

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 2

BERNART DE VENTADORN AND THE TROBAIRITZ

Bernart de Ventadorn · Las Trobairitz

The Occitan Love Song at Its Height, and the Women Troubadours

with a word-for-word interlinear English translation

preserving the original word order

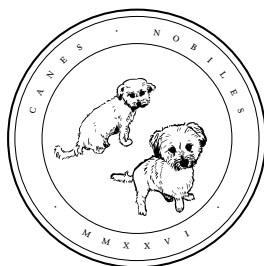


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Volume 2 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows Carl Appel's *Bernart von Ventadorn, seine Lieder* (Halle, 1915) and Oskar Schultz-Gora's *Die provenzalischen Dichterinnen* (Leipzig, 1888)

Set from page scans of the two editions

Translated and composed with AI, edited by Christopher Hench
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The text and spelling of Bernart de Ventadorn are Appel's and those of the trobairitz Schultz-Gora's, and neither is harmonized to the other. Appel's square brackets mark a stanza a single manuscript carries, and the brackets

Schultz-Gora sets round a male partner's stanzas are not reproduced;

*** marks what the manuscripts have lost, speech stands between « », and Appel's manuscript numerals stand between raised dots as he prints them. Bernart's songs carry Appel's numbers, the trobairitz are cited in the margin by Schultz-Gora's poet-and-piece numbers, and the English titles are this press's.

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BERNART DE VENTADORN

The Life and Songs of Bernart de Ventadorn



Vida

THE LIFE OF BERNART DE VENTADORN

The thirteenth-century life, in the shorter of the two redactions Appel prints side by side. It makes Bernart a poor man's son from the castle of Ventadorn, whose father heated the oven and baked the bread. The viscount's wife loved him; when the viscount understood, he shut her up and sent Bernart away. He loved the duchess of Normandy until King Henry of England married her, then went to Count Raimon of Toulouse, and when the count died he gave up the world for the order of Dalon.

Bernartz de Ventedorn si fo de Limozin, del castel
Bernart of Ventadorn thus was from Limousin from-the castle
de Ventedorn. Hom fo de paubra generation, fills d'un
of Ventadorn (A)-man he-was of poor birth son of-a
sirven qu'era forniers, q'escaudava lo forn per cozer lo
serving-man who-was (a)-baker who-heated the oven for to-bake the
pan del castel de Ventedorn.
bread of-the castle of Ventadorn

E venc bels hom et adreitz, e saup ben trobar
And he-became handsome (a)-man and well-made and he-knew well to-compose
e cantar, et era cortes et enseignatz. E·l vescoms de
and to-sing and he-was courtly and taught And-the viscount of
Ventedorn, lo sieus seigner, s'abellic mout de lui e
Ventadorn the his lord himself-took-pleasure much in him and
de son trobar e de son chantar, e fetz li grand'
in his composing and in his singing and he-did to-him great
honor. E·l vescoms de Ventedorn si avia moiller bella
honor And-the viscount of Ventadorn thus had (a)-wife beautiful
e gaia e joven e gentil; et abellic se d'en Bernart
and gay and young and noble and took-pleasure herself in-Sir Bernart
e de las soas chanssos, et enamoret se de lui et el
and in the his songs and fell-in-love herself with him and he

de lieis, si q'el fetz sos vers e sas chanssos d'ella, de
with her so that-he made his verses and his songs about-her about
 l'amor q'el avia ad ella, e de la valor de la dompna.
the-love that-he had toward her and about the merit of the lady
 Mout duret lonc temps lor amors anz qe'l vescoms, maritz
Much it-lasting long time their love before that-the viscount husband
 de la dompna, ni las gens s'en aperceubessen. E qan
of the lady or the folk themselves-of-it perceived And when
 lo vescoms s'en fo aperceubutz, en estraigriet en Bernart
the viscount of-it was aware he estranged Sir Bernart
 de si, e pois fetz la moiller serrar e gardar. Adoncs
from himself and then he-made the wife to-shut-up and to-guard Then
 fetz la dompna dar comjat a'n Bernat, e fetz li
he-made the lady to-give leave to-Sir Bernat and he-made to-him
 dir qe'is partis e'is loignes d'aquella encontrada.
to-say that-himself he-depart and-himself he-go-far from-that country
 Et el s'en partic et anet s'en a la duçessa de Normandia,
And he himself departed and went himself to the duchess of Normandy
 q'era joves e de gran valor, e s'entendia mout en pretz
who-was young and of great merit and she-took-interest much in worth
 et en honor et els benditz de sa lauzor.
and in honor and in-the praises of her renown
 E plazion li fort li vers e las chanssos d'en Bernart,
And they-pleased to-her greatly the verses and the songs of-Sir Bernart
 don ella lo receup e l'onret e l'acuillic e'l fetz
wherefore she him received and him-honored and him-welcomed and-to-him did
 mout grans plazers. Lonc temps estet en la cort de la
much great pleasures Long time he-stayed in the court of the
 duçessa, et enamoret se d'ella, e la dompna s'enamoret
duchess and he-fell-in-love himself with-her and the lady fell-in-love
 de lui, don en Bernartz en fetz maintas bonas chanssos.
with him wherefore Sir Bernart of-it made many good songs

Mas lo reis Enrics d'Englaterra la pres per moiller, e
But the king Henry of-England her took for wife and

la trais de Normandia e menet la-n en Englaterra;
her drew from Normandy and led her-away into England

e-n Bernartz remas adoncs de sai tristz e dolens.
and-Sir Bernart remained then of here sad and grieving

E partic se de Normandia e venc s'en al bon comte
And departed himself from Normandy and came himself to-the good count

Raimon de Toloza, et estet ab lui en sa cort entro qe-l
Raimon of Toulouse and stayed with him in his court until that-the

coms mori. E qan lo coms fo mortz, en Bernartz abandonet
count died And when the count was dead Sir Bernart abandoned

lo mon e-l trobar e-l chantar e-l solatz del segle
the world and-the composing and-the singing and-the cheer of-the age

e pois se rendet a l'orden de Dalon; e lai el fenic.
and then himself gave to the-order of Dalon and there he ended

E tot so q'ieu vos ai dich de lui, si me comtet
And all that which-I to-you have said of him thus to-me recounted

e-m dis lo vescoms n'Ebles de Ventadorn, que fo fills
and-to-me told the viscount Sir-Ebles of Ventadorn who was son

de la vescomtessa q'en Bernartz amet tant.
of the viscountess whom-Sir Bernart loved so-much

Ab joi mou lo vers e-l comens

1 · JOY AT BOTH ENDS

The verse begins with joy and ends with it, and a good beginning promises a good end. Joy so overmasters him that he wonders how he keeps silent, since a lover always fears to fail toward what he loves. He holds it folly to uncover the heart to another. Boldness becomes a lady among worthless folk and bad neighbors. Her laughing mouth killed him with one kiss, as Peleus' spear wounded and only it could heal. He closes on Bels Vezers, whose worth advances.

Ab joi mou lo vers e-l comens,

With joy begins the verse and-the beginning

et ab joi reman e fenis;

and with joy it-remains and ends

e sol que bona fos la fis,

and only that good were the end

bos tenh qu'er lo comensamens.

good I-hold that-will-be the beginning

per la bona comensansa

from the good beginning

mi ve jois et alegransa;

to-me comes joy and gladness

e per so dei la bona fi grazir,

and for that I-must the good end to-welcome

car totz bos faihz vei lauzar al fenir.

for every good deed I-see to-be-praised at-the ending

Si m'apodera jois e·m vens:

So me-overmasters joy and-me conquers

meravilh' es com o sofris

(a)-marvel it-is how it I-endure

car no dic e non esbrüis

that not I-tell and not I-blurt-out

per cui sui tan gais e jauzens;

for whom I-am so gay and joyful

mas greu veiretz fin' amansa

but hardly you-will-see true loving

ses paor e ses doptansa,

without fear and without dread

c'ades tem om vas so c'ama, falhir,

for-always fears one toward that which-one-loves to-fail

per qu'eu no·m aus de parlar enardir.

for which-I not-myself dare of speaking to-embolden

D'una re m'aonda mos sens:

In-one thing me-serves my sense

c'anc nulhs om mo joi no·m enquis,

that-ever any man my joy not-of-me asked

qu'eu volonters no l'en mentis;

that-I willingly not to-him-of-it lied

car no·m par bos essenhamens,

for not-to-me seems good breeding

ans es foli' et efansa,

rather it-is folly and childishness

qui d'amor a benanansa

who in-love has well-being

ni·n vol so cor ad autre descobrir,

and-of-it wants his heart to another to-uncover

si no l'en pot o valer o servir.

if not to-him-in-it he-can either to-help or to-serve

Non es enois ni falhimens

Not it-is annoyance nor failing

ni vilania, so m'es vis,

nor churlishness this to-me-is seen

mas d'ome, can se fai devis

but of-a-man when himself he-makes diviner

d'autrui amor ni conoissens.

of-another's love and knowing

enoyos! e que·us enansa,

tiresome and what-to-you advances

si·m faitz enoi ni pesansa?

if-to-me you-do annoyance and grief

chascus se vol de so mestier formir;

each-one himself wishes of his craft to-furnish

me cofondetz, e vos no·n vei jauzir.

me you-confound and you not-of-it I-see to-profit

Ben estai a domn' ardimens

Well it-suits to (a)-lady boldness

entr' avols gens e mals vezis;

among worthless folk and bad neighbors

e s'arditz cors no l'afortis,

and if-bold heart not her-strengthens

greu pot esser pros ni valens;

hardly she-can to-be brave or worthy

per qu'eu prec, n'aya membransa

for which-I pray of-it-she-have remembrance

la bel', en cui ai fiansa,

the fair-one in whom I-have trust

que no·s chamje per paraulas ni·s vir,

that not-herself she-change for words nor-herself turn

qu'enemics c'ai, fatz d'enveya morir.

that-enemies whom-I-have I-make of-envy to-die

Anc sa bela bocha rizens

Ever her fair mouth laughing

non cuidei, baizan me träs,

not I-thought kissing me it-would-betray

car ab un doutz baizar m'aucis,

for with a sweet kiss me-it-slew

si ab autre no m'es guirens;

if with another not to-me-it-is healing

c'atretal m'es per semblansa

for-just-so to-me-it-is by likeness

com de Peläus la lansa,

as of Peleus the spear

que del seu colp no podi' om garir,

for from-the its blow not could one to-recover

si outra vetz no s'en fezes ferir.

unless another time not himself-of-it he-had to-strike

Bela domna, ·l vostre cors gens

Fair lady the your body noble

e·lh vostre belh olh m'an conquis,

and-the your fair eyes me-have conquered

e·l doutz esgartz e lo clars vis,

and-the sweet glance and the bright face

e·l vostre bels essenhamens,

and-the your fair breeding

que, can be m'en pren esmansa,

that when well of-it-I take measure

de beutat no·us trob egansa:

in beauty not-to-you I-find equal

la genser etz c'om posc' el mon chاوزir,

the fairest you-are that-one can in-the world to-choose

o no i vei clar dels olhs ab que·us remir.

or not there I-see clear with-the eyes with which-you I-behold

Bels Vezers, senes doptansa

Fair Sight without doubt

sai que vostre pretz enansa,

I-know that your worth advances

que tantz sabetz de plazers far e dir:

for so-many you-know of pleasures to-do and to-say

de vos amar no's pot nuls om sofrir.

from you to-love not-himself can any man to-refrain

(Ben dei aver alegransa,

Well I-must to-have gladness

qu'en tal domn' ai m'esperansa,

that-in such (a)-lady I-have my-hope

que, qui'n ditz mal, no pot plus lag mentir,

for who-of-her says ill not can more foully to-lie

e qui'n ditz be, no pot plus bel ver dir.)

and who-of-her says well not can more fairly true to-speak

Amics Bernartz de Ventadorn

2 · A DEBATE WITH PEIRE

A debate. Peire asks how Bernart can hold back from song when the nightingale sings all night under the flower and understands love better than he does. Bernart answers that he loves sleep more, and that he is out of the chain while Peire and the other lovers are still in the madness. They dispute whether ladies should be entreated or should entreat, and end with Peire calling Bernart's parting from love folly and Bernart answering that whoever loves goes mad.

Amics Bernartz de Ventadorn,

Friend Bernart of Ventadorn

com vos podetz de chant sofrir,

how you can from song to-refrain

can aissi auzetz esbaudir

when thus you-hear to-rejoice

lo rossinholet noih e jorn?

the little-nightingale night and day

auyatz lo joi que demena!

bear the joy that it-makes

tota noih chanta sotz la flor.

all night it-sings beneath the flower

melhs s'enten que vos en amor.

better itself-it-understands than you in love

Peire, lo dormir e'l sojorn

Peire the sleeping and-the resting

am mais que'l rossinhol auvir;

I-love more than-the nightingale to-bear

ni ja tan no·m sabriatz dir

and ever so-much not-to-me could-you to-say

que mais en la folia torn.

that again into the folly I-turn

Deu lau, fors sui de chadena,

God I-praise out I-am of chain

e vos e tuih l'autr' amador

and you and all the-other lovers

etz remazut en la folor.

you-are remained in the madness

Bernartz, greu er pros ni cortes

Bernart hardly will-be worthy nor courtly

qui ab amor no's sap tener;

who with love not-himself knows to-hold

ni ja tan no-us fara doler

and ever so-much not-to-you will-it-make to-grieve

que mais no valha c'autre bes,

that more not it-be-worth than-other good

car, si fai mal, pois abena.

for if it-does harm afterward it-mends

greu a om gran be ses dolor;

hardly has one great good without pain

mas ades vens lo jois lo plor.

but always conquers the joy the weeping

Peire, si fos dos ans o tres

Peire if were two years or three

lo segles faihz al meu plazer,

the world made to-the my pleasure

de domnas vos dic eu lo ver:

of ladies to-you tell I the truth

non foran mais preyadas ges,

not they-would-be more entreated at-all

ans sostengran tan greu pena

rather they-would-bear so grievous pain

qu'elas nos feiran tan d'onor

that-they to-us would-do so-much of-honor

c'ans nos prejaran que nos lor.

that-sooner us they-would-entreat than we them

Bernartz, so non es d'avinen

Bernart this not is of-fitting

que domnas preyon; ans cove

that ladies entreat rather it-behooves

c'om las prec e lor clam merce;

that-one them entreat and to-them cry mercy

et es plus fols, mon escien,

and is more foolish my knowing

que cel qui semn' en l'arena,

than he who sows in the-sand

qui las blasma ni lor valor;

who them blames or their merit

e mou de mal ensenhador.

and it-comes from (a)-bad teacher

Peire, mout ai lo cor dolen,

Peire much I-have the heart grieving

can d'una faussa me sove,

when of-a false-one to-me it-remembers

que m'a mort, e no sai per que,

who me-has slain and not I-know for what

mas car l'amava finamen.

but because her-I-loved truly

faih ai longa carantena,

made I-have long quarantine

e sai, si la fezes lonhor,
and I-know if it I-made longer

ades la trobara peyor.
still it I-would-find worse

Bernartz, foudatz vos amena,
Bernart madness you leads

car aissi vos partetz d'amor,
for thus yourself you-part from-love

per cui a om pretz e valor.
through whom has one worth and merit

Peire, qui ama, desena,
Peire who loves goes-mad

car las trichairitz entre lor
for the deceivers among them

an tout joi e pretz e valor.
have taken-away joy and worth and merit

Amors, enquera·us preyara

3 · STILL I WOULD ENTREAT YOU

An address to Love, asking to be treated more kindly, since one small good undoes a great deal of ill. He fears the flame Love set in his heart at the beginning will take him again. He lives in torment under an evil lady, who does not believe how much he loves her. She is so fresh and clear that Love itself is fearful before him. Two lines are lost from the fourth stanza. He weeps until his face is strained and his color goes.

Amors, enquera·us preyara

Love still-you I-would-entreat

que·m fossetz plus amoroza,

that-to-me you-were more loving

c'us paucs bes desadolora

for-a little good un-grieves

gran re de mal; e paregra

great deal of ill and it-would-appear

s'era n'aguessetz merce.

if-now of-it-you-had mercy

car de me no·us sove?

why of me not-to-you it-remembers

mas e·m pes qu'enaissi·m preha

but and-to-me it-weighs that-thus-to-me it-take

com fetz al comensamen,

as it-did at-the beginning

can me mis al cor la flama

when to-me it-put in-the heart the flame

de leis que·m fetz estar len,

of her who-me made to-be slow

c'anc no m'en detz jauzimen.

for-ever not to-me-of-it you-gave enjoyment

Mout viu a gran aliscara

Much lives in great torment

et ab dolor angoissoza

and with grief anguished

selh cui totz tems assenhora

he whom all time lords-over

mala domna; qu'eu m'estegra

(an)-evil lady whereas-I would-remain

jauzens, mas aissi m'ave

rejoicing but thus to-me-befalls

que leis cui dezir, no cre

that she whom I-desire not believes

qu'eu l'am tan c'a mi covenha

that-I her-love so-much that-to me should-fall

l'onors ni-l bes qu'eu n'aten;

the-honor nor-the good that-I of-it-await

et a'n tort, c'als no reclama

and she-has-of-it wrong for-other-thing not claims

mos cors mas leis solamen

my heart but her only

e so c'a leis es plazen.

and that which-to her is pleasing

Totz tems de leis me lauzara,

All time of her me I-would-praise

s'era·m fos plus volontoza,

if-now-to-me she-were more willing

c'amors, qui-l cor enamora,

for-love which-the heart enamors

m'en det (mais no·m n'escazegra):

to-me-of-it gave more not-to-me of-it-fell-due

non plazers, mas sabetz que?

not pleasures but you-know what

envey' e dezir ancse!

longing and desire ever

e s'a leis platz que'm retenha,

and if-to her it-pleases that-me she-keep

far pot de me so talen,

to-do she-can with me her will

melhs no fa'l vens de la rama,

better than does-the wind with the bough

qu'enaissi vau leis seguen

for-thus I-go her following

com la folha sec lo ven.

as the leaf follows the wind

Tant es fresch' e bel' e clara

So-much she-is fresh and fair and bright

qu'amors n'es vas me doptosa,

that-love of-it-is toward me fearful

car sa beutatz alugora

for her beauty lights-up

bel jorn e clarzis noih negra.

fair day and brightens night black

(lacuna)

(lacuna)

no'n dic laus, mas mortz mi venha

not-of-it I-say praise but death to-me come

s'eu no l'am de tot mo sen;

if-I not her-love with all my sense

mas, domn', Amors m'enliama,

but lady Love me-binds

que·m fai dir soven e gen

who-me makes to-say often and nobly

de vos manh ver avinen.

of you many-a truth pleasing

Doussa res, conhd' et avara,

Sweet thing gracious and grudging

umils, franch' et orgolhoza,

humble noble and proud

bel' e genser c'ops no fora,

fair and fairer than-need — would-be

domna, per merce·us queregra,

lady for mercy-you I-would-beseech

car vos am mais c'autra re,

for you I-love more than-other thing

que·us prezes merces de me,

that-you might-seize mercy for me

car tem que mortz me destrenha,

for I-fear that death me constrain

si pietatz no·us en pren.

if pity not-to-you of-it takes

e s'eu mor, car mos cors ama

and if-I die because my heart loves

vos, vas cui res no·m defen,

you toward whom anything not-me defends

tem que i fassatz falhimen.

I-fear that in-it you-do wrong

Soven plor tan que la chara

Often I-weep so-much that the face

n'ai destrech' e vergonhoza,

of-it-I-have strained and shamed

e·l vis s'en dezacolora,

and-the countenance itself-of-it discolors

car vos, don jauzir me degra,

for you from-whom to-rejoice to-me should-fall

pert, que de me no·us sove.

I-lose since of me not-to-you it-remembers

e no·m don Deus de vos be,

and not-to-me give God of you good

s'eu sai ses vos co·m chaptenha,

if-I know without you how-myself I-should-govern

c'aitan doloirozamen

for-as sorrowfully

viu com cel que mor en flama;

I-live as he who dies in flame

e si tot no·m fatz parven,

and although all not-of-me I-make show

nulhs om menhs de joi no sen.

any man less of joy not feels

Amors, e que·us es vejaire?

4 · LOVE, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

He asks Love whether it can find a greater fool than him, and whether he is to be a lover and never find mercy. He will do whatever Love commands, but says it does not become Love to make him always bear ill. He loves the best-bred lady in the world and she does not love him at all. He has no power to defend himself against Love. He sends the song by Alegret and Ferran to his Tristan, who knows how to jest and laugh.

Amors, e que·us es vejaire?

Love and what-to-you is seeming

trobatz mais fol mas can me?

do-you-find more fool but only me

cuidatz vos qu'eu si' amaire

think you that-I should-be (a)-lover

e que ja no trop merce?

and that ever not I-find mercy

que que·m comandetz a faire,

what ever-to-me you-command to to-do

farai o, c'aissi's cove;

I-will-do it for-thus-itself it-behooves

mas vos non estai ges be

but to-you not it-sits at-all well

que·m fassatz tostem mal traire.

that-me you-make always ill to-bear

Eu am la plus de bon aire

I love the most of good breeding

del mon mais que nula re;

of-the world more than any thing

et ela no m'ama gaire;

and she not me-loves at-all

no sai cossi's esdeve!

not I-know how-itself it-happens

e can plus m'en cuit estraire,

and when most myself-from-it I-think to-draw

eu no posc, c'Amors me te.

I not can for-Love me holds

träitz sui per bona fe,

betrayed I-am by good faith

Amors, be-us o posc retraire!

Love well-to-you it I-can to-tell

Ab Amor m'er a contendre,

With Love to-me-will-be to to-strive

que no m'en posc estener,

for not myself-from-it I-can to-hold

qu'en tal loc me fai entendre

that-in such (a)-place me it-makes to-aspire

don eu nul joi non esper

whence I any joy not hope

(anceis me fari' a pendre

sooner me it-would-make to to-hang

car anc n'aic cor ni voler);

for ever of-it-I-had heart nor will

mas eu non ai ges poder

but I not have at-all power

que·m posca d'Amor defendre.

that-myself I-can from-Love to-defend

Pero Amors sap dissendre

Yet Love knows to-descend

lai on li ven a plazer,

there where to-her it-comes to pleasure

e sap gen guizado rendre

and knows nobly reward to-render

del maltraih e del doler.

for-the suffering and for-the grieving

tan no·m pot mertsar ni vendre

so-much not-to-me can to-bargain nor to-sell

que plus no·m posca valer,

that more not-to-me it-can to-avail

sol qu'Ela·m denhes vezet

only that-She-me deign to-see

e mas paraulas entendre.

and my words to-hear

Eu sai be razon e chauza

I know well reason and thing

que posc' a midons mostrar:

that I-can to my-lady to-show

que nuls om no pot ni auza

that any man not can nor dares

enves Amor contrastar;

against Love to-strive

car Amors vens tota chauza;

for Love conquers every thing

e forsa·m de leis amar;

and it-forces-me of her to-love

atretal se pot leis far

the-same itself can to-her to-do

en una petita pauza!

in a little while

Grans enois es e grans nauza

Great annoyance it-is and great trouble

tot jorn de merce clamar;

all day for mercy to-cry

mas l'amor qu'es en me clauza,

but the-love that-is in me enclosed

no posc cobrir ni celar.

not I-can to-cover nor to-hide

las! mos cors no dorm ni pauza

alas my heart not sleeps nor rests

ni pot en un loc estar,

nor can in one place to-stay

ni eu no posc plus durar,

and I not can more to-endure

si·lh dolors no·m asoauza.

if-the grief not-to-me softens

Domna, res no vos pot dire

Lady anything not to-you can to-tell

lo bo cor ni·l fin talan

the good heart nor-the true desire

qu'e·us ai, can be m'o cossire,

that-to-you I-have when well to-me-it I-consider

c'anc re mais non amei tan.

for-ever anything more not I-loved so-much

tost m'agran mort li sospire,

soon me-would-have slain the sighs

domna, passat a un an,

lady past there-is a year

no·m fos per un bel semblan,

had-not-to-me it-been for a fair look

don si doblan mei dezire.

whence thus double my desires

No·n fatz mas gabar e rire,
Not-of-it you-do but to-jest and to-laugh

domna, can eu re·us deman;
lady when I anything-of-you I-ask

e si vos amassetz tan,
and if you loved so-much

alres vos n'avengr' a dire.
otherwise to-you of-it-would-befall to to-say

Ma chanson apren a dire,
My song learn to to-say

Alegret; e tu, Ferran,
Alegret and you Ferran

porta la·m a mo Tristan,
carry it-for-me to my Tristan

que sap be gabar e rire.
who knows well to-jest and to-laugh

Anc no gardei sazo ni mes

5 · I NEVER WATCHED THE SEASON

He never watched for season or month, for the flower's coming or the grass beside the spring, but only for whatever hour a rich joy of love should fall to him. He would have held anyone a fool who told him love could hold him so longing that he might die of it; now he knows every other ill is nothing beside desire. All men say the Viennois is the best land in the world and has the best ladies; then all know that his lady, who surpasses them, is the best.

Anc no gardei sazo ni mes

Ever not I-beeded season nor month

ni can flors par ni can s'escon

nor when flower appears nor when itself-it-bides

ni l'erba nais delonc la fon,

nor the-grass springs along the spring

mas en cal c'oras m'avengues

but in what ever-hour to-me-might-befall

d'amor us rics esjauzimens,

of-love a rich rejoicing

tan me fo bels comensamens

so to-me was fair (the)-beginning

qu'eu cre c'aquel tems senhorei.

that-I believe that-that time I-lorded

Be l'agra per fol qui·m disses

Well him-I-would-hold for (a)-fool who-to-me said

tro aras, qu'en sui tan prion,

until now when-in-it I-am so deep

que ja·m tengues tan deziron

that ever-me it-would-hold so desiring

amors qu'eu morir en pogues;

love that-I to-die of-it might

mas aras sen e sui sabens

but now I-feel and I-am knowing

que totz autres mals es niens

that every other ill is nothing

vas lo dezir ab pauc d'esplei.

beside the desire with little of-achieving

A! tan doussetamen me pres

Ab so sweetly me took

la bela qui-m te jauzion,

the fair-one who-me holds rejoicing

qued eu no-m posc saber vas on

that I not-myself can to-know toward where

re mais tan ben amar pogues;

thing more so well to-love I-could

car, on plus l'esgar, plus me vens

for the-more more her-I-gaze-at more me conquers

s'amors, e-m dobla mos talens

her-love and-to-me doubles my desires

on eu mais d'autras domnas vei.

where I more of-other ladies see

Depus anc la vi, m'a conques,

Since ever her I-saw me-has conquered

per que no l'er gen si-m cofon,

for which not to-her-will-be fitting if-me she-confounds

car volh mais perdre·ls olhs del fron

for I-wish more to-lose-the eyes from-the brow

qu'eu ja re fassa c'a leis pes.

than-I ever thing do that-to her weighs

d'aitan cum poira, 'n essiens

in-so-much as I-shall-be-able in knowledge

no volh que·m si' adiramens,

not I-wish that-to-me be anger

que Deus aya faih de mi rei.

though God have made of me (a)-king

Tota gens ditz que Vianes

All folk says that Viennois

es la melher terra del mon

is the best land of-the world

e las melhors domnas i son.

and the best ladies there are

doncs sabon tuih c' aisso vers es

then know all that this true is

c'aicestas son las plus valens,

for-these are the most worthy

e midons, que totas las vens,

and my-lady who all them surpasses

es la melher qued el mon sei!

is the best that in-the world I-know

Era·m cosselhatz, senhor

6 · NOW COUNSEL ME, LORDS

He asks the lords for counsel. A lady gave him her love, and now he knows for certain she has another lover in secret. If he consents he lengthens his grief; if he speaks his mind he doubles his harm; either way he gains nothing. If he loves her to his dishonor most men will hold him a cuckold, and if he loses her friendship he holds himself disinherited of love. He takes the lesser of two ills and keeps his half, and sends the song by Garsio.

Era·m cosselhatz, senhor,

Now-me counsel lords

vos, c'avetz saber e sen:

you who-have knowledge and sense

una domna·m det s'amor,

a lady-me gave her-love

c'ai amada lonjamen;

whom-I-have loved long

mas eras sai de vertat

but now I-know for truth

qu'ilh a autr' amic privat,

that-she has (an)-other friend secret

ni anc de nul companho

nor ever of any companion

companha tan greus no·m fo.

company so grievous not-to-me was

D'una re sui en error

In-one thing I-am in doubt

e·n estau en pensamen:

and-of-it I-stay in thought

que m'alonje ma dolor,

that to-me-I-prolong my grief

s'eu aquest plaih li cossen.

if-I this bargain to-her consent

e s'aissi·l dic mon pessat,

and if-thus-to-her I-tell my thought

vei mo damnatge doblat.

I-see my harm doubled

cal que·n fassa o cal que no,

whichever that-of-it I-do or whichever that not

re no posc far de mo pro.

anything not I-can to-do for my profit

E s'eu l'am a dezonor,

And if-I her-love to dishonor

esquerns er a tota gen;

(a)-mockery it-will-be to all folk

e tenran m'en li pluzor

and will-hold me-for-it the most

per cornut e per sofren.

for cuckold and for suffering

e s'aissi pert s'amistat,

and if-thus I-lose her-friendship

be·m tenh per dezeretat

well-myself I-hold for disinherited

d'amor, e ja Deus no·m do

of-love and ever God not-to-me give

mais faire vers ni chanso.

more to-make verse nor song

Pois voutz sui en la folor,

Since turned I-am into the folly

be serai fols, s'eu no pren

well I-shall-be (a)-fool if-I not take

d'aquestz dos mals lo menor;

of-these two ills the lesser

que mais val, mon essien,

for more it-is-worth my knowing

qu'eu ay' en leis la meitat

that-I have in her the half

que·l tot perda per foldat,

than-the whole I-lose through folly

car anc a nul drut felo

for ever to any lover cruel

d'amor no vi far son pro.

of-love not I-saw to-make his profit

Pois vol autre amador

Since she-wants another lover

ma domn', eu no lo·lh defen;

my lady I not it-to-her forbid

e lais m'en mais per paor

and I-leave myself-from-it more for fear

que per autre chauzimen;

than for other clemency

e s'anc om dec aver grat

and if-ever man ought to-have thanks

de nul servizi forsatz,

for any service forced

be dei aver guizerdo

well I-must to-have reward

eu, que tan gran tort perdo.

I who so great wrong pardon

Li seu belh olh traidor,

The her fair eyes traitorous

que m'esgardavon tan gen,

that me-looked-at so nobly

s'atressi gardon alhor,

if-likewise they-look elsewhere

mout i fan gran falhimen;

much in-it they-do great wrong

mas d'aitan m'an mout onrat

but in-so-much me-they-have much honored

que, s'eron mil ajostat,

that if-there-were (a)-thousand gathered

plus gardon lai on eu so,

more they-look there where I am

c'a totz aicels d'eviro.

than-at all those around

De l'aiga que dels olhs plor,

With the-water that from-the eyes I-weep

escriu salutz mais de cen,

I-write greetings more than (a)-hundred

que tramet a la gensor

which I-send to the fairest

et a la plus avinen.

and to the most pleasing

manhtas vetz m'es pois membrat

many times to-me-is afterward remembered

de so que·m fetz al comjat:

of that which-to-me she-did at-the parting

qu'e·lh vi cobrir sa faisso,

that-to-her I-saw to-cover her face

c'anc no·m poc dir oc ni no.

for-ever not-to-me she-could to-say yes nor no

Domna, a prezen amat

Lady in open love

autrui, e me a celat,

another and me in secret

si qu'eu n'aya tot lo pro

so that-I of-it-have all the profit

et el la bela razo.

and he the fair show

Garsio, ara·m chantat

Garsio now-for-me sing

ma chanso, e la·m portat

my song and it-for-me carry

a mo Messenger, qu'i fo,

to my Messenger who-there was

qu'e·lh quer cosselh qu'el me do.

that-I-of-him ask counsel that-be to-me give

Ara no vei luzir solelh

7 • NO SUN, BUT A BRIGHTNESS

He no longer sees the sun shine, its rays are so darkened for him, and is not dismayed by it, since a brightness of love shines within his heart. Meadows seem green and red to him, snow a white and red flower, winter the calends of May. Wicked counsels frighten him, for the base now gather and take counsel how true love may decay. He asks his lady not to marvel that he begs a kiss, and cries her mercy in the closing stanzas.

Ara no vei luzir solelh,

Now not I-see to-shine sun

tan me son escurzit li rai;

so-much to-me are darkened the rays

e ges per aisso no·m esmai,

and at-all for this not-myself I-dismay

c'una clardatz me solelha

for-a brightness to-me suns

d'amor, qu'ins el cor me raya;

of-love that-within in-the heart to-me shines

e, can outra gens s'esmaya,

and when other folk themselves-dismay

eu melhur enans que sordei,

I better rather than worsen

per que mos chans no sordeya.

for which my song not worsens

Prat me semblon vert e vermelh

Meadows to-me seem green and red

aissi com el doutz tems de mai:

just as in-the sweet time of May

si·m te fin' amors conhd' e gai:

so-me holds true love gracious and gay

neus m'es flors blanch' e vermelha
snow to-me-is flower white and red

et iverns calenda maya,
and winter Calends-of May

que·l genser e la plus gaya
for-the fairest and the most gay

m'a promes que s'amor m'autrei.
me-has promised that her-love to-me-she-grant

s'anquer no la·m desautreya?
if-yet not it-to-me she-unpromises

Paor mi fan malvatz cosselh.
Fear to-me make wicked counsels

per que·l segles mor e dechai;
for which-the world dies and decays

c'aras s'ajoston li savai
for-now themselves-gather the base

e l'us ab l'autre cosselha
and the-one with the-other takes-counsel

cossi fin' amors dechaya.
how true love decays

a! malvaza gens savaya,
ab wicked folk vile

qui vos ni vostre cosselh crei,
whoever you or your counsel believes

Domnideu perd' e descroya.
the-Lord-God let-him-lose and disbelieve

D'aquestz mi rancur e'm corelh

Of-these to-me I-complain and-myself I-lament

qu'ira me fan, dol et esglai

for-anger to-me they-make grief and terror

e pesa lor del joi qu'eu ai.

and it-grieves to-them for-the joy that-I have

e pois chascus s'en corelha

and since each-one himself-of-it laments

de l'autrui joi ni s'esglaya.

at the-other's joy and himself-dismays

ja eu melhor dreih no'n aya,

ever I better right not-of-it may-have

c'ab sol deport venz' e guerrei

than-that-with only sport I-conquer and war

cel qui plus fort me guerreya.

him who most hard me wars-against

Noih e jorn pes, cossir e velh,

Night and day I-think I-brood and I-wake

planh e sospir; e pois m'apai.

