

Texts of Compositions with Translations

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

I. *Dii tibi, si qua pios respectant numina*

Dii tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
usquam iustitiae est et mens sibi conscia recti,
praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt
saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sidera pascet,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

Vergilius, *Aeneis*, i, 603-609

May the gods reward you if they still honour the pious,
if righteousness is still valued and the conscience that
knows what is right. Happy the age that gave you birth!
What parents produced such a child?
As long as the rivers flow into the sea,
as long as the shadows are cast on the mountains,
as long as heaven pastures its starry flocks,
your name will be praised and your glory endure.

II. *O Fortuna potens*

O Fortuna potens, quam variabilis,
tantum iuris atrox quae tibi vendicas
evertisque bonos, elegis improbos,
nec servare potes muneribus fidem.
Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus,
Fortuna innocuos cladibus adficit,
iustos illa viros pauperie gravat,
indignos eadem divitiis beat,
haec aufert iuvenes et retinet senes,
iniusto arbitrio tempora dividens.
Quod dignis adimit, transit ad impios,
nec discrimen habet rectave iudicat,
inconstants, fragilis, perfida, lubrica,
nec quos clarificat, perpetuo fovet,
nec quos deseruit, perpetuo premit.

Anthologia latina, 629

O, mighty fortune, how fickle you are,
you cruelly assume so many rights,
you cast the good down, you favour the wicked,
nor do you keep the promise in spite of gifts.
Fortune honours the unworthy, Fortune strikes at the
blameless, she oppresses the righteous with poverty
and blesses the worthless with riches,
she carries off the young and retains the old,
allotting men their timespan with unjust judgement.
What she takes from the honest she gives to the wicked,
she has no discrimination nor does she judge rightly,
inconstant, shifting, treacherous, slippery,
neither continuing to favour those she made prominent
nor abandoning those she has afflicted.

III. *Currit parvus lepulus*

Currit parvus lepulus,
clamans altis vocibus:
"Quid feci nobilibus,
quod me fugant canibus?"

Quando montem ascendo,
nullum canem timeo.
Quando montem descendo,
bis ter culum perverto."

Variation of a students' song from the second half
of the 16th century

The little rabbit runs,
he calls at the top of his voice:
"What have I done to the high-born
that they pursue me with hounds?"

When I go up into the mountains
I have no fear of any hound.
When I come down from the mountains
I turn two or three somersaults."

IV. *Qui fugat intrepidus*

Qui fugat intrepidus, magis ille fugat fugientes.
Saepius et tacito, quos fugit, ille fugat.

Source unknown

He who pursues the fearless
more fiercely pursues those who flee.
More often and silently he pursues
those from whom he himself flees.

V. *Casta novenarum iacet aula*

Casta novenarum iacet aula subacta sororum,
sunt mulae Musae nostraque fama fames.
Vulgus amat fatuos, vates quia noscere nescit,
nullus honor Musis nunc nisi restat onus.
Plebs fuit in Musas, regnat pro lege libido,
sunt mulae Musae nostraque fama fames.

Source unknown

The pure temple of the nine sisters lies ruined,
the Muses are mules now, our pride is hunger.
The people favour fools, for they cannot discern poets,
the Muses are not honoured now, only a burden.
The people curse the Muses, in place of the law rules
caprice, the Muses are mules now, our pride is hunger.

VI. *Gallus amat Venerem*

Gallus amat Venerem, cur? Cururi currit ad illam,
et post confectum cucuri currit opus.

Source unknown

The cockerel loves Venus - why? He crows when he
runs off to her and when the business is done
he crows and runs off.

VII. *Quam gallina suum parit ovum*

Quam gallina suum parit ovum, gloccinat ante,
gloccinat et positum post grave rursus onus.

Source unknown

When the hen lays her egg, she clucks beforehand and
again after she has laid down the burden.

