

# Ovid *Amores* I.1

tr. David C. Noe, ©2020

(Amores 1.1-6)

*Arma gravi numero violentaque bella parabam*

*edere, materia conveniente modis.*

*par erat inferior versus—rissime Cupido*

*dicitur atque unum surripuisse pedem.*

*‘Quis tibi, saeve puer, dedit hoc in carmina iuris?’*

*Pieridum vates, non tua turba sumus.’*

I was all prepared, you see, to sing of arms and battle grim.

The second line would match the first, a somber, martial hymn,

But Cupid laughed, they say, that day, and staged a clever theft.

He stole one foot from off my line, now five are all that’s left.

“Look scamp,” I said, “What right have you to meddle in my song?”

The Muses claim me for their own, I’m not your trail-a-long...”

(Amores 1.21-26)

*Questus eram, pharetra cum protinus ille solutae*

*legit in exitium spicula facta meum,*

*lunavitque genu sinuosum fortiter arcum,*

*‘quod’ que ‘canas, vates, accipe’ dixit ‘opus!’*

*Me miserum! certas habuit puer ille sagittas.*

*uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat Amor.*

When my complaint had reached its end the boy made to attack.

He pulled straight out some deadly darts and aimed them for my back.

On bended knee he bent his bow and arced its sinewed string,

“Take that,” he cried, “you rhyming hack, and now begin to sing.”

Ouch! I’m hit! What wondrous aim, that tiny Tell can boast!

My empty heart is all aflame with Love's relentless roast. (ibid.)