by other writers. The nearest approach to quantitative hexameters with which I am acquainted in modern English writers is the *Andromeda* of Mr. Kingsley, a poem which has produced little effect, but is interesting as a step to what may fairly be called a new development of the metre. For the experiments of the Elizabethan writers, Sir Philip Sidney and others, by that strange perversity which [Pg ix] so often dominates literature, were as decidedly unsuccessful from an accentual, as the modern experiments from a quantitative point of view. Sir Philip Sidney has given in his *Arcadia* specimens of hexameters, elegiacs, sapphics, asclepiads, anacreontics, hendecasyllables. The following elegiacs will serve as a sample.

*Unto a caitif wretch,
whom long affliction
holdeth,
And now fully believ's
help to bee quite
perished;
Grant yet, grant yet a
look, to the last moment
of his anguish,
O you (alas so I finde)
caus of his onely ruine:
Dread not awhit (O
goodly cruel) that pitie
may enter
Into thy heart by the
sight of this Epistle I
send:
And so refuse to behold
of these strange wounds
the recitall,
Lest it might m' allure
home to thyself to
return.*

[Pg x]In these the classical laws of position are most carefully observed; every dactyl ending in a consonant is followed by a word beginning with a vowel or *h*—*affl•ct•n holdeth, mom•nt •f h•s anguish, ca•se •f h•s onely; affliction wasteth, moment of his dolour, cause of his dreary*, would have been as impossible to Sir Philip Sidney as *mo•r•r t•nebat, mom•nt• p•r curae, ca•s• v•l sola* in a Latin writer of hexameters. Similarly where the dactyl is incised after the second syllable, the third syllable beginning a new word, the utmost care is taken that that word shall begin not only with a syllable essentially short, but, when the second syllable ends in a consonant, with a vowel: *•f th•s •pistle*, but not *•f th•s d•saster*, still less *•f th•s d•rection*. The other element of quantity is less rigidly defined; for (1) syllables strictly long, as *I, thy, so*, are allowed to be short; (2) syllables made long by the accent falling upon them are in some cases shortened, as *r•ne, p•rsh•d, cr•l*; (3) syllables which the absence of the accent only allows to be long *in thesi*, are, in virtue of the classical laws of position, permitted to rank as long elsewhere—*mom•nt of his, •f this epistle*. It needs little reflection to see that it is to one or other of these three peculiarities that the failure of the Elizabethan writers of classical metres must be ascribed.

Pentameters like

*Gratefulness, sweetness,
holy love, hearty
regard,
That the delights of life
shall be to him
dolorous,
And even in that love
shall I reserve him a
spite;*

sapphics like

*Are then humane
mindes privileg'd so
meanly
As that hateful death
can abridg them of
power
With the vow of truth to
record to all worlds
That we bee her spoils?*

hexameters like

*F•re n• l•quor can cool:
Nept•ne's re•lm would
not avail us.
Nurs inw•rd m•l•di•s,
which have not scope to
bee breath'd out.
Oh n• n•, worthie sheph
•rd, worth c•n never
enter a title;*

are too alien from ordinary pronunciation to please either an average reader or a classically trained[Pg xi] student. The same may be said of the translation into English hexameters of the two first Eclogues of Virgil, appended by William Webbe to his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586, recently reprinted by Mr. Arber). Here is his version of Ecl. I., 1-10.

MELIBAEUS.
*Tityrus, happilie then
lyste tumbling under a
beech tree,
All in a fine oate pipe
these sweete songs
lustilie chaunting:
We, poore soules goe to
wracke, and from these
coastes be remoued,*

*And fro our pastures
sweete: thou Tityr, at
ease in a shade plott
Makst thicke groues to
resound with songes of
brave Amarillis.*

TITYRUS.

*O Melibaeus, he was no
man, but a God who
releeude me:*

*Euer he shalbe my God:
from this same Sheepcot
his alters*

*Neuer, a tender lambe
shall want, with blood
to bedew them.*

*This good gift did he
giue, to my steeres thus
freelie to wander,
And to my selfe (thou
seest) on pipe to
resound what I listed.
ib. 50-56.*

*Here no unwoonted
foode shall grieue
young theaues who be
laded,*

*Nor the infections foule
of neigbours flocke
shall annoie them.*

*Happie olde man. In
shaddowy bankes and
coole prettie places,
Heere by the quainted
floodes and springs
most holie remaining.*

*Here, these quicksets
fresh which lands seuer
out fro thy neighbors
And greene willow
rowes which Hiblae
bees doo rejoice in,
Oft fine whistring noise,
shall bring sweete
sleepe to thy sences.*

The following stanzas are from a Sapphic ode into which Webbe translated, or as we should say, trans[Pg xii]posed the fourth Eclogue of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calendar*.

*Say, behold did ye euer
her Angelike face,*

*Like to Phoebe fayre?
or her heauenly hauour
And the princelike grace
that in her remaineth?
haue yee the like seene?
Vnto that place Caliope
dooth high her,
Where my Goddessesse
shines: to the same the
Muser*

*After her with sweete
Violines about them
cheerefully tracing.
All ye Sheepheardes
maides that about the
greene dwell,
Speede ye there to her
grace, but among ye
take heede
All be Virgins pure that
aproche to deck her,
dutie requireth.
When ye shall present
ye before her in place,
See ye not your selues
doo demeane too
rudely:
Bynd the fillets: and to
be fine the waste gyrt
fast with a tawdryne.
Bring the Pinckes
therewith many
Gelliflowres sweete,
And the Cullambynes:
let vs haue the
Wynesops,
With the Coronation
that among the loue
laddes
wontes to be worne
much.
Daffadowndillies all a
long the ground strowe,
And the Cowslyppe with
a prety paunce let heere
lye.
Kyngcuppe and Lillies
so beloude of all men
and the deluce flowre.*

There are many faults in these verses; over quaintnesses of language, constructions impossible in

English,[Pg xiii] quantities of doubtful correctness, harsh elisions, for Webbe has tried even elisions. Yet, if I may trust my judgment, all of them can still be read with pleasure; the sapphics may almost be called a success. This is even more true of metres, where these faults are less perceptible or more easily avoided, for instance, Asclepiads. Take the verses on solitariness, Arcadia, B. II. fin.

*O sweet woods, the
delight •f s•l•t•riness!
O how much I do like
your solitariness!
Where man's mind hath
a freed consideration
Of goodness to receive
lovely direction.*

or the hendecasyllables immediately preceding,

*Reason tell me thy
minde, if here be
reason,
In this strange violence,
to make resistance,
Where sweet graces
erect the stately banner.*

It is obvious that a very little more trouble would have converted these into very perfect and very pleasing poems. Had Sir Philip Sidney written every asclepiad on the model of *Where man's mind hath a freed consideration*, every hendecasyllable like *Where sweet graces erect the stately banner*, the adjustment of accent and quantity thus attained might, I think, have induced greater poets than he to make the experiment on a larger scale. But neither he nor his contemporaries were permitted to grasp as a principle a regularity which they sometimes secured by chance; nor, so far as I am aware, have the various revivals of ancient metre in this country or Germany in any case consistently carried out the *whole* theory, without which the reproduction is partial, and cannot look for a more than partial success. Even the four specimens given in the posthumous edition of Clough's poems, two of them elegiac, one alcaic, one in hexameters, though professedly constructed on a quantitative basis, and, in one instance (*Trunks the forest yielded, with gums ambrosial oozing, &c.*) combining legitimate quantity (in which accent and position are alike observed) with illegitimate (in which position is observed, but accent disregarded) into a not unpleasing rhythm, cannot be considered as more than imperfect realizations of the true positional principle. Tennyson's three specimens are, at least in English, still unique. It is to be hoped that he will not suffer them to remain so. Systems of Glyconics and Asclepiads are, if I mistake not, easily manageable, and are only thought foreign to the genius of our language because they have never been written on strict principles of art by a really great master.

What, then, are the rules on which such rhythms become possible? They are, briefly, these:—(1) accented syllables, *as a general rule*, are long, though[Pg xv] some syllables which count as long need not be accented, as in

*All that on earth's leas
blooms, what blossoms
Thessaly nursing,*

blossoms, though only accented on the first syllable, counts for a spondee, the shortness of the second o

being partly helped out by the two consonants which follow it; partly by the fact that the syllable is *in thesi*; (2) the laws of position are to be observed, according to the general rules of classical prosody: (a) dactyls terminating in a consonant like *beautiful*, *bounteous*, or ending in a double vowel or a diphthong like *all of you*, *surely may*, *come to thee*, must be followed by a word beginning with a vowel or y or h; dactyls terminating in a vowel or y, like *slippery*, should be followed, except in rare cases, by words beginning with a consonant; trochees, whether composed of one word or more, should, if ending in a consonant, be followed by a vowel, if ending in the vowel a, by a consonant, thus, *planted around* not *planted beneath*, *Aurora the sun's* not *Aurora a sun's* (see however, lxiv. 253), but *unto a wood, any again, sorry at all, you be amused*. (b) Syllables made up of a vowel followed by two or more consonants, each of which is distinctly heard in pronunciation, as *long, sins, part, band, waits, souls, ears, must, heart, bright, strength, end, and, rapt, hers, dealt, moment, bosoms, answers, mountains, bearest, tumbling, giving*, [Pg xvi] coming, harbouring, difficult, imminent, stratagems, utterance, happiest, tremblingly, can never rank as short, even if unaccented and followed by a vowel, h or y. Thus, to go back to Longfellow's line,

*This is the forest
primeval, the
murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,*

for•st, murmur•ng, pines •nd the, are all inadmissible. But where a vowel is followed by two consonants, one of which is unheard or only heard slightly, as in *accuse, shall, assemble, dissemble, kindness, compass, affect, appear, annoy*, or when the second or third consonant is a liquid, as in *betray, beslime, besmear, depress, dethrone, agree*, the vowel preceding is so much more short than long as to be regularly admissible as short, rarely admissible as long. On this principle I have allowed *dis•rd•rly•, t •n•ntl•ss, heav•nly•*, to rank as dactyls.

These rules are after all only an outline, and perhaps can never be made more. It will be observed that they are more negative than positive. The reason of this is not far to seek. The main difference between my verses and those of other contemporary writers—the one point on which I claim for myself the merit of novelty—is the strict observance throughout of the rules of position. But the strict observance of position is in effect the strict avoidance of unclassical collocations of syllables: it is almost wholly negative. To illustrate my meaning I will instance the poems [Pg xvii] written in pure iambics, the *Phaselus ille* and *Quis hoc potest uidere*. Heyse translates the first line of the former of these poems by

*Die Galeotte, die ihr
schauet, liebe Herrn,*

and this would be a fair representation of a pure iambic line, according to the views of most German and most English writers. Yet not only is *Die* no short syllable, but *ihr*, itself long, is made more hopelessly long by preceding three consonants in *schauet*, just as the last syllable of *schauet*, although in itself short, loses its right to stand for a true short in being followed by the first consonant of *liebe*. My own translation,

*The puny pinnace
yonder you, my friends,
discern,*

whatever its defects, is at least a pretty exact representation of a pure iambic line. xxix. 6-8, are thus translated by Heyse:—

*Und jener soll in
Uebermuthes
Ueberfluss
Von einem Bett zum
andern in die Runde
gehn?*

by me thus,

*Shall he in o'er-
assumption, o'er-
repletion he,
Sedately saunter every
dainty couch along?*

The difference is purely negative; I have bound myself to avoid certain positions forbidden by the laws of ancient prosody. To some I may seem to [Pg xviii] have lost in vigour by the process; yet I believe the sense of triumph over the difficulties of our language, the satisfaction of approaching in a novel and perceptibly felt manner one of those excellences which, as much as anything, contributes to the permanent charm of Catullus, his dainty versification, will more than compensate for any shortcomings which the difficulty of the task has made inevitable. The same may be said of the elaborately artificial poem to Camerius (c. lv.), and the almost unapproachable Attis (c. lxiii.). Here, at least half the interest lies in the varied turns of the metre; if these can be represented with anything like faithfulness, the gain in exactness of prosody is enough, in my judgment, to counterbalance the possible loss of freedom in expression.

There is another circumstance which tends to make modern rules of prosody necessarily negative. Quantity, in English revivals of ancient metre, depends not only on position, but on accent. But accent varies greatly in different words; *heavy level ever cometh any*, have the same accent as *empty evil either boometh penny*; but the first syllable in the former set of words is lighter than in the latter. Hence, though accented, they may, on occasion, be considered and used as short; as, on the same principle, *dolorous stratagem echoeth family*, usually dactyls, may, on occasion, become tribachs. But how lay [Pg xix] down any positive rule in matter necessarily so fluctuating? We cannot. All we can do is to refuse admission as short syllables to any heavier accented syllable. Here, then, much must be left to individual discretion. My translation of the Attis will best show my own feeling in the matter. But I am fully aware that in this respect I have fallen far short of consistency. I have made *any* sometimes short, more often long; *to*, usually short, is lengthened in lxi. 26, lxvii. 19, lxviii. 143; *with* is similarly long, though not followed by a consonant, in lxi. 36; *given* is long in xxviii. 7, short in xi. 17, lxiv. 213; *are* is short in lxvii. 14; and more generally many syllables allowed to pass for short in the Attis are elsewhere long. Nor have I scrupled to forsake the ancient quantity in proper names; following Heyse, I have made the first syllable of *Verona* short in xxxv. 3, lxvii. 34, although it retains its proper quantity in lxviii. 27. Again, *Pheneos* is a dactyl in lxviii. 111, while *Satrachus* is an anapaest in xcv. 5. In many of these instances I have acted consciously; if the writers of Greece and Rome allowed many syllables to be doubtful, and almost as a principle avoid perfect uniformity in the quantity of proper names, a greater freedom may not unfairly be claimed by their modern imitators. If Catullus could write *Phars•liam coeunt, Phars•lia regna frequentant*, similar license may surely be extended to me. I believe, indeed, [Pg xx] that nothing in my translation is as violent as the double quantity just mentioned in Catullus; but if there is, I would remind my readers of Goethe's answer to the boy who told him he had been guilty of a hexameter with seven feet, and applying the remark to any seeming irregularities in my own translation would say, *Lass die Bestie stehen*.

It would not be difficult to swell this Preface by enlarging on the novelty of the attempt, and indirectly panegyrising my own undertaking. I doubt whether any real advantage would thus be gained. If I have merely produced an elaborate failure, however much I might expatiate on the principles which guided me, my work would be an elaborate failure still. I shall therefore say no more, and shall be contented if I please the, even in this classically trained country, too limited number of readers who can really hear with their ears—if, to use the borrowed language of a great poet, I succeed in making myself vocal to the intelligent alone.

[Pg 1]

CATULLUS.

I.

Who shall take thee, the
new, the dainty volume,
Purfled glossily, fresh
with ashy pumice?
You, Cornelius; you of
old did hold them
Something worthy, the
petty witty nothings,

5

While you venture,
alone of all Italians,
Time's vast chronicle in
three books to circle,
Jove! how arduous, how
divinely learned!
Therefore welcome it,
yours the little outcast,
This slight volume. O
yet, supreme awarder,

10

Virgin, save it in ages
on for ever.

II.

Sparrow, favourite of
my own beloved,
Whom to play with, or
in her arms to fondle,
She delighteth, anon
with hardy-pointed

Finger angrily doth
provoke to bite her:

[Pg 2]

5

When my lady, a lovely
star to long for,
Bends her splendour
awhile to tricksy frolic;
Peradventure a careful
heart beguiling,
Pardie, heavier ache
perhaps to lighten;
Might I, like her, in
happy play caressing

10

Thee, my dolorous heart
awhile deliver!

.

.

I would joy, as of old
the maid rejoiced
Racing fleetly, the
golden apple eyeing,
Late-won loosener of
the wary girdle.

III.

Weep each heavenly
Venus, all the Cupids,
Weep all men that have
any grace about ye.
Dead the sparrow, in
whom my love
delighted,
The dear sparrow, in
whom my love
delighted.

5

Yea, most precious,
above her eyes, she held
him,
Sweet, all honey: a bird
that ever hail'd her
Lady mistress, as hails
the maid a mother.
Nor would move from
her arms away: but only
Hopping round her,
about her, hence or

hither,

10

Piped his colloquy,
piped to none beside
her.

Now he wendeth along
the mirky pathway,
Whence, they tell us, is
hopeless all returning.
Evil on ye, the shades of
evil Orcus,
Shades all beauteous
happy things devouring,

15

Such a beauteous happy
bird ye took him.

[Pg 3]

Ah! for pity; but ah! for
him the sparrow,
Our poor sparrow, on
whom to think my
lady's
Eyes do angrily redder
all a-weeping.

IV.

1.

The puny pinnace
yonder you, my friends,
discern,
Of every ship professes
agilest to be.
Nor yet a timber o'er the
waves alertly flew
She might not aim to
pass it; oary-wing'd
alike

5

To fleet beyond them,
or to scud beneath a sail.
Nor here presumes
denial any stormy coast
Of Adriatic or the
Cyclad orbed isles,
A Rhodos immemorial,
or that icy Thrace,
Propontis, or the gusty
Pontic ocean-arm,

10

Whereon, a pinnace
after, in the days of yore
A leafy shaw she
budded; oft Cytorus'
height
With her did inly
whisper airy colloquy.

2.

Amastris, you by
Pontus, you, the box-
clad hill
Of high Cytorus, all, the
pinnace owns, to both

15

Was ever, is familiar; in
the primal years
She stood upon your
hoary top, a baby tree,
Within your haven early
dipt a virgin oar:
To carry thence a master
o'er the surly seas,
A world of angry water,
hail'd to left, to right

20

The breeze of invitation,
or precisely set
The sheets together op'd
to catch a kindly Jove.

[Pg 4]

Nor yet of any power
whom the coasts adore
Was heard a vow to
soothe them, all the
weary way
From outer ocean unto
glassy quiet here.

25

But all the past is over;
indolently now
She rusts, a life in
autumn, and her age
devotes
To Castor and with him
ador'd, the twin divine.

V.

Living, Lesbia, we

should e'en be loving.
Sour severity, tongue of
eld maligning,
All be to us a penny's
estimation.
Suns set only to rise
again to-morrow.

5

We, when sets in a little
hour the brief light,
Sleep one infinite age, a
night for ever.
Thousand kisses, anon
to these an hundred,
Thousand kisses again,
another hundred,
Thousand give me
again, another hundred.

10

Then once heedfully
counted all the
thousands,
We'll uncount them as
idly; so we shall not
Know, nor traitorous
eye shall envy, knowing
All those myriad happy
many kisses.

VI.