VIII. *Ergo mihi uxorem qualem ducam?*

Ergo mihi uxorem qualem ducam? Anne puellam?
Haec forsā veniet non satis apta mihi.
An viduam? Dominam quis possit ferre tonantem?
An vetulam? Tolleret quis patienter anum?
Fecundam? Fecunda domum mihi prole gravabit.
An sterilem? Sterilis non decus arbor habet.
Pauciloquam? Non me poterit recreare loquendo.
Verbosam? Mulier res odiosa loquax.
Formosam? Variis est subdita forma periclis.
Deformem? Poenam ducere num quis amet?
Sic quocumque meus se vertit nubilus ardor,
apparent socii damna verenda tori.
Nique genus vitae hoc sanxisses, Christe, ligatum,
libera quis cuperet subdere colla iugo?
Sed quoniam mos est legique Deoque gerendus,
si dare vis sociam, da mihi, Christe, piam!

Responsio:

Ergo rogas, qualem tibi ducas? Anne puellam?
Tam docto nubat quae minus apta viro?
Non viduam? Norunt viduae indulgere maritis.
Cur non fecundam? Prole foventur opes.
Cur non pauciloquam? Poteris dare tempora Musis.
Cur non verbosam? Dulce in amore loqui.
Formosam? Quam non commendat forma puellam?
At sterilem, informem non probo, nec vetulam.
Si tamen una tibi continget amica priorum,
si modo grata Deo, grata futura tibi.
I nunc et rogita, quaenam ducenda sit uxor:
cum tibi quae nequeat nubere, nulla siet.

Source unknown

So what sort of wife should I take? Just a young girl?
She might not perhaps be the best choice for me.
A widow? But who could bear a thundering dame?
An old one? But who could put up with an old hag?
Fertile? She would crowd my house with offspring.
Barren? A barren tree is no distinction.
Silent? She would not cheer me with her speech.
Talkative? A chattering woman is an awful thing.
A beauty? Beauty is open to all sorts of dangers.
Ugly? Who wants to punish himself with that?
Whatever direction my urge to wed turns in,
the dreadful snags of the married state appear there.
If you, o Christ, had not sanctified the marriage bond,
who would ever submit his free neck to the yoke?
But since we should follow the edict of God and the law,
if you will give me a wife, o Christ, let her be pious!

The reply:

So you ask what sort of wife you should take? A young
girl? Suitable enough for a learned man.
Not a widow? Widows know how to accommodate
husbands. Not fruitful? Children encourage riches.
Why not silent? You will have more time for the Muses.
Why not talkative? Words in love are sweet.
A beauty? What girl's appeal is not enhanced by beauty?
But I do not recommend the barren, the old or the ugly.
Still, if you happen to meet a girlfriend from the old
days, if only she is pleasing to God
she should be pleasing to you. So come now, ask
which you should take for a wife: there is not a woman
who would not want to marry you.

IX. *Anna soror, soror Anna*

"Anna soror, soror Anna meae male conscia culpa,
iam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos."
Praebuit Aeneas et causam mortis et ensem,
ipsa sua Dido concidit usa manu.

Ovidius, *Heroides*, vii, 191-192, 195-196

"O, Anna, sister mine, o sister Anna, alas, you know
my guilt, now you will lay your last gifts on my ashes."
Aeneas gave her the reason for death and the sword,
Dido fell dead by her own hand.

X. *Heu, crucior certe*

Heu, crucior certe, quia iam fraus regnat in orbe!
Iam frater fratrem, iam fallit filia matrem,
iam socius socium, iam fallit amicus amicum.
Heu, crucior certe, quia iam fraus regnat in orbe!

Proverbia dicteria, 48

Alas, how I suffer, deceit so prevails in the world.
Now brother tricks brother, the daughter deceives her
own mother, the comrade betrays his own comrade,
friend deceives friend. Alas, how I suffer,
deceit so prevails in the world.

XI. *Nusquam tuta fides*

Nusquam tuta fides, fraudis sunt omnia plena.

Dum ridet, fallit dumque ait ille, negat,
dum laudat, damnat, dum porrigit, abstrahit.

Heus tu, si cui quid debes credere, crede parum!

Source unknown

Honesty is nowhere safe, all things are full of guile.
You are betrayed with a smile, people say 'yes' and
mean 'no', while you are praised you are condemned,
while something is offered it is taken away. Alas!
If you have to trust someone, do not trust him too far.