I-lament and I-sigh and then myself-I-calm

on melhs m'estai, et eu peihz trai.

where better to-me-it-stands and I worse I-fare

mas us bos respeihs m'esvelha,

but a good hope me-awakens

don mos cossirers s'apaya.

whence my brooding itself-calms

fols! per que dic que mal traya?

fool for what I-say that ill I-fare

car aitan rich' amor envei,

since so rich (a)-love I-covet

pro n'ai de sola l'enveya!

enough of-it-I-have from alone the-coveting

Ja ma domna no's meravelh

Ever my lady not-herself let-marvel

si'lh quer que'm do s'amor ni'm bai.

if-of-her I-ask that-to-me she-give her-love nor-me she-kiss

contra la foudat qu'eu retrai,

against the folly that-I recount

fara i genta meravelha

she-will-do in-it (a)-fair marvel

s'ilh ja m'acola ni'm baya.

if-she ever me-embraces or-me kisses

Deus! s'er ja c'om me retraya

God will-it-be ever that-one to-me recount

(«a! cal vos vi e cal vos vei!»)

ah what you I-saw and what you I-see

per benanansa que'm vey?

through happiness that-me he-see

Fin' Amor, ab vos m'aparelh;

True Love with you myself-I-match

pero no's cove ni s'eschai,

yet not-itself it-befits nor itself-falls-out

mas car per vostra merce-us plai

but because through your mercy-to-you it-pleases

(Deus cuit que m'o aparelha!),

God I-think that to-me-it matches

c'aitan fin' amors m'eschaya.

that-so true love to-me-falls

ai, domna. per merce-us playa

ah lady for mercy-to-you let-it-please

c'ayatz de vostr' amic mercei,

that-you-have of your friend mercy

pus aitan gen vos merceya!

since so nobly to-you he-cries-mercy

Bernartz clama sidons mercei.

Bernart cries to-his-lady mercy

vas cui tan gen se merceya.

toward whom so nobly himself he-cries-mercy

E si eu en breu no la vei.

And if I in short not her see

non crei que lonjas la vey.

not I-believe that long her I-see

A! tantas bonas chansos

8 · SO MANY GOOD SONGS

He has made so many good songs and verses that he would never have thought to fall into dispute over them, had he known his lady would be so hard. Now he knows he has lost her, though not by any fault of his own. Yet he is so joyful that he forgets the suffering, for her loving eyes have drawn him out of anger. Whoever sees her features can know her body is fair and white, and beside her the snow looks brown and dark.

A! tantas bonas chansos

Ab so-many good songs

e tan bo vers aurai faih,

and so-many good verses I-shall-have made

don ja no·m mezer' en plaih,

whence ever not-myself I-would-put in dispute

domna, si·m pesses de vos

lady if-myself I-suspected of you

que fossetz vas me tan dura.

that you-were toward me so hard

aras sai qu'e·us ai perduda!

now I-know that-I-you I-have lost

mas sivals no m'etz tolguda

but at-least not to-me-you-are taken

en la mia forfachura.

by the my fault

Vers es que manhtas sazoz

True it-is that many times

m'era be dih e retraih

to-me-was well said and told

que m'estara mal e laih

that to-me-would-stand ill and ugly

c'ames et amatz no fos.

that-I-loved and loved not I-were

mas lai on Amors s'atura,

but there where Love itself-fixes

er greu forsa defenduda,

will-be hardly (a)-fortress defended

si so coratge no muda

if her heart not changes

si c'alhors meta sa cura.

so that-elsewhere she-put her care

Mas era sui tan joyos

But now I-am so joyful

que no-m sove del maltraih.

that not-to-me it-remembers of-the suffering

d'ira e d'esmai m'a traih

from-anger and from-dismay me-has drawn

ab sos bels olhs amoros.

with her fair eyes loving

de que-m poizon' e-m fachura.

with which-me she-poisons and-me bewitches

cilh que m'a joya renduda.

she who to-me-has joy given-back

c'anc pois qu'eu l'agui veguda,

for-ever since that-I her-had seen

non agui sen ni mezura.

not I-had sense nor measure

Mout i fetz Amors que pros.

Much in-it did Love that worthily

car tan ric joi m'a pertraih.

for so rich (a)-joy to-me-it-has procured

tot can m'avia forfaih,

all that to-me-it-had wronged

val ben aquest guizerdos.

is-worth well this reward

aissi-l fenis ma rancura,

thus-of-it ends my complaint

que sa valors e s'ayuda

for its merit and its-help

m'es a tal cocha venguda:

to-me-is at such (a)-strait come

totz sos tortz i adrechura.

all its wrongs in-it it-sets-right

Qui ve sas belas faissos,

Whoever sees her fair features

ab que m'a vas se atraih,

with which me-she-has toward herself drawn

pot be saber atrazaih

can well to-know for-certain

que sos cors es bels e bos

that her body is fair and good

e blancs sotz la vestidura

and white beneath the clothing

(eu non o dic mas per cuda),

I not it say but by guess

que la neus, can ilh es nuda,

that the snow when she is naked

par vas lei brun' et escura.

seems beside her brown and dark

Domna, si' st fals enveyos.

Lady if these false envious-ones

que mainh bo jorn m'an estraih.

who many-a good day to-me-have taken

s'i metion en agaih

themselves-in-it should-put in ambush

per saber com es de nos,

to know how it-is of us

per dih d'avol gen tafura

through (the)-talk of-worthless folk rascally

non estetz ges esperduda:

not be at-all dismayed

ja per me non er saubuda

ever through me not will-be known

l'amors: be·n siatz segura!

the-love well-of-it be sure

(Bels Vezers, un'aventura

Fair Sight a-fortune

avetz, et es ben saubuda:

you-have and it-is well known

qued om que·us aya veguda.

that (a)-man who-you have seen

de vos no fara rancura.

of you not will-make complaint

Chanso, vai t'en a La Mura;

Song go yourself-away to La Mure

mo Bel Vezer me saluda.

my Fair Sight for-me greet

qui c'aya valor perduda,

whoever that-has merit lost

la sua creis e melhura).

the his grows and betters

Bel m'es can eu vei la brolha

9 • THE LEAFAGE GREENING

The stanzas are linked, each taking up the last words of the one before. It is fair to him when he sees the leafage green again and hears the nightingale sing of love under the leaf. He wants her most when she is proudest, and asks her to receive him since he has withdrawn from all others. Her love imprisons him, and she accuses him of the very thing she is guilty of; he pardons her the wrong, and asks that his fasting mouth break its fast with a kiss.

Bel m'es can eu vei la brolha

Fair to-me-is when I see the leafage

reverdir per mei lo brolh

to-green-again through midst the thicket

e·lh ram son cubert de folha

and-the boughs are covered with leaf

e·l rossinhols sotz lo folh

and-the nightingale beneath the leaf

chanta d'amor, don me dolh;

sings of-love whereof myself I-grieve

e platz me qued eu m'en dolha,

and it-pleases to-me that I myself-of-it grieve

ab sol qued amar me volha

with only that to-love me she-wish

cela qu'eu dezir e volh.

she whom-I desire and wish

Eu la volh can plus s'orgolha

I her wish when most herself-she-prides

vas me (mas oncas orgolh

toward me but ever pride

n'ac vas lei?). per so m'acolha

of-it-I-had toward her for that me-let-her-receive

ma domna, pois tan l'acolh

my lady since so-much her-I-receive

c'a totas autras me tolh

that-from all others myself I-withdraw

per lei, cui Deus no me tolha:

for her whom God not from-me take

ans li do cor qu'en grat colha

but to-her give heart that-in favor she-gather

so que totz jorns s'amor colh.

him who every day her-love gathers

S'amor colh, qui m'enpreizona

Her-love gathers who me-imprisons

per lei que mala preizo

through her who (an)-evil prison

me fai, c'ades m'ochaizona

to-me makes for-always me-she-accuses

d'aisso don ai ochaizo.

of-that whereof I-have (a)-charge

tort n'a; mas eu lo-lh perdo:

wrong of-it-she-has but I it-to-her pardon

e mos cors li reperdona,

and my heart to-her re-pardons

car tan la sai bel' e bona

for so-much her I-know fair and good

que tuih li mal m'en son bo.

that all the ills to-me-of-it are good

Bo son tuih li mal que·m dona;

Good are all the ills that-to-me she-gives

mas per Deu li quer un do:

but by God from-her I-ask a gift

que ma bocha. que jeona.

that my mouth which fasts

d'un douz baizar dejeo.

with-a sweet kiss break-fast

mas trop quer gran guizado

but too-much I-ask great reward

celei que tan guizardona;

of-her who so-much rewards

e can eu l'en arazona,

and when I her-of-it address

ilh me chamja ma razo.

she to-me changes my speech

Ma razo chamja e vira:

My speech she-changes and turns

mas eu ges de lei no·m vir

but I at-all from her not-myself I-turn

mo fi cor, que la dezira

my true heart which her desires

aitan que tuih mei dezir

so-much that all my desires

son de lei per cui sospir;

are of her for whom I-sigh

e car ela no sospira,

and since she not sighs

sai qu'en lei ma mortz se mira,

I-know that-in her my death itself mirrors

can sa gran beutat remir.

when her great beauty I-behold

Ma mort remir. que jauzir

My death I-behold for to-enjoy

no·n posc ni no·n sui jauzire:

not-of-it I-can and not-of-it I-am enjoyer

mas eu sui tan bos sofrire

but I am so good (a)-sufferer

c'atendre cuit per sofrir.

that-to-attain I-think through suffering

Bel m'es qu'eu chan en aquel mes

10 • THE MONTH OF SONG

It is fair to him to sing in the month when flower and leaf appear and the nightingale sings morning and evening. He asks Love what honor it gets from killing a man who dares not stir against it. Since prayer and mercy and service cannot help him, he asks his lady for some small pleasure, since a little enjoyment does great good to a man in such pain. Love, he says, does not go by wealth. The song goes to Mo Frances beyond Mauren.

Bel m'es qu'eu chan en aquel mes

Fair to-me-is that-I sing in that month

can flor e folha vei parer,

when flower and leaf I-see to-appear

et au lo chan doutz pel defes

and I-hear the song sweet through-the covert

del rossinhol matin e ser.

of-the nightingale morning and evening

adoncs s'eschai qu'eu aya jauzimen

then it-befalls that-I have enjoyment

d'un joi vrai en que mos cors s'aten.

of-a joy true in which my heart itself-attends

car eu sai be que per amor morrai.

for I know well that for love I-shall-die

Amors, e cals onors vos es

Love and what honor to-you is-it

ni cals pros vo'n pot eschazer,

or what profit to-you-of-it can to-fall

s'aucizetz celui c'avetz pres,

if-you-slay him whom-you-have taken

qu'enves vos no s'auza mover?

who-against you not himself-dares to-move

mal vos estai car dols de me no·us pren,
ill to-you it-stands since pity of me not-you takes

c'amat aurai en perdos lonjamen
for-loved I-shall-have in vain long

celei on ja merce no trobarai!
her in-whom ever mercy not I-shall-find

Pois vei que preyaus ni merces
Since I-see that entreating nor mercy

ni servirs no·m pot pro tener,
and serving not-to-me can profit to-hold

per amor de Deu me fezes
for love of God to-me let-her-do

ma domna cal que bo saber!
my lady some ever good pleasure

que gran be fai us paucs de jauzimen
for great good does a little of enjoyment

a cel que trai tan gran mal com eu sen:
to him who bears so great ill as I feel

e s'aissi mor, requisitz li serai.
and if-thus I-die claimed to-her I-shall-be

Garit m'agra si m'aucizes,
Healed me-she-would-have if me-she-slew

c'adoncs n'agra faih son voler.
for-then of-it-she-would-have done her will

mas eu no cre qu'ela fezes
but I not believe that-she would-do

re c'a me tornes a plazer.
thing that-to me should-turn to pleasure

agra·n esglai e penedera s'en?
she-would-have-of-it terror and would-repent herself-of-it

ja no creirai, no m'am cubertamen,
ever not I-shall-believe not me-she-loves secretly
 mas cela s'en vas me per plan essai!
but she-hides herself-of-it toward me for plain trial

Del major tort qu'eu anc lh'agues,
Of-the greatest wrong that-I ever toward-her-had
 vos dirai, si-us voletz, lo ver:
to-you I-shall-tell if-to-you you-wish the truth
 amara la, s'a leis plagues.
I-would-love her if-to her it-pleased
 e servira·lh de mo poder.
and I-would-serve-her with my power
 mas no s'eschai qu'ilh am tan paubramen;
but not it-befits that-she love so poorly
 pero be sai c'assatz for' avinen,
yet well I-know that-quite it-would-be fitting
 que ges amors segon ricor no vai.
that at-all love according-to wealth not goes

Gran mal m'a faih ma bona fes.
Great harm to-me-has done my good faith
 que·m degra vas midons valer;
which-me ought toward my-lady to-avail
 e s'eu ai falhit ni mepres
and if-I have failed or transgressed
 per trop amar ni per temer,
through too-much to-love or through to-fear
 doncs que farai? ai las, chaitiu dolen!
then what shall-I-do ah alas wretch grieving

c'a totz es mai de bel aculhimen,
for-to all she-is more of fair welcome

mas me tot sol azira e dechai.
but me all alone she-bates and casts-down

El mon non es mas una res
In-the world not is but one thing

per qu'eu joya pogues aver:
through which-I joy might to-have

e d'aquela no·n aurai ges,
and of-that not-of-it I-shall-have at-all

ni d'autra no·n posc ges voler.
and of-another not-of-it I-can at-all to-wish

pero si ai per leis valor e sen.
yet indeed I-have through her merit and sense

e·n sui plus gai e·n tenc mo cors plus gen.
and-of-it I-am more gay and-of-it I-hold my body more noble

car s'ilh no fos, ja no m'en meir' en plai!
for if-she not were ever not myself-of-it I-would-put in strife

Messatger. vai. e porta me corren
Messenger go and carry for-me running

ma chanso lai. Mo Frances. part Mauren;
my song there (to)-My Frenchman beyond Mauren

e digas li·m que breumen lo verai.
and say to-him-for-me that soon him I-shall-see

Be m'an perdut lai enves Ventadorn

12 · ALL MY FRIENDS AT VENTADORN

His friends about Ventadorn have lost him, since his lady does not love him, and it is right that he never return. Like the fish that darts at the bait and knows nothing until it is caught on the hook, he darted once at loving too much and did not look until he was in the middle of the flame. He will love her whether it please her or weigh on her; yet, betrayed, he offers himself to any lady who will have him. He sends joys and greetings into Provence, to his Bels Vezers among others.

Be m'an perdut lai enves Ventadorn

Well me-have lost there toward Ventadorn

tuilh mei amic, pois ma domna no m'ama;

all my friends since my lady not me-loves

et es be dreihz que ja mais lai no torn,

and it-is well right that ever more there not I-return

c'ades estai vas me salvatj' e grama.

for-always she-stands toward me harsh and sullen

ve-us per que-m fai semblan irat e morn:

see-you for what-to-me she-makes (a)-look angry and gloomy

car en s'amor me deleih e-m sojorn!

because in her-love myself I-delight and-myself I-dwell

ni de ren als no-s rancura ni-s clama.

and of anything other not-herself she-complains nor-herself she-cries

Aissi co-l peis qui s'eslaiss' el cadorn

Just as-the fish which itself-darts at-the bait

e no-n sap mot, tro que s'es pres en l'ama,

and not-of-it knows word until that itself-is caught on the-hook

m'eslaissei eu vas trop amar un jorn,

myself-I-darted I toward too-much to-love one day

c'anc no-m gardei, tro fui en mei la flama,

for-ever not-myself I-guarded until I-was in midst the flame

que m'art plus fort, no·m feira focs de forn;
which me-burns more hard me would-strike fire of oven

e ges per so no·m posc partir un dorn,
and at-all for that not-myself I-can to-part a hand's-breadth

aissi·m te pres s'amors e m'aliama.
so-me holds caught her-love and me-binds

No·m meravilh si s'amors me te pres,
Not-myself I-marvel if her-love me holds caught

que genser cors no crei qu'el mon se mire:
for fairer body not I-believe that-in-the world itself mirrors

bels e blancs es, e frescs e gais e les
fair and white it-is and fresh and gay and smooth

e totz aitals com eu volh e dezire.
and all such as I wish and desire

no posc dir mal de leis, que non i es;
not I-can to-say ill of her for not in-her it-is

qu'e·l n'agra dih de joi, s'eu li saubes;
for-I-to-her of-it-would-have said with joy if-I to-her knew

mas no li sai, per so m'en lais de dire.
but not to-her I-know for that myself-of-it I-leave from saying

Totz tems volrai sa onor e sos bes
All time I-shall-wish her honor and her goods

e·lh serai om et amics e servire,
and-to-her I-shall-be man and friend and servant

e l'amarai, be li plass' o be·lh pes,
and her-I-shall-love well to-her may-it-please or well-to-her may-it-weigh

c'om no pot cor destrenher ses aucire.
for-one not can heart to-constrain without to-slay

no sai domna, volgues o no volgues,
not I-know lady would-she-wish or not would-she-wish

si·m volia, c'amar no la pogues.

if-me she-wished that-to-love not her I-could

mas totas res pot om en mal escrire.

but all things can one in ill to-write

A las autras sui *** eschazutz;

To the others I-am (lacuna) fallen

la cals se vol, me pot vas se atraire,

the whichever herself wishes me can toward herself to-draw

per tal cove que no·m sia vendutz

on such condition that not-to-me be sold

l'onors ni·l bes que m'a en cor a faire;

the-honor nor-the good that to-me-she-has in heart to to-do

qu'enoyos es preyars, pos er perdutoz;

for-tiresome is entreating when it-will-be lost

per me·us o dic, que mals m'en es vengutz,

from myself-to-you it I-say for ill to-me-of-it is come

car trāit m'a la bela de mal aire.

for betrayed me-has the fair-one of bad breeding

En Proensa tramet jois e salut

Into Provence I-send joys and greetings

e mais de bes c'om no lor sap retraire:

and more of goods than-one — to-them knows to-tell

e fatz esfortz, miracles e vertutz,

and I-do feats miracles and wonders

car eu lor man de so don non ai gaire.

for I to-them send of that whereof not I-have much

qu'eu non ai joi, mas tan can m'en adutz

for-I not have joy but so-much as to-me-of-it brings

mos Bels Vezers e'n Fachura, mos drutz,

my Fair Sight and-Sir Fachura my lover

e'n Alvernhatz, lo senher de Belcaire.

and-Sir Alvernbatz the lord of Beaucaire

Mos Bels Vezers, per vos fai Deus vertutz

My Fair Sight through you does God wonders

tals c'om no-us ve que no si' ereubutz

such that-one not-you sees who not be transported

dels bels plazers que sabetz dir e faire.

by-the fair pleasures that you-know to-say and to-do

Be·m cuidei de chantar sofrir

13 · A VERSE FOR THE COLD

He meant to hold back from singing until the mild season, but now that no one rejoices and worth and giving are dying he cannot help taking up a new verse in the cold. Wherever he turns he stays with his lady; his worth betters through her, and he recalls the day she gave him her love in a kiss. Slanderers want his harm in love, and he decides he had better serve them, since a man wins more in love by noble speaking than by war.

Be·m cuidei de chantar sofrir

Well-myself I-thought from singing to-refrain

entro lai el doutz tems suau;

until there in-the sweet season mild

eras, pus negus no s'esjau

now since any not himself-rejoices

e pretz e donar vei morir,

and worth and giving I-see to-die

no posc mudar, no preinha cura

not I-can to-forbear — I-take care

d'un vers novel a la frejura,

of-a verse new in the cold

que conortz er als autres entre lor;

which comfort will-be to-the others among them

e cove·m be, pois tan be·m vai d'amor,

and it-befits-to-me well since so well-to-me it-goes in-love

c'aya melhor solatz a tota gen.

that-I-have better cheer for all folk

Domna, vas cal que part que·m vir,

Lady toward what ever side that-myself I-turn

ab vos remanh et ab vos vau.

with you I-remain and with you I-go

e sapchatz que de vos me lau
and know that of you myself I-praise

assatz mais que no sai grazir.
quite more than — I-know to-thank

be conosc que mos pretz melhura
well I-know that my worth betters

per la vostra bon' aventura;
through the your good fortune

e car vos plac que·m fezetz tan d'onor
and because to-you it-pleased that-to-me you-did so-much of-honor

lo jorn que·m detz en baizan vostr' amor,
the day that-to-me you-gave in kissing your love

del plus, si·us platz, prendetz esgardamen!
of-the more if-to-you it-pleases take heed

Amors, aissi·m faitz trassalhir:
Love thus-me you-make to-tremble

del joi qu'eu ai, no vei ni au
from-the joy that-I have not I-see nor I-hear

ni no sai que·m dic ni que·m fau.
and not I-know what-myself I-say nor what-myself I-do

cen vetz trobi, can m'o cossir,
(a)-hundred times I-find when to-me-it I-ponder

qu'eu degr' aver sen e mezura
that-I ought to-have sense and measure

(si m'ai adoncs; mas pauc me dura),
so to-me-I-have then but little to-me it-lasts

c'al reduire·m torna·l jois en error.
for-at-the recalling-me turns-the joy into confusion

pero be sai c'uzatges es d'amor
yet well I-know that-custom it-is of-love

c'om c'ama be, non a gaire de sen.
that-one who-loves well not has much of sense

Greu en sabrai mo melhs chاوز,
Hardly in-it I-shall-know my best to-choose

si sas belas faissos mentau,
if her fair features I-mention

que res mas lauzars no·m abau
since anything but praising not-to-me suits

e sas grans beutatz essernir.
and her great beauties to-distinguish

res mais no m'en dezasegural
anything more not me-of-it unsettles

pois tant es douss' e fin' e pura,
since so-much she-is sweet and true and pure

gran paor ai qu'azesme sa valor;
great fear I-have that-I-little her merit

e lauzenger volon mo dan d'amor
and slanderers wish my harm in-love

e diran l'en be leu adiramen.
and they-will-say to-her-of-it well easily angrily

Doncs lor deuri'eu be servir,
Then them ought-I well to-serve

pois vei que re guerra no·m vau,
since I-see that anything war not-to-me avails

que s'ab lauzengers estau mau,
for if-with slanderers I-stand ill

greu·m poiria d'amor jauzir.
hardly-myself I-could of-love to-enjoy

per leis es razos e mezura
for her it-is reason and measure

qu'eu serva tota creatura;
that-I serve every creature

neis l'enemic dei apelar senhor,
even the-enemy I-must to-call lord

c'ab gen parlar conquer om melhs d'amor

for-with noble speaking wins one better in-love

tot lo peyor ad ops de be volen.

all the worst to purpose of well wishing

Amors, cil que·us volon delir.

Love those who-you wish to-destroy

son enoyos e desliu.

are tiresome and disloyal

e si·us deschanton, me qu'en cau?

and if-to-you they-sing-against me what-of-it matters

no·s podon melhs envilanir.

not-themselves they-can better to-debase

be conosc a lor parladura

well I-know by their speech

qu'ilh renhon mal, contra natura.

that-they behave ill against nature

cist an perdut vergonha e paor,

these have lost shame and fear

partit de Deu, tot per sordeg d'amor!

parted from God all through baseness of-love

et eu sui fols, si mais ab lor conten.

and I am (a)-fool if more with them I-contend

Ventadorn er greu mais ses chantador,

Ventadorn will-be hardly more without singer

que·l plus cortes e que mais sap d'amor

for-the most courtly and who most knows of-love

m'en essenhet aitan com eu n'apren.

to-me-of-it taught so-much as I of-it-learn

Bernart de Ventadorn, del chan

14 • BERNART, ABOUT THE SONG

A debate. Lemozi comes to assail Bernart about his singing and asks how love goes with him. Bernart cannot answer in song; his heart wants to break with grief, and neither God nor mercy availed. Lemozi says a man should not quarrel with love, and that a lover full of anger gains little. Bernart answers that the fair one who could have enriched him turned him to scorn. Lemozi has the last word: every man takes harm who cannot bear at the pinch.

Bernart de Ventadorn, del chan

Bernart of Ventadorn about-the song

vos sui sai vengutz assalhir.

you I-am here come to-assail

car vos vei estar en cossir,

since you I-see to-stand in brooding

no posc mudar que no-us deman

not I-can to-forbear that you I-ask

co-us vai d'amor. Avetz-en ges?

how-to-you it-goes in-love Have-you-of-it any

be par que no-us en venha bes.

well it-seems that not-to-you of-it come good

Lemozi, no-us posc en chantan

Limousin not-to-you I-can in singing

respondre, ne i sai avenir.

to-answer nor in-it I-know to-succeed

mos cors me vol de dol partir.

my heart to-me wishes from grief to-break

bels amics, a Deu vos coman,

fair friend to God you I-commend

que mort m'a una mala res,
for slain me-has an evil thing

c'anc no·n me valc Deus ni merces.
for-ever not-of-it to-me availed God nor mercy

Bernart, s'anc no·us fetz bel semblan,
Bernart if-ever not-to-you she-made fair countenance

enquera·s pot esdevenir.
still-itself it-can to-come-about

no·s tanh c'om ab amor s'azir
not-itself it-befits that-one with love himself-anger

can la troba de son talan.
when her he-finds of his liking

pauc gaza·nha drutz d'ira ples,
little gains (a)-lover of-anger full

car per un dol n'a dos o tres.
for for one grief of-them-he-has two or three

Lemozi, mout fetz gran enjan
Limousin much did great deceit

la bela qui·m pogr' enrequir,
the fair-one who-me could to-enrich

que, can mi poc de se aizir,
for when me she-could of herself to-content

et ela·m tornet en soan.
and she-me turned into scorn

no i a conort qui fort no·m pes,
not in-it is comfort which hard not-to-me weighs

car o ilh es, cosselh no·n pres.
since either she is counsel not-of-it took

Bernart, totz om deu aver dan.

Bernart every man must to-have harm

s'a la cocha no sap sofrir:

if-at the pinch not he-knows to-endure

c'amors se vol soven servir:

for-love itself wishes often to-be-served

e si so tenetz ad afan.

and if that you-hold for trouble

tot es perdut. s'anc re-us promes,

all is lost if-ever anything-to-you she-promised

si n' eran plevidas mil fes.

even of-it were pledged (a)-thousand times

Chantars no pot gaire valer

15 • SONG CANNOT BE WORTH MUCH

Singing cannot be worth much if the song does not move from within the heart, and song cannot move from the heart unless true love is there. Fools blame Love, but love that is not shared is not love at all and has only the name of it. He knows the deceit comes from women who love for gain and are venal merchants. His own lady has made him rich from nothing, and a day when her eyes look on him seems Christmas.

Chantars no pot gaire valer.

Singing not can much to-avail

si d'ins dal cor no mou lo chans:

if from-within from-the heart not moves the song

ni chans no pot dal cor mover.

and song not can from-the heart to-move

si no i es fin' amors coraus.

if not in-it is true love heartfelt

per so es mos chantars cabaus

for that is my singing supreme

qu'en joi d'amor ai et enten

for-in joy of-love I-have and I-set

la boch' e'ls olhs e'l cor e'l sen.

the mouth and-the eyes and-the heart and-the mind

Ja Deus no'm don aquel poder

Ever God not-to-me give that power

que d'amor no'm prenda talans.

that of-love not-me take desire

si ja re no'n sabi' aver,

though ever anything not-of-it I-knew to-have

mas chascun jorn m'en vengues maus,

but each day to-me-of-it came ill

totz tems n'aurai bo cor sivaus;
all time of-it-I-shall-have good heart at-least
 e n'ai mout mais de jauzimen,
and of-it-I-have much more of enjoyment
 car n'ai bo cor, e m'i aten.
because of-it-I-have good heart and myself-in-it I-set

Amor blasmen per no-saber,
Love they-blame through not-knowing
 fola gens; mas leis no·n es dans.
foolish folk but to-her not-of-it is harm
 c'amors no·n pot ges dechazer.
for-love not-of-it can at-all to-decay
 si non es amors comunaus.
if not it-is love common
 aisso non es amors: aitaus
that not is love such
 no·n a mas lo nom e·l parven,
not-of-it it-has but the name and-the show
 que re non ama si no pren!
for anything not it-loves if not it-takes

S'eu en volgues dire lo ver,
If-I of-it wished to-say the truth
 eu sai be de cui mou l'enjans:
I know well from whom moves the-deceit
 d'aquelas c'amon per aver.
from-those who-love for gain
 e son merchadandas venaus!
and are merchant-women venal
 messongers en fos eu e faus!
(a)-liar in-it were I and false

vertat en dic vilanamen:

truth of-it I-say churlishly

e peza me car eu no'n men!

and it-grieves to-me that I not-of-it lie

En agradar et en voler

In pleasing and in willing

es l'amors de dos fis amans.

is the-love of two true lovers

nula res no i pot pro tener,

any thing not in-it can profit to-hold

si·lh voluntatz non es egaus.

if-the will not is equal

e cel es be fols naturaus

and he is well (a)-fool born

que de so que vol, la repren

who for that which she-wishes her blames

e·lh lauza so que no·lh es gen.

and-to-her praises that which not-to-her is fitting

Mout ai be mes mo bon esper,

Much I-have well set my good hope

cant cela·m mostra bels semblans

when she-to-me shows fair looks

qu'eu plus dezir e volh vezer.

whom-I most desire and wish to-see

francha, doussa, fin' e leiaus.

noble sweet true and loyal

en cui lo reis seria saus.

in whom the king would-be saved

bel' e conhd', ab cors covinen,
fair and gracious with body shapely
 m'a faih ric ome de nien.
me-bas made (a)-rich man from nothing

Re mais no·n am ni sai temer:
Anything more not-of-it I-love nor know to-fear
 ni ja res no·m seri' afans,
and ever anything not-to-me would-be hardship
 sol midons vengues a plazer;
only my-lady it-came to pleasure
 c'aicel jorns me sembla nadaus
for-that day to-me seems Christmas
 c'ab sos bels olhs espiritaus
when-with her fair eyes spiritual
 m'esgarda; mas so fai tan len
me-she-looks-at but that she-does so slowly
 c'us sols dias me dura cen!
that-a single day to-me lasts (a)-hundred

Lo vers es fis e naturaus
The verse is true and natural
 e bos celui qui be l'enten;
and good for-him who well it-understands
 e melher es, qui·l joi aten.
and better is who-the joy awaits

Bernartz de Ventadorn l'enten,
Bernart of Ventadorn it-understands
 e·l di e·l fai, e·l joi n'aten!
and-it says and-it does and-the joy of-it-awaits

Conortz, era sai eu be

16 · COMFORT, NOW I KNOW

He tells his Comfort that she does not think of him, since no greeting or message comes. The fault is his own, for he has stayed away so long that shame keeps him from daring to go. She accused him of a thing that ought to have earned him thanks. He will serve her fierce hard heart until it is sweetened, as a drop of water strikes one spot until it hollows the stone. The song goes to Mo Frances, a man whom worth advances.

Conortz, era sai eu be

Comfort now know I well

que ges de me no pensatz,

that at-all of me not you-think

pois salut ni amistatz

since greeting nor friendship

ni messatges no m'en ve.

and message not to-me-of-it comes

trop cuit que fatz lonc aten.

too-much I-think that I-make long waiting

et er be semblans oimai

and it-will-be well seeming henceforth

qu'eu chasse so c'autre pren.

that-I hunt that which-another takes

pois no m'en ven aventura.

since not to-me-of-it comes fortune

Bels Conortz, can me sove

Fair Comfort when to-me it-comes-to-mind

com gen fui per vos onratz

how nobly I-was by you honored

e can era m'oblidatz.

and when now me-you-forget

per un pauc no·m mor desse!

for a little not-myself I-die at-once

qu'eu eis m'o vauc enqueren.

for-I myself to-me-it I-go seeking

qui·m met de fondat em plai.

who-me puts from folly into strife

can eu midons sobrepren

when I my-lady reproach

de la mia forfaitura.

by the my wrongdoing

Per ma colpa m'esdeve

Through my fault to-me-it-happens

que ja no·n sia privatx,

that ever not-of-it I-be intimate

car vas leis no sui tornatz

since toward her not I-am returned

per foudat que m'en rete.

through folly that me-from-it holds

tan n'ai estat lonjamen

so-much of-it-I-have stayed long

que de vergonha qu'eu n'ai.

that from shame that-I of-it-have

non aus aver l'ardimen

not I-dare to-have the-boldness

que i an, s'ans no m'asegura.

that there I-go if-first not she-reassures-me

Ilh m'encolpet de tal re

She me-accused of such (a)-thing

don me degra venir gratz.

whence to-me ought to-come thanks

fe qu'eu dei a l'Alvernhatz,
(by)-faith that-I owe to the-Auvergnat

tot o fi per bona fe.
all it I-did in good faith

e s'eu en amar mespren,
and if-I in loving transgress

tort a qui colpa m'en fai,
wrong has who blame to-me-of-it makes

car, qui en amor quer sen,
for who in love seeks sense

cel non a sen ni mezura.
he not has sense nor measure

Tan er gen servitz per me
So-much will-be nobly served by me

sos fers cors durs et iratz,
her fierce heart hard and angry

tro del tot si' adoussatz
until of-the whole it-be sweetened

ab bels dihz et ab merce:
with fair words and with mercy

qu'eu ai be trobat legen
for-I have well found reading

que gota d'aiga que chai,
that (a)-drop of-water that falls

fer en un loc tan soven.
strikes on one spot so often

tro chava la peira dura.
until it-hollows the stone hard

Qui be remira ni ve

Who well beholds and sees

olhs e gola, fron e faz,

eyes and throat brow and face

aissi son finas beutatz

thus are perfect beauties

que mais ni menhs no i cove:

that more or less not in-them befits

cors lonc, dreih e covinen,

body tall straight and shapely

gen afliban, conhd' e gai.

nobly girt gracious and gay

om no·l pot lauзар tan gen

one not-her can to-praise so nobly

com la saup formar Natura.

as her knew to-form Nature

Chansoneta, ar t'en vai

Little-song now yourself-away go

a Mo Frances, l'avinen,

to My Frenchman the-pleasing

cui pretz enans' e melhura:

whom worth advances and betters

E digas li que be·m vai.

