

Texts of Compositions with Translations

The English version of the texts is the work of Alasdair MacKinnon

I. *Diversos diversa iuvant*

Diversos diversa iuvant, non omnibus annis
omnia conveniunt, res prius apta nocet.
Exultat levitate puer, gravitate senectus,
inter utrumque manens stat iuvenile decus.
Hunc tacitum tristemque decet, fit clarior ille
laetitia et linguae garrulitate suae.
Cuncta trahit secum vertitque volubile tempus,
nec patitur certa currere quenquam via.

Maximianus, *Elegiae*, i, 103-110

Different things appeal to different types of people,
not everything suits every age; what was the right thing
before may actually do harm now. The boy delights in
his swiftness, the elderly man in his authority and
the grace of youth has its place between the two.
It is proper for one to be silent and sad,
another is more notable for happiness and talkativeness.
Revolving time takes everything with it,
and lets nothing keep to a fixed path.

II. *Tempore felici multi numerantur amici*

Tempore felici multi numerantur amici,
cum fortuna perit, nullus amicus erit.
Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

First couplet: *Carmina proverbialia*, 9
Second couplet: Ovidius, *Tristia*, i, 9, 5-6

In time of happiness your friends will be many,
when your luck runs out there will be none.
As long as you are fortunate you can count many
friends; if the clouds gather, you are on your own.

III. *Usibus edocto si quicquam credis amico*

Usibus edocto si quicquam credis amico,
vive tibi et longe nomina magna fuge.
Vive tibi, quantumque potes praelustria vita,
saevum praelustri fulmen ab arce venit.
Nam quanquam soli possunt prodesse potentes,
non prosunt potius, plurimum obesse solent.

Crede mihi, bene qui latuit, bene vixit et intra
fortunam debet quisque manere suam.
Tū quoque formida nimium sublimia semper,
propositique, precor, contrahe vela tui.
Vive sine invidia mollesque inglorius annos
exige, amicitias et tibi iunge pares.
Ovidius, *Tristia*, iii, 4, 3-8, 25-26, 31-32, 43-44

If you will trust a friend well-versed in the ways of the
world, live your own life, and keep away from the great.
Live your own life and, as far as you can, avoid
splendour; the savage thunderstroke comes from
the splendid height. For though the powerful alone
can help you they would rather not do anything
for you, they are mostly inclined to do you down.

Believe me, the one who lies nice and low lives best,
and everyone ought to stay within his own means.
You too should fear the over-exalted and, to your
purpose, I beg, take in your sails. Live free of envy,
live out pleasant years without fame, and make
friends of your equals.

IV. *Cede repugnanti*

Cede repugnanti, cedendo victor abibis,
fac modo, quas partes illa iubebit, agas:
arguit, arguito, quicquid probat illa, probato,
quod dicit, dicas, quod negat illa, neges,
riserit, arride, si flerit, flere memento,
imponat leges vultibus illa tuis.

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, ii, 197-202

If she is contrary, give way, in giving way you will come
out victor, just make a point of always doing her
bidding: what she declares, you declare, whatever she
approves, you approve, what she says, you say, what
she denies, you deny. If she laughs, you laugh, if she
weeps, make sure you weep too; she must dictate the
expression on your face.

V. *Quid mihi, livor edax*

Quid mihi, livor edax, ignavos obicis annos
ingeniique vocas carmen inertis opus?
Non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet aetas,
praemia militiae pulverulenta sequi,
nec me verbosas leges ediscere, nec me
ingrato vocem prostituisse foro?
Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus, mihi fama perennis
quaeritur, ut toto semper in orbe canar.

