

Ovid *Amores* 1.5 (1-26): loeb translation

'Twas sultry, and the day had passed its mid hour; I laid my members to rest them on the middle of my couch. One shutter of my window was open, the other shutter was closed; the light was such as oft in a woodland, or as the faint glow of the twilight when Phoebus just is taking leave, or when night has gone and still the day is not sprung. [line 7] It was such a light as shrinking maids should have whose timid modesty hopes to hide away—when lo! Corinna comes, draped in tunic girded round, with divided hair falling over fair, white neck—such as 'tis said was famed Semiramis when passing to her bridal chamber, and Lais loved of many men.

I tore away the tunic—and yet 'twas fine, and scarcely marred her charms; but still she struggled to have the tunic shelter her. Even while thus she struggled, as one who would not overcome, was she overcome—and 'twas not hard—by her own betrayal. As she stood before my eyes with drapery laid all aside, nowhere on all her body was sign of fault. What shoulders, what arms did I see—and touch! How suited for caress the form of her breasts! How smooth her body beneath the faultless bosom! What a long and beautiful side! How youthfully fair the thigh!

Why recount each charm? Naught did I see not worthy of praise, and I clasped her undraped form to mine.

The rest, who does not know? Outwearied, we both lay quiet in repose.

May my lot bring many a midday like to this!