But that, Flavius, hardly
nice or honest
This thy folly, methinks
Catullus also
E'en had known it, a
whisper had betray'd
thee.
Some she-malady, some
unhealthy wanton,

5

Fires thee verily: thence
the shy denial.

[Pg 5]

Least, you keep not a
lonely night of anguish;
Quite too clamorous is
that idly-feigning
Couch, with wreaths,
with a Syrian odour
oozing;

Then that pillow alike at
either utmost

10

Verge deep-dinted
asunder, all the
trembling
Play, the strenuous
unsophistication;
All, O prodigal, all alike
betray thee.
Why? sides shrunken, a
sullen hip disabled,
Speak thee giddy,
declare a
misdemeanour.

15

So, whatever is yours to
tell or ill or
Good, confess it. A
witty verse awaits thee
And thy lady, to place
ye both in heaven.

VII.

Ask me, Lesbia, what
the sum delightful
Of thy kisses, enough to
charm, to tire me?
Multitudinous as the
grains on even
Lybian sands aromatic
of Cyrene;

5

'Twixt Jove's oracle in
the sandy desert
And where royally
Battus old reposeth;
Yea a company vast as
in the silence
Stars which stealthily
gaze on happy lovers;
E'en so many the kisses
I to kiss thee

10

Count, wild lover,
enough to charm, to tire
me;
These no curious eye
can wholly number,

Tongue of jealousy ne'er
bewitch nor harm them.

[Pg 6]

VIII.

Ah poor Catullus, learn
to play the fool no more.
Lost is the lost, thou
know'st it, and the past
is past.

Bright once the days
and sunny shone the
light on thee,
Still ever hastening where
she led, the maid so fair,

5

By me belov'd as
maiden is belov'd no
more.

Was then enacting all
the merry mirth wherein
Thyself delighted, and
the maid she said not
nay.

Ah truly bright and
sunny shone the days on
thee.

Now she resigns thee;
child, do thou resign no
less,

10

Nor follow her that flies
thee, or to bide in woe
Consent, but harden all
thy heart, resolve,
endure.

Farewell, my love.
Catullus is resolv'd,
endures,
He will not ask for pity,
will not importune.
But thou'l be mourning
thus to pine unask'd
alway.

15

O past retrieval
faithless! Ah what hours
are thine!
When comes a likely

wooer? who protests
thou'rt fair?
Who brooks to love
thee? who decrees to
live thine own?
Whose kiss delights
thee? whose the lips that
own thy bite?
Yet, yet, Catullus, learn
to bear, resolve, endure.

IX.

Dear Veranius, you of
all my comrades
Worth, you only, a
many goodly thousands,

[Pg 7]

Speak they truly that
you your hearth revisit,
Brothers duteous,
homely mother aged?

5

Yes, believe them. O
happy news, Catullus!
I shall see him alive,
alive shall hear him,
Tribes Iberian, uses,
haunts, declaring
As his wont is; on him
my neck reclining
Kiss his flowery face,
his eyes delightful.

10

Now, all men that have
any mirth about you,
Know ye happier any,
any blither?

X.

In the Forum as I was
idly roaming
Varus took me a merry
dame to visit.
She a lady, methought
upon the moment,
Of some quality, not
without refinement.

1.

5

So, arrived, in a trice we
fell on endless
Themes colloquial; how
the fact, the falsehood
With Bithynia, what the
case about it,
Had it helped me to
profit or to money.
Then I told her a very
truth; no atom

10

There for company,
praetor, hungry natives,
Home might render a
body aught the fatter:
Then our praetor a
castaway, could hugely
Mulct his company, had
a taste to jeer them.

[Pg 8]

2.

15

Spoke another, 'Yet
anyways, to bear you

15

Men were ready,
enough to grace a litter.
They grow quantities, if
report belies not.'
Then supremely myself
to flaunt before her,
I 'So thoroughly could
not angry fortune
Spite, I might not,
afflicted in my province,

20

Get erected a lusty eight
to bear me.
But so scrubby the poor
sedan, the batter'd
Frame-work, nobody
there nor here could
ever
Lift it, painfully neck to
nick adjusting.'

Quoth the lady, belike a
lady wanton,

25

'Just for courtesy, lend
me, dear Catullus,
Those same nobodies. I
the great Sarapis
Go to visit awhile.' Said
I in answer,
'Thanks; but, lady, for
all my easy boasting,
'Twas too summary;
there's a friend who
knows me,

30

Cinna Gaius, his the
sturdy bearers.
'Mine or Cinna's, an
inch alone divides us,
I use Cinna's, as e'en my
own possession.
But you're really a bore,
a very tiresome
Dame unmannerly, thus
to take me napping.'

XI.

Furius and Aurelius, O
my comrades,
Whether your Catullus
attain to farthest
Ind, the long shore
lash'd by reverberating
Surges Eoan;

[Pg 9]

5

Hyrcan or luxurious
horde Arabian,
Sacan or grim Parthian
arrow-bearer,
Fields the rich Nile
discolorates, a seven-
fold
River abounding;
Whether o'er high Alps
he afoot ascending

10

Track the long records

of a mighty Cæsar,
Rhene, the Gauls' deep
river, a lonely Britain
Dismal in ocean;
This, or aught else haply
the gods determine,
Absolute, you, with me
in all to part not;

15

Bid my love greet, bear
her a little errand,
Scarcely of honour.
Say 'Live on yet, still
given o'er to nameless
Lords, within one
bosom, a many wooers,
Clasp'd, as unlov'd each,
so in hourly change all

20

Lewdly disabled.
'Think not henceforth,
thou, to recal Catullus'
Love; thy own sin slew
it, as on the meadow's
Verge declines,
ungently beneath the
plough-share
Stricken, a flower.'

XII.

Marrucinian Asinius,
hardly civil
Left-hand practices o'er
the merry wine-cup.
Watch occasion, anon
remove the napkin.
Call this drollery? Trust
me, friend, it is not.

5

'Tis most beastly, a trick
among a thousand.
Not believe me? believe
a friendly brother,
Laughing Pollio; he
declares a talent
Poor indemnification,
he the parlous
Child of voluble
humour and facetious.

So face
hendecasyllables, a
thousand,
Or most speedily send
me back the napkin;
Gift not prized at a sorry
valuation,
But for company; 'twas
a friend's memento.
Cloth of Saetabis,
exquisite, from utmost

Iber, sent as a gift to me
Fabullus
And Veranius. Ought
not I to love them
As Veranius even, as
Fabullus?

XIII.

Please kind heaven, in
happy time, Fabullus,
We'll dine merrily, dear
my friend, together.
Promise only to bring,
your own, a dinner
Rich and goodly; withal
a lily maiden,

Wine, and banter, a
world of hearty
laughing.
Promise only; betimes
we dine, my gentle
Friend, most merrily;
but, for your Catullus—
Know he boasts but a
pouch of empty
cobwebs.
Yet take contrary fee,
the quintessential

Love, or sweeter if
aught is, aught
supremer,
Perfume savoury, mine;
my love received it
Gift of every Venus, all

the Cupids.
Would you smell it? a
god shall hear Fabullus
Pray unbody him only
nose for ever.

[Pg 11]

XIV.

Calvus, save that as
eyes thou art beloved,
I could verily loathe
thee for the morning's
Gift, Vatinius hardly
more devoutly.
Slain with poetry! done
to death with abjects!

5

O what syllable earn'd
it, act allow'd it?
Gods, your malison on
the sorry client
Sent that rascally rabble
of malignants.
Yet, if, freely to guess,
the gift recherché
Some grammarian,
haply Sulla, sent thee;

10

I repine not; a dear
delight, a triumph
This, thy drudgery thus
to see rewarded.
Gods! an horrible and a
deadly volume!
Sent so faithfully,
friend, to thy Catullus,
Just to kill him upon a
day, the festive,

15

Saturnalia, best of all
the season.
Sure, a drollery not
without requital.
For, come dawn, to the
cases and the bookshops
I; there gather a Caesius
and Aquinus,
With Suffenus, in every
wretch a poison:

Such plague-prodigy thy
remuneration!
Now good-morrow!
away with evil omen
Whence ill destiny
lamely bore ye, clumsy
Poet-rabble, an age's
execration!

[Pg 12]

XIVb.

Readers, any that in the
future ever
Scan my fantasies,
haply lay upon me
Hands adventurous of
solicitation—

XV.

Lend thy bounty to me,
to my beloved,
Kind Aurelius. I do ask
a favour
Fair and lawful; if you
did e'er in earnest
Seek some virginal
innocence to cherish,

5

Touch not lewdly the
mistress of my passion.
Trust the people; avails
not aught to fear them,
Such, who hourly within
the streets repassing,
Run, good souls, on a
busy quest or idle.
You, you only the free,
the felon-hearted,

10

Fright me, prodigal you
of every virtue.
Well, let luxury run her
heady riot,
Love flow over; enough
abroad to sate thee:
This one trespass—a

tiny boon—presume
not.
But should impious heat
or humour headstrong

15

Drive thee wilfully,
wretch, to such
profaning,
In one folly to dare a
double outrage:
Ah what misery thine;
what angry fortune!
Heels drawn tight to the
stretch shall open
inward
Lodgment easy to
mullet and to radish.

[Pg 13]

XVI.

I'll traduce you, accuse
you, and abuse you,
Soft Aurelius, e'en as
easy Furius.
You that lightly a saucy
verse resenting,
Misconceit me,
sophisticate me wanton.

5

Know, pure chastity
rules the godly poet,
Rules not poesy, needs
not e'er to rule it;
Charms some verse with
a witty grace delightful?
'Tis voluptuous,
impudent, a wanton.
It shall kindle an icy
thought to courage,

10

Not boy-fancies alone,
but every frozen
Flank immovable, all
amort to pleasure.
You my kisses, a
million happy kisses,
Musing, read me a silky
thrall to softness?
I'll traduce you, accuse

you, and abuse you.

XVII.

1.

Kind Colonia, fain upon
bridge more lengthy to
gambol,
And quite ready to
dance amain, fearing
only the rotten
Legs too crazily
steadied on planks of
old resurrections,
Lest it plunge to the
deep morass, there
supinely to welter;

5

So surprise thee a
sumptuous bridge thy
fancy to pleasure,
Passive under a Salian
god's most lusty
procession;
This rare favour, a laugh
for all time, Colonia,
grant me.

[Pg 14]

In my township a citizen
lives: Catullus adjures
thee
Headlong into the mire
below topsy-turvy to
drown him.

10

Only, where the
superfluent lake, the
spongy putrescence,
Sinks most murkily
flushed, descends most
profoundly the bottom.
Such a ninny, a fool is
he; witless even as any
Two years' urchin,
across papa's elbow
drowsily swaying.

2.

For though wed to a

maiden in spring-tide
youthfully budding,

15

Maiden crisp as a
petulant kid, as airily
wanton,
Sweets more privy to
guard than e'er grape-
bunch shadowy-
purpling;
He, he leaves her alone
to romp idly, cares not a
fouter.
Nor leans to her at all,
the man's part; but
helpless as alder
Lies, new-fell'd in a
ditch, beneath axe
Ligurian ham-strung,

20

As alive to the world, as
if world nor wife were
at issue.
Such this gaby, my own,
my arch fool; he sees
not, he hears not
Who himself is, or if the
self is, or is not, he
knows not.
Him I'd gladly be
lowering down thy
bridge to the bottom,
If from stupor inanimate
peradventure he wake
him,

25

Leaving muddy behind
him his sluggish heart's
hesitation,
As some mule in a
glutinous sludge her
rondel of iron.

[Pg 15]

XXI.

Sire and prince-
patriarch of hungry
starvelings,
Lean Aurelius, all that

are, that have been,
That shall ever in after
years be famish'd;
Wouldst thou lewdly
my dainty love to folly

5

Tempt, and visibly?
thou be near, be joking
Cling and fondle, a
hundred arts redouble?
O presume not: a wily
wit defeated
Pays in scandalous
incapacitation.
Yet didst folly to fulness
add, 'twere all one;

10

Now shall beauty to
thirst be train'd or
hunger's
Grim necessity; this is
all my sorrow.
Then hold, wanton,
upon the verge; to-
morrow
Comes preposterous
incapacitation.

XXII.

Suffenus, he, dear
Varus, whom, methinks,
you know,
Has sense, a ready
tongue to talk, a wit
urbane,
And writes a world of
verses, on my life no
less.
Ten times a thousand
he, believe me, ten or
more,

5

Keeps fairly written; not
on any palimpsest,
As often, enter'd, paper
extra-fine, sheets new,
New every roller, red
the strings, the
parchment-case

Lead-rul'd, with even
pumice all alike
complete.
You read them: our
choice spirit, our refin'd
rare wit,

10

Suffenus, O no ditcher
e'er appeared more rude,
No looby coarser; such
a shock, a change is
there.

[Pg 16]

How then resolve this
puzzle? He the birthday-
wit,
For so we thought
him—keener yet, if
aught is so—
Becomes a dunce more
boorish e'en than hedge-
born boor,

15

If e'er he faults on
verses; yet in heart is
then
Most happy, writing
verses, happy past
compare,
So sweet his own self,
such a world at home
finds he.
Friend, 'tis the common
error; all alike are
wrong,
Not one, but in some
trifle you shall eye him
true

20

Suffenus; each man
bears from heaven the
fault they send,
None sees within the
wallet hung behind, our
own.

XXIII.

Needy Furius, house nor
hoard possessing,
Bug or spider, or any

fire to thaw you,
Yet most blest in a
father and a step-dame,
Each for penury fit to
tooth a flint-stone:

5

Is not happiness yours?
a home united?
Son, sire, mother, a
lathy dame to match
him.

Who can wonder? in all
is health, digestion,
Pure and vigorous,
hours without a trouble.
Fires ye fear not, or
house's heavy downfal,

10

Deeds unnatural, art in
act to poison,
Dangers myriad
accidents befalling.
Then your bodies? in
every limb a shrivell'd
Horn, all dryness in all
the world whatever,
Tann'd or frozen or icy-
lean with ages.

15

Sure superlative
happiness surrounds
thee.

[Pg 17]

Thee sweat frets not, an
o'er-saliva frets not,
Frets not snivel or oozy
rheumy nostril.
Yet such purity lacks
not e'en a purer.
White those haunches as
any cleanly-silver'd

20

Salt, it takes you a
month to barely dirt
them.
Then like beans, or inert
as e'er a pebble,
Those impeccable heavy
loins, a finger's
Breadth from apathy
ne'er seduced to riot.

Such prosperity, such
superb profusion,

25

Slight not, Furius, idly
nor reject not.
As for sesterces, all the
would-be fortune,
Cease to wish it;
enough, methinks, the
present.

XXIV.

O thou blossom of all
the race Juventian
Not now only, but all as
yet arisen,
All to flower in after-
years arising;
Midas' treasury better
you presented

5

Him that owns not a
slave nor any coffer,
Ere you suffer his alien
arm's presuming.
What? you fancy him all
refin'd perfection?
Perfect! truly, without a
slave, a coffer.
Slight, reject it, away
with it; for all that

10

He, he owns not a slave
nor any coffer.

XXV.

Smooth Thallus, inly
softer you than any
furry rabbit,
Or glossy goose's oily
plumes, or velvet earlap
yielding,
Or feeble age's heavy
thighs, or flimsy filthy
cobweb;

[Pg 18]

And Thallus, hungry
rascal you, as hurricane

rapacious,

5

When winks occasion
on the stroke, the gulls
agape declaring:
Return the mantle home
to me, you watch'd your
hour to pilfer,
The fleecy napkin and
the rings from Thynia
quaintly graven,
Whatever you parade as
yours, vain fool, a sham
reversion:
Unglue the nails adroit
to steal, unclench the
spoil, deliver,

10

Lest yet that haunch
voluptuous, those tender
hands caressant,
Should take an ugly
print severe, the
scourge's heavy
branding;
And strange to bruises
you should heave, as
heaves in open Ocean,
Some little hoy
surprised adrift, when
wails the windy water.

XXVI.

Draughts, dear Furius, if
my villa faces,
'Tis not showery south,
nor airy wester,
North's grim fury, nor
east; 'tis only fifteen
Thousand sesterces, add
two hundred over.

5

Draft unspeakable, icy,
pestilential!

XXVII.

Boy, young caterer of
Falernian olden,

Brim me cups of a
ficer harsher essence;
So Postumia, queen of
healths presiding,
Bids, less thirsty the
thirsty grape, the toper.

[Pg 19]

5

But dull water, avaunt.
Away the wine-cup's
Sullen enemy; seek the
sour, the solemn!
Here Thyonius hails his
own elixir.

XXVIII.

Starving company,
troop of hungry Piso,
Light of luggage, of
outfit expeditious,
You, Veranius, you, my
own Fabullus,
Say, what fortune?
enough of empty
masters,

5

Frost and famine, a
lingering probation?
Stands your diary fair?
is any profit
Enter'd *given?* as I to
serve a praetor
Count each beggarly
gift a timely profit.
Trust me, Memmius,
you did aptly finger

10

My passivity, fool'd me
most supinely.
Friends, confess it; in
e'en as hard a fortune
You stand mulcted, on
you a like abashless
Rake rides heavily.
Court the great who
wills it!
Gods and goddesses evil
heap upon ye,

15

Rogues to Romulus and

to Remus outcast.

XXIX.

Can any brook to see it,
any tamely bear—
If any, gamester,
epicure, a wanton, he—
Mamurra's own
whatever all the curly
Gauls
Did else inherit, or the
lonely Briton isle?

5

Can you look on, look
idly, filthy Romulus?
Shall he, in o'er-
assumption, o'er-
repletion he,
Sedately saunter every
dainty couch along,

[Pg 20]

A bright Adonis, as the
snowy dove serene?
Can you look on, look
idly, filthy Romulus?

10

Look idly, gamester,
epicure, a wanton, you.
Unique commander, and
was only this the plea
Detain'd you in that islet
angle of the west,
To gorge the shrunk
seducer irreclaimable
With haply twice a
million, add a million
yet?

15

What else was e'er
unhealthy prodigality?
The waste? to lust a
little? on the belly less?
Begin; a glutted hoard
paternal; ebb the first.
To this, the booty
Pontic; add the spoil
from out
Iberia, known to Tagus'
amber ory stream.

Not only Gaul, nor only
quail the Briton isles.
What help a rogue to
fondle? is not all his act
To swallow monies,
empty purses heap on
heap?
But you—to please him
only, shame to Rome, to
me!
Could you the son, the
father, idly ruin all?

XXX.

False Alfenus, in all
amity frail, duty a
prodigal,
Doth thy pity depart?
Shall not a friend,
traitor, a friend recal
Love? what courage is
here me to betray, me to
repudiate?

• • • • •
• • • • •
•

5

• • • • •
• • • • •
•

Never sure did a lie,
never a sin, please the
celestials.

