OLD OCCITAN SERIES · VOLUME 4

Giraut de Bornelh

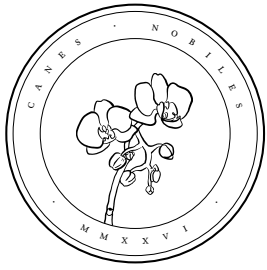
Giraut de Bornelh

The Seventy-Seven Songs, with the Life and the Razos

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with a word-for-word interlinear English translation

preserving the original word order



CANES NOBILES · MMXXVI

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Volume 4 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows the first volume of Adolf Kolsen's
Sämtliche Lieder des Trobadors Giraut de Bornelh (Halle, 1910)

Set from a page scan of the 1910 printing

Translated and composed with AI, edited by Christopher Hench
Artwork by Esther Steves

The songs, their text, and their spelling are Kolsen's, numbered
1–77 as he numbers them, and the life and the six razos are Chabaneau's,
with his & set as e and without his editorial brackets. The wide space Kolsen
sets at a caesura is not reproduced, and the word after it is capitalized
grammatically, as the head of every verse is; a hyphen before it joins
the two halves of a word. His italic marking a conjecture is printed plain,
and a row of points for a line he counts and does not constitute prints
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GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The Songs

Er' ai gran joi

1 · THE FLOWER OF THE LILY

He came the other day into a flowering garden loud with birds, and there the lily-flower took his eyes and his heart, so that he has had no thought since but of her. He would praise her aloud if he did not fear the slanderers, and tells them to go on asking whose she is and where, since he has stolen that knowledge from them. The mockers will call him a fool who stares; but he keeps his eyes turned toward her country, for a man who does not show his love does not love.

Er' ai gran joi que·m remembra l'amor
Now I-have great joy that-me recalls the-love
que·m te mo cor salf en sa fezeltat;
that-me holds my heart safe in its fidelity
que l'altr' er vinc en un verger, de flor
for the-other day I-came into a garden with flower
tot gen cobert ab chan d'auzels mesclat,
all prettily covered with song of-birds mingled
e can estav' en aquels bels jardis,
and when I-was in those fair gardens
lai m'aparec la bela flors de lis
there to-me-appeared the fair flower of lily
e pres mos olhs e sazic mo coratge
and it-took my eyes and it-seized my heart
si quez anc pois remembransa ni sen
so that ever after remembrance or sense
non aic mas can de leis en cui m'enten.
not I-had but only of her in whom myself-I-set

Ilh es cela per cui eu chan e plor;
She is the-one for whom I sing and weep
tan mes en me fi talan esmerat!
so-much she-put in me pure desire refined
Soven sospir e soplei et azor
Often I-sigh and I-bow and I-adore
vas lai on vi resplandir sa beltat.
toward there where I-saw shine her beauty
Flors de domnas, cui aclin e grazis,
Flower of ladies whom I-bow-to and I-thank
es aicela que tan gen m'a conquis,
is she who so nobly me-has conquered
dolz' e bona, umils, de gran paratge,
sweet and good humble of great high-birth
en fachs gentils, ab solatz avinen,
in deeds noble with cheer pleasing
agradiva vas me a tota gen.
agreeable toward me to all folk

Be fora rics, s'auzes dir sa lauzor,
Well I-would-be rich if-I-dared to-say her praise
c'a tota gen vengra l'auzirs en grat;
for-to all folk would-come the-hearing in pleasure

mas paor ai que fals lauzenjador
but fear I-have that false slanderers
fel et esquiu, sobredesmezurat
cruel and harsh overweening
m'entendesson et — a·i trops d'enemis
me-might-overbear and there-are too-many of-enemies
a cui no platz! — c'om se fassa devis.
to whom not it-pleases that-one himself make talked-of
Mas can veirai ome de so linhatge,
But when I-shall-see a-man of her lineage
baizar l'ai tan, tro la bocha m'i fen;
kiss him-I-shall so-much until the mouth me-there splits
tan d'amor port al seu bel cors jauzen!
so-much of-love I-bear to-the her fair body joyful

Ja no laissetz per me ni per Amor,
Ever not leave-off for me nor for Love
fals lauzenger complit de malvestat,
false slanderers full of baseness
e demandatz cui ni cals es ni or,
and ask whose and what-kind she-is and where
s'es lonh o pres; c'aisso·us ai ben emblat!
whether-she-is far or near for-this-from-you I-have well stolen
C'ans fos eu mortz qu'en aital mot falhis
For-sooner were I dead than-in such word I-should-fail
c'amic non ai be d'aisso no traïs;
for-friend not I-have well about-this (whom)-not I-would-deceive

car om non es non aia per uzatge
for man not there-is (who)-not has by custom
un fol vezi que·l vai mal enqueren,
a foolish neighbor who-him goes ill questioning
per c'us no·s fiz en filh ni en paren.
for that-one not-himself trusts in son nor in kin

Era diran de me escharnidor:
Now will-say of me mockers
'A! enfantils com te sos olhs en fat
Ah childish-one how he-holds his eyes in foolishness
e s'achambra d'orgolh e de ricor!'
and himself-he-withdraws with-pride and with grandeur
Qu'eu no consir, s'er' en un gran merchat,
That-I not think if-I-were in a great market
mas can de leis on mo cor s'es assis
but only of her where my heart itself-has settled
e tenh los olhs viratz vas cel païs
and I-hold the eyes turned toward that country
on ilh estai e parl en mo coratge
where she dwells and I-speak in my heart
ades de leis on mo fi cor s'aten;
ever of her on-whom my true heart itself-fixes
que non ama qui non o fai parven.
for not loves who not it makes evident

Ailas, com mor!

2 · THE BASHFUL LOVER

A dialogue: the lover says he is dying, and his counselor draws the cause out of him question by question. He has set his heart on a lady who once looked kindly at him, and is too bashful and too faithful to ask her for anything. The counselor tells him to go to her at once, ask for her love, endure it if she answers ill, and plead his own case nobly, since a good enduring man conquers at last. Then he sends him off to his delight before the whole world knows of it.

