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(a) The suns are able to set and return;

~~for~~ (but) for us once brief light has set,

one eternal night must be ~~the~~ slept.

Give me a thousand kisses, then a

hundred; then another thousand, then

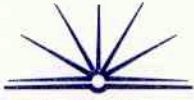
a second hundred, then yet another

thousand, then a hundred. Then, ~~when~~ when

~~we~~ we have made many thousands,

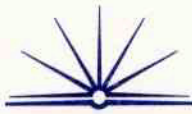
let us muddle them up, lest we know,

or lest some malicious person be able



to defile (them), when he knows that

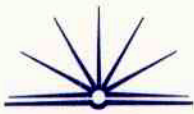
there are so many kisses.



(b) This festive day, with the year returning
pulls away the well-pitched rook from
the ~~rook~~ rosin of a jar taught to drink
smoke in the consulship of Tullus.

Drink up, Maecenas, a hundred ladles
to the safety of your friend and keep
the lamps bright into dawn. May all
shouting and anger be far off.

Send civil caves beyond the city: The
forces of the Oavian Cortiso have fallen,



the hostile Parthians squabble with each
other with pitiable arms,

our old enemy of the Spanish shore,

the Cantabrian serves us, having at last

been subdued by the chain, already

the Scythians are considering to retire

to the plains, with loose bow.

Being carefree, as a private citizen,

cease to worry too much, lest the

people suffer in any way and seize



being happy, the gifts of the present how and
abandon severe things.