(5)

This you heed not; alas!
leave me to new misery,
desolate.
O where now shall a
man trust? liveth yet any
fidelity?

[Pg 21]

You, you only did urge
love to be free, life to
surrender, you.

10

Guiding into the snare,
falsely secure, prophet
of happiness.
Now you leave me,

retract, every deed,
every word allow

(10)

Into nullity winds far to
remove, vapoury clouds
to bear.

You forget me, but yet
surely the Gods, surely
remembereth
Faith; hereafter again
honour awakes, causeth
a wretch to rue.

XXXI.

O thou of islands jewel
and of half-islands,
Fair Sirmio, whatever
o'er the lakes' clear rim
Or waste of ocean,
Neptune holds, a two-
fold pow'r;
What joy have I to see
thee, and to gaze what
glee!

5

Scarce yet believing
Thunia past, the fair
champaign
Bithunian, yet in safety
thee to greet once more.
From cares to part
us—where is any joy
like this?
Then drops the soul her
fardel, as the travel-tir'd
World-weary wand'rer
touches home, returns,
sinks down

10

In joy to slumber on the
bed desir'd so long.
This meed, this only
counts for e'en an age
all toil.
O take a welcome,
lovely Sirmio, thy
lord's,
And greet him happy;
greet him all the lake

Lydian;
Laugh out whatever
laughter at the hearth
rings clear.

[Pg 22]

XXXII.

List, I charge thee, my
gentle Ipsithilla,
Lovely ravisher and my
dainty mistress,
Say we'll linger a lazy
noon together.
Suits my company? lend
a farther hearing:

5

See no jealousy make
the gate against me,
See no fantasy lead thee
out a-roaming.
Keep close chamber;
anon in all profusion
Count me kisses again
again returning.
Bides thy will? with a
sudden haste command
me;

10

Full and wistful, at ease
reclin'd, a lover
Here I languish alone,
supinely dreaming.

XXXIII.

Master-robber of all that
haunt the bath-rooms,
Old Vibennius, and his
heir the wanton;
(His the dirtier hands,
the greedy father,
Yours the filthier heart,
his heir as hungry;)

5

Please your knaveries
hoist a sail for exile,
Pains and privacy? since
by this the father's

Thefts are palpable, and
a rusty favour,
Son, picks never a
penny from the people.

XXXIV.

Great Diana protecteth
us,
Maids and boyhood in
innocence.
Maidens virtuous,
innocent
Boys, your song be
Diana.

[Pg 23]

5

Hail, Latonia, thou that
art
Throned daughter of
enthronis'd
Jove; near Delian olive
of
Mighty mother y-boren.
Queen of mountainous
heights, of all

10

Forests leafy,
delightable;
Glens in bowery depths
remote,
Rivers wrathfully
sounding.
Thee, Lucina, the
travailing
Mother haileth, a
sovereign

15

Juno; Trivia thou, the
bright
Moon, a glory reflected.
Thou thine annual orb
anew,
Goddess, monthly
remeasuring,
Farmsteads lowly with
affluent

20

Corn dost fill to the
flowing.
Be thy heavenly name

whate'er
Name shall please thee,
in hallowing;
Still keep safely the
glorious
Race of Romulus olden.

XXXV.

1.

Take Caecilius, him the
tender-hearted
Bard, my paper, a wish
from his Catullus.
Come from Larius,
haste to leave the new-
built
Comum's watery city,
seek Verona.

5

Some particular intimate
reflexions
One would tell thee, a
friend we love together.

2.

So he'll quickly devour
the way, if only
He's no booby; for all a
snowy maiden

[Pg 24]

Chide imperious, and
her hands around him

10

Both in jealousy clasp'd,
refuse departure.
She, if only report the
truth bely not,
Doats, as hardly within
her own possession.

3.

For since lately she read
his high-preluding
Queen of Dindymus, all
her heart is ever

15

Melting inly with ardour

and with anguish.
Maiden, laudable is that
high emotion,
Muse more rapturous,
you, than any Sappho.
The Great Mother he
surely sings divinely.

XXXVI.

1.

Vilest paper of all
dishonour, annals
Of Volusius, hear my
lovely lady's
Vow, and pay it; awhile
she swore to Venus
And fond Cupid, if ever
I returning

5

Ceased from enmity,
left to launch iambics,
She would surely devote
the sorry poet's
Choicest rarities unto
sooty Vulcan,
The lame deity, there to
blaze lamenting.
With such drollery, such
supreme defiance,

10

Swore strange oath to
the gods the naughty
wanton.

2.

Now, O heavenly child
of azure Ocean,
Queen of Idaly, queen
of Urian highlands,
Who Ancona the fair,
the reedy Cnidos
Hauntest, Amathus and
the lawny Golgi,

15

Or Dyrrhachium, hostel
Adriatic;

[Pg 25]

Hear thy votaress,

answer her petition;
'Tis most graceful, a
dainty thought to charm
thee.
But ye verses, away to
fire, to burning,
Rank rusticities, empty
vapid annals

20

Of Volusius, heap of all
dishonour.

XXXVII.

1.

O frowsy tavern, frowsy
fellowship therein,
Ninth post in order next
beyond the twins cap-
crown'd,
Shall manly service
none but you alone
employ,
Shall you alone
whatever in the world
smiles fair,

5

Possess it, every other
hold to lack esteem?
Or if in idiot impotence
arow you sit,
One hundred, yes two
hundred, am not I, think
you,
A man to bring mine
action on your whole
row there?
So think not, he that
likes not; answer how
you may,

10

With scorpion I, with
emblem all your haunt
will scrawl.

2.

For she the bright one,
lately fled beyond these
arms,

The maid belov'd as
maiden is belov'd no
more,
Whom I to win, stood
often in the breach,
fought long,
Has sat amongst you.
Her the grand, the great,
all, all

15

Do dearly love her; yea,
besrew the damned
wrong,
Each slight seducer,
every lounger highway-
born,
You chiefly, peerless
paragon of the tribe long-
lock'd,
Rude Celtiberia's child,
the bushy rabbit-den,

[Pg 26]

Egnatius, so modish in
the big bush-beard,

20

And teeth a native lotion
hardly scours quite pure.

XXXVIII.

Cornificius, ill is your
Catullus,
Ill, ah heaven, a weary
weight of anguish,
More more weary with
every day, with each
hour.
You deny me the least,
the very lightest

5

Help, one whisper of
happy thought to cheer
me.
Nay, I'm sorrowful. You
to slight my passion?
Ah! one word, but a tiny
word to cheer me,
Sad as ever a tear
Simonidean.

1.

Egnatius, spruce owner
of superb white teeth,
Smiles sweetly, smiles
for ever: is the bench in
view
Where stands a pleader
just prepar'd to rouse
our tears,
Egnatius smiles sweetly;
near the pyre they
mourn

5

Where weeps a mother
o'er the lost, the kind
one son,
Egnatius smiles sweetly;
what the time or place
Or thing soe'er, smiles
sweetly; such a rare
complaint
Is his, not handsome,
scarce to please the
town, say I.

2.

So take a warning for
the nonce, my friend;
town-bred

10

Were you, a Sabine
hale, a pearly Tiburtine,
A frugal Umbrian body,
Tuscan huge of paunch,
A grim Lanuvian black
of hue, prodigious-
tooth'd,
A Transpadane, my
country not to pass
untax'd,
In short whoever
cleanly cares to rinse
foul teeth,

[Pg 27]

15

Yet sweetly smiling
ever I would have you

not,
For silly laughter, it's a
silly thing indeed.

3.

Well: you're a
Celtiberian; in the parts
thereby
What pass'd the night in
water, every man, come
dawn,
Scours clean the foul
teeth with it and the
gums rose-red;

20

So those Iberian snowy
teeth, the more they
shine,
So much the deeper they
proclaim the draught
impure.

XL.

What fatality, what
chimera drives thee
Headlong, Ravidus, on
to my iambics?
What fell deity, most
malign to listen,
Fires thy fury to quarrel
unavailing?

5

Wouldst thou busy the
breath of half the
people?
Break with clamour at
any cost the silence?
Thou wilt do it; a
wretch that hop'd my
darling
Love to fondle, a sure
retaliation.

XLI.

Ameana, the maiden of
the people,
Asks me sesterces, all

the many thousands.
Maiden she with a nose
not wholly faultless,
Bankrupt Formian, your
declar'd devotion.

5

Wherefore look to the
maiden, her relations:
Call her family,
summon all the doctors.
Your poor maiden is
oddly touch'd; a mirror
Sure would lend her a
soberer reflexion.

[Pg 28]

XLII.

1.

Come all
hendecasyllables
whatever,
Wheresoever ye house
you, all whatever.
I the game of an
impudent adulteress?
She refuse to return to
me the tablets

5

Where you syllable? O
ye can't be silent.
Up, have after her, ask
renunciation.
Would ye know her? a
woman, you shall eye
her
Strutting loftily, whiles
she laughs a loud laugh
Vast and vulgar, a
Gaulish hound
besemming.

10

Form your circle about
her, ask her, urge her.
'Hark, adulteress, hand
the note-book over.
Hark, the note-book,
adulteress, hand it over.'

What? you scorn us? O
ugly filth, detested
Trull, whatever is all
abomination.

15

Nay then, louder.
Enough as yet it is not.
If this only remains,
perhaps the dog-like
Face may colour, a
brassy blush may yield
us.
Swell your voices in
higher harsher yellings,
'Hark, adulteress, hand
the note-book over;

20

Hark, the note-book;
adulteress, hand it over.'
Look, she moves not at
all: we waste the
moments.
Change your quality, try
another issue.
Such composure a
sweeter air may alter.
'Pure and virtuous, hand
the note-book over.'

[Pg 29]

XLIII.

Hail, fair virgin, a nose
among the larger,
Feet not dainty, nor eyes
to match a raven,
Mouth scarce tenible,
hands not wholly
faultless,
Tongue most surely not
absolute refinement,

5

Bankrupt Formian, your
declar'd devotion.
Thou the beauty, the
talk of all the province?
Thou my Lesbia tamely
think to rival?

O preposterous, empty
generation!

XLIV.

O thou my Sabine
farmstead or my
Tiburtine,
For who Catullus would
not harm, avow, kind
souls,
Thou surely art at Tibur;
and who quarrel will
Sabine declare thee,
stake the world to prove
their say:

5

But be'st a Sabine, be'st
a very Tiburtine,
At thy suburban villa
what delight I knew
To spit the tiresome
cough away, my lungs'
ill guest,
My belly brought me,
not without a sad weak
sin,
Because a costly dinner
I desir'd too much.

10

For I, to feast with
Sestius, that host
unmatch'd,
A speech of his, pure
poison, every line deep-
drugg'd,
His speech against the
plaintiff Antius, read
through.
Whereat a cold chill,
soon a gusty cough in
fits,
Shook, shook me ever,
till to thy retreat I fled,

15

There duly dosed with
nettle and repose found
cure.
So, now recruited,
thanks superlative, dear

farm,
I give thee, who so
lightly didst avenge that
sin.

[Pg 30]

And trust me, farm, if
ever I again take up
With Sextius' black
charges, I'll rebel no
more;

20

But let the chill things
damn to cold, to cough,
not me
That read the
volume—no, but him,
the man's vain self.

XLV.

1.

While Septimius in his
arms his Acme
Fondled closely, 'My
own,' said he, 'my
Acme,
If I love not as unto
death, nor hold me
Ever faithfully well-
prepar'd to largest

5

Strain of fiery wooer yet
to love thee,
Then in Libya, then may
I alone in
Burning India face a
sulky lion.'
Scarce he ended, upon
the right did eager
Love sneeze amity;
'twas before to leftward.

2.

10

Acme quietly back her
head reclining
Towards her boy, with a
rosy mouth delightful
Kissed his passionate

eyes elately swimming,
Then 'Septimius, O my
life' she murmur'd,
'So may he that is in this
hour ascendant

15

Rule us ever, as in me
burns a greater
Fire, a fiercer, in every
vein triumphing.'
Scarce she ended, upon
the right did eager
Love sneeze amity;
'twas before to leftward.

3.

So, that augury joyous
each possessing,

20

Loves, is lov'd with an
even emulation.

[Pg 31]

Poor Septimius, all to
please his Acme,
Recks not Syria, reckts
not any Britain.
In Septimius only
faithful Acme
Makes her softnesses,
holds her happy
pleasures.

25

When did mortal on any
so rejoicing
Look, on union hallow'd
as divinely?

XLVI.

Now soft spring with
her early warmth
returneth,
Now doth Zephyrus,
health benignly
breathing,
Still the boisterous
equinoctial heaven.
Leave we Phrygia, leave
the plains, Catullus,

Leave Nicaea, the sultry
soil of harvest:
On for Asia, for the
starry cities.
Now all flurry the soul
is out a-ranging,
Now with vigour aflame
the feet renew them.
Farewell company true,
my lovely comrades.

10

You so joyfully borne
from home together,
Now o'er many a weary
way returning.

XLVII.

Porcius, Socation, the
greedy Piso's
Tools of thievery,
rogues to famish ages,
So that filthy Priapus
ousts to please you
My Veranius even and
Fabullus?

5

What? shall you then at
early noon carousing
Lap in luxury? they, my
jolly comrades,
Search the streets on a
quest of invitation?

[Pg 32]

XLVIII.

If, Juventius, I the grace
win ever
Still on beauteous
honied eyes to kiss thee,
I would kiss them a
million, yet a million.
Yea, nor count me to
win the full attainment,

5

Not, tho' heavier e'en
than ears at harvest,
Fall my kisses, a

wealthy crop delightful.

XLIX.

Greatest speaker of any
born a Roman,
Marcus Tullius, all that
are, that have been,
That shall ever in after-
years be famous;
Thanks superlative unto
thee Catullus

5

Renders, easily last
among the poets.
He as easily last among
the poets
As thou surely the first
among the pleaders.

L.

1.

Dear Lucinius,
yestereve we linger'd
Scrawling fancies, a
hundred, in my tablets,
Wits in combat; a treaty
this between us.
Scribbling drolleries
each of us together

5

Launched one arrowy
metre and another,
Tenders jocular o'er the
merry wine-cup.

2.

So quite sorely with all
your humour heated
Gay Lucinius, I that eve
departed.

[Pg 33]

Food my misery could
not any lighten,

10

Sleep nor quiet upon my
eyes descended.
Still untamable o'er the

couch did I then
Turn and tumble, in
haste to see the day-
light,
Hear your prattle again,
again be with you.

3.

Then, when weary with
all the worry, numb'd,
dead,

15

Sank my body, upon the
bed reposing,
This, O humorous heart,
did I, a poem
Write, my tedious
anguish all revealing.
O beware then of
hardihood; a lover's
Plea for charity, dear
my friend, reject not:

20

What if Nemesis haply
claim repayment?
She is tyrannous. O
beware offending.

LI.

He to me like unto the
Gods appeareth,
He, if I dare speak it,
ascends above them,
Face to face who toward
thee attently sitting
Gazes or hears thee

5

Lovely in sweet
laughter; alas within me
Every lost sense falleth
away for anguish;
When as I look'd on
thee, upon my lips no
Whisper abideth,
Straight my tongue
froze, Lesbia; soon a
subtle

10

Fire thro' each limb
streameth adown; with
inward
Sound the full ears
tinkle, on either eye
night's
Canopy darkens.
Ease alone, Catullus,
alone afflicts thee;

[Pg 34]

Ease alone breeds error
of heady riot;

15

Ease hath entomb'd
princes of old renown
and
Cities of honour.

LII.

Enough, Catullus! how
can you delay to die?
If in the curule chair a
hump sits, Nonius;
A would-be consul lies
in hope, Vatinus;
Enough, Catullus! how
can you delay to die?

LIII.

How I laughed at a wag
amid the circle!
He, when Calvus in
high denunciation
Of Vatinus had
declaim'd divinely,
Hands uplifted as in
supreme amazement,

5

Cried 'God bless us! a
wordy cockalorum!'

LIV.

Otho's head is a very
dwarf; a rustic's
Shanks has Herius, only
semi-cleanly;
Libo's airs to a fume of

art refine them.

• • • • •

5

• • • • •

• • • • •

• • • • •

*Yet thou flee'st not
above my keen iambics.*

• • • • •

• • • • •

• • • • •

• • • • •

*[So may destiny doom
me quite to silence]*

10

As I care not if every
line offend thee
And Sufficius, age in
youth's revival.

• • • • •

• • • • •

Thou shalt kindle at
innocent iambics,
Mighty general, once
again returning.

[Pg 35]

LV.

1.

List, I beg, provided
you're in humour,
Speak your privacy,
show what alley veils
you.

You I sought on
Campus, I, the lesser,
You on Circus, in all the
bills but you, sir.

5

You with father Jove in
holy temple.
Then, where flocks the
parade to Magnus'
arches,
Friend, I hail'd each
lady promenader,
Each, I found, did face
me quite sedately.

2.

What? they steal, I
loudly cried protesting,

10

My Camerius? out upon
the wenches!

Answer'd one and
lightly bared a bosom,
'See! what bowery
roses; here he hides
him.'

Yea 'twould task e'en
Hercules to bear you,
You so scornful, friend,
in your refusing.

3.

15

Not tho' I were warder
of the Cretans,
Not tho' Pegasus on his
airy pinion,
Perseus feathery-footed,
I a Ladas,
Rhesus' chariot yok'd to
snowy coursers,
Add each feathery
sandal, every flying

20

Power, ask fleetness of
all the winds of heaven,
Mine, Camerius, and to
me devoted;
Yet with drudgery
sorely spent should I,
yet
Worn, outworn with
languor unto languor
Faint, O friend, in an
empty quest to find you.

[Pg 36]

4.

25 (15)

Say, where think you
anon to be; declare it,

Fair and free, submit,
commit to daylight.
What? still thrall to the
lovely lily ladies?
Keep close mouth, lock
fast the tongue within it,
Love's felicity falls
without fruition;

30 (20)

Venus still is free to
talk, a babbler.
Yet close palate, an if ye
will it; only
In my love some part to
bear refuse not.

LVII.

O rare sympathies!
happy rakes united!
There Mamurra the
woman, here a Caesar.
Who can wonder? An
ugly brand on either,
His, true Formian, his,
politely Roman,

5

Rests indelible, in the
bone residing.
Either infamous, each a
twin dishonour,
Bookish brethren, a
dainty pair pedantic;
One adultrous, as
hungry he; with equal
Parts in women, a lusty
corporation.

10

O rare sympathies!
happy rakes united!

LVIII.

