

31. SIRMIO



irmio [p. 233], jewel of islands, jewel of peninsulas,

jewel of whatever is set in the bright waters

or the great sea, or either ocean,

with what joy, what pleasure I gaze at you,

scarcely believing myself free of *Thynia* [p. 235]

and the *Bithynian* [p. 202] fields, seeing you in safety.

O what freedom from care is more joyful

than when the mind lays down its burden,

and weary, back home from foreign toil,

we rest in the bed we longed for?

This one moment's worth all the labour.

Hail, O lovely Sirmio, and rejoice as I rejoice,

and you, O lake of Lydian waters, laugh

with whatever of laughter lives here.