

Frater Ave Atque Vale

Faith and the Muse

Row us out to Desenzano, to your Sirmione row
So they rowed, and there we landed O Venusta Sirmio
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow
Came that Ave atque Vale of the poet's hopeless woe
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago
Frater Ave atque Vale as we wandered to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive silvery Sirmio