

## Catullus 7

1. Quaeris, quot mihi bāsiātiōnēs
2. tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
3. Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harēnae
4. lāsarpīciferīs jacet Cyrēnis
5. ōrāclum Jovis inter aestuōsī
6. et Bāttī veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
7. aut quam sīdera multa, cum tacet nox,
8. fūrtīvōs hominum vident amōrēs.
9. Tam tē bāsia multa bāsiāre
10. vēsānō satis et super Catullō est,
11. quae nec pernumerāre cūriōsī
12. possint nec mala fascināre linguā.

1. You ask, how many of your kisses,
2. Lesbia, would be more than enough for me?
3. As many as the number of Libyan sands
4. in silphium-rich Cyrene that lie
5. between the oracle of torrid Jove
6. and the sacred tomb of old Battus,
7. or as many as the stars, in silent night,
8. that witness the clandestine loves of men.
9. To kiss you that many kisses
10. is more than enough for mad Catullus,
11. which neither the curious could count,
12. nor the malicious tongue curse.