

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9967

Descriptive notes, including complete Latin texts and English translations, accompany this long-playing record and may be found inside the packet.

ROMAN LOVE POETRY

Side I

CATULLUS

Band 1: Poems 51, 3, 5, 7, 13, 86, 92

Band 2: Poems 8, 109, 70, 72, 75, 85

Band 3: Poems 76, 11

TIBULLUS

Band 4: The Poet's Ideal
Against War

Side II

SULPICIA

Band 1: Before Her Birthday
From Her Sick-Bed

PROPERTIUS

Band 2: I, 1

Band 3: I, 3

Band 4: IV, 7

Band 5: OVIDIUS

Amores I, 13

Amores II, 16

DESIGN: INTERDESIGN

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Folkways Records FL9967

Roman Love Poetry

1. Catullus

Poem No.	51	lines		
	3	12		
	5	18		
	7	13		
	13	12		
	86	14		
	92	6		
		4	79	
	8	19		
	109	6		
	70	4		
	72	8		
	75	4		
	85	2	43	
	76	26		
	11, 21-24	4	30	152

2. Tibullus

I, 1, 1-6, 41-60	26		
I, 10, 1-10, 59-68	20	46	198

3. Sulpicia

(Tibullus) III, 14 (IV, 8)	8		
III, 17 (IV, 11)	6		14

4. Propertius

I, 1	38		
I, 3	46		
IV, 7, 1-34, 83-96	48		132

5. Ovidius

Amores I, 13, 1-10, 23-48	32		
II, 16, 1-2, 11-20, 41-52	24	56	202
			Total 400

In Tibullus I, 1, the translation of lines 59-60 is missing. "May I look on thee when my last hour comes; may I hold thy hand, as I sink, in my dying clasp."

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ROMAN LOVE POETRY

(Selections from Catullus, Tibullus, Sulpicia, Propertius, and Ovid)

Read in Latin by John F. C. Richards

John F. C. Richards received his B. A. degree at Oxford University (Christ Church) in 1921, his M. A. in 1927, and his Ph. D. at Harvard University in 1934. He has been teaching Greek and Latin literature since 1927, first at Dartmouth College, and then at Harvard University, the University of Rochester, and Columbia University, where he is now Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

-Recordings by John F. C. Richards-

- FI8112 - Essentials of Latin
(4-record set)
- FI8116 - Essentials of Latin
(Basic Constructions and Review)
- FI9968 - Odes of Horace
- FI9969 - Selections from Virgil
- FI9970 - Selections from Ovid
- FI9984 - Ancient Greek Poetry
- FI9985 - Homer

1. Gaius Valerius Catullus, c. 84-c. 54 B.C.
2. Albius Tibullus, c. 48 - 19 B.C.
3. Sulpicia, daughter of Servius Sulpicius Rufus (Tibullus IV, 7-12)
4. Sextus Propertius, c. 50-after 16 B.C.
5. Publius Ovidius Naso, 43 B.C. - c. A.D. 18.

These poets all wrote on the theme of love and used the elegiac couplet (a hexameter followed by a pentameter). Catullus also wrote in the Sapphic meter (51 and 11), the Phalaecean or Hendecasyllabic (3, 5, 7, 13), and the choliambic (8). All the other poems that have been chosen are in elegiacs.

The poems of Catullus have been arranged approximately in chronological order. They are about his love for Lesbia, who was probably Clodia, the

sister of P. Clodius Pulcher. The first seven refer to a period of happiness (61-60 B.C.). No. 51 is a translation of a poem by the Greek poetess, Sappho of Lesbos, and suggests the reason for the name Lesbia. No. 13 is a poem of friendship, but the *puella* who is mentioned is probably Lesbia. No. 8 seems to refer to a temporary quarrel (59 B.C.), and No. 109 (with 107, which is not included) seems to be a reconciliation. No. 72 and 75 show disillusionment; he loves but he does not respect her. No. 85 shows how love can be mixed with hate. In No. 76 he prays to be freed from what he now regards as a disease, and in No. 11 (addressed to Furius and Aurelius) he sends his ultimatum to Lesbia. A reference to Caesar's invasion of Britain shows that this was written in 55 or 54 B.C.

Some selections follow from the poems of Tibullus about Delia, and from the poems about Cerinthus written by Sulpicia, a Roman lady related to Messalla. There are three poems written by Propertius about Cynthia; his Latin is often difficult, but he shows great poetic feeling and power. Finally there are two poems from Ovid's *Amores*.

Tibullus has a gentle spirit and expresses a love of peace and hatred of war; he is not ashamed to say that, if only he can stay with Delia, he does not care if he is called a slacker. This is very different from the more familiar picture of the stern Roman patriot.

Sulpicia is of special interest as a spirited young lady from an aristocratic family, who has left us six lively poems of her own. Her love for Cerinthus is also described in a number of other poems, which have come down to us in the collection that bears the name of Tibullus.

Though Cynthia seems to have made Propertius suffer, she was the inspiration of some remarkable verse.

