

## CATULLUS CI

I've traveled far, through countless lands and seas;  
Now, brother, here I am to render these  
Sad rites, a last gift which to Death pertains,  
And fruitlessly address your mute remains.  
Since Fate has stolen you away from me  
(Theft undertaken most unworthily)  
In honoured fashion to the gods below  
I offer up their due, a gift of woe.  
Accept your brother's many flowing tears.  
Goodbye, farewell, through all the coming years.