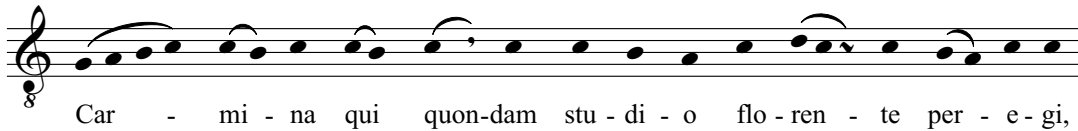


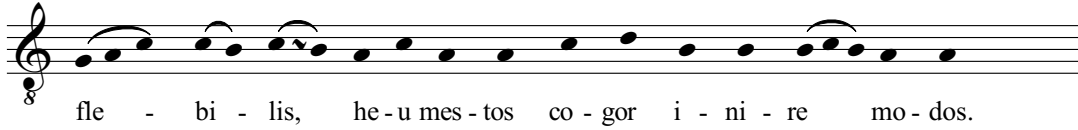
Carmina qui quondam (I:1)

Boethius laments the state into which he has fallen, comparing his sorrowful songs of advanced age to the songs of his contented youth, and blaming Fortune for his downfall



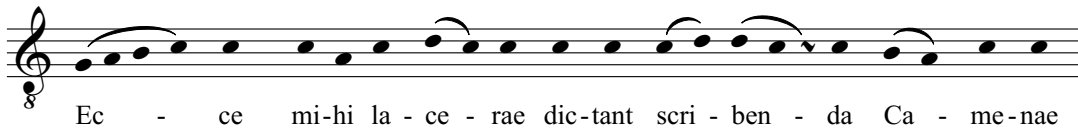
Car - mi - na qui quon-dam stu - di - o flo - ren - te per - e - gi,

I, who once composed songs with abundant zeal,



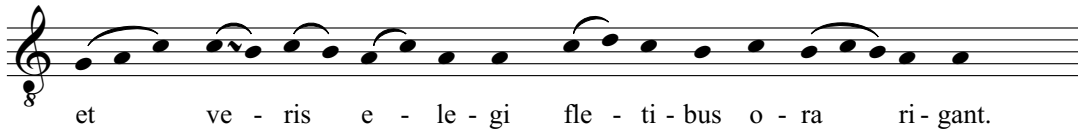
fle - bi - lis, he - u mes - tos co - gor i - ni - re mo - dos.

tearful, alas, am forced to begin sad strains.




Ec - ce mi - hi la - ce - rae dic - tant scri - ben - da Ca - me - nae

Look! Muses rent with grief dictate what I should write



et ve - ris e - le - gi fle - ti - bus o - ra ri - gant.

and elegiacs moisten my cheeks with real tears.



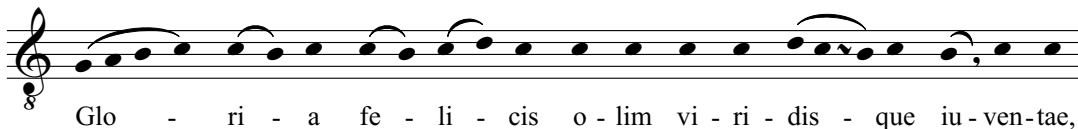
Has sal - tem nul - lus po - tu - it per - vin - ce - re ter - ror

At least fear could not conquer them



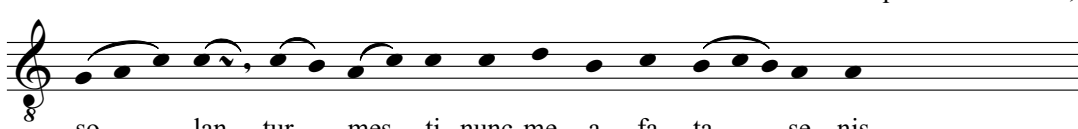
ne nos - trum co - mi - tes pro - se - que - ren - tur i - ter.

for they would follow my path as companions.



Glo - ri - a fe - li - cis o - lim vi - ri - dis - que iu - ven - tae,

Once the glory of a charmed and lively youth,



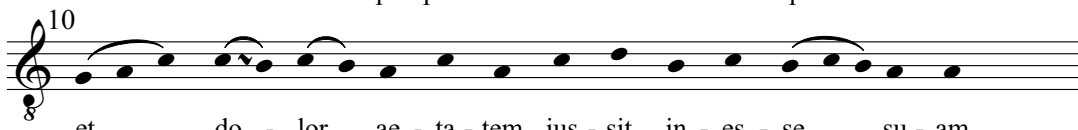
so - lan - tur mes - ti nunc me - a fa - ta se - nis.

now they console my fate in sad old age.



