

Catullus Carmen 3

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

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