Etsi me adsiduo defectum cura dolore
sevocat a doctis, Ortale, virginibus,
nec potis est dulcis Musarum expromere
fetus
mens animi: tantis fluctuat ipsa malis,—
namque mei nuper Lethaeo gurgite fratris
pallidulum manans aduit unda pedem,
Troia Rhoeteo quem subter litore tellus
Ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.
----------------------------- (Lacuna)
nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
adspiciam posthac: at certe semper amabo,
semper maesta tua carmina morte canam,
qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
Daulias absumpti fata gemens Ityli,—
sed tamen in tantis maeroribus, Ortale, mitto
haec expressa tibi Carmina Battiadae,
ne tua dicta vagis nequiquam credita ventis
effluxisse meo forte putes animo,
ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
procurrit casto virginis e gremio,
quod miserae oblatae molli sub veste
decursu,
dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur;
atque illud prono praecps agitur decursu,
puer manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Although care calls me, exhausted by
constant grief,
From the learned maidens, Hortalus.
Nor is the mind of my spirit able to bring
forth
The sweet offspring of the Muses (for it
itself tosses with such great evils:
For recently a wave flowing washed over
the pale foot of my brother
With its Lethean whirlpool,
Whom the Trojan land close to the Rhotaean
shore
Crushed, having been snatched from our
eyes.

Will I never hereafter catch sight of you,
brother
More lovable than life? Certainly I shall
always love you,
Always I shall sing sad songs about your
death,
Such as the Idalian woman sang under the
dense
Shades of branches, lamenting the fate of
Itylus seized.
But moreover in such great griefs, Hortalus
of Cyrene,
I send you these translated poems of
Callimachus,
So that you may not think that your words
Entrusted in vain to wandering winds have
By chance flowed out of my mind,
As an apple sent as a gift of a secret lover
Fell forward from the chaste lap of a
maiden,
The apple, which, placed under the soft
clothing of the little wretch,
Was shaken out when she jumped up at the
arrival of her mother,
And was driven headlong in a downward
descent,
And blushing flowed in the sad face of the
knowing girl.
Quod mihi fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo conscriptum hoc lacrimis mittis epistolium, naufragum ut eictum spumantibus aequoris undis sublevem et a mortis limine restituam, quem neque sancta Venus molli requiescere somno desertum in lecto caelibe perpetitur, nec veterum dulci scriptorum carmine musae oblectant, cum mens anxia pervigilat, id gratum est mihi, me quoniam tibi dicis amicum muneraque et Musarum hinc petis et Veneris. sed tibi ne mea sint ignota incommoda, Manli, neu me odisse putes hospitis officium, accipe quis mserer fortunae fluctibus ipse, ne amplius a misero dona beata petas. tempore quo primum vestis mihi tradita pura est, iucundum cum aetas florida ver ageret, multa satis lusi; non est dea nescia nostri quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiem: sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors abstulit. o misero frater adempte mihi, tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater, tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus, omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra, quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor. cuius ego interitu tota de mente fugavi haec studia atque omnes delicias animi. quare, quod scribis Veronae turpe Catullo esse quod hic quisquis de meliore nota frigida deserto tepefactet membra cubili, id, Manli, non est turpe, magis miserum est. ignosces igitur, si, quae mihi luctus ademit, haec tibi non tribuo munera, cum nequeo. nam quod scriptorum non magna est copia apud me, hoc fit quod Romae vivimus: illa domus, illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur aetas; huc una ex multis capsula me sequitur. quod cum ita sit, nolim statuas nos mente maligna id facere aut animo non satis ingenuo quod tibi non utriusque petenti copia parta est: ultro ego deferrem, copia si qua foret.
Because you, oppressed by fortune and bitter chance, send to me
This short letter, written with tears,
Let me lift you up like a shipwrecked man run aground on the foaming waves of the sea
And let me restore you to health from the boundary of death,
Whom neither sacred Venus allows relief abandoned in a
Celibate bed in sleep,
Nor do the Muses delight with sweet song of old writers
When an anxious mind stays up at night,
This is pleasing to me since you say me [to be] your friend
And you seek the gifts both of the Muses and of Venus here,
But so that my troubles might not be unknown to you, Manlius,
Nor you think me to have neglected the duty of hospitality,
Hear, I who myself by the waves of fortune am tossed,
So that you no longer seek blessed gifts from a miserable man.
At that time when the clothing was first handed down to me,
When the flower of my youth passed a pleasant spring,
I played many things sufficiently: of us the goddess is not unknowing,
Who mixes sweet bitterness with cares.
But my brother's death entirely took away this eager game from me.
O miserable brother, removed from me,
Dying, you broke my everything good; brother,
Our whole house was buried together with you,
And all our joys died together with you,
Which your your sweet love nourished in life.
Because of whose death I expelled from my whole mind
These games and all delights of the mind.
Therefore, because you write that it is shameful for Catullus
To be in Verona, because here anyone noted for a better thing,
Makes warm his limbs cold from a deserted bed,
It is not a shame, Manlius, it is a source of great grief.
Therefore, pardon me if I do not give you these gifts
Which grief took away from me, since I am not able.
For, since we live in Rome: that house,
That seat for me, there my youth is plucked off;
Here one small scroll box from many follows me.
Since these things are so, I don't want you to decide that we
Do this with a malignant mind or with a mind not open enough,
Because to you an abundance of each sought was not sent
Willingly let me confer, if any such abundance were made.
Si qua 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 iam amplius excrucies?
quin tu animo offermas atque istinc teque red ucis
et dis invitis desinis esse miser?