It is hard to forget the poem in which he returns late at night and sees her asleep in the light of the moon; he compares her to Ariadne, Andromeda, and a Bacchante (for Propertius makes great use of mythology), and then she wakes up and reproaches him bitterly for his neglect. And after her death he wrote a powerful poem about her ghost, which appeared to him fresh from the funeral pyre. In this she describes how in life she used to climb down a rope to meet him, and she is confident that after death he will belong to her again.

Ovid's poem about Aurora, the goddess of the Dawn, is more playful. It makes use of an idea which appears in Greek poetry; the dawn is the foe of love and brings the night to an end far too soon.

In the poem about his home in Sulmo Ovid begs his girl to visit him and asks the mountains to sink down as she comes hurrying to him in her pony-carriage.

When a final vowel or *m* is elided in the Latin verse before a following vowel or *h*, it has been pronounced; but this has not affected the beat of the line. Thus in Catullus, No. 3, the final vowel of *gremio* and the final *m* of *dominam* will be heard.

The text and translations are those of the Loeb/Classical Library and are used with the permission of the Harvard University Press: (1) Catullus translated by F. W. Cornish (1913), (2) Tibullus and Sulpicia translated by J. P. Postgate (1913), (3) Propertius translated by H. E. Butler (1912), (4) Ovid, *Amores*, translated by Grant Showerman (1921).

- John F. C. Richards

Band 1:

LI

ILLE mi par esse deo videtur,
 Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
 qui sedens adversus identidem te
 spectat et audit
 dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
 eripit sensus mihi; nam simul te,
 Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
 [voci in ore]
 lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
 flamma demanat, sonitu suoapte
 tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
 lumina nocte.

III

LVGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
 et quantumst hominum venustiorum.
 passer mortuus est meae puellae,
 passer, deliciae meae puellae,
 quem plus illa oculis suis amabat:
 nam mellitus erat suamque norat
 ipsam¹ tam bene quam puella matrem;
 nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
 sed circumsilens modo huc modo illuc
 ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
 qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
 illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
 at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
 Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
 tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis,
 vae factum male! vae miselle passer!
 tua nunc opera meae puellae
 flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

V

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

VII

QVAERIS, quot mihi basiationes
 tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
 quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
 lasarpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
 oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi
 et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
 aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
 furtivos hominum vident amores,
 tam te basia multa basiare
 vesano satis et super Catullost,
 quae nec pernumerare curiosi
 possint nec maia fascinare lingua.

LI

HE seems to me to be equal to a god, he, if it may
 be, seems to surpass the very gods, who sitting
 opposite you again and again gazes at you and hears
 you sweetly laughing. Such a thing takes away all
 my senses, alas! for whenever I see you, Lesbia, at
 once no sound of voice remains within my mouth, but
 my tongue falters, a subtle flame steals down through
 my limbs, my ears ring with inward humming, my
 eyes are shrouded in twofold night.¹

III

MOURN, ye Graces and Loves, and all you whom the
 Graces love. My lady's sparrow is dead, the sparrow
 my lady's pet, whom she loved more than her very
 eyes; for honey-sweet he was, and knew his mistress
 as well as a girl knows her own mother. Nor would
 he stir from her lap, but hopping now here, now
 there, would still chirp to his mistress alone. Now
 he goes along the dark road, thither whence they
 say no one returns. But curse upon you, cursed
 shades of Orcus, which devour all pretty things!
 My pretty sparrow, you have taken him away. Ah,
 cruel! Ah, poor little bird! All because of you
 my lady's darling eyes are heavy and red with
 weeping.

V

LET us live, my Lesbia, and love, and value at one
 farthing all the talk of crabbed old men.
 Suns may set and rise again. For us, when the
 short light has once set, remains to be slept the
 sleep of one unbroken night.
 Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then
 another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet
 another thousand, then a hundred. Then, when we
 have made up many thousands, we will confuse our
 counting, that we may not know the reckoning, nor
 any malicious person blight them with evil eye, when
 he knows that our kisses are so many.

VII

You ask how many kissings of you, Lesbia, are
 enough for me and more than enough. As great
 as is the number of the Libyan sand that lies on
 silphium-bearing Cyrene, between the oracle of sultry
 Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus; or as many
 as are the stars, when night is silent, that see the
 stolen loves of men,—to kiss you with so many kisses,
 Lesbia, is enough and more than enough for your
 mad Catullus; kisses, which neither curious eyes
 shall count up nor an evil tongue bewitch.

XIII

CENABIS bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
cenam, non sine candida puella
et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
cenabis bene: nam tui Catulli
plenus sacculus est aranearum.
sed contra accipies meros amores
seu quid suavius elegantius vest: 10
nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

LXXXVI

QUINTIA formosast multis; mihi candida, longa,
rectast. haec ego sic singula confiteor,
totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venustas,
nulla in tam magnost corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosast, quae cum pulcherrima totast,
tum omnibus una omnis surripuit Veneres.