Tytirus et segetes Aeneidaeque arma legentur,
Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit.
Donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
dicentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui.
Gallus et Hesperii et Gallus notus Eois
et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.
Quem referunt Musae, vivet, dum robora tellus,
dum caelum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

Ovidius, *Amores*, i, 15, 1-8. 25-30

Why, devouring envy, reproach me with years of
idleness, calling my song the work of a sluggish wit,
saying I do not, after the custom of our fathers, aim at
the dusty prizes of the military life, neither grounding
myself in wordy laws nor selling my voice to the
thankless public. The work you ask is mortal, I seek
eternal fame, to be celebrated in song forever
throughout the world.

Tityrus and the harvest and the arms of Aeneas will be read while Rome still leads the world she rules. As long as the flames and the bow are Cupid's arms, your verses will be spoken, o refined Tibullus, Gallus known to the peoples of West and East and with Gallus his Lycoris. He who is recorded by the Muses shall live while earth bears oaks, the heaven stars, the river waters.

VI. *Nec Veneris, nec tu vini capiaris amore*

Nec Veneris, nec tu vini capiaris amore,
uno namque modo vina Venusque nocent.
Ut Venus enervat vires, sic copia Bacchi
et tentat gressus debilitatque pedes.
Multos caecus amor cogit secreta fateri,
arcanum demens detegit ebrietas.
Ballum saepe parit ferus exitiale Cupido,
saepe manus itidem Bacchus ad arma vocat.
Perdidit horrendo Troiam Venus improba bello,
at Lapithas bello perdis, Iacche, gravi.
Denique cum menteis hominum furiavit uterque,
et pudor et probitas et metus omnis abest.
Compedibus Venerem, vinclis constringe Lyaeum,
ne te muneribus laedat uterque suis.
Vina sitim sedent, gnatis Venus alma creandis
serviat: hos fines transiluisse nocet.

Anthologia latina, 633

Do not be taken in by love of Venus or of wine, for wine and Venus do the same kind of damage. As Venus saps your strength, so copious Bacchus disturbs your step and weakens your feet. Blind love makes many blab secrets, senseless drunkenness lays bare what is concealed. Wild cupid often occasions deadly war and likewise the power of Bacchus is often a call to arms. Mischievous Venus destroyed Troy in a dreadful war but you, Iaccus (=Bacchus) in grievous war destroyed the Lapiths. And when each of the two has maddened men's minds, decency, honesty and all reverence are gone. Shackle Venus and chain up Lyaeus (=Bacchus) lest each of them harm you with their gifts. Let wine quench thirst and kind Venus serve to create children. Going beyond these limits causes harm.

VII. *Sperne lucrum*

Sperne lucrum, vexat mentes vesana libido.
Fraude carete graves, ignari cedite doctis.
Lusuri nummos animos quoque ponere debent.
Pone malas quoties ludendo vinceris iras.
Ludite securi, quibus aes est semper in arca.
Si quis habet nummos veniens, exhibit inanis.
Lusori cupido semper gravis exitus instat.
Sancta probis pax est, irasci desine victus.
Nullus ubique potest felici ludere dextra.
Principio Furiis Ira est tribus addita quarta.
Plecte truces animos, ut vere ludere possis.
Ponite mature bellum, precor, iraque cesset.

Anthologia latina, 495-504

Spurn gain: insane desire disturbs minds. You serious ones, avoid fraud, and you ignorant, submit to the learned. If you play for money you hazard your spirit as well. As often as gaming overcomes you lay evil anger to rest. Play safely, you whose coins are kept in the chest. Whoever has money when he comes will go away without. An eager gamer always makes a painful exit. Peace is sacred to honest men: stop getting angry when you lose. Nobody can have a winning hand everywhere. In the beginning the fourth fury, Anger, was added to the three. Punish your fierce spirits so that you play the right way. Rule out fighting in good time, I pray you, so that anger may cease.

VIII. *Quid petitur sacris*

Quid petitur sacris, nisi tantam fama, poetis?
Hoc votum nostri summa laboris habet.
Cura ducum fuerant olim regumque poetarum
praemiaque antiqui magna tulere chori.
Sanctaque Maiestas et erat venerabile nomen
vatibus et largae saepe dabantur opes.
Nunc hederarum sine honore iacent, operataque doctis
cura vigil Musis nomen inertis habet.
Sed famae vigilare iuvat, quis nosset Homerum,
Ilias aeternum si latuisset opus?