That bright Lesbia,
Caelius, the self-same
Peerless Lesbia, she
than whom Catullus
Self nor family more
devoutly cherish'd,
By foul roads, or in

every shameful alley,

5

Strains the vigorous
issue of the people.

[Pg 37]

LIX.

Poor Rufa from
Bononia Rufulus
gallants,
Menenius' errant lady,
she that in grave-yards
(You've seen her often)
snaps from every pile
her meal,
When hotly chasing
dusty loaves the fire
rolls down,

5

She felt some half-shorn
corpseman and his
hand's big blow.

LX.

Hadst thou a Libyan
lioness on heights all
stone,
A Scylla, barking
wolvish at the loins' last
verge,
To bear thee, O black-
hearted, O to shame
forsworn,
That unto supplication
in my last sad need

5

Thou mightst not
harken, deaf to ruth, a
beast, no man?

LXI.

God, on verdurous
Helicon
Dweller, child of
Urania,
Thou that draw'st to the

man the fair
Maiden, O Hymenaeus,
O

5

Hymen, O Hymenaeus:
Wreathe thy brows in
amaracus'
Fragrant blossom; an
aureat
Veil be round thee;
approach, in all
Joy, approach with a
luminous

10

Foot, a sandal of amber.
Come, for jolly the time,
awake.
Chant in melody
musical
Hymns of bridal; on
earth a foot
Beating, hands to the
winds above

15

Torches oozily
swinging.

[Pg 38]

Such, as she that on
Idaly
Venus dwelleth,
appear'd before
Him, the Phrygian
arbiter,
So with Mallius happily

20

Happy Junia weddeth.
Like some myrtle of
Asia
Bright in airily
blossoming
Boughs, the wood
Hamadryades
Nurse with showery
dew, to be

25

Theirs, a tender
plaything.
So come to us in haste;
away,
Leave thy Thespian
hollow-arch'd

Rock, muse-haunted,
Aonian,
Drench'd in spray from
aloft, the cold

30

Drift of Nymph
Aganippe.
Homeward summon a
sovereign
Wife most passionate,
holden in
Love fast prisoner: ivy
not
Closer closes an elm
around,

35

Interchangeably trailing.
You too with him, O
you for whom
Comes as joyous a time,
your own.
Virgins stainless of
heart, arise.
Chant in unison,
Hymen, O

40

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
That, more readily
listening,
Whiles your song to
familiar
Duty calls him, he hie
apace,
Lord of fair paramours,
of youth's

45

Fair affection uniter.

[Pg 39]

Who more worthy than
he to list
Lovers wearily
languishing?
Bends from heaven a
sovereign
God adorabler? Hymen,
O

50

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
You the father in years
for his

Child beseecheth; a
virginal
Zone falls slackly to
earth for you,
You half-fear in his
hankering

55

Lists the groomsman
approaching.
You from motherly lap
the bright
Girl can sever; your
hand divine
Gives dominion,
ushering
Warm the lover. O
Hymen, O

60

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Nought delightful, if
you be far,
Nought unharmed of
envious
Tongues, Love wins
him: if you be near
Much he wins him. O
excellent

65

God, that hath not a
rival.
Houses cannot, if you
be far,
Yield their children, a
babe renew
Sire or mother: if you be
near,
Comes renewal. O
excellent

70

God, that hath not a
rival.
If your great ceremonial
Fail, no champion
yeomanry
Guards the border. If
you be near
Arms the border. O
excellent

75

God, that hath not a
rival.

Fling the portal apart.
 The bride
 Waits. O see ye the
 luminous
 Torch-flakes ruddily
 flickering?

• • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •

80

(80)

Nought she hears us: her
 innocent

85

Eyes do weep to be
 going.
 Weep not, lady; for
 envious
 Tongue no lovelier
 owneth, Au-
 Runculeia; nor any
 more

(85)

Fair saw rosily bright
 the dawn

90

Leave his chamber in
 Ocean.
 Such in many a
 flowering
 Garden, trimm'd for a
 lord's delight,
 Stands some delicate
 hyacinth.

(90)

Yet you tarry. The day
 declines.

95

Forth, fair bride, to the
 people.
 Forth, fair bride, to the
 people, if

	So it likes you, a- listening Words that please us. O eye ye yon
(95)	Torches ruddily flickering?
100	Forth, fair bride, to the people. Husband never of yours shall haunt Stained wanton, a mutinous Fancy shamefully following,
(100)	Tire not ever, or e'er from your
105	Dainty bosom unyoke him.
[Pg 41]	He more lithe than a vine amid Trees, that, mazily folded, it Clasps and closes, in amorous
(105)	Arms shall close thee. The day declines.
110	Forth, fair bride, to the people. Couch of pleasure, <i>O odorous</i> <i>Couch, whose gorgeous apparellings,</i> <i>Silver-purple, on Indian Woods do rest them;</i> <i>adown the bright</i>
115	Feet in ivory glisten; When thy lord in his hour attains,
(110)	What large extasy, while the night Fleets, or noon the meridian

Passes thoro'. The day
declines.

120

Forth, fair bride, to the
people.

Lift the torches aloft in
air,

(115)

Boys: the fiery veil is
here.

Come, to measure your
hymn rehearse.

Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

125

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Nor withhold ye the
countryman's

(120)

Ribald raillery
Fescenine.
Nor if happily boys
declare
Thy dominion attaint,
refuse,

130

Youth, the nuts to be
flinging.
Fling, O womanish
youth; the boys

(125)

Ask thee charity. Time
agone
Toys and folly; to-day
begins
Our high duty,
Talassius.

135

Hasten, youth, to be
flinging.

[Pg 42]

Thou didst surely but
yestereve

(130)

Mock the women, a
favourite
Far above them: anon
the first
Beard, the razor. Alack,
alas!

Hasten, youth, to be
flinging.
You, whom odorous oils
declare

(135)

Bridegroom, swerve
not; a slippery
Love calls lightly, but
yet refrain.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Lawful only did e'er
delight

(140)

You, we know; but it is
not, O
Husband, lawful as
heretofore.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Bride, thou also, if he
demand

(145)

Aught, refuse not,
assent, obey.
Love can angrily pipe
adieu.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Look! thy mansion, a
sovereign

(150)

Home most goodly, by
him to thee
Given. Reign as a queen
within,
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Still when hoary
decrepitude,

(155)

Shaking wintery brows

benign,
Nods a tremulous Yes to
all.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

165

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.

[Pg 43]

With fair augury smite
the blest

(160)

Threshold, sunnily
glistening
Feet: yon ivory door
approach,
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

170

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
See one seated, a
banqueter.

(165)

'Tis thy lord on a Tyrian
Couch: his spirit is all to
thee.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

175

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
Not less surely in him
than in

(170)

Thee love lighteth a
bosoming
Flame; but deeper, a fire
within.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

180

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.

• • • • •
• • •
• • • • •
• •
• • • • •
• •
• • • • •
• • •

185

• • • • •

. . .
Thou, whose purple her
arm, the slim

(175)

Arm, props happily,
boy, depart.
Time the bride be at
entering.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

190

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.
You in chastity tried the
long

(180)

Years, good women of
agedest
Husbands, lay ye the
bride to-night.
Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
O

195

Hymen, O Hymenaeus.

[Pg 44]

Husband, stay not: a
bride within

(185)

Coucheth ready, the
flowering
Spring less lovely; a
countenance
White as parthenice,
beyond

200

Yellow poppy to gaze
on.
Thou, so help me the
favouring

(190)

Gods immortal, as
heavenly
Fair art also, adorned of
Venus' bounty. The day
declines.

205

Come nor tarry to greet
her.
Not too slothfully
tarrying,

(195)

Thou art here.
Benediction of
Venus help thee, a man
without
Shame of blameless, a
love that is

210

Honest frankly
revealing.
Dust of infinite Africa,

(200)

Stars that sparkle, a
myriad
Host, who measureth,
your delights
He shall tell them,
ineffable,

215

Multitudinous, over.
Make your happy
delight, renew'd

(205)

Soon in children. A
glorious
Name and olden is ill
without
Children, unto the first a
new

220

Stock as goodly
begetting.
Some Torquatus, a
beauteous

(210)

Babe, on motherly
breasts to thee
Stretching, father, his
innocent
Hands, smile softly
from inchoate

225

Lips half-open a
welcome.

[Pg 45]

Like his father, a
Mallius

(215)

New presented, of every
Eyeing stranger allowed
his own;
Mother's chastity

	moulded in
230	
	Features childly revealing.
	Glory speak of him issuing
(220)	
	Child of mother as excellent
	She, as only that age- renown'd
	Wife, whose story Telemachus
235	
	Blazons, Penelopea. Virgins, close ye the door. Enough
(225)	
	This our carol. O happiest Lovers, jollity live with you. Still that genial youth to love's
240	
	Consummation attend ye.

LXII.

YOUTHS.

Hesper is here; rise
youths, rise all of you;
high on Olympus
Hesper his orb long-
look'd for aloft 'gins
slowly to kindle.
Time is now to arise,
from tables costly to
part us;
Now doth a virgin
approach, now soundeth
a glad Hymenaeal.

5

Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

See ye yon youthful
band? O, maidens, rise
ye to meet them.
Comes not Night's
bright bearer a fire o'er
Oeta revealing?
Surely; for even now, in
a moment all have
arisen,

[Pg 46]

Not for nought have
arisen; a song waits,
goodly to gaze on.

10

Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

YOUTHS.

No light victory this, O
comrades, ready before
us.

Busy the virgins muse,
their practis'd ditty
recalling,
Muse nor shall
miscarry; a song for
memory waits us.
Rightly; for all their
souls do inwards labour
in issue.

15

We—our thoughts one
way, our ears have
drifted another,
So comes worthy
defeat; no victory calls
to the careless.

Come then, in even race
let thought their melody
rival;
They must open anon;
'twere better anon be
replying.

Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

Hesper, moveth in
heaven a light more
tyrannous ever?
Thou from a mother's
arms canst wrest her
daughter asunder,
Wrest from a mother's
arms her daughter
woefully clinging,
Then to the burning
youth his virgin beauty
deliver.
Foes in a new-sack'd
town, when wrought
they crueller ever?

Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

YOUTHS.

Hesper, shineth in
heaven a light more
genial ever?
Thou with a bridal
flame true lovers' unity
crownest,
All which duly the men,
which plighted duly the
parents,
Then completed alone,
when thou in splendour
awakest.

When shone an happier
hour than thy god-
speeded arriving?
Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

[Pg 47]

VIRGINS.

Sisters, Hesper a fellow
of our bright company
taketh.

• • • • •

• • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •

35

*Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.*

YOUTHS.

40

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •

Hesper, awaiting thee
each sentinel holdeth
alarum.

Night veils love's false
thieves; thieves still
when, Hesper, another

(35)

Name, but unalter'd still,
thou tak'st them surely,
returning.

45

Yet be the maidens
pleas'd in woeful fancy
to chide thee.

Maybe for all they
chide, their hearts do
inly desire thee.

Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

VIRGINS.

(40)

Look in a garden-croft
when a flower privily
growing,

Hid from grazing kine,

by ploughshare never y-
broken,

50

Strok'd by the breeze,
by the sun nurs'd
sturdily, rear'd by the
showers;
Many a wistful boy, and
maidens many desire it:
Yet if a slender nail hath
nipt his bloom to
deflour it,
Never a wistful boy, nor
maidens any desire it:

(45)

Such is a girl untoy'd
with as yet, yet lovely to
kinsmen;

[Pg 48]

55

Once her body profan'd,
herflow'r of chastity
blighted,
Boys no more she
delights, nor seems so
lovely to maidens;
Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

YOUTHS.

Look as a lone lorn vine
in a bare field sorrily
growing,

(50)

Never an arm uplifts, no
grape to maturity ripens,

60

Only with headlong
weight her tender body
declining,
Bows, till topmost spray
and roots meet feebly
together;
Her no peasant swain,
nor bullock tendeth her
ever;
Yet to the bachelor elm
if marriage-fortune unite
her,

(55)

Many a peasant tills and
bullocks many about
her;

65

Such is a maid untoy'd
with as yet, in loneliness
aging;
Wins she a bridegroom
meet, in time's warm
fulness arriving,
So to the man more
dear, and less unlovely
to parents.
O then, clasp thy love,
nor fight, fair maiden,
against him.

(60)

Sin 'twere surely to
fight; thy father gave to
his arms thee,

70

Father's self and mother;
obey nor wrongly defy
them.

• • • • •
• • • • •

Virgin's crown thou
claim'st not alone, but
partly the parents,
Father's one whole part,
one goes to the mother
allotted,
Rests one only to thee;
O fight not with them
alone thou,

75 (65)

Both to a son their
rights and both their
dowry deliver.
Hymen O Hymenaeus,
O Hymen come
Hymenaeus.

[Pg 49]

LXIII.

In a swift ship Attis
hasting over ocean a
mariner

When he gained the
wood, the Phrygian,
with a foot of agility,
When he near'd the
leafy forest, dark
sanctuary divine;
By unearthly fury
frenzied, a bewildered
agony,

5

With a flint of edge he
shatter'd to the ground
his humanity.
Then aghast to see the
lost limbs, the deform'd
inutility,
While still the gory
dabble did anew the soil
pollute,
With a snowy palm the
woman took affrayed a
taborine.
Taborine, the trump that
hails thee, Cybele, thy
initiant.

10

Then a dainty finger
heaving to the
tremulous hide o' the
bull,
He began this
invocation to the
company, spirit-awed.
"To the groves, ye
sexless eunuchs, in
assembly to Cybele,
Lost sheep that err
rebellious to the lady
Dindymene;
Ye, who all awing for
exile in a country of
aliens,

15

My unearthly rule
obeying to be with me,
my retinue,
Could aby the surly salt
seas' mid inexorability,
Could in utter hate to
lewdness your sex
dishabilitate;

Let a gong clash glad
emotion, set a giddy
fury to roam,
All slow delay be
banish'd, thither his ye
thither away

20

To the Phrygian home,
the wild wood, to the
sanctuary divine;
Where rings the noisy
cymbal, taborines are in
echoing,
On a curved oat the
Phrygian deep pipeth a
melody,

[Pg 50]

With a fury toss the
Maenads clad in ivies a
frolic head,
To a barbarous ululation
the religious orgy
wakes,

25

Where fleets across the
silence Cybele's holy
family;
Thither his we, so
beseems us; to a mazy
measure away."
Thus as Attis, a woman,
Attis, not a woman,
urg'd the rest,
On a sudden yell'd in
huddling agitation every
tongue,
Taborines give airy
murmur, give a
clangorous echo gongs,

30

With a rush the
brotherhood hastens to
the woods, the bosom of
Ide.
Then in agony,
breathless, errant,
flush'd wearily, cometh
on
Taborine behind him,
Attis, thoro' leafy
glooms a guide,

As a restive heifer
yields not to the
cumbrous onerous yoke.
Thither his the votaress
eunuchs with an
emulous alacrity.

35

Now faintly sickly
plodding to the
goddess's holy shrine,
They took the rest
which easeth long toil,
nor ate withal.
Slow sleep descends on
eyelids ready drowsily
to decline,
In a soft repose
departeth the devout
spirit-agony.
When awoke the sun,
the golden, that his eyes
heaven-orient

40

Scann'd lustrous air, the
rude seas, earth's massy
solidity,
When he smote the
shadowy twilight with
his healthy team
sublime,
Then arous'd was Attis;
o'er him sleep hastily
fled away

[Pg 51]

To Pasithea's arms
immortal with a
tremulous hovering.
But awaked from his
reposing, the delirious
anguish o'er,

45

When as Attis' heart
recalled him to the past
solitarily,
Saw clearly where he
stood, what, an
annihilate apathy,
With a soul that heaved
within him, to the water
he fled again.
Then as o'er the waste

of ocean with a rainy
eye he gazed
To the land of home he
murmur'd miserable a
soliloquy.

50

"Mother-home of all
affection, dear home,
my nativity,
Whom in anguish I
deserting, as in hatred a
runaway
From a master, hither
have hurried to the
lonely woods of Ide,
To be with the snows,
the wild beasts, in a
wintery domicile,
To be near each savage
houser that a surly fury
provokes,

55

What horizon, O
beloved, may attain to
thee anywhere?
Yet an eyeless orb is
yearning ineffectually to
thee.
For a little ere returneth
the delirious hour again.
Shall a homeless Attis
hie him to the groves
uninhabited?
Shall he leave a country,
wealth, friends? bid a
sire, a mother, adieu?

60

The palaestra lost, the
forum, the gymnasium,
the course?
O unhappy, fall a-
weeping, thou unhappy
soul, for aye.
For is honour of any
semblance, any beauty
but of it I?

[Pg 52]

Who, a woman here, in
order was a man, a
youth, a boy,

To the sinewy ring a
fam'd flower, the
gymnasium's applause.

65

With a throng about the
portal, with a populace
in the gate,
With a flowery coronal
hanging upon every
column of home,
When anew my
chamber open'd, as
awoke the sunny morn.
O am I to live the god's
slave? feodary be to
Cybele?
Or a Maenad I, an
eunuch? or a part of a
body slain?

70

Or am I to range the
green tracts upon Ida
snowy-chill?
Be beneath the stately
caverns colonnaded of
Asia?
Be with hind that haunts
the covert, or in hursts
that house the boar?
Woe, woe the deed
accomplish'd! woe, woe,
the shame to me!"
From rosy lips
ascending when
approached the gusty
cry

75

To celestial ears
recording such a
message inly borne,
Cybele, the thong
relaxing from a lion-
haled yoke,
Said, aleft the goad
addressing to the foe
that awes the flocks—

"Come, a service; haste,
my brave one; let a fury
the madman arm,
Let a fury, a frenzy

prick him to return to
the wood again,

80

This is he my hest
declineth, the unheedy,
the runaway.

From an angry tail
refuse not to abide the
sinewy stroke,

[Pg 53]

To a roar let all the
regions echo answer
everywhere,
On a nervy neck be
tossing that uneasy
tawny mane."
So in ire she spake,
adjusting disunitedly
then her yoke

85

At his own rebuke the
lion doth his heart to a
fury spur,
With a step, a roar, a
bursting unarrested of
any brake.
But anear the foamy
places when he came, to
the frothy beach,
When he saw the
sexless Attis by the seas'
level opaline,
Then he rushed upon
him; affrighted to the
wintery wood he flew,

90

Cybele's for aye, for all
years, in her order a
votaress.
Holy deity, great
Cybele, holy lady
Dindymene,
Be to me afar for ever
that inordinate agony.
O another hound to
madness, O another
hurry to rage!

LXIV.