Ailas, com mor! — Quez as, amis? —

Alas how I-die What have-you friend

Eu sui traïs! —

I am betrayed

Per cal razo? —

For what cause

Car anc jorn mis m'ententio

Because once a-day I-put my-mind

en leis que·m fetz lo bel parven. —

on her who-me made the fair seeming

Et as per so to cor dolen? —

And have-you for that your heart grieving

Si ai. —

Yes I-have

As enaissi to cor en lai? —

Have-you thus your heart over there

Oc eu, plus fort. —

Yes I more strongly

Est donc aissi pres de la mort? —

Are-you then thus near to the death

Oc eu, plus fort que no·us sai dir. —
Yes I more strongly than to-you I-know to-say
Per que·t laissas aissi morir? —
For what-yourself you-let thus die

Car sui trop vergonhos e fis. —
Because I-am too bashful and faithful
No l'as re quis? —
Not from-her-have-you anything asked
Eu, per Deu, no! —
I by God no
E per que menas tal tenso,
And for what lead-you such a-plaint
tro aias saubut so talen? —
until you-have known her desire
Senher, fai me tal espaven. —
Lord she-makes me such fear
Que·l fai? —
What-it makes
S'amors que·m ten en greu esmai. —
Her-love which-me holds in grievous dismay
Be n'as gran tort;
Well of-it-have-you great wrong
cudas te qu'ela t'o aport? —
think you that-she to-you-it bring
Eu no, mas no·m n'aus enardir. —
I no but not-myself of-it-I-dare to-embolden
Trop poiras tu to dan sofrir. —
Much shall-be-able you your harm to-endure

Senher, e cals conselhs n'er pres? —
Lord and what counsel of-it-will-be taken
Bos e cortes. —
Good and courteous
Er lo·m diatz! —
Now it-to-me say-you
Tu venras denan leis viatz
You will-come before her swiftly
et enquerras la de s'amor. —
and will-ask her for her-love
E si s'o ten a dezonor? —
And if she-it holds as dishonor
No·t chal! —
Not-to-you it-matters
E s'ela·m respon lach ni mal? —
And if-she-me answers foully or ill
Sias sofrens,
Be enduring
que totztems bos sofrire vens! —
for always a-good enduring-man conquers
E si·s n'apercep lo gilos? —
And if-himself-of-it perceives the jealous-one
Adonc n'obraretz plus ginhos. —
Then of-it-you-will-work more cunningly

Nos? — Oc be. — Sol qu'ilh o volgues! —
We Yes indeed Only that-she it might-wish
Er. — Que? — Si·m cres. —
It-will-be What If-me you-believe

Crezutz siatz! —
Believed be-you
Be te sera tos jois doblatz,
Well to-you will-be your joy doubled
sol lo dichs no·t fassa paor. —
only the speaking not-to-you make fear
Senher, tan senti la dolor
Lord so-much I-felt the pain
mortal,
mortal
per qu'es ops c'o partam egal! —
for which-is need that-it we-share equally
Er donc tos sens
Now then your sense
que te valh' e tos ardimens! —
that to-you avail and your boldness
Oc, e ma bona sospeissos. —
Yes and my good hope
Garda te que gen t'i razos! —
Guard yourself that nobly yourself-there you-plead

Razonar no·m sabrai ja be. —
To-plead not-myself shall-I-know ever well
Dias, per que? —
Say for what
Per leis garar. —
For her beholding
No·n sabras donc ab leis parlar?
Not-of-it shall-you-know then with her to-speak

Est aissi del tot esperdutz? —
Are-you thus of-the whole bewildered
Oc, can li sui denan vengutz… —
Yes when to-her I-am before come
T'espertz? —
Yourself-you-lose
Oc eu, que no sui de re certz. —
Yes I for not I-am of anything certain
Aital fan tuch
So do all
cilh que son per Amor perduch. —
those who are by Love lost
Oc, mas eu forsarai mo cor! —
Yes but I shall-force my heart
Era non o torns en demor! —
Now not it turn into delay

Be m'a aduch
Well me-has brought
Amors a so, que sabon tuch
Love to that which know all
que mal viu qui deziran mor,
that ill lives who desiring dies
per qu'eu no sai planher mo cor. —
for which-I not know to-pity my heart

Vas to desduch
Toward your delight
vai, amics, ans c'o sapchon tuch,
go friend before that-it know all
per que no perdas to resor;
so that not you-lose your recourse
que levet pert om so demor!
for lightly loses one his delight

Ans que venha·l nous fruchs tendres

3 · BEFORE THE NEW FRUIT COMES

Before the new fruit comes and the load bends the branches, he gathers his heart from the many countries it was scattered through and fixes it on one love. He asks his friend not to grieve at what he sees, for Love presses him and he must act at her sign. Let the base idler by the hearth who grows bold in talk be held cheap. Whoever finds his song hard to learn should persevere: he teaches it with a true heart, darkens it like ebony, and makes his composing pregnant with knowledge.

Ans que venha·l nous fruchs tendres
Before that comes-the new fruits tender
ni·l sobrefais brondels baisse,
and-the overload branches bows
plei mo coratg' e l'amas
I-bend my heart and it-I-gather
vas un' amor e l'assenh.
toward one love and it-I-aim
Si tot lo m'avi' espars
Though wholly it to-me-I-had scattered
per mantas contradas lonh,
through many countries far
volh qu'era·s vir e s'arenh
I-wish that-now-itself it-turn and itself-set
d'altr' obr' e d'altre chaptenh.
to-other work and to-other conduct

Et enaissi frescs es tendres
And so fresh it-is tender
que per malpas ni per raisse,
that through rough-passage or through torrent
si be·m va len ni de pas,
though well-to-me it-goes slowly and at walk
no·m lais a virar l'engenh
not-myself I-leave from turning the-wit
si que·l plus de mos afars
so that-the most of my affairs
poscha tornar a nosonh!
can to-turn to unconcern
Que lai vir la fors' e·l genh
For there I-turn the strength and-the skill
o·ls olhs e·l coratge tenh.
where-the eyes and-the heart I-hold