And say to-him that well-to-me it-goes

car de Mo Conort aten

for from My Comfort I-await

enquera bon' aventura.

still good fortune

En cossirer et en esmai

17 · IN BROODING AND DISMAY

He is caught in a love that never lets him out of its rein, and dares not cry her mercy: she would not love him for love-making, and he calls himself a witless fool for thinking of it. He would rather die of rancor than speak. No friend, cousin, or kinsman shall learn it from him. One thing comforts him: she knows letters and understands, and it pleases him to write the words, if she would read the words and save him.

En cossirer et en esmai

In brooding and in dismay

sui d'un' amor que·m lass' e·m te,
I-am from-a love that-me snares and-me holds

que tan no vau ni sai ni lai
for so-much not I-go nor here nor there

qu'ilh ades no·m tenh' en so fre,
that-she always not-me holds in her rein

c'aras m'a dat cor e talen
for-now to-me-she-has given heart and desire

qu'eu enqueses, si podia,
that-I should-woo if I-could

tal que, si·l reis l'enqueria,
such-one that if-the king her-wooed

auria faih gran ardimen.
he-would-have done great daring

Ai las, chaitius! e que·m farai?
Ab alas wretched and what-myself I-shall-do

ni cal cosselh penrai de me?
and what counsel shall-I-take of myself

qu'ela no sap lo mal qu'eu trai

for-she not knows the ill that-I bear

ni eu no·lh aus clamar merce.

and I not-to-ber dare to-cry mercy

fol nesci! ben as pauc de sen.

fool witless well you-have little of sense

qu'ela nonca t'amaria

for-she never you-would-love

per nom que per drudaria.

by name than by love-making

c'ans no·t laisses levar al ven.

for-sooner not-yourself you-let to-lift to-the wind

E doncs, pois atressi·m morrai,

And then since likewise-myself I-shall-die

dirai li l'afan que m'en ve? —

shall-I-tell to-her the-anguish that to-me-of-it comes

vers es c'ades lo li dirai. —

true it-is that-at-once it to-her I-shall-tell

no farai, a la mia fe,

not I-shall-do by the my faith

si sabia c'a un tenen

if I-knew that-at one holding

en fos tot' Espanha mia:

of-it were all Spain mine

mais volh morir de feunia

rather I-wish to-die of rancor

car anc me venc en pessamen.

that ever to-me it-came into thought

Ja per me no sabra qu'eu m'ai
Ever through me not she-will-know what-I to-me-have

ni autre no l'en dira re.
and another not to-her-of-it will-say anything

amic no volh ad aquest plai,
friend not I-wish for this business

ans perda Deu qui pro m'en te;
rather let-him-lose God who profit to-me-of-it holds

qu'eu no'n volh cozi ni paren,
for-I not-of-it wish cousin nor kinsman

que mout m'es grans cortezia
for much to-me-is great courtesy

c'amors per midons m'aucia;
that-love through my-lady me-slay

mais a leis non estara gen.
but to her not it-will-stand fitting

E doncs, ela, cal tort m'i fai,
And then she what wrong to-me-in-it does

qu'ilh no sap per que s'esdeve? —
since-she not knows for what it-happens

Deus! devinar degra oimai
God to-guess she-ought henceforth

qu'eu mor per s'amor! — et a que? —
that-I die for her-love and at what

al meu nesci chaptenemen
by-the my witless bearing

et a la gran vilania
and by the great churlishness

per que'lh lenga m'entrelia
for which-the tongue me-entangles

can eu denan leis me prezen.
when I before her myself present

Negus jois al meu no s'eschai,
Any joy to-the mine not itself-compares
 can ma domna·m garda ni·m ve,
when my lady-me looks-at and-me sees
 que·l seus bels douz semblans me vai
for-the her fair sweet look to-me goes
 al cor, que m'adous' e·m reve;
to-the heart which me-sweetens and-me revives
 e si·m durava lonjamen,
and if-to-me it-lasting long
 sobre sainhz li juraria
upon saints to-her I-would-swear
 qu'el mon mais nulhs jois no sia;
that-in-the world more any joy not be
 mais al partir art et encen.
but at-the parting I-burn and I-kindle

Pois messatger no·lh trametrai
Since messenger not-to-her I-shall-send
 ni a me dire no·s cove,
and for me to-say not-itself it-befits
 negu cosselh de me no sai:
any counsel for myself not I-know
 mais d'una re me conort be:
but in-one thing myself I-comfort well
 ela sap letras et enten,
she knows letters and understands
 et agrada·m qu'eu escria
and it-pleases-to-me that-I write
 los motz, e s'a leis plazia,
the words and if-to her it-pleased
 legis los al meu sauvamen.
let-her-read them to-the my saving

E s'a leis autre dols no·n pren.

And if-to her other pity not-of-it takes

per Deu e per merce·lh sia

by God and for mercy-to-her be-it

que·l bel solatz que m'avia

that-the fair cheer that to-me-she-had

no·m tolha ni·l seu parlar gen.

not-from-me she-take nor-the her speaking noble

E mainh genh se volv e's vira

18 · IN MANY A TURN

His desire rolls and turns and comes and goes wherever his will draws it, and the heart never rests. Love does not break for anger nor feign for a base word when it is of true worth, and no man should constrain it. He is the one who never draws back, and though his lady withdraws he will not complain, since she is so pure and true that he cannot believe mercy will fail him. He hurries the messenger off to teach her the song.

E mainh genh se volv e's vira

In many-a turn itself rolls and-itself turns

mos talans, e ven e vai,

my desire and comes and goes

lai on mos volers s'atrai.

there where my willing itself-draws

lo cors no·n pauza ni fina.

the heart not-of-it rests nor ceases

si·m te conhd' e gai

so-me holds gracious and gay

fin' amors, ab cui m'apai:

true love with which myself-I-content

no sai com me contenha!

not I-know how myself I-should-bear

Ges amors no·s franh per ira

At-all love not-itself breaks through anger

ni se fenh per dih savai,

nor itself feigns through word base

can es de bo pretz verai.

when it-is of good worth true

qui la te en dissiplina,

whoever it holds in discipline

re no sap que's fai,
anything not knows what-himself he-does

que no cove ni s'eschai
for not it-befits nor itself-falls-out

que nuls om la destrenha.
that any man it constrain

Eu·m sui cel qu'e re no tira.
I-myself am he who-in anything not draws-back

si tot ma domna·m sostrai,
although all my lady-me withdraws

ja de re no·m clamarai;
ever of anything not-myself I-shall-complain

car es tan pur' e tan fina
for she-is so pure and so true

que ja no creirai,
that ever not I-shall-believe

si de so tort li quer plai,
if for her wrong to-her I-ask settlement

que merces no l'en prenha.
that mercy not to-her-of-it take

Per mo grat eu m'en jauzira;
For my liking I myself-of-it would-rejoice

e pel bo talan qu'eu n'ai,
and for-the good desire that-I of-it-have

m'es vejaire que be·m vai.
to-me-is seeming that well-to-me it-goes

gardatz: s'ela·m fos vezina,
consider if-she-to-me were near

s'eu n'agra re mai? —
if-I of-it-would-have thing more

eu oc, c'aissi m'o aurai.

I yes for-thus to-me-it I-shall-have

s'a lei platz que·m retenha.

if-to her it-pleases that-me she-keep

Messatger, mot me täina

Messenger much to-me it-irks

car tost non est lai.

that soon not you-are there

viatz ven e viatz vai,

swiftly come and swiftly go

mas la chanso lh'ensenha.

but the song to-her-teach

Estat ai com om esperdutz

19 · A MAN BEWILDERED

He has stayed like a man lost, and now sees the folly of having given up song, since the longer he was dumb the more harm he did himself. He had yielded to a lady who never loved him from the heart, and he was slow to see it. Henceforth he will follow her usage and be the lover of whoever will have him. A better lady now does him honor. He asks her not to sell the good she does him, and closes on Fis-Jois.

Estat ai com om esperdutz

Stayed I-have like (a)-man lost

per amor un lonc estatge,

for love a long while

mas era·m sui reconogutz

but now-myself I-am come-to-know

qu'eu avia faih folatge;

that-I had done folly

c'a totz era de salvatge,

for-to all I-was of wild

car m'era de chan recrezutz:

since myself-I-had from song given-up

et on eu plus estera mutz,

and the-more I longer I-would-stay dumb

mais feira de mon damnatge.

more I-would-do of my harm

A tal domna m'era rendutz

To such (a)-lady myself-I-had yielded

c'anc no·m amet de coratge,

who-ever not-me loved from heart

e sui m'en tart aperceubutz,

and I-am myself-of-it late aware

que trop ai faih lonc badatge.

for too-much I-have made long gaping

oi mais segrai son uzatge:

from-now more I-shall-follow her usage

de cui que·m volha, serai drutz,

of whoever that-me wish I-shall-be lover

e trametrai per tot salutz

and I-shall-send through everywhere greetings

et aurai mais cor volatge.

and I-shall-have more heart fickle

Truans volh esser per s'amor,

(A)-rogue I-wish to-be for her-love

e cove c'ab leis aprenda;

and it-befits that-with her I-learn

pero no vei domneyador

yet not I-see (a)-wooer

que menhs de me s'i entenda.

who less than I himself-in-it applies

mas bel m'es c'ab leis contenda,

but fair to-me-is that-with her I-strive

c'altra n'am. plus bel' e melhor,

for-another of-them-I-love more fair and better

que·m val e m'ayud' e·m socor

who-to-me avails and me-helps and-me succors

e·m fai de s'amor esmenda.

and-to-me makes with her-love amends

Aquesta m'a faih tan d'onor,

This-one to-me-has done so-much of-honor

que platz li c'a merce·m prenda:

that it-pleases to-her that-in mercy-me she-take

e prec la del seu amador

and I-beg her for-the her lover

que·l be que·m fara, no·m venda

that-the good that-to-me she-will-do not-to-me she-sell

ni·m fassa far lonj' atenda,

nor-me make to-make long waiting

que lonc termini·m fai paor,

for long delay-to-me makes fear

car no vei malvatz donador

for not I-see (a)-wicked giver

c'ab lonc respei h no·s defenda.

who-with long postponement not-himself defends

Ma domna fo al comensar

My lady was at-the beginning

franch' e de bela companha;

noble and of fair company

per so la dei mais (amar)

for that her I-must more to-love

que si·m fos fer' et estranha:

than if-to-me she-were fierce and distant

(Que) dreihz es que domna s'afranha

For right it-is that (a)-lady herself-soften

vas celui qui a cor d'amar.

toward him who has heart of-loving

qui trop fai son amic preyar,

who too-much makes her friend to-entreat

dreihz es c'amics li sofranha.

right it-is that-friend to-her fail

Domna, pensem del enjanar

Lady let-us-think of-the to-deceive

lauzengers, cui Deus contranha.

slanderers whom God constrain

que tan com om lor pot emblar

for so-much as one from-them can to-steal

de joi. aitan s'en gazanha.

of joy so-much oneself-of-it gains

e que ja us no s'en planha!

and that ever one not himself-of-it complain

loncs tems pot nostr' amors durar,

long time can our love to-last

sol can locs er, volham parlar,

only when place there-will-be let-us-wish to-speak

e can locs non er, remanha.

and when place not there-will-be let-it-cease

Deu lau qu'era sai chantar.

God I-praise that-now I-know to-sing

mal grat n'aya na Dous-Esgar

ill thanks of-it-have Lady Sweet-Glance

e cil a cui s'acompanha.

and she with whom she-consorts

Fis-Jois, ges no-us posc oblidar,

True-Joy at-all not-you I-can to-forget

ans vos am e-us volh e-us tenh char,

rather you I-love and-you I-wish and-you I-hold dear

car m'etz de bela companha.

for to-me-you-are of fair company

Gent estera que chantes

20 • IT WOULD BE FITTING TO SING

It would be fitting to sing if it pleased his Comfort, but he doubts she would thank him for anything he said, since he has stayed away so long from seeing her. False slanderers have kept him from her country, and he goes seeking a covered road by which to come to her like a thief, without ill rumor. Hands joined, on his knees, and on his feet, he yields to her noble lordship, and declares himself her man to whoever asks whose he is.

Gent estera que chantes,

Fittingly it-would-stand that I-sang

s'a Mon Conort abelis,

if-to My Comfort it-pleases

mas eu no cre que·m grazis

but I not believe that-to-me she-thanked

re que·lh disses ni·lh mandes,

thing that-to-her I-said nor-to-her sent

car trop n'ai faih lonc estatge

for too-much of-it-I-have made long stay

de vezer lo seu cors gen

from seeing the her body noble

avinen e d'agradatge;

pleasing and of-liking

e lais m'en, si Deus be·m do,

and I-leave myself-of-it so God good-to-me give

pel meu dan e pel seu pro;

for-the my harm and for-the her profit

Mas fals lauzenger engres

But false slanderers cruel

m'an lunhat de so päis,

me-have removed from her country

que tals s'en fai esdevis
for such-a-one himself-of-it makes diviner

qu'eu cuidera que·ns celes
whom-I would-think that-us he-bid

si·ns saubes ams d'un coratge.
if-us he-knew both of-one heart

e car me don espaven,
and since to-me they-give fright

vau queren cubert viatge,
I-go seeking (a)-covered road

per on vengues a lairo
by which I-might-come as (a)-thief

denan leis, ses mal resso;
before her without ill rumor

Car no parria, ames
For not it-would-seem loved

nulhs om que d'amor s'aizis,
any man who of-love himself-eases

car per celar es om fis
for through hiding is one true

e·n estai de joi plus pres.
and-of-it he-stands to joy more near

donc, s'eu en pren bon uzatge,
then if-I of-it take good usage

midons, c'a valor e sen,
my-lady who-has merit and sense

prec m'esmen dins son ostatge
I-pray to-me-she-make-amends within her lodging

l'afan, can veira sazo,
the-anguish when she-will-see (the)-season

e no i gart dreih ni razo.
and not in-it let-her-beed right nor reason

E si·l plazia, ·m tornes

And if-to-her it-pleased me she-returned

al seu onrat paradis,

to-the her honored paradise

ja no·s cuit qu'eu m'en partis;

ever not-herself let-her-think that-I myself-of-it parted

ans mor can no i son ades!

rather I-die when not there I-am always

Deus! can aurai vassalatge

God when shall-I-have courage

que denan leis me prezen?

that before her myself I-present

trop m'aten en voupilhatge,

too-much myself-I-incline in cowardice

car no sap, s'ai tort o no,

for not she-knows if-I-have wrong or not

per c'a dreih que·m ochaizo.

wherefore she-has right that-me she-blames

Domna, ·l genzer c'anc nasques

Lady the fairest that-ever was-born

e la melher qu'eu anc vis,

and the best that-I ever saw

mas jonchas estau aclis,

hands joined I-stand bowed

a genolhos et en pes,

on knees and on feet

el vostre franc senhoratge,

in-the your noble lordship

e car me detz per prezen

and since to-me you-gave as gift

franchamen un cortez gatge

freely a courteous pledge

(mas no-us aus dire cal fo)

but not-to-you I-dare to-say what it-was

c'adoutz me vostra preizo.

for-it-sweetens to-me your prison

Domna, vos am finamen,

Lady you I-love truly

franchamen, de bo coratge,

freely with good heart

e per vostr' om me razo,

and for your man myself I-declare

qui-m demanda de cui so.

whoever-me asks of whom I-am

Ges de chantar no·m pren talans

21 · NO DESIRE TO SING

He has no desire to sing, so much does what he sees weigh on him: men once took pains for worth and honor, and now nobody speaks of love, so that worth, courtesy, and cheer turn to non-caring. The deceit begins with the barons, not one of whom loves in good faith. Yet he is the true lover of such a love that he envies neither duke nor count. He sends the song by Fons Salada to speak for him to the king.

Ges de chantar no·m pren talans,

At-all of singing not-me takes desire

tan me peza de so que vei,

so-much to-me weighs of that which I-see

que metre·s soli' om en grans

for to-put-himself used-to one in pains

com agues pretz, onor e lau,

how he-might-have worth honor and praise

mas era no vei ni non au

but now not I-see and not I-hear

c'om parle de drudaria,

that-one speaks of love-making

per que pretz e cortezia

for which worth and courtesy

e solatz torn' en no-chaler.

and cheer turn into non-caring

Dels baros comensa l'enjans,

From-the barons begins the-deceit

c'us no·n ama per bona fei.

for-one not-of-them loves in good faith

per so·n sec als autres lo dans,

for that-of-it follows to-the others the harm

e negus om de lor no's jau.
and any man of them not-himself rejoices

ez amors no rema per au,
and love not ceases for other

car be leu tals amaria
for well easily such-a-one would-love

qui s'en te, car no's sabria
who himself-from-it holds because not-himself be-would-know

a guiza d'amor chaptener.
in (the)-fashion of-love to-bear

De tal amor sui fis amans
Of such (a)-love I-am (a)-true lover

don duc ni comte non envei:
that duke or count not I-envy

e non es reis ni amirans
and not is (there)-king nor emir

el mon, que, s'el n'avi' aitalu,
in-the world who if-be of-it-had such

no s'en fezes rics com eu fau;
not himself-of-it would-make rich as I do

e si lauzar la volia,
and if to-praise her I-wished

ges tan dire no·n poiria
at-all so-much to-say not-of-it I-could

de be que mais no·n sia ver.
of good that more not-of-it there-be true

Per re non es om tan prezans
Through anything not is man so esteemed

com per amor e per domnei,
as through love and through wooing

que d'aqui mou deportz e chans

for from-there moves sport and song

e tot can a proez' abau.

and all that to prowess belongs

nuls om ses amor re no vau,

any man without love anything not is-worth

per qu'eu no volh, sia mia

for which-I not wish there-be mine

del mon tota·lh senhoria,

of-the world all-the lordship

si ja joi no·n sabi' aver.

if ever joy not-of-it I-knew to-have

De midons me lau cent aitans

Of my-lady myself I-praise (a)-hundred times-as-much

qu'eu no sai dir; et ai be drei,

than-I not know to-say and I-have well right

que, can pot, me fai bels semblans

for when she-can to-me she-makes fair looks

e sona me gent e suau;

and speaks to-me nobly and gently

e mandet me (per qu'eu m'esjau)

and she-sent-word to-me for which-I myself-rejoice

que per paor remania

that through fear it-was-omitted

car ela plus no·m fasia,

that she more not-to-me did

per qu'eu n'estau en bon esper.

for which-I of-it-stand in good hope

Bona domna, conhd' e prezans,
Good lady gracious and esteemed

per Deu ayatz de me mercei,
by God have of me mercy

e ja no vos anetz doptans
and ever not yourself go doubting

ves vostr' amic fin e corau.
toward your friend true and heartfelt

far me podetz e ben e mau;
to-do to-me you-can both good and ill

en la vostra merce sia;
in the your mercy let-it-be

qu'eu sui garnitz tota via
for-I am furnished all the-while

com fassa tot vostre plazer.
to do all your pleasure

Fons Salada, mos drogomans
Spring Salty my interpreter

me siatz mosenhor al rei.
to-me be my-lord to-the king

digatz li·m que Mos-Azimans
say to-him-for-me that My-Magnet

mi te, car eu ves lui no vau.
me holds since I toward him not go

si com a Toren' e Peitau
just as (he)-has Touraine and Poitou

e Anjau e Normandia,
and Anjou and Normandy

volgra, car li covenria,
I-would-wish for to-him it-would-befit

agues tot lo mon en poder!
he-had all the world in power

Lo vers, aissi com om plus l'au,

The verse just as one more it-bears

vai melhuran tota via,

goes bettering all the-while

e i aprenon per la via

and in-it learn for the life

cil c'al Poi lo volran saber.

those who-at-the Puy it will-wish to-know

Ja mos chantars no m'er onors

22 · MY SINGING WILL BE NO HONOR

His singing will be no honor against the great joy he has won: the song ought to be as sovereign as the love. He wishes two friends could love without the envious knowing of it, and blames Courtesy for teaching that false and empty crowd. He has chosen the best of the best, but she has an empty and doubtful heart, and he has her one hour and not the next. Two lines are lost. He sends the song to Romeu toward Vienne.

Ja mos chantars no m'er onors
Ever my singing not to-me-will-be honor

encontral gran joi c'ai conques,
against-the great joy that-I-have won

c'ades m'agr' ops, si tot s'es bos,
for-still to-me-would-be need although all it-is good

mos chans fos melher que non es.
my song were better than — it-is

aissi com es l'amors sobrana,
just as is the-love sovereign

per que mos cors melhur' e sana,
through which my heart betters and heals

deuri' esser sobras lo vers qu'eu fatz
ought to-be supreme the verse that-I make

sobre totz chans, e volgut e chantatz.
above all songs and desired and sung

Ai Deus, can bona for' amors

Ah God how good would-be love

de dos amics, s'esser pogues

of two friends if-to-be it-could

que ja us d'aquestz enveyos

that ever one of-these envious

lor amistat no conogues!

their friendship not knew

Cortezia, mout etz vilana

Courtesy much you-are churlish

c'az aquesta fausa gen vana

that-to this false folk vain

fatz conoisser semblans ni amistatz,

you-make to-know looks or friendships

c'ar' es cortes lo plus mal essenhatz!

for-now is courtly the most ill taught

Per merce prec als amadors,

For mercy I-pray to-the lovers

chascus per se cossir e pes

each-one for himself consider and weigh

del segle com es enoyos

of-the world how it-is tiresome

e can pauc n'i a de cortes!

and how few of-them-in-it are of courtly

c'amors, pois om per tot s'en vana,

for-love when one through all himself-of-it boasts

non es amors, mas es ufana,

not is love but is vainglory

et es enois, vilani' e foudatz,

and is annoyance churlishness and folly

qui no gara cui deu esser privat.

who not heeds to-whom he-should to-be intimate

Si tot m'es vergonh' e paors,

Although all to-me-is shame and fear

blasmatz m'er d'Amor; mas be·m pes,

blamed to-me-will-be of-Love but well-to-me I-think

car aquest lauzars no m'es pros

for this praising not to-me-is profit

(e pois mos conortz no·n es res);

and since my comfort not-of-it is anything

qu'eu vei que de nien m'apana

for-I see that with nothing me-she-feeds

cilh que no·m vol esser umana;

she who not-to-me wishes to-be kind

e car no·n posc aver joi ni solatz,

and since not-of-it I-can to-have joy nor cheer

chan per conort cen vetz que sui iratz.

I-sing for comfort (a)-hundred times when I-am grieved

Chauzit ai entre las melhors

Chosen I-have among the best

la melhor qued anc Deus fezes;

the best that ever God made

mas tan a va cor e doptos

but so-much she-has (an)-empty heart and fearful

qu'er' ai leis, era no·n ai ges.

that-now I-have her now not-of-it I-have at-all

que val aitals amors aurana,

what is-worth such love windy

can ges no pot una setmana

when at-all not can one week

us bos amics ab l'autr' estar en patz

a good friend with the-other to-stay in peace

ses grans enois e ses enemistatz?

without great annoyances and without enmities

Tostems sec joi ir' e dolors

Always follows joy anger and griefs

e tostems ira jois e bes

and always anger joy and goods

(et eu no cre, si jois no fos,

and I not believe if joy not were

c'om ja saubes d'ira que's es);

that-one ever knew of-anger what-it is

qu'eu pert per falsa laus umana

for-I lose through false praise human

tal joi de fin' amor certana

such joy of true love sure

que, qui'm mezes tot lo mon ad un latz,

that whoever-me put all the world on one side

eu preira'l joi per cui sui enjanatz.

I would-take-the joy for which I-am deceived

Bela domna, vostre socors

Fair lady your succor

m'auria mester, se-us plagues,

to-me-would-have need if-to-you it-pleased

que molt m'es mal' aquist preizos,

for much to-me-is evil this prison

en c'Amors m'a lassat e pres.

in which-Love me-has snared and taken

a Deus! can malamen m'afana,

ah God how grievously me-it-torments

can so que'm trais e m'enjana

when that which-me betrays and me-deceives

m'aven amar, si tot me pez' o'm platz!

to-me-it-befalls to-love whether all to-me it-weighs or-to-me it-pleases

era sai eu qu'eu sui apoderatz.

now know I that-I am overmastered

* * *

(lacuna)

* * *

(lacuna)

car de l'afan no me val amistatz

for from the-anguish not to-me avails friendship

tan qu'eu disses que sui melhs sos privatz.

so-much that-I should-say that I-am better her intimate

Messatgers, vai t'en via plana

Messenger go yourself-away (by)-road level

a mon Romeu, lai vas Viana,

to my Romeu there toward Vienne

e digas li qu'eu lai fora tornatz,

and say to-him that-I there would-have returned

si mos De-Cor m'agues salutz mandatz.

if my Of-Heart to-me-bad greetings sent

La dousa votz ai auzida

23 · THE SWEET VOICE

He has heard the wild nightingale's sweet voice, and it has sprung into his heart and sweetened all the suffering love gives him. Love forgets him and he has gone out of the straight road. A false ill-bred traitress has betrayed him and is herself betrayed, gathering the rod that beats her. He had served her well until she turned fickle, and now leaves her lordship. The verse goes by Corona to his lady at Narbonne.

La dousa votz ai auzida

The sweet voice I-have heard

del rosinholet sauvatge,

of-the little-nightingale wild

et es m'ins el cor salhida

and it-is to-me-within in-the heart sprung

si que tot lo cosirer

so that all the brooding

e·ls mals traihz qu'amors me dona,

and-the ill sufferings that-love to-me gives

m'adousa e m'asazona;

to-me-it-sweetens and to-me-it-seasons

et auria·m be mester

and to-me-would-be well needful

l'autrui jois al meu damnatge.

the-other's joy at-the my harm

Ben es totz om d'avol vida

Well is every man of-worthless life

c'ab joi non a son estatge

who-with joy not has his dwelling

e qui vas amor no guida

and who toward love not guides

so cor e so dezirer;

his heart and his desire

car tot can es s'abandona

for all that is itself-abandons

vas joi e reprim' e sona:

toward joy and resounds and rings

prat e debes e verger,

meadow and enclosure and orchard

landas e pla e boschatge.

beaths and plain and woodland

Eu, las! cui Amors oblida,

I alas whom Love forgets

que sui fors del dreih viatge,

who am out of-the straight road

agra de joi ma partida,

I-would-have of joy my share

mas ira·m fai destorber;

but grief-me makes hindrance

e no sai on me repona

and not I-know where myself I-hide

pus mo joi me desazona;

since my joy to-me it-unseasons

e no·m tenhatz per leuger

and not-me bold for light

s'eu dic alcu vilanatge.

if-I say some churlishness

Una fausa deschauzida

A false ill-bred

träiritz de mal linhatge

traitress of bad lineage

m'a träit (et es träida,

me-has betrayed and is betrayed

e colh lo ram ab que's fer);

and she-gathers the rod with which-herself she-strikes

e can autre l'arazona,

and when another her-addresses

d'eus lo seu tort l'ochaizona;

of-even the her wrong him-she-accuses

et an ne mais li derrer

and have of-it more the worst

qu'eu, qui n'ai faih lonc badatge.

than-I who of-it-have made long gaping

Mout l'avia gen servida

Much her-I-had nobly served

tro ac vas mi cor volatge;

until she-bad toward me heart fickle

e pus ilh no m'es cobida,

and since she not to-me-is allotted

mout sui fols, si mais la ser.

much I-am (a)-fool if more her I-serve

servirs c'om no gazardona,

serving that-one not rewards

et esperansa bretona

and hope Breton

fai de senhor escuder

makes of lord squire

per costum e per uzatge.

by custom and by usage

Pois tan es vas me falhida,
Since so-much she-has toward me failed

aisi lais so senhoratge,
thus I-leave her lordship

e no volh que·m si' aizida
and not I-wish that-to-me she-be near

ni ja mais parlar no·n quer.
and ever more to-speak not-of-it I-ask

mas pero qui m'en razona,
but yet whoever to-me-of-it speaks

la paraula m'en es bona,
the word to-me-of-it is good

e m'en esjau volonter
and myself-of-it I-gladden willingly

e·m n'alegre mo coratge.
and-to-me of-it-cheers my heart

Deus li do mal' escharida
God to-him give (an)-evil lot

qui porta mauvais mesatge,
who carries (a)-bad message

qu'eu agra amor jauzida,
for-I would-have love enjoyed

si no foso lauzenger.
if not were slanderers

fols (es) qui ab sidons tensona,
(a)-fool is who with his-lady quarrels

qu'e·lh perdo s'ela·m perdona,
for-to-her I-pardon if-she-me pardons

e tuih cilh son mesonger
and all those are liars

que·m n'an faih dire folatge!
who-me of-it-have made to-say folly

Lo vers mi porta, Corona,

The verse for-me carry Corona

lai a midons a Narbona,

there to my-lady at Narbonne

que tuih sei faih son enter,

for all her deeds are whole

c'om no·n pot dire folatge.

that-one not-of-them can to-say folly

Lancan folhon bosc e jarric

24 · WHEN WOOD AND OAK ARE LEAFING

When wood and oak-grove come into leaf and the birds are gay under the leafage, he too sings and flowers and greens again according to his nature. He is held a true friend where his will is, and covets nothing else beneath heaven. He is bettered so far by loving that he sees no man richer than himself. He asks his lady not to leave him for a chiding or a jealous folly. An appended stanza, bracketed, closes the song.

Lancan folhon bosc e jarric,

When leaf wood and oak-grove

e·lh flors pareis e·lh verdura

and-the flower appears and-the greenery

pels vergers e pels pratz,

through-the orchards and through-the meadows

e·lh auzel, c'an estat enic,

and-the birds that-have been sullen

son gai desotz los folhatz,

are gay beneath the leafage

autresi·m chant e m'esbaudei

likewise-myself I-sing and myself-I-rejoice

e refflorisc e reverdei

and I-reflower and I-regreen

e folh segon ma natura.

and I-leaf according-to my nature

Ges d'un' amor no·m tolh ni·m gic,

At-all from-a love not-myself I-withdraw nor-myself I-desist

don sui en bon' aventura

whence I-am in good fortune

segon mon esper entratz,

according-to my hope entered

car sui tengutz per fin amic
for I-am held for (a)-true friend

lai on es ma voluntatz;
there where is my will

que re mais sotz cel no-n envei
for anything more beneath heaven not-of-it I-covet

ni ves outra part no soplei
and toward other side not I-bow

ni d'autra no sui en cura.
and for-another not I-am in care

Ben a mauvais cor e mendic
Well has (a)-bad heart and beggarly

qui ama e no-s melhura;
who loves and not-himself betters

qu'eu sui d'aitan melhuratz
for-I am by-so-much bettered

c'ome de me no vei plus ric,
that-man than me not I-see more rich

car sai c'am e sui amatz
for I-know that-I-love and I-am loved

per la gensor qued anc Deus fei
by the fairest that ever God made

ni que sia el mon, so crei,
or that be in-the world that I-believe

tan can te terra ni dura.
as-far as holds earth and lasts

Anc no fetz semblan vair ni pic
Ever not she-made countenance changing nor mottled

la bela ni forfachura,
the fair-one nor wrongdoing

ni fui per leis galiatz,

nor was-I by her beguiled

ni no·m crei c'om tan la chastic,

and not-me I-believe that-one so-much her chide

tan es fina s'amistatz,

so-much is true her-friendship

qu'ela ja·s biais ni·s vairei

that-she ever-herself swerve or-herself change

ni per autre guerpisca mei,

or for another she-forsake me

segon que mos cors s'augura.

according that my heart itself-forebodes

Midons prec, no·m lais per chastic

My-lady I-beg not-me she-leave for chiding

ni per gelos folatura,

nor for jealous folly

que no·m sent' entre sos bratz;

that not-me she-feel between her arms

car eu sui seus plus qu'eu no dic,

for I am hers more than-I — say

e serai tostems, si·lh platz;

and I-shall-be always if-to-her it-pleases

que per leis m'es bel tot can vei,

for through her to-me-is fair all that I-see

e port el cor, on que m'estei,

and I-carry in-the heart where ever I-stay

sa beutat e sa fachura.

her beauty and her fashioning

[Anc no vitz ome tan antic,

Ever not you-saw man so old

si a bon' amor ni pura

if he-has good love and pure

e per sidons si' amatz,

and by his-lady he-be loved

no sia gais, neis sers e bric,

not he-be gay even (a)-slave and (a)-wretch

si's de joi pres e liatz;

thus-he-is with joy taken and bound

que de fol cove que folei

for of (a)-fool it-befits that he-play-the-fool

e de savi que chabalei,

and of (a)-wise-man that he-be-masterly

que pretz li·n creis e·lh melhura.]

for worth to-him-of-it grows and-to-him betters

Lancan vei la folha

25 • WHEN I SEE THE LEAF FALL

When he sees the leaf fall from the trees it must taste good to him, whoever it grieves; he does not wish to see flower or leaf, since what he most wants is proud toward him. Good hope has confounded and slain him. Whoever first made a mirror should be killed, for she looks in it and thinks on her own worth. He laments that his own pride may lose her, and sends her his heart as hostage until he returns.

