

It rests upon this quiet mere,
 Devoted to the Brethren Twain
 Who guide the wanderer o'er the main.

CARM. V.

Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WE will live, my love, and play,
 Let gray beards wag as wag they may;
 Suns that set repair their light,
 Our brief day has one long night.
 Give me kisses, give a million,
 Thousands, thousands more — a billion,
 Then let us madly mix them, so
 That we their sum may never know,
 Nor envy cast an evil eye,
 Because it is so monstrous high.

CARM. XXXI.

Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque ocelle —

ONCE MORE AT HOME.

SWEET spot, of all the jewels bright
 That glitter on old Neptune's brow,
 Peninsula or island hight,
 The fairest, Sirmio, art thou.