E si m'est amics, no·n tendres
And if to-me-you-are a-friend not-of-it tender
ni·t pes, qui que t'en so d'aisse,
nor-to-you let-it-grieve whoever that to-you-of-it speaks of-vexation
so qu'era ves ni veiras:
that which-now you-see and you-will-see
c'Amors me coch' e·m destrenh.
for-Love me presses and-me constrains
E si·m n'er' estranhs ni pars,
And if-to-me of-it-I-was aloof and reserved
era, pos sai vir e ponh,
now since here I-turn and I-strive

convenra c'al seu senh renh
it-will-behoove that-at-the her sign I-act
e·ls altres torn en desdenh. —
and-the others I-turn into disdain

Car de filhas a dos gendres,
For of daughters there-are two sons-in-law
pot om greu far no s'abaisse
can one hardly to-make not himself-stoop
vas l'un que chascu ser as? —
toward the-one whom every evening you-have
Si grans forsa no m'empenh
If great strength not me-drives
c'alhors me fass' amics chars. —
that-elsewhere to-me it-make friends dear
E s'aissi fin' es, essonh
And if-so pure she-is I-excuse
mostres volers! — No·i retenh,
you-show wishes Not-in-it I-hold-back
mas que·l me vend' o m'empenh.
only that-it to-me she-sell or to-me-pledge

E si·l malvatz crup-en-cendres
And if-the wicked crouch-in-ashes
s'enardis qu'en lais s'eslaisse,
himself-he-emboldens that-in sayings himself-he-launch
vils sia tengutz o bas;
cheap be-he held or base

c'aissi desfil' e destenh
for-so it-unravels and fades
dezafrenatz domneiars
unbridled love-service
qui·l pretz no·i garda ni·l sonh.
which-the worth not-in-it heeds nor-the care
E s'eu a mos precs avenh,
And if-I to my prayers attain
no·m vendra be qui be·m penh?
not-me will-sell well who well-me paints

Per trussar ni per divendres
For rough-handling or for Fridays
no·m destric que non engraisse,
not-myself I-hinder that not I-fatten
si·l seus cors delgatz e gras
if-the her body slender and plump
m'es de pres, c'aissi revenh,
to-me-is of near for-so I-thrive
si be·m n'ave greus parlars;
though well-to-me of-it-comes hard speaking
car ges monge de Cadonh
for at-all monks of Cadouin
no·s fion en entresenh,
not-themselves trust in a-sign
c'a ver nesci m'en depenh.
so-that-as true fool myself-of-it I-paint

E cui parra greus l'aprendres
And to-whom will-seem hard the-learning
de mo chantar, no s'en laisse,
of my singing not himself-of-it leave-off
si no·l sui del dir eschas,
if not-to-him I-am of-the saying sparing
c'ab fi coratge l'ensenh,
for-with true heart it-I-teach
si tot Mo-Senhor no m'ars,
though wholly My-Lord not to-me-it-burned
si cuda que fass' ab onh;
if he-thinks that I-work with ointment
c'aissi l'escur com ebenh:
for-so it-I-darken as ebony
mo trobar ab saber prenh!
my composing with knowledge I-impregnate

Can l'altre s'en van, eu venh,
When the-others themselves-away go I come
si Deus la·m salf e la·m senh!
so God her-to-me save and her-to-me bless

A penas sai comensar

4 · A VERS MADE LIGHT

He can hardly begin the light vers he means to make, though he has thought about it since yesterday: no song has its whole worth unless everyone shares in it, and he likes to hear his tune carried to the fountain. He could compose closed if he chose, but keeping the matter is as great a skill as interweaving the words. He fears she would blame him for a messenger, and fear stops him pleading; yet he cannot forget her, and only thinking of her consoles him.

A penas sai comensar
With difficulty I-know to-begin
un vers que volh far leuger
a vers that I-wish to-make light
e si n'ai pensat des er
and yet of-it-I-have thought since yesterday
que·l fezes de tal razo
that-it I-should-make of such matter
que l'entenda tota gens
that it-understand all folk
e qu'el fass' a leu chantar;
and that-it make to easily sing
qu'eu·l fatz per pla deportar.
for-I-it make for sheer delighting

Be·l saupra plus cobert far;
Well-it I-should-know more covered to-make
mas non a chans pretz enter,
but not has a-song worth whole

can tuch no·n son parsoner.
when all not-of-it are sharers
Qui que·s n'azir, me sap bo,
Whoever that-himself of-it-be-vexed to-me it-tastes good
can auch dire per contens
when I-hear said in contention
mo sonet rauquet e clar
my tune hoarse and clear
e l'auch a la fon portar.
and it-I-hear to the fountain to-carry

Ja, pos volrai clus trobar,
Ever once I-shall-wish closed to-compose
no cut aver man parer
not I-think to-have many-a opinion
ab so que ben ai mester
with this that well I-have need
a far una leu chanso;
to make a light song
qu'eu cut c'atretan grans sens
for-I think that-as-much great sense
es, qui sap razo gardar,
it-is who knows the-matter to-keep
com los motz entrebeschar.
as the words to-interweave

D'als m'aven a consirar;
Of-other-things to-me-it-falls to think
qu'eu am tal que non enquer
for-I love such-a-one that not I-court
per so car del consirer
for this because of-the pondering
sai be que fatz mesprezo.
I-know well that I-do a-wrong
Que farai? C'us ardimens
What shall-I-do For-a boldness
me ve qu'eu l'an razonar
to-me comes that-I to-her-go to-plead
e paors fai m'o laissar.
and fear makes to-me-it leave-off

Be lo·i volria mandar,
Well it-to-her I-should-wish to-send
si trobava messatger,
if I-found a-messenger
mas si·n fatz altrui parler,
but if-of-it I-make another a-speaker
eu tem qu'ilh me n'ochaizo;
I fear that-she to-me of-it-blame
car non es ensenhamens
for not it-is good-breeding
c'om ja fass' altrui parlar
that-one ever make another speak
d'aisso que sols vol celar.
of-that which alone he-wishes to-hide

