

Dedication

After Catullus

To whom shall I give this skillful little volume,
Rewritten a hundred times, and mulled, and polished?
To you, old friend (and my teacher),
Who have always made too much of my modest talent,
You who, yourself the cynosure of our circle,
Have always been ready with praise for friends and students,
The while that you surprised and surpassed us all—
This book, for whatever it's worth. May it live for a while,
May it live to do you honor a hundred years hence.

—*Robert Mezey*