

Catullus 3

1. Lūgēte, ō Venerēs Cupīdinēsque
2. et quantum est hominum venustiōrum!
3. Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
4. passer, dēliciae meae puellae,
5. quem plūs illa oculīs suīs amābat;
6. nam mellītus erat suamque nōrat
7. ipsam tam bene quam puella mātrem,
8. nec sēsē ā gremiō illius movēbat,
9. sed circumsiliēns modo hūc modo illūc
10. ad sōlam dominam ūsque pīpiābat.
11. Quī nunc it per iter tenebricōsum
12. illūc unde negant redīre quemquam.
13. At vōbīs male sit, malae tenebrae
14. Orcī, quae omnia bella dēvorātis:
15. tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
16. Ō factum male! Ō miselle passer!
17. Tuā nunc operā meae puellae
18. flendō turgidulī rubent ocellī!

1. Mourn, O Venuses & Cupids,
2. and as many as there be of the elegant!
3. My girl's sparrow has passed,
4. the sparrow, my girl's delight,
5. whom she loved more than her own eyes;
6. for sweet he used to be, and knew his own mistress
7. as well as the girl knew her own mother,
8. nor did he budge from that lap,
9. but hopping about, this way and that,
10. to his mistress only he was incessantly chirping.
11. Now he wends through a darkened way
12. to that place they say nobody returns from.
13. Cursed be you, cruel darkness of Orcus,
14. who devours all things of beauty:
15. mine was such a beautiful sparrow you snatched!
16. Oh foul deed! Oh poor little sparrow!
17. Now, by your doings, my girl's darling
18. eyes are puffed up red from crying.