XCII

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

VIII

MISER Catulle, desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
amata nobis quantum amabatur nulla.
ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque,
impotens, noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive, 10
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
vale, puella. iam Catullus obdurat,
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam:
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla¹
scelestas, nocte. quae tibi manet vita?
quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

CIX

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

XIII

You shall have a good dinner at my house, Fabullus,
in a few days, please the gods, if you bring with you
a good dinner and plenty of it, not forgetting a
pretty girl and wine and wit and all kinds of laughter.
If, I say, you bring all this, my charming friend, you
shall have a good dinner; for the purse of your Catullus
is full of cobwebs. But on the other hand you shall
have from me love's very essence, or what is sweeter
or more delicious than love, if sweeter there be; for
I will give you some perfume which the Venuses
and Loves gave to my lady; and when you snuff
its fragrance, you will pray the gods to make you,
Fabullus, nothing but nose.

LXXXVI

QUINTIA is thought beautiful by many; I think her
fair, tall, and straight. I so far allow each of these
points, but I demur to "beautiful," for she has no
grace; there is not in the whole compass of her tall
person one grain of salt. Lesbia is beautiful: for
she possesses all the beauties, and has stolen all the
graces from all the women alone for herself.

XCII

LESBIA always speaks ill of me, and is always talking
about me. May I perish if Lesbia does not love me.
By what token? because it is just the same with me.
I am perpetually crying out upon her, but may I
perish if I do not love her.

Band 2:

VIII

POOR Catullus, 'tis time you should cease your folly,
and account as lost what you see is lost. Once the
days shone bright on you, when you used to go so
often where my mistress led, she who was loved by
me as none will ever be loved. There and then were
given us those joys, so many, so merry, which you
desired nor did my lady not desire. Bright to you,
truly, shone the days. Now she desires no more—
no more should you desire, poor madman, nor follow
her who flies, nor live in misery, but with resolved
mind endure, be firm. Farewell, my mistress; now
Catullus is firm; he will not seek you nor ask you
against your will. But you will be sorry, when your
nightly favours are no more desired. Ah, poor wretch!
what life is left for you? Who now will visit you? to
whom will you seem fair? whom now will you love?
by whose name will you be called? whom will you
kiss? whose lips will you bite? But you, Catullus,
be resolved and firm

CIX

You promise to me, my life, that this love of ours
shall be happy and last for ever between us. Ye
great gods, grant that she may be able to keep this
promise truly, and that she may say it sincerely and
from her heart, so that it may be our lot to extend
through all our life this eternal compact of hallowed
friendship.

LXX

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

LXXII

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

LXXV

Hvc est mens deducta tua, mea Lesbia, culpa,¹
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

LXXXV

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

LXXXVI

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo
divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere
possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt;
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
quare cur tu te iam² amplius excrucies? 10
quin tu animum offirmas atque istinc teque reducis
et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
difficilest longum subito deponere amorem.
difficilest, verum hoc qualubet efficias.
una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum:
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
o di, si vestrumst misereri, aut si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum aspice et, si vitam puriter egi,
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi. 20
heu, mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetities!
non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligit illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

LXX

The woman I love says that there is no one whom
she would rather marry than me, not if Jupiter
himself were to woo her. Says;—but what a woman
says to her ardent lover should be written in wind
and running water.

LXXII

You used once to say that Catullus was your only
friend, Lesbia, and that you would not prefer Jupiter
himself to me. I loved you then, not only as the
common sort love a mistress, but as a father loves his
sons and sons-in-law. Now I know you; and there-
fore, though I burn more ardently, yet you are in my
sight much less worthy and lighter. How can that
be? you say. Because such an injury as this drives
a lover to be more of a lover, but less of a friend.

LXXV

To this point is my mind reduced by your fault, my
Lesbia, and has so ruined itself by its own devotion,
that now it can neither wish you well though you
should become the best of women, nor cease to love
you though you do the worst that can be done.

LXXXV

I HATE and love. Why I do so, perhaps you ask. I
know not, but I feel it, and I am in torment.

LXXXVI

If a man can take any pleasure in recalling the
thought of kindnesses done, when he thinks that he
has been a true friend; and that he has not broken
sacred faith, nor in any compact has used the majesty
of the gods in order to deceive men, then there are
many joys in a long life for you, Catullus, earned
from this thankless love. For whatever kindness
man can show to man by word or deed has been said
and done by you. All this was entrusted to an
ungrateful heart, and is lost: why then should you
torment yourself now any more? Why do you not
settle your mind firmly, and draw back, and cease to
be miserable, in despite of the gods? It is difficult
suddenly to lay aside a long-cherished love. It is
difficult; but you should accomplish it, one way or
another. This is the only safety, this you must carry
through, this you are to do, whether it is possible or
impossible. Ye gods, if mercy is your attribute, or if
ye ever brought aid to any at the very moment of
death, look upon me in my trouble, and if I have led
a pure life, take away this plague and ruin from me.
Ah me! what a lethargy creeps into my inmost joints,
and has cast out all joys from my heart! No longer
is this my prayer, that she should love me in return,
or, for that is impossible, that she should consent to
be chaste. I would myself be well again and put
away this baleful sickness. O ye gods, grant me this
in return for my piety.