XII. *Heroes, pugnate viri fortissimi*

Heroes, pugnate viri fortissimi! Ad arma
accelerate manus, hostem de finibus istis
propulsate. Tonant bombardae, tympana clangunt.
Inimicus adest, fam fari rari ron, bom bidi bidi bom.
Hostis adest, armis opus est, concurrere in hostes,
hastis hos, gladiis hos sternite, tum trucidate.
Multiplici sclopetta globo fit victor in hoste.
Sic inimicis devictis victoria nobis
cedet, honor cum praeda, gloria, fama, triumphus.

Source unknown

Heroes, to battle, you men of might! Quick,
take up your weapons, drive the enemy from our land.
The bombards sound, the drums resound,
the enemy is at hand.
The foe is at hand, to arms, fall on the foe,
take up your swords, cut them all down!
The catapult with its missiles will make victory yours.
And so with the foe beaten down victory smiles on us,
honour is ours and plunder, glory, fame and triumph.

XIII. *Proditor est ut hypocrita*

Proditor est ut hypocrita, cur? Detractor uterque,
fictus homo, neuter purus, uterque latro.
Incusant alios, peiores sunt quibus illi
impuri, iusti qui tamen esse volunt.
Non hominem solum, superos sed prodit uterque,
exemplo Iudas comprobatur ille suo.
Fel habet occultum, mel palam gestat in ore,
sicut hypocrita, sic proditor omnis erat.
Ergo tibi caveas ab utroque, est unus ut alter
scurra, latro, nequam, furcifer ac nebulo.

Source unknown

The traitor is like a hypocrite - why? Each pulls
you down, each is false, neither is pure, each is a thief,
each accuses others. And what makes
these two scoundrels worse, they want to be seen
as upright more than the average man.
They betray the very gods, Judas supplies the example.
He conceals their venom with honey on his lips for the
public, every traitor is just a kind of hypocrite.
Therefore beware of both, neither of them is anything
but show, a thief, a worthless wretch, a scoundrel
fit to be hanged.

XIV. *Cogitate miseri*

Cogitate miseri, qui vel quales estis,
quid in hoc iudicio dicere potestis.
Hic non erit codici locus nec digestis,
idem erit Dominus iudex, actor, testis.

Source unknown

Wretches, take thought who and what you are
and what you can say for yourselves at this judgement.
Here there will be no law-code or digest,
the judge, accuser and witness will be God himself.

XV. *Si vis laudari*

Si vis laudari, si vis carusque vocari,
discas adulari, nam tales sunt modo cari.

First line: *Proverbia dictoria*, 10
Second line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 3

If you want to be praised and to be thought dear,
learn to fawn, for only flatterers are valued.

XVI. *Si tibi gratia*

Si tibi gratia, si sapientia formaque detur,
sola superbia destruit omnia, si comitetur.

Carmina proverbialia, 21

If you are blessed with grace, wisdom and beauty,
pride, if it goes with them, cancels them all.

XVII. *Nil est asperius misero*

Nil est asperius misero, cum surgit in altum,
corde stat inflato pauper honore dato.
Immutant mores homines, cum dantur honores.

First two lines: Claudianus, *Eutropius*, i, 181
Third line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 172

Nothing is worse for a poor man than to rise high,
if a poor man is honoured, his heart is puffed up.
People change their ways when they gain honour.

XVIII. *Hanc volo, quae non vult*

Hanc volo, quae non vult, illam, quae vult, ego nolo,
vincere vult animos, nec satiare Venus.
Oblatas sperno illecebras detrecto negatas,
nec satiare animum, nec cruciare volo.
Nec bis cincta Diana placet, nec nuda Cithere,
illa voluptatis nil habet, haec nimium.
Callida sed mediae Veneris mihi vendicet artem
femina, quae iungat quod volo nolo vocet.

Ausonius, *Epigrammata*, i, 64

She whom I love loves not me
and she who loves me I love not,
Venus aims to conquer souls, not to satisfy longings.
I scorn an offer or appeal and despise a rejection,
I want neither to satisfy nor torture my soul. Neither
the doubly-draped Diana nor naked Cythera attracts me,
the first rouses no desire, the second too much.
May I acquire the art of love - temperately - from
some experienced woman who knows
just when to say yes and when to say no.

