

## 76. PAST KINDNESS: TO THE GODS



If recalling past good deeds is pleasant to a man,  
 when he thinks himself to have been virtuous,  
 not violating sacred ties, nor using the names of gods  
 in any contract in order to deceive men,  
 then there are many pleasures left to you, Catullus,  
 in the rest of life, due to this thankless passion.  
 Since whatever good a man can do or say  
 to anyone, has been said and done by you.  
 All, that entrusted to a thankless heart is lost.  
 Why torment yourself then any longer?  
 Why not harden your mind, and shrink from it,  
 and cease to be unhappy, since the gods are hostile?  
 It's difficult to suddenly let go of a former love,  
 it's difficult, but it would gratify you to do it:  
 That's your one salvation. That's for you to prove,  
 for you to try, whether you can or not.  
 O gods, if mercy is yours, or if you ever brought help  
 to a man at the very moment of his death,  
 gaze at my pain and, if I've lived purely,  
 lift this plague, this destruction from me,  
 so that the torpor that creeps into my body's depths  
 drives out every joy from my heart.  
 I no longer ask that *she* [p. 218] loves me to my face,  
 or, the impossible, that she be chaste:  
 I choose health, and to rid myself of this foul illness.  
 O gods, grant me this for all my kindness.