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**THE  
POEMS AND FRAGMENTS  
OF  
CATULLUS,**

**TRANSLATED IN THE METRES OF THE ORIGINAL**

**BY**

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## TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

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[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 dropt the idea for some time altogether. In 1868, the year following the publication of my larger critical edition<sup>[A]</sup> 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<sup>[Pg viii]</sup> 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 recital,  
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*—*affliction holdeth, moment of his anguish, cause of his 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 incided 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: *of this epistle*, but not *of this d•saster*, still less *of this 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•r•sh•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—*moment of his, of 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 neighbours 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 reioice 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, transposed the fourth Eclogue of Spenser's *Sheephardes 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 Goddesse  
shines: to the same the  
Muser  
After her with sweete  
Violines about them  
cheerefully tracing.  
All ye Sheeheardes  
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 contem[Pg xiv]poraries 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*, *bearst*, *tumbling*, *giving*,<sup>[Pg xvi]</sup> *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*, *pin•es* *•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<sup>[Pg xvii]</sup> 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  
ändern 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 tribrachs. 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,  
Purpled 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 tricky 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

10

hither,

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 redden  
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 orb'd isles,  
A Rhodos immemorial,  
or that icy Thrace,  
Propontis, or the gusty  
Pontic ocean-arm,

10

Whereon, a pinnacle  
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  
pinnacle 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;

10 Then that pillow alike at  
either utmost

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 reposes;  
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 hasting 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'lt be mourning  
thus to pine unask'd  
always.

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

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.'

3.

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

Hyrcaan or luxurious  
horde Arabian,  
Sacaan 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.

10

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

15

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,

5

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

10

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.

#### 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  
lamey 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

15

maiden in spring-tide  
youthfully budding,

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-ru'l'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.

25

Such prosperity, such  
superb profusion,

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

**XXIV.**

5

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

10

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

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 caessant,  
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  
fiercer 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 tame 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,

(10)

retract, every deed,  
every word allow

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.

5

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!

10

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

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.

**XXXII.**

5 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.**

5 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-pretending  
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,  
beshrew the damned  
wrong,  
Each slight seducer,  
every lounge 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.

XXXIX.

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 adultress?  
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  
beseeming.

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.'

2.

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, recks  
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,

5



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, Socraton, 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, Vatinius;  
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 Vatinius 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.

4.

25 (15)

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

30 (20)

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;

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.**

5

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,

10

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

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

5

every shameful alley,

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:  
Wreath 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

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

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, *O*  
*odorous*  
*Couch, whose gorgeous*  
*apparellings,*  
*Silver-purple, on Indian*  
*Woods do rest them;*  
*adown* the bright  
 115

Feet in ivory glisten;  
 When thy lord in his  
 hour attains,  
 (110)

What large extasy,  
 while the night  
 Fleets, or noon the  
 meridian

120 Passes thoro'. The day  
declines.

Forth, fair bride, to the  
people.

(115) Lift the torches aloft in  
air,

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]

(130) Thou didst surely but  
yestereve

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

140

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

145

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

150

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

(145)

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

155

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

160

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.

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185

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. . .  
 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

230 moulded in  
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.

20

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?

25

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.

30

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

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. . . . .

*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.

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

(40)

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.

**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  
coulter unearthed;  
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.

50

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.

55

[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.

60

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;

65

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  
clomb 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 Gnosian 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.

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]

There to 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 worshipt 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



285

sweet for joy laugh'd  
gaily the palace.

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,

300

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;

305

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;

[Pg 68]

310

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.

315

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  
afield 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 allieth.  
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  
drave, 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  
unholy 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 vowd'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 reckon, 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, amot 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  
sporting 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,'



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 wearily  
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  
crag 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 heroic 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 inarm, 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  
with 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





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.

**LXIX.**

Rufus, it is no wonder if  
yet no woman assenting

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  
muter, 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,

5

'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  
*Hionian* all.'

**LXXXV.**

Half I hate, half love.

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

**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

5

any more?

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 reckon  
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  
abhorr'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!

## CI.

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 Battiades'  
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 terrible,*

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  
falthereth,

[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 maids 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—

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{--} \acute{\text{---}} \\ \text{u u - u - - u --} \\ \text{u u} \end{array} \quad \Bigg| \quad \begin{array}{c} \text{--} \acute{\text{---}} \text{--} \\ \text{u u - u u u u -} \\ \text{u u} \end{array} \quad \text{(so Heyse.)}$$

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 nery neck.*  
Four maned lions hale  
The sluggish wheels;  
solemn their toothed  
maws,  
Their surly eyes brow-  
hidden, heavy paws  
Uplifted drowsily, and  
nery 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 uittae*. 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.

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**THE END.**

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**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.

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