Born on Pelion height,

so legend hoary relateth,
Pines once floated adrift
on Neptune billowy
streaming
On to the Phasis flood,
to the borders Æætean.
Then did a chosen array,
rare bloom of valorous
Argos,

5

Fain from Colchian
earth her fleece of glory
to ravish,
Dare with a keel of
swiftness adown salt
seas to be fleeting,
Swept with fir-blades
oary the fair level azure
of Ocean.

Then that deity bright,
who keeps in cities her
high ward,
Made to delight them a
car, to the light breeze
airily scudding,

10

Texture of upright pine
with a keel's curved
rondure uniting.
That first sailer of all
burst ever on
Amphitrite.

[Pg 54]

Scarcely the forward
snout tore up that
wintery water,
Scarcely the wave
foamed white to the
reckless harrow of
oarsmen,
Straight from amid
white eddies arose wild
faces of Ocean,

15

Nereid, earnest-eyed, in
wonderous admiration.
Then, not after again,
saw ever mortal
unharmed
Sea-born Nymphs
unveil limbs flushing

naked about them.
Stark to the nursing
breasts from foam and
billow arising.
Then, so stories avow,
burn'd Peleus hotly to
Thetis,

20

Then to a mortal lover
abode not Thetis
unheeding,
Then did a father agree
Peleus with Thetis unite
him.

O in an aureat hour, O
born in bounteous ages,
God-sprung heroes,
hail: hail, mother of all
benediction,
You my song shall
address, you melodies
everlasting.

25

Thee most chiefly,
supreme in glory of
heavenly bridal,
Peleus, stately defence
of Thessaly. Iuppiter
even

Gave thee his own fair
love, thy mortal
pleasure approving.
Thee could Thetis
inarm, most beauteous
Ocean-daughter?
Tethys adopt thee, her
own dear grandchild's
wooer usurping?

30

Ocean, who earth's vast
globe with a watery
girdle inorbeth?
When the delectable
hour those days did
fully determine,
Straightway then in
crowds all Thessaly
flock'd to the palace,

[Pg 55]

Thronging hosts
uncounted, a company

joyous approaching.
Many a gift they carry,
delight their faces
illumines.

35

Left is Scyros afar, and
Phthia's bowery Tempe,
Vacant Crannon's
homes, unvisited high
Larisa,
Towards Pharsalia's
halls, Pharsalia's only
they hie them.
Bides no tiller afield;
necks soften of oxen in
idlesse;
Feel not a prong'd
crook'd hoe lush vines
all weedily trailing;

40

Tears no steer deep
clods with a downward
coultre unearthened;
Prunes no hedger's bill
broad-verging
verdurous arbours;
Steals a deforming rust
on ploughs left rankly to
moulder.
But that sovran abode,
each sumptuous inly
retiring
Chamber, aflame with
gold, with silver is all
resplendent;

45

Thrones gleam ivory-
white; cup-crown'd
blaze brightly the tables;
All the domain with
treasure of empery
gaudily flushes.
There, set deeply within
the remotest centre, a
bridal
Bed doth a goddess
inarm; smooth ivory
glossy from Indies,
Robed in roseate hues,
rich seashells' purple
adorning.

It was a broidery freak'd
with tissue of images
olden,
One whose curious art
did blazon valour of
heroes.
Gazing forth from a
beach of Dia the billow-
resounding,
Look'd on a vanish'd
fleet, on Theseus
quickly departing,
Restless in unquell'd
passion, a feverous
heart, Ariadne.

[Pg 56]

Scarcely her eyes yet
seem their seeming
clearly to vision.
You might guess that
arous'd from slumber's
drowsy betrayal,
Sand-engirded, alone,
then first she knew
desolation.
He the betrayer—his
oars with fugitive hurry
the waters
Beat, each promise of
old to the winds given
idly to bear them.

Him from amid shore-
weeds doth Minos'
daughter, in anguish
Rigid, a Bacchant-form,
dim-gazing stonily
follow,
Stonily still, wave-tost
on a sea of troublous
affliction.
Holds not her yellow
locks the tiara's feathery
tissue;
Veils not her hidden
breast light brede of
drapery woven;

Binds not a cincture
smooth her bosom's
orbed emotion.
Widely from each fair
limb that footward-
fallen apparel
Drifts its lady before, in
billowy salt loose-
playing.
Not for silky tiara nor
amice gustily floating
Recks she at all any
more; thee, Theseus,
ever her earnest

70

Heart, all clinging
thought, all chained
fancy requireth.
Ah unfortunate! whom
with miseries ever
crazing,
Thorns in her heart deep
planted, affray'd Erycina
to madness,
From that earlier hour,
when fierce for victory
Theseus
Started alert from a
beach deep-inleted of
Piræus,

75

Gain'd Gortyna's abode,
injurious halls of
oppression.
Once, 'tis sung in
stories, a dire distemper
atoning
Death of an ill-blest
prince, Androgeos,
angrily slaughter'd,

[Pg 57]

Taxed of her youthful
array, her maidenly
bloom fresh-glowing,
Feast to the monster
bull, Cecropia, ransom-
laden.

80

Then, when a plague so
deadly, the garrison
undermining,

Spent that slender city,
his Athens dearly to
rescue,
Sooner life Theseus and
precious body did offer,
Ere his country to Crete
freight corpses, a life in
seeming.
So with a ship fast-
fleeted, a gale blown
gently behind him,

85

Push'd he his onward
journey to Minos'
haughty dominion.
Him for very delight
when a virgin fondly
desiring
Gazed on, a royal
virgin, in odours silkily
nestled,
Pure from a maiden's
couch, from a mother's
pillowy bosom,
Like some myrtle, anear
Eurotas' water arising,

90

Like earth's myriad
hues, spring's progeny,
rais'd to the breezes;
Droop'd not her eyes
their gaze
unquenchable, ever-
burning
Save when in each
charm'd limb to the
depths enfolded, a
sudden
Flame blazed hotly
within her, in all her
marrow abiding.
O thou cruel of heart,
thou madding worker of
anguish,

95

Boy immortal, of whom
joy springs with misery
blending,
Yea, thou queen of
Golgi, of Idaly leaf-
embower'd,

O'er what a fire love-lit,
what billows wearily
tossing,
Drave ye the maid, for a
guest so sunnily lock'd
deep sighing.

[Pg 58]

What most dismal
alarms her swooning
fancy did echo!

100

Oft what a sallower hue
than gold's cold glitter
upon her!
Whiles, heart-hungry in
arms that monster
deadly to combat,
Theseus drew towards
death or victory,
guerdon of honour.
Yet not lost the
devotion, or offer'd idly
the virgin's
Gifts, as her unvoic'd
lips breathed incense
faintly to heaven.

105

As on Taurus aloft some
oak agitatedly waving
Tosses his arms, or a
pine cone-mantled,
oozily rinded,
When as his huge
gnarled trunk in furious
eddies a whirlwind
Riving wresteth amain;
down falleth he, upward
hoven,
Falleth on earth; far,
near, all crackles brittle
around him,

110

So to the ground
Theseus his fallen
foeman abasing,
Slew, that his horned
front toss'd vainly, a
sport to the breezes.
Thence in safety, a
victor, in height of glory
returned,

Guiding errant feet to a
thread's impalpable
order.

Lest, upon egress bent
thro' tortuous aisles
labyrinthine,

115

Walls of blindness, a
maze unravell'd ever,
elude him.

Yet, for again I come to
the former story,
beseems not
Linger on all done there;
how left that daughter a
gazing
Father, a sister's arms,
her mother woefully
clinging,
Mother, who o'er that
child moan'd desperate,
all heart-broken;

120

How not in home that
maid, in Theseus only
delighted;
How her ship on a shore
of foaming Dia did
harbour;

[Pg 59]

How, when her eyes lay
bound in slumber's
shadowy prison,
He forsook, forgot her, a
wooer traitorous-
hearted:
Oft, say stories, at heart
with frenzied fantasy
burning,

125

Pour'd she, a deep-
wrung breast, clear-
ringing cries of
oppression;
Sometimes mournfully
climb to the mountain's
rugged ascension,
Straining thence her
vision across wide
surges of ocean;
Now to the brine ran

forth, upsplashing
freshly to meet her,
Lifting raiment fine her
thighs which softly did
open;

130

Last, when sorrow had
end, these words thus
spake she lamenting,
While from a mouth tear-
stain'd chill sobs gushed
dolorous ever.

'Look, is it here, false
heart, that rapt from
country, from altar,
Household altar ashore,
I wander, falsely
deserted?

Ah! is it hence, Theseus,
that against high heaven
a traitor

135

Homeward thou thy
vileness, alas thy
perjury bearest?
Might not a thought,
one thought, thy cruel
counsel abating
Sway thee tender? at
heart rose no
compassion or any
Mercy, to bend thy soul,
or me for pity deliver?
Yet not this thy promise
of old, thy dearly
remembered

140

Voice, not these the
delights thou bad'st thy
poor one inherit;
Nay, but wedlock
happy, but envied joy
hymeneal;

[Pg 60]

All now melted in air,
with a light wind
emptily fleeting.

Let not a woman trust,
since that first treason, a

lover's
Desperate oath, none
hope true lover's
promise is earnest.

145

They, while fondly to
win their amorous
humour essayeth,
Fear no covetous oath,
all false free promises
heed not;
They if once lewd
pleasure attain unruly
possession,
Lo they fear not
promise, of oath or
perjury reck not.
Yet indeed, yet I, when
floods of death were
around thee,

150

Set thee on high, did
rather a brother choose
to defend not,
Ere I, in hate's last hour,
false heart, fail'd thee to
deliver.
Now, for a goodly
reward, to the beasts
they give me, the flying
Fowls; no handful of
earth shall bury me,
pass'd to the shadows.

What grim lioness
yeaned thee, aneath
what rock's desolation?

155

What wild sea did bear,
what billows foamy
regorged thee?
Seething sand, or Scylla
the snare, or lonely
Charybdis?
If for a life's dear joy
comes back such only
requital?
Hadst not a will with
spousal an honour'd
wife to receive me?
Awed thee a father

stern, cross age's
churlish avising?

160

Yet to your household
thou, your kindred
palaces olden,
Might'st have led me, to
wait, joy-filled, a
retainer upon thee,

[Pg 61]

Now in waters clear thy
feet like ivory laving,
Clothing now thy bed
with crimson's gorgeous
apparel.

Yet to the brutish winds
why moan I longer
unheeded,

165

Crazy with an ill
wrong? They senseless,
voiceless, inhuman
Utter'd cry they hear
not, in answers hollow
reply not.
He rides far already, the
mid sea's boundary
cleaving,
Strays no mortal along
these weeds stretched
lonely about me.
Thus to my utmost need
chance, spitefuller
injury dealing,

170

Grudges an ear, where
yet might lamentation
have entry.

Jove, almighty,
supreme, O would that
never in early
Time on Gnossian earth
great Cecrops' navies
had harbour'd,
Ne'er to that unquell'd
bull with a ransom of
horror atoning,
Moor'd on Crete his
cable a shipman's wily
dishonour.

Never in youth's fair
shape such ruthless
stratagem hiding
He, that vile one, a
guest found with us a
safe habitation.
Whither flee then afar?
what hope, poor lost
one, upholds thee?
Mountains Idomenean?
alas, broad surges of
ocean
Part us, a rough rude
space of flowing water,
asunder.

Trust in a father's help?
how trust, whom darkly
deserting,
Him I turned to alone,
my brother's bloody
defier?
Nay, but a loyal lover, a
hand pledg'd surely,
shall ease me.
Surely; for o'er wide
water his oars move
flexibly fleeting.

[Pg 62]

Also a desert lies this
region, a tenantless
island,

Nowhere open way,
seas splash in circle
around me,
Nowhere flight, no
glimmer of hope; all
mournfully silent,
Loneliness all, all points
me to death, death only
remaining.

Yet these luminous orbs
shall sink not feebly to
darkness,
Yet from grief-worn
limbs shall feeling
wholly depart not,

Till to the gods I cry,
the betrayed, for justice
on evil,
Sue for life's last mercy
the great federation of
heaven.

Then, O sworn to
requite man's evil
wrathfully, Powers
Gracious, on whose
grim brows, with viper
tresses inorbed,
Looks red-breathing
forth your bosom's
feverous anger;

195

Now, yea now come
surely, to these loud
miseries harken,
All I cry, the afflicted,
of inmost marrow
arising,
Desolate, hot with pain,
with blinding fury
bewilder'd.
Yet, for of heart they
spring, grief's children
truly begotten,
Verily, Gods, these
moans you will not idly
to perish.

200

But with counsel of evil
as he forsook me
deceiving,
Death to his house, to
his heart, bring also
counsel of evil.

When from an anguish'd
heart these words
stream'd sorrowful
upwards,
Words which on iron
deeds did sue for deadly
requital,
Bow'd with a nod of
assent almighty the ruler
of heaven.

205

With that dreadful

motion aneath earth's
hollow, the ruffled
Ocean shook, and
stormy the stars 'gan
tremble in ether.

[Pg 63]

Thereto his heart thick-
sown with blindness
cloudily dark'ning,
Thought not of all those
words, Theseus, from
memory fallen,
Words which his
heedful soul had kept
immovable ever.

210

Nor to his eager sire fair
token of happy
returning
Rais'd, when his eyes
safe-sighted Erectheus'
populous haven.
Once, so stories tell,
when Pallas' city behind
him
Leaving, Theseus' fleet
to the winds given
hopefully parted,
Clasping then his son
spake Aegeus, straitly
commanding.

215

Son, mine only delight,
than life more lovely to
gaze on,
Son, whom needs it
faints me to launch full-
tided on hazards,
Whom my winter of
years hath laid so lately
before me:
Since my fate unkindly,
thy own fierce valour
unheeding,
Needs must wrest thee
away, ere yet these
dimly-lit eye-balls

220

Feed to the full on thee,
thy worshippt body

beholding;
Neither in exultation of
heart I send thee a-
warring;
Nor to the fight shalt
bear fair fortune's
happier earnest;
Rather, first in cries
mine heart shall lighten
her anguish,
When greylocks I sully
with earth, with sprinkle
of ashes;

225

Next to the swaying
mast shall a sail hang
duskily swinging;
So this grief, mine own,
this burning sorrow
within me,
Want not a sign, dark
shrouds of Iberia,
sombre as iron.

[Pg 64]

Then, if haply the
queen, lone ranger on
haunted Itonus,
Pleas'd to defend our
people, Erectheus' safe
habitations,

230

Frown not, allow thine
hand that bull all redly
to slaughter,
Look that warily then
deep-laid in steady
remembrance,
These our words grow
greenly, nor age move
on to deface them;
Soon as on home's fair
hills thine eyes shall
signal a welcome,
See that on each straight
yard down droop their
funeral housings,

235

Whitely the tight-strung
cordage a sparkling
canvas aloft swing,
Which to behold

straightway with joy
shall cheer me, with
inward
Joy, when a prosperous
hour shall bring to thee
happy returning.
So for a while that
charge did Theseus
faithfully cherish.
Last, it melted away, as
a cloud which riven in
ether

240

Breaks to the blast, high
peak and spire snow-
silvery leaving.
But from a rock's wall'd
eyrie the father wistfully
gazing,
Father whose eyes, care-
dimm'd, wore hourly for
ever a-weeping,
Scarcely the wind-puff'd
sail from afar 'gan
darken upon him,
Down the precipitous
heights headlong his
body he hurried,

245

Deeming Theseus surely
by hateful destiny taken.
So to a dim death-
palace, alert from
victory, Theseus
Came, what bitter
sorrow to Minos'
daughter his evil
Perjury gave, himself
with an even sorrow
atoning.

[Pg 65]

She, as his onward keel
still moved, still
mournfully follow'd;

250

Passion-stricken, her
heart a tumultuous
image of ocean.
Also upon that couch,
flush'd youthfully,
breathless Iacchus

Roam'd with a Satyr-band,
with Nisa-begot
Sileni;
Seeking thee, Ariadna,
aflame thy beauty to
ravish.

Wildly behind they
rushed and wildly
before to the folly,

255

Euhoe rav'd, Euhoe with
fanatic heads gyrated;
Some in womanish
hands shook rods cone-wreathed above them,
Some from a mangled
steer toss'd flesh yet
gorily streaming;
Some girt round them in
orbs, snakes gordian,
intertwining;
Some with caskets deep
did blazon mystical
emblems,

260

Emblems muffled
darkly, nor heard of
spirit unholy.
Part with a slender palm
taborines beat merrily
jangling;
Now with a cymbal slim
would a sharp shrill
tinkle awaken;
Often a trumpeter horn
blew murmurous,
hoarsely resounding.
Rose on pipes barbaric a
jarring music of horror.

265

Such, wrought rarely,
the shapes this quilt did
richly apparel,
Where to the couch
close-clasped it hung
thick veils of adorning.
So to the full heart-sated
of all their curious
eying,
Thessaly's youth gave
place to the Gods high-

throned in heaven.
As, when dawn is
awake, light Zephyrus
even-breathing

[Pg 66]
270

Brushes a sleeping sea,
which slant-wise curved
in edges
Breaks, while mounts
Aurora the sun's high
journey to welcome;
They, first smitten
faintly by his most airy
caressing,
Move slow on, light
surges a plashing silvery
laughter;
Soon with a waxing
wind they crowd them
apace, thick-fleeting,

275

Swim in a rose-red glow
and far off sparkle in
Ocean;
So thro' column'd porch
and chambers
sumptuous hieing,
Thither or hither away,
that company stream'd,
home-wending.
First from Pelion height,
when they were duly
departed,
Chiron came, in his
hand green gifts of
flowery forest.

280

All that on earth's leas
blooms, what blossoms
Thessaly nursing
Breeds on mountainous
heights, what near each
showery river
Swell to the warm west-
wind, in gales of foison
alighting;
These did his own hands
bear in girlonds twined
of all hues,
That to the perfume

sweet for joy laugh'd
gaily the palace.

285

Follow'd straight
Penios, awhile his
bowery Tempe,
Tempe, shrined around
in shadowy woods
o'erhanging,
Left to the bare-limb'd
maids Magnesian, airily
ranging.
No scant carrier he; tall
root-torn beeches his
heavy
Burden, bays stemm'd
stately, in heights
exalted ascending.

[Pg 67]

290

Thereto the nodding
plane, and that lithe
sister of youthful
Phaethon flame-
enwrapt, and cypress in
air upspringing:
These in breadths
inwoven he heap'd close-
twin'd to the palace,
Whereto the porch wox
green, with soft leaves
canopied over.
Him did follow anear,
deep heart and wily,
Prometheus,

295

Scarr'd and wearing yet
dim traces of early
dishonour,
All which of old his
body to flint fast-welded
in iron,
Bore and dearly abied,
on slippery crags
suspended.
Last with his awful
spouse, with children
goodly, the sovran
Father approach'd; thou,
Phoebus, alone, his
warder in heaven,

Left, with that dear
sister, on Idrus ranger
eternal.