Band 3:

nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praeter eunte postquam
tactus aratrost.

And let her not look to
find my love, as before; my love, which by her fault
has dropped, like a flower on the meadow's edge, when
it has been touched by the plough passing by

Band 4: TIBULLUS

I

DIVITIAS alius fulvo sibi congerat auro
et teneat culti iugera multa soli,
quem labor adsiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent:
me mea paupertas vita traducat inerti,
dum meus adsiduo luceat igne focus.

6

non ego divitias patrum fructusque requiro,
quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo:
parva seges satis est; satis est, requiescere lecto
si licet et solito membra levare toro.
quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem
et dominam tenero continuisse sinu
aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
securum somnos imbre¹ iuvante sequi!
hoc mihi contingat: sit dives iure, furorem
qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias.
o quantum est auri pereat potiusque smaragdi,
quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.
te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,
ut domus hostiles praeferrat exuvias:
me retinent vinctum¹ formosae vincla puellae,
et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.
non ego laudari curo, mea Delia; tecum
dum modo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer.
te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
et teneam moriens deficiente manu.

50

X

Qvis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
quam ferus et vere ferreus ille fuit!
tum caedes hominum generi, tum proelia nata,
tum brevior dirae mortis aperta via est.
an nihil ille miser meruit, nos ad mala nostra
vertimus, in saevas quod dedit ille feras?
divitis hoc vitium est auri, nec bella fuerunt,
faginus astabat cum scyphus ante dapes.
non arces, non vallus erat, somnumque petebat
securus varias dux gregis inter oves.

10

a lapis est ferrumque, suam quicumque puellam
verberat: e caelo deripit ille deos.
sit satis e membris tenuem rescindere vestem,
sit satis ornatus dissoluisse comae,
sit lacrimas movisse satis; quater ille beatus
quo tenera irato flere puella potest.
sed manibus qui saevus erit, scutumque sudemque
is gerat et miti sit procul a Venere.
at nobis, Pax alma, veni spicamque teneto,
profluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

60

I

The Poet's Ideal

LET others heap up their treasure of yellow gold;
let theirs be many acres of well-tilled ground; let
them live in constant fighting and alarms with the
foeman at their gates, their slumbers routed by the
outburst of the signal for the fray. But let the humble
fortune that is mine lead me along a quiet path of
life, so my hearth but shine with an unfailing fire.

⁴¹ I ask not for the riches of my sires or the gains
which garnered harvests brought to my ancestors of
yore. A small field's produce is enough—enough if
I may sleep upon my bed and the mattress ease my
limbs as heretofore. What delight to hear the winds
rage as I lie and hold my love safe in my gentle clasp;
or, when the stormy South Wind sheds the chilling
showers, to follow the road of untroubled sleep, the
rain my lullaby! This be my lot; let him be rightly
rich who can bear the rage of the sea and the dreary
rain. Ah, sooner let all the gold and all the emeralds
perish from the world than any maiden weep for my
departings.

⁴² 'Tis right for thee, Messalla, to campaign on
land and sea that on thy house's front may show the
spoils of foemen: I am a captive fast bound in the
bonds of a lovely girl; I sit a janitor before her
stubborn doors. I care not for glory, Delia dear;
let me only be with thee, and I will pray folk call me
sluggard and idler.

X

Against War

WHO was the first discoverer of the horrible sword?
How savage was he and literally iron! Then slaughter
and battles were born into the world of men: then
to grisly death a shorter road was opened.

⁶ But perhaps, poor wretch, he is to blame in
nothing, but we turn to our mischief what he gave
us to use against the savage wild beast. This is the
curse of precious gold; nor were there wars when
the cup of beechwood stood beside men's food.
There were no citadels, no palisades, and void of
care the flock's commander courted sleep with his
sheep of divers hue around him.

Ah, he is stone and iron who would beat
his lass: this is to drag the gods down from the sky.
Be it enough to tear the light robe from her limbs,
and to disorder the fair arrangement of her hair:
enough to cause her tears to flow. Thrice happy he
whose anger can make a soft lass weep! But he
whose hands are cruel should carry shield and stake
and keep afar from gentle Venus.

⁶⁷ Then come to us, gracious Peace; grasp the
cornspike in thy hand, and from the bosom of thy
white robe let fruits pour out before thee.

SIDE II

Band 1: SULPICIA

[TIBULLI LIB. III. XIV. = IV. VIII.]

INVISVS natalis adest, qui rure molesto
et sine Cerintho tristis agendus erit.
dulcius urbe quid est? an villa sit apta puellae
atque Arretino frigidus amnis agro?
iam, nimium Messalla mei studiose, quiescas:
non tempestivae saepe, propinque, viae.
hic animum sensusque meos abducta relinquo,
arbitrio quam vis non sinit esse meo.

