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TO LESBIA

AFTER CATULLUS

Beloved, let us live and love nor pay
One penny fee for what grave old folks say.
The suns go down and other suns will rise,
For us when once our transient day's light dies
Is one eternal night to sleep. Wherefore
Give me a thousand kisses and again
A hundred, and another thousand yet,
And still a hundred and a thousand more,
Till they be grown to many thousands. Then
Let us lose count of them and quite forget;
Lest some base soul should envy us that wist
The number of the kisses we had kissed.

RENNELL RODD.