Tan be·m sap lo cor comtar
So well-to-me knows the heart to-tell
la beltat e·l pretz sobrer
the beauty and-the worth surpassing
que gran batalha·n sofer,
that great battle-of-it I-endure
car no·i vauc ad espero.
because not-there I-go at the-spur
Pois m'en ven us espavens
Then to-me-from-it comes a terror
que m'en fai dezacordar
that to-me-of-it makes to-waver
e mon ardimen baissar.
and my boldness to-lower

Ges no la posc oblidar,
At-all not her I-can to-forget
tan me fai gran dezirer,
so-much to-me she-makes great longing
e volh peitz c'a mo guerrer
and I-wish worse than-to my enemy
celui que d'als me somo;
to-him who of-other-things me summons
car lai es mos pensamens
for there is my thinking
e melhs no·m pot solassar,
and better not-me can to-solace
sol que·m lais de leis pensar.
only that-me she-let of her think

Consirers m'en es guirens;
Thinking to-me-of-it is a-warrant
c'anc re tan no·m poc amar,
for-ever anything so-much not-me I-could to-love
pos la vi, ni tener char.
since her I-saw nor to-hold dear

S'era no poia mos chans

5 · SPEECH AND SILENCE

A dialogue about praising her. The poet asks his companion to be his dragoman, and tells him that her speech, her deed, her seeming, her name, her worth, and her splendor will guide him on the road. The companion warns that too much praise only makes him enemies and that silence would serve him better; the poet answers that merely speaking of her brings him a hundred good thoughts, each worth having. If the good king of Navarre approves, he cares little for reproaches.

S'era no poia mos chans,
If-now not rises my song
no sai per que mais s'enans,
not I-know for what more itself-advance
e si no·n val dos aitans
and if not-of-it is-worth two as-much
que far no solia,
than to-do not it-used
ben auras drech lo·m soans. —
well you-will-have right it-to-me scorning
E per que? — No m'o demans;
And for what Not to-me-it ask
qu'eu no t'o diria!
for-I not to-you-it would-say

E si·m seras drogomans? —
And then-to-me will-you-be a-dragoman
A cui? — Leis cui sui comans. —
To whom To-her whom I-am subject

E com entendra tos mans? —
And how will-she-understand your messages
Ja d'aco no·t sia;
Ever of-that not-to-you be-it
que·l dichs e·l fachs e·l semblans
for-the speech and-the deed and-the seeming
e·l noms e·l pretz e·l bobans
and-the name and-the worth and-the splendor
t'er guitz en la via.
to-you-will-be a-guide on the way

E tu ja·t fas conoissens? —
And you indeed-yourself make knowing
Eu oc. — E donc non entens
I yes And then not you-understand
c'us motz fatz fass' aprendens
that-a word foolish I-make learnable
e ses maestria? —
and without artifice
Si fatz be, mas tot es sens! —
Yes I-do well but all is sense
Per que volh que tota gens
For which I-wish that all folk
li port garentia.
to-her bear warrant

Que·l seus bels cors convinens
For-the her fair person seemly
es assazatz e manens
is filled and rich
de totz bos ensenhamens
with all good breeding
e de cortezia! —
and with courtesy
Ja n'auras tu malvolens,
Indeed of-it-will-have you ill-wishers
car en trop lauzar t'emprens. —
for in too-much praising yourself-you-undertake
E que·m graziria?
And what-to-me would-she-thank

S'eu enemics e guerrers
If-I enemies and foes
no·m fazia volonters?
not-to-myself I-made willingly
C'us enoios fols parlers
For-a tiresome foolish talker
trob' om chascu dia!
finds one every day
Fors qu'eu no sui sobransers,
Except that-I not am overweening
mas, si la·m blasmav' Augers,
but if her-to-me blamed Ogier
eu lo·i combatria.
I him-in-it would-fight

Que·l seus laus es drechurers
For-the her praise is just
e·l noms vers e·l pretz enters,
and-the name true and-the worth whole
e si m'era vis esters,
and if to-me-had seemed otherwise
no·m n'entrametria;
not-myself of-it-I-would-meddle
c'anc fort no fui sovenders
for-ever much not I-was a-purveyor
d'aitals lauzars plazenters
of-such praises flattering
ni non o seria.
and not it I-would-be

E tu, que? — Tanh sos lauzars? —
And you what Befits her praising
Ja m'en forsa sobramars. —
Indeed me-of-it forces over-loving
Mais t'en valria chalars! —
More to-you-of-it would-avail silence
Be·n ditz gran folia;
Well-of-it you-say great folly
que, per Deu, sol lo parlars
for by God only the speaking
m'adutz tals cen bos pensars
to-me-brings such hundred good thoughts
c'us quecs m'en valria. —
that-a each-one to-me-of-it would-avail

E si tos dichs no te chars,
And if your words not she-holds dear
no t'en volgras esser pars? —
not yourself-of-it would-you-wish to-be apart
Eu no per re; que·l cudars
I no for anything for-the thinking
m'aiud' e m'embria,
to-me-helps and to-me-quickens
so m'es vis, totz mos afars
so to-me-is seen all my affairs
e valra·n mais mos chantars
and will-be-worth-of-it more my singing
per aital paria!
for such fellowship

E si·l bos reis dels Navars
And if-the good king of-the Navarrese
m'o lauza, de mans blasmars
to-me-it praises of many reproaches
gaire no·t daria.
much not-to-you I-would-give

Amars, onrars e charteners

6 · NO HAPPINESS WITHOUT LOVE

Loving, honoring, long entreating, and long hoping should have made him live in honor, had he been fortunate in his lord; but because he will not turn or swerve, Love will not let him be gay. His sense, his silence, and his fear would have brought him love had he sought it elsewhere; the lady who holds him in torment will neither have him love her nor let him leave off. Why, he asks, is living worth less to him than dying? Because joy fails him; he tells her that her worth rises always.