[TIBULLI LIB. III. XVII. = IV. XI.]

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,
quod mea nunc vexat corpora fessa calor?
a ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
optarim, quam te si quoque velle putem.
at mihi quid prosit morbos evincere, si tu
nostra potes lento pectore ferre mala?

XIV

Before her Birthday

My hated birthday is at hand, to be kept all joylessly
in the odious country and without Cerinthus. What
is more pleasant than the town? Would a grange
be fit place for a girl, or the chill river of Arretium
and its fields? Rest now, Messalla, from thy exces-
sive zeal for me. Journeys, my kinsman, are oft
ill-timed. They take me away, but here I leave my
soul and heart, since force forbids my living mistress
of myself.

XVII

From her Sick-bed

CERINTHUS, hast thou any tender thought for thine
own girl, now that fever racks her feeble frame? Ah,
I would not pray to triumph over the drear disease
if I thought not that thou wouldst wish it too. How
should it profit me to master sickness if thou canst
bear my troubles with a heart unmoved?

Band 2: PROPERTIUS I

CYNTHIA prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
donec me docuit castas odisse puellas
improbus, et nullo vivere consilio.
et mihi iam toto furor hic non deficit anno,
cum tamen adversos cogor habere deos.
Milanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores
saevitiam durae contudit lasidos.
nam modo Partheniis amens errabat in antris,
ibat et hirsutas ille videre feras;
ille etiam Hylaei percussus verbera¹ rami
saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.
ergo velocem potuit domuisse puellam:
tantum in amore preces et benefacta valent.
in me tardus Amor non ullas cogitat artes,
nec meminit notas, ut prius, ire vias.
at vos, deductae quibus est fallacia lunae
et labor in magicis sacra piare focis, 20
en agedum dominae mentem convertite nostrae,
et facite illa meo palleat ore magis!
tunc ego crediderim vobis et sidera et amnes
posse Cytacines¹ ducere carminibus.
aut² vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici,
quaerite non sani pectoris auxilia.
fortiter et ferrum saevos patiemur et ignes,
sit modo libertas quae velit ira loqui.
ferte per extremas gentes et ferte per undas,
qua non ulla meum femina norit iter: 30
vos remanete, quibus facili deus annuit aures,
sitis et in tuto semper amore pares.
in me nostra Venus noctes exercet amaras,
et nullo vacuus tempore defit Amor.
hoc, moneo, vitate malum: sua quemque moretur
cura, neque assueto mutet amore locum.
quod si quis monitis tardas adverterit aures,
heu referet quanto verba dolore mea!

III

QUALIS Thesea iacuit cedente carina
languida desertis Gnosia litoribus;
qualis et accubuit primo Cepheia somno
libera iam duris cotibus Andromede;
nec minus assiduis Edonis fessa choreis
qualis in herboso concidit Apidano:

AH! woe is me! 'twas Cynthia first ensnared me
with her eyes; till then my heart had felt no
passion's fire. But then Love made me lower my
glance of pride steadfast, and with implanted feet
bowed down my head, till of his cruelty he taught
me to spurn all honest maids, and to live a life of
recklessness.

¹ A year has passed and my madness is not
stayed, though my suit perforce endures the frown
of heaven. Yet Milanion shrank not, Tullus, from
any toils, howsoever hard, and so subdued the cruel
heart of the unrelenting daughter of Lasus. For
now he wandered love-distraught in the Parthenian
caverns, and went to face the shaggy creatures of
the wild. Nay, more, hardstricken once by the club
of Hylaeus, he groaned in agony on the rocks of
Arcady. So at last was he able to conquer the
swift-footed maid; such is the reward that prayers
and loyal service win for love. But for me, slow-
witted Love hath lost his craft and forgets to tread
the paths that once he trod.

² But ye who beguile men's hearts by luring the
moon from heaven, and toil to solemnise dread rites
on magic altars, go change my mistress' heart and
make her cheeks grow paler than mine own. Then
will I trust your claim to have power over stars and
rivers to lead them whithersoever ye will by Colchian
charms.

²⁵ Or else do ye, my friends, that would recall me
all too late from the downward slope, seek all the
remedies for a heart diseased. Bravely will I bear
the cruel cautery and the knife, if only I may win
liberty to speak the words mine anger prompts.
Ah! bear me far thro' nations and seas at the world's
end, where never a woman may trace my path. Do
ye abide at home, to whose prayer the god gives easy
audience and answers "Yea," and either to other
make equal response of love unperilous. Against me
Venus, our common mistress, plies nights of bitter-
ness, and Love that hath no respite faileth never.

²⁶ Lovers, I warn ye all. Fly the woe that now is
mine: cling each one to his own beloved, and never
change when love has found its home. But if any
all too late give ear to these my warnings, ah! with
what agony will he recall my words!

