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

**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
Roman Love Poetry

1. **Catullus**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem No.</th>
<th>51</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>13</th>
<th>86</th>
<th>92</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>109</th>
<th>70</th>
<th>72</th>
<th>75</th>
<th>85</th>
<th>76, 21-24</th>
<th>11, 21-24</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lines</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>152</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. **Tibullus**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1, 1, 1-8, 41-60</th>
<th>26</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1, 10, 1-10, 59-68</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>46</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>198</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3. **Sulpicia**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>III, 14 (IV,8)</th>
<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>III, 17 (IV,11)</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

4. **Propertius**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1, 1</th>
<th>38</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>IV, 7, 1-34, 83-96</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>132</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

5. **Ovidius**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Amores I, 13, 1-10, 23-48</th>
<th>32</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II, 16, 1-2, 11-20, 41-52</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>56</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>202</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total 400</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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."
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 1923, and his Ph. D. at Harvard University in 1936. 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:
- F1112 - Essentials of Latin
- F1116 - Essentials of Latin
- F1207 - Latin Constructions and Review
- F1208 - Odes of Horace
- F1259 - Selections from Virgil
- F1290 - Selections from Ovid
- F1293 - Ancient Greek Poetry
- F1295 - Homer

1. Gaius Valerius Catullus, c. 84-80 B.C.
2. Albicius Tibullus, c. 19 B.C.
3. Sulpicia, daughter of Servius Sulpicius Rufus (Tibullus IV, 7-12)
4. Sextus Propertius, c. 50-after 16 B.C.

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 Iambic or Hemiacyllabic (3, 5, 7, 13), and the choliastic (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 it is thought that the reason for the name Lesbia. No. 13 is a poem of friendship, but the puella who is mentioned is probably Lesbia. No. 6 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 79 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 lovely 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 how she is confident that after death she 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 ù 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 ù of dominæ 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 P. W. Cornish (1913), (2) Tibullus and Sulpicia translated by J. P. Postgate (1913), (3) Propertius translated by H. B. Butler (1912), (4) Ovid, Amores, translated by Grant Showerman (1921).

- John F. C. Richards
LI
ILLE mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare diivos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audid
dulce ridetem, misero quod omnis
eript semus mihi; nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
[voci in ore]
lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
tintinam aure, gemina teguntur
lumina nocte.

III
LVGEX, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
et quantumredux huminum venustiorum
passer mortuos est meae puellae
passer, deliciae meae puellae,
quem plus illa oculis suis amatat :
nam mollitus erat suamque norat
ipsam1 tam bene quam puella matrem ;
ne sese a gremio illius movebat,
sed circumillis modo hue modo illue
ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
qui nune it per iter tenerisricum
illue, unde negant redire quemquam.
at vobis male sit, malea tenebrae
Orec, quae omnia bella devoratis :
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulisti,
vaefactum male ! vae miselle passer !
tua nune opera meae puellae
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

V
VIVAMVS, mea Lesbia, atque amenus,
rumoersque sernum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis.
soles oeicere et redire possunt :
nobis cum semel occidit brevis luc,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi lustia nolle, deinde centum,
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut nequiss malus invidere possit,
em tantum sciat esse basium.

VII
QUÆRIS, quot mihi basiationes
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
quam magnum numerus Libysac harenac
laspiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
oraclum lovis inter aestuosi
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
furtivos hominum vident amores,
tam te basia multa basiare
vesano sat is et super Catullost,
quae nec nummerare curiosi
possint nec maia fascinare lingua.
XIII

Cebasis bene, mi Fabulle, spud me paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus, si tecum atuleris bonam atque magnam cenam, non sine candida puella et vino et sale et omnibus cæhmissis. haec si, inquam, atuleris, venusté noster, cebasis bene: nam tu Catulli plenus accetulos est anaream. sed contra accipies meros amores seu quid suavius elegantius; vest: nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellæ donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque, quod tu cum olacies, deos rogabis, totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

LXXXVI

Quinta formosast multis; mihi candida, longa, recta, haec ego sic singula confiteor, totum illud formosast nemo: nam nulla venustas, nulla in tam magnost corpore mea salis. Lesbia formosast, quae cum pulcherrima totast, tum omnibus una omnis surriquit Veneres.

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.

XCII

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 sniff its fragrance, you will pray the gods to make you, Fabullus, nothing but nose.

