Elegia Miriae — Quintus A. Lapidus

palpavi lacrimis madidus te, nostra catella,
quod feci peramans iam decadem et decimam.
tunc flevi, quia iam mihi non dabis oscula mille,
nec poteris viso grata cubare meo.
dulcis Miria, tu mensas attingere nostras
servans, et gremio poscere blanda cibos,
et laetare tuo studio nos mane solebas:
perdidimus quales, hei mihi, delicias.
ligneola posui caram te sede per ignem,
ast olim visam te super Elysios.

Drenched in tears, I stroked you, our pupper,
Which I have done very lovingly for eleven years already.
Then I wept, for no longer will you give me a thousand kisses,
Nor can you, beloved, lie asleep within my sight.
Sweet Molly, you used to join our tables,
Watching, and to beg, fawning, for the foods in a lap,
And to gladden us in the morning with your eagerness:
Woe is me! what a sweetheart we have lost.
Through fire I placed you, dear, in a little resting place of wood,
But one day I will go to see you upon the Elysian fields.