III

LIKE as the maid of Cnossus lay swooning on the
desert strand whilst the bark of Theseus sped swift
away, or as Andromeda, child of Cepheus, sank into
her first sleep, freed at last from her hard couch
of rock, or as the Thracian maenad, no less fore-
done by the unending dance, lies sunk in slumber
on the grassy banks of Apidanus, even so, me-

talis visa mihi mollem spirare quietem
 Cynthia non certis nixa caput manibus,
 ebria cum multo traherem vestigia Baccho,
 et quaterent sera nocte facem pueri. 10
 hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnes,
 molliter impresso conor adire toro;
 et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
 hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
 subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto
 osculaque admota sumere avara¹ manu,
 non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,
 expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae;
 sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,
 Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos. 20
 et modo solvebam nostra de fronte corollas
 ponebamque tuis, Cynthia, temporibus;
 et modo gaudebam lapsos formare capillos;
 nunc furtiva cavis poma dabam manibus;
 omniaque ingrato largibar munera somno,
 munera de prono saepe voluta sinu;
 et quotiens raro duxti¹ suspiria motu,
 obstupui vano credulus auspicio,
 ne qua tibi insolitos portarent visa timores,
 neve quis invitam cogeret esse suam: 30
 donec diversas praecurrens luna fenestras,
 luna moraturis sedula luminibus,
 compositos levibus radiis patefecit ocellos.
 sic ait in molli fixa toro cubitum:
 "tandem te nostro referens iniuria lecto
 alterius clausis expulit e foribus?
 namque ubi longa meae consumpsi tempora noctis,
 languidus exactis, ei mihi, sideribus?
 o utinam tales perducas, improbe, noctes,
 me miseram quales semper habere iubes! 40
 nam modo purpureo fallebam stamine somnum,
 rursus et Orpheae carmine, fessa, lyrae;
 interdum leviter mecum deserta querebar
 externo longas saepe in amore moras:
 dum me iucundis lapsam sopor impulit alis.
 illa fuit lacrimis ultima cura meis."

VII

SVNT aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit,
 luridaque evictos² effugit umbra rogos.
 Cynthia namque meo visa est incumbere fulero,
 murmur ad extremae nuper humata viae,
 cum mihi somnus ab exsequiis penderet amoris,
 et quererer lecti frigida regna mei.
 eosdem habuit secum quibus est elata capillis,
 eosdem oculos: lateri vestis adusta fuit,
 et solitum digito beryllon adederat ignis,
 summaque Lethaeus triverat ora liquor. 10
 spirantisque animos et vocem misit: at illi
 pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus:
 "Pertide nec cuiquam melior sperande puellae,
 in te iam vires somnus habere potest?
 iamne tibi exciderant vigilacis furta Suburae
 et mea nocturnis trita fenestra dolis?
 per quam demisso quotiens tibi fune pependi,
 alterna veniens in tua colla manu!
 saepe Venus trivio commissa¹ est, pectore muxto
 fecerunt tepidas pallia nostra vias. 20
 foederis heu taciti, cuius fallacia verba
 non audituri diripuerunt Noti!
 at mihi non oculos quisquam inclamavit euntis:
 unum impetrassem te revocante diem:
 nec crepuit fissa me propter harundine custos,
 laesit et obiectum tegula curta caput.
 denique quis nostro curvum te funere vidit,
 atram quis lacrimis incaluisse togam?
 si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illuc
 iussisses lectum lentius ire meum. 30

seemed, did Cynthia breathe the spirit of gentle rest, her head propped on faltering hands, when I came dragging home my reeling feet, drunken with deep draughts of wine, and the slaves were shaking their dying torches in the gloom of night far-spent.

¹¹ Not yet were all my senses drowned, and I strove to approach her where she lay, and lightly pressed against her couch. And although a twofold frenzy had laid hold upon me, and the two inexorable gods of wine and love urged on this side and on that, with gentle touch to pass mine arm about her where she lay, and with outstretched hand take passionate toll of kisses; yet I had not dared to break in upon my mistress' rest (for I feared the bitter chidings of that cruel tongue, so oft endured by me), but fixed my gaze upon her with tireless eyes, even as Argus glared on the strange horned brow of the daughter of Inachus. And now I loosed the chaplets from my brow and placed them, Cynthia, about thy head, and now rejoiced to compose thy straying locks; and stealthily with hollowed hands gave thee apples, and on thy thankless slumbers lavished every gift, gifts poured abundantly from my bosom as I bowed above thee. And if at times thou didst move and sigh, I started for fear (though vain was the presage which won my belief) that visions of the night brought thee strange terrors or that some phantom-lover constrained thee to be his against thy will.

²¹ But at last the moon gliding past the windows over against her couch, the officious moon with lingering light, opened her fast-closed eyes with its gentle beams. Then with elbow propped on the soft couch she cried:

²⁵ "At length another's scorn has driven thee forth and closed the doors against thee and brought thee home to my bed once more. For where hast thou passed the long hours of the night, that was plighted to me, thou that comest to me outworn when the stars—ah, me!—are driven from the sky? Mayst thou, cruel heart, endure the long agony of nights such as ever thou bidst me broken-hearted keep. For but now I was beguiling mine eyes from slumber with purple broidery, and then, work-wearied, with the music of Orpheus' lyre. And ever and anon, left thus forlorn, I made gentle moan unto myself, that oft thou lingerest locked in another's arms, till at the last I sank down and sleep fanned my limbs with kindly wings. That was my last thought amid my tears."