Peleus sister alike and
brother in high
misprision

Held, nor lifted a torch
when Thetis wedded at
even.

So when on ivory
thrones they rested,
snowily gleaming,
Many a feast high-pil'd
did load each table
about them;

Whiles to a tremor of
age their gray infirmity
rocking,
Busy began that chant
which speaketh surely
the Parcae.

Round them a folding
robe their weak limbs
aguish hiding,
Fell bright-white to the
feet, with a purple
border of issue.

Wreaths sat on each
hoar crown, whose
snows flush'd rosy
beneath them;

Still each hand fulfilled
its pious labour eternal.
Singly the left upbore in
wool soft-hooded a
distaff,

Whereto the right large
threads down drawing
deftly, with upturn'd
Fingers shap'd them
anew; then thumbs earth-
pointed in even
Balance twisted a
spindle on orb'd wheels
smoothly rotating.

So clear'd softly

between and tooth-nipt
even it ever
Onward moved; still
clung on wan lips,
sodden as ashes,
Shreds all woolly from
out that soft smooth
surface arisen.
Lastly before their feet
lay fells, white, fleecy,
refulgent,
Warily guarded they in
baskets woven of osier.

320

They, as on each light
tuft their voice smote
louder approaching,
Pour'd grave inspiration,
a prophet chant to the
future,
Chant which an after-
time shall tax of vanity
never.

O in valorous acts thy
wondrous glory
renewing,
Rich Aemathia's arm,
great sire of a goodlier
issue,

325

Hark on a joyous day
what prophet-story the
sisters
Open surely to thee; and
you, what followeth
after,
Guide to a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Soon shall approach,
and bear the delight
long-wish'd for of
husbands,
Hesper, a bride shall
approach in starlight
happy presented,

330

Softly to sway thy soul
in love's completion
abiding,

Soon in a trance with
thee of slumber dreamy
to mingle,

[Pg 69]

Making smooth round
arms thy clasp'd throat
sinewy pillow.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Never hath house closed
yet o'er loves so blissful
uniting,

335

Never love so well his
children in harmony
knitten,
So as Thetis agrees, as
Peleus bendeth
according.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
You shall a son see born
that knows not terror,
Achilles,
One whose back no foe,
whose front each
knoweth in onset;

340

Often a conqueror, he,
where feet course
swiftly together,
Steps of a fire-fleet doe
shall leave in his hurry
behind him.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Him to resist in war, no
champion hero ariseth,
Then on Phrygian earth
when carnage Trojan is
utter'd;

345

Then when a long sad
strife shall Troy's
crown'd city beleaguer,
Waste her a third false
heir from Pelops wary
descending.

Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
His unmatchable acts,
his deeds of glorious
honour,
Oft shall mothers speak
o'er sons untimely
departed;

350

While from crowns
earth-bow'd fall loosen'd
silvery tresses,

[Pg 70]

Beat on shrivell'd
breasts weak palms their
dusky defacing.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
As some labourer ears
close-cluster'd lustily
lopping,
Under a flaming sun,
mows fields ripe-yellow
in harvest,
*So, in fury of heart,
shall death's stern
reaper, Achilles,*

355

Charge Troy's children
afiel and fell them
grimly with iron.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Deeds of such high
glory Scamander's river
avoucheth,
Hurried in eddies afar
thro' boisterous
Hellespontus;
Then when a slaughter'd
heap his pathway
watery choking,

360

Brimmeth a warm red
tide and blood with
water allieith.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with

destiny, spindles.
Voucher of him last
riseth a prey untimely
devoted
E'en to the tomb, which
mounded in heaps, high,
spherical, earthen,
Grants to the snow-
white limbs, to the
stricken maiden a
welcome.

365

Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Scarcely the war-worn
Greeks shall win such
favour of heaven,
Neptune's bonds of
stone from Dardan city
to loosen,
Dankly that high-heav'd
grave shall gory
Polyxena crimson.

[Pg 71]

She as a lamb falls
smitten a twin-edg'd
falchion under,

370

Boweth on earth weak
knees, her limbs down
flingeth unheeding.
Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Up then, fair paramours,
in fond love happily
mingle.
Now in blessed treaty
the bridegroom
welcome a goddess;
Now give a bride long-
veil'd to her husband's
passionate yearning.

375

Trail ye a long-drawn
thread and run with
destiny, spindles.
Her when duly the nurse
with day-light early
revisits,

Necklace of yester-night—she shall not clasp it about her.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.
Nor shall a mother fond, o'er brawls unlovely dishearten'd,

380

Lay her alone, or cease the delight of children awaiting.
Trail ye a long-drawn thread and run with destiny, spindles.
In such prelude old, such good-night ditty to Peleus,
Sang their deep divination, ineffable, holy, the Parcae.
Such as in ages past, upon houses godly descending,

385

Houses of heroes came, in mortal company present,
Gods high-throned in heaven, while yet was worship in honour.
Often a sovran Jove, in his own bright temple appearing,
Yearly, whene'er his day did rites ceremonial usher,

[Pg 72]

Gazed on an hundred slain, on strong bulls heavily falling.

390

Often on high Parnassus a roving Liber in hurried Frenzy the Thyiads drove, their locks blown loosely, before him.
While all Delphi's city in eager jealousy trooping,

Blithely receiv'd their
god on fuming festival
altars.

Mavors often amidst
encounter mortal of
armies,

395

Streaming Triton's
queen, or maid
Ramnusian awful,
Stood in body before
them, a fainting host to
deliver.

Only when heinous sin
earth's wholesome
purity blasted,
When from covetous
hearts fled justice sadly
retreating,
Then did a brother his
hands dye deep in blood
of a brother,

400

Lightly the son forgat
his parents' piteous
ashes.

Lightly the son's young
grave his father pray'd
for, an unwed
Maiden, a step-dame
fair in freer luxury
clasping.
Then did mother unholy
to son that knew not
abase her,
Shamefully, fear'd not
unholly the blessed dead
to dishonour.

405

Human, inhuman alike,
in wayward infamy
blending,
Turned far from us
away that righteous
counsel of heaven.
Therefore proudly the
Gods such sinful
company view not,
Bear not day-light clear
upon immortality
breathing.

LXV.

Though, outworn with
sorrow, with hours of
torturous anguish,
Ortalus, I no more tarry
the Muses among;
Though from a fancy
deprest fair blooms of
poesy budding
Rise not at all; such
grief rocks me, uneasily
stirr'd:

5

Coldly but even now
mine own dear brother
in ebbing
Lethe his ice-wan feet
laveth, a shadowy ghost.
He whom Troy's deep
bosom, a shore
Rhoetean above him,
Rudely denies these
eyes, heavily crushes in
earth.
Ah! no more to address
thee, or hear thy kindly
replying,

10

Brother! O e'en than life
round me delightfuller
yet,
Ne'er to behold thee
again! Still love shall
fail not alone in
Fancy to muse death's
dark elegy, closely to
weep.
Closely as under boughs
of dimmest shadow the
pensive
Daulian ever moans Itys
in agony slain.

15

Yet mid such desolation
a verse I tender of
ancient
Battiades, new-drest,

Ortalus, wholly for you.
Lest to the roving winds
these words all idly
deliver'd,
Seem too soon from a
frail memory fallen
away.
E'en as a furtive gift,
sent, some love-apple, a-
wooing,

20

Leaps from breast of a
coy maiden, a canopy
pure;
There forgotten alas,
mid vestments silky
reposing,—
Soon as a mother's step
starts her, it hurleth
adown:
Straight to the ground,
dash'd forth ungently,
the gift shoots headlong;
She in tell-tale cheeks
glows a disorderly
shame.

[Pg 74]

LXVI.

He whose glance
scann'd clearly the lights
uncounted of ether,
Found when arises a
star, sinks in his haven
again,
How yon eclipsed sun
glares luminous
obscuration,
How in seasons due
vanishes orb upon orb;

5

How 'neath Latmian
heights fair Trivia
stealthily banish'd
Falls, from her upward
path lured by a lover
awhile;
That same sage, that
Conon, a lock of great

Berenice
Saw me, in heavenly-
bright deification afar
Lustrous, a gleaming
glory; to gods full many
devoted,

10

Whiles she her arms in
prayer lifted, as ivory
smooth;
In that glorious hour
when, flush'd with a
new hymeneal,
Hotly the King to deface
outer Assyria sped,
Bearing ensigns sweet
of that soft struggle a
night brings,
When from a virgin's
arms spoils he had
happily won.

15

Stands it an edict true
that brides hate Venus?
or ever
Falsely the parents' joy
dashes a showery tear,
When to the nuptial
door they come in rainy
beteeming?
Now to the Gods I
swear, tears be
hypocrisy then.
So mine own queen
taught me in all her
weary lamentings,

20

Whiles her bridegroom
bold set to the battle a
face.
What? for an husband
lost thou weptst not
gloomily lying?
Rather a brother dear,
forced for a while to
depart?
This, when love's sharp
grief was gnawing inly
to waste thee!

[Pg 75]

Ah poor wife! whose

soul steep'd in
unhappiness all,

25

Fell from reason away,
nor abode thy senses! A
nobler
Spirit had I erewhile
known thee, a fiery
child.
Pass'd that deed
forgotten, a royal wooer
had earn'd thee?
Deed that braver none
ventureth ever again?
Yet what sorrow to lose
thy lord, what murmur
of anguish!

30

Jove, how rain'd those
tears brush'd from a
passionate eye!
Who is this could wean
thee, a God so mighty,
to falter?
May not a lover live
from the beloved afar?
Then for a spouse so
goodly, before each
spirit of heaven,
Me thou vow'd'st, with
slain oxen, a vast
hecatomb,

35

Home if again he
alighted. Awhile and
Asia crouching
Humbly to Egypt's
realm added a boundary
new;
I, in starry return to the
ranks dedicated of
heaven,
Debt of an ancient vow
sum in a bounty to-day.
Full of sorrow was I,
fair queen, thy brows to
abandon,

40

Full of sorrow; in oath
answer, adorable head.
Evil on him that oath

who sweareth falsely
soever!
Yet in a strife with steel
who can a victory
claim?
Steel could a mountain
abase, no loftier any
thro' heaven's
Cupola Thia's child
lifteth his axle above,

45

Then, when a new-born
sea rose Mede-uplifted;
in Athos'
Centre his ocean-fleet
floated a barbarous host.

[Pg 76]

What shall a weak tress
do, when powers so
mighty resist not?
Jove! may Chalybes all
perish, a people accurst,
Perish who earth's hid
veins first labour'd
dimly to quarry,

50

Clench'd in a molten
mass iron, a ruffian
heart!
Scarcely the sister-locks
were parted dolefully
weeping,
Straight that brother of
young Memnon, in
Africa born,
Came, and shook thro'
heaven his pennons
oary, before me,
Winged, a queen's proud
steed, Locrian Arsinoë.

55

So flew with me aloft
thro' darkening shadow
of heaven,
There to a god's pure
breast laid me, to
Venus's arms.
Him Zephyritis' self had
sent to the task, her
servant,
She from realms of

Greece borne to
Canopus of yore.
There, that at heav'n's
high porch, not one sole
crown, Ariadne's,

60

Golden above those
brows Ismaros' youth
did adore,
Starry should hang, set
alone; but luminous I
might glisten,
Vow'd to the Gods,
bright spoil won from
an aureat head;
While to the skies I
clomb still ocean-dewy,
the Goddess
Placed me amid star-
spheres primal, a glory
to be.

65

Close to the Virgin
bright, to the Lion
sulkily gleaming,
Nigh Callisto, a cold
child Lycaonian, I
Wheel obliquely to set,
and guide yon tardy
Bootes
Where scarce late his
car dewy descends to
the sea.
Yet tho' nightly the
Gods' immortal steps be
above me,

[Pg 77]

70

Tho' to the white waves
dawn gives me, to
Tethys, again;
(Maid of Ramnus, a
grace I here implore
thee, if any
Word should offend; so
much cannot a terror
alarm,
I should veil aught true;
not tho' with clamorous
uproar
Rend me the stars; I

speak verities hidden at heart):

75

Lightly for all I reck, so more I sorrow to part me

Sadly from her I serve, part me forever away.
With her, a virgin as yet, I quaff'd no sumptuous essence;
With her, a bride, I drain'd many a prodigal oil.

Now, O you whom gladly the marriage cresset uniteth,

80

See to the bridegroom fond yield ye not amorous arms,
Throw not back your robes, nor bare your bosom assenting,
Save from an onyx stream sweetness, a bounty to me.

Yours, in a loyal bed which seek love's privilege, only;
Yieldeth her any to bear loathed adultery's yoke,

85

Vile her gifts, and lightly the dust shall drink them unheeding.
Not of vile I seek gifts, nor of infamous, I.
Rather, O unstain'd brides, may concord tarry for ever
With ye at home, may love with ye for ever abide.

Thou, fair queen, to the stars if looking haply, to Venus

90

Lights thou kindle on eves festal of high sacrifice,

Leave me the lock, thine
own, nor blood nor
bounty requiring.
Rather a largesse fair
pay to me, envy me not.
Stars dash blindly in
one! so might I glitter a
royal
Tress, let Orion glow
next to Aquarius' urn.

[Pg 78]

LXVII.

CATULLUS.

O to the goodman fair,
O welcome alike to the
father,
Hail, and Jove's kind
grace shower his help
upon you!
Door, that of old, men
say, wrought Balbus
ready obeisance,
Once, when his home,
time was, lodged him, a
master in years;

5

Door, that again, men
say, grudg'd aught but a
spiteful obeisance,
Soon as a corpse
outstretch'd starkly
declar'd you a bride.
Come, speak truly to
me; what shameful
rumour avouches
Duty of years forsworn,
honour in injury lost?

DOOR.

So be the tenant new,
Caecilius, happy to own
me,

10

I'm not guilty, for all
jealousy says it is I.
Never a fault was mine,

nor man shall whisper it
ever;
Only, my friend, your
mob's noisy "The door
is a rogue."
Comes to the light some
mischief, a deed uncivil
arising,
Loudly to me shout all,
"Door, you are wholly
to blame."

CATULLUS.

15

'Tis not enough so
merely to say, so think
to decide it.
Better, who wills should
feel, see it, who wills, to
be true.

DOOR.

How then? if here none
asks, nor labours any to
know it.

CATULLUS.

Nay, *I* ask it; away
scruple; your hearer is *I*.

[Pg 79]

DOOR.

First, what rumour
avers, they gave her to
us a virgin—

20

They lie on her. A light
lady! be sure, not alone
Clipp'd her an husband
first; weak stalk from a
garden, a pointless
Falchion, a heart did
ne'er fully to courage
awake.
No; to the son's own
bed, 'tis said, that father

ascended,
Vilely; with act impure
stain'd the facinorous
house.

25

Whether a blind fierce
lust in his heart burnt
sinfully flaming,
Or that inert that son's
vigour, amort to delight,
Needed a sturdier arm,
that franker quality
somewhere,
Looser of youth's fast-
bound girdle, a virgin as
yet.

CATULLUS.

Truly a noble father, a
glorious act of
affection!

30

Thus in a son's kind
sheets lewdly to puddle,
his own.

DOOR.

Yet not alone of this,
her crag Chinaean
abiding
Under, a watch-tower
set warily, Brixia tells,
Brixia, trails whereby
his waters Mella the
golden,
Mother of her, mine
own city, Verona the
fair.

35

Add Postumius yet,
Cornelius also, a twice-
told
Folly, with whom our
light mistress adultery
knew.
Asks some questioner
here "What? a door, yet
privy to lewdness?
You, from your owner's

gate never a minute
away?
Strange to the talk o' the
town? since here, stout
timber above you,

40

Hung to the beam, you
shut mutely or open
again."
Many a shameful time I
heard her stealthy
profession,

[Pg 80]

While to the maids her
guilt softly she hinted
alone.

Spoke unabash'd her
amours and named them
singly, opining
Haply an ear to record
fail'd me, a voice to
reveal.

45

There was another;
enough; his name I
gladly dissemble;
Lest his lifted brows
blush a disorderly rage.
Sir, 'twas a long lean
suitor; a process huge
had assail'd him;
'Twas for a pregnant
womb falsely declar'd to
be true.

LXVIII.

If, when fortune's wrong
with bitter misery
whelms thee,
Thou thy sad tear-
scrawl'd letter, a mark to
the storm,
Send'st, and bid'st me to
succour a stranded
seaman of Ocean,
Toss'd in foam, from
death's door to return
thee again;

5

Whom nor softly to rest

love's tender sanctity
suffers,
Lost on a couch of lone
slumber, unhappily lain;
Nor with melody sweet
of poets hoary the
Muses
Cheer, while worn with
grief nightly the soul is
awake:
Well-contented am I,
that thou thy friendship
avowest,

10

Ask'st the delights of
love from me, the
pleasure of hymns;
Yet lest all unnoted a
kindred story bely thee,
Deeming, Mallius, I
calls of humanity shun;
Hear what a grief is
mine, what storm of
destiny whelms me.
Cease to demand of a
soul's misery joy's
sacrifice.

[Pg 81]

15

Once, what time white
robes of manhood first
did array me,
Whiles in jollity life
sported a spring holiday,
Youth ran riot enow;
right well she knows
me, the Goddess,
She whose honey
delights blend with a
bitter annoy.
Henceforth dies sweet
pleasure, in anguish lost
of a brother's

20

Funeral. O poor soul,
brother, O heavily ta'en,
You all happier hours,
you, dying brother,
effaced;
All our house lies low
mournfully buried in

you;
Quench'd untimely with
you joy waits not ever a
morrow,
Joy which alive your
love's bounty fed hour
upon hour;

25

Now, since thou liest
dead, heart-banish'd
wholly desert me
Vanities all, each gay
freak of a riotous heart.
How then obey? You
write 'Let not Verona,
Catullus,
Stay thee, if here each
proud quality, Rome's
eminence,
Freely the light limbs
warms thou leavest
coldly to languish,'

30

Infamy lies not there,
Mallius, only regret.
So forgive me, if I,
whom grief so rudely
bereaveth,
Deal not a joy myself
know not, a beggar in
all.
Books—if they're but
scanty, a store full
meagre, around me,
Rome is alone my life's
centre, a mansion of
home,

35

Rome my abode, house,
hearth; there wanes and
waxes a life's span;
Hither of all those
choice cases attends me
but one.
Therefore deem not
thou aught spiteful bids
me deny thee;

[Pg 82]

Say not 'his heart is
false, haply, to jealousy
leans,'

If nor books I send nor
flatter sorrow to silence.

40

Trust me, were either
mine, either unask'd
should appear.

