

Tityrus and Mopsus

Translated by Linda Entwistle

T: Beneath the high branched hazel trees in thick shade
As the two of us have both met here to sing
Let it be a song of heroes as we've oft made
And the pleasant hours will pass with ring a ding.
Come then, Mopsus, make a start!
Who'll be the subject of our art?

M: Now Tityrus, let's give something back to those
Who've given us our peaceful ease and quiet.
Pious gifts of praise for sweet repose
To the ones who've saved our realm from ruin and riot.
And with the paeans you and I compose
We'll surely make the woodlands resonate

T: My humble pipe of reeds is hardly fitted
To sing of noble notions such as these.
But they say that when it comes to mighty matters,
The will can be sufficient for the deed.
And so despite the fact that I'm not worthy,
I'll play my pipe and trust I have the art
To sing your praises, William, and Queen Mary.
For what love has joined no one should break apart.