VII

THE Shades are no fable: death is not the end of all, and the pale ghost escapes the vanquished pyre. For Cynthia seemed to bend o'er my couch's head, Cynthia so lately buried beside the roaring road, as fresh from love's entombment I slept a broken sleep and mourned that the bed that was my kingdom was void and cold. Her hair, her eyes were the same as when she was borne to the grave: her raiment was charred against her side, and the fire had eaten away the beryl ring her finger wore, and the water of Lethe had withered her lips. Spirit and voice yet lived, but the thumb-bones rattled on her brittle hands.

¹³ "False heart!" she cried, "—yet ne'er may woman hope for truer—can sleep have power on thee so soon? So soon hadst thou forgotten the guile we practised in the sleepless Subura and my window worn by our cunning in the night:—that window from which so oft for thy sake I let down the rope and hung in mid air, as with alternate hand descending I came to thine embrace. Oft at the cross-ways were our rites accomplished and the road grew warm beneath our cloaks as we lay breast to breast. Alas for that wordless bond whose cheating terms the deaf wind of the South-West has swept away! Yet no man called upon my name as I passed and mine eyelids closed: surely hadst thou recalled me, I had been granted one more day. No watchman rattled his cleft reed for my sake, and a broken tile wounded my defenceless brow.¹ Aye, and who saw thee bowed with grief at my graveside? who saw thy robe of mourning grow hot with thy tears? If it vexed thee to go further than my portal, yet thus far thou mightest have bidden my bier be borne more slowly. Why, ungrateful, prayedst thou not for winds to fan my pyre? Why were the flames wherein I burned

cur ventos non ipse rogis, ingrate, petisti?
 cur nardo flammae non oluere meae?
 hoc etiam grave erat, nulla mercede hyacinthos
 iniicere et fracto busta piare cado.

hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
 sed breve, quod currens vector ab urbe legat:
 HIC TIBURTINA IACET AVREA CYNTHIA TERRA:
 ACCESSIT RIPAE LAVS, ANIENE, TYAE.
 nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis:
 cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent.
 nocte vagae ferimur, nox clausas liberat umbras,
 errat et abiecta Cerberus ipse sera. 90
 luce iubent leges Lethaea ad stagna reverti:
 nos vehimur, vectum nauta recenset onus.
 nunc¹ te possideant aliae: mox sola tenebo:
 mecum eris, et mixtis ossibus ossa teram."
 haec postquam querula mecum sub lite peregit,
 inter complexus excidit umbra meos.

XIII

Band 5: OVIDIUS

Amores

IAM super oceanum venit a seniore marito
 flava pruinosa quae vehit axe diem.
 "Quo properas, Aurora? mane!—sic Memnonis
 umbris
 annua sollemni caede parentet avis!
 nunc iuvat in teneris dominae lacuisse lacertis; 5
 si quando, lateri nunc bene iuncta meo est.
 nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aer,
 et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.
 quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?
 roscida purpurea supprime lora manu! 10

Omnia perpeterer—sed surgere mane puellas, 25
 quis nisi cui non est ulla puella ferat?
 optavi quotiens, ne nox tibi cedere vellet,
 ne fugerent vultus sidera mota tuos!
 optavi quotiens, aut ventus frangeret axem,
 aut caderet spissa nube retentus equus!² 30
 invida, quo properas? quod erat tibi filius ater,
 materni fuerat pectoris ille color.
 Tithono vellem de te narrare liceret; 35
 femina non caelo turpior ulla foret.
 illum dum refugis, longo quia grandior aevo,
 surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas.
 at si, quem mavis,³ Cephalum complexa teneres,
 clamares: "lente currite, noctis equi!" 40
 Cur ego plectar amans, si vir tibi marcet ab annis?
 num me nupsisti conciliante seni?
 adspice, quot somnos juveni donarit amato
 Luna!—neque illius forma secunda tuae.
 ipse deum genitor, ne te tam saepe videret, 45
 commisit noctes in sua vota duas."
 Iurgia finieram. scires audisse: rubebat—
 nec tamen adsueti tardius orta dies!

XVI

PARS me Sulmo tenet Paeligni tertia ruris—
 parva, sed inriguis ora salubris aquis.