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, iii, 403-408, 411-414

What is it that poets strive for if not fame? This was the motive of all our strenuous efforts. There was a time when poets were looked after by kings and rulers. The singers of old carried off great prizes. The bards' name was honoured and revered as holy and often they were given great wealth. Now the ivy lies without honour, and the poet's unsleeping attention to the work of the Muses just gets him a name for idleness. But attending to reputation is a good thing. Who would know of Homer if his deathless work the Iliad had lain hidden?

IX. *Adeste Musae, maximi proles Iovis*

Adeste Musae, maximi proles Iovis,
laudes feracis praedicemus hortuli!
Hortus salubres corpori praebet cibos
variosque cultus saepe cultori refert,
olus suave, multiplex herbarum genus,
uvae nitentes atque foetus arborum.
Non desit hortis et voluptas maxima
multisque mista commodis iucunditas.
Aquae strepentis vitreus lambit liquor
sulcoque ductus irrigat rivus sata.
Flores nitescent discolorum gramine
pinguntque terras gemmeis honoribus.
Apes susurro murmurant gratae levi,
cum summa florum vel novos rores legunt.
Focunda vitis coniuges ulmos gravat
textasve inumbrat pampinis arundines.
Opaca praebent arbores umbracula
prohibentque densis fervidum solem comis.

Aves canoros garrulae fundunt sonos
et semper auras cantibus mulcent suis.
Oblectat hortus, advocat, pascit, tenet
animoque maesto demit angores graves,
membris vigorem reddit et visum capit,
refert labori plenior gratiam,
tribuit colenti multiforme gaudium.

Anthologia latina, 1-25

Attend, ye Muses, children of greatest Jove, let us sing
the praises of a fruitful garden. A garden provides
healthy food for the body and often brings the gar-
dener different crops, fine vegetables, all sorts of
herbs, glistening grapes and the fruit of the trees.
Gardens are unfailing in delight and joy, together with
many benefits. They are washed by the clear water of
the babbling stream and the brook running in its bed
waters the crops. The flowers are bright with varie-
gated buds and paint the land with jewel-bright
adornments. Bees buzz their thanks as they sample the
tips of flowers or the fresh dews. The fruitful vine loads
its partners the elms, shading the reeds with its net of
tendrils. Trees provide shady arbours and keep out the
burning sun with their leaves. The chirping birds pour
out their sweet sounds and always charm the air with
their songs. A garden whiles away time, supports one,
nourishes one, upholds one and takes away the
anguish from the sad heart. It restores strength to the
limbs and engages the eye, it gives ample reward for
labour and all sorts of delight to the one who tends it.

X. *Quod latet, ignotum est*

Quod latet, ignotum est, ignoti nulla cupido,
fructus abest, facies cum bona teste caret.
Tu licet et Thamyram superes atque Orphea cantu,
non erit ignotae gratia magna lyrae.

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, iii, 397-400

What is hidden is not known, nobody desires the
unknown; it is fruitless to leave a lovely face unseen.
You may outdo Thamyras and Orpheus in song,
but an unknown lyre has no great appeal.

XI. *Nescio quid sit amor*

Nescio quid sit amor, nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi,
sed scio si quis amat, uritur igne gravi.

First line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 14
Second line: *Proverbia dictoria*, 14

I do not know what love is. I love not, nor am loved
nor have loved: but I know that if one does love
one is consumed by a great fire.

XII. *Qui sermone placet*

Qui sermone placet, taciturna silentia vitet,
qui bibit arte, bibat, qui canit arte, canat.

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, ii, 505-50

If you are a good talker, do not go in for long silences;
if drinking's your forte, drink, if singing's your forte, sing.