XIX. *Uxor, amice, tibi est semper mala*

Uxor, amice, tibi est semper mala. Cum male tractas,
fit peior, sed fit pessima, quando bene.
Sed bona, si moriatur, erit, melior tamen, id si
te faciat vivo, ast optima, si propere.

Source unknown

A wife, my friend, is always a bad thing for you. If you
treat her badly, she will be worse, if well, the very worst.
But she will be a good thing if she dies,
better if she does it in your lifetime
and best of all if she does it straight away.

XX. *Quod licet, ingratum est*

Quod licet, ingratum est, quod non licet, acrius urit.
Quod sequitur, fugio, quod fugit, ipse sequor.

Ovidius, *Amores*, ii, 19, 3; 19, 36

What is allowed has no appeal,
what is not allowed attracts me more,
what follows me I flee,
what flees from me is what I follow.

XXI. *Dulcis amica, veni*

Dulcis amica, veni, noctis solatia praestans,
inter aves etenim nulla tibi similis.
Tu philomela potes vocum discrimina mille,
mille potes varios ipsa referre modos.

Anthologia latina, 762

Come, my sweet friend, offering me solace at night,
among the birds there is not another like you.
Nightingale, with your range of a thousand voices
you yourself can sing us a thousand songs.

XXII. *Si vox est, canta*

Si vox est, canta, si mollia bracchia, salta,
et quacumque potes arte placere, place.

Ovidius, *Ars amatoria*, i, 595-596

If you have a voice, sing, if supple of limb, dance,
and whatever pleasing skill you have, use it to please!

XXIII. *Perfer et obdura*

Perfer et obdura, dolor hic tibi proderit olim,
saepe tulit lassus sucus amarus opem.

Ovidius, *Amores*, iii, 11, 7

Hold fast and endure, this pain will some time turn
to your advantage; often a bitter draught
has proved a help to the weary.

XXIV. *Si proluxa facit sapientem barba*

Si proluxa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat,
barbatus possit quin caper esse Plato?

Carmina proverbialia, 146

If a long beard makes a wise man,
what can stop a bearded goat being a Plato?

XXV. *Quisquis amat dictis*

Quisquis amat dictis absentum rodere famam,
hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi.

Anthologia latina, 487d

Whoever likes to speak ill of the absent
ought to know that he will be banned from their tables.

XXVI. *Ne iactes*

Ne iactes, quia laus proprio sordescit in ore.
Qui sese laudat, laudis se munere fraudat,
sese vicinos iactans habet undique pravos.
Vincat opus verbum, minuit iactantia famam.

Carmina proverbialia, 22

Do not boast, for self-praise soils your mouth.
He who praises himself forfeits the right to be praised,
all around him the braggart has bad neighbours.
Actions speak louder than words,
boasting detracts from your name.

XXVII. *Vos, qui nulla datis*

Vos, qui nulla datis, sed sumitis omnia gratis,
vobis salvete duplicatur atque valete.

Carmina proverbialia, 114

To you, who never give anything, but take everything
gratis, to you 'hello' and 'goodbye' will be given double.

XXVIII. *O homo, si scires*

O homo, si scires, quidnam esses, unde venires,
nunquam gauderes, sed in omni tempore fleres.
Cum faex, cum limus, cum res vilissima simus,
unde superbimus? Ad terram terra redimus.

Carmina proverbialia, 170-171, 23

O man, if you did but know what you are,
where you come from, you would never rejoice
but continually weep.
We are dregs, slime, the vilest of things,
why should we be proud?
We are earth and to earth we shall return.

XXIX. *Nemo placet stultis*

Nemo placet stultis, nisi cantet, quod libet illis.
Infatuat sciolos musica quaeque suos.

Carmina proverbialia, 179

No one pleases fools, except by singing what suits them. Every music has its ignorant adherents.

XXX. *Vitam quae faciunt beatioorem*

Vitam quae faciunt beatioorem,
iucundissime Martialis, haec sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relictā,
non ingratus ager, forus perennis,
lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
vires ingenuae, salubre corpus,
prudens simplicitas, pares amici,
convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
nox non ebria, sed soluta curis,
non tristis torus, attamen pudicus,
somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis, esse velis nihilque malis,
summum nec metuas diem nec optes.