Amars, onrars e charteners,
Loving honoring and holding-dear
umiliars et obezirs,
humbling and obeying
loncs merceiars e loncs grazirs,
long entreating and long thanking
long' atendens' e loncs espers
long waiting and long hoping
me degron far viur' ad onor,
me ought to-make to-live in honor
s'eu fos astrucs de bo senhor;
if-I were fortunate in a-good lord
mas car no·m vir ni no·m biais,
but because not-myself I-turn and not-myself I-swerve
no vol Amors qu'eu sia gais.
not wills Love that-I be gay

Pero mos sens e mos sabers
Yet my sense and my knowing
e mos parlars e mos be-dirs,
and my speaking and my well-speaking
mos esperars e mos sofrirs
my hoping and my enduring
e mos celars e mos temers
and my concealing and my fearing
m'agron totztems onrat d'amor,
me-would-have always honored with-love
s'eu perchasses mo ben alhor;
if-I pursued my good elsewhere
mas cilh que·m ten en greu pantais
but she who-me holds in grievous turmoil
no vol qu'eu l'am ni que m'en lais.
not wills that-I her-love nor that myself-of-it I-leave

E si·lh plagues mos enquerers
And if-to-her pleased my courting
ni mos preiars ni mos servirs,
or my praying or my serving
ja·l trop velhars ni·l paucs dormirs
ever-the much waking or-the little sleeping
ni·lh mal qu'eu trac matis e sers
or-the ills that-I draw mornings and evenings
no·m pogron ja partir de lor;
not-me could ever to-part from them

ans m'agra jois per servidor
rather me-would-have joy as a-servant
e ja no·m fora greus lo fais
and ever not-to-me would-be heavy the burden
ni·l mals c'al cor me brolh' e·m nais.
nor-the ill that-in-the heart to-me sprouts and-to-me is-born

Per qu'eu conosc e sai qu'es vers
Why do-I recognize and know that-it-is true
que viure·m val menhs que morirs?
that living-to-me is-worth less than dying
Pos que·lh sofranh jois e jauzirs
Since that-to-it fails joy and rejoicing
e·m falh amors e sos poders!
and-to-me fails love and its power
Per qu'eu sospir e planh e plor?
Why do-I sigh and lament and weep
Car jois no·m val ni no·m socor;
Because joy not-to-me avails and not-me succors
qu'eu sui aquel c'am melhs e mais
for-I am the-one who-love better and more
e no manei ni tenh ni bais.
and not I-handle nor I-hold nor I-kiss

Era·m combat sobrevolers
Now-me assails over-wanting
e sobramars e loncs dezirs
and over-loving and long desiring
e fa·m chassar sobrenardirs
and makes-me to-chase over-boldness
e foleiars e no-devers
and folly-doing and un-duty
so que no tanh a ma valor,
that which not befits to my merit
e s'eu volh trop per ma folor,
and if-I wish too-much through my folly
mos sens en par alques savais;
my sense of-it seems somewhat base
mas eu remanh fis e verais.
but I remain faithful and true

Car ma semblans' e mos parers
For my seeming and my opinion
e mos cudars e mos albirs
and my thinking and my judging
m'an dich totztems c'altr' enriquirs
to-me-have said always that-other enriching
ni altr' onors ni altr' avers
or other honor or other wealth

no·m podon dar tan de ricor
not-me can to-give so-much of grandeur
com cilh que·m fai viur' ab langor
as she who-me makes to-live in languor
c'on plus languisc e dezengrais,
for-the more I-languish and grow-lean
cut et aten c'a me s'abais.
I-think and I-expect that-to me she-stoop

Domna valens, vostra valor
Lady worthy your merit
e vostre pretz e vostr' onor
and your worth and your honor
poiatz totztems e valetz mais,
rise always and you-are-worth more
per qu'eu vos sui fis e verais.
for which-I to-you am faithful and true

Sol c'Amors me plevis

7 · LOVE, HELP ME

If only Love would pledge to keep faith with him as he keeps it with her, she would still find him on her road; but he will not have a game where a man gives all his years for two or three semblances. He would tell his lady his heart if she allowed it, for where a man cannot speak his heart, all the other show he can make is worth nothing. Asked who promised him good fortune once he spoke, he answers: her face. He prays Love, now fast asleep, to wake for his sake.

Sol c'Amors me plevis
Only that-Love to-me she-pledge
c'aissi co·lh fora fis
that-so as-to-her I-would-be faithful
m'atendes convinens,
to-me-she-keep covenants
enquer me trobera
still me she-would-find
drech en sa charrera;
straight on her road
mas non entenda ges
but not let-her-intend at-all
si, can m'aura repres,
thus when me-she-will-have taken-back
que·m fass' un jorn jauzir
that-me she-make one day rejoice
e pois tot l'an languir,
and then all the-year languish

car no·m sembl' avinens
for not-to-me seems seemly
aitals jocs ni sabens
such a-game nor wise
c'om totz sos ans
that-one all his years
do per dos o tres semblans!
give for two or three seemings
Mas si·m fezes
But if-to-me she-did
segon mo servir merces,
according-to my serving mercy
domna gensor de ric pretz ai chauzida,
a-lady fairer of rich worth I-have chosen
vas cui aclis fora tota ma vida.
toward whom bowed I-would-be all my life

Mas s'ela m'o sofris
But if-she to-me-it allowed
vas cui serai aclis,
toward whom I-shall-be bowed
s'Amors vol, umilmens,
if-Love wills humbly
d'aitan la preiera
so-much her I-would-pray
que no·m fos trop fera
that not-to-me she-be too fierce
ni ges no·lh desplagues,
and at-all not-to-her it-displease

si mo cor li disses.
if my heart to-her I-told
Car pos c'om no pot dir
For since that-one not can to-say
so cor ni descobrir
his heart nor to-uncover
lai on es sos entens
there where is his purpose
pauzatz, drechs es niens
set rightly is nothing
totz als bobans,
all other pomps
c'om pot far en fols mazans;
that-one can to-make in foolish tumults
don ses defes,
whence without hindrance
pos que mo cor dich l'agues,
once that my heart said to-her-I-had
tot sai de ver que ma bon' escharida
wholly I-know for truth that my good fortune
en breu de tems vengra senes falhida.
in short of time would-come without fail

S'om m'enquer qui m'o dis,
If-one me-asks who to-me-it said
respon li: 'Sos bels vis.'
I-answer to-him Her fair face
"E com? Es tan plazens?"
And how Is-she so pleasing

