Sulpicia *parce meo iuveni* (= *corp. Tib*. 3.9, C. Weiss tr.)

parce meo iuueni, seu quis bona pascua campi

seu colis umbrosi deuia montis aper,

nec tibi sit duros acuisse in proelia dentes;

incolumem custos hunc mihi seruet Amor.

sed procul abducit uenandi Delia cura. 5

o pereant siluae deficiantque canes!

quis furor est, quae mens densos indagine colles

claudentem teneras laedere uelle manus?

quidue iuuat furtim latebras intrare ferarum

candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis? 10

sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, uagari,

ipsa ego per montes retia torta feram,

ipsa ego uelocis quaeram uestigia cerui

et demam celeri ferrea uincla cani.

tunc mihi, tunc placeant siluae, si, lux mea, tecum 15

arguar ante ipsas concubuisse plagas;

tunc ueniat licet ad casses, inlaesus abibit,

ne ueneris cupidae gaudia turbet, aper.

nunc sine me sit nulla uenus, sed lege Dianae,

caste puer, casta retia tange manu; 20

et quaecumque meo furtim subrepit amori,

incidat in saeuas diripienda feras.

at tu uenandi studium concede parenti,

et celer in nostros ipse recurre sinus.

Spare my boy! Whether you are some boar living in fertile fields or living in the trackless shadows of the mountains—and don’t make it your business to sharpen your tough tusks for battle! Let Cupid be his guardian and preserve him safe for me! But Diana, goddess of the hunt, is leading him far away from me to pursue a hunt. Let the forests vanish! Let the dogs disappear! What madness of mind is this, to close the tree-covered hills in a trap and bring harm to such soft hands? Who wins by secretly invading the lairs of wild animals and scratching beautiful bright shins with barbed brambles? Nevertheless I will bring the twisted hunting-nets across the mountains with my very own hands so that I can roam with you, Cerinthus, I will pursue the tracks of the swift deer with my very own feet and I will release the fast dogs from their iron fetters. It is only then, light of my life, that any forest could please me: if I am found to have spent the night in your arms before those very nets! It is only then that the boar can approach the traps and leave unharmed—I don’t want him disturbing our joy as we make love! You see there can me no passion without me there, my good boy: you must be a good boy to use the nets under Diana’s watchful eye. If any woman secretly sneaks into the arms of my love then let her fall among wild beasts who will tear her to shreds! Leave this passion for hunting to your father, Cerinthus, and quickly run back into my embrace.