Martialis, *Epigrammata*, x, 47

The things that add to life's happiness,
dearest Martial, are these:
A thing not earned with labour but simply given,
a flourishing field, a hearth ever-burning,
no lawsuits or clients, a quiet mind,
the firm strength of a free man, a healthy body,
a wise simplicity, like-minded friends,
good company, a table not too fancy,
a night without debauch, but free from care,
a marriage-bed not dismal, but yet modest,
sleep which makes the night hours short,
so that you wish to be what you are, nothing else,
and neither fear nor long for the day of your death.

XXXI. *Libertas animi cibus*

Libertas animi cibus est et vera voluptas,
qua qui dives erit, ditior esse nequit.
Libertas, perdulce bonum, bona cetera condit,
qua nisi conditur, nil sapit esca mihi,
est proprius panis super omnia mella suavis.
Alterius ne sit, qui suus esse potest.

Carmina proverbialia, 207

The food of the spirit is freedom and the true joy,
he who is rich in this cannot be richer.
Freedom, sweetest of goods, seasons all others,
unseasoned food has no taste for me,
one's own bread is sweeter than any honey,
let none belong to another when he can be his own man.

XXXII. *Barbara, Celarent*

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipon,
Celantes, Dabitis, Fapesmo, Frisesomorum,
Cesare, Camestres, Festino, Baroco, Darapti,
Felapton, Disamis, Datisi, Bocardo, Ferison.

William Shyreswood

Asserit A, negat E, stant universaliter ambae,
Asserit I, negat O, stant particulariter ambae.
Ecce tibi Sim: armigeros Ac: arma bono
Con: servat Maiorem variatque secunda Minorem,
tertia Maiorem variat servatque Minorem.

Petrus Hispanus

These are mnemonic lines used in a course in formal logic to inculcate the 19 modes of classical logical conclusion and are thus untranslatable.

XXXIII. *Vivite felices*

Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
iam sua, nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
Vobis parta quies, nullum maris aequor arandum,
me mare, me venti per tot discrimina rerum
ocius ire iubent peregrinas visere terras.
Ergo mei semper memores estote sodales,
sic ego semper ero vestri memor. Ergo valete!

Vergilius, *Aeneis*, iii, 493-495

Live in blessedness, you whose destiny now is fulfilled,
but we are called from one fate to another.
Your rest is won, you need plough the main no more,
but the sea and the winds command me
through many ordeals to journey on to foreign lands.
So, comrades, remember me always, as I shall
always remember you. And so farewell!

XXXIV. *In terra summus rex*

In terra summus rex est hoc tempore nummus.
Laudatur nummus quasi rex super omnia summus.
Nummus honoratur, sine nummo nullus amatur.

First two lines: *Carmina proverbialia*, 113-114
Third line: *Proverbia dictoria*, 96

Money nowadays is the greatest King on earth.
Money is praised as a King above all others.
Money is honoured, without money no-one is loved.

XXXV. *Cui dolus est gratus*

Cui dolus est gratus, fit rabbi in fraude vocatus,
fallitur ex facili, qui caret arte doli.

First line: *Carmina proverbialia*, 180
Second line: *Proverbia dictoria*, 48

The man who favours guile is a past master of deceit,
the man is easily deceived who has not mastered
the art of guile.

XXXVI. *Archipoeta facit versus*

Archipoeta facit versus pro mille poetis
et pro mille aliis archipoeta bibit.

Carmina proverbialia, 22

The archpoet will do you lines for a thousand poets
and the archpoet will drink enough for a thousand
others.

XXXVII. *Doctus ait*

Doctus ait se scire nihil, se plurima narrat
scire sed indoctus: Scit prior, iste putat.

Source unknown

The learned man says he knows nothing,
the ignorant man says he knows a lot;
the first one knows, the second only thinks he does.

