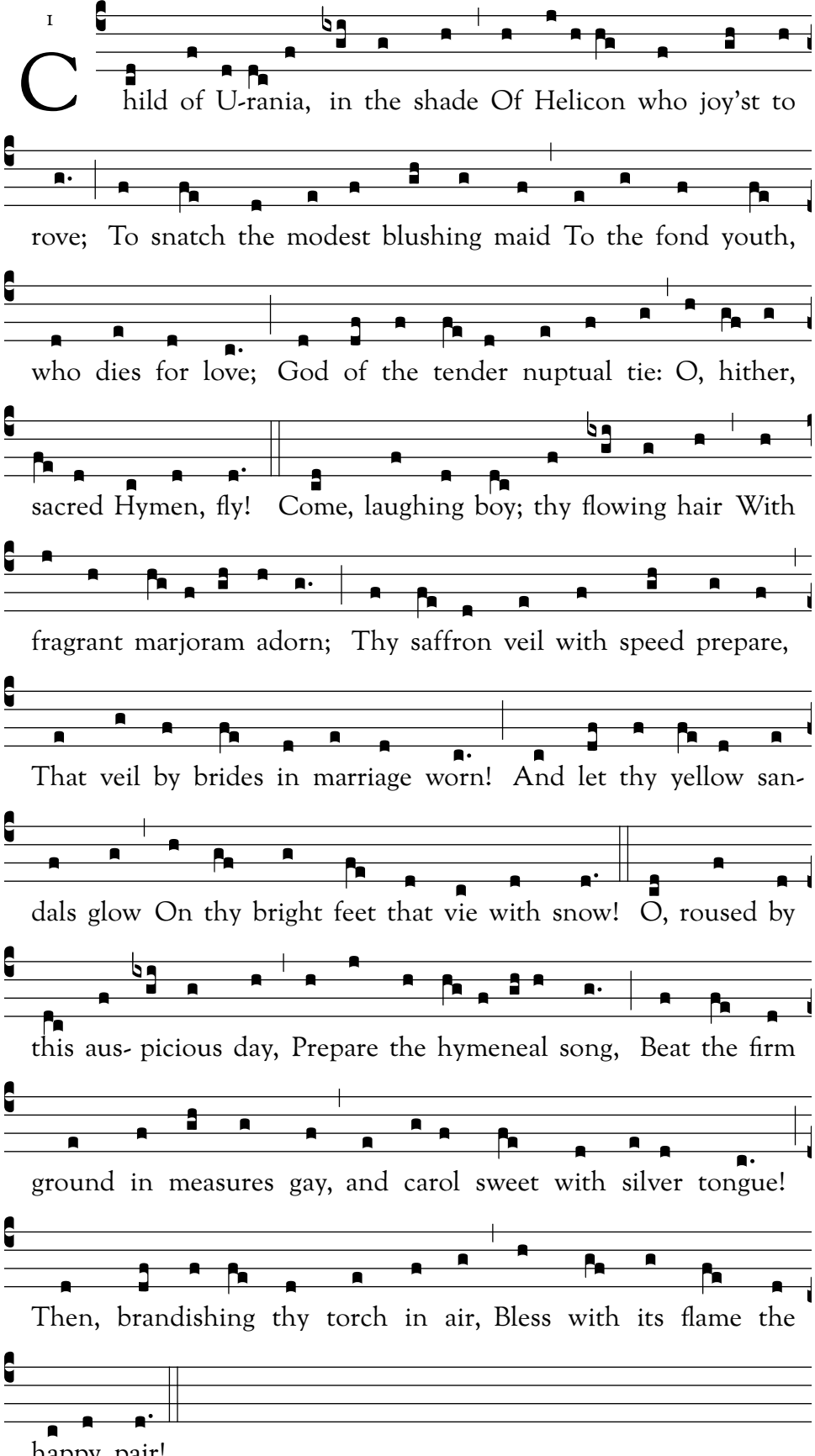


# EPITHALAMIUM

*Catullus 61, trans. John Nott 1795*

*Alto ex Olympi vertice*

1



**C**hild of U-rania, in the shade Of Helicon who joy'st to  
rove; To snatch the modest blushing maid To the fond youth,  
who dies for love; God of the tender nuptual tie: O, hither,  
sacred Hymen, fly! Come, laughing boy; thy flowing hair With  
fragrant marjoram adorn; Thy saffron veil with speed prepare,  
That veil by brides in marriage worn! And let thy yellow san-  
dals glow On thy bright feet that vie with snow! O, roused by  
this aus- picious day, Prepare the hymeneal song, Beat the firm  
ground in measures gay, and carol sweet with silver tongue!  
Then, brandishing thy torch in air, Bless with its flame the  
happy pair!