

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

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea es
nulla fides ullo fuit unquam in foedere tanta
quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est:

*“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.”*

Miser Catulle! desinas ineptire,
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque, impotens, noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.

Vale, puella! nunc te cognovi:
quare etsi impensius uror,
multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.

Vale, puella!
fieri sentio et excrucior. Odi et amo.

I hate and I love. You may ask me why,
I don't know: but I feel hard done-by and tormented.

No woman can say she's been loved so much,
as my Lesbia has truly been loved by me.
No faith in any tie was ever so great,
as has been found in my love of you:

*“Let us live, my Lesbia, let us love,
and let us judge all the rumors of old men
to be nothing worth but a penny for us!
Suns may set, and suns may rise again:
but when the brief light has fallen for us,
night is but a long and everlasting sleep.
Give me a thousand kisses, a hundred more,
another thousand, and another hundred,
yet another thousand, and another hundred,
and then, when have made many thousands,
let us mix them all up so that we don't know –
and so that no one may cast an evil eye
by knowing – how many kisses we shared. “*

Poor Catullus! stop playing a fool,
count as lost what you see is lost.
Once, bright days shone for you,
when you came often drawn to the girl
loved as no other will ever be loved by you.
You had many pleasures with her
as you wished – and she was not unwilling;
truly bright days shone for you.
Now she no longer wants you: and you, weak man,
don't chase what flees, nor live in misery:
be strong-minded, stand firm.

Good-bye, sweetheart! Now I know you:
so, though I burn more fiercely,
yet you're cheaper and meaning less to me.

Good-bye, sweetheart!
I feel hard done-by and tormented. I hate and I love.