Goddesses, hide I may
not in how great trial
upheld me
Allius, how no faint
charities held me to life.
Nor shall time borne
fleetly nor years'
oblivion ever
Make such zeal to the
night fade, to the
darkness, away.

45

As from me you learn it,
of you shall many a
thousand
Learn it again. Grow
old, scroll, to declare it
anew.

• • • • •
• • • • •
•
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
•

50

So to the dead increase
honour in year upon
year.
Nor to the spider, aloft
her silk-slight flimsiness
hanging,

(50)

Allius aye unswept
moulder, a memory
dim.
Well you wot, how sore
the deceit Amathusia
wrought me,
Well what a thing in
love's treachery made
me to fall;

55

Ready to burst in flame,
as burn Trinacrian
embers,
Burn near
Thermopylae's Oeta the
fiery springs.

(55)

Sad, these piteous eyes
did waste all wairily
weeping,
Sad, these cheeks did
rain ceaseless a showery
woe.

Wakeful, as hill-born
brook, which, afar off
silvery gleaming,

60

O'er his moss-grown
crags leaps with a
tumble adown;
Brook which awhile
headlong o'er steep and
valley descending,

[Pg 83]

(60)

Crosses anon wide ways
populous, hastes to the
street;
Cheerer in heats o' the
sun to the wanderer
heavily fuming,
Under a drought, when
fields swelter agape to
the sky.

65

Then as tossing shipmen
amid black surges of
Ocean,
See some prosperous air
gently to calm them
arise,

(65)

Safe thro' Pollux' aid or
Castor, alike entreated;
Mallius e'en such help
brought me, a warder of
harm.

He in a closed field
gave scope of liberal
entry;

70

Gave me an house of
love, gave me the lady
within,
Busily there to renew
love's even duty
together;

(70)

Thither afoot mine own
mistress, a deity bright,
Came, and planted firm
her sole most sunny;
beneath her
Lightly the polish'd
floor creak'd to the
sandal again.

75

So with passion aflame
came wistful Laodamia
Into her husband's
home, Protesilaus, of
yore;

(75)

Home o'er-lightly
begun, ere slaughter'd
victim atoning
Waited of heaven's high-
thron'd company grace
to agree.
Nought be to me so
dear, O Maid
Ramnusian, ever,

80

I should against that law
match me with opposite,
I.
Bloodless of high
sacrifice, how thirsts
each desolate altar!

(80)

This, when her husband
fell, Laodamia did heed,
Rapt from a bridegroom
new, from his arms
forced early to part her.
Early; for hardly the
first winter, another
again,

[Pg 84]

85

Yet in many a night's
long dream had sated

her yearning,
So that love might wear
cheerly, the master
away;

(85)

Which not long should
abide, so presag'd surely
the Parcae,
If to the wars her lord
hurry, for Ilion arm.
Now to revenge fair
Helen, had Argos'
chiefs, her puissance,

90

Set them afield; for
Troy rous'd them, a cry
not of home,
Troy, dark death
universal, of Asia grave
and Europe,

(90)

Altar of heroes Troy,
Troy of heroical acts,
Now to my own dear
brother abhorred worker
of ancient
Death. Ah woeful soul,
brother, unhappily lost,

95

Ah fair light unblest, in
darkness sadly receding,
All our house lies low,
brother, inearthed in
you,

(95)

Quench'd untimely with
you, joy waits not ever a
morrow,
Joy which alive your
love's bounty fed hour
upon hour.
Now on a distant shore,
no kind mortality near
him,

100

Far all household love,
every familiar urn,
Tomb'd in Troy the
malign, in Troy the
unholy reposing,

(100)

Strangely the land's last
verge holds him, a
dungeon of earth.
Thither in haste all
Greece, one armed
people assembling,
Flock'd on an ancient
day, left the recesses of
home,

105

Lest in a safe content,
unreach'd, his stolen
adulteress.
Paris in arm, in soft
luxury quietly lain.

(105)

E'en such chance, fair
queen, such misery,
Laodamia,
Brought thee a loss as
life precious, as
heavenly breath.

[Pg 85]

Loss of a bridegroom
dear; such whirling
passion in eddies

110

Suck'd thee adown, so
drew sheer to a sudden
abyss,
Deep as Graian abyss
near Pheneos o'er
Cyllene,

(110)

Strainer of ooze impure
milk'd from a watery
fen;
Hewn, so stories
avouch, in a mountain's
kernel; an hero
Hew'd it, falsely
declar'd Amphytrionian,
he,

115

When those monster
birds near grim
Stymphalus his arrow
Smote to the death; such
task bade him a
dastardly lord.

(115)

So that another God
might tread that portal
of heaven
Freely, nor Hebe fair
wither a chaste eremite.
Yet than abyss more
deep thy love, thy depth
of emotion;

120

Love which school'd thy
lord, made of a master a
thrall.

Not to a grandsire old so
priz'd, so lovely the
grandson

(120)

One dear daughter alone
rears i' the soft of his
years;
He, long-wish'd for, an
heir of wealth ancestral
arriving,—
Scarcely the tablets'
marge holds him, a
name to the will,

125

Straight all hopes
laugh'd down, each
baffled kinsman
usurping
Leaves to repose white
hairs, stretches, a
vulture, away;

(125)

Not in her own fond
mate so turtle snowy
delighteth,
Tho' unabash'd, 'tis said,
she the voluptuous
hours

[Pg 86]

Snatches a thousand
kisses, in amorous
extasy biting.

130

Yet, more lightly than
all ranges a womanly
will.
Great their love, their
frenzy; but all their
frenzy before thee

(130)

Fail'd, once clasp'd thy
lord splendid in aureat
hair.

Worthy in all or part
thee, Laodamia, to rival,
Sought me my own
sweet love, journey'd
awhile to my arms.

135

Round her playing oft
ran Cupid thither or
hither,
Lustrous, array'd in
bright broidery, saffron
of hue.

(135)

What, to Catullus alone
if a wayward fancy
resort not?
Must I pale for a stray
frailty, the shame of an
hour?
Nay; lest all too much
such jealous folly
provoke her.

140

Juno's self, a supreme
glory celestial, oft
Crushes her eager rage,
in wedlock-injury
flaring,

(140)

Knowing yet right well
Jove, what a losel is he.
Yet, for a man with
Gods shall never
lawfully match him

• • • • •
• • • • •
•
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
•
• • • • •
• • • • •

145

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
150

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
155

[Pg 87]

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
160

Lift thy father, a weak
burden, unholpen,
abhorrd.

Not that a father's hand
my love led to me, nor
odours

Wafted her home on
rich airs, of Assyria
born;

165 (145)

Stealthy the gifts she
gave me, a night
unspeakable o'er us,
Gifts from her husband's

dreams verily stolen, his own.

Then 'tis enough for me,
if mine, mine only
remaineth

That one day, whose
stone shines with an
happier hue.

So, it is all I can, take,
Allius, answer, a little

170 (150)

Verse to requite thy
much friendship, a
contrary boon.

So your household
names no rust nor
seamy defacing
Soil this day, that new
morrow, the next to the
last.

Gifts full many to these
heaven send as largely
requiting,

Gifts Themis ever wont
deal to the pious of
yore.

175 (155)

Joys come plenty to
thee, to thy own fair
lady together,
Come to that house of
mirth, come to the lady
within;

Joy to the forward
friend, our love's first
fashioner, Anser,
Author of all this fair
history, founder of all.
Lastly beyond them,
above them, on her
more lovely than even

180 (160)

Life, my lady, for whose
life it is happy to be.

Softly to thine embrace
tender a delicate arm.
Not tho' a gift should
seek, some robe most
filmy, to move her;
Not for a cherish'd
gem's clarity, lucid of
hue.

5

Deep in a valley, thy
arms, such evil story
maligns thee,
Rufus, a villain goat
houses, a grim denizen.
All are afraid of it, all;
what wonder? a rascally
creature,
Verily! not with such
company dally the fair.
Slay, nor pity the brute,
our nostril's rueful
aversion.

10

Else admire not if each
ravisher angrily fly.

LXX.

Saith my lady to me, no
man shall wed me, but
only
Thou; no other if e'en
Jove should approach
me to woo;
Yea; but a woman's
words, when a lover
fondly desireth,
Limn them on ebbing
floods, write on a
wintery gale.

LXXII.

Lesbia, thou didst swear
thou knewest only
Catullus,
Cared'st not, if him
thine arms chained, a
Jove to retain.

Then not alone I loved
thee, as each light lover
a mistress,
Lov'd as a father his
own sons, or an heir to
the name.

5

Now I know thee aright;
so, if more hotly
desiring,
Yet must count thee a
soul cheaper, a frailty to
scorn.
'Friend,' thou say'st, 'you
cannot.' Alas! such
injury leaveth
Blindly to doat poor
love's folly, malignly to
will.

LXXIII.

Never again think any to
work aught kindly
soever,
Dream that in any
abides honour, of injury
free.
Love is a debt in arrear;
time's parted service
avails not;
Rather is only the more
sorrow, a heavier ill:

5

Chiefly to me, whom
none so fierce, so
deadly deceiving
Troubleth, as he whose
friend only but inly was
I.

LXXIV.

Gellius heard that his
uncle in ire exploded, if
any
Dared, some wanton, a
fault practise, a levity
speak.
Not to be slain himself,

see Gellius handle his
uncle's
Lady; no Harpocrates
mutter, his uncle is
hush'd.

5

So what he aim'd at,
arriv'd at, anon let
Gellius e'en this
Uncle abuse; not a word
yet will his uncle assay.

[Pg 90]

LXXVIII.

Brothers twain has
Gallus, of whom one
owns a delightful
Son; his brother a fair
lady, delightfuller yet.
Gallant sure is Gallus, a
pair so dainty uniting;
Lovely the lady, the lad
lovely, a company
sweet.

5

Foolish sure is Gallus,
an o'er-incurious
husband;
Uncle, a wife once
taught luxury, stops not
at one.

LXXIX.

Lesbius, handsome is
he. Why not? if Lesbia
loves him
Far above all your tribe,
angry Catullus, or you.
Only let all your tribe
sell off, and follow,
Catullus,
Kiss but his handsome
lips children, a plenary
three.

LXXXI.

What? not in all this
city, Juventius, ever a
gallant
Poorly to win love's
fresh favour of amorous
you,
Only the lack-love
signor, a wretch from
sickly Pisaurum,
Guest of your hearth, no
gilt statue as ashy as he?

5

Now your very delight,
whose faithless fancy
Catullus
Banisheth, Ah light-
reck'd lightness,
apostasy vile!

LXXXII.

Wouldst thou, Quintius,
have me a debtor ready
to owe thee
Eyes, or if earth have
joy goodlier any than
eyes?
One thing take not from
me, to me more goodly
than even
Eyes, or if earth have
joy goodlier any than
eyes.

[Pg 91]

LXXXIII.

Lesbia while her lord
stands near, rails ever
upon me.
This to the fond weak
fool seemeth a mighty
delight.
Dolt, you see not at all.
Could she forget me, to
rail not,
Nought were amiss; if
now scold she, or if she
revile,

'Tis not alone to
remember; a shrewder
stimulus arms her,
Anger; her heart doth
burn verily, thus to
revile.

LXXXIV.

Stipends Arrius ever on opportunity shtipends,
Ambush as hambush
still Arrius used to
declaim.
Then, hoped fondly the
words were a marvel of
articulation,
While with an *h*
immense '*hambush*'
arose from his heart.

5

So his mother of old, so
e'en spoke Liber his
uncle,
Credibly; so grandsire,
grandam alike did agree.
Syria took him away; all
ears had rest for a
moment;
Lightly the lips those
words, slightly could
utter again.
None was afraid any
more of a sound so
clumsy returning;

10

Sudden a solemn fright
seized us, a message
arrives.
'News from Ionia
country; the sea, since
Arrius enter'd,
Changed; 'twas *Ionian*
once, now 'twas
Honian all.'

LXXXV.

Half I hate, half love.

How so? one haply
requireth.
Nay, I know not; alas
feel it, in agony groan.

[Pg 92]

LXXXVI.

Lovely to many a man
is Quintia; shapely,
majestic,
Stately, to me; each
point singly 'tis easy to
grant.
'Lovely' the whole, I
grant not; in all that
bodily largeness,
Lives not a grain of salt,
breathes not a charm
anywhere.

5

Lesbia—she is lovely,
an even temper of
utmost
Beauty, that every
charm stealeth of every
fair.

LXXXVII & LXXV.

Ne'er shall woman
avouch herself so
rightly beloved,
Friend, as rightly thou
art, Lesbia, lovely to
me.
Ne'er was a bond so
firm, no troth so
faithfully plighted,
Such as against our
love's venture in honour
am I.

5

Now so sadly my heart,
dear Lesbia, draws me
asunder,
So in her own misspent
worship uneasily lost,
Wert thou blameless in

all, I may not longer
approve thee,
Do anything thou wilt,
cannot an enemy be.

LXXVI.

If to a man bring joy
past service dearly
remember'd,
When to the soul her
thought speaks, to be
blameless of ill;
Faith not rudely
profan'd, nor in oath or
charter abused
Heaven, a God's mis-
sworn sanctity, deadly
to men.

[Pg 93]

5

Then doth a life-long
pleasure await thee
surely, Catullus,
Pleasure of all this
love's traitorous injury
born.
Whatso a man may
speak, whom charity
leads to another,
Whatso enact, by me
spoken or acted is all.
Waste on a traitorous
heart, nor finding kindly
requital.

10

Therefore cease, nor
still bleed agoniz'd any
more.
Make thee as iron a
soul, thyself draw back
from affliction.
Yea, tho' a God say nay,
be not unhappy for aye.
What? it is hard long
love so lightly to leave
in a moment?
Hard; yet abides this
one duty, to do it: obey.

15

Here lies safety alone,

one victory must not fail
thee.

One last stake to be lost
haply, perhaps to be
won.

O great Gods immortal,
if you can pity or ever
Lighted above dark
death's shadow, a help
to the lost;
Ah! look, a wretch, on
me; if white and
blameless in all I

20

Liv'd, then take this
long canker of anguish
away.

If to my inmost veins,
like dull death drowsily
creeping,
Every delight, all heart's
pleasure it wholly
benumbs.

Not anymore I pray for
a love so faulty
returning,
Not that a wanton abide
chastely, she may not
again.

25

Only for health I ask, a
disease so deadly to
banish.

Gods vouchsafe it, as I
ask, that am harmless of
ill.

[Pg 94]

LXXVII.

Rufus, a friend so vainly
believ'd, so wrongly
relied in,
(Vainly? alas the reward
fail'd not, a heavier ill;)
Could'st thou thus steal
on me, a lurking viper,
an aching
Fire to the bones, nor
leave aught to delight

any more?

5

Nought to delight any
more! ah cruel poison of
equal
Lives! ah breasts that
grew each to the other
awhile!

Yet far most this grieves
me, to think thy slaver
abhorred
Fouly my own love's
lips soileth, a purity
rare.

Thou shalt surely atone
thine injury: centuries
harken,

10

Know thee afar; grow
old, fame, to declare
him anew.

LXXXVIII.

Gellius, how if a man in
lust with a mother, a
sister
Rioteth, one uncheck'd
night, to iniquity bare?
How if a man's dark
passion an aunt's own
chastity spare not?
Canst thou tell what vast
infamy lieth on him?

5

Infamy lieth on him, no
farthest Tethys, or
ancient
Ocean, of hundred
streams father,
abolisheth yet.
Infamy none o'ersteps,
nor ventures any beyond
it.
Not tho' a scorpion heat
melt him, his own
paramour.

LXXXIX.

Gellius—he's full
meagre. It is no wonder,
a friendly
Mother, a sister is his
loveable, healthy withal.

[Pg 95]

Then so friendly an
uncle, a world of pretty
relations.
Must not a man so blest
meagre abide to the
last?

5

Yea, let his hand touch
only what hands touch
only to trespass;
Reason enough to
become meagre, enough
to remain.

XC.

Rise from a mother's
shame with Gellius
hatefully wedded,
One to be taught gross
rites Persic, a Magian
he.

Weds with a mother a
son, so needs should a
Magian issue,
Save in her evil creed
Persia determineth ill.

5

Then shall a son, so
born, chant down high
favour of heaven,
Melting lapt in flame
fatly the slippery caul.

XCI.

Think not a hope so
false rose, Gellius, in
me to find thee
Faithful in all this love's
anguish ineffable yet,
For that in heart I knew
thee, had in thee honour
imagin'd,

Held thee a soul to
abhor vileness or any
reproach.

5

Only in her, I knew,
thou found'st not a
mother, a sister,
Her that awhile for love
wearily made me to
pine.

Yea tho' mutual use did
bind us straitly together,
Scarcely methought
could lie cause to desert
me therein.

Thou found'st reason
enow; so joys thy spirit
in every

10

Shame, wherever is
aught heinous, of
infamy born.

[Pg 96]

XCII.

Lesbia doth but rail, rail
ever upon me, nor
endeth

Ever. A life I stake,
Lesbia loves me at
heart.

Ask me a sign? Our
score runs parallel. I
that abuse her
Ever, a life to the stake,
Lesbia, love thee at
heart.

XCIII.

Lightly methinks I reck
if Cæsar smile not upon
me:

Care not, whether a
white, whether a swarth-
skin, is he.

XCIV.

Mentula—wanton is he;
his calling sure is a
wanton's.
Herbs to the pot, 'tis
said wisely, the name to
the man.

XCV.

Nine times winter had
end, nine times flush'd
summer in harvest,
Ere to the world gave
forth Cinna, the labour
of years,
Zmyrna; but in one
month Hortensius
hundred on hundred
Verses, an unripe birth
feeble, of hurry begot.

5

Zmyrna to far
Satrachus, to the stream
of Cyprus, ascendeth;
Zmyrna with eyes
unborn study the
centuries hoar.
Padus her own ill child
shall bury, Volusius'
annals;
In them a mackerel oft
house him, a wrapper of
ease.
Dear to my heart be a
friend's unbulky
memorial ever;

10

Cherish an Antimachus,
weighty as empty, the
mob.

[Pg 97]

XCVI.

If to the silent dead
aught sweet or tender
ariseth,
Calvus, of our dim
grief's common

humanity born;
When to a love long
cold some pensive pity
recals us,
When for a friend long
lost wakes some
unhappy regret;

5

Not so deeply, be sure,
Quintilia's early
departing
Grieves her, as in thy
love dureth a plenary
joy.

XCVIII.

Asks some booby
rebuke, some prolix
prattler a judgment?
Vettius, all were said
verily truer of you.
Tongue so noisome as
yours, come chance,
might surely on order
Bend to the mire, or lick
dirt from a beggarly
shoe.