XIII. *Cui bene succedit*

Cui bene succedit, is amicos saepe videbit,
cui male succedit, is amicos raro videbit.

Carmina proverbialia, 10

The man who is doing well will see a lot of his friends;
the man who is doing badly will hardly see them at all.

XIV. *Noli laudari*

Noli laudari, cum possis vituperari.
Nam laus vana perit, gloria risus erit.

Carmina proverbialia, 206, 205

Do not be praised when you can be blamed,
for empty praise perishes, fame turns to derision.

XV. *Si vitare velis*

Si vitare velis acerba quaedam
et tristes animi cavere morsus,
nulli te facias nimis sodalem,
gaudebis magis et minus dolebis.

Martialis, *Epigrammata*, xii, 34, 8

If you would like to avoid certain painful experiences
and to beware of agonies of spirit, do not be too good
a friend: you will enjoy life more and suffer less.

XVI. *Cui sunt multa bona*

Cui sunt multa bona, huic dantur plurima dona.
Hic mos est genti, panis praebetur habenti.
Queis satis est, his plura fiunt, his undique fertur,
his datur, his emitur, pauper ubique iacet.

Carmina proverbialia, 2

"To him that hath shall be given". This is how things
are; bread is offered to him who has it. To those
who have enough, more accrues. For these it is brought
from everywhere, given to them, bought for them;
the poor man is ignored everywhere.

XVII. *Carmina laudantur*

Carmina laudantur, sed munera magna petuntur.
Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ipse placet.

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, ii, 275-276

Poems are praised, but great gifts are sought for.
So long as he is rich, an actual barbarian will please.

XVIII. *Omnia vincit amor*

Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.
Cedit amor rebus, res age, tutus eris.

First line: Vergilius, *Eclogae*, x, 69
Second line: Ovidius, *Remedia amoris*, 144

Love conquers all, and let us give way to love.
Love gives way to circumstances;
deal with circumstances and you will be safe.

XIX. *Odi et amo*

Odi et amo, quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Catullus, *Carmina*, 85

I hate and love. Why do I, you may ask. I do not know,
but I feel it happening and I suffer torment.

XX. *Gaudia principium*

Gaudia principium nostri sunt saepe doloris,
flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est.

Ovidius, *Metamorphoses*, vii, 796, 518

Pleasures were often the origin of our pain. A lamentable
beginning was followed by better fortune.

XXI. *Turpe sequi casum*

Turpe sequi casum et fortunae cedere amicum
et, nisi sit felix, esse negare suum.

Ovidius, *Epistulae ex Ponto*, ii, 6, 23-24

It is disgraceful to follow occasion and to yield a friend
to fortune and to deny him unless he is successful.

XXII. *Qui capit uxorem*

Qui capit uxorem, capit absque quiete dolorem,
longum languorem, lacrimas cum lite dolorem.
Qui caret uxore, lite caret atque dolore.
Linque malam Gretam vitam capiesque quietam.

Carmina proverbialia, 240

He who takes a wife takes pain with no rest,
a long weariness, tears, suffering and quarrels;
he who has no wife has no suffering or quarrels.
Leave the evil Greta, and you will take a restful life.

XXIII. *Oderunt hilarem tristes*

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque iocosi,
sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.

Horatius, *Epistulae*, i, 18, 89-90

The sad detest the cheerful, the merry the sad, the quick
the stolid, the relaxed the active and energetic.

XXIV. *Principibus placuisse viris*

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
Summa Deo laus est qui placuisse studet.

Horatius, *Epistulae*, i, 17, 35

To have pleased the leaders of men is not the highest
praise. The greatest praise is who has taken pains
to please God.

XXV. *Qui cito dat*

Qui cito dat, bis dat, qui tardat, parcus habetur.
Promissis dives quilibet esse potest.

First line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 41
Second line: Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, i, 444

He who gives quickly gives twice, he who delays
is called mean. Anybody can be rich with promises.