XXXVIII. *Quod vitae sectabor iter*

Quod vitae sectabor iter, si plena tumultu
sund fora, si curis domus anxia, si peregrinos
cura domos sequitur, mercantem si nova semper
damna manent, cessare vetat si turpis egestas,
si vexat labor agricolam, mare naufragus horror
infamat, poenaeque graves in celibe vita
et gravior cautis custodia vana maritis,
sanguinem si Martis opus, si turpia lucra
faenoris et velox inopes usura trucidat?
Quod vitae sectabor iter?

Source unknown

Which path of life shall I take
if the public squares are all hubbub,
if at home there is worry,
if other houses too are full of it,
if the merchant is constantly threatened by new losses,
if not working is harassed by filthy poverty,
if hard labour oppresses the peasant,
if the sea is notorious for shipwrecks,
if the single life brings great troubles
and worse ones the responsibility of marriage,
if the bloody work of Mars,
the vile profit of the moneylender
and this high interest destroy the poor?
Which path of life shall I take?

XXXIX. *O, quam dura premit miseros conditio vitae*

O, quam dura premit miseros conditio vitae,
nec mors humano subiacet arbitrio.
Dulce mori miseris, sed mors optata recedit,
at cum tristis erit, praecipitata venit.

Maximianus, *Elegiae*, i, 113-116

Oh, how cruelly life oppresses the wretched
nor will death ever conform to the wishes of men.
To the wretch death is a boon, but shifts away
when wished for, but when it will bring sorrow
it comes in haste.

XL. *Sunt tibi vitandi sermones*

Sunt tibi vitandi sermones undique blandi,
non bene creduntur, nimium quae blanda loquuntur.
Hi sunt fallentes plus iusto blanda loquentes.

First two lines: *Carmina proverbialia*, 181

Third line: *Proverbia dictoria*, 10

Always avoid flattering words that are over-friendly,
nor should you trust those who speak flattery.
The man whose speech is more friendly than need be
will lead you astray.

XLI. *Quid sis, quid fueris*

Quid sis, quid fueris, quid eris, semper mediteris,
sic minus atque minus peccatis subicieris.
Pulvis et umbra sumus, pulvis nihil est nisi fumus,
sed nihil est fumus, nos nihil ergo sumus.

Carmina proverbialia, 171

What you are, what you have been, what you will be,
think of this constantly, thus you will less and less fall
prey to sin. We are but dust and shadow,
dust is no more than smoke, and smoke is nothing,
so we are mere nothing ourselves.

XLII. *O, mors*

O, mors, quam dura, quam tristia sunt tua iura.
Si mors non esset, quam laetus quilibet esset.

Carmina proverbialia, 232

O Death, how hard, how sorrowful are thy laws.
If there were no death, how happy would everyone be.

XLIII. *En ego campana*

En ego campana nunquam denuntio vana:
laudo Deum verum, tintinabulo clango,
plebem voco, tintinabulo clango,
congrego clerum, tintinabulo clango,
funera plango, tintinabulo clango,
fulgura frango, tintinabulo clango,
sabbatha pango, tintinabulo clango,
excito lentos, tintinabulo clango,
dissipo ventos, tintinabulo clango,
paco cruentos, tintinabulo clango.

Carmina proverbialia, 45

Behold, I am a bell,
 I never sound to no purpose:
 I praise the true God,
 I ring out,
 I call the people,
 I assemble the clergy,
 I lament the burial,
 I break the lighting-strokes,
 I mark the Sabbath,
 I rouse the idle,
 I calm the winds,
 I quiet the bloodthirsty.

XLIV. *Nunquam bella bonis*

Nunquam bella bonis nunquam discrimina desunt,
 et cum quo certet, mens pia semper habet.

Carmina proverbialia, 7

The good man will never lack for battles
 nor for temptations, the godly soul has always
 something to combat.

XLV. *Clare vir*

Clare vir, o Musarum excellentissime fautor,
 inter magnanimos gloria prima viros.
 Patronum ob tantum symphonia nostra triumphat,
 plaudit ob adventum musica turba tuum.
 Aonii coetus fortissima dextera nostri
 diceris, hoc munus non sine laude geris.
 Vive diu, alme pater, nostris tu, vive, superstes
 carminibus. Repetit musica: Vive diu!