5

Would you on all of us,
all, bring, Vettius,
utterly ruin?
Speak; not a doubt,
'twill come utterly, ruin
on all.

XCIX.

Dear one, a kiss I stole,
while you did wanton a-
playing,
Sweet ambrosia, love,
never as honily sweet.
Dearly the deed I paid
for; an hour's long
misery waning
Ended, as I agoniz'd
hung to the point of a
cross,

5

Hoping vain purgation;
alas! no potion of any
Tears could abate that
fair angriness, youthful
as you.

Hardly the sin was in
act, your lips did many a
falling
Drop dilute, which anon
every finger away
Cleansed apace, lest still
my mouth's infection
abiding

10

Stain, like slaver
abhor'd breath'd from a
foul fricatrice.

[Pg 98]

Add, that a booty to
love in misery me to
deliver
You did spare not, a fell
worker of all agonies,
So that, again
transmuted, a kiss
ambrosia seeming
Sugary, turn'd to the
strange harshness of
harsh hellebore.

15

Then such dolorous end
since your poor lover
awaiteth,
Never a kiss will I
venture, a theft any
more.

C.

Quintius, Aufilena; to
Caelius, Aufilenus;
Lovers each, fair flower
either of youths
Veronese.
One to the brother
bends, and one to the
sister. A noble
Friendship, if e'er was
true friendship, a rare
brotherhood.

Ask me to which I lean?
You, Caelius: yours a
devotion
Single, a faith of tried
quality, steady to me;
Into my inmost veins
when love sank fiercely
to burn them.
Mighty be your bright
love, Caelius, happy be
you!

Cl.

Borne o'er many a land,
o'er many a level of
ocean,
Here to the grave I
come, brother, of holy
repose,
Sadly the last poor gifts,
death's simple duty, to
bring thee;
Unto the silent dust
vainly to murmur a cry.

5

Since thy form deep-
shrouded an evil destiny
taketh
From me, O hapless
ghost, brother, O
heavily ta'en,

[Pg 99]

Yet this bounty the
while, these gifts
ancestral of usance
Homely, the sad slight
store piety grants to the
tomb;
Drench'd in a brother's
tears, and weeping
freshly, receive them;

10

Yea, take, brother, a
long Ave, a timeless
adieu.

CII.

If to a friend sincere,

Cornelius, e'er was a
secret
Trusted, a friend whose
soul steady to honour
abides;
Me to the same
brotherhood doubt not
to be inly devoted,
Sworn upon oath, to the
last secret, an
Harpocrates.

CIII.

Briefly, the sesterces all,
give back, full quantity,
Silo,
Then be a bully beyond
exorability, you:
Else, if money be all, O
cease so lewdly to
practise
Bawd, yet bully beyond
exorability, you.

CIV.

What? should a lover
adore, yet cruelly
slander adoring?
I my lady, than eyes
goodlier easily she?
Nay, I rail not at all.
How rail, so blindly
desiring?
Tappo alone dare brave
all that is heinous, or
you.

CV.

Mentula toils, Pimplea,
the Muses' mountain,
ascending:
They with pitchforks
hurl Mentula dizzily
down.

CVI.

Walks with a salesman a
beauty, your eyes that
beauty discerning?
Doubt not your eyes
speak true; Sir, 'tis a
beauty to sell.

CVII.

If to delight man's wish,
joy e'er unlook'd for,
unhop'd for,
Falleth, a joy were such
proper, a bliss to the
soul.
Then 'tis a joy to the
soul, like gold of Lydia
precious,
Lesbia mine, that thou
com'st to delight me
again.

5

Com'st yet again long-
hop'd, long-look'd for
vainly, returnest
Freely to me. O day
white with a luckier
hue!
Lives there happier any
than I, I only? a fairer
Destiny? Life so sweet
know ye, or aught
parallel?

CVIII.

Loathly Cominius, if
e'er this people's voice
should arraign thee,
Hoary with all unclean
infamy, worthy to die;
First should a tongue, I
doubt not, of old so
deadly to goodness,
Fall extruded, of each
vulture a hungry regale;

5

Gouged be the carrion

eyes some crow's black
maw to replenish,
Stomach a dog's fierce
teeth harry, a wolf the
remains.

[Pg 101]

CIX.

Think you truly,
belov'd, this bond of
duty between us,
Lasteth, an ever-new
jollity, ne'er to decease?
Grant it, Gods immortal,
assure her promise in
earnest;
Yea, be the lips sincere;
yea, be the words from
her heart.

5

So still rightly remain
our lovers' charter, a life-
long
Friendship in us, whose
faith fades not away to
the last.

CX.

Aufilena, the fair, if
kind, is a favourite ever;
Asks she a price, then
yields frankly? the price
is her own.

You, that agreed to be
kind, now vilely the
treaty dishonour,
Give not at all, nor
again take;—'tis a
wrong to a wrong.

5

Not to deceive were
noble, a chastity ne'er
had assented,
Aufilena; but
you—blindly to grasp at
a gain,
Yet to withhold the

effects,—'tis a greed
more loathly than
harlot's
Vileness, a wretch
whose limbs ply to the
lusts of a town.

CXI.

One lord only to love,
one, Aufilena, to live
for,
Praise can a bride
nowhere goodlier any
betide;
Yet, when a niece with
an uncle is even mother
or even
Cousin—of all
paramours this were as
heinous as all.

[Pg 102]

CXII.

Naso, if you show
much, your company
shows but a very
Little; a man you show,
Naso, a woman in one.

CXIII.

Pompey the first time
consul, as yet Maecilia
counted
Two paramours;
reappears Pompey a
consul again,
Two still, Cinna,
remain; but grown, each
unit an even
Thousand. Truly the
stock's fruitful: adultery
breeds.

CXIV.

Rightly a lordly

demesne makes Firman
Mentula count for
Wealthy! the rich fine
things, then the variety
there!

Game in plenty to
choose, fish, field, and
meadow with hunting;
Only the waste exceeds
strangely the quantity
still.

5

Wealthy? perhaps I
grant it; if all, wealth
asks for, is absent.
Praise the demesne? no
doubt; only be needy the
man.

CXV.

Acres thirty in all, good
grass, own Mentula
master;
Forty to plough; bare
seas, arid or empty, the
rest.
Poorly methinks might
Croesus a man so
sumptuous equal,
Counted in one rich
park owner of all he can
ask.

[Pg 103]

5

Grass or plough, big
woods, much mountain,
mighty morasses;
On to the farthest North,
on to the boundary
main.
Vastness is all that is
here; yet Mentula
reaches a vaster—
Man? not so; 'tis a vast
mountainous ominous
He.

CXVI.

Oft with a studious heart, which hunted closely, requiring Skill great Battades' poesies haply to send, Laying thus thy rage in rest, lest everlasting Darts should reach me, to wound still an assailable head:

5

Barren now I see that labour of any requital, Gellius; here all prayers fall to the ground, nor avail.

No; but a robe I carry, the barbs, thy folly, to muffle; Mine strike sure; thy deep injury *they* shall atone.

[Pg 105]

FRAGMENTS.

II.

Here I give to be thine a fair grove, an holy, Priapus, Where thy Lampsacus holds thee in chamber seemly, Priapus; God, in every city, thou, most ador'd on a sea-shore Hellespontian, eminent most of oystery sea-shores.

IV.

Rapidly the spirit in an

agony fled away.

V.

Where yon lucent mast-top,
a cup of silver,
arises.

[Pg 107]

NOTES.

VIII. 2.

*Lost is the lost, thou
know'st it, and the past
is past.*

I am indebted for this expression to a translation of this poem by Dr. J.A. Symonds, the whole of which I should have quoted here, had it not been unfortunately mislaid.

XIV. 20.

*Plague-prodigy.
Proves a plague-prodigy
to God and man.*

Browning, *Ring and Book*, v. 664.

XVII. 26.

Rondel.

The round plate of iron which, according to Rich, Companion to the Latin Dictionary, p. 609, formed the lower part of the sock worn by horses, mules, &c., when on a journey, and, unlike our horse-shoes, was removable at the end of it.

[Pg 108]

XXII. 11.

Looby

a clown.

Let me now the vices
trace,
From his father's
scoundrel race.
What could give the
looby such airs?
Were they masons?
were they butchers?

Tickell, *Theristes or the Lordling*, 23-26.

XXIII.

For a spirited, though coarse, version of this poem, see Cotton's Poems, p. 608, ed. 1689.

6 *Lathy*.
On a lathy horse, all
legs and length.

Browning, *Flight of the Duchess*, v. 21.

XXIX. 8.

The connexion between Adonis and the dove is specially referred to by Diogenianus (*Praef.* p. 180 in Leutsch and Schneidewin's *Paroemiographi Graeci*). It formed part of the legends of Cyprus, and was alluded to by the lyric poet Timocreon (*Bergk. Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, p. 1203). Compare Browning:—

Pompilia was no pigeon,
Venus' Pet.

Ring and Book, v. 701.

XXXV. 7.

*So he'll quickly devour
the way,*

move quickly over the road. So Shakespeare:

Starting so

He seem'd in running to
devour the way,
Staying no longer
question.

2nd Part of Henry IV., Act i. sc. 1.

[Pg 109]

XXXVII. 10.

*With scorpion I, with
emblem all your haunt
will scrawl.*

A member of the Saraceni family at Vicenza, finding that a beautiful widow did not favour him, scribbled filthy pictures over the door. The affair was brought before the Council of Ten at Venice.

Trollope's *Paul the Pope*, p. 158.

XLIII. 3.

Mouth scarce tenible,

easily running over.

XLV. 7.

A sulky lion.

Properly "green-eyed." The epithet would seem to be not merely picturesque; the glaring of the eyes would be more marked in proportion as the beast was in a fiercer and more excitable state.

LI. 5-12.

I watch thy grace; and
in its place
My heart a charmed
slumber keeps,
While I muse upon thy
face;
And a languid fire
creeps
Thro' my veins to all my

frame,
Dissolvingly and
slowly: soon
From thy rose-red lips
my name
Floweth; and then, as in
a swoon,
With dinning sound my
ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue
faltereth,

[Pg 110]

I lose my colour, I lose
my breath,
I drink the cup of a
costly death,
Brimmed with delicious
draughts of warmest
life.

Tennyson, *Eleänore*.

LIV. 6.

*Yet thou flee'st not
above my keen iambics.*

This line is quoted as Catullus's by Porphyron on Hor. c. 1. 16, 24. His words, *Catullus cum maledicta minaretur*, compared with the last lines of this poem, *Irascere iterum meis iambis Inmerentibus, unice imperator*, seem to justify my view that they belong here. See my large edition, p. 217, fragm. I. The following line, *So may destiny, &c.*, is a supplement of my own: it forms a natural introduction to the *Si non uellem* of v. 10.

LV.

This is the only instance where Catullus has introduced a spondee into the second foot of the phalaecian, which then becomes decasyllabic. The alternation of this decasyllabic rhythm with the ordinary hendecasyllable is studiously artistic; I have retained it throughout. In the series of dactylic lines 17-22, Catullus no doubt intended to convey the idea of rapidity, as, in the spondaic line immediately following, of labour.

4 *You on Circus, in all
the bills but you, Sir.*

There seems to be no authority for the meaning ordinarily assigned to *libellis*, "book-shops." I prefer to explain the word placards, either announcing the sale of Camerius's effects, which would imply that he was in debt, or describing him as a lost article.

LXI.

In the rhythm of this poem, I have been obliged to deviate in two points from Catullus. (1) In him the first foot of each line is nearly always a trochee, only rarely a spondee: the monotonous effect of a positional trochee in English, to say nothing of the difficulty, induced me to substitute a spondee more frequently. (2) I have been rather less scrupulous in allowing the last foot of the glyconic lines to be a dactyl (-uu), in place of the more correct cretic (-u-).

108. The words in italics are a supplement of my own.

LXII. 39-61.

*Look in a garden croft,
when a flower privily
growing, &c.*
Opinion. Look how a
flower that close in
closes grows,
Hid from rude cattle,
bruised with no ploughs,
Which th' air doth
stroke, sun strengthen,
showers shoot higher,
It many youths and
many maidens desire;
The same, when cropt
by cruel hand 'tis
wither'd,
No youths at all, no
maidens have desired;
So a virgin while
untouch'd she doth
remain
Is dear to hers; but when
with body's stain
Her chaster flower is
lost, she leaves to
appear
Or sweet to young men
or to maidens dear.
Truth. Virgins, O
Virgins, to sweet
Hymen yield,
For as a lone vine in a
naked field

Never extols her
branches, never bears
Ripe grapes, but with a
headlong heaviness
wears
Her tender body, and
her highest sprout
Is quickly levell'd with
her fading root;

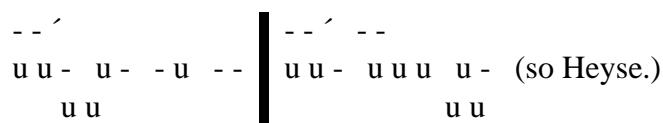
[Pg 112]

By whom no
husbandmen, no youths
will dwell;
But if by fortune she be
married well,
To the elm her husband,
many husbandmen
And many youths
inhabit by her then;
So whilst a virgin doth
untouch'd abide,
All unmanur'd she
grows old with her
pride;
But when to equal
wedlock, in fit time,
Her fortune and
endeavour lets her
climb,
Dear to her love and
parents she is held.
Virgins, O Virgins, to
sweet Hymen yield.

Ben Jonson, *The Barriers*.

LXIII.

In the metre of this poem Catullus observes the following general type—



Except in 18, *Hilarate aere citatis erroribus animum*, 53, *Et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula*, where the Ionic a minore, which seems to have been the original basis of the rhythm, is preserved intact in the former half of the line. I have followed Catullus generally with exactness, but with an occasional resolution of one long into two short syllables, where it has not been introduced by the poet, e.g. in 31, 34, 49, 64, 65, 68, 79. In v. 10 I have ventured on a license which Catullus does not admit, but which is,

I think, justified by other and earlier specimens of the metre, an anaclasis of the original Ionic a minore at the end of the line. In reading this poem it should never be forgotten that there is a pause in the middle of each line, which practically divides it into two halves. Tennyson, in his *Boadicea*, written on the model of the *Attis*, divides each verse similarly in the middle; but in the first half he has changed the rhythm of Catullus to a trochaic rhythm, in [Pg 113] the second, while producing much of the effect of the *Attis* by the accumulation of short syllables at the end of the line, he has not bound himself to the same strictly defined feet as Catullus, and generally has preferred to take from the somewhat emasculate character of the verse by adding an unaccented syllable at the close.

LXIII.

8 *Taborine*
Beat loud the
tabourines, let the
trumpets blow.

Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. sc. 5.

16 *Aby*

abide; as, I think, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, vi. 2, 19.

But he was fierce and
whot,
Ne time would give, nor
any termes aby.

Below, lxiv. 297, I have used it in its more common meaning of atoning for, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 1, 53.

Yet thou, false Squire,
his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy
punishment his penance
shalt supply.

Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2.

Lest to thy peril thou
aby it dear.
24 *Ululation*.
There sighs, complaints,
and ululations loud
Resounded through the
air without a star.

Longfellow's *Dante Inf.* iii. 22. [Pg 114]

41 *When he smote the
shadowy twilight with
his healthy team*

sublime.
Ere yet they blind the
stars, and the wild team
Which love thee,
yearning for thy yoke,
arise,
And shake the darkness
from their loosen'd
manes,
And beat the twilight
into flakes of fire.

Tennyson, *Tithonus*.

83 *On a nervy neck.*
Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels;
solemn their toothed
maws,
Their surly eyes brow-
hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and
nervy tails
Covering their tawny
brushes.

Keats, *Endymion*, II. ad fin.

LXIV. 160.

*Yet to your household
thou, your kindred
palaces olden.*

I have combined *thou* with *your* purposely, to suggest the idea conveyed in *uestras* as opposed to *potuisti*, the family abode as opposed to the individual Theseus.

183 *Flexibly fleeting*

bent as they move rapidly through the water.

186 *No glimmer of hope*

from Heyse,

Keinerlei Flucht, kein
Schimmer der
Hoffnung, stumm liegt
Alles.

258 Gordian.

She was a gordian shape
of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted,
golden, green, and blue.

Keats, *Lamia*, Part I.

*308 Wreaths sat on each
hoar crown, whose
snows flush'd rosy
beneath them.*

I have attempted here to give what I conceive Catullus may have meant to convey by the remarkable collocation *At roseo niueae residebant uertice uitiae*. Properly, the wreaths are rosy, the locks snow-white; but the colour of the wreaths is so blent with the colour of the locks that each is lost in the other, and an inversion of epithets becomes possible.

*So, in fury of heart,
shall death's stern
reaper, Achilles.*

A verse seems to have been lost here, which I have thus supplied.

LXVIII. 149.

*So, it is all I can, take,
Allius, answer, a little
Verse, to requite thy
much friendship, a
contrary boon.*

These little rites, a
stone, a verse, receive,
'Tis all a father, all a
friend can give.

Pope, *Epitaph on the children of Lord Digby*.

LXIX. 4.

Clarity

clearness, transparency.

Here clarity of candour,
history's soul,
The critical mind in

short.

Browning, *Ring and Book*, i. 925.

[Pg 116]

LXX.

Sir Philip Sidney thus translates this poem:—

Unto no body my
woman saith shee had
rather a wife be,
Then to myself, not
though Jove grew a
suter of hers.
These be her words, but
a woman's words to a
love that is eager,
Midde [windes?] or
waters stream do require
to be writ.

XCIX. 10.

Fricatrice.
To a lewd harlot, a base
fricatrice.

Ben Jonson, *The Fox*, iv. 2.

THE END.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] The translation follows this edition (Oxford, 1867), in the constitution of the text, as

well as in the sectional division of the poems.

End of Project Gutenberg's The Poems and Fragments of Catullus, by
Catullus

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CATULLUS ***

***** This file should be named 18867-h.htm or 18867-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
<http://www.gutenberg.org/1/8/8/6/18867/>

Produced by Melissa Er-Raqabi, Ted Garvin, Taavi Kalju and
the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at
<http://www.pgdp.net>

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no
one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without
permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules,
set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to
copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to
protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project
Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you
charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you
do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the
rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose
such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do
practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is
subject to the trademark license, especially commercial
redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free
distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work
(or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project
Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full
Project

Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at
<http://gutenberg.org/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm
electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession.

If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project

Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement

and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked

to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm

License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any

word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or

distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than

"Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.org),

you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right

of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH

DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with

your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a

refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy

is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth

in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO

WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the

law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the

trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance

with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production,

promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do

or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm

work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pglaf.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest

array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