‘Oc, e mais enquera;
Yes and more still
tan qu’eu no cudera
so-much that-I not would-have-thought
c’anc mais esser pogues
that-ever more to-be could
quez ilh tan me plagues.’
that she so-much to-me should-please
Qu’eu posc de ver plevir:
For-I can for truth to-pledge
can sos bels olhs remir
when her fair eyes I-behold
amoros e rizens,
loving and laughing
tan sui sobrejazens
so-much I-am overwrought
e dezirans
and desiring
qu’eu mor com fos sos comans
that-I die as I-were her liegeman
e gen apres
and nobly taught
a far tot so que·lh taisses;
to do all that which-to-her befitted
c’aissi com es de totz valers complida,
for-so as she-is of all worths filled
tanh qu’ilh sia de servidor garnida.
it-befits that-she be with a-servant furnished

E pos c'ab so dolz ris
And since that-with her sweet laugh
a mo cor el seu mis,
she-has my heart in-the hers put
per far sos mandamens —
to do her commands
c'altra n'esquivera! —
for-another of-it-I-would-refuse
segrai sa banera.
I-shall-follow her banner
'C'as dich? No saps cals s'es?'
What-have-you said Not you-know who she-is
"Oc eu! D'aisso si·m pres,
Yes I Of-this so-me it-took
nems cudei enardir.
too-much I-thought to-venture
Deus me gart de falhir!
God me keep from sinning
Me trai men, pos si·m vens
Me it-robs sense since so-me overcomes
sa grans beltatz e·l sens
her great beauty and-the sense
e·l cors prezans,
and-the person esteemed
avinens, gen aconhdans?
seemly nobly welcoming
Que non es res
For not there-is anything
c'ostar del cor la·m pogues!"
that-to-remove from-the heart her-from-me could

‘Fai to voler; molt es de te sazida.’
She-does your will much she-is with you taken
“Ai, co·m plai fort, si no·m met en oblida!”
Ah how-to-me it-pleases greatly if not-me she-puts into forgetting

Mas s’a l’emperairis,
But if-to the-empress
que tan gen m’a conquis,
who so nobly me-has conquered
plagues e fos sofrens
it-pleased and she-were patient
d’auzir ma preiera,
to-hear my prayer
enquer l’o dissera,
still to-her-it I-would-say
car sos parlars cortes
for her speaking courteous
en so servir m’ames,
into her service me-brought
qu’ilh degues acolhir
that-she should to-receive
de bo grat mo servir,
with good will my serving

pos sers obediens
since a-servant obedient
li sui ses totz contens
to-her I-am without any strife
e fis amans
and a-faithful lover
francs, umils e merceians.
noble humble and beseeching
E qu'en di, res
And what-of-it says anyone
vos altres amans no·s pes;
you other lovers not-itself let-it-grieve
si ai saubut chauzir a ma partida
if I-have known to-choose at my share
tal c'anc no fo de be-far adormida!
such-a-one that-ever not was of well-doing asleep

Mas si·l cors convinens,
But if-the person seemly
adrechs, sobreplazens
upright surpassing-pleasing
sofre, membrans
is-patient mindful
be·us dic: Ja, per mil afans
well-to-you I-say Ever for a-thousand pains
que trachs n'agues,
that borne of-them-I-had

non er jois que·m retraisses
not will-be a-joy that-me would-draw-back
d'onrar e de servir, qui que men crida,
from-honoring and from serving whoever that a-lie cries
leis per cui es onors tot' esclarzida?
her through whom is honor wholly brightened

Ad Amor prei, qu'er tan s'es adormida,
To Love I-pray who-now so-much herself-has fallen-asleep
qu'endrech de me per merce, si ressida.
that-in-regard of me for mercy thus she-wake

Aquest terminis

8 · THIS BRIGHT SEASON

The season everyone longs for should be received with joy, and a man whom joy does not please is neither loved nor a lover. A messenger brings him greetings from a love, and after a long sorrow he can make joy again. Her prowess and her sense are so great that pride never passed her teeth: humility keeps her in peace and tells her to speak, and not much. So worthy is she that an emperor would be honored to lie with her. He yields himself to her mercy with a noose about his neck.

Aquest terminis clars e gens,
This season bright and fine
qu'es tan deziratz e volgutz,
which-is so desired and wished
deu esser ab joi receubutz
must to-be with joy received
e chascus en sia jauzens,
and each of-it be glad
car ven estatz
for comes summer
ab sas clartatz!
with its brightnesses
A cui no platz
To whom not it-pleases
jois ni solatz,
joy nor cheer
non es amatz
not is loved
ni amaire.
nor a-lover

A me melhura mos talens
In me improves my spirit
pel joi, car issem a la lutz.
through-the joy for we-come-out to the light
Que totz lo deportz e·l desdutz
For all the sport and-the pastime
conve qu'esta sazo comens.
it-behooves that-this season begin
Pos vei los pratz
Since I-see the meadows
e·ls bois folhatz,
and-the woods leafed
eu volh sapchatz
I wish you-know
per amistatz
through affection
sui envezatz
I-am gladdened
e chantaire.
and a-singer

Mo cor es plus gais e salhens,
My heart is more gay and leaping
car m'es us messatgers vengutz
for to-me-is a messenger come
que·m retrai d'un' amor salutz,
who-to-me reports from-a love greetings
don me ve jois e jauzimens.
whence to-me comes joy and gladness

Si·m sui estatz
If-myself I-have been
lonc tems iratz,
long time sorrowful
dezacordatz,
discordant
d'amor sebratz,
from-love sundered
er posc assatz
now I-can enough
de joi faire.
of joy make

Molt es grans la proez' e·l sens
Very is great the prowess and-the sense
qu'el' a; tan bos sabers adutz
that-she has so-much good knowledge brings
c'anc no fo per leis mentagutz
that-ever not was by her uttered
orgolhs ni no·lh passet las dens;
pride and not-to-her passed the teeth
c'umilitatz,
for-humility
don es chargatz
wherewith is laden
sos cors prezatz,
her person prized

la ten en patz
her holds in peace
e·lh ditz: Parlatz
and-to-her says Speak
e — no gaire!
and not much