difficile est longum subito deponere amorem
difficile est, verum hoc qua libet efficias.
una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum
hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
o di, si estrum est misereri, aut si quibus un quam
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
me miserum adspicite et, si vitam puriter egi
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi!
hei mihi subreps imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.
on iam illud quaeo, contra ut me diligat illa
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere m orbum.
o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

If there is any pleasure to a man
remembering former good deeds,
When he believes he is faithful,
Nor to have violated a sacred faith, nor to
have abused the power of the gods.
To deceive men by any argument,
Many joys remain in long life for you,
Catullus,
Prepared from this ungrateful love.

For whatever things men are able either to say or to do well,
These things have been both said and done by you.
And all these things perished to an ungrateful mind entrusted.
Therefore why do you now further torment yourself?
Why do you not resolve yourself in your mind and bring yourself back
And cease to be miserable, the gods unwilling?
It is difficult to suddenly put aside a long love,
It is difficult, truly you do this by whatever means it is pleasing:
This is one safety, this must be thoroughly defeated by you,
May you do this, whether is possible or not possible.
O Gods, if it is yours to feel pity, or if ever you have brought help to anyone
Already in death itself at last,
Look upon wretched me, and if I led my life purely,
Seize this plague and destruction from me,
Which creeping up to me as a numbness into my bottommost limbs
Expelled the joys from my whole chest.
I do not ask for that, that she chooses me in return,
Or, because it is not able, she wish to be chaste:
I wish that I myself be healthy and put aside this foul sickness.
O gods, give this to me for my loyalty.
Rufe mihi frustra ac nequiquam credite amice
(frustra? immo magno cum pretio atque malo),
sicine subrepsti mi atque intestina perurens
hei misero eripuisti omnia nostra bona?
eripuisti, eheu nostrae crudele venenum
vitae, eheu nostrae pestis amicitiae.

O Rufus, trusted by me, my friend, in vain and pointlessly
(in vain? On the contrary with a great price and evil)
Thus you have crept upon me, and burning, my innards
You have snatched all good things from wretched me.
You have seized, alas, alas, the cruel poison of my life,
Alas, alas, plague of our friendship.

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

I hate, and I love. Why do I do this, perhaps you ask?
I do not know, but I know it happens, and I am tortured.

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Quintia formosa est multis, mihi candida, longa,
recta est. haec ego sic singula confiteor,
totum illud “formosa” nego: nam nulla venustas,
nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
Lesbia formosa est, quae cum pulcherrima tota est,
tum omnibus una omnis subripuit Veneres.

Quintia is beautiful to many. To me, she is dazzling, tall,
And right: for I admit these things one by one.
I deny this whole beautiful thing; there is no charm,
There is no grain of wit in so great a body
Lesbia is beautiful; she, who is not only the most beautiful,
But also alone has stolen all the charms of Venus from all.