XXVI. *Qui cantum corvi cras imitatur*

Qui cantum corvi cras imitatur et usque
cras canit, haud animo fata caduca notans,
semper aget fatuum, nam confidentia stulta haec
dicitur, illudit spes ea saepe suos.

Source unknown

He who imitates the song of the crow tomorrow and
sings till the morrow, quite ignoring how everything
is doomed to pass, is always doing the foolish thing,
for this confidence is called stupid, that hope often
deludes those who believe in it.

XXVII. *Permultos liceat cuculus*

Permultos liceat cuculus cantaverit annos,
psallere nescit adhuc alium cantum nisi cucu.

Carmina proverbialia, 252

The cuckoo may have sung for very many years
but even now he knows no other song than "cuckoo".

XXVIII. *Musica noster amor*

Musica noster amor, sit fida pedisequa vatum,
molliter ad cunas fingere nata melos.
Exulet hostiles acuens taratantara motus,
vivat et Aonidum castra Poesis amet.
Et lacrimas vatum colit et suspiria Caesar,
vivat io magnis turba sacrata diis.

Source unknown

May music, our love, be a faithful handmaid of the poets, being born to compose some soft cradle song. May her incitement banish opponents, tarantara; may Poetry live and love the camp of the Muses. Music honours the tears and the sighs of the poets, Caesar. May music live as a grand tumult for the great Gods.

XXIX. *Musica Musarum germana*

Musica Musarum germana chorique Magistra,
laetificare solum nata, beare polum,
extimulat tua victrices taratatantara dextras:
inde tibi merito palma suprema datur.
Non Musae tibi, non Musarum praeses Apollo,
non ipsae Charites praecipuere locum.
Divas fatalis reliquas manet exitus, at tu
caelicolis dempto fine colenda viges.
Vivat io exhilarans humanas Musica mentes,
vivat io summo Musica grata Deo.

Source unknown

Music, sister of the Muses and mistress of the chorus,
born to make earth rejoice and to enrich heaven,
inspires your conquering right hands, tarantara!
Then the highest acclaim is rightly given to you. Not
the Muses, nor Apollo, who commands the Muses, nor
the Graces themselves have taken over your place.
Their destined end awaits the remaining goddesses,
but you thrive, to be honoured by those in heaven.
Long live Music, making human thoughts happy;
long live Music, pleasing to God on high.

XXX. *Multum deliro*

Multum deliro, si cuique placere requiro.
Cunctis qui placeat, non credo, quod modo vivat.
Cuncta qui potuit, hac sine dote fuit.

Carmina proverbialia, 108-109

I am raving mad if I hope to please everyone. The man
who might please all round to my mind does not
exist. The man who could did not have this gift.

XXXI. *Inveni portum*

Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete,
nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

Anthologia latina, Epigraphica 1498

I have found harbour, farewell, hope and chance,
I have nothing to do with you, now make others
your sport.

XXXII. *Diligitur nemo*

Diligitur nemo, nisi cui fortuna secunda est,
quae simul intonuit, proxima quaequae fugat.

Ovidius, *Epistulae ex Ponto*, ii, 3, 23-24

No-one is esteemed but the man whom Fortune
prosperes; once she thunders she drives away
all those nearby.

XXXIII. *Turpe referre pedem*

Turpe referre pedem, nec passu stare tenaci.
Promissis stato, si bonus esse cupis.

First line: Ovidius, *Epistulae ex Ponto*, ii, 6, 21

Second line: Source unknown

It is a disgrace to back down and not to take a firm stand.
Stand by your promises if you want to be virtuous.

XXXIV. *Omnis homo nihil est*

Omnis homo nihil est, aliquid qui se putat esse,
est aliquid, quisquis se putat esse nihil.

Carmina proverbialia, 22

Every man who thinks is something is nothing, the man
who is something is whoever thinks he is nothing.