Lancan vei la folha

When I-see the leaf

jos dels albres chazer,

down from-the trees to-fall

cui que pes ni dolha,

whomever that it-weigh or grieve

a me deu bo saber.

to me it-must good to-taste

no crezatz qu'eu volha

not believe that-I wish

flor ni folha verzer,

flower nor leaf to-see

car vas me s'orgolha

for toward me herself-prides

so qu'eu plus volh aver.

she whom-I most wish to-have

cor ai que m'en tolha,

heart I-have that myself-from-it I-withdraw

mas no·n ai ges poder,

but not-of-it I-have at-all power

c'ades cuit m'acolha,

for-always I-think she-me-receives

on plus m'en dezesper.

the-more more myself-of-it I-despair

Estranha novela

(A)-strange piece-of-news

podetz de me auzir,

you-can of me to-bear

que, can vei la bela

for when I-see the fair-one

que·m soli' acolhir:

who-me used-to to-receive

ara no m'apela

now not me-she-calls

ni·m fai vas se venir.

nor-me makes toward herself to-come

lo cor sotz l'aissela

the heart beneath the-armpit

m'en vol de dol partir.

to-me-of-it wishes from grief to-break

Deus, que·l mon chapdela,

God who-the world guides

si·lh platz, m'en lais jauzir,

if-to-him it-pleases me-of-it let to-enjoy

que s'aissi·m revela,

for if-thus-to-me she-rebels

no·i a mas del morir.

not-in-it there-is but of-the dying

Non ai mais fiansa

Not I-have more trust

en agur ni en sort,

in augury nor in lot

que bon' esperansa

for good hope

m'a cofondut e mort,

me-has confounded and slain

que tan lonh me lansa

for so far me casts

la bela cui am fort,

the fair-one whom I-love strongly

can li quer s'amansa,

when from-her I-ask her-loving

com s'eu l'agues gran tort.

as if-I toward-her-bad great wrong

tan n'ai de pezansa

so-much of-it-I-have of grief

que totz m'en desconort;

that wholly myself-of-it I-discourage

mas no·n fatz semblansa,

but not-of-it I-make show

c'ades chant e deport.

for-always I-sing and I-sport

Als no·n sai que dire

Else not-of-it I-know what to-say

mas: mout fatz gran folor

but much I-do great folly

car am ni dezire

since I-love and desire

del mon la belazor.

of-the world the fairest

be deuri' aucire

well one-ought to-slay

qui anc fetz mirador!

whoever ever made (a)-mirror

can be m'o cossire,

when well to-me-it I-ponder

no·n ai guerrer peyor.

not-of-it I-have (an)-enemy worse

ja·l jorn qu'ela·s mire
ever-the day that-she-herself looks-at

ni pens de sa valor,
and thinks of her merit

no serai jauzire
not I-shall-be enjoyer

de leis ni de s'amor.
of her nor of her-love

Ja per drudaria
Ever through love-making

no m'am, que no's cove;
not me-let-her-love for not-itself it-befits

pero si·lh plazia
yet if-to-her it-pleased

que·m fezes cal que be,
that-to-me she-did some ever good

eu li juraria
I to-her would-swear

per leis e per ma fe,
by her and by my faith

que·l bes que·m faria,
that-the good that-to-me she-would-do

no fos saubutz per me.
not were known through me

en son plazer sia,
at her pleasure let-it-be

qu'eu sui en sa merce.
for-I am in her mercy

si·lh platz, que m'aucia,
if-to-her it-pleases that she-me-slay

qu'eu no m'en clam de re!
for-I not myself-of-it complain of anything

Ben es dreihz qu'eu planha,

Well it-is right that-I lament

s'eu pert per mon orgolh

if-I lose through my pride

la bona companha

the good company

e·l solatz c'aver solh.

and-the cheer that-to-have I-used

petit me gazanha

little to-me gains

lo fols arditz qu'eu colh,

the mad daring that-I gather

car vas me s'estranha

for toward me herself-estranges

so qu'eu plus am e volh.

she whom-I most love and wish

orgolhs, Deus vos franha,

pride God you break

c'ara·n ploron mei olh.

for-now-of-it weep my eyes

dreihz es que·m sofranha

right it-is that-to-me fail

totz jois, qu'eu eis lo·m tolh.

all joy since-I myself it-from-me take

Encontra·l damnatge

Against-the harm

e la pena qu'eu trai,

and the pain that-I bear

ai mo bon uzatge:

I-have my good custom

c'ades consir de lai.

that-always I-think of there

orgolh e folatge

pride and folly

e vilania fai

and churlishness does

qui·n mou mo coratge

whoever-of-it moves my heart

ni d'alre·m met en plai,

and of-else-me puts in question

car melhor messatge

for better messenger

en tot lo mon no·n ai,

in all the world not-of-it I-have

e man lo·lh ostage

and I-send it-to-her (as)-hostage

entro qu'eu torn de sai.

until that-I return from here

Domna, mo coratge,

Lady my heart

·l melhor amic qu'eu ai,

the best friend that-I have

vos man en ostage

to-you I-send as hostage

entro qu'eu torn de sai.

until that-I return from here

Lancan vei per mei la landa

26 • WHEN I SEE THE LEAF FALL ON THE HEATH

He has kept silent more than two years and must make amends. It grieves him to flatter one who is proud toward him, for she will not answer a word. She knows so much craft and dodging that he always thinks she means to love him, and cheats him sweetly with a fair look. He would be at her command beside the bed and draw off her shoes on his knees. If the English king and Norman duke consent, he will see her before winter overtakes them.

Lancan vei per mei la landa

When I-see through midst the heath

dels arbres chazer la folha,

from-the trees to-fall the leaf

ans que·lh frejura s'espanda

before that-the cold itself-spreads

ni·l gens termini s'esconda,

and-the fair season itself-hides

m'es bel que si' auzitz mos chans,

to-me-is fair that be heard my song

qu'estat n'aurai mais de dos ans,

for-remained of-it-I-shall-have more than two years

e cove que·n fass' esmenda.

and it-befits that-of-it I-make amends

Mout m'es greu que ja reblanda

Much to-me-is grievous that ever I-flatter

celeis que vas me s'orgolha,

her who toward me herself-prides

car si mos cors re·lh demanda,

for if my heart anything-of-her asks

no·lh platz que mot m'i responda.

not-to-her it-pleases that word to-me-in-it she-answer

be m'auci mos nescis talans,
well me-slays my witless desire
 car sec d'amor los bels semblans
for it-follows of-love the fair looks
 e no ve c'amors lh'atenda.
and not sees that-love him-attends

Tan sap d'engenh e de ganda
So-much she-knows of-craft and of dodging
 c'ades cuit c'amar mi volha.
that-always I-think that-to-love me she-wish
 be doussamen me truanda,
well sweetly me she-cheats
 c'ab bel semblan me cofonda!
for-with fair look me she-confounds
 domna, so no-us es nuls enans,
lady this not-to-you is any advancement
 que be cre qu'es vostres lo dans,
for well I-believe that-is yours the harm
 cossi que vostr'om mal prenda.
however that your-man ill fare

Deus, que tot lo mon garanda,
God who all the world encompasses
 li met' en cor que m'acolha,
to-her put in heart that me-she-receive
 c'a me no te pro vianda
for-to me not holds profit food
 ni negus bes no-m aonda.
and any good not-to-me suffices
 tan sui vas la bela doptans,
so-much I-am toward the fair-one fearful

per qu'e·m ren a leis merceyans:

for which-I-myself yield to her crying-mercy

si·lh platz, que·m don o que·m venda!

if-to-her it-pleases that-to-me she-give or that-to-me she-sell

Mal o fara, si no·m manda

Ill it she-will-do if not-me she-bids

venir lai on se despolha,

to-come there where herself she-undresses

qu'eu sia per sa comanda

that-I be at her command

pres del leih, josta l'esponda,

near of-the bed beside the-bedside

e·lh traga·ls sotlars be chaussans,

and-to-her I-draw-the shoes well fitting

a genolhs et umilians,

on knees and humbling

si·lh platz que sos pes me tenda.

if-to-her it-pleases that her feet to-me she-stretch

Faihz es lo vers tot a randa,

Made is the verse all in order

si que motz no·i descapdolha,

so that word not-in-it falls-out-of-place

outra la terra normanda,

beyond the land Norman

part la fera mar prionda;

past the wild sea deep

e si·m sui de midons lonhans,

and though-myself I-am from my-lady far

vas se·m tira com azimans

toward herself-me draws like (a)-magnet

la bela cui Deus defenda.

the fair-one whom God defend

Si·l reis engles e·l ducs normans

If-the king English and-the duke Norman

o vol, eu la veirai abans

it wishes I her shall-see before

que l'iverns nos sobreprenda.

that the-winter us overtake

Pel rei sui engles e normans,

For-the king I-am English and Norman

e si no fos Mos Azimans,

and if not were My Magnet

resterà tro part calenda.

I-would-stay till past Christmas

Lonc tems a qu'eu no chantei mai

27 • LONG SINCE I SANG

It is long since he sang, and now he fears neither rain nor wind, being entered so far into brooding on how to set good words to this tune; a few words are lost from the line. Things go better with him than in the flowering season, for the love he most wants, wants him in return. He does not know himself, and would tell nobody. A single fair look, when occasion allows it, gives him so much joy that he turns and rolls and veers.

Lonc tems a qu'eu no chantei mai

Long time it-is that-I not sang more

ni saubi far chaptenemen.

nor knew to-make bearing

ara no tem ploya ni ven,

now not I-fear rain nor wind

tan sui entratz en cossire

so-much I-am entered into brooding

com pogues bos motz assire

how I-might good words to-set

en est so, c'ai ***

in this tune that-I-have (lacuna)

si tot no·m vei flor ni folha,

although all not-to-me I-see flower nor leaf

melhs me vai c'al tems florit,

better to-me it-goes than-at-the season flowering

car l'amors qu'eu plus volh, me vol.

for the-love that-I most wish me wishes

Totz me desconosc, tan be·m vai;

Wholly myself I-fail-to-know so well-to-me it-goes

e s'om saubes en cui m'enten,

and if-one knew on whom I-set-myself

ni auzes far mo joi parven!

and dared to-make my joy apparent

del melhs del mon sui jauzire!

of-the best of-the world I-am enjoyer

e s'eu anc fui bos sofrire,

and if-I ever was (a)-good sufferer

ara m'en tenh per garit,

now myself-of-it I-hold for bealed

qu'e re no sen mal que·m dolha.

for-in anything not I-feel ill that-to-me grieves

sí m'a jois pres e sazit,

thus to-me-has joy taken and seized

no sai si·m sui aquel que sol!

not I-know if-myself I-am he who used-to

El mon tan bon amic non ai,

In-the world so good (a)-friend not I-have

fraire ni cozi ni paren,

brother nor cousin nor kinsman

que, si·m vai mo joi enqueren,

who if-me goes my joy seeking

qu'ins e mo cor no·l n'azire.

that-within in my heart not-him of-it-I-hate

e s'eu m'en volh escondire,

and if-I myself-of-it wish to-excuse

no s'en tenha per trãit.

not himself-of-it let-him-hold for betrayed

no volh, lauzengers me tolha

not I-wish slanderer from-me take

s'amor ni·m leve tal crit

her-love nor-against-me raise such (an)-outcry

per qu'eu me lais morir de dol.

for which-I myself let to-die of grief

C'ab sol lo bel semblan que·m fai
For-with only the fair look that-to-me she-makes

can pot ni aizes lo·lh cossen,
when she-can and occasion it-to-her allows

ai tan de joi que sol no·m sen,
I-have so-much of joy that only not-myself I-feel

c'aissi·m torn e·m volv' e·m vire.
for-thus-myself I-turn and-myself I-roll and-myself I-veer

e sai be, can la remire,
and I-know well when her I-behold

c'anc om belazor no·n vit;
that-ever man (a)-fairer not-of-them saw

e no·m pot re far que·m dolha
and not-to-me can anything to-do that-to-me grieves

Amors, can n'ai lo chاوزit
Love when of-them-I-have the choice

d'aitan cum mars clau ni revol.
of-as-much as sea encloses and surrounds

Lo cors a fresc, sotil e gai,
The body she-has fresh slender and gay

et anc no·n vi tan avinen.
and ever not-of-them I-saw so pleasing

pretz e beutat, valor e sen
worth and beauty merit and sense

a plus qu'eu no vos sai dire.
she-has more than-I — to-you know to-say

res de be no·n es a dire,
anything of good not-of-it is to be-lacking

ab sol c'aya tan d'ardit
with only that-I-have so-much of-daring

c'una noih lai o's despolha,
that-one night there where-herself she-undresses

me mezes, en loc aizit,

me she-put in place convenient

e·m fezes del bratz latz al col.

and-to-me made of-the arm (a)-noose at-the neck

Si no·m aizis lai on ilh jai,

If not-me she-eases there where she lies

si qu'eu remir son bel cors gen,

so that-I behold her fair body comely

doncs, per que m'a faih de nien?

then for what me-she-has made from nothing

ai las! com mor de deziere!

ah alas how I-die of desire

vol me doncs midons aucire,

wishes me then my-lady to-slay

car l'am? o que lh'ai falhit?

because her-I-love or what toward-her-I-have failed

ara·n fassa so que·s volha

now-of-it let-her-do what that-herself she-wish

ma domna, al seu chautz,

my lady at-the her choosing

qu'eu no m'en planh, si tot me dol.

for-I not myself-of-it complain although all to-me it-grieves

Tan l'am que re dire no·lh sai;

So-much her-I-love that anything to-say not-to-her I-know

mas ilh s'en prend' esgardamen,

but she herself-of-it take heed

qu'eu non ai d'alre pessamen

for-I not have of-other thought

mas com li fos bos servire.

but how to-her I-were (a)-good servant

e s'eu sai chantar ni rire,
and if-I know to-sing and to-laugh

tot m'es per leis escharit.
all to-me-is through her allotted

ma domna prec que m'acolha,
my lady I-beg that me-she-receive

e pois tan m'a enriquit,
and since so-much me-she-has enriched

no sia qui dona, qui tol.
not let-her-be who gives who takes

De cor m'a, coras se volha.
From heart me-she-has whenever herself she-wish

ve-us me del chantar garnit,
see-you me for-the singing furnished

pois sa fin'amors m'o assol.
since her true-love to-me-it absolves

Lo gens tems de pascor

28 • THE FAIR SEASON OF SPRING

Spring brings leaf and flower of every color, and every lover is gay and singing but he, to whom joy has no savor. He complains to all lords of his lady and of Love, two traitors who make him live in grief for the good and honor he has done the fairest. He has loved her since they were both children. Life is worth nothing to him unless he sees his true joy at daybreak, a white body in bed beneath the window, white as snow at Christmas.

Lo gens tems de pascor

The fair season of spring

ab la frescha verdor

with the fresh greenness

nos adui folh' e flor

to-us brings leaf and flower

de diversa color,

of diverse color

per que tuih amador

for which all lovers

son gai e chantador

are gay and singing

mas eu, que planh e plor,

but I who lament and weep

cui jois non a sabor.

to-whom joy not has savor

A totz me clam, senhor,

To all myself I-complain lords

de midons e d'Amor,

of my-lady and of-Love

c'aicist dui traidor,

for-these two traitors

car me fiav'en lor,
because myself I-trusted-in them

me fan viur' a dolor
me make to-live in grief

per ben e per onor
for good and for honor

c'ai faih a la gensor,
that-I-have done to the fairest

que no·m val ni·m acor.
who not-to-me avails nor-me succors

Pen' e dolor e dan
Pain and grief and harm

n'ai agut, e n'ai gran,
of-it-I-have had and of-it-I-have great

mas sofert o ai tan. —
but endured it I-have so-much

no m'o tenh ad afan;
not to-me-it I-hold for hardship

c'anc no vitz nulh aman,
for-ever not you-saw any lover

melhs ames ses enjan,
better loved without deceit

qu'eu no·m vau ges chamjan
for-I not-myself go at-all changing

si com las domnas fan.
just as the ladies do

Pois fom amdui efan,
Since we-were both children

l'am ades e la blan;
her-I-love always and her I-court

e·s vai mos jois doblan

and-itself goes my joy doubling

a chascu jorn del an.

on each day of-the year

e si no·m fai enan

and if not-to-me she-makes forward

amor e bel semblan,

love and fair look

cant er velha, ·m deman

when she-will-be old me let-her-ask

que l'aya bo talan.

that toward-her-I-have good will

Las! e viure que·m val,

Alas and to-live what-to-me avails

s'eu no vei a jornal

if-I not see at daybreak

mo fi joi natural

my true joy natural

en leih, sotz fenestral

in bed beneath (the)-window

cors blanc tot atretal

body white all just-so

com la neus a nadal,

as the snow at Christmas

si c'amdui cominal

so that-both together

mezuressen egal?!

we-might-measure equally

Anc no vitz drut leyal,

Ever not you-saw lover loyal

sordeis o aya sal,

worse it have (a)-pay

qu'eu l'am d'amor coral,

for-I her-love with-love heartfelt

ela·m ditz: «no m'en chal»:

she-to-me says not to-me-of-it matters

enans ditz que per al

rather she-says that for other

no m'a ira mortal;

not to-me-she-has anger mortal

e si d'aisso·m vol mal,

and if for-this-me she-wishes ill

pechat n'a criminal.

sin of-it-she-has criminal

Be for' oimais sazos,

Well it-would-be henceforth (the)-season

bela domna e pros,

fair lady and worthy

que·m fos datz a rescos

that-to-me were given in secret

en baizan guizardos,

in kissing (a)-reward

si ja per als no fos,

if ever for other not it-were

mas car sui enveyos, —

but because I-am desirous

c'us bes val d'autres dos,

for-one good is-worth of-others two

can per fors' es faihz dos.

when by force is made (a)-gift

Can vei vostras faissos

When I-see your features

e·ls bels olhs amors,

and-the fair eyes loving

be·m meravilh de vos

well-myself I-marvel at you

com etz de mal respos.

how you-are of ill answer

e sembla·m trassios,

and it-seems-to-me treason

can om par francs e bos

when one seems noble and good

e pois es orgolhos

and then is proud

lai on es poderos.

there where he-is powerful

Bel Vezet, si no fos

Fair Sigh if not were

mos Denan-totz e vos,

my Before-All and you

laissat agra chansos

left I-would-have songs

per mal dels enoyos.

for spite of-the tiresome-ones

Lo rossinhols s'esbaudeya

29 · THE NIGHTINGALE REJOICES

The nightingale rejoices beside the flower on the branch, and such longing takes him that he cannot help singing, though he knows neither of what nor of whom. A man gets more of Love by pride and deceit than by crying mercy all day, for Love scarcely wants a man who is noble and true, as he is. She convicts him with her own wrong. He will keep away from her, since Love follows the one who withdraws, yet he keeps himself for her alone.

Lo rossinhols s'esbaudeya

The nightingale itself-rejoices

josta la flor el verjan,

beside the flower on-the branch

e pren m'en tan grans enveya

and takes me-of-it so great longing

qu'eu no posc mudar, no chan;

that-I not can to-forbear but I-sing

mas no sai de que ni de cui,

but not I-know of what nor of whom

car eu non am me ni autrui,

since I not love myself nor another

e fatz esfortz, car sai faire

and I-do (a)-feat since I-know to-make

bo vers, pois no sui amaire.

good verse since not I-am (a)-lover

Mais a d'Amor qui domneya

More has of-Love who courts

ab orgolh et ab enjan

with pride and with deceit

que cel que tot jorn merceya

than he who all day cries-mercy

ni-s vai trop umilian;

and-himself goes too-much humbling

c'a penas vol Amors celui

for-with difficulty wishes Love him

qu'es francs e fis, si com eu sui.

who-is noble and true just as I am

so m'a tout tot mon affaire

that me-has taken all my business

c'anc no fui faus ni trichaire;

for-ever not I-was false nor (a)-cheat

C'aissi com lo rams si pleya

For-just as the branch itself bends

lai o-l vens lo vai menan,

there where-the wind it goes driving

era vas lei que-m guerreyra,

I-was toward her who-me wars-against

aclis per far so coman.

bowed to do her command

per aisso m'afol' e-m destrui

for this me-she-maddens and-me destroys

(don a mal linhatge redui),

whence to (a)-bad lineage she-reverts

c'ams los olhs li don a traire,

for-both the eyes to-her I-give to to-pluck

s'autre tort me pot retraire.

if-other wrong to-me she-can to-allege

Soven me rept' e·m plaideya

Often me she-reproaches and-me litigates

e·m vai ochaisos troban;

and-against-me goes charges finding

e can ilh en re feuneya,

and when she in thing does-wrong

vas me versa tot lo dan.

toward me she-turns all the blame

gen joga de me e·s desdai,

nobly she-plays with me and-herself amuses

que d'eus lo seu tort me conclui.

for with-even the her wrong me she-convicts

mas ben es vertatz que laire

but well it-is truth that (a)-thief

cuida, tuih sion sei fraire!

thinks all be his brothers

Om no la ve que no creya

Man not her sees who not believe

sos bels olhs e so semblan,

her fair eyes and her look

e no cre qu'ilh aver deya

and not believes that-she to-have should

felo cor ni mal talan;

(a)-cruel heart nor ill will

mas l'aiga que soau s'adui,

but the-water that gently itself-carries

es peyer que cela que brui.

is worse than that which roars

enjan fai qui de bon aire

deceit does who of good breeding

sembra e non o es gaire.

seems and not it is at-all

De tot loc on ilh esteya,

From every place where she stay

me destolh e'm vau lonhan,

myself I-turn-aside and-myself I-go removing

e per so que no la veyà

and for that that not her I-see

pas li mos olhs claus denan.

I-pass to-her my eyes shut before

(car) cel sec Amors que's n'esdui

for him follows Love who-himself of-it-withdraws

e cel l'enchaussa qu'ela fui.

and he her-pursues whom-she flees

ben ai en cor del estraire

well I-have in heart of-the to-withdraw

tro que vas midons repaire.

until that toward my-lady I-return

Ja non er, si tot me greya,

Ever not it-will-be although all to-me it-irks

qu'enquer fin e plaih no·lh man;

that-still peace and settlement not-to-her I-send

que greu m'es c'aissi·m recreya

for grievous to-me-is that-thus-myself I-give-up

ni perda tan lonc afan.

and lose so long (a)-toil

a sos ops me gart e'm estui,

for her use myself I-keep and-myself I-store

e si non em amic amdui,

and if not we-are friends both

d'autr' amor no m'es vejaire

of-other love not to-me-is seeming

que ja mais mos cors s'esclaira.

that ever more my heart itself-brightens

Enaissi fos pres com eu sui

Thus were taken as I am

Mos Alvernhatz, e foram dui,

My Alvernhatz and we-would-be two

que plus no·s pogues estraire

who more not-himself could to-withdraw

d'en Bel Vezer de Belcaire.

from-Sir Fair Sight of Beaucaire

Tristan, si no·us es veyaire,

Tristan if not-to-you it-is seeming

mais vos am que no solh faire.

more you I-love than — I-used to-do

Lo tems vai e ven e vire

30 • TIME GOES AND COMES AND TURNS

Time goes and comes and turns by days and months and years, and his desire is always one and does not change. Since she does not lose her laughter, grief and harm come to him: such a love is lost when only one side keeps it. He says he will never sing again, nor be of Sir Eble's school, since his songs and tunes are worth nothing. Yet he will never part from her while he lives, and trusts she will still have pity.

Lo tems vai e ven e vire

The time goes and comes and turns

per jorns, per mes e per ans,

by days by months and by years

et eu, las! no·n sai que dire,

and I alas not-of-it know what to-say

c'ades es us mos talans.

for-always is one my desire

ades es us e no·s muda,

always is one and not-itself changes

c'una·n volh e·n ai volguda,

for-one-of-them I-wish and-of-it I-have wished

don anc non aic jauzimen.

whence ever not I-had enjoyment

Pois ela no·n pert lo rire,

Since she not-of-it loses the laughing

a me·n ven e dols e dans,

to me-of-it comes both grief and harm

c'a tal joc m'a faih assire

for-at such (a)-game me-she-has made to-sit

don ai lo peyor dos tans

whereof I-have the worse two times

(c'aitals amors es perduda

for-such love is lost

qu'es d'una part mantenguda),

that-is from-one side maintained

tro que fai acordamen.

until that it-makes agreement

Be deuri' esser blasmaire

Well I-ought to-be (a)-blamer

de me mezeis a razo,

of me myself with reason

c'anc no nasquet cel de maire

for-ever not was-born he of mother

que tan servis en perdo;

who so-much served in vain

e s'ela no m'en chastia,

and if-she not me-of-it chastises

ades doblara.lh folia,

always will-double-to-ber folly

que: «fols no tem, tro que pren».

for (a)-fool not fears until that he-takes

Ja mais no serai chantaire

Ever more not I-shall-be (a)-singer

ni de l'escola n'Eblo,

nor of the-school of-Sir-Eble

que mos chantars no val gaire
for my singing not is-worth much

ni mas voutas ni mei so;
nor my turns nor my tunes

ni res qu'eu fassa ni dia,
nor thing that-I do nor say

no conosc que pros me sia,
not I-know that profit to-me be

ni no·i vei melhuramen.
and not-in-it I-see betterment

Si tot fatz de joi parvensa,
Although all I-make of joy (a)-show

mout ai dins lo cor irat.
much I-have within the heart grieved

qui vid anc mais penedensa
who saw ever more penance

faire denan lo pechat?
to-do before the sin

on plus la prec, plus m'es dura;
the-more more her I-beg more to-me-she-is hard

mas si·n breu tems no·s melhura,
but if-in short time not-herself she-betters

vengut er al partimen.
come it-will-be to-the parting

Pero ben es qu'ela·m vensa
Yet well it-is that-she-me conquers

a tota sa voluntat,
at all her will

que, s'el' a tort o bistensa,
for if-she has wrong or delay

ades n'aura pietat;

still of-it-she-will-have pity

que so mostra l'escriptura:

for that shows the-Scripture

causa de bon'aventura

(a)-cause of good-fortune

val us sols jorns mais de cen.

is-worth a single day more than (a)-hundred

Ja no'm partrai a ma vida,

Ever not-myself I-shall-part in my life

tan com sia sals ni sas,

so-long as I-be whole and sound

que pois l'arma n'es issida,

for when the-soul of-it-is gone-out

balaya lonc tems lo gras;

flutters long time the grain

e si tot no s'es cochada,

and although all not herself-she-has hastened

ja per me no'n er blasmada,

ever by me not-of-it she-will-be blamed

sol d'eus adenan s'emen.

only from-now henceforth she-amend

Ai, bon' amors encobida,

Ah good love longed-for

cors be faihz, delgatz e plas,

body well made slender and smooth

frescha chara colorida,

fresh face colored

cui Deus formet ab sas mas!

whom God formed with his hands

totz tems vos ai dezirada,

all time you I-have desired

que res outra no m'agrada.

for anything other not to-me-pleases

autr' amor no volh nien!

other love not I-wish at-all

Dousa res ben ensenhada,

Sweet thing well taught

cel que-us a tan gen formada,

he who-you has so nobly formed

me·n do cel joi qu'eu n'aten!

to-me-of-it give that joy that-I of-it-await

Non es meravelha s'eu chan

31 • NO MARVEL IF I SING

It is no marvel if he sings better than any other singer, since the heart draws him more toward love and he is better made to its command; heart and body, knowledge, sense, strength, and power he has put into it. A man is dead who feels no sweet savor of love in the heart. He loves the fairest and the best, and weeps from the eyes and sighs from the heart. He asks only to be taken as her servant, and sends the verse to Mo Cortes.

Non es meravelha s'eu chan

Not it-is (a)-marvel if-I sing

melhs de nul autre chantador,

better than any other singer

que plus me tra·l cors vas amor

for more me draws-the heart toward love

e melhs sui faihz a so coman.

and better I-am made to his command

cor e cors e saber e sen

heart and body and knowledge and sense

e fors' e poder i ai mes;

and strength and power in-it I-have put

sí·m tira vas amor lo fres

thus-me draws toward love the bridle

que vas outra part no·m aten.

that toward other side not-myself I-attend

Ben es mortz qui d'amor no sen

Well is dead who of-love not feels

al cor cal que dousa sabor;

in-the heart some ever sweet savor

e que val viure ses valor
and what avails to-live without merit
 mas per enoi far a la gen?
but for annoyance to-do to the folk
 ja Domnedeus no'm azir tan
ever Lord-God not-me hate so-much
 qu'eu ja pois viva jorn ni mes,
that-I ever after live day nor month
 pois que d'anoi serai mespres
after that of-annoyance I-shall-be guilty
 ni d'amor non aurai talan.
and of-love not I-shall-have desire

Per bona fe e ses enjan
In good faith and without deceit
 am la plus bel' e la melhor.
I-love the most fair and the best
 del cor sospir e dels olhs plor,
from-the heart I-sigh and from-the eyes I-weep
 car tan l'am eu, per que i ai dan.
for so-much her-love I for which in-it I-have harm
 eu que'n posc mais, s'Amors me pren
I what-of-it can more if-Love me takes
 e las charcers en que m'a mes,
and the prison in which me-she-has put
 no pot claus obrir mas merces,
not can key to-open but mercy
 e de merce no-i trop nien?
and of mercy not-in-it I-find anything

Aquest' amors me fer tan gen

This love me strikes so nobly

al cor d'una dousa sabor:

in-the heart with-a sweet savor

cen vetz mor lo jorn de dolor

(a)-hundred times I-die the day of grief

e reviu de joi autras cen.

and I-revive with joy other (a)-hundred

ben es mos mals de bel semblan,

well is my ill of fair appearance

que mais val mos mals qu'autre bes;

for more is-worth my ill than-other good

e pois mos mals aitan bos m'es,

and since my ill so good to-me-is

bos er lo bes apres l'afan.

good will-be the good after the-toil

Ai Deus! car se fosson trian

Ah God would-that themselves were sorting

d'entrels faus li fin amador,

from-among-the false the true lovers

e·lh lauzenger e·lh trichador

and-the slanderers and-the cheats

portesson corns el fron denan!

wore horns on-the brow in-front

tot l'aur del mon e tot l'argen

all the-gold of-the world and all the-silver

i volgr'aver dat, s'eu l'agues,

in-it I-would-have given if-I it-had

sol que ma domna conogues

only that my lady knew

aissi com eu l'am finamen.

just as I her-love truly

Cant eu la vei, be m'es parven
When I her see well to-me-is apparent

als olhs, al vis, a la color,
in-the eyes in-the face in the color

car aissi tremble de paor
for thus I-tremble with fear

com fa la folha contra'l ven.
as does the leaf against-the wind

non ai de sen per un efan,
not I-have of sense for a child

aissi sui d'amor entpres;
so I-am by-love overcome

e d'ome qu'es aissi conques,
and of-a-man who-is thus conquered

pot domn' aver almorna gran.
can (a)-lady to-have charity great

Bona domna, re no-us deman
Good lady anything not-of-you I-ask

mas que'm prenatz per servidor,
but that-me you-take for servant

qu'e-us servirai com bo senhor,
for-you I-shall-serve as (a)-good lord

cossi que del gazar do m'an.
however that of-the reward to-me-it-goes

ve-us m'al vostre comandamen,
see-you me-at-the your commandment

francs cors umils, gais e cortes!
noble body humble gay and courtly

ors ni leos non etz vos ges,
bear or lion not are you at-all

que'm aucizat, s'a vos me ren.
that-me you-slay if-to you myself I-yield

A Mo Cortes, lai on ilh es,

To My Courteous there where she is

tramet lo vers, e ja no·lh pes

I-send the verse and ever not-to-her may-it-weigh

car n'ai estat tan lonjamen.

that of-it-I-have stayed so long

Pel doutz chan que·l rossinhols fai

33 • THE NIGHTINGALE BY NIGHT

By the nightingale's sweet song, at night when he has fallen asleep, he wakes astonished with joy and pensive with love: joy is his best craft and his song begins with it. Those who think he is here do not know how his spirit is at ease and intimate with her though his body is far away. He is her sworn and pledged man. He does not know when he will see her again, and sends the song by Huguet to the queen of the Normans.

Pel doutz chan que·l rossinhols fai,

By-the sweet song that-the nightingale makes

la noih can me sui adormitz,

the night when myself I-am fallen-asleep

revelh de joi totz esbäitz,

I-wake with joy all astonished

d'amor pensius e cossirans;

with-love pensive and brooding

c'aisso es mos melhers mesters,

for-this is my best craft

que tostems ai joi volunters,

that always I-have joy willingly

et ab joi comensa mos chans.

and with joy begins my song

Qui sabia lo joi, qu'eu ai,

Whoever knew the joy that-I have

que jois fos vezutz ni auzitz,

so-that joy were seen and heard

totz autre jois fora petit

every other joy would-be small

vas qu'eu tenc, que·l meus jois es grans.

against which-I hold for-the my joy is great

tals se fai conhdés e parlers,
such-a-one himself makes gracious and talkative

que'n cuid' esser rics e sobzers
who-of-it thinks to-be rich and supreme

de fin' amor, qu'eu n'ai dos tans!
in true love whereas-I of-it-have two times

Can eu remire so cors gai,
When I behold her body gay

com es be faihz a totz chاوزitz,
how it-is well made to all liking

sa cortezi' e sos bels ditz,
her courtesy and her fair words

ja mos lauzars no m'er avans;
ever my praising not to-me-will-be (an)-advantage

c'obs m'i auri' us ans enters,
for-need to-me-in-it there-would-be a year whole

si'n voli' esser vertaders,
if-of-it I-wished to-be truthful

tan es cortez' e ben estans.
so-much she-is courtly and well seemly

Cil que cuidon qu'eu sia sai,
Those who think that-I I-be here

no sabon ges com l'esperitz
not know at-all how the-spirit

es de leis privatx et aizitz,
is of her intimate and at-ease

si tot lo cors s'en es lonhans.
although all the body itself-from-it is far

sapchatz, lo melher messatgers
know the best messenger
 c'ai de leis, es mos cossirers,
that-I-have of her is my brooding
 que'm recorda sos bels semblans.
which-to-me recalls her fair looks

Domna, vostre sui e serai,
Lady yours I-am and I-shall-be
 del vostre servizi garnitz.
for-the your service furnished
 vostr' om sui juratz e plevitz,
your man I-am sworn and pledged
 e vostre m'era des abans.
and yours to-me-I-was from before
 e vos etz lo meus jois primers,
and you are the my joy first
 e si seretz vos lo derrers,
and thus you-will-be you the last
 tan com la vida m'er durans.
as-long as the life to-me-will-be lasting

No sai coras mais vos veirai;
Not I-know when more you I-shall-see
 mas vau m'en iratz e maritz.
but I-go myself-away grieved and sorrowful
 per vos me sui del rei partitz,
for you myself I-am from-the king parted
 e prec vos que no'm sia dans,
and I-beg you that not-to-me be harm

qu'e·us serai en cort prezetters

for-to-you I-shall-be at court ready-to-serve

entre domnas e chavalers,

among ladies and knights

francs e doutz et umilians.

noble and sweet and humbling

Huguet, mos cortez messatgers,

Huguet my courteous messenger

chantatz ma chanso volonters

sing my song willingly

a la rēina dels Normans.

to the queen of-the Normans

Per melhs cobrir lo mal pes e-l cossire

35 · TO HIDE THE ILL THOUGHT

To hide the ill thought and the brooding he sings and sports and pretends to joy and cheer, though he is dying and shows nothing of it. Love has conquered him wholly, by force and without a battle. He is his lady's man and friend and servant, and asks no more than that she turn her fair eyes on him in secret. The day he beholds her mouth and eyes and brow and hands and arms tastes good to him. Against slanderers he has changed the dice by denying and lying.