Ve - nit e - nim pro - pe - ra - ta ma - lis in - o - pi - na se - nec - tus

For senility has come without warning, hastened by ills,



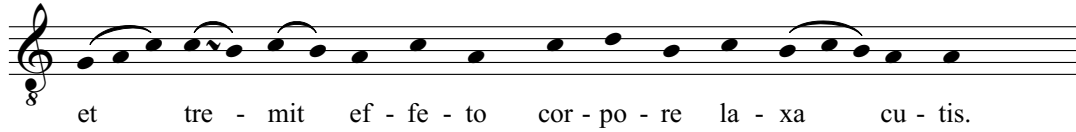
et do - lor ae - ta - tem ius - sit in - es - se su - am.

and sorrow has brought on the years.



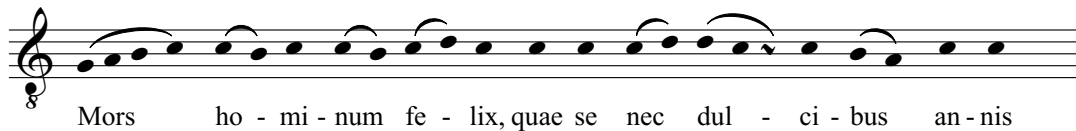
In - tem - pes - ti - vi fun - dun - tur ver - ti - ce ca - ni

White hairs cover my head
ahead of time



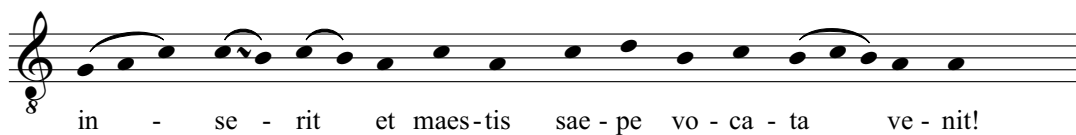
et tre - mit ef - fe - to cor - po - re la - xa cu - tis.

and my skin shakes, loosed
from a worn-out body.



Mors ho - mi - num fe - lix, quae se nec dul - ci - bus an - nis

Fortunate is the man
whose death comes not in



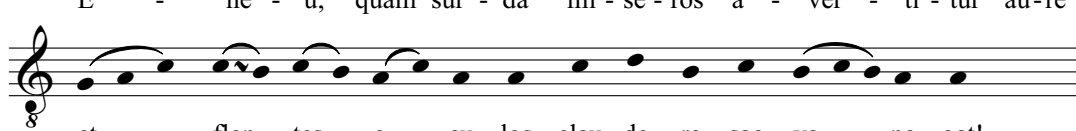
in - se - rit et maes - tis sae - pe vo - ca - ta ve - nit!

pleasant times but in sad ones
when often called for!



15
E - he - u, quam sur - da mi - se - ros a - ver - ti - tur au - re

Alas, how cruel death turns
a deaf ear to the wretched



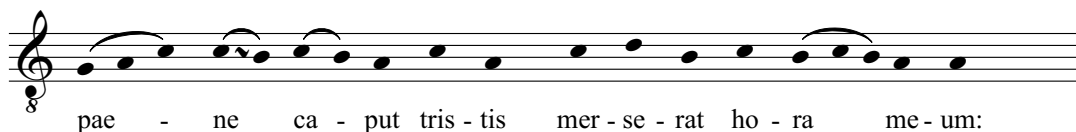
et flen - tes o - cu - los clau - de - re sae - va ne - gat!

and refuses to close
weeping eyes!



Dum le - vi - bus ma - le fi - da bo - nis for - tu - na fa - ve - ret

While Fortune in bad faith
favoured me with trivial goods,




pae - ne ca - put tris - tis mer - se - rat ho - ra me - um:

an hour of sadness would
have nearly drowned me:




nunc qui - a fal - la - cem mu - ta - vit nu - bi - la vul - tum

Now her clouded face has
taken on a false appearance,



20
pro - tra - hit in - gra - tas im - pi - a vi - ta mo - ras.

my wretched life
prolongs thankless days.



Quid me fe - li - cem to - ti - ens iac - tas - tis, a - mi-ci?

Why did you dismiss me so often as fortunate, friends?



Qui ce - ci - dit, sta - bi - li non e - rat il - le gra - du.

The step of one who falls was never stable.

Cambridge UL Gg.5.35, fol. *442r

Reconstructed by Sam Barrett
February 2019