SELECTIONS FROM CATULLUS

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Selections from Catullus by Mary Stewart

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MARY STEWART

SELECTIONS FROM CATULLUS



SELECTIONS FROM

CATULLUS

Translated into English verse with an Introduction on the theory of Translation

BY MARY STEWART



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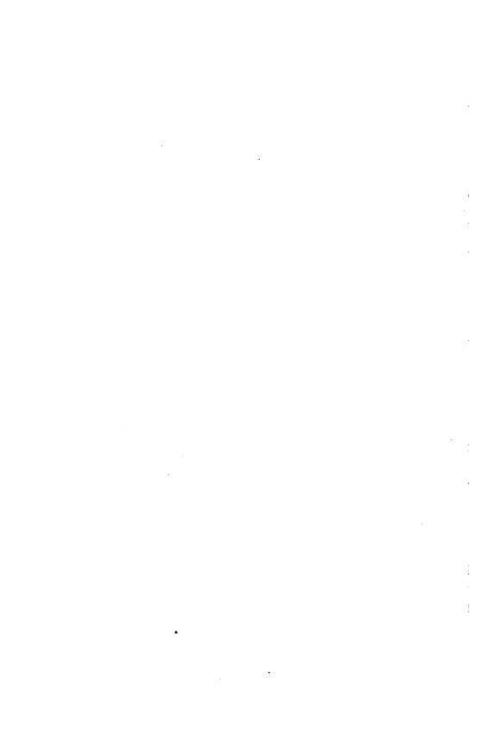
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UMIV OF CALIFORNIA

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To MY SISTER L. S. B.



Oh, Sister of mine, so beloved,
Oh, dear heart of my heart, can it be
You are dead, you are gone,
And the world still goes on
In darkness unending for me?

They buried the gold of the sunshine With the gold of your beautiful hair, And the blue of the skies With the blue of your eyes, Ah, nothing is left that was fair!

And you—is it well with you, Sister,
You who so loved the breeze and the light,
And the laughter and love
And the glad life above,
Down there all alone in the night?

Ah, God, is there never an answer?

Can't she hear, though in anguish I cry?

Little soul, fair and white,

Lost and lone in the night—

Dear God, can such loveliness die?

Then glad like a flower in the spring time, With the gold of the sun in her hair, And the blue of the skies
In her wonderful eyes,
Is she waiting for me somewhere?



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