Per melhs cobrir lo mal pes e-l cossire

To better to-hide the ill thought and-the brooding

chan e deport et ai joi e solatz;

I-sing and I-sport and I-have joy and cheer

e fatz esfortz car sai chantar ni rire,

and I-do (a)-feat since I-know to-sing and to-laugh

car eu me mor e nul semblan no-n fatz;

for I myself die and any show not-of-it I-make

e per Amor sui si apoderatz,

and by Love I-am so overmastered

tot m'a vencut a forsa, ses batalha.

wholly me-she-has conquered by force without battle

Anc Deus no fetz trebalha ni martire,

Ever God not made torment nor martyrdom

ses mal d'amor, qu'eu no sofris en patz;

except ill of-love that-I not would-endure in peace

mas d'aquel sui, si be-m peza, sofrire,

but of-that I-am although well-to-me it-weighs (a)-sufferer

c'Amors mi fai amar lai on li platz;

for-Love me makes to-love there where to-her it-pleases

e dic vos be que s'eu no sui amatz,
and I-tell you well that if-I not am loved

ges no reman en la mia nualha.
at-all not it-remains in the my slotb

Midons sui om et amics e servire,
Of-my-lady I-am man and friend and servant

e no·lh en quer mais outras amistatz
and not-of-her of-it I-ask more other friendships

mas c'a celat los seus bels olhs me vire,
but that-in secret the her fair eyes to-me she-turn

que gran be·m fan ades can sui iratz;
for great good-to-me they-do always when I-am grieved

e ren lor en laus e merces e gratz,
and I-render to-them of-it praise and thanks and gratitude

qu'el mon non ai amic que tan me valha.
for-in-the world not I-have friend who so-much to-me avails

Molt me sap bo lo jorn qu'eu la remire:
Much to-me tastes good the day that-I her behold

la boch' e·ls olhs e·l fron e·ls mas e·ls bratz
the mouth and-the eyes and-the brow and-the hands and-the arms

e l'autre cors, que res no·n es a dire
and the-rest-of-the body for anything not-of-it is to be-lacking

que no sia belamen faissonatz.
that not be beautifully fashioned

gensor de leis no poc faire Beltatz,
fairer than her not could to-make Beauty

per qu'eu m'en ai gran pen' e gran trebalha.
for which-I myself-of-it have great pain and great torment

A mo talen volh mal, tan la deziere,

To my desire I-wish ill so-much her I-desire

e pretz m'en mais, car eu fui tan auzatz

and I-prize myself-of-it more that I was so bold

qu'en tan aut loc auzei m'amor assire,

that-in so high (a)-place I-dared my-love to-set

per qu'eu m'en sui conhdēs et ensenhatz.

for which-I myself-of-it am gracious and taught

e can la vei, sui tan fort envezatz:

and when her I-see I-am so strongly gladdened

vejaire m'es que'l cors al cel me salha.

seeming to-me-is that-the heart to-the sky to-me leaps

Dins en mo cor me corrotz e'm azire,

Within in my heart myself I-vex and-myself I-anger

car eu sec tan las mias voluntatz. —

that I follow so-much the my wills

mas negus om no deu aital re dire,

but any man not must such (a)-thing to-say

c'om no sap ges com s'es aventuratz.

for-one not knows at-all how himself-be-is fortunēd

que farai doncs dels bels semblans privat?

what shall-I-do then with-the fair looks private

falhirai lor? mais volh que'l mons me falha!

shall-I-fail to-them rather I-wish that-the world to-me fail

Ab lauzengiers non ai ren a devire,

With slanderers not I-have anything to to-share

car anc per lor no fo rics jois celatz.

for ever through them not was rich joy concealed

e dic vos tan que per mon escondire
and I-tell you so-much that through my denying

et ab mentir lor ai chamjatz los datz.
and with lying to-them I-have changed the dice

ben es totz jois a perdre destinatz
well is every joy to to-lose destined

quez es perdutoz per la lor devinalha.
which is lost through the their guessing

Corona, man salutz et amistatz
Corona I-send greetings and friendship

e prec midons que m'ayut e me valha.
and I-beg my-lady that me-she-help and to-me she-avail

[E que·m volha, sia sens o foudatz,
And that-me she-wish be-it sense or folly

no·m pot esser ni afans ni trebalha.]
not-to-me it-can to-be nor toil nor torment

Pois preyatze me, senhor

36 · SINCE YOU ASK ME, LORDS

Since the lords ask him to sing he will sing, though when he means to sing he weeps at the hour of trying it. Love goes better with him than ever, and he wonders why he is dismayed. He loves the fairest and she loves him, but he is here and elsewhere and does not know how she fares. He asks that she ease him near her, that he may handle and kiss her and press her white smooth body toward him.

Pois preyatze me, senhor,

Since you-ask me lords

qu'eu chan, eu chantarai;

that-I sing I shall-sing

e can cuit chantar, plor

and when I-think to-sing I-weep

a l'ora c'o essai.

at the-hour that-it I-try

greu veiretz chantador,

hardly you-will-see (a)-singer

be chan, si mal li vai.

well sing if ill to-him it-goes

vai me doncs mal d'amor?

goes to-me then ill in-love

ans melhs que no fetz mai!

rather better than — it-did ever

e doncs, per que m'esmai?

and then for what myself-I-dismay

Gran ben e gran onor

Great good and great honor

conosc que Deus me fai,

I-know that God to-me does

qu'eu am la belazor

that-I love the fairest

et ilh me (qu'eu o sai).

and she me for-I it know

mas eu sui sai, alhor,

but I am here elsewhere

e no sai com l'estai!

and not I-know how to-her-it-stands

so m'auci de dolor,

that me-slays with grief

car ochaizo non ai

for occasion not I-have

de soven venir lai.

of often to-come there

Empero tan me plai

Yet so-much to-me it-pleases

can de leis me sove,

when of her to-me it-remembers

que qui·m crida ni·m brai,

that whoever-me calls nor-me sbouts

eu no·n au nula re.

I not-of-it hear any thing

tan dousamen me trai

so sweetly me draws

la bela·l cor de sê,

the fair-one-the heart from (the)-bosom

que tals ditz qu'eu sui sai,

that such-a-one says that-I am here

et o cuid, et o cre,

and it he-thinks and it he-believes

que de sos olhs no·m ve.

who with his eyes not-me sees

Amors, e que·m farai?

Love and what-myself shall-I-do

si guerrai ja ab te?

if I-shall-recover ever with you

ara cuit qu'e·n morrai

now I-think that-I-of-it shall-die

del dezirer que·m ve,

from-the desire that-to-me comes

si·lh bela lai on jai

if-the fair-one there where she-lies

no m'aizis pres de se,

not me-eases near of herself

qu'eu la manei e bai

that-I her handle and kiss

et estrenha vas me

and press toward me

so cors blanc, gras e le.

her body white plump and smooth

Ges d'amar no·m recre

At-all from-loving not-myself I-desist

per mal ni per afan;

for ill nor for toil

e can Deus m'i fai be,

and when God to-me-in-it does good

no·l refut ni·l soan;

not-it I-refuse nor-it I-scorn

e can bes no m'ave,

and when good not to-me-befalls

sai be sofrir lo dan,

I-know well to-bear the loss

c'a las oras cove

for-at the times it-befits

c'om s'an entrelonhan

that-one himself-go withdrawing

per melhs salhir enan.

to better to-leap forward

Bona domna, merce

Good lady mercy

del vostre fin aman!

for-the your true lover

qu'e-us pliu per bona fe

for-to-you I-pledge in good faith

c'anc re non amei tan.

that-ever anything not I-loved so-much

mas jonchas, ab col cle,

hands joined with neck bent

vos m'autrei e'm coman;

to-you myself-I-grant and-myself I-commend

e si locs s'esdeve,

and if occasion itself-offers

vos me fatz bel semblan,

you to-me make fair countenance

que molt n'ai gran talan!

for much of-it-I-have great desire

Mon Escuder e me

(To)-My Squire and me

don Deus cor e talan

may-give God heart and will

c'amdui n'anem truan;

that-both of-it-we-go roguing

Et el en men ab se

And he of-it may-lead with himself

so don a plus talan,

that whereof he-has most desire

et eu Mon Aziman!

and I My Magnet

Can la frej' aura venta

37 · WHEN THE COLD BREEZE BLOWS

When the cold breeze blows from her country it seems to him he feels a wind out of paradise, for love of the fair one to whom he is bowed and on whom he has set his intent, having parted from all others. Ladies do great wrong, he says, in that true lovers are so little loved, and it grieves him that a cheat gets as much of love by deceit as one who loves truly. He quotes the saying that the lucky man rests and the luckless toils.

Can la frej' aura venta

When the cold breeze blows

deves vostre päis,

from your country

vejaire m'es qu'eu senta

seeming to-me-is that-I feel

un ven de paradis

a wind from paradise

per amor de la genta

for love of the fair-one

vas cui eu sui aclis,

toward whom I am bowed

on ai meza m'ententa

where I-have put my-intent

e mo coratg' assis,

and my heart set

car de totas partis

for from all I-parted

per leis, tan m'atalenta!

for her so-much to-me-she-pleases

Sol lo be que·m presenta

Only the good that-to-me offers

sos bels olhs e·l francs vis,

her fair eyes and-the noble face

que ja plus no·m cossenta,

though ever more not-to-me she-grant

me deu aver conquis.

me must to-have conquered

no sai per que·us en menta,

not I-know for what-to-you of-it I-should-lie

car de re no·n sui fis;

for of anything not-of-it I-am sure

mas greu m'es que·m repenta,

but grievous to-me-is that-myself I-repent

qued una vetz me dis

for one time to-me she-said

que pros om s'afortis

that (a)-worthy man himself-strengthens

e malvatz s'espaventa.

and (a)-wicked-one himself-frightens

De domnas m'es vejaire

Of ladies to-me-is seeming

que gran falhimen fan

that great wrong they-do

per so car no son gaire

for this that not are much

amat li fin aman.

loved the true lovers

eu no·n dei ges retraire

I not-of-it must at-all to-recount

mas so qu'elas volran,

but that which-they will-wish

mas greu m'es c'us trichaire

but grievous to-me-is that-a cheat

a d'amor ab enjan

has of-love with deceit

o plus o atretan

either more or as-much

com cel qu'es fis amaire.

as he who-is (a)-true lover

Domna, que cujatz faire

Lady what do-you-think to-do

de me que vos am tan,

with me who you love so-much

c'aissi-m vezetz mal traire

for-thus-me you-see ill to-bear

e morir de talan?

and to-die of longing

ai! francha de bon aire,

ah noble one-of good breeding

fezetz m'un bel semblan,

make to-me-a fair countenance

tal don mos cors s'esclaire!

such whereby my heart itself-brightens

que mout trac gran afan,

for much I-bear great toil

e no-i dei aver dan,

and not-in-it I-must to-have harm

car no m'en posc estraire.

for not myself-of-it I-can to-withdraw

Si no fos gens vilana

If not were folk churlish

e lau Wenger savai,

and slanderers base

eu agr' amor certana;

I would-have love sure

mas so en reire·m trai.

but that in back-me draws

de solatz m'es umana

in cheer to-me-she-is kind

can locs es ni s'eschai,

when place there-is and it-falls-out

per qu'eu sai c'a sotzmana

for which-I know that-in secret

n'aurai encara mai,

of-it-I-shall-have still more

c'«astrucs sojorn' e jai

that-lucky-man rests and lies

e malastrucs s'afana».

and (the)-luckless himself-toils

Cel sui que no soana

He I-am who not scorns

lo be que Deus li fai,

the good that God to-him does

qu'en aquella setmana

for-in that week

can eu parti de lai,

when I departed from there

me dis en razo plana

to-me she-said in speech plain

que mos chantars li plai.

that my singing to-her pleases

tot' arma crestiana

every soul Christian

volgra, agues tal jai

I-would-wish it-had such joy

com eu agui et ai,

as I had and have

car sol d'aitan se vana.

for only of-so-much itself it-boasts

Si d'aisso m'essertana

If of-this me-she-assures

d'autra vetz la·n creirai;

of-another time her-of-it I-shall-believe

o si que no, ja mai

or if that not ever more

no creirai crestiana.

not I-shall-believe (a)-Christian-woman

Can l'erba fresch' e·lh folha par

39 · WHEN THE FRESH GRASS APPEARS

When the grass and leaf appear, the flower buds on the branch, and the nightingale raises his voice, he has joy of the bird and the flower and of himself and a greater joy of his lady, which conquers all others. He broods so deeply that thieves could carry him off. He marvels how he endures without showing his desire, and would steal a kiss if she slept or made a show of it, since he is not worth enough to ask her for one.

Can l'erba fresch' e·lh folha par

When the-grass fresh and-the leaf appears

e la flors boton' el verjan,

and the flower buds on-the branch

e·l rossinhol's autet e clar

and-the nightingale high and clear

leva sa votz e mou so chan,

raises his voice and moves his song

joi ai de lui, e joi ai de la flor

joy I-have of him and joy I-have of the flower

e joi de me e de midons major;

and joy of myself and of my-lady greater

daus totas partz sui de joi claus e sens,

from all sides I-am with joy enclosed and girt

mas sel es jois que totz autres jois vens.

but that is (the)-joy which all other joys conquers

Ai las! com mor de cossirar!

Ab alas how I-die of brooding

que manhtas vetz en cossir tan:

for many times of-it I-brood so-much

lairo m'en poirian portar,

thieves me-of-it could to-carry

que re no sabia que's fan.
for anything not I-would-know what-themselves they-do

per Deu, Amors! be·m trobas vensedor:
by God Love well-me you-find easy-to-conquer

ab paucs d'amics e ses autre senhor.
with few of-friends and without other lord

car una vetz tan midons no destrens
why one time so-much my-lady not you-constrain

abans qu'eu fos del dezirer estens?
before that-I were of-the desire extinguished

Meravilh me com posc durar
I-marvel myself how I-can to-endure

que no·lh demostre mo talan.
that not-to-her I-show my desire

can eu vei midons ni l'esgar,
when I see my-lady and her-gaze-at

li seu bel olh tan be l'estan:
the her fair eyes so well to-her-suit

per pauc me tenh car eu vas leis no cor.
for little myself I-hold that I toward her — run

si feira eu, si no fos per paor,
thus would-do I if not it-were for fear

c'anc no vi, cors melhs talhatz ni depens
for-ever not I-saw body better shaped nor painted

ad ops d'amar sia tan greus ni lens.
for purpose of-loving be so heavy nor slow

Tan am midons e la tenh car,
So-much I-love my-lady and her I-bold dear

e tan la dopt' e la reblan
and so-much her I-fear and her I-court

c'anc de me no·lh auzei parlar,
that-ever of myself not-to-her I-dared to-speak

ni re no·lh quer ni re no·lh man.
and anything not-of-her I-ask and anything not-to-her I-send

pero ilh sap mo mal e ma dolor,
yet she knows my ill and my grief

e can li plai, mi fai ben et onor,
and when to-her it-pleases to-me she-does good and honor

e can li plai, eu m'en sofert ab mens,
and when to-her it-pleases I myself-of-it content with less

per so c'a leis no·n avenha blastens.
for this that-to her not-of-it come blame

S'eu saubes la gen encharantar,
If-I knew the folk to-entant

mei enemic foran efan,
my enemies would-be children

que ja us no saubra triar
so-that ever one not would-know to-pick-out

ni dir re que·ns tornes a dan.
nor to-say thing that-to-us should-turn to harm

adoncs sai eu que vira la gensor
then know I that I-should-see the fairest

e sos bels olhs e sa frescha color,
and her fair eyes and her fresh color

e baizera·lh la bocha en totz sens,
and I-would-kiss-her the mouth in all ways

si que d'un mes i paregra lo sens.
so that of-a month in-it would-show the mark

Be la volgra sola trobar,

Well her I-would-wish alone to-find

que dormis, o'n fezes semblan,

that she-slept or-of-it made show

per qu'e·lh embles un doutz baizar,

so that-from-her I-might-steal a sweet kiss

pus no valh tan qu'eu lo·lh deman.

since not I-am-worth so-much that-I it-of-her ask

per Deu, domna, pauc esplecham d'amor!

by God lady little we-achieve of-love

vai s'en lo tems, e perdem lo melhor!

goes itself-away the time and we-lose the best

parlar degram ab cubertz entresens,

to-speak we-ought with covered signs

e, pus no·ns val arditz, valgues nos gens!

and since not-to-us avails boldness let-avail to-us craft

Be deuri'om domna blasmar,

Well one-ought (a)-lady to-blame

can trop vai son amic tarzan,

when too-much she-goes her friend delaying

que lonja paraula d'amar

for long talk of-loving

es grans enois e par d'enjan,

is great annoyance and seems of-deceit

c'amar pot om e far semblan alhor,

for-to-love can one and to-make show elsewhere

e gen mentir lai on non a autor.

and nobly to-lie there where not there-is witness

bona domna, ab sol c'amar mi dens,

good lady with only that-to-love me you-deign

ja per mentir eu no serai atens.

ever for lying I not shall-be caught

Messatger, vai, e no m'en prezes mens,

Messenger go and not me-for-it may-she-prize less

s'eu del anar vas midons sui temens.

if-I of-the going toward my-lady am fearful

Can lo boschatges es floritz

40 • WHEN THE WOODLAND IS FLOWERED

When the woodland flowers, the season renews, and each bird seeks his mate, one great joy makes him forget everything else. He takes joy in his lady and has none of her in return. He reproaches his own tongue for speaking too much, and bids his mouth be silent. Beauty wished to form her, and Nature chose the best; her flanks are slender and her face fresh as a rose. Had he been heard at the first, they would have exchanged spirits and been of two hearts made one.

Can lo boschatges es floritz

When the woodland is flowered

e vei lo tems renovelar

and I-see the season to-renew

e chascus auzels quer sa par

and each bird seeks his mate

e'l rossinhos fai chans e critz,

and-the nightingale makes songs and cries

d'un gran joi me creis tals oblitz

from-a great joy to-me grows such (a)-forgetting

que ves re mais no'm posc virar.

that toward anything more not-myself I-can to-turn

noih e jorn me fai sospirar,

night and day to-me it-makes to-sigh

sí'm lassa del cor la razitz.

thus-me binds of-the heart the root

Per midons m'esjau no-jauzitz,

For my-lady myself-I-gladden un-enjoyed

don m'es l'afans greus a portar,

whence to-me-is the-toil heavy to to-bear

qu'e'm perdrai per leis ganhar,

for-myself I-shall-lose to her to-win

et er li crims mout deschauzitz.

and will-be to-her (the)-crime much ill-bred

las! que farai? com sui träitz,

alas what shall-I-do how I-am betrayed

si s'amor no·m vol autreyar!

if her-love not-to-me she-wishes to-grant

qu'eu no posc viure ses amar,

for-I not can to-live without to-love

que d'amor sui engenöitz.

for with-love I-am begotten

Ar sui de leis trop eissernitz!

Now I-am of her too-much knowing

lenga, per que potz tan parlar?

tongue for what can-you so-much to-speak

que de menhs me sol acuzar

for of less me it-uses to-accuse

sí que·m sui per las dens feritz.

thus that-myself I-am through the teeth struck

que·m n'es si fer s'eu sui delitz?

what-to-me of-it-is so hard if-I am destroyed

ja no trobará, li m'ampar;

ever not she-will-find who to-me-shelters

mas ab doutz sentir d'un baizar

but with sweet feeling of-a kiss

for'eu tost d'est mal resperitz!

would-be-I soon from-this ill revived

En greu pantais sui feblezitz

In grievous turmoil I-am weakened

per leis cui Beutatz volc formar,

for her whom Beauty wished to-form

que, com Natura poc triar,

for as Nature could to-choose

del melhs es sos cors establitz:

of-the best is her body established

los flancs grailes et escafitz,

the flanks slender and slim

sa fatz frescha com roza par,

her face fresh as (a)-rose appears

don me pot leu mort revivar.

whereby me she-can easily dead to-revive

dirai com? no sui tan arditz.

shall-I-say how not I-am so bold

De tal dousor sui replenitz,

With such sweetness I-am filled

can de prop la posc remirar,

when from near her I-can to-behold

c'a totz jorns vei lo meu sobrar,

that-on all days I-see the mine to-overflow

ta fort sui de s'amor techitz;

so strongly I-am with her-love tinged

e·l freis es tals, qu'e·n sui marritz,

and-the cold is such that-of-it I-am sorrowful

can la vei de me deslonhar,

when her I-see from me to-withdraw

que·l focs que m'en sol eschalfar,

for-the fire which me-from-it uses to-warm

fug, e remanh escolorit.

flees and I-remain discolored

Lo bes e·l mals sia·lh grazitz,

The good and-the ill be-to-her thanked

pos de me denha sol preyar. —

since of me she-deigns only to-ask

ara folei de trop gabar

now I-play-the-fool by too-much boasting

et es dreih's qu'en fos desmentitz!

and it-is right that-of-it I-were contradicted

domna, no·us pes si·lh lenga ditz

lady not-to-you may-it-weigh if-the tongue says

so c'anc mos cors no poc pessar,

that which-ever my heart not could to-think

tatz, bocha! nems potz lengueyar,

be-silent mouth too-much you-can to-wag

et es t'en grans mals aramitz.

and is to-you-of-it great ill decreed

Autz es lo pretz qu'es cossentitz,

High is the worth that-is granted

car sol me denhet saludar.

since only me she-deigned to-greet

moutas merces! Deus la·n ampar! —

many thanks God her-of-it protect

del plazer me sui engrevitz.

by-the pleasure myself I-am burdened

totz l'autre bes m'es si frezitz

all the-other good to-me-is so frozen

que no·m valgra·n merce clamar.

that not-to-me would-avail-of-it mercy to-cry

clama·l cors que no pot cessar;

cries-the heart which not can to-cease

et apres m'es parlars falhitz.

and after to-me-is speaking failed

Domna, s'eu fos de vos auzitz

Lady if-I were by you heard

si charamen com volh mostrar,

as dearly as I-wish to-show

al prim de nostr' enamorar

at-the first of our to-fall-in-love

feiram chambis dels esperitz!

we-would-make exchange of-the spirits

azautz sens m'i fora cobitz,

(a)-pleasing sense to-me-in-it would-be desired

c'adonc saubr' eu lo vostr' afar

for-then would-know I the your business

e vos lo meu, tot par a par,

and you the mine all equal to equal

e foram de dos cors unitz!

and we-would-be of two hearts united

Ai! can brus sui, mal escharnitz!

Ah how rough I-am ill mocked

qu'eu no posc la pena durar,

for-I not can the pain to-endure

de tal dolor me fai pasmar,

with such grief to-me it-makes to-swoon

car tan s'amistat m'esconditz!

because so-much her-friendship to-me-she-denies

ab bel semblan sui eu träitz.

with fair look am I betrayed

que·m val? res no·m pot chastiar!

what-to-me avails anything not-me can to-correct

mortz venh' a sel qui·m vol blasmar

death come to him who-me wishes to-blame

qu'eu no l'am mortz e sebelitz!

for-I not her-love dead and buried

Car forsatz m'en part e marritz,

For forced myself-of-it I-part and sorrowful

leu m'auci, mas greu fui noiritz,

easily me-she-slays but with-difficulty I-was nurtured

tal ira·m sen al cor trenchar,

such grief-me I-feel at-the heart to-cut

car me mor e volh trespassar,

for I die and I-wish to-pass-away

mas ses leis no serai gueritz!

but without her not I-shall-be healed

Can par la flors josta·l vert folh

41 · WHEN THE FLOWER APPEARS

*When the flower appears beside the green leaf and the birds sing in their fashion,
he who has more joy in his heart must sing. She hears his words with joy and keeps
his prayers. He knows he will not sleep, and loses sleep willingly, since a man wants
his heart where his treasure is. If the jealous husband beats her from without, he
asks that she take care he does not beat her at the heart, and give him back the like.*

Can par la flors josta·l vert folh

When appears the flower beside-the green leaf

e vei lo tems clar e sere

and I-see the weather clear and serene

e·l doutz chans dels auzels pel brolh

and-the sweet song of-the birds through-the thicket

m'adousa lo cor e·m reve,

to-me-sweetens the heart and-me revives

pos l'auzel chanton a lor for,

since the-birds sing in their fashion

eu, c'ai mais de joi en mo cor,

I who-have more of joy in my heart

dei be chantar, pois tuih li mei jornal

I-must well to-sing since all the my days

son joi e chan, qu'eu no pes de ren al.

are joy and song for-I not think of anything else

Cela del mon qued eu plus volh,

She of-the world whom I most wish

e mais l'am de cor e de fe,

and most her-I-love with heart and with faith

au de joi mos dihz e·ls acolh

bears with joy my words and-them receives

e mos precs escout' e rete.

and my prayers she-listens-to and keeps

e s'om ja per ben amar mor,

and if-one ever through well to-love dies

eu en morrai, qu'ins en mo cor

I of-it shall-die for-within in my heart

li port amor tan fin' e natural

to-her I-bear love so true and natural

que tuih son faus vas me li plus leyal.

that all are false beside me the most loyal

Be sai la noih, can me despolh,

Well I-know the night when myself I-undress

el leih qu'eu no dormirai re.

in-the bed that-I not shall-sleep anything

lo dormir pert, car eu lo·m tolh

the sleeping I-lose for I it-from-myself take

per vos, domna, don me sove;

for you lady of-whom to-me it-remembers

que «lai on om a so tezor,

for there where one has his treasure

vol om ades tener so cor».

wishes one always to-hold his heart

s'eu no vos vei, domna, don plus me cal,

if-I not you see lady for-whom most to-me it-matters

negus vezers mo bel pesar no val.

any seeing my fair thinking not is-worth

Can me membra com amar solh

When to-me it-recalls how to-love I-used

la fausa de mala merce,

the false-one of evil mercy

sapchatz c'a tal ira m'o colh,

know that-with such grief to-me-it I-take

per pauc vius de joi no'm recre.

for little alive from joy myself I-give-up

domna, per cui chan e demor,

lady for whom I-sing and dwell

per la bocha'm feretz al cor

through the mouth-me strike at-the heart

d'un doutz baizar de fin' amor coral,

with-a sweet kiss of true love heartfelt

que'm torn en joi e'm get d'ira mortal!

which-me turns into joy and-me casts from-grief mortal

Tals n'i a qued an mais d'orgolh,

Such of-them-there there-are who have more of-pride

can grans jois ni grans bes lor ve;

when great joy and great good to-them comes

mas eu sui de melhor escolh

but I am of better sort

e plus francs, can Deus me fai be.

and more noble when God to-me does good

c'ora qu'eu fos d'amor a l'or,

for-once that-I was of-love at the-edge

er sui de l'or vengutz al cor.

now I-am from the-edge come to-the heart

merce, domna! non ai par ni engal.

mercy lady not I-have peer nor equal

res no'm sofranh, sol que Deus vos me sal!

anything not-to-me fails only that God you to-me save

Domna, si no·us vezon mei olh,

Lady if not-you see my eyes

be sapchatz que mos cors vos ve;

well know that my heart you sees

e no·us dolhatz plus qu'eu me dolh,

and not-yourself grieve more than-I myself grieve

qu'eu sai c'om vos destrenh per me.

for-I know that-one you constrains for me

mas, si·l gelos vos bat de for,

but if-the jealous-one you beats from outside

gardatz qu'el no vos bat' al cor.

take-care that-he not you beat at-the heart

si·us fai enoi, e vos lui atretal,

if-to-you he-does annoyance and you to-him the-same

e ja ab vos no gazanh be per mal!

and ever with you not let-him-gain good through ill

Mo Bel-Verzer gart Deus d'ir' e de mal,

My Fair-Sight keep God from-grief and from ill

s'eu sui de lonh, e de pres atretal!

if-I am from afar and from near the-same

Sol Deus midons e mo Bel-Verzer sal,

Only God my-lady and my Fair-Sight save

tot ai can volh, qu'eu no deman ren al.

all I-have that I-wish for-I not ask anything else

Can vei la flor, l'erba vert e la folha

42 • FLOWER AND GRASS AND LEAF

The flower, the green grass, the leaf, and the birds' song double the joy already in his heart. He bids no one believe he will give up joy, for Love overlords him and makes him love where it pleases. In love no man has lordship: love makes poor and rich of one rank. He follows the one who is proudest toward him and flees the one who welcomed him; then he repents the folly and yields himself to his lady, hands joined, as her liege man.

Can vei la flor, l'erba vert e la folha

When I-see the flower the-grass green and the leaf

et au lo chan dels auzels pel boschatge,

and I-hear the song of-the birds through-the woodland

ab l'autre joi, qu'eu ai en mo coratge,

with the-other joy that-I have in my heart

dobla mos jois e nais e creis e brolha;

doubles my joy and springs and grows and buds

e no m'es vis c'om re poscha valer,

and not to-me-is seen that-one anything can to-be-worth

s'eras no vol amor et joi aver,

if-now not he-wishes love and joy to-have

pus tot can es s'alegr' e s'esbaudeya.

since all that is itself-gladdens and itself-rejoices

Ja no crezatz qu'eu de joi me recreya

Ever not believe that-I from joy myself give-up

ni-m lais d'amar per dan c'aver en solha,

nor-myself leave from-loving for harm that-to-have of-it I-use

qu'eu non ai ges en poder que m'en tolha,

for-I not have at-all in power that myself-from-it I-withdraw

c'amors m'asalh, que-m sobresenhoreya;

for-love me-assails which-me overlords

e·m fai amar cal que·lh plass', e voler;
and-me makes to-love whom that-to-her pleases and to-wish

e s'eu am so que no·m deu eschazer,
and if-I love that which not-to-me must to-fall

forsa d'amor m'i fai far vassalatge;
force of-love to-me-in-it makes to-do vassalage

Mas en amor non a om senhoratge,
But in love not has one lordship

e qui l'i quer, vilanamen domneya,
and who it-in-it seeks churlishly woos

que re no vol amors qu'esser no deya;
for anything not wishes love that-to-be not should

paubres e rics fai amdos d'un paratge;
poor and rich it-makes both of-one rank

can l'us amics vol l'autre vil tener,
when the-one friend wishes the-other base to-hold

pauc pot amors ab ergolh remaner,
little can love with pride to-remain

qu'ergolhs dechai e fin' amors capdolha.
for-pride decays and true love prevails

Eu sec cela que plus vas me s'ergolha,
I follow her who most toward me herself-prides

e cela fuih que·m fo de bel estatge,
and her I-flee who-to-me was of fair welcome

c'anc pois no vi ni me ni mo messatge
for-ever since not she-saw nor me nor my messenger

(per qu'es mal sal que ja domna m'acolha);
for which-it-is ill saved that ever (a)-lady me-receive

mas dreih l'en fatz, qu'eu m'en fatz fol parer,
but right to-her-of-it I-do for-I myself-of-it make (a)-fool to-seem

car per cela que·m torn' en no·chaler,
for through her who-me turns into non-caring

estauc aitan de leis que no la vey.
I-stay so-far from her that not her I-see

Mas costum' es tostems que fols foleya,
But custom it-is always that (a)-fool plays-the-fool

e ja non er qu'el eis lo ram no colha
and ever not it-will-be that-he himself the rod not gather

que·l bat e·l fer, per c'ai razo que·m dolha,
which-him beats and-him strikes for which-I-have reason that-me I-grieve

car anc me pres d'autrui amor enveya;
because ever me took of-another's love (a)-longing

mas, fe qu'eu dei leis e mo Bel-Vezir,
but (by)-faith that-I owe her and my Fair-Sight

si de s'amor me torn' en bon esper,
if of her-love me she-turns into good hope

ja mais vas leis no farai vilanatge.
ever more toward her not I-shall-do churlishness

Ja no m'aya cor felo ni sauvatge,
Ever not to-me-let-her-have heart cruel nor harsh

ni contra me mauvatz cosselh no creya,
and against me bad counsel not let-her-believe

qu'eu sui sos om liges, on que m'esteya,
for-I am her man liege where ever I-stay

si que de sus del chap li ren mo gatge;
so that from atop of-the head to-her I-render my pledge

mas mas jonchas li venh a so plazer,
but hands joined to-her I-come at her pleasure

e ja no·m volh mais d'a sos pes mover,
and ever not-myself I-wish more from-at her feet to-move
 tro per merce·m meta lai o's despolha.
until through mercy-me she-put there where-herself she-undresses

L'aiga del cor, c'amdos los olhs me molha,
The-water of-the heart that-both the eyes to-me wets

m'es be guirens qu'eu penet mo folatge,
to-me-is well witness that-I repent my folly

e conosc be, midons en pren damnatge
and I-know well my-lady of-it takes harm

s'ela tan fai que perdonar no·m volha.
if-she so-much does that to-pardon not-me she-wish

pois meus no sui et ilh m'a en poder,
since mine not I-am and she me-has in power

mais pert s'ela qu'eu el meu dechazer;
more loses she than-I in-the my falling

per so l'er gen, s'ab son ome plaideya.
for that to-her-will-be fitting if-with her man she-treats

Mo messatger man a mo Bel-Verzer,
My messenger I-send to my Fair-Sight

que cilh que·m tol lo sen e lo saber,
for she who-from-me took the sense and the knowledge

me tol midons e leis, que no la veyá.
from-me takes my-lady and her that not her I-see

(Amics Tristans, car eu no·us posc vezer,
Friend Tristan since I not-you can to-see

a Deu vos do, cal que part que m'esteya.)
to God you I-give what ever side that I-stay

Can vei la lauzeta mover

43 • WHEN I SEE THE LARK

When he sees the lark move her wings for joy against the ray, forget herself, and let herself fall for the sweetness that goes to her heart, such longing comes over him that he marvels his heart does not melt at once. He thought he knew of love and knows so little. She took his heart and himself and left him nothing but desire and a longing heart. He lost himself in her eyes as Narcissus lost himself in the spring, and goes into exile, not knowing where.

