

"Diana, we are in your care,
We chaste girls and boys.
Come, chaste boys and girls,
Let us sing in praise of Diana.

O daughter of Leto,
Mighty offspring of mightiest Jupiter,
You who were born beside the
Delian olive tree,

Queen of the mountains
And the green forests
And the trackless glens
And the murmuring streams....

You, goddess,
Measuring out the year's progress by your monthly phases,
Do fill the farmer's
Humble storerooms with fine produce.

Hallowed be thy name,
Whatever name it is that you prefer.
And, as in years past you have been
Accustomed to do, so now, too,
Protect and preserve the race of Romulus with your kindly favor" (366-367).

-Catullus, Poem 34