

Catullus Carmen 7

Quaeris, quot mihi bāsiātiōnēs
tuaē, Lesbia, sint satis superque.

Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harēnae
lāsarpīciferīs jacet Cyrēnis
ōrāclum Jovis inter aestuōsī
et Bāttī veteris sacrum sepulcrum,
aut quam sīdera multa, cum tacet nox,
fūrtīvōs hominum vident amōrēs.

Tam tē bāsia multa bāsiāre
vēsānō satis et super Catullō est,
quae nec pernumerāre cūriōsī
possint nec mala fascināre linguā.

You ask, how many of your kisses,
Lesbia, would be more than enough for me?

As many as the number of Libyan sands
in silphium-rich Cyrene that lie
between the oracle of torrid Jove
and the sacred tomb of old Battus,
or as many as the stars, in silent night,
that witness the clandestine loves of men.

To kiss you that many kisses
is more than enough for mad Catullus,
which neither the curious could count,
nor the malicious tongue curse.