

Translation C F. W. Cornish (Loeb)

Septimius, holding in his arms his darling Acme, says, "My Acme, if I do not love thee to desperation, and if I am not ready to go on loving thee continually through all my years as much and distractedly as the most distracted of lovers, may I in Libya or sunburnt India meet a green-eyed lioness alone." As he said this, Love on the left, as before on the right, sneezed goodwill. The Acme, slightly bending back her head, kissed with that rosy mouth her sweet lover's swimming eyes, and said, "So, my life, my darling Septimius, so may we ever serve this one master as (I swear) more strongly and fiercely burns in me the flame deep in my melting marrow." As she said this, Love, as before on the left, now on the right, sneezed goodwill. And now, setting out from a good omen, heart in heart they live, loving and loved. Poor Septimius prefers Acme alone to whole Syrias and Britains. In Septimius, him alone, his faithful Acme takes her fill of loves and pleasures. Who ever saw human beings more blest? Who ever saw a more fortunate love?