

Prop. 1.19

I fear not now, my Cynthia, the grim world of the dead, nor grudge I the fate owed to the final pyre; but that my funeral may lack your love is a fear I dread more than death itself. Cupid has not so lightly settled on my eyes that my dust could forget and lose my love for you.

There, in the regions of darkness, the scion of Phylacus could not forget his lovely wife but, yearning to touch with unreal hands his heart's delight, came, a ghost of Thessaly, to his ancient home. There, whatever I shall be, I shall always be called the shade that belongs to you: the might of love crosses even the shores of death.

There, even if in a troupe to greet me come all the lovely heroines whom the sack of Troy gave to the heroes of Greece, there is none of them, Cynthia, whose beauty will please me more than yours; and (so may the righteous Earth permit) though the destiny of a long old age detain you, still will your body be dear to my tears.

If only you could feel this, you alive and I then ashes! Then, wherever I was, death would hold no sting for me. How I fear, Cynthia, that you would spurn my grave, that cruel Love may tear you away from my dust and force you against your will to dry the falling tears! Eventually the truest girl yields to incessant importunity.

So, while we may, let us love and be happy together: never, however long, does love last long enough.