Can vei la lauzeta mover

When I-see the lark to-move

de joi sas alas contra'l rai,

for joy her wings against-the ray

que s'oblid' e's laissa chazer

so-that herself-forgets and-herself lets to-fall

per la doussor c'al cor li vai,

for the sweetness that-to-the heart to-her goes

ai! tan grans enveya m'en ve

ah so great longing to-me-of-it comes

de cui qu'eu vey jauzion,

of whomever that-I see rejoicing

meravilhas ai, car desse

marvels I-have that at-once

lo cor de dezirer no'm fon.

the heart from desire not-to-me melts

Ai, las! tan cuidava saber

Ah alas so-much I-thought to-know

d'amor, e tan petit en sai,

of-love and so little of-it I-know

car eu d'amar no·m posc tener

for I from-loving not-myself I-can to-hold

celeis don ja pro non aurai.

her from-whom ever profit not I-shall-have

tout m'a mo cor, e tout m'a me,

taken to-me-she-has my heart and taken to-me-she-has myself

e se mezeis e tot lo mon;

and herself same and all the world

e can se·m tolç, no·m laisset re

and when herself-from-me she-took not-to-me she-left anything

mas dezirer e cor volon.

but desire and heart longing

Anc non agui de me poder

Ever not I-had of myself power

ni no fui meus de l'or' en sai

and not I-was mine from the-hour to here

que·m laisset en sos olhs vezer

when-me she-let into her eyes to-see

en un miralh que mout me plai.

into a mirror that much to-me pleases

miralhs, pus me mirei en te,

mirror since myself I-mirrored in you

m'an mort li sospir de preon,

me-have slain the sighs from deep

c'aissi·m perdei com perdet se

for-thus-myself I-lost as lost himself

lo bels Narcisus en la fon.

the fair Narcissus in the spring

De las domnas me dezesper;

Of the ladies myself I-despair

ja mais en lor no·m fiarai;

ever more in them not-myself I-shall-trust

c'aissi com las solh chaptener,

for-just as them I-used to-uphold

enaissi las deschaptendrai.

so them I-shall- cease-to-uphold

pois vei c'una pro no m'en te

since I-see that-one profit not to-me-of-it holds

vas leis que·m destrui e·m cofon,

toward her who-me destroys and-me confounds

totas las dopt' e las mescre,

all them I-fear and them I-distrust

car be sai c'atretals se son.

for well I-know that-just-such themselves they-are

D'aisso·s fa be femna parer

In-this-herself makes well woman to-seem

ma domna, per qu'e·lh o retrai,

my lady for which-to-her it I-reproach

car no vol so c'om deu voler,

that not she-wishes that which-one must to-wish

e so c'om li deveda, fai.

and that which-one to-her forbids she-does

chazutz sui en mala merce,

fallen I-am into evil mercy

et ai be faih co·l fols en pon;

and I-have well done like-the fool on (the)-bridge

e no sai per que m'esdeve,

and not I-know for what to-me-it-happens

mas car trop puyei contra mon.

but because too-much I-climbed against (the)-mountain

Merces es perduda, per ver,

Mercy is lost in truth

(et eu non o saubi anc mai),

and I not it knew ever before

car cilh qui plus en degr'aver,

for she who most of-it ought-to-have

no·n a ges, et on la querrai?

not-of-it has at-all and where it shall-I-see

a! can mal sembla, qui la ve,

ah how ill it-seems to-whoever her sees

qued aquest chaitiu deziron

that this wretch desiring

que ja ses leis non aura be,

who ever without her not will-have good

laisse morir, que no l'aon!

she-should-let to-die and not him-helps

Pus ab midons no·m pot valer

Since with my-lady not-to-me can to-avail

precis ni merces ni·l dreihz qu'eu ai,

prayer nor mercy nor-the right that-I have

ni a leis no ven a plazer

and to her not it-comes to pleasure

qu'eu l'am, ja mais no·lh o dirai.

that-I her-love ever more not-to-her it I-shall-say

aissi·m part de leis e·m recre;

thus-myself I-part from her and-myself I-give-up

mort m'a, e per mort li respon,

dead me-she-has and as dead to-her I-answer

e vau m'en, pus ilh no·m rete,

and I-go myself-away since she not-me keeps

chaitius, en issilh, no sai on.

wretched into exile not I-know where

Tristans, ges no·n auresz de me,

Tristan at-all not-of-it you-will-have from me

qu'eu m'en vau, chaitius, no sai on.

for-I myself-away go wretched not I-know where

de chantar me gic e·m recre,

from singing myself I-leave-off and-myself I-give-up

e de joi e d'amor m'escon.

and from joy and from-love myself-I-hide

Tant ai mo cor ple de joya

44 · MY HEART SO FULL OF JOY

His heart is so full of joy that everything is transformed for him: the cold looks like a white, red, and yellow flower, ice like a flower, and snow like greenery. He could go naked in his shirt, for true love secures him from the north wind. He bears more pain of love than Tristan the lover for Iseut the fair, and wishes he were a swallow that might fly by deep night into her dwelling. He asks the messenger to tell the fairest his pain.

Tant ai mo cor ple de joya,

So-much I-have my heart full of joy

tot me desnatura.

all to-me it-transforms

flor blancha, vermelh' e groya

flower white red and yellow

me par la frejura,

to-me seems the cold

c'ab lo ven et ab la ploya

for-with the wind and with the rain

me creis l'aventura,

to-me grows the-fortune

per que mos pretz mont' e poya

for which my worth mounts and climbs

e mos chans melhura.

and my song betters

tan ai al cor d'amor,

so-much I-have in-the heart of-love

de joi e de doussor,

of joy and of sweetness

per que'l gels me sembla flor

for which-the ice to-me seems flower

e la neus verdura.

and the snow greenery

Anar posc ses vestidura,

To-go I-can without clothing

nutz en ma chamiza,

naked in my shirt

car fin' amors m'asegura

for true love me-assures

de la freja biza.

from the cold north-wind

mas es fols qui's desmezura,

but is (a)-fool who-himself unmeasures

e no's te de guiza,

and not-himself holds in manner

per qu'eu ai pres de me cura,

for which-I have taken of myself care

deis c'agui enquiza

since that-I-had wooed

la plus bela d'amor,

the most fair for-love

don aten tan d'onor,

whence I-await so-much of-honor

car en loc de sa ricor

for in place of her wealth

no volh aver Piza.

not I-wish to-have Pisa

De s'amistat me reciza!

Of her-friendship to-me it-cuts-off

mas be n'ai fiansa,

but well of-it-I-have trust

que sivals eu n'ai conquiza

that at-least I of-it-have won

la bela semblansa;

the fair semblance

et ai ne a ma deviza

and I-have of-it at my disposal

tan de benanansa,

so-much of well-being

que ja'l jorn que l'aurai viza,

that ever-the day when her-I-shall-have seen

non aurai pezansa.

not I-shall-have grief

mo cor ai pres d'Amor,

my heart I-have near to-Love

que l'esperitz lai cor,

for the-spirit there runs

mas lo cors es sai, alhor,

but the body is here elsewhere

lonh de leis, en Fransa.

far from her in France

Eu n'ai la bon' esperansa.

I of-it-have the good hope

mas petit m'aonda,

but little to-me-it-avails

c'atressi·m ten en balansa

for-likewise-me it-holds in balance

com la naus en l'onda.

as the ship on the-wave

del mal pes que·m desenansa,

from-the ill thought that-me sets-back

no sai on m'esconda.

not I-know where myself-I-hide

tota noih me vir' e·m lansa

all night myself I-turn and-myself I-toss

desobre l'esponda:

upon the-bedside

plus trac pena d'amor
more I-bear pain of-love

de Tristan l'amador,
than Tristan the-lover

que·n sofri manhta dolor
who-of-it suffered many-a grief

per Izeut la blonda.
for Iseut the fair

Ai Deus! car no sui ironda,
Ah God why not I-am (a)-swallow

que voles per l'aire
that might-fly through the-air

e vengues de noih prionda
and might-come by night deep

lai dins so repaire?
there within her dwelling

bona domna jauzionda,
good lady rejoicing

mor se·l vostr' amaire!
dies himself-the your lover

paor ai que·l cors me fonda,
fear I-have that-the heart to-me melts

s'aissi·m dura gaire.
if-thus-to-me it-lasts much

domna, per vostr' amor
lady for your love

jonh las mas et ador!
I-join the hands and adore

gens cors ab frescha color,
noble body with fresh color

gran mal me faitz traire!
great ill to-me you-make to-bear

Qu'el mon non a nul afaire

For-in-the world not there-is any matter

don eu tan cossire,

whereon I so-much brood

can de leis au re retraire,

when of her I-hear thing to-be-told

que mo cor no i vire

that my heart not there turns

e mo semblan no·m n'esclaire,

and my look not-to-me of-it-brightens

que que·m n'aujatz dire,

whatever that-me of-it-you-hear to-say

si c'ades vos er vejaire

so that-at-once to-you it-will-be seeming

c'ai talan de rire.

that-I-have desire of to-laugh

tan l'am de bon' amor

so-much her-I-love with good love

que manhtas vetz en plor

that many times of-it I-weep

per o que melhor sabor

for this that better savor

m'en an li sospire.

to-me-of-it have the sighs

Messatgers, vai e cor,

Messenger go and run

e di·m a la gensor

and say-for-me to the fairest

la pena e la dolor

the pain and the grief

que·n trac, e·l martire.

that-of-it I-bear and-the martyrdom

Tuih cil que·m preyon qu'eu chan

45 · ALL THOSE WHO BEG ME TO SING

He wishes all who beg him to sing knew whether he has the ease and leisure for it: let whoever wants to sing do so, for he knows neither head nor way of it since he lost his well-being. He cannot sleep, and dies of annoyance when he hears joy. Love has put him into scorn and turned him to non-caring, and he would take vengeance on it if God allowed it. One fair look keeps him in good hope; he commends to God the lady who will not keep him.

Tuih cil que·m preyon qu'eu chan,

All those who-me beg that-I sing

volgra saubesson lo ver,

I-would-wish they-knew the truth

s'eu n'ai aize ni lezer.

if-I of-it-have ease or leisure

chantes qui chantar volria!

let-him-sing who to-sing would-wish

qu'eu no·n saup ni chap ni via,

for-I not-of-it know nor head nor way

pois perdei ma benanansa

since I-lost my well-being

per ma mala destinansa.

through my evil destiny

Ai las! com mor de talan!

Ah alas how I-die of longing

qu'eu no dorm mati ni ser,

for-I not sleep morning nor evening

que la noih, can vau jazer,

for the night when I-go to-lie

lo rosinhols chant' e cria,

the nightingale sings and cries

et eu, que cantar solia,

and I who to-sing used

mor d'anoi e de pezansa,

I-die of-annoyance and of grief

can au joi ni alegransa.

when I-bear joy and gladness

D'amor vos dirai aitan:

Of-love to-you I-shall-say this-much

qui be la saubes tener,

whoever well it knew to-hold

res plus no'n pogra valer.

anything more not-of-it could to-be-worth

per Deu, mout fo bona·lh mia!

by God much was good-the mine

mas no'm duret mas un dia,

but not-to-me it-lasting but one day

per qu'es fols qui ses fermansa

for which-is (a)-fool who without security

met en amor s'esperansa.

puts in love his-hope

Amors m'a mes en soan

Love me-has put into scorn

e tornat a no-chaler.

and turned to non-caring

e s'eu l'agues en poder,

and if-I it-had in power

dic vos qu'e'n feira feunia!

I-tell you that-of-it-I would-do cruelty

mas Deus no vol c'Amors sia

but God not wishes that-Love be

res don om prenda venjansa

(a)-thing whereon one takes revenge

ab coup d'espera' o de lansa.

with (a)-blow of-sword or of lance

Amors, e-us prec de mon dan,

Love and-to-you I-pray about my harm

c'autre pro no i posc aver.

for-other profit not in-it I-can to-have

ja mais blandir ni temer

ever more to-flatter nor to-fear

no-us quer, c'adoncs vos perdria.

not-you I-ask for-then you I-would-lose

ben es fols qui'n vos se fia,

well is (a)-fool who-in you himself trusts

c'ab vostra fausa semblansa

for-with your false semblance

m'avetz trāit en fiansa.

me-you-have betrayed in trust

Pero per un bel semblan

Yet through a fair look

sui enquer en bon esper:

I-am still in good hope

mon Conort dei grat saber,

to-my Comfort I-must thanks to-know

c'ades vol qu'eu chan e ria.

for-always she-wishes that-I sing and laugh

e dic vos que, s'ilh podia,

and I-tell you that if-she could

eu seria reis de Fransa,

I would-be king of France

car al plus qu'ilh pot, m'enansa.

for to-the most that-she can me-she-advances

Lemozi, a Deu coman

Limousin to God I-commend

leis que no·m vol retenir,

her who not-me wishes to-keep

qu'era pot ilh be saber

for-now can she well to-know

s'es vers aco que'lh dizia,

if-is true that which-to-her I-said

qu'en terr' estranha·m n'iria,

that-into land strange-myself of-it-I-would-go

pois Deus ni fes ni fiansa

since God nor faith nor pledge

no m'i poc far acordansa.

not to-me-in-it could to-make agreement

No m'o tenh a vilania

Not to-me-it I-bold for churlishness

s'eu m'ai sai bon' esperansa,

if-I to-me-have here good hope

pois ilh lai re no m'enansa.

since she there anything not me-advances

Romeu man que per m'amia

To-Romeu I-send-word that for my-beloved

e per lui farai semblansa

and for him I-shall-make show

qu'eu ai sai bon' esperansa.

that-I have here good hope

Peirol, com avetz tan estat

70,32 · PEIROL, WHY SO LONG SILENT?

A debate. Bernart asks Peirol why he has made neither verse nor song. Peirol answers that singing does not please him, that a song not moving from the heart is worth little, and that since joy of love has left him he has left song and sport. Bernart says he would have been dead a year had he taken it so, and does not give up song for all that. Peirol tells the fable of the fox who called the cherries worthless because she could not reach them.

Peirol, com avetz tan estat

Peirol how have-you so-long stayed

que no fezetz vers ni chanso?

that not you-made verse nor song

respondetz me, per cal razo

answer me for what reason

reman que non avetz chantat,

it-remains that not you-have sung

s'o laissatz per mal o per be,

if-it you-leave for ill or for good

per ir' o per joi o per que,

for grief or for joy or for what

que saber en volh la vertat.

for to-know of-it I-wish the truth

Bernart, chantars no·m ven a grat

Bernart singing not-to-me comes to liking

ni gaire no·m platz ni·m sap bo;

and much not-to-me pleases nor-to-me tastes good

mas car voletz nostra tenso,

but since you-wish our debate

n'ai era mon talan forsatz:

of-it-I-have now my desire forced

pauc val chans que dal cor no ve;
little is-worth song which from-the heart not comes

e pois jois d'amor laissa me,
and since joy of-love leaves me

eu ai chan e deport laissat.
I have song and sport left

Peirol, mout i faitz gran foudat,
Peirol much in-it you-do great folly

s'o laissatz per tal ochaizo.
if-it you-leave for such (a)-cause

s'eu agues agut cor felo,
if-I had bad heart cruel

mortz fora, un an a passat,
dead I-would-be a year ago past

qu'enquer no posc trobar merce.
for-still not I-can to-find mercy

ges per tan de chan no·m recre,
at-all for so-much from song not-myself I-give-up

car doas perdas no m'an at.
for two losses not to-me-have need

Bernart, ben ai mon cor mudat,
Bernart well I-have my heart changed

que totz es autres c'anc no fo.
for wholly it-is other that-ever not it-was

no chantarai mais en perdo

not I-shall-sing more in vain

(lacuna)

mas de vos volh, chantetz jasse

but of you I-wish you-sing ever

de celei qu'en grat no·us o te,

of her who-in favor not-to-you it holds

e que perdatz vostr' amistat.

and that you-lose your friendship

Peirol, manh bo mot n'ai trobat

Peirol many-a good word of-it-I-have found

de leis, c'anc us no m'en tenc pro.

of her that-ever one not to-me-of-it held profit

e s'ilh serva cor de leo,

and if-she keeps heart of lion

no m'a ges tot lo mon serrat,

not to-me-she-has at-all all the world shut

qu'e·n sai tal una, per ma fe,

for-of-them I-know such a-one by my faith

c'am mais, s'un baizar me cove,

that-I-love more if-one kiss to-me falls

que de leis, si·l m'agues donat.

than from her if-it to-me-she-bad given

Bernart, ben es acostumat,

Bernart well it-is customary

qui mais no·n pot, c'aissi perdo;

who more not-of-it can that-thus he-gives-up

e la volps al sirieir dis o:

and the fox to-the cherry-tree said it

can l'ac de totas partz cerchat,
when it-she-had from all sides searched

las sirieias vi lonh de se,
the cherries she-saw far from herself

e dis que no valion re.
and said that not they-were-worth anything

atressi m'avetz vos gabat.
likewise me-have you mocked

Peirol, sirieias son o be,
Peirol cherries they-are it well

mas mal aya eu, si ja cre
but ill have I if ever I-believe

que la volps no·n aya tastat.
that the fox not-of-them have tasted

Bernart, no·m n'entramet de re,
Bernart not-myself of-it-I-meddle in anything

mas peza·m de ma bona fe,
but it-weighs-to-me for my good faith

car no·n i ai re gazanhat.
for not-of-it in-it I-have anything gained

Can la verz folha s'esperan

70,38 · WHEN THE GREEN LEAF SPREADS

When the green leaf spreads and the white flower shows on the twig, his heart goes gladdening at the bird's sweet song: whoever knew how to choose a good love must be glad when the trees flower and the nightingale sings. He has chosen one, and if all the living under the cope of heaven were in one troop he would want none but her. She is so slender and shapely that he cannot rest by night, and if she keeps him long in thought he can neither live nor die.

Can la verz folha s'esperan

When the green leaf itself-spreads

e par flors blanch' el ramel,

and appears flower white on-the twig

per lo douz chan del auzel

through the sweet song of-the bird

se vai mos cors alegran.

itself goes my heart gladdening

lancan ve·ls arbres florir

when one-sees-the trees to-flower

et au·l rossinhol chantar,

and hears-the nightingale to-sing

adonc deu·s ben alegrar

then must-himself well to-gladden

qui bon' amor saup chاوزir.

who good love knew to-choose

mas eu n'ai una chاوزida

but I of-them-have one chosen

per qu'eu sui coindes e gais.

for which-I am gracious and gay

E se tuih el mon garan
And if all in-the world to-be-seen

desoz la chapa del cel
beneath the cope of-the sky

eron en un sol tropel,
were in one single troop

for d'una non ai talan.
apart from-one not I-have desire

mai d'aquesta no·m cossir,
more of-this-one not-myself I-brood

que·l jorn me fai sospirar
who-the day to-me makes to-sigh

e la noih no posc pauzar
and the night not I-can to-rest

ni·m pren talans de dormir:
nor-me takes desire of to-sleep

tan es grail' et eschafida,
so-much she-is slender and shapely

ab cor franc e dihz verais.
with heart noble and words true

S'eu fos a lei destinan,
If-I were to her destined

e for'eu dinz d'un chastel,
and would-be-I within of-a castle

que·l jorn manges un morsel,
where-the day I-ate one morsel

lai viuria sens afan,
there I-would-live without toil

se·m don' aisso qu'eu dezir!
if-to-me she-gives that which-I desire

de be far se deu penar,
of good to-do herself she-must to-take-pains

car se·m ten en lonc pensar,

for if-me she-holds in long thinking

no posc viure ni morir.

not I-can to-live nor to-die

ar eslonh en breu ma vida,

now let-her-take-away in (a)-short-while my life

si com ja de mort me trais!

just as ever from death me she-drew

Can lo dous temps comensa

392,27 • WHEN THE SWEET SEASON BEGINS

One of the three songs Appel prints in an appendix under their Pillet–Carstens numbers. When the sweet season begins and every creature gladdens by nature, he alone abstains from merriment, being in harsh penance for having set all his care on a heart of stone. He lays his complaint on her fair fashioning and bright face. Her answer is harsh, but her eyes do him justice, for eyes do not hide the heart, and that is the only pledge he has.

Can lo dous temps comensa

When the sweet season begins

e pareis la verdura

and appears the greenery

e'l mons s'esclair' e gensa

and-the world itself-brightens and grows-fair

e tot cant es, melhura,

and all that is betters

chascuna creatura

each creature

s'alegra per natura;

itself-gladdens by nature

eu sols fatz estenensa

I alone make abstinence

de far envezadura.

from to-make merriment

En aspra penedensa

In harsh penance

sui, s'a lonjas me dura,

I-am if-for long to-me it-lasts

qu'en tal ai m'entendensa,

for-on such I-have my-purpose

don nulhs bes no m'agura.

whence any good not to-me-augurs

tot' ai meza ma cura

all I-have put my care

en cor de peira dura;

on (a)-heart of stone hard

e sai que fauc falhensa,

and I-know that I-do wrong

car non am per mezura.

for not I-love by measure

En sa bela fachura

In her fair fashioning

ed en so clar vizatge

and in her bright face

paus tota ma rancura

I-lay all my complaint

com en ric senhoratge.

as on rich lordship

tant es de bel estatge,

so-much she-is of fair estate

rich' e de gran linhatge,

rich and of great lineage

qu'eu no cre, s'ilh o jura,

that-I not believe if-she it swears

refut mon omenatge.

she-refuse my homage

E si-m tenh a tortura

And if-to-me I-bold as (a)-wrong

lo seu respos salvatge,

the her answer harsh

sei olh m'en fan drechura,

her eyes to-me-of-it do justice

que·m son del cor messatge;

which-to-me are of-the heart message

qu'eu sai be per uzatge,

for-I know well by usage

qu'olh no celon coratge.

that-eyes not hide heart

sol aisso·m n'asegura,

only this-me of-it-assures

qu'eu no·n ai autre gatge.

for-I not-of-it have other pledge

Mout fai gran vilanatge

Much does great churlishness

qui trop leu s'espaventa,

who too easily himself-frightens

qu'apres lo fer auratge

for-after the fierce storm

vei que·lh dous' aura venta.

I-see that-the sweet breeze blows

s'a ·xx· ans o a ·xxx·

if-in twenty years or in thirty

agues sauva m'ententa,

I-had saved my-purpose

ges no planh mo damnatge

at-all not I-lament my harm

vas que ma joy' es lenta.

seeing that my joy is slow

Domna pros e valenta,

Lady worthy and of-merit

genser de la plus genta,

fairer than the most fair

faitz vostre cors salvatge

make your body wild

tan privat qu'eu lo senta;

so intimate that-I it feel

Car s'eu mor, domna genta,

For if-I die lady fair

que ja nuza no·us senta,

without ever naked not-you I-feel

mos cors n'aura damnatge

my body of-it-will-have harm

e m'arma n'er dolenta.

and my-soul of-it-will-be grieving

LAS TROBAIRITZ

The Songs of the Women Troubadours

Azalais de Porcairagues

One song, from the country round Montpellier. Winter has come, the birds are mute, and no flower or leaf springs in the hedges. Her heart is deceived, and the grief came to her from Orange. A lady who takes a man higher than a vavasour is debased by it; her own friend is of great merit and no cheat, and she pledges herself to him. She commends to God Fair Glance, Orange, the Gloriette, and the arch, and mourns the lord she has lost.

Ar em al freg temps vengut,

Now we-are to-the cold season come

1,1

quel gels el neus e la faingna,

when-the frost and-the snow and the mire

e-l aucellet estan mut,

and-the little-birds stand mute

c'us de chantar non s'afraingna;

so-that-one to sing not himself-inclines

e son sec li ram pels plais,

and are dry the boughs through-the hedges

que flors ni foilla noi nais,

for flower or leaf not-there springs

ni rossignols noi crida,

and nightingale not-there cries

que lam e mai me reissida.

which lam and May me awakens

Tant ai lo cors deseubut,

So-much I-have the heart deceived

per qu'ieu soi a totz estraingna,

for which-I am to all strange

e sai que l'om a perdut
and I-know that one has lost
 molt plus tost que non gasaingna;
much more quickly than — one-gains
 e s'ieu faill ab motz verais,
and if-I fail with words true
 d'Aurenga me moc l'esglais,
from-Orange to-me came the-grief
 per qu'ieu m'estauc esbaïda
for which-I myself-stand astonished
 e 'n pert solatz en partida.
and of-it I-lose cheer in part

Dompna met mot mal s'amor
(A)-lady sets very ill her-love
 que ab ric ome plaideia,
who with (a)-rich man treats
 ab plus aut de vavassor,
with (one)-more high than (a)-vavasour
 e s'il o fai, il folleia;
and if-she it does she plays-the-fool
 car so diz om en Veillai
for this says one in Velay
 que ges per ricor non vai,
that at-all by wealth not it-goes
 e dompna que n'es chاوزida
and (a)-lady who of-it-is chosen
 en tenc per envilanida.
of-it I-bold for debased

Amic ai de gran valor

(A)-friend I-have of great merit

que sobre toz seignoreia,

who over all holds-lordship

e non a cor trichador

and not has heart cheating

vas me, que s'amor m'autreia.

toward me who her-love to-me-grants

ieu dic que m'amors l'eschai,

I say that my-love to-him-falls

e cel que dis que non fai

and he who says that not it-does

Dieus li don mal' escarida,

God to-him give (an)-evil lot

qu'ieu m'en teing fort per guerida.

for-I myself-of-it bold strongly for kept-safe

Bels amics, de bon talan

Fair friend with good will

son ab vos toz jornz en gatge,

I-am with you all days in pledge

cortez' e de bel semblan,

courteous and of fair countenance

sol non demandes outratge;

only not you-ask outrage

tost en venrem a l'assai,

soon of-it we-shall-come to the-trial

qu'en vostra merce·m metrai:

for-in your mercy-myself I-shall-put

vos m'avetz la fe plevida,

you to-me-have the faith pledged

que non demandes faillida.

that not you-ask (a)-fault

A Dieu coman Bel Esgar

To God I-commend Fair Glance

e plus la ciutat d'Aurenga

and further the city of-Orange

e Gloriet' e'l Caslar

and Gloriette and-the Caslar

e lo seignor de Proenza

and the lord of Provence

e tot can vol mon ben lai;

and all that wishes my good there

e larc on son fag l'assai

and the-arch where are made the-trials

celui perdiei c'a ma vida,

him I-lost who-has my life

e 'n serai toz jornz marrida.

and of-it I-shall-be all days grieving

Joglar, que avetz cor gai,

Jongleur who have heart gay

ves Narbona portatz lai

toward Narbonne carry there

ma chanson ab la fenida

my song with the ending

lei cui jois e jovens guida.

to-her whom joy and youth guides

La Comtessa de Dia

Four songs, the largest surviving body of work by any woman troubadour. She feeds on joy and youth and is true to the gayest of friends; a lady who sets her heart on a worthy knight may love him openly. The best known begins that she must sing of what she would rather not, and reproaches a friend noble to all but her. In a third she would hold her knight naked one evening in her arms. The fourth scorns the slanderers, who are like a cloud that hides the sun.

Ab joi et ab joven m'apaïs

With joy and with youth myself-I-feed

2,1

e jois e jovens m'apaia,

and joy and youth me-contents

que mos amics es lo plus gais,

for my friend is the most gay

per qu'ieu sui coindet' e guaia;

for which-I am dainty and gay

e pois ieu li sui veraia,

and since I to-him am true

bei-s taing qu'el me sia verais,

well-itself it-befits that-he to-me be true

qu'anc de lui amar non m'estrais

for-ever from him to-love not myself-I-withdrew

ni ai cor que m'en estraia.

nor have heart that myself-of-it I-withdraw

Mout mi plai, quar sai que val mais

Much to-me it-pleases for I-know that is-worth more

cel qu'ieu plus desir que m'aia,

he whom-I most desire that me-have

e cel que primiers lo m'atrais
and he who first him to-me-drew

Dieu prec que gran joi l'atraia;
God I-pray that great joy to-him-draw

e qui que mal l'en retraia,
and whoever that ill of-him-of-it recounts

no·l creza, fors cel qui retrais
not-him let-him-believe except him who recounted

c'om cuoill maintas vetz los balais
that-one gathers many times the rods

ab qu'el mezeis se balaia.
with which-he himself himself beats

Dompna que en bon pretz s'enten
(A)-lady who on good worth herself-sets

deu ben pausar s'entendenssa
must well to-place her-intent

en un pro cavallier valen;
on a brave knight worthy

pois qu'ill conois sa valenssa,
once that-she knows his merit

que l'aus amar a presenssa;
so-that him-she-dares to-love in presence

que dompna, pois am'a presen,
for (a)-lady when she-loves-in open

ja pois li pro ni li valen
ever after the brave or the worthy

non dirant mas avinenssa.
not will-say but seemliness

Qu'ieu n'ai chausit un pro e gen,
For-I of-them-have chosen a worthy and noble

per cui pretz meillur'e genssa,
through whom worth betters-and grows-fair

larc et adreig e conoissen,
generous and upright and knowing

on es sens e conoissenssa.
in-whom is sense and knowledge

prec li que m'aia crezenssa,
I-pray to-him that to-me-be-have belief

ni om no·l puosca far crezen
and man not-him can to-make believing

qu'ieu fassa vas lui faillimen,
that-I do toward him wrong

sol non trob en lui faillensa.
only not I-find in him fault

Amics, la vostra valenssa
Friend the your merit

sabon li pro e li valen,
know the brave and the worthy

per qu'ieu vos quier de mantenén,
for which-I of-you ask of at-once

si·us plai, vostra mantenenssa.
if-to-you it-pleases your support

A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volria,
To sing to-me-will-be of that which-I not would-wish

2,2

tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia,
so-much myself I-complain of him whose I-am beloved

car ieu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia:
for I him-love more than any thing that be

vas lui no·m val merces ni cortesia
toward him not-to-me avails mercy nor courtesy
 ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens,
nor my beauty nor my worth nor my sense
 c'atressi·m sui enganad' e trahïa
for-likewise-myself I-am deceived and betrayed
 com degr' esser, s'ieu fos desavinens.
as I-ought to-be if-I were unlovely

D'aisso·m conort car anc non fi faillessa,
In-this-myself I-comfort that ever not I-did wrong
 amics, vas vos per nuilla captenenssa,
friend toward you in any conduct
 anz vos am mais non fetz Seguis Valenssa,
rather you I-love more not did Seguis Valenssa
 e platz mi mout quez eu d'amar vos venssa,
and it-pleases to-me much that I in-loving you surpass
 lo mieus amics, car etz lo plus valens;
the my friend since you-are the most worthy
 mi faitz orguouill en ditz et en parvenssa,
to-me you-make pride in words and in show
 e si etz francs vas totas autras gens.
and yet you-are noble toward all other folk

Be·m meravill com vostre cors s'orguouilla
Well-myself I-marvel how your heart itself-prides
 amics, vas me, per qu'ai razon qu'ieu·m duoilla;
friend toward me for which-I-have reason that-I-myself grieve
 non es ges dreitz c'autr'amors vos mi tuoilla
not is at-all right that-another-love you from-me take
 per nuilla ren qu'ie·us diga ni acuoilla;
for any thing that-I-to-you say nor welcome

e membre vos cals fo·l comenssamens
and let-it-remind you what was-the beginning
 de nostr'amor! ja Dompnedieus non vuoilla
of our-love ever Lord-God not wish
 qu'en ma colpa sia·l departimens.
that-in my fault be-the parting

Proesa grans qu'el vostre cors s'aizina
Prowess great that-in-the your heart itself-lodges
 e lo rics pretz qu'avetz m'en ataïna,
and the rich worth that-you-have me-of-it torments
 c'una non sai, loindana ni vezina,
for-one not I-know far nor near
 si vol amar, vas vos non si' aclina;
if she-wishes to-love toward you not she-be inclined
 mas vos, amics, etz ben tant conoissens
but you friend are well so knowing
 que ben devetz conoisser la plus fina,
that well you-must to-know the most true
 e membre vos de nostres covinens.
and let-it-remind you of our covenants

Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos paratges

To-avail to-me must my worth and my rank

e ma beltatz e plus mos fis coratges,

and my beauty and more my true heart

per qu'ieu vos mand lai on es vostr' estatges

for which-I to-you send there where is your dwelling

esta chansson que me sia messatges:

this song that to-me be messenger

ieu vuoill saber, lo mieus bels amics gens,

I wish to-know the my fair friend noble

per que vos m'etz tant fers ni tant salvatges,

for what you to-me-are so fierce and so harsh

non sai, si s'es orguoills o maltalens.

not I-know if it-is pride or ill-will

Mas aitan plus voill li digas messatges

But this-much more I-wish to-him you-say messenger

qu'en trop d'orguoill ant gran dan maintas gens.

that-from too-much of-pride have great harm many folk

2,3 Estat ai en greu cossirier

Stayed I-have in grievous brooding

per un cavallier qu'ai agut,

for a knight that-I-have had

e vuoil sia totz temps saubut

and I-wish it-be all time known

cum ieu l'ai amat a sobrier;

how I him-have loved to excess

ara vei qu'ieu sui trahida

now I-see that-I am betrayed

car ieu non li donei m'amor,

because I not to-him gave my-love

don ai estat en gran error

whence I-have been in great error

en lieig e quand sui vestida.

in bed and when I-am dressed

Ben volria mon cavallier

Well I-would-wish my knight

tener un ser en mos bratz nut,

to-bold one evening in my arms naked

qu'el s'en tengra per ereubut

for-he himself-of-it would-bold for enraptured

sol qu'a lui fezes cosseillier;

only that-to him I-made pillow

car plus m'en sui abellida

for more myself-of-it I-am delighted

no fetz Floris de Blanche flor:

than did Floris with Blanche flor

ieu l'autrei mon cor e m'amor

I to-him-grant my heart and my-love

mon sen, mos huoills e ma vida.

my sense my eyes and my life

Bels amics avinens e bos,

Fair friend pleasing and good

cora·us tenrai en mon poder?

when-you shall-I-bold in my power

e que jagues ab vos un ser

and that I-lay with you one evening

e qu'ie·us des un bais amoros;

and that-I-to-you gave a kiss loving

sapchatz, gran talan n'auria
know great desire of-it-I-would-have

qu'ie-us tengues en luoc del marit,
that-I-you held in place of-the husband

ab so que m'aguessetz plevit
with this that to-me-you-had pledged

de far tot so qu'ieu volria.
to do all that which-I would-wish

2,4 Fis jois me don' alegransa,
True joy to-me gives gladness

per qu'ieu cant plus gaiamen,
for which-I sing more gaily

e non m'o teng a pezansa
and not to-me-it I-hold for grief

quar sai que son a mon dan
though I-know that are to my harm

aital lauzengier truan,
such slanderers false

e lor maldis non m'esglaia,
and their slander not me-dismays

ans en son dez tans plus gaia.
rather of-it I-am ten times more gay

En mi *** inges Fransa
In me (lacuna) inges France

li lausengier maldizen,
the slanderers ill-speaking

qu'om no pot aver onransa
for-one not can to-have honor

qui a ab els acordamen,
who has with them agreement

qu'ist son d'atretal semblan

for-these are of-just-such semblance

com la nivols, quan s'espan,

as the cloud when itself-spreads

que'l solels en pert sa raia,

that-the sun of-it loses his ray

per qu'ieu non am gent savaia.

for which-I not love folk base

E vos gelos mal parlan,

And you jealous-ones ill speaking

no-us cugetz qu'ieu m'an tarzan

not-yourselves think that-I myself-go delaying

que jois e jovens no'm plaia,

that joy and youth not-to-me please

per tals que dols vos descaia.

through such that grief you cast-down

Alamanda

A debate with Giraut de Bornelh, who speaks the first stanza and every other one after it. Giraut asks the damsel's counsel: her lady says he has gone far out of her command and takes back what she gave. Alamanda answers that if one friend fails the other must soothe him, and that if the lady calls a high hill a heath he should believe her. She tells him that her lady says he courted another openly, and promises to speak for him if he keeps out of it.