XXXV. *Qui leviter credit*

Qui leviter credit, leviter quoque fallitur ille.
Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.

First line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 72

Second line: Ovidius, *Epistulae ex Ponto*, i, 16, 130

The credulous man is easily deceived,
belief in great things tends to be slow.

XXXVI. *Tempore felici non cognoscuntur amici*

Tempore felici non cognoscuntur amici,
sorte patet misera, quae sit dilectio vera.

Carmina proverbialia, 9

In time of good fortune, friends are not recognised.
When one's fate is a sad one, that is when true love
is revealed.

XXXVII. *Conscia mens recti*

Conscia mens recti famae mendacia ridet:
et nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

Ovidius, *Fasti*, 4, 311-312

The mind conscious of virtue laughs at the lies of
rumour but we are a mob inclined to think
badly of people.

XXXVIII. *Pauperiem modico contentus*

Pauperiem modico contentus semper amavi
et rerum dominus nil cupiendo fui.

Maximianus, *Elegiae*, i, 53-54

Satisfied with a moderate amount, I have always
favoured poverty and been a master over things,
wanting nothing.

XXXIX. *Nobile vincendi genus*

Nobile vincendi genus est patientia, vincit
qui patitur. Si vis vincere, disce pati.

Carmina proverbialia, 264

Patience is a noble kind of conquest; he conquers
who endures. If you wish to conquer, learn to endure.

XL. *Heu, quam difficile est*

Heu, quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.
Ex tacito vultu scire futura licet.

First line: Ovidius, *Metamorphoses*, ii, 447

Second line: Source unknown

Alas, how hard it is not to let your face give away
a crime! From a silent face one can read the future.

XLI. *Semper pauper eris*

Semper pauper eris, si pauper es, Aemiliane,
dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote fidemque et amicos
et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.

First couplet: Martialis, *Epigrammata*, v, 81, 1-2

Last two lines: Horatius, *Epistulae*, i, 6, 36-37

If you are poor you will always be poor, Aemilianus,
wealth is given to nobody now but the rich.
In fact Queen Money endows you with a wife
and her dowry, reliability and friends,
as well as good family and good looks.

XLII. *Quam bene apud memores*

Quam bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti.
Dedecus est semper sumere nilque dare.

Carmina proverbialia, 183

How well among memories persists the regard
for some old deed. It is dishonourable to take
all time and to give nothing.

XLIII. *Dulces exuviae*

Dulces exuviae, dum fata Deusque sinebant,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsolve curis.
Vixi et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi,
et nunc magna mei sub terra ibit imago.

Vergilius, *Aeneis*, iv, 651-654

O relics, sweet while God and destiny allowed,
receive my soul and free me from these cares.
I have lived and have run the course that fate
had allotted me and now my great shade shall
pass on to the underworld.

XLIV. *Cum moritur dives*

Cum moritur dives, concurrunt undique cives,
cum moritur pauper, sequitur vix unus et alter.

Carmina proverbialia, 113, 268

When a rich man dies, citizens converge from
all directions; when a poor man dies
hardly one or two attend.

XLV. *Tu ne cede malis*

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.
Audaces fortuna iuvat, timidosque repellit.

Vergilius, *Aeneis*, vi, 95, X, 284
(except of the last two words)

Do not yield to afflictions but oppose them more
boldly. Fortune favours the daring and
repulses the fearful.

XLVI. *Usus amicorum bonus*

Usus amicorum bonus hic et ubique locorum.
Nemo sibi satis est, eget omnis amicus amico.

Carmina proverbialia, 12

The practice of friendship is good here and
everywhere. Nobody is sufficient to himself,
every friend must have a friend.

XLVII. *Plus laudatori*

Plus laudatori quam tu tibi credere noli.
Falso, fraude, dolo non tibi plaudat homo.

Carmina proverbialia, 205

Do not trust those who praise you more
than you trust yourself. Let no man praise you
falsely, dishonourably, misleadingly.