

**Translation A Guy Lee, *The Poems of Catullus* (Oxford University Press)
1998**

Septimius, his beloved Acme
In his lap, said 'Acme darling,
If I'm not desperately in love
And set to go on loving you
Forever in utter desperation,
Then lone in Libya or scorched India
I'll face a lion with green eyes.'
At this Love sneezed, first on the right,
Then on the left, approvingly.
But Acme, lightly tilting back
Her head and kissing her sweet boy's
Drunken eyes with that rosy mouth,
Said 'Septimillus, so, my life,
May we always serve this one master
Surely as burns in my soft marrow
A bigger far and fiercer fire.'
At this Love sneezed, first on the right,
Then on the left, approvingly.
Now, setting out from this good omen,
With mutual minds they're loved and love.
Poor Septimius prefers his Acme
To all the Syrias and Britains.
Faithful Acme in her Septimius
Finds all desires and delights.
Who has seen any happier people?
Who a Venus more starry-eyed?