- 3,1 S'ie·us quier conseil, bell'ami' Alamanda,
If-I-of-you ask counsel fair-friend Alamanda
- no·l me vedetz, qu'om cochatz lo·us demanda,
not-it to-me refuse for-a-man pressed it-of-you asks
- que so m'a dich vostra dompna truanda
for this to-me-has said your lady false
- que loing sui fors issitz de sa comanda,
that far I-am out gone from her command
- que so que·m det m'estrai er e·m desmanda;
that what that-to-me she-gave from-me-she-takes now and-me unbids
- que·m cosseillatz?
what-to-me do-you-counsel
- qu'a pauc lo cors totz d'ira no·m abranda,
for-by little the heart wholly with-grief to-me kindles
- tant fort en sui iratz.
so strongly of-it I-am grieved

Per Dieu, Giraut, jes aissi tot a randa
By God Giraut at-all thus all in a-row

volers d'amics noi·s fai ni noi·s garanda,
willing of-friends not-in-it-itself makes and not-itself guarantees

que, si l'uns faill, l'autre coven que blanda,
for if the-one fails the-other it-behooves that soothe

que lor destrics noi's cresca ni s'espanda;
so-that their trouble not-itself grow nor itself-spread

e s'ela·us ditz d'aut-puoig que sia landa,
and if-she-to-you says of-high-bill that it-be beath

vos la 'n crezatz,
you her of-it believe

e plassa vos lo bes e·l mals qu'il manda,
and let-please to-you the good and-the ill that-she bids

qu'aissi seretz amatz.
for-thus you-will-be loved

Non puosc mudar que contr' orguoill non gronda,
Not I-can to-forbear that against pride not I-grumble

ja siatz vos donzella bell' e blonda;
though be you damsel fair and blond

pauc d'ira·us notz e paucs jois vos aonda,
little of-grief-you harms and little joy to-you suffices

mas jes non etz primieira ni segonda.
but at-all not you-are first nor second

ieu que·m tem fort d'est ira que·m confonda —
I who-myself fear strongly of-this grief that-me confound

vos me lauzatz,
you to-me counsel

si·m sent perir, que·m tenga plus vas l'onda!
if-myself I-feel to-perish that-me I-hold more toward the-wave

mal cre que·m capdellatz.
ill I-believe that-me you-guide

Si m'enqueretz d'aital razon prionda,
If of-me-you-ask of-such (a)-matter deep

per Dieu, Giraut, non sai, com vos responda;
by God Giraut not I-know how to-you I-should-answer

vos m'apellatz de leu cor jauzionda —

you me-call of light heart rejoicing

mais vuoill pelar mon prat qu'autre-l mi tonda;

rather I-wish to-mow my meadow than-another-it from-me shear

que s'ie-us era del plaich far desironda,

for if-I-to-you were of-the peace to-make desirous

vos escercatz,

you would-cast-about

com son bel cors vos esdui' e-us resconda,

how her fair body from-you it-withdraw and-from-you bide

ben par com n'etz cochatz.

well it-appears how of-it-you-are pressed

Donzell' oimais non siatz tant parlieira,

Damsel henceforth not be so talkative

qu'il m'a mentit mais de cinc vetz primieira;

for-she to-me-has lied more than five times first

cujaatz vos doncs qu'ieu totz temps lo sofieira?

think you then that-I all time it should-endure

semblaria qu'o fezes per nescieira;

it-would-seem that-it I-did through folly

d'autr' amistat ai talan qu'ie-us enqueira,

of-other friendship I-have desire that-I-of-you should-ask

si no-us calatz;

if not-you are-silent

meillor cosseil dava na Berengieira

better counsel gave Lady Berengieira

que vos non m'en donatz.

than you not to-me-of-it give

Lora vei ieu, Giraut, qu'ela·us o mieira,

Now see I Giraut that-she-to-you it repay

car l'apelletz camjairitz ni leugieira;

since her-you-called changeable and light

pero cujatz que del plaich vos enqueira?

yet think-you that of-the peace to-you she-should-ask

ieu non cuig jes qu'il sia tant mainieira;

I not think at-all that-she be so pliant

ans er oimais sa proeza derreira,

rather will-be henceforth her prowess last

que que·us digatz,

whatever that-to-you you-say

si·s destrenh tant que contra vos sofeira

if-herself she-constrains so-much that against you she-endure

trega ni fi ni patz.

truce or accord or peace

Bella, per Dieu, non perga vostr' ajuda;

Fair-one by God not let-me-lose your help

ja sabetz vos com mi fo covenguda.

well know you how to-me it-was promised

s'ieu ai faillit per l'ira qu'ai aguda,

if-I have failed through the-grief that-I-have had

no·m tenga dan; s'anc sentitz com leu muda

not-to-me let-it-hold harm if-ever you-felt how lightly changes

cors d'amador, bella, e s'anc fotz druda,

(the)-heart of-a-lover fair-one and if-ever you-were (a)-lover

del plaich pensatz!

of-the peace think

qu'ieu sui be mortz, s'enaissi l'ai perduda;

for-I am quite dead if-thus her-I-have lost

mas no·lh o descobratz!

but not-to-her it disclose

Seign' en Giraut, ja n'agr' ieu fin volguda,
Lord Sir Giraut indeed of-it-would-have I accord wished

mas ella ditz qu'a dreich s'es irascuda,
but she says that-with right herself-she-is angered

qu'autra 'n prejetz com fols tot a saubuda
for-another of-them you-courtred like (a)-fool all in (the)-open

que non la val ni vestida ni nuda:
who not her is-worth neither clothed nor naked

noi fara doncs, si no·us gic, que vencuda,
not-in-it will-she-do then if not-you she-leaves but conquered

s'autra 'n prejat?z
if-another of-them you-court

be·us en valrai et ai la·us manteguda,
well-to-you of-it I-shall-avail and I-have her-for-you upheld

si mais no·us i mesclatz.
if more not-yourself in-it you-meddle

Bella, per Dieu, si de lai n'etz crezuda,
Fair-one by God if of there of-it-you-are believed

per me l'o affiatz!
for me it-to-her pledge

Ben o farai, mas, quan vos er renduda
Well it I-shall-do but when to-you will-be given-back

s'amors, non la·us toillatz.
her-love not it-from-you take

La Comtessa de Proensa

Two stanzas, one on each side, printed here from the Chigi manuscript. The countess tells a man who seems to her one of the heartfelt lovers that she would not have him so fearful, and that he does himself and her harm by not daring to entreat, since a lady dares not disclose what she wants for fear of failing. He answers that her honored merit makes him fearful, and wishes his deeds might serve as messenger.

Vos que·m semblatz dels corals amadors,

You who-to-me seem of-the heartfelt lovers

4,1

ja non volgra que fossetz tan doptanz;

indeed not I-would-wish that you-were so fearful

e platz mi molt quar vos destreing m'amors,

and it-pleases to-me much that you constrains my-love

qu'autressi sui eu per vos malananz.

for-likewise am I for you distressed

ez avetz dan en vostre vulpillatge,

and you-have harm in your cowardice

quar no·us ausatz de preiar enardir,

since not-yourself you-dare of entreating to-embolden

e faitz a vos ez a mi gran dampnatge,

and you-do to you and to me great harm

que ges dompna non ausa descobrir

for at-all (a)-lady not dares to-disclose

tot so qu'il vol per paor de faillir.

all that which-she wishes for fear of to-fail

Bona dompna, vostr' onrada valors

Good lady your honored merit

mi fai temeros estar, tan es granz,

me makes fearful to-stand so it-is great

e no·m o tol negun' altra paors

and not-from-me it takes any other fear

qu'eu non vos prec; que·us volria enanz

that-I not you entreat for-you I-would-wish rather

tan gen servir que non fezes oltratge,

so nobly to-serve that not I-did outrage

qu'aissi·m sai eu de preiar enardir —

for-thus-myself know I of entreating to-embolden

e volria que·l faich fosson messatge

and I-would-wish that-the deeds were messenger

e presessetz en loc de precz servir,

and you-took in place of prayers service

qu'us honratz faitz deu be valer un dir.

for-an honored deed must well to-be-worth a saying

Maria de Ventadorn

A debate with Gui d'Ussel, who speaks the alternate stanzas. She asks whether a lady owes her lover as much as he owes her. Gui answers that she owes it equally, without regard to rank. Maria says a lady must honor her lover as a friend and not as a lord, and that a man who pledged himself her servant and then claims equality is a traitor. Gui calls that a shameful plea against one with whom she has made one heart of two.

Gui d'Ussel, be·m pesa de vos

Gui of-Ussel well-to-me it-grieves of you

5,1

car vos etz laissatz de chantar,

because you have ceased from singing

e car vos i volgra tornar,

and since you to-it I-would-wish to-return

per que sabetz d'aitals razos,

for that you-know of-such matters

vuoi ll que·m digatz, si deu far egalmen

I-wish that-to-me you-say if must to-do equally

dompna per drut, can lo quier francamen,

(a)-lady for (a)-lover when him she-asks freely

cum el per lieis tot cant taing ad amor

as he for her all that belongs to love

segon los dreitz que tenon l'amador.

according-to the rights that hold the-lovers

Dompna na Maria, tenssos

Lady Lady Maria debates

e tot chant cuiava laissar,

and all song I-thought to-leave

mas aoras non puosc estar

but now not I-can to-refrain

qu'ieu non chant als vostres somos;

that-I not sing at-the your summons

e respon vos de la dompna breumen

and I-answer you of the lady briefly

que per son drut deu far comunalmen

that for her lover she-must to-do in-common

cum el per lieis ses garda de ricor:

as he for her without regard of rank

qu'en dos amics non deu aver maior.

for-between two friends not must to-be (a)-greater

Gui, tot so don es cobeitos

Gui all that whereof he-is covetous

deu drutz ab merce demandar,

must (a)-lover with mercy to-ask

e dompna deu l'o autreiar,

and (a)-lady must it-to-him to-grant

mas ben deu esgardar sazoz;

but well she-must to-watch (the)-seasons

e'l drutz deu far precz e comandamen

and-the lover must to-make prayers and command

cum per amig' e per dompn' eissamen,

as for (a)-beloved and for (a)-lady alike

e dompna deu a son drut far honor

and (a)-lady must to her lover to-do honor

cum ad amic, mas non cum a seignor.

as to (a)-friend but not as to (a)-lord

Dompna, sai dizon de mest nos

Lady here they-say of among us

que, pois que dompna vol amar,

that once that (a)-lady wisbes to-love

egalmen deu son drut onrar,

equally she-must her lover to-honor

pois egalmen son amoros;

since equally they-are in-love

e s'esdeven que l'am plus finamen,

and if-it-happens that him-she-love more truly

e·l faich e·l dich en deu far aparen,

and-the deed and-the word of-it she-must to-make apparent

e si ell' a fals cor ni trichador,

and if she has (a)-false heart and cheating

ab bel semblan deu cobrir sa follor.

with fair semblance she-must to-cover her folly

Gui d'Uissel, ges d'aitals razos

Gui of-Ussel at-all of-such matters

non son li drut al comenssar,

not are the lovers at-the beginning

anz ditz chascus, can vol preiar

rather says each-one when he-wisbes to-entreat

mans jointas e de genolhos:

hands joined and on knees

«dompna voillatz que·us serva francamen

lady grant that-you I-serve freely

cum lo vostr' om», et ell' enaissi·l pren;

as the your man and she thus-him takes

ieu lo jutge per dreich a trahitor,

I him judge by right for (a)-traitor

si·s rend pariers ei·s det per servidor.

if-himself he-renders (an)-equal and-himself gave for servant

Dompna, so es plaich vergoignos,

Lady that is (a)-plea shameful

ad ops de dompn'a razonar

to purpose of (a)-lady-to argue

que cellui non teigna per par

that him not she-hold for equal

ab cui a faich un cor de dos.

with whom she-has made one heart of two

o vos directz, e no·us estara gen,

either you will-say and not-to-you it-will-stand fitting

que·l drutz la deu amar plus leialmen,

that-the lover her must to-love more loyally

o vos directz qu'il son par entre lor,

or you will-say that-they are equal between them

pois ren no·lh deu drutz mas quant per amor.

since anything not-to-her owes (a)-lover but only through love

Lombarda

An exchange of stanzas with Bernart Arnaut, who speaks the first of the two. He would be a Lombard for Lady Lombarda's sake, since neither Alamanda nor Giscarda pleases him so well; her eyes seem to grant her love, but she delays. She answers that she would like a name from Bernart, and to be called Arnauda from Sir Arnaut, and asks which of the two names pleases him better and what he sees in the mirror. The last line of his stanza is corrupt and is printed as transmitted.

Lombards volgr' eu esser per na Lombarda,

(A)-Lombard would-wish I to-be for Lady Lombarda

6,1

qu'Alamanda no·m plaz tan ni Giscarda,

for-Alamanda not-to-me pleases so-much nor Giscarda

car ab sos oillz plaisenz tan jen mi garda,

for with her eyes pleasing so nobly me she-regards

que par que·m don s'amor, mas trop me tarda,

that it-seems that-to-me she-give her-love but too-much to-me she-delays

car bel vezzer

for fair seeing

e mon plaiser

and my pleasure

ten e bel ris en garda

she-holds and fair laughter in keeping

com nols nol ped ni auer.

com nols nol ped ni auer

Nom volgr'aver per Bernart na Bernada

Name I-would-wish-to-have from Bernart Lady Bernada

e per n'Arnaut n'Arnauda appellada

and from Sir-Arnaut Lady-Arnauda called

e grans merces, seigner, car vos agrada

and great thanks lord since to-you it-pleases

c'ab tals doas domnas m'avetz nomnada.

that-with such two ladies me-you-have named

Voill que·m digatz

I-wish that-to-me you-say

cals mais vos platz

which more to-you pleases

ses cuberta selada

without covering hidden

el mirail en miraz

in-the mirror in-which you-look

car lo mirails e no vezer descorda

for the mirror and not seeing unsettles

tan mon acord c'ab pauc no·l desacorda * * *

so-much my accord that-by little it unsettles (lacuna)

Isabella

A debate with Elias Cairel, a jongleur she had favored, who speaks the alternate stanzas. She asks him to tell the truth about why he has taken his love elsewhere, since his song no longer goes as it did. He answers that he praised her for honor and profit, as a jongleur does of an esteemed lady. She says she never saw a lover of his kind, who would change a lady for gain. He tells her she will lose her color, and she asks him who his love is.

N'Elias Cairel, de l'amor

7,1

Sir-Elias Cairel of the-love

qu'ieu e vos soliam aver

that-I and you used to-have

voil, si us platz, que m digatz lo ver,

I-wish if-to-you it-pleases that-to-me you-say the truth

per que l'avetz cambiad' aillor;

for what it-you-have changed elsewhere

que vostre chanz non vai si com solia,

for your song not goes so as it-used

et anc vas vos no m sui salvatz un dia,

and ever toward you not-myself I-am withheld one day

ni vos d'amor no m demandetz anc tan

and you of-love not-of-me asked ever so-much

qu'ieu non fezes tot al vostre coman.

that-I not did all at-the your command

Ma domn' Isabella, valor

My lady Isabella merit

joi e pretz e sen e saber

joy and worth and sense and knowledge

soliatz quec jorn mantener,

you-used each day to-maintain

e s'ieu en dizia lauzor

and if-I of-it said praise

en mon chantar, no'l dis per drudaria,

in my singing not-it I-said for love-making

mas per honor e pro qu'ieu n'atendia,

but for honor and profit that-I of-it-awaited

si com joglars fai de domna prezan;

just as (a)-jongleur does of (a)-lady esteemed

mas chascun jorn m'etz anada cambian.

but each day to-me-you-are gone changing

N'Elias Cairel, amador

Sir-Elias Cairel (a)-lover

non vi mais de vostre voler

not I-saw ever of your will

qui cambies domna per aver,

who changed (a)-lady for gain

e s'ieu en disses desonor,

and if-I of-it said dishonor

leu n'ai dig tant de be qu'om no'l creiria;

easily of-it-I-have said so-much of good that-one not-it would-believe

mas ben podetz doblar vostra follia:

but well you-can to-double your folly

de mi vos dic qu'ades vau meilluran,

of myself to-you I-say that-still I-go bettering

mas endreig vos non ai cor ni talan.

but toward you not I-have heart nor desire

Domna, ieu faria gran follor,

Lady I would-do great folly

s'estes gair'en vostre poder,

if-I-stayed much-in your power

e ges per tal no·m desesper,

and at-all for such not-myself I-despair

s'anc tot non aic pro ni honor:

if-ever all not I-had profit nor honor

vos remanretz tals com la genz vos cria,

you will-remain such as the folk you cry

et ieu irei vezer ma bell' amia

and I shall-go to-see my fair beloved

e·l sieu gen cors grail' e ben estan,

and-the her noble body slender and well seemly

que no·m a cor menzongier ni truan.

who not-to-me has heart lying nor false

N'Elias Cairel, fegnedor

Sir-Elias Cairel (a)-feigner

resemblatz segon mon parer

you-resemble according-to my seeming

com hom qui's feing de dol aver

like (a)-man who-himself feigns of grief to-have

de so dont el non sent dolor.

for that whereof he not feels grief

Si·m creziatz, bon conseil vos daria

If-me you-believed good counsel to-you I-would-give

que tornassetz estar en la badia;

that you-return to-stay in the abbey

e no·us auzei anc mais dir mon semblan,

and not-to-you I-dared ever more to-say my thought

mas pregar n'ei lo patriarch' Ivan.

but to-pray of-it-I-have the patriarch John

Domn' Isabel, en refreitor

Lady Isabel in refectory

non estei anc mattin ni ser,

not I-stayed ever morning nor evening

mas vos n'auretz oimais lezer

but you of-it-will-have henceforth leisure

qu'en breu temps perdretz la color,

for-in short time you-will-lose the color

estier mon grat mi faitz dir vilania,

against my liking to-me you-make to-say churlishness

et ai mentit, qu'ieu non crei qu'el mond sia

and I-have lied for-I not believe that-in-the world there-be

domna tant pros ni ab beutat tant gran

(a)-lady so worthy nor with beauty so great

com vos avetz, per qu'ieu ai agut dan.

as you have for which-I have had harm

Si-us plazia, n'Elias, ieu volria

If-to-you it-pleased Sir-Elias I would-wish

que-m disessetz, quals es la vostr'amia,

that-to-me you-said which is the your-beloved

e digatz lo-m e no i anetz doptan,

and say it-to-me and not in-it go doubting

qu'ie-us en valrai, s'ela val ni a sem tan.

for-I-to-you of-it shall-avail if-she is-worth and has seeming so-much

Domna, vos m'enqueretz de gran follia,

Lady you of-me-ask of great folly

que per razon s'amistat en perdria,

for by reason her-friendship of-it I-would-lose

e per paor que lauzengier mi fan
and for fear that slanderers to-me make
pero non aus descubrir mon talan.
yet not I-dare to-disclose my desire

Castelloza

Three songs, the largest surviving body of work by a trobairitz after the Comtessa de Dia's, all in the voice of a woman who goes on entreating a man she knows to be false. In the first she would love him if she found him humble and noble, and makes songs to have his worth praised. In the second she says she ought to have no wish to sing, for the more she sings the worse it goes; she stole his glove and gave it back in fear. In the third she reproaches his long absence and asks him to come.

8,1 Amics, s'ie·us trobes avinen,

Friend if-I-you found pleasing

humil e franc e de bona merce,

humble and noble and of good mercy

be·us amera, quan era m'en sove

well-you I-would-love when now to-me-of-it it-recalls

que·us trob vas mi mal e fellon e tric;

that-you I-find toward me evil and cruel and treacherous

e fauc chanssos per tal qu'ieu fass'auzir

and I-make songs for such that-I make-beard

vostre bon pretz, don ieu non puosc sofrir

your good worth whereof I not can to-endure

que no·us fassa lauzar a tota gen,

that not-you I-make to-praise to all folk

on plus mi faitz mal et adiramen.

the-more more to-me you-do ill and anger

Jamais no·us tenrai per valen

Ever not-you I-shall-hold for worthy

ni·us amarai de bon cor e de fe,

nor-you shall-I-love with good heart and with faith

tro que veirai, si ja·m valria re,

until that I-shall-see if ever-to-me it-would-avail thing

si·us mostrava cor fellon ni enic;
if-to-you I-showed heart cruel and spiteful
 non farai ja, car non vuoill poscatz dir
not I-shall-do ever for not I-wish you-can to-say
 qu'ieu anc vas vos agues cor de faillir,
that-I ever toward you had heart of to-fail
 qu'auriatz pois quelque razonamen,
for-you-would-have then some excuse
 s'ieu fasia vas vos nuill faillimen.
if-I did toward you any wrong

Ieu sai ben qu'a mi estai gen,
I know well that-to me it-stands fitting
 si bei's dizon tuich que mout descove
although well-itself say all that much it-misbecomes
 que dompna prei a cavallier de se
that (a)-lady entreat to (a)-knight of herself
 ni que'l teigna totz temps tan lonc prezic;
or that-him she-bold all time so long (a)-sermon
 mas cel qu'o ditz non sap ges ben chausir,
but he who-it says not knows at-all well to-choose
 qu'ieu vuoill proar enans que·m lais morir,
for-I wish to-prove before that-myself I-let to-die
 qu'el preiar ai un gran revenimen
for-in-the entreating I-have a great reviving
 quan prec cellui don ai greu pessamen.
when I-entreat him whence I-have grievous thought

Assatz es fols qui m'en repren
Quite is (a)-fool who me-for-it reproves
 de vos amar, pois tan gen mi cove,
of you to-love since so nobly to-me it-befits

e cel qu'o ditz no sap cum s'es de me;
and he who-it says not knows how it-is of me

ni no·us vei ges aras si cum vos vic,
and not-you I-see at-all now such as you I-saw

quan me dissetz que non agues cossir,
when to-me you-said that not I-had brooding

que calqu'ora poiri' endevenir
that some-hour it-might to-come-about

que n'auria enqueras jauzimen:
that of-it-I-would-have still enjoyment

de sol lo dich n'ai ieu lo cor jauzen.
from only the saying of-it-have I the heart rejoicing

Tot' autr' amor teing a niën,
All other love I-hold for nothing

e sapchatz ben que mais jois no·m soste
and know well that more joy not-me sustains

mas lo vostre que m'alegr' e·m reve,
but the yours which me-gladdens and-me revives

on mais en sent d'afan e de destric;
the-more more of-it I-feel of-toil and of harm

e·m cuig ades alegrar e jauzir
and-myself I-think always to-gladden and to-rejoice

de vos, amics, qu'ieu non puosc convertir,
in you friend whom-I not can to-turn

ni joi non ai, ni socors non aten
and joy not I-have and succor not I-await

mas sol aitan quan n'aurai en dormen.
but only so-much as of-it-I-shall-have in sleeping

Oïmais non sai, que·us mi presen,
Henceforth not I-know how-to-you myself I-present
 que cercat ai et ab mal et ab be
for searched I-have both with ill and with good
 vostre dur cor, don lo mieus noi·s recre;
your hard heart whereof the mine not-itself gives-up
 e no·us o man, qu'ieu mezeissa·us o dic
and not-to-you it I-send for-I myself-to-you it say
 que morai me, si no·m voletz jauzir
that I-shall-die myself if not-me you-wish to-gladden
 de quelque joi, e si·m laissatz morir,
with some joy and if-me you-let to-die
 faretz peccat, e serai n'en tormen,
you-will-do sin and I-shall-be of-it-in torment
 e seretz ne blasmatz vilanamen.
and you-will-be for-it blamed churlishly

Ja de chantar non degr' aver talan,
Ever of singing not I-ought to-have desire
 quar on mais chan
for the-more more I-sing
 e pieitz me vai d'amor,
and worse to-me it-goes in-love
 que plaing e plor
for lament and weeping
 fan en mi lor estatge;
make in me their dwelling
 car en mala merce
for in evil mercy
 ai mes mon cor e me,
I-have put my heart and myself

8,2

e s'en breu no·m rete,
and if-in short not-me he-keeps

trop ai faich lonc badatge.
too-much I-have made long waiting

Ai! bels amics, sivals un bel semblan
Ab fair friend at-least a fair look

mi faitz enan
to-me make before

qu'ieu moira de dolor,
that-I die of grief

que·l amador
for-the lovers

vos tenon per salvatge;
you bold for harsh

car joja non m'ave
for joy not to-me-comes

de vos don no·m recre
from you whence not-myself I-give-up

d'amar per bona fe
from-loving in good faith

totz temps ses cor volatge.
all time without heart fickle

Mas ja vas vos non aurai cor truan
But ever toward you not I-shall-have heart false

ni plen d'engan,
nor full of-deceit

si tot vos n'ai peyor,
although all of-you of-it-I-have worse

qu'a gran honor

for-to great honor

m'o teing en mon coratge;

to-me-it I-bold in my heart

ans pens, quan mi sove

rather I-think when to-me it-recalls

del ric pretz que·us mante,

of-the rich worth that-you upholds

e sai ben que·us cove

and I-know well that-to-you it-befits

dompna d'aussor paratge.

(a)-lady of-higher rank

Despois vos vi, fui al vostre coman,

Since-then you I-saw I-was at-the your command

et anc per tan,

and ever for so-much

amics, no·us n'aic meillor;

friend not-of-you of-it-I-had better

que prejador

for suitor

no·m mandetz ni messatge.

not-to-me you-sent nor message

que ja·m viretz lo fre,

that ever-to-me you-turn the bridle

amics, non fassatz re;

friend not do anything

car jois non mi soste,

for joy not me sustains

a pauc de dol non ratge.

by little of grief — I-rage

Si pro i agues, be-us membri' en chantan
If profit in-it there-were well-to-you I-would-recall in singing

qu'aic vostre gan
that-I-had your glove

qu'enblei ab gran temor;
which-I-stole with great fear

pois aic paor
then I-had fear

que i aguessetz dampnatge
that in-it you-had harm

d'aicella que-us rete,
from-her who-you keeps

amics, per qu'ieu desse
friend for which-I at-once

lo tornei, car ben cre
it returned for well I-believe

qu'ieu non ai poderatge.
that-I not have power

Dels cavalliers conosc que i fan lor dan,
Of-the knights I-know that in-it they-do their harm

quar ja prejan
for indeed they-entreat

dompnas plus qu'ellas lor,
ladies more than-they them

qu'otra ricor
for-other wealth

noi an ni seignoratge;
not-in-it they-have nor lordship

que pois dompna s'ave
for when (a)-lady herself-consents

d'amar, prejar deu be
of-loving to-entreat she-must well

cavallier, s'en lui ve
(a)-knight if-in him she-sees

proez' e vassalatge.
prowess and vassalage

Dompna na Mieils, ancse
Lady Lady Better ever

am so don mals mi ve,
I-love that whence ill to-me comes

car cel qui pretz mante
for he who worth upholds

a vas mi cor volatge.
has toward me heart fickle

Bels Noms, ges no·m recre
Fair Name at-all not-myself I-give-up

de vos amar jasse,
from you to-love ever

car viu en bona fe,
for I-live in good faith

bontatz e ferm coratge.
goodness and firm heart

Mout avetz faich long estatge,
Much you-have made long stay

amics, pois de mi·us partitz,
friend since from me-yourself you-parted

et es me greu e salvatge,
and it-is to-me grievous and harsh

quar me juretz e·m plevitz
for to-me you-swore and-to-me pledged

que als jorns de vostra vida
that in-the days of your life

non acsetz dompna mas me;
not you-bad lady but me

e si d'autra vos perte,
and if of-another to-you belongs

m'avetz morta e trahida,
me-you-have slain and betrayed

qu'avi' en vos m'esperanssa
for-I-had in you my-hope

que m'amassetz ses doptanssa.
that me-you-loved without doubt

Bels amics, de fin coratge
Fair friend with true heart

vos amei, pois m'abellitz,
you I-loved since to-me-you-pleased

e sai que faich ai follatge,
and I-know that done I-have folly

que plus m'en etz escaritz;
for more to-me-of-it you-are withdrawn

qu'anc non fis vas vos ganchida,
for-ever not I-made toward you swerving

e si·m fasetz mal per be:
and thus-to-me you-do ill for good

be·us am e non m'en recre;
well-you I-love and not myself-of-it I-give-up

mas tan m'a amors sazida

but so-much me-has love seized

qu'ieu non cre que benanansa

that-I not believe that well-being

puosc' aver ses vostr' amanssa.

I-can to-have without your loving

Mout aurai mes mal usatge

Much I-shall-have set (a)-bad custom

a las autras amairitz:

for the other lovers

qu'om sol trametre messatge

for-one uses to-send message

e motz triatz e chausitz,

and words picked and chosen

et ieu tenc me per garida,

and I bold myself for healed

amics, a la mia fe,

friend by the my faith

quan vos prec, qu'aissi-m cove;

when you I-entreat for-thus-to-me it-befits

que-l plus pros n'es enriquida

for-the most worthy of-it-is enriched

s'a de vos qualqu' aondanssa

if-she-has of you some abundance

de baisar o d'acoindanssa.

of kissing or of-acquaintance

Mal aj' ieu, s'anc cor volatge

Ill have I if-ever heart fickle

vos aic ni-us fui camjairitz,

toward-you I-had or-to-you I-was changeable

ni drutz de negun paratge

nor lover of any rank

per me non fo encobitz;

by me not was coveted

anz sui pensiv' e marrida

rather I-am pensive and grieving

car de m'amor no·us sove,

because of my-love not-to-you it-recalls

e si de vos jois no·m ve,

and if from you joy not-to-me comes

tost me trobaretz fenida:

soon me you-will-find ended

car per pauc de malananssa

for through little of illness

mor dompna, s'om tot noil lanssa.

dies (a)-lady if-one all not-to-her casts

Tot lo maltraich e·l dampnatge

All the suffering and-the harm

que per vos m'es escaritz

that through you to-me-is allotted

vos fai grazir mos linhatge

to-you makes to-thank my lineage

e sobre totz mos maritz;

and above all my husband

e s'anc fetz vas me faillida,

and if-ever he-did toward me wrong

perdon la·us per bona fe;

I-pardon it-to-you in good faith

e prec que venhatz a me,

and I-beg that you-come to me

despois quez auresz auzida

after that you-will-have heard

ma chanson, que·us fatz fiança,

my song for-to-you I-make (a)-pledge

sai trobetz bella semblansa.

here you-find fair welcome

Iseut de Capio e Almuc de Castelnou

Two stanzas, one for each lady, printed from Chabaneau's text. Iseut asks Lady Almucs to let mercy hold back her anger toward a man who sighs, laments, dies languishing, and asks pardon humbly, and offers to swear on his behalf that he will guard himself better from failing. Almucs answers that if he repented of his great deceit she would rightly have mercy, but while he neither bends nor repents she owes him none; if Iseut makes him repent, she can easily be won.

9-10,1 Dompna n'Almucs, si-us plages
Lady Lady-Almucs if-to-you it-pleased
be-us volgra pregar d'aitan
well-you I-would-wish to-beg of-this-much
que l'ira e-l mal talan
that the-anger and-the ill will
vos fezes tenir merces
to-you might-make to-hold mercy
de lui que sospir' e plaing,
for him who sighs and laments
e muor languent e-s complaing
and dies languishing and-himself complains
e quier perdon humilmen;
and asks pardon humbly
be-us fatz per lui sagramen,
well-to-you I-make for him oath
si tot li voletz fenir,
though all to-him you-wish to-end
qu'el si gart meilz de faillir.
that-be himself guard better from to-fail

Dompna n'Iseus, s'ieu saubes

Lady Lady-Iseut if-I knew

qu'el se pentis de l'engan

that-be himself repented of the-deceit

qu'el a fait vas mi tan gran,

that-be has done toward me so great

ben fora dreich que n'agues

well it-would-be right that of-it-I-had

merces; mas a mi no's taing,

mercy but to me not-itself it-befits

pos que del tort no s'afraing

since that from-the wrong not himself-he-bends

ni's pentis del faillimen,

nor-himself repents of-the fault

que n'aja mais chاوزimen;

that of-it-I-have more clemency

mas si vos faitz lui pentir

but if you make him to-repent

leu podretz mi convertir.

easily you-will-be-able me to-convert

Tibors

A single stanza, all that survives, and the edition prints it as breaking off in the middle. She tells her fair sweet friend that she can say truly there was never a time when she was without desire for him, since he suited her and she held him for a true lover, nor a time when she did not long to see him often, nor a season when she repented of it, nor a time, if he went away grieved, when she had joy until he returned.

- 11,1 Bels dous amics, ben vos posc en ver dir
Fair sweet friend well to-you I-can in truth to-say
- que anc non fo qu'ieu estes ses desir,
that ever not it-was that-I stayed without desire
- pos vos conven e-us tenc per fin aman;
since you it-suited and-you I-held for (a)-true lover
- ni anc no fo qu'ieu non agues talan,
and ever not it-was that-I not had longing
- bels dous amics, qu'ieu soven no-us vezes,
fair sweet friend that-I often not-you saw
- ni anc no fo sazones que m'en pentis,
and ever not it-was (a)-season that myself-of-it I-repented
- ni anc no fo, se vos n'anes iratz,
and ever not it-was if you of-it-went grieved
- qu'ieu agues joi tro que fosetz tornatz ***
that-I had joy until that you-were returned (lacuna)

Domna H.