LXXXVI

Quinta 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

Miser Catulle, desinas ineprire, et quod vides perisse pergitum duces. fulsero quondam candidi tibi soles, cum ventitabas quo puella ducetat amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla. ibi illa multa tum iocosa fient, quae tu volebas nec puella nolletat. fulsero 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, odusta. vale, puella. iam Catullus obscurat, nec te requiet nee rogabitis invitam: at tu dolabis, cum rogaberis nulla. scelestis, noce. quae tibi manet vita? quis nunc te adversut? cui videberis bella? quem nunc amabis? cuius esse dicent? quem basiabis? cuius labos ces? at tu, Catulle, destinatus obscura.

CIX

Ivevaxow, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem hune nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore. di magni, facite ut vere promitteteres posit; atque id sincere dicat et ex animo, ut liceat nobis tota perdueceres vita aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

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

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

LXXI

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

LXXV

Hec est mens deducta tua, mea Lesbia, culpa,
atque ita se officio perdistit ipso suo,
ut iam nec bene velle quae tibi, si optimas fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

LXXXV

Oor et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio, sed fieri sentio et exercior.

LXXVI

Stqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
nec sanctam violasse facem, nec foedere in ullo
divum ad fillendos numine absum homines,
multa parata manent in longa ietate, Catulle,
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
nam quae cuncta homines bene eruit aut dicere
possunt
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt;
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
quare cur tu te iam amplius exerchies?
10
quae tu animam omissas atique istice teque reducis
et dis invitus desinis esse miser?
difficilis longum subito deponere amorem.

difficilis, verum hoc qualsubet efficac.
una salus haec est, hoc est tibi perversum:
hoc facias, sive id non pete sive pote.
o di, si vestrum miseri,
a si quibus umquam
extremam iam ipse in morte tulistis ope,
me miserum aspice et, si vitam puritier egii,
eripte hanc pestem pernicieaque mihi.
20
heu, mili surrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias!
non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligit illa,
aud, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et tactum hunc deponere morbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

LXXVII

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.

LXXVII

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

Band 3:

LXXVI

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, carved
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.
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praeter eunte postquam
actus antrast.

Band 4: TIBULLUS

I

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

non ego divitias patrum fructusque requiro,
quos tuit antiquo condita messis avo:
purva seges satis est; satis est, requiescere lecto
si licet et solito membra levare toro.
quam iuvat imites ventos audire cubantem
et dominam tenero continuasse sinu
aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
securn somnos imbre 1 iuvante sequi!
hoc mihi contingat: sit dives iure, furorem
qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias.
o quantum est auris pereat potiusque smeragdi,
quam flet ob nostras ulla puella vias.
te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,
ut domus hostiles praferat exuvias:
me retinet vinum 1 formosae vincla puellae,
et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.
non ego laudari curo, mea Delia; tecum
dum modo sim, quaeo segnis inesque vocer.
te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
et teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
quam ferus et vere ferreus ille fuit!
tum caedem 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?
divitiis hoc vitium est auri, nec bella fuerunt,
fagnus astatam cum scyphus ante dapes.
non arces, non vallis erat, somnumque petebat
securus varias dux gregis inter oves.

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

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

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
dreamy rain. Ah, sooner let all the gold and all the emeralds
perish from the world than any maiden weep for my
departings.

59 'Tis right for thee, Messalla, to campaign on
land and sea that on thy house's front may show the
spoils of foesmen: I am a captive fast bound in the
bonds of a lovely girl; I sit a janitor before her
stubby 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.]

Inviva natalis adeat, qui rure molesto
et aime Cerinthe tristes agendus erit.
dulcis urbe quid est? an sit apta puellae
atque Arreton frigidus amnis agro?
iam, nimbos Messalla mei studione, quiescens:
non tempestivae saepe, proponente, vice.
hic animus sensisse meos adusta reliquiis,
arte trium quam vis non sinit esse meo.

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

Estis tibi, Cerinthe, tunc pia cura puellae,
quod mea munificentia cursum sese calor?
aufer alter tria tibi evincere morbos
quorum, quam te si quaque velle potem,
at mihi quid prostrat morbos evincire, si tu
nostra potes lento pectorre ferre mala?