Sobre totz bos ensenhamens,
Above all good breeding
aitan fort es sos pretz cregutz,
so much is her worth grown
es lo seus per melhor tengutz
is the hers for better held
ni ja no l'en er fachs contens;
and ever not to-her-of-it will-be made dispute
ans a poiatz
rather she-has climbed
los aussors gratz
the highest steps
c'als plus senatz
so-that-to-the most wise
es, so sapchatz,
is that you-know
greus la meitatz
hard the half
a retraire.
to tell

Tan es rich' e pros e valens
So is noble and brave and worthy
cela de cui eu sui rendutz,
she to whom I am given
per qu'eu no dei esser crezutz
for which-I not ought to-be believed
c'Amors me des tans d'ardimens
that-Love to-me gave so-much of-boldness
que si fors' atz!
whom so forces need
De leis privatz,
Of her intimate
vos diriatz
you would-say
so, s'ab leis jatz,
that if-with her he-lies
qu'i for' onratz
that-in-it would-be honored
l'emperaire!
the-emperor

Domna, mos pens e mos entens
Lady my thinking and my purpose
e totz mos respechs e mos cutz
and all my expectation and my thoughts
es en vostra merce chazutz
is into your mercy fallen
e prenda·us de me chauzimens;
and let-take-you of me clemency

qu'eu·m sui d'un latz
for-I-myself am with-a noose
pel col lassatz
by-the neck bound
a vos donatz
to you given
et autreiatz,
and granted
car tan eratz
for so-much you-were
de bon aire.
of good nature

Domna, volhatz
Lady may-you-wish
que mos pensatz
that my thought
sia vertatz
be truth
e, s'a vos platz
and if-to you it-pleases
ma volontatz,
my will
me n'esclaire
me of-it-enlighten

domna, si·us platz,
lady if-to-you it-pleases
merce n'aiatz
mercy of-it-have
e no·m fassatz
and not-me make
lonc mal traire!
long ill to-bear

Alegrar me volgr' en chantan

9 · I WOULD GLADDEN MYSELF IN SINGING

He would gladden himself in singing if his Bel-Senhor helped him a little; more than a year ago he was asked to sing, and it would have been fitting to try. He wants the heart to agree with the song, and holds that a lady who suffers a man's songs in peace earns a rich reward. He goes alone and seeks no counsel of friends or lords, fearing that place and hour will steal a perilous word; yet he asks why he calls private counsel valuable, since one companion in three will do you harm.

Alegrar me volgr' en chantan
To-gladden myself I-should-wish in singing
e chantar, per que m'alegres,
and to-sing so that myself-I-gladdened
e si d'un sol pauc m'aiudes
and if with-one only little to-me-helped
mos Bels-Senher, ai be talan
my Fair-Lord I-have well desire
que ja per nauza ni per dan,
that ever through vexation or through harm
que·m cregues, no·m desconortes;
that-to-me grew not-myself I-should-lose-heart
qu'esters no·m fera fruchs ni flors
for-otherwise not-to-me would-make fruits nor flowers
ni gens pascors
nor fair springtime
joi ni solatz.
joy nor cheer

Mas valha·m chauzimens, si·lh platz
But let-avail-to-me clemency if-to-her it-pleases
que m'aiut bona sospeissos,
that to-me-help good hope
en un vers far que sia bos!
in a vers to-make that is good

E pero ben a mais d'un an
And yet well there-is more than-a year
c'om me preiava qu'eu chantes,
that-one me begged that-I should-sing
e fora bo que·m n'esforses,
and it-would-be good that-myself of-it-I-strove
si·m pogues paiar del mazan;
if-myself I-could to-pay for-the din
mas volh que·l cor s'acort al chan
but I-wish that-the heart itself-accord with-the song
e que la bocha rend' apres
and that the mouth render after
dels bels dichs e dels fachs maiors
for-the fair sayings and for-the deeds greater
gratz e lauzors.
thanks and praises

Car si chantatz
For if you-sing
de tal que·us plass' e·us sofr' en patz
of such-a-one that-to-you pleases and-you suffers in peace
vostres precs ni vostras chansos,
your prayers and your songs
trop l'en eschai rics gazardos.
much to-her-of-it falls a-rich reward

E sera·lh pretz, a mo semblan,
And it-will-be-to-her worth to my seeming
si vostre chans melhur' ades!
if your song betters always
E s'eu ja vis que melhures
And if-I ever saw that bettered
lo meus, com for' a so coman
the mine how I-would-be at her command
totztems mais, e si ja d'afan
always more and if ever of-pain
que n'agues trach me corelhes,
that of-it-I-had drawn myself I-complained
totztems me defendes Amors
always me would-bar Love
de sas onors,
from her honors
e fos mostratz
and I-were shown
com om fols e desmezuratz,
as a-man foolish and immoderate

de joi dezamparatz e blos,
of joy forsaken and bare
a cui no tanh' onors ni pros!
to whom not befits honor nor profit

Deus, com? M'er anatz regaran,
God how To-me-will-be gone gazing
si ja vira, qui m'agrades?
if ever she-turns who to-me-pleased
E no ges, per so qu'eu cudes
And not at-all for that that-I thought
que nulha res m'abelis tan!
that any thing to-me-pleases so-much
Pro m'ave melhs que no deman. —
Much to-me-comes better than — I-ask
E com? no m'o diras? — Fols es!
And how not to-me-it will-you-say Fool you-are
Ja saps tu d'aquests amadors
Indeed know you of-these lovers
leus parladors
light talkers
que lor foldatz,
that their folly
can lor afars s'es aviatz,
when their affair itself-has set-out
lor tol plazers e dichs e dos
from-them takes pleasures and words and gifts
e·ls mena trists e consiros.
and-them leads sad and anxious

Per qu'eu que no m'agrat d'enjan,
For which-I who not myself-please in-deceit
no volgra c'altre m'ensenhes
not would-wish that-another to-me-taught
so que mo joi m'i destorbes;
that which my joy to-me-there disturbed
ans agr' ops que·m pares enan.
rather there-would-be need that-me it-put forward
E per so·m vauc sols alegran
And for that-myself I-go alone gladdening
e consir cossi no trobes
and I-consider how not I-should-find
conselh d'amics o de senhors
counsel of-friends or of lords
ni·m fos acors
nor-to-me were succor
sobretarzatz,
over-delayed
e lonh me de mos plus privatz,
and I-keep-away myself from my most intimate
tan dopti que locs e sazos
so-much I-fear that place and season
m'embles cal que mot perilhos.
from-me-might-steal some or-other word perilous

