

Martial, *Epigrams* 3.26

Only you have land, then, Candidus,
Gold plate, cash, and porcelain, only you,
Massic or Caecuban wine of famous vintage,
only you judgement and wit, only you.
You have it all – well say I don't deny it –
But everyone has your wife, along with you.

Praedia solus habes et solus, Candide, nummos,
Aurea solus habes, murrina solus habes,
Massica solus habes et Opimi Caecuba solus,
Et cor solus habes, solus et ingenium.
Omnia solus habes—hoc me puta velle negare!—
Uxorem sed habes, Candide, cum populo.

1.10

Gemellus is seeking the hand of Maronilla, and is earnest, and lays siege to her, and beseeches her, and makes presents to her. Is she then so pretty? Nay; nothing can be more ugly. What then is the great object and attraction in her? – Her cough.

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillae
Et cupit et instat et precatur et donat.
Adeone pulchra est? immo foedius nil est.
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? Tussit.

1.62:

Laevina, so chaste as to rival even the Sabine women of old, and more austere than even her stern husband, chanced, while entrusting herself sometimes to the waters of the Lucrine lake, sometimes to those of Avernus, and while frequently refreshing herself in the baths of Baiae, to fall into flames of love, and, leaving her husband, fled with a young gallant. She arrived a Penelope, she departed a Helen.

Casta nec antiquis cedens Laeuina Sabinis
et quamuis tetrico tristior ipsa uiro
dum modo Lucrino, modo se demittit Auerno,
et dum Baianis saepe fouetur aquis,
incidit in flammas: iuuenemque secuta relicto
coniuge Penelope uenit, abit Helene.

Horace, *Odes* 1.4

Fierce winter slackens its grip: it's spring and the west wind's sweet change:
the ropes are hauling dry hulls towards the shore,
The flock no longer enjoys the fold, or the ploughman the fire,
no more are the meadows white with hoary frost.
Now Cytherean Venus leads out her dancers, under the pendant moon,
and the lovely Graces have joined with the Nymphs,
treading the earth on tripping feet, while Vulcan, all on fire, visits
the tremendous Cyclopean forges.
Now its right to garland our gleaming heads, with green myrtle or flowers,
whatever the unfrozen earth now bears:
now it's right to sacrifice to Faunus, in groves that are filled with shadow,
whether he asks a lamb or prefers a kid.
Pale death knocks with impartial foot, at the door of the poor man's cottage,
and at the prince's gate. O Sestus, my friend,
the span of brief life prevents us from ever depending on distant hope.
Soon the night will crush you, the fabled spirits,
and Pluto's bodiless halls: where once you've passed inside you'll no longer
be allotted the lordship of wine by dice,
or marvel at Lycidas, so tender, for whom, already, the boys
are burning, and soon the girls will grow hotter.

3.29

Maecenas, son of Etruscan kings, a jar
of mellow wine, that nobody's touched, awaits
you, at my house, and with rose-petals,
and balsam, for your hair, squeezed from the press.
Escape from what delays you: don't always be
thinking of moist Tibur, and of Aefula's
sloping fields, and of the towering heights
of Telegonus, who killed his father.
Forget the fastidiousness of riches,
and those efforts to climb to the lofty clouds,
stop being so amazed by the smoke,
and the wealth, and the noise, of thriving Rome.
A change usually pleases the rich: a meal
that's simple beneath a poor man's humble roof,
without the tapestries and purple,
smooths the furrows on a wrinkled forehead.
Already Cepheus, Andromeda's bright
father, shows his hidden fires, and now Procyon
rages, and Leo's furious stars,
as the sun returns with his parching days:
Now the shepherd, with his listless flock, searches

for the shade, and the stream and the thickets
of shaggy Silvanus, the silent banks
lack even the breath of a wandering breeze.
You're worrying about state politics,
and, anxious about the City, you're fretting
what the Seres, and Bactra, Cyrus
once ruled, and troublesome Don, are plotting.
The wise god buries the future's outcome deep
in shadowy night, and smiles at those mortals
who are agitated far beyond
what's sensible. Remember, with calmness,
reconcile yourself to what is: the rest is
carried along like a river, gliding now,
peacefully, in mid-stream, and down
to the Tuscan Sea, now rolling around
polished stones, uprooted trees, the flocks, and homes
together, with the echoes from the mountains,
and the neighbouring woods, while the wild
deluge stirs the peaceful tributaries.
He's happy, he's his own master, who can say
each day: 'I've lived: tomorrow, the Father may
fill the heavens with darkening cloud,
or fill the sky with radiant sunshine:
yet he can't render whatever is past as
null and void, he can never seek to alter,
or return and undo, whatever
the fleeting moment tosses behind it.
Fortune takes delight in her cruel business,
determined to play her extravagant games,
and she alters her fickle esteem,
now kind to me, and, now, to some other.
I praise her while she's here: but if she flutters
her swift wings, I resign the gifts she gave, wrap
myself in virtue, and woo honest
Poverty, even though she's no dowry.
When the masts are groaning in African gales,
it's not for me to ask in wretched prayer,
that my Cyprian and Tyrian
wares should be saved entire not add new wealth
to the greedy sea: and then the light breezes,
Pollux, and Castor his brother, carry me
safely through the stormy Aegean,
all with the aid of my double-oared skiff.

Catullus, *Carm.* 5

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love,
and let us judge all the rumors of the old men
to be worth just one penny!

The suns are able to fall and rise:

When that brief light has fallen for us,
we must sleep a never ending night.

Give me a thousand kisses, then another hundred,
then another thousand, then a second hundred,
then yet another thousand more, then another hundred.

Then, when we have made many thousands,
we will mix them all up so that we don't know,
and so that no one can be jealous of us when he finds out
how many kisses we have shared.

Vivamus 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 ne quis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

Vergil, *Aeneid* 4.688-705

Dido tried to lift her heavy eyelids again, but failed:
and the deep wound hissed in her breast.
Lifting herself three times, she struggled to rise on her elbow:
three times she fell back onto the bed, searching for light in
the depths of heaven, with wandering eyes, and, finding it, sighed.
Then all-powerful Juno, pitying the long suffering
of her difficult death, sent Iris from Olympus, to release
the struggling spirit, and captive body. For since
she had not died through fate, or by a well-earned death,
but wretchedly, before her time, inflamed with sudden madness,
Proserpine had not yet taken a lock of golden hair
from her head, or condemned her soul to Stygian Orcus.
So dew-wet Iris flew down through the sky, on saffron wings,
trailing a thousand shifting colours across the sun,
and hovered over her head. “ I take this offering, sacred to Dis,
as commanded, and release you from the body that was yours.”
So she spoke, and cut the lock of hair with her right hand.
All the warmth ebbed at once, and life vanished on the breeze.

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus.
Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit;
ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.
Tum Iuno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem
difficilisque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,
quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.
Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore,
nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis,
mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
devolat, et supra caput adstitit: “Hunc ego Diti
sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.”
Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una
dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.