

Translation D L. R. Lind (Oxford University Press) 1967

You who dwell upon Helicon,
You the son of Urania,
Who snatch for her husband the tender girl,
O Hyménaean Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenaéan!
Bind your temples with marjoram,
With the flower that smells so sweet,
Take your torch and, delighted, come
Here with slippers upon your feet,
Yellow slippers on white feet.
Roused up now for the happy day,
Singing loudly the marriage hymns,
Singing the songs with a silvery voice,
Strike the ground with your feet and shake
The pine torch high in your handclasp