At meus ignis abest. verbo peccavimus uno!—
 quae movet ardore est procul; ardor adest.
 non ego, si medius Polluce et Castore ponar,
 in caeli sine te parte fuisse velim.
 solliciti iaceant terraque premantur iniqua, 15
 in longas orbem qui secuere vias!—
 aut iuvenum comites iussissent ire puellas,
 si fuit in longas terra secunda vias!
 tum mihi, si premerem ventosas horridus Alpes,
 dummodo cum domina, molle fuisset iter. 20

Ulmus amat vitem, vitis non deserit ulmum;
 separor a domina cur ego saepe mea?
 at mihi te comitem iuraras usque futuram—
 per me perque oculos, sidera nostra, tuos!
 verba puellarum, foliis leviora caducis, 45
 inrita, qua visum est, ventus et unda ferunt.
 Siqua mei tamen est in te pia cura relictis,
 incipe pollicitis addere facta tuis,
 parvaque quamprimum rapientibus esseda mannus
 ipsa per admissas concute lora iugas! 50
 at vos, qua veniet, tumidi, subsidite, montes,
 et faciles curvis vallibus este, viae!

not fragrant with nard? Was this also a burden, to
 cast hyacinths—no costly gift—upon me and to ap-
 pease mine ashes with wine from the shattered jar?

And write these verses on a pillar's midst; they shall
 be worthy of me, but brief, that the traveller may
 read them as he hastens by: HERE GOLDEN CYNTHIA
 LIES IN THE FIELDS OF TIBUR. ANIO, NEW PRAISE IS
 ADDED TO THY BANK.

⁸⁷ "Nor spurn thou visions that come through
 holy portals; when dreams are holy they have the
 weight of truth. By night we range in wandering
 flight; night frees the prisoned shades, and Cer-
 berus himself strays at will, the bar that chains him
 cast aside. At dawn Hell's ordinance bids us return
 to the pools of Lethe: we are ferried over and the
 mariner tells o'er his freight.

⁹³ "Now let others possess thee! Soon shalt thou
 be mine alone; with me shalt thou be, and I will
 grind bone with mingled bone."

⁹⁵ When thus in querulous plaint she had brought
 her tale to a close, her spirit vanished from my
 embrace.

SHE is coming already over the ocean from her
 too-ancient husband⁸—she of the golden hair who
 with rimy axle brings the day.

⁸ "Whither art thou hastening, Aurora? Stay!—so
 may his birds each year make sacrifice to the shades
 of Memnon their sire in the solemn combat!" 'Tis
 now I delight to lie in the tender arms of my love;
 if ever, 'tis now I am happy to have her close by my
 side. Now, too, slumber is deep and the air is cool,
 and birds chant liquid song from their slender throats.
 Whither art thou hastening, O unwelcome to men,
 unwelcome to maids? Check with rosy hand the
 dewy rein!

"I could endure all else—but who, unless he
 were one without a maid, could bear that maids
 should rise betimes? How often have I longed
 that night should not give place to thee, that the
 stars should not be moved to fly before thy face!
 How often have I longed that either the wind should
 break thine axle, or thy steed be tripped by dense
 cloud, and fall! O envious, whither dost thou haste?
 The son born to thee was black, and that colour
 was the hue of his mother's heart.

³⁵ "I would Tithonus were free to tell of thee;
 no woman in heaven would be known for greater
 shame. Flying from him because long ages older,
 thou risest early from the ancient man to go to
 the chariot-wheels he hates. Yet, hadst thou thy
 favoured Cephalus in thy embrace, thou wouldst cry:
 'Run softly, steeds of night!'

⁴¹ "Why should I be harried in love because thy
 mate is wasting with years? Didst thou wed an
 ancient man because I made the match? Look, how
 many hours of slumber has Luna bestowed upon the
 youth she loves!—and her beauty is not second to
 thine. The very father of the gods, that he need
 not see thee so oft, made two nights into one to
 favour his desires."²

⁴⁷ I had brought my chiding to an end. You
 might know she had heard: she blushed—and yet
 the day arose no later than its wont!

SULMO holds me now, third part of the Paelignian
 fields—a land that is small, but wholesome with
 channelled streams.

¹¹ But my heart's flame is not here. I was wrong
 in one word!—she who fires my heart is afar; the
 fire is here. No, could I be set between Pollux
 and Castor, with you not by, I would not wish a share
 in heaven. May they lie restless, weighed down
 by ungracious clay, who have cut long roads upon
 the earth!—else they should have ordered maids to
 go as comrades to young men, if long roads must
 needs be cut upon the earth! Then if, shivering,
 I were setting foot on the windy Alps, so only my
 lady-love were with me, my journey were made with
 ease.

⁴¹ The elm loves the vine, the vine abandons not
 the elm; why am I oft separated from the mistress
 of my heart? Yet you had sworn that you would
 ever be comrade of mine—by me and by your eyes,
 those stars of mine! The words of women, lighter
 than falling leaves, go all for naught, swept away by
 the whim of wind and wave.

⁴⁷ Yet, if still in your heart is some feeling of
 faith toward me who am left alone, begin to make
 good your promises by deeds, and as soon as you
 may, with your own hand shake the rein above the
 flying manes of the ponies that whirl your light
 car along. And O, wherever she passes, sink down,
 ye hills, and be easy in the winding vales, ye ways!