Band 2: PROPERTIUS

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit orellis,
contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
tum mihi constantem dedit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
doce me docuit castus odisse puellas
improbias, et nume vivere consilio.
et mihi iam toto furor hic non defecto amo,
cum tamen adversus cogit habere deo.
Milani nolos fugiendo, Tullie, laboris
saevitiam durae contuditias.
non modo Partheniens erat inanis, libat
et hirsutae ille videre feras;
ille etiam Hylaei perennis verbere
rami
saeculorum Arcadia rupibus ingenuis.
 Ergo veloce potuit domuisse puellam:
tantum in amore preciose et benefactoria valent.
in me tardus Amor non ulsil cogitatio artes,
nec meminissit notas, ut prius, ire vias.
at vos, deductae quibus est fallacia lunae
et labor in magis sacra piace foci,
en sedum domine mentem convertere nostrae,
et facite illa meo palleat orega.
tune ego crediderim vobis et sidera et amnes
posse Cytaeicas ducre carminibus.
aut vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici,
querite non nisi pectoris axillae,
fortiter et ferrum saevus patiemur et ignes,
sit modo libertas quae velit ira loqui.
 ferre per extremas gentes et ferre per undas,
qua non uila meum femina norit iter:
vos remanente, quibus facili deus annuit auro,
sitis et in tuto semper amore pares.
in me nostra Venus noctes exercit amaras,
et nullo vacues tempore defit Amor.
hoc, moneo, vitate malum: sua quemque mortur
cura, neque absque mutet amore locum.
quid si quis monitss tardas adversarit aures,
bien referat quanto verba dolore mea!

III
Qualis Theseae lacuit coeleste carina
languida desertis Gnosia litoribus;
qualis et accubuit primo Cepheus somno
libera iam durus cotibus Andromeda;
nee minus assiduis Eoionis fessa choris
qualis in herbo concidit Apidano;

XIV

Before her Birthday

My hated birthday is at hand, to be kept 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 Arreton
and its fields? Rest now, Messalla, from thy excessive
seal for me. Journeys, my kinman, 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 rocks her feeble frame? Ah,
I would not pray to triumph over the dear disease
if I thought not that thou wouldst wish it too. How
should it profit me to master sickness if thou cannot
bear my troubles with a heart unmoored?

An! woe is me! twas Cynthia first ensured me
with her eyes: till then my heart had felt no
passion's fire. But then Love made me lower my
glance of pride steadfastly, 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.

A year has passed and my maidenhood is not
stayed, though my suit perchance endures the crown
of heaven. Yet Milani shrank not, Tullus, from
any toils, howsever hard, and so subdued the cruel
heart of the unrelenting daughter of Jove. 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-
warried Love hath lost his craft and forgets to tread
the paths that once he trod.

But ye who beguile men's hearts by furing
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 Cofhan charms.

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 "Yes," and either to other
make equal response of love unperilous. Against me
Venus, our common mistress, plies nights of bitterness,
and Love that hath no respite faileth never.

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 Cynous 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, fated at last from her hard couch
of rock, or as the Thracian maid, no less fore-
done by the unending dance, lies sunk in slumber
on the grassy banks of Apidanus, even so, me-
seemed, did Cynthia breathe the spirit of gentle rest, her head propped on falling 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 to passionate toll of kisses; yet had I 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 Arga gazed on the strange horned brow of the daughter of Inachus. And now I loosened 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 thankful 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 rescue which won my belief) that visions of the night brought thee strange terrors or that some phantasm lover constrained thee to be his against thy will.

12 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:

13 13 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 pleased 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

Tut shades are no fable: death is not the end of all, and the pale ghost escapes the vanquished pyre. For Cynthia seemed to be in 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 13 False heart!” she cried, “—yet ne’er may woman hope for trace—even sleep have power on thee so soon? So soon hast thou forgotten the grace we practised in the sleepless Subura and my window worn by our evening in the sun—that window from which we 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. Also 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 hast thou recalled me, I had been granted one more day. No watchman ratted his cleft reed for my sake, and a broken tile wounded my defenseless brow! Aye, and who saw thee bowed with grief at my graveside when saw thy rote of mourning grow hot with thy tears? If it vexed thee to go further than my portal, yet thus far thou mightest have hidden my bier be borne more slowly. Why, ungrateful, prayest thou not for winds to fan my pyre? Why were the flames wherein I burned?
cur ventos non ipse regis, ingrate, petisti?
cur nardo flamine non olivae meae?
hoc etiam gravem cuncta summis pactis
invenit et fructu humo parte cadat.

hic carmen media dignus me scire colloquent,
sed breve, quod currens vector ad urbem legat:

hic territoria seicta aves Cynthis terra:
accessor supra lavum, avam, tvam,
nec tu spem pilis venientia somnia portis:
summa pueri venerunt somnia, pendus hanc.
notae vagae feruntur, nos clausus liberat umbra:
coetum et albae Cerberus ipse serat.

saepe habet leges Letoae ad stagnam reverti:
velve hunc, vectum nauta recenset omnes.
nunc te possumus aliae: nos sola tenebo:
meum eris, et mixtis usitis non tenias.
haec postquam querula mecum sub lite pergit,
terrae complexus excedit umbra meos.

