

Translation B Gilbert Highet, Latin poetry in verse translation: from the beginnings to the Renaissance, ed. by L. R. Lind (Oxford University Press) 1967

Septimius held his Acme close,
Close to his heart, saying "My dearest,
Unless I love you desperately,
Constantly, always, forever, more than
The fondest lover n all the world,
May I be dropped in the African desert
To face a green-eyed lioness!"
Love had been slow before, but now
Sneezed on the right hand to show his favor.
Now Acme turned her head softly,
Kissing her lover's drunken eyes,
With crimson lips kissing them,
Saying, "My darling Septimillus,
Now let us worship Love for ever,
The God who has kindled a stronger & keener
Love-flame within my gentle heart."
Love had been slow before, but now
Sneezed on the right to show his favor.
And now their God is favorable,
Now they are both in love and beloved.
Septimius holds his Acme dearer
Than all the wealth of the furthest Indies.
Acme loves Septimius
Faithfully, gaily, deliciously.
Who ever saw a happier pair?
Where is a kindlier God of love?