

Their

Bees that have honey in their mouths have stings in their tails
Coming events cast their shadows before
Cowards die many times before their deaths
Dogs wag their tails no so much in love to you as to your bread
He is above his enemies that despises their injuries
Innocent actions carry their warrant with them
Men are blind in their own cause
The more women look in their glass the less they look to their house
Never lay sorrow to your heart when others lay it to their heels
Poor men seek meat for their stomach rich men stomach for their meat
Wait and let things take their course
When thieves fall out honest men come by their own
The wisdom of nations lies in their proverbs
Wise men learn by other men's mistakes fools by their own
Women will have their wills
Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite them and little fleas have lesser fleas and so ad infinitum
Birds in their little nests agree
Blessings brighten as they take their flight
Cowards die many times before their death
Until the lions produce their own historian the story of the hunt will glorify only the hunter