Band 5: OVIDIUS

XIII

IAM super oceanum venit a senio mari
flava prunosa quae velit axe diem.

"Quo properas, Aurora? mane!—ali Memonon
umbra
annus solennis caede parentet avis!
nunc vasta in tenebris dominasse incisus lacertis;

si quando, lateri nunc bene functa meo est;
nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aet,
et lixivium tenii gitture cantat avia.
quo properas, ingratia viris, ingratia pellucis?
rondalia purpurea supprime lora manus!"

Omnia perpetuere—sed surgere mane puellae,
quia nisi cui non est uita pellae ferat?

optavi quotiens, ne nos tibi cedere vellet,
ne fugerent vultus tidera mota tuae?

optavi quotiens, aut ventus frangere axem,
aut caderet spinis obut rectetus equus?

invictis, quo properas? quod erat tibi filius at
materni fuerat pectoris ille color.

Thibonio vellem de te narrare licenter;

femina non exclamphius uita foet.
illium dum refugis, longo quidam exspecto,
surgis ad invias a sene mane rotas.
at si, quae movis? Cephalum complexa tenerez,
clamare:

"Lentie currite, noctis equus!"

Cor ego plectar amans, si vir tibi marcat ab annis?
num me nupsit consilientiae seni?

adspice, quod somnia inueni donarit amato.

Luna neque illius forma secunda taua.
ipse deum gravis, ne te tam saperet siderat,
committit notae in sua voto dura.

Iurgia finieram. seirens audacae: rubetabant:
nec tamen aduocato tardius orta dies!

XVI

Parne me Salmo tenet Pauligni tertium rurum—
pars, sed inguis era solubris aquis.

At meus ignis abest. verbo pecaminus uno—
quae movet ardore est praeul; ardor adeunt.
non ego, si medius Pollius et Castore ponat,
in saecu sine te parte fuisse velim.

solicittus isceant terraeque premans tuas,
in longas orbis qui secures visa
aut invescus comites iussisset ire puellas,
ae fuit in longis terra secunda via?
un cum sibi, si primumem ventosae horridos Alpes,
dummodo cum dominis, molle funis iter.

Ulmos amant vitam, vitis non desertit ulnum;
separat a dominos cur ego aeque mea?
at mih to comitem iuramur sursum futurum—
per me perque occulus, sidera nostra, tuo

verbis pelissum, folis levis caduueis,
luvia, quas visum est, ventus et unda ferat.
Sine mei tamen est in te siva curis retint,
incepe pollisatti addere facta tuis,
parvum gusprum in rapiendis evadens manus
ipsa per admissam concute lora lubas!
at vos, qua veniet, tumidi, subsidiis, montes,
et laxi curvis valibus esse, vitae!

not fragrant with sand? Was this also a burden,
to cast hyacinths—not costly gift—upon me and to ap-
pense 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 traveler may
read them as he hastens by: Here Golden Cynthis
lives in the fields of Tibur. And, new praise is
added to thy fame.

"Nur 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 pierced shades, and Cer-
berus himself strays at will, the bar that chains him
cast aside. At dawn Hell's ordinance bids us return
the pools of Letha; we are ferried over and the
mariner tells o'er his freight.

"Now let others possess thee! Soon shalt thou
be mine alone, with me shalt thou be, and I will
grow bane with mingled bow.

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

Amores

Sun is coming already over the ocean from her
too-ancient husband—he of the golden hair
who with ruddy axle brings the day.

"Whither art thou hastening, Aurora? Stay!—so
may his birds each year make sacrifice to the shades of
Memonon 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 tresses.
Whither art thou hastening, O unwelcome to men,
wELCOME TO MIDSOMMERS END. Check with rosy hand the
dewy rain!"

"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 that, 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 steeds 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.

"I would that Ithomus were free to tell of thee;
no woman in heaven would be known for greater
shame. Flying from him because long ages older,
thou first came from the ancient man to go to
the chariot-wheels he hated. Yet, hast thou thy
favoured Cephalus in thy embrace, thou wouldst cry:
"Run softly, steeds of night!"

"Why should I be harried in love because thy
mate is wasting with years? Didst thou well 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 off, made two nights into one to
favour his desires."

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

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

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 Pollius
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 cordials to young men, if long roads must
needs be cut upon the earth? Then if, slivering,
I was setting foot on the windy Alps, so only my
lady-love were with me, my journey were made with
ease.

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

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!