E no ges per so qu'eu soan
And not at-all for that that-I scorn
lor solatz e molt no prezes,
their cheer and much not I-prized

s'auzes dire, que demandes
if-I-dared to-say that I-asked
a cels que venon ni que van,
of those who come and who go
tals novas en c'anes mesclan
such news wherein that-I-went mingling
so que chascus no m'entendes;
that which each-one not me-understood
que per us prims entendedors
for because-of some foremost suitors
me tol paors
from-me takes fear
e frevoltatz,
and faintness
car no cut esser ben amatz,
for not I-think to-be well loved
mans gaps, mans dichs, mans fachs ginhos,
many boasts many words many deeds cunning
per qu'eu fora bautz e joios.
for which-I would-be bold and joyful

Er diran tuch qu'eu dis ogan
Now will-say all that-I said this-year
c'a tot ome que ben ames
that-to every man who well loved
agr' ops c'un bon amic trobes
there-would-be need that-a good friend he-found
tal en que no s'anes doptan;
such in whom not himself-he-went doubting

quez us no sap de que ni can
for one not knows of what nor when
li er ops c'om lo conselhes.
to-him will-be need that-one him counsel
Per qu'eu dic c'als fis preiadors
Why do-I say that-to-the true suitors
es valedors
is helpful
conselhs privatz?
counsel private
Car greu er, si no·us engardatz
For hard it-will-be if not-yourselves you-guard
que l'us de totz tres companhos
that the-one of all three companions
no·us sia mals et enoios.
not-to-you be bad and troublesome

Chascus se gart si, com eu fatz,
Each-one himself guard thus as I do
senher Sobre-Totz, que neis vos
lord Above-All for even you
no sabetz cals s'es ma razos!
not know what it-is my matter

Be leu man lai part los glotos
Quite likely I-send there beyond the gluttons
o sai o lai o sus o jos.
either here or there or up or down

Si·m plagues tan chans

10 · ALWAYS DISCREET

Song no longer pleases him as it once did: a rein holds him back, for singing loses him his days, since everyone shuns what brings worth, and where love and worth lose their heritage, joy and cheer dwindle. Still he follows her commands, takes ill with good, and watches where he laments and to whom. Excess of desire masters true lovers; a man is not false who hides his passion well, and the false lover conceals neither his lady nor himself, ruining himself when he makes another privy.

Si·m plagues tan chans
If-to-me pleased so-much song
com sol, derenans
as it-used henceforth
chantera, mas fre
I-would-sing but a-rein
a·i que m'en rete;
there-is that me-from-it holds
c'ar chans no m'es sals,
for-now song not to-me-is safe
ans pert mos jornals
rather I-lose my days
chantan, car quecs fui
singing for each-one flees
so que pretz adui
that which worth brings
e merma joi et avinen solatz
and it-lessens joy and seemly cheer
on pert amors e pretz sas eretatz.
where lose love and worth their heritages

Mas eu sec sos mans,
But I follow her commands
sia·m pros o dans,
be-it-to-me profit or harm
e n'ai mal e be
and of-it-I-have ill and good
e s'a·i dir de que
and if-there-is to-say of what
sui amics ni cals
I-am a-friend and whose
e can planh mos mals,
and when I-lament my ills
gart on ni a cui,
I-watch where and to whom
tan tem lo fol brui,
so-much I-fear the foolish noise
e, can respon, gart que dic; car foldatz
and when I-answer I-watch what I-say for folly
es dicha leu, per qu'eu respon membratz.
is said lightly for which-I answer mindful

Mas sobretalans
But over-desire
forsa·ls ben-amans
masters-the true-lovers
c'a penas s'en te
so-that-with difficulty himself-from-it holds
negus, per qu'eu cre
any for which-I believe
n'escha dans mortals.
of-it-comes harm mortal
E doncs non es fals,
And then not is false
qui met son esdui
who puts his ardor
en trop gran refui;
into too great concealment
pauc preza se e cilh a cui s'es datz,
little he-prizes himself and her to whom himself-he-has given
s'a descobert en ditz sas volontatz.
if openly of-it he-tells his desires

Qui demand' a mans
Whoever asks of many
dels cobes amans
of-the greedy lovers
s'an domna, desse
if-they-have a-lady at-once
diran: 'No, qu'ilh me!'
they-will-say No for-she (has)-me

Mas eu no sui tals,
But I not am such
ans dic que leials
rather I-say that a-loyal
amics sui de lui
friend I-am of her
et em par amdui;
and we-are equal both
car quecs a so c'a dos tanh ab tan patz
for each has that which-to two belongs with such an-accord
que·lh bocha ditz per c'om es encolpatz.
that-the mouth says for what-one is blamed

Cel es drutz truans
He is a-lover false
que non es celans
who not is concealing
sa domna ni se,
his lady nor himself
car sobr' altra re
for above other thing
deu gardar, sivals
he-must to-watch at-least
s'es amics corals,
if-he-is a-friend hearty
no·n gap ab altrui;
not-of-it he-boast with another
car se eis destrui,
for himself even destroys
s'az altra part n'es del conselh privatz;
if-to another side of-it-he-is of-the counsel intimate
car ja non er per los altres celatz.
for ever not it-will-be by the others concealed

Nulha res

11 · HOPE AND CONSTANCY

Nothing is lacking to his singing, and his war-cry is "Sure." A song should not slacken when it springs from joy: where two true friends meet in one will, each must keep the balance from tipping his way. Having taken trouble in many places, he shuts out harm with good hope. He asks nothing of her but leave to enlarge his happiness by imagining it, and swears she will take no harm from true loving, asking only that she strike him with a fair look.

Nulha res a chantar no·m falh,
Any thing for singing not-to-me fails
per que deu pro mos chans valer;
for which must much my song to-be-worth
qu'