

Boethius, "Tunc me discussa." *Consolation of Philosophy*, 1 m. 3

Text ed. Büchner. Translation by SK

Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebrae  
luminibusque prior rediit vigor,  
ut, cum praecipiti glomerantur nubila Coro  
nimbosisque polus stetit imbribus,  
5 sol latet ac nondum caelo venientibus astris  
desuper in terram nox funditur,  
hanc si Threicio Boreas emissus ab antro  
verberet et clausum reseret diem,  
emicat et subito vibratus lumine Phoebus  
10 mirantes oculos radiis ferit.

Then night was dispersed, the shadows left me,  
and their former strength returned to my eyes.  
Just as when storm clouds are steeply piled up by Corus [the northwest wind]  
and the sky throngs with rain-clouds  
and the sun is hidden, and the stars are not yet out,  
night comes flooding down upon the world;  
but then Boreas [the north wind] from its Thracian [northern] cavern  
beats the night away, and releases the locked up daylight,  
Phoebus [the sun] darts out, vibrant with sudden light,  
and strikes with his rays my wondering eyes.