Source unknown

Illustrious Sir, most excellent patron of the Muses,
 most glorious of magnanimous men!
 Our music triumphs in such a supporter,
 our musicians applaud your arrival
 and hail you as their strong right hand,
 a function that you fulfil not without praise.
 Long may you live, dear father, live and outlive our
 songs. The music repeats: live long.

XVLI. *Linquo coax ranis*

Linquo coax ranis, cro cro corvis, vanaque vanis,
 pica sibi propria garrulitate placet.

Carmina proverbialia, 110, 259

I leave croaking to the frog, crowing to the raven
 and vain things to the vain.
 The magpie is pleased with its own chatter.

XVLII. *Anseris est giga*

Anseris est giga, cuculi cu cu, cro cro corvi.
 Cuique quod est proprium, vociferare solet.

Source unknown

The goose cackles, the cuckoo cuckoos, the raven
 croaks. Each one announces himself
 in his own particular way.

XVLIII. *Scilicet extremis*

Scilicet extremis longe mediocria praestant.
 Infima calcantur, summa repente ruunt.

Source unknown

Of course what comes in the middle is better than
 either extreme. What is on the ground is trodden,
 what towers high suddenly falls.

XLIX. *Linguarum non est praestantior ulla Latina*

Linguarum non est praestantior ulla Latina,
 quam quisquis nescit, barbarus ille manet.
 Sis Italus, Gallus, Germanus sive Polonus,
 nil nisi vulgaris diceris arte rudis.
 Quisquis Latine nequit, nulla se iacet in arte,
 nil scit, nil didicit, barbarus ille manet.

Source unknown

Of all the tongues there are, not one is finer than
 Latin, whoever does not know it remains a barbarian.
 Whether you are Italian, French, German or even
 Polish, art will pronounce you a man of the lowest sort.
 Anyone who knows no Latin need not aspire to art,
 he simply knows nothing at all - a barbarian
 he will remain.

L. *Livide, quare tibi mea musica displicet uni?*

Livide, quare tibi mea musica displicet uni?
 Non habet haec forsansensatui cerebri.
 Cur aliis, quibus est ars docta, magis placet?
 Illi te melius sapiunt. Cur? Tibi stulta placent.
 Si tibi displiceo, tibi non placuisse studebam,
 est animus doctis atque placere bonis.
 Livide, quare tuam moderato pessime linguam,
 non tibi, sed Musis haec cecinisse volo.
 Cui minus placent, meliora hic occinet istis
 vel canat ex proprio, quod fluit ingenio.

Source unknown,
 the text was perhaps written by Gallus himself

Envious man, why is it only you my music displeases?
 Perhaps it strikes no answering chord in your brain.
 Why has it more appeal to those skilled in the art?
 They have more sense than you. Why?
 Silly things please you. If I don't please you,
 know that I didn't aim to please you,
 my aim is to please the learned and the good.
 Envious man, hold your tongue then, you no-good,
 my wish was to sing to the Muses, never to you.
 If anyone does not like this, let him sing better stuff of
 his own, or whatever it is that flows from his own nature.

LI. *Lex et natura*

Lex et natura, caelum, Deus, omnia iura
 damnant ingratum, maerent illum quoque natum.
 Qui benefactorum non vult memor esse bonorum,
 non est laudari dignus, nec dignus amari.

Carmina proverbialia, 183

Law and nature, heaven, God, all rules
 condemn the ingrate, lament that he was born.
 He who will not remember the gifts of his benefactors,
 is worthy of no praise, nor worthy of love.

LII. *Opto placere bonis*

Opto placere bonis, pravis odiosus haberi,
 queis nisi sit pravus, nemo placere potest.

Carmina proverbialia, 206

I wish to please the good, to the bad let me be hateful,
 you will never please them unless you are nasty yourself.

LIII. *Pascitur in vivis livor*

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit,
 tunc suus ex merito quemque tuetur honor.
 Ergo etiam, cum me supremus aduserit ignis,
 vivam parsque mei magna superstes erit.

Ovidius, *Amores*, i, 39-42

Envy feeds fat on the living, but ceases after death,
 then one's name is upheld by the merit one has earned.
 So when I am consumed by the final fire,
 I shall still live, a great part of me will live on.