A debate with Rofin, who speaks the alternate stanzas. She puts a case: a lady makes two lovers swear that they will do no more than hold and kiss her, and one breaks his oath in the act while the other dares not; which did better? Rofin answers that the one who broke his oath should lose his lady's lofty joy, and the other find mercy. She argues that fear does not stop a true lover, and they refer the question to Lady Agnesina.

Rofin, digatz m'ades de cors,

Rofin tell to-me-at-once from heart

12,1

cals fetz meills, car etz conoissens:

which did better since you-are knowing

una domna coind' e valens,

a lady gracious and worthy

que ieu sai, a dos amadors,

whom I know has two lovers

e vol qu'usquecs jur e pliva

and wishes that-each swear and pledge

enanz que·ls voill ab si colgar

before that-them she-wishes with herself to-lie

que plus mas tener e baisar

that more but to-hold and to-kiss

no·lh faran, e l'uns s'abriva

not-to-ber they-will-do and the-one himself-hastens

el faig, que sacramen no·lh te,

in-the deed so-that oath not-to-ber he-keeps

l'autres no·l ausa far per re.

the-other not-it dares to-do for anything

Domna, d'aitan sobret follors

Lady in-so-much overcame folly

cel que fon desobediens

him who was disobedient

ves sidons, que non es parvens

toward his-lady for not it-is apparent

qu'amans, pois lo destreing amors,

that-a-lover once him constrains love

dej' ab voluntat forciva

should with will forceful

los ditz de sa domna passar;

the words of his lady to-overstep

per qu'ieu dig que senes cobrar

for which-I say that without recovering

deu perdre la joj' autiva

he-must to-lose the joy lofty

de sidons cel qui frais la fe,

of his-lady he who broke the faith

e l'autres deu trobar merce.

and the-other must to-find mercy

A fin amic non tol paors,

From (a)-true friend not takes fear

Rofin, de penre jauzimens,

Rofin from to-take enjoyment

que'l dezirs e'l sobretalens

for-the desire and-the over-longing

lo destreng tan que per clamors

him constrains so-much that through outcries

de sidons nominativa

of his-lady named

noi's pot soffrir ni capdellar,

not-himself he-can to-restrain nor to-govern

qu'ab jazer et ab remirar

for-with lying and with gazing

l'amors corals recaliva

the-love heartfelt rekindles

tan fort que non au ni non ve

so strongly that not he-hears and not he-sees

ni conois, quan fai mal o be.

nor knows when he-does ill or good

Domna, ben mi par grans errors

Lady well to-me it-seems great error

d'amic, pois ama coralmens,

of-a-lover once he-loves heartily

que nuills gaug li sia plazens

that any joy to-him be pleasing

qu'a sa domna non si' onors;

that-to his lady not be honor

car no·lh deu esser esquiva

for not-to-him must to-be irksome

pena per sa domna onrar,

pain for his lady to-honor

ni·l deu res per dreg agradar,

nor-to-him must thing by right to-please

s'a leis non es agradiva,

if-to her not it-is pleasing

e drutz qu'enaissi no·s capte

and (a)-lover who-thus not-himself bears

deu perdre sa domna e se.

must to-lose his lady and himself

Rofins, dels crois envazidors

Rofin of-the vile assailants

aunitz e flacs e recrezens

shamed and slack and recreant

sapchatz que fon l'aunitz dolens

know that was the-shamed grieving

que se perdet en meig del cors;

who himself lost in midst of-the course

mas l'arditz on pretz s'aviva

but the-bold-one in-whom worth itself-quickens

saup gen sa valor enansar,

knew nobly his merit to-advance

quan pres tot so que·lh fon plus car,

when he-took all that which-to-him was most dear

mentre·lh fon l'amors aiziva,

while-to-him was the-love at-hand

e domna qu'aital drut mescre

and (a)-lady who-such (a)-lover misdoubts

mal creira cel qui s'en recre.

ill will-she-trust him who himself-of-it gives-up

Domna, sapchatz que grans valors

Lady know that great merit

fon de l'amic e chاوزimens

was of the-lover and clemency

que·l fetz gardar de falhimens

which-him made to-guard from failings

esperan de sidons socors,

hoping from his-lady succor

e cel fetz foudat nadiva

and he did folly inborn

que sa domna auset forsar,

who his lady dared to-force

e qui·l mante sap pauc d'amar;
and whoever-him upholds knows little of-loving

qu'amans, pois fin' amors viva
for-a-lover when true love living

lo destreing tan, sa domna·l cre
him constrains so-much his lady-him believes

de tot quan ditz, qu'aissi·s cove.
in all that he-says for-thus-itself it-befits

Oimais conosc ben cossi va
Henceforth I-know well how it-goes

Rofin, pois que·us aug encolpar
Rofin since that-you I-bear to-accuse

lo fin el caitiu razonar;
the true and-the wretch to-defend

qu'eissamens obra caitiva
for-likewise work wretched

fariatz, e midons desse
you-would-do and my-lady at-once

n'Agnesina diga qu'en cre.
Lady-Agnesina let-her-say what-of-it she-believes

De mi non cal qu'ieu o pliva,
Of me not it-matters that-I it swear

que·l ver en podetz ben triar,
for-the truth of-it you-can well to-pick-out

domna, si·us platz, e mout m'es car

lady if-to-you it-pleases and much to-me-is dear

que midons on pretz s'aviva

that my-lady in-whom worth itself-quickens

n'Agnesina demand ab se

Lady-Agnesina ask with herself

na Cobeitosa de tot be.

Lady Desirous of all good

Clara d'Anduza

One song. Slanderers and false diviners, who abase joy and youth, have put her heart into grievous dismay and great error by making her part and go far from the man she loves more than anything in the world, so that she can neither see nor behold him. Whoever blames his love cannot make her heart better, and she holds dear anyone who speaks well of him. She tells him not to fear that she will ever change him for another.

En greu esmai et en greu pessamen

In grievous dismay and in grievous thought

13,1

an mes mon cor et en granda error

have put my heart and in great error

li lauzengier e-l fals devinador,

the slanderers and-the false diviners

abaissador de joi e de joven,

abasers of joy and of youth

quar vos qu'ieu am mais que res qu'el mon sia

for you whom-I love more than thing that-in-the world be

an fait de me departir e lonhar,

they-have made from me to-part and to-remove

si qu'ieu no-us puesc vezer ni remirar,

so that-I not-you can to-see nor to-behold

don muer de dol, d'ira e de feunia.

whence I-die of grief of-anger and of rancor

Cel que-m blasma vostr' amor ni-m defen

He who-me blames your love and-me forbids

non pot en far en re mon cor meillor,

not can of-it to-make in anything my heart better

ni·l dous dezir qu'ieu ai de vos major

nor-the sweet desire that-I have of you greater

ni l'enveja ni·l dezir ni·l talen;

nor the-longing nor-the desire nor-the will

e non es om, tan mos enemics sia,

and not is (there)-man so-much my enemy be-be

si·l n'aug dir ben, que non lo tenh' en car,

if-of-him of-it-I-hear to-say good that not him I-hold in dear

e, si 'n ditz mal, mais no·m pot dir ni far

and if of-it he-says ill more not-to-me be-can to-say nor to-do

neguna re que a plazer me sia.

any thing that to pleasure to-me be

Ja no·us donetz, bels amics, espaven

Ever not-yourself give fair friend fright

que ja ves vos aja cor trichador,

that ever toward you I-have heart cheating

ni qu'ie·us camge per nul autr' amador,

nor that-I-you change for any other lover

si·m pregavon d'autres omes un cen;

even-if-me entreated of-other men a hundred

qu'amors que·m te per vos en sa bailia

for-love which-me holds through you in her keeping

vol que mon cor vos estui e vos gar,

wishes that my heart for-you I-store and for-you I-keep

e farai o; e, s'ieu pogues emblar

and I-shall-do it and if-I could to-steal

mon cor, tals l'a que jamais non l'auria.

my heart such-a-one it-has that ever not it-would-have

Amics, tan ai d'ira e de feunia

Friend so-much I-have of-anger and of rancor

quar no vos vey, que quan ieu cug chantar,

because not you I-see that when I think to-sing

planh e sospir, per qu'ieu non puesc so far

I-lament and I-sigh for which-I not can that to-do

ab mas coblas que-l cors complir volria.

with my stanzas that-the heart to-fulfill would-wish

Guillelma de Rosers

A debate with Lanfranc Cigala, who speaks the first stanza and every other one after it. Knights riding astray by night in bad weather complained of lodging; two men heard them, one turning back to serve them and the other going on to his lady. Which did better? Guillelma says the one who kept to his lady. Lanfranc answers that what the other did came of love, since no man has courtesy unless love descends to him. They argue on, and in the end Lanfranc owns himself beaten.

- 14,1 Na Guillelma, man cavalier arratge
Lady Guillelma many-a knight astray
- anan de nueig, per mal temps que fasia,
going by night through bad weather that it-made
- si plagnian d'alberc en lor lengatge;
themselves complained of-lodging in their tongue
- auziron o dui, qui per drudaria
heard it two who for love-service
- s'en anavan vers lur domnas non len:
themselves-away went toward their ladies not slow
- l'us s'en tornet per servir cella gen,
the-one himself-back turned to serve that folk
- l'autres anet vers sa domna corren;
the-other went toward his lady running
- quals d'aquels dos fes miels so que·l tagnia?
which of-those two did better that which-to-him belonged

Amics Lanfrancs, miels complit son viatge,
Friend Lanfranc better completed his journey

al meu semblan, cel que tenc vers s'amia;
to-the my seeming he who held toward his-beloved

e l'autres fes ben, mas son fin coratge
and the-other did well but his true heart

non poc saber tan ben sidonz a tria
not could to-know so well his-lady in choosing

com cil que·l vi denan sos oïls presen,
as she who-him saw before her eyes present

qu'atendut l'ac sos cavalliers conven,
for-kept to-her-he-had her knight (the)-covenant

e val trop mais qui so que dis aten
and is-worth much more who that which he-says keeps

que qui en als son coratge cambia.
than who into other his heart changes

Domna, si·us platz, tot quan fes d'agradatge
Lady if-to-you it-pleases all that did of-pleasing

lo cavalliers que per sa gaillardia
the knight who through his gallantry

garda·ls autres de mort e de damnatge
guarded-the others from death and from harm

li moc d'amor; que ges de cortezia
to-him moved from-love for at-all of courtesy

non a nuls oms, si d'amor no·l deisen;
not has any man if from-love not-to-him it-descends

per que sidons deu·l grazir per un cen,
for which his-lady must-him to-thank by one hundred

car deslivret per s'amor de turmen
since he-delivered for her-love from torment

tanz cavaliers, que se vista l'avia.
so-many knights as-if herself seen she-had-him

Lanfrancs, jamais non razonetz musatge

Lanfranc ever not you-argued (a)-folly

tan gran quan fon d'aïcel qu'aïssó fasia,

so great as was of-him who-this did

quar sapchatz ben, mout i fes gran oltratge,

for know well much in-it he-did great outrage

pois bels servirs tan de cor li movia,

since fair serving so from heart to-him moved

car non servi sidons premieiramén;

because not he-served his-lady first

et agra 'n grat d'ell' e dels eissamen,

and he-would-have of-it thanks from-her and from-them alike

pois per s'amor pogra servir soven

since for her-love he-could to-serve often

en mans bos locs, que faillir noi podia.

in many good places where to-fail not-in-it he-could

Merce vos quier, domna, s'ieu dic follatge

Mercy of-you I-ask lady if-I say folly

qu'oïmais vei so, que tot o mescrezia,

for-henceforth I-see that which all it I-disbelieved

que non vos plai qu'autre pelegrinatge

that not to-you it-pleases that-other pilgrimage

fassan li drut mas vers vos tota via;

make the lovers but toward you all the-while

pero cavals qu'om vol que biort gen

yet (a)-horse that-one wishes that it-joust nobly

deu om menar ab mesur' et ab sen,

must one to-lead with measure and with sense

e car los drutz cochatz tan malamen,

and since the lovers you-press so grievously

lur failh poders, don vos sopra feunia.

to-them fails power whence to-you overflows rancor

Ancar vos dic que son malvatx usatge

Still to-you I-say that his wicked custom

degra laisser en aquel mezeis dia

he-ought to-leave on that same day

li cavalliers, pois domna d'aut paratge

the knight since (a)-lady of-high rank

bella e pros dec aver en baillia;

fair and worthy he-had to-have in keeping

qu'en son alberc servion largamen,

for-in her lodging they-served amply

ja el noi fos; mas chascuns razon pren,

though he not-there were but each-one reason takes

quar el si sen tan de recrezemen

for he himself feels so-much of faint-heartedness

qu'al major ops poders li failliria.

that-at-the greatest need power to-him would-fail

Domna, poder ai ieu et ardimen,

Lady power have I and daring

non contra vos que venses en jazen,

not against you who you-would-conquer in lying

per qu'ieu fui fols car ab vos pris conten,

for which-I was (a)-fool that with you I-took strife

mas vencut voill que m'ajatz, com que sia.

but conquered I-wish that me-you-have how ever it-be

Lanfrancs, aitan vos autrei e·us consen

Lanfranc this-much to-you I-grant and-to-you I-allow

que tan mi sent de cor e d'ardimen

that so-much myself I-feel of heart and of-daring

qu'ab aital geing com domna si defen

that-with such craft as (a)-lady herself defends

mi defendri' al plus ardit que sia.

myself I-would-defend against-the most bold that be

Bieiris de Romans

One song, addressed to a lady. Worth and true merit, joy, sense, beauty, welcome, honors, noble speech, pleasing converse, a sweet face, gay grace, a sweet glance, and a loving look are all in Na Maria, and in them she has no equal, and they draw the poet toward her without a false heart. She asks that true love, enjoyment, and sweet humility win her so much succor from Na Maria that the lady grant what she most hopes to have joy of, and that Na Maria take no false suitor.

Na Maria, pretz e fina valors,

Lady Maria worth and true merit

15,1

e-l joi e-l sen e la fina beutatz,

and-the joy and-the sense and the true beauty

e l'aculhir e-l pretz e las onors,

and the-welcome and-the worth and the honors

e-l gent parlar e l'avinen solatz,

and-the noble speech and the-pleasing cheer

e la dous car' e la gaja cuendansa,

and the sweet face and the gay grace

e-l dous esgart e l'amoros semblan

and-the sweet glance and the-loving look

que son en vos, don non avetz engansa,

that are in you wherein not you-have equal

me fan traire vas vos ses cor truan.

me make to-draw toward you without heart false

Per que vos prec, si-us platz que fin' amors

For which you I-beg if-to-you it-pleases that true love

e gausiment e dous umilitatz

and enjoyment and sweet humility

me posca far ab vos tan de socors,

to-me may to-do with you so-much of succor

que mi donetz, bella domna, si·us platz,
that to-me you-give fair lady if-to-you it-pleases

so don plus ai d'aver joi esperansa;
that whereof most I-have of-to-have joy hope

car en vos ai mon cor e mon talan,
for in you I-have my heart and my desire

e per vos ai tot so qu'ai d'alegransa
and through you I-have all that which-I-have of-gladness

e per vos vauc mantas vetz sospiran.
and for you I-go many times sighing

E car beutatz e valor vos enansa
And since beauty and merit you advances

sobra totas, qu'una no·us es denan,
above all that-one not-to-you is before

vos prec, si·us platz, per so que·us es onransa
you I-beg if-to-you it-pleases for that which-to-you is honor

que non ametz entendidor truan.
that not you-love (a)-suitor false

Bella domna, cui pretz e joi enansa
Fair lady whom worth and joy advances

e gen parlar, a vos mas coblas man,
and noble speech to you my stanzas I-send

car en vos es gajess' e alegransa
for in you is gaiety and gladness

e tot lo ben qu'om en domna deman.
and all the good that-one in (a)-lady asks

Alaisina Iselda e Carenza

An exchange of four stanzas on whether to marry. Alaisina Iselda asks Lady Carenza, who knows best how to choose, for counsel: shall she take a husband, or stay a maiden? Bearing children does not seem good to her, and a husband too distressing. Carenza counsels her to take the Crowned of Knowledge for a husband and bear a glorious son. Alaisina answers that childbearing is a great penance, and Carenza asks to be remembered.

Na Carenza al bel cors avinen,

Lady Carenza of-the fair body pleasing

donatz conseil a nos duas serors,

give counsel to us two sisters

e car sabetz meils triar lo meillors,

and since you-know best to-pick the better

conseillatz mi segon vostr' escien:

counsel me according-to your knowledge

penrai marit a nostra conoissenza?

shall-I-take (a)-husband to our knowing

o starai mi pulcela? e si m'agenzia,

or shall-I-stay myself (a)-maiden and thus to-me-it-pleases

que far filhos no cug que sia bos;

for to-make children not I-think that it-be good

essem maritz mi par trop angoissos.

likewise (a)-husband to-me seems too distressing

16-17,1

N'Alaisina Iselda, ensenhamen

Lady-Alaisina Iselda good-breeding

pretz e beltat, joven, frescas colors

worth and beauty youth fresh colors

conosc qu'avetz, cortezi' e valors

I-know that-you-have courtesy and merit

sobre totas las autras conoissen;

above all the others knowing

per qu'ie-us conseil per far bona semenza

for which-I-to-you counsel to make good seed

penre marit Coronat de Scienza,

to-take (as)-husband (the)-Crowned of Knowledge

en cui faretz fruit de filh glorios:

in whom you-will-make fruit of son glorious

retengud' es pulcel' a qui l'espos.

kept is (a)-maiden to whom him-she-weds

Na Carenza, penre marit m'agenza,

Lady Carenza to-take (a)-husband to-me-pleases

mas far enfantz cug qu'es grans penedenza,

but to-make children I-think that-is great penance

que las tetinhas pendon aval jos,

for the breasts hang downward low

e-l ventrilhs es cargatz e enojos.

and-the belly is burdened and grievous

N'Alaisina Iselda, sovinenza

Lady-Alaisina Iselda remembrance

ajatz de mi illumbra de ghirentza;

have of me in-the-shade of protection

quan i seretz, prejatx lo gloriös
when there you-will-be pray-to the glorious-one

qu'al departir mi retenga pres vos.
that-at-the parting me be-keep near you

Chansos ses Nom
FOUR ANONYMOUS PIECES

Four pieces whose authors the manuscripts do not name. The first two are debates, between a woman and a man and between a lady and her damsel; the third is a song with the lady's answer, and the fourth a song. In the first the lady says she is in great brooding for him and that he feels little of it. In the second the damsel urges mercy on a man left to die. The fourth laments that Provence has lost its worth to Genoa, and praises Guillelma de Rosers.

I Amics, en gran cossirier

Friend in great brooding

sui per vos et en greu pena,

I-am for you and in grievous pain

e del mal qu'ieu en suffier

and of-the ill that-I of-it suffer

non cre que vos sentatz guaire;

not I-believe that you feel much

doncs, per que·us metetz amaire,

then for what-yourself you-set (a)-lover

pus a me laissatz tot lo mal?

since to me you-leave all the ill

quar abdui no·l partem egual?

why both not-it we-divide equally

Domna, amors a tal mestier,

Lady love has such (a)-way

pus dos amics encadena,

when two friends it-chains

que·l mal qu'an e l'alegrier

that-the ill that-they-have and the-gladness

senta quecs a son vejaire;

let-feel each at his seeming

qu'ieu pens e non sui guabaire

for-I think and not I-am (a)-jester

que la dura dolor coral

that the hard grief heartfelt

ai ieu tota a mon cabal.

have I all at my portion

Amics, s'acsetz un cartier

Friend if-you-had a quarter

de la dolor que·m malmena,

of the grief that-me torments

be viratz mon encombrier;

well you-would-see my burden

mas no·us cal del mieu dan guaire,

but not-to-you it-matters of-the my harm much

que quan no m'en puesc estraire,

for when not myself-of-it I-can to-withdraw

com que m'an, vos es cominal,

how ever to-me-it-goes to-you it-is all-one

an me be o mal atretal.

go to-me well or ill the-same

Domna, quar ist lauzengier

Lady since these slanderers

que m'an tout sen e alena

who to-me-have taken sense and breath

son nostr' anguoissos guerrier,

are our anguishing foes

lais m'en, non per talan vaire,

I-leave myself-of-it not through desire changing

quar no·us sui pres, qu'ab lor braire
since not-to-you I-am near for-with their clamor

nos an bastit tal joc mortal
to-us they-have built such (a)-game mortal

que non jauzem jauzen jornal.
that not we-enjoy joyous day

Amics, nulh grat no·us refier
Friend any thanks not-to-you I-render

quar ja·l mieus dans vos refrena
since ever-the my harm you restrains

de vezer me que·us enquier;
from seeing me who-you I-ask

e si vos faitz plus guardaie
and if you make-yourself more (a)-guardian

del mieu dan qu'ieu non vuelh faire,
of-the my harm than-I — wish to-make

be·us tenc per sobreplus lejal
well-you I-hold for the-more loyal

que no son cilh de l'espital.
than not are those of the-Hospital

Domna, ieu tem a sobrier
Lady I fear to excess

qu'aur perda, e vos arena,
that-gold I-lose and you sand

que per dig de lauengier
that through (the)-talk of slanderer

nostr' amors torne s'en caire;
our love turn itself-away aside

per so deg tener en guaire

for that I-must to-hold in heed

trop plus que vos, per sanh Marsal,

much more than you by saint Martial

quar etz la res que mais me val.

since you-are the thing that most to-me avails

Amics, tan vos sai leugier

Friend so-much you I-know light

en fait d'amorosa mena

in deed of-loving kind

qu'ieu cug que de cavalier

that-I think that from knight

siatz devengutz camjaire;

you-are become (a)-changer

e deg vos o be retraire,

and I-must to-you it well to-recount

quar be paretz que pessetz d'al

since well you-seem that you-think of-other

pus del mieu pessamen no·us cal.

since of-the my thought not-to-you it-matters

Domna, jamais esparvier

Lady ever sparrowhawk

non port, ni cas ab cerena,

not may-I-bear nor hunt with (a)-net

s'anc, pus que·m detz joi entier,

if-ever since that-to-me you-gave joy entire

fui de nulh' outra enquistaire;

I-was of any other (a)-wooer

ni non sui aitals bauzaire;

and not I-am such (a)-deceiver

mas per enveja·l deslial

but through envy-the disloyal

m'o alevon e·m fan venal.

to-me-it they-impute and-me make venal

Amics, creirai vos per aital

Friend I-shall-believe you on such-terms

qu'aissi·us aja totz temps lejal.

that-thus-you I-have all time loyal

Domna, aissi m'auretz lejal

Lady thus me-you-will-have loyal

que jamais non pensarai d'al.

that ever not I-shall-think of-other

II Bona domna, tan vos ai fin coratge

Good lady so-much toward-you I-have true heart

non puesc mudar no·us cosselh vostre be,

not I-can to-forbear to-you I-counsel your good

e dic vos be que faitz gran vilanatge

and I-tell you well that you-do great churlishness

car cel ome qu'anc tan non amet re

for that man who-ever so-much not loved anything

laissatz morir e non sabetz per que;

you-let to-die and not you-know for what

pero, si mor, vostre er lo damnatge,

yet if he-dies yours will-be the harm

qu'autra domna mas vos a grat no·l ve,

for-other lady but you with favor not-bim sees

ni en lui non a poder ni senhoratge.

and over bim not has power nor lordsbip

Na donzela, be·m deu esser salvatge,

Lady damsel well-to-me must to-be grievous

quan el gaba ni·se vana de me;

when he boasts and-himself vaunts of me

tan a son cor fol e leu e volatge

so-much he-has his heart foolish and light and fickle

que m'amistat en lunha re no·s te:

that my-friendship in any thing not-itself holds

per que m'amors no·l tanh ni no·l cove;

for which my-love not-to-him befits and not-to-him suits

e pus el eis s'a enques lo folatge,

and since he himself himself-has sought the folly

non m'en reptatz, si la foldatz l'en ve,

not me-for-it reproach if the folly to-him-of-it comes

qu'aissi aug dir que dretz es e onratge.

for-thus I-hear to-say that right it-is and honor

Bona domna, ardre·l podetz o pendre,

Good lady to-burn-him you-can or to-hang

o far tot so que·us venga a talen,

or to-do all that which-to-you comes to liking

que res non es qu'el vos puesca defendre:

for anything not is that-he to-you can to-refuse

aissi l'avetz ses tot retenemen;

so him-you-have without all reserve

e no·m par ges que·us sia d'avinen,

and not-to-me it-seems at-all that-to-you it-be of-seemly

pus ab un bais li fetz lo cor estendre

since with a kiss to-him you-made the heart to-stretch

aissi co·l focs que·l mort carbon encen —

just as-the fire that-the dead coal kindles

pueis, quan el mor, no vo'n cal merce pendre.

then when he dies not to-you-of-it matters mercy to-take

Na donzela, non m'en podetz rependre,

Lady damsel not me-for-it you-can to-reprove

que·l deg m'amor ab aital covinen

for-to-him I-gave my-love on such (a)-covenant

que el fos mieus per donar e per vendre

that he were mine to give and to sell

e que totz temps fos a mon mandamen;

and that all time he-were at my command

mas el a fag vas me tal falhimen

but he has done toward me such (a)-wrong

don ges no's pot escondir ni defendre:

whereof at-all not-himself he-can to-excuse nor to-defend

non o fatz mal, si m'amor li defen,

not it I-do ill if my-love to-him I-refuse

car ja per el non vuelh mon pretz dissendre.

for ever through him not I-wish my worth to-sink

Süau parlem, domna, qu'om no·us entenda,

Softly let-us-speak lady that-one not-you hear

ara digatz, que forfaitz es vas vos,

now say what offended he-is toward you

mais que per far vostres plazers se renda,

beyond that to do your pleasures himself he-yields

son cor umil contra·l vostr' orgulhos.

his heart humble against-the yours proud

vuelh que·m digatz, domna, per cals razos

I-wish that-to-me you-say lady for what reasons

poiretz estar que merces non vo'n prenda,

you-can to-remain that mercy not to-you-of-it take

que mil sospirs ne fa·l jorn angoissos,

for (a)-thousand sighs of-it makes-the day anguished

don per un sol no·l denhatz far esmenda.

whereof for one alone not-to-him you-deign to-make amends

Si m'amor vol, na donzela, que renda,

If my-love he-wishes Lady damsel that I-render

ben li er obs que sia gais e pros,

well to-him it-will-be needful that he-be gay and worthy

francs et umils, qu'ab nulh om no's contenda

noble and humble that-with any man not-himself he-quarrel

e a cascun sia de bel respos;

and to each-one be of fair answer

qu'a me non tanh om fel ni orgulhos

for-to me not befits (a)-man cruel nor proud

per que mon pretz dechaja ni dissenda,

for which my worth should-decay nor sink

mas francs e fis, celans et amoros,

but noble and true secret and loving

s'el vol que'l don lezer que mi entenda.

if-he wishes that-to-him I-give leave that me he-court

Aital l'auretz, ja regartz non vo'n prenda,

Such him-you-will-have ever fear not to-you-of-it take

bona domna, que'l sieu cor avetz vos,

good lady for-the his heart have you

que el non a poder qu'ad autr' entenda.

for he not has power that-to another he-court

Bonis la fin, donzela, ab que s'atenda;

Good-is the end damsel provided that he-keep-to-it

e vos siatz garda entre nos dos,

and you be guard between us two

e que-us tengatz ab aquel que'l tort prenda.

and that-yourself you-hold with him who-the wrong take

- III Si·m fos grazitz mos chanz, ieu m'esforzera
If-to-me were welcomed my song I myself-would-exert
 e dera·m gaug e deportz e solatz,
and it-would-give-me joy and sport and cheer
 mas aissi·m sui a non-chaler gitatz
but thus-myself I-am to non-caring cast
 que ma dompna, que a totz jornz esmera
for my lady who on all days refines
 so qu'ieu li dic non deign' en grat tener,
that which-I to-her say not deigns in favor to-bold
 qu'apenas sai entre·ls pros remaner,
for-scarcely I-know among-the worthy to-remain
 ni no·m sui ges cel que era antan:
and not-myself I-am at-all be who I-was last-year
 aissi me tol mos covinenz e·ls fran.
thus from-me it-takes my covenants and-them breaks

Ailas! cum muor, quan mi membra, cum era
Alas how I-die when to-me it-recalls how I-was
 gais e joves, alegres, envesatz!
gay and young glad merry
 e quan m'albir qu'ieu sui de joi loignatz,
and when to-me-I-reckon that-I am from joy removed
 per pauc mos cors del tot no·s desespera;
for little my heart of-the whole itself despairs
 e donc mei oill cum la poiran vezer,
and then my eyes how her will-be-able to-see
 quar n'ai perdut d'els e de mi poder!
since of-it-I-have lost of-them and of myself power
 so m'an ill fag, don mos cors vai ploran,
that to-me-have they done whence my heart goes weeping
 que no 'n posc far conort ni bel semblan.
that not of-it I-can to-make comfort nor fair countenance

Ai! bella dompna, res cum be·m semblera
Ab fair lady thing how well-to-me it-would-seem

que, on que fos, degues umilitatz
that where ever it-were should humility

venser en vos que tan umils semblatz
to-conquer in you who so humble you-seem

vers mi que ja a mos jornz no·s camjera
toward me that ever in my days not-itself would-change

amors en tort, que·us fai dur cor aver,
love into wrong which-to-you makes hard heart to-have

e vos sabetz quar l'en donatz poder;
and you know since to-it-of-it you-give power

quar si amors e vos es a mon dan,
for if love and you is to my harm

las! ges longuas non posc soffrir l'affan.
alas at-all long not I-can to-endure the-toil

Bels douz amics, ja de mi no·s clamera
Fair sweet friend ever of me not-itself would-complain

vostre bels cors cortes et enseignatz,
your fair body courtly and taught

si saubessetz, cals es ma voluntatz:
if you-knew what is my will

vos es de cui sui mielz hoi que non era;
you are of whom I-am better today than — I-was

e non creatz que·us met' en non-chaler,
and not believe that-you I-put in non-caring

quar gaug entier non posc ses vos aver
since joy entire not I-can without you to-have

a cui m'autrei lejalmen ses enjan,
to whom myself-I-grant loyally without deceit

e·us lais mon cor en gatge, on qu'ieu m'an.
and-to-you I-leave my heart in pledge where ever-I myself-go

Mas una gens enojosa e fera,

But a folk tiresome and fierce

cui gautz ni bes ni alegrers non platz,

whom joy or good or gladness not pleases

nos guerrejan, dan mos cors es iratz,

us they-war-against whence my heart is grieved

quar per ren als senes vos non estera.

for through anything else without you not I-would-stay

Per so en mi avetz tan de poder

For that over me you-have so-much of power

qu'ab vos venrai, quan mi-l faretz saber,

that-with you I-shall-come when to-me-it you-will-make to-know

mal grat de cels qu'enqueron nostre dan,

ill thanks of those who-seek our harm

e pesa·m fort quar ses vos estauc tan.

and it-weighs-to-me strongly that without you I-stay so-long

IV Quan Proensa ac perduda proeza

When Provence had lost prowess

e pretz e joi e valor e totz bes,

and worth and joy and merit and all goods

tengron tot dreg tug marrit, de que·m peza,

they-held all straight all grieving of which-to-me it-weighs

lai on estan ab gaug als Genoes;

there where they-stay with joy among-the Genoese

e quar ilh non sabian la via,

and since they not knew the way

agron la flor de cortezia

they-had the flower of courtesy

que·ls capdelhet tro lai per son plazer,

who-them guided as-far-as there at her pleasure

que de Rogier a sobrenom de ver.

who from Rogier has surname in truth

E quar li pron de Genoa an largueza

And since the worthy of Genoa have largesse

arretenon na Guillelma, so·m pes,

they-retain Lady Guillelma so-to-me it-seems

quar ella es sobr' autras plus corteza,

for she is above others more courtly

que sap d'amor e de joi tot quan n'es;

who knows of-love and of joy all that of-it-is

qu'ilh a beutat ses maëstria

for-she has beauty without artifice

e solatz ab plazen coindia:

and cheer with pleasing grace

per qu'om loi deu a gran valor tener,

for which-one to-her-it must in great merit to-hold

si·l Genoes la sabon retenir.

if-the Genoese her know to-keep

Si Dieus m'agues donat tan de riqueza

If God to-me-had given so-much of wealth

qu'ie·us conogues, enans que sai vengues,

that-I-you knew before that here I-came

ja no·m fer om en Proensa greveza

ever not-to-me does man in Provence hardship

que a sofrir tot leu no·m paregues,

that to endure quite easy not-to-me it-seemed

ab qu'ieu agues vostra paria;

provided that-I had your company

mas quan vinc sai, ieu non sabia

but when I-came here I not knew

que tan de be tras mi lai remazes,

that so-much of good behind me there remained

que non cуетz qu'ieu partir m'en volgues.

so-that not think that-I to-part myself-of-it wished

E no m'en part, ans sui ab vos en preza
And not myself-of-it I-part rather I-am with you in bold

per la valor que de vos ai apres,
through the merit that of you I-have learned

mas l'enveia que s'es en mon cor meza
but the-longing that itself-is in my heart put

de vos vezer, non sai com s'en pogues
of you to-see not I-know how itself-of-it could

issir jamais, s'ieu no-us vezia,
to-issue ever if-I not-you saw

ans sai que deziran morria;
rather I-know that desiring I-would-die

que ses vista dels uelhs non pot aver
for without sight of-the eyes not can to-have

cor deziros adrechamen plazer.
(a)-heart desiring rightly pleasure

Si tot no-us vei si com volria,
Although all not-you I-see so as I-would-wish

l'uelh del cor vos vezon tot dia;
the-eyes of-the heart you see all day

qu'anc pueis no-us puec gitar a non-chaler,
for-ever since not-you I-could to-cast into non-caring

pos auzi dir co-us sabetz captener.
since I-heard to-say how-yourself you-know to-bear

Belha de Rogier, s'ieu podia,
Fair-one of Rogier if-I could

vostre gen cors plazen veiria;
your noble body pleasing I-would-see

quar a totz selhs que vos van lai vezer

for to all those who you go there to-see

faitz pretz de vos e gran lauzor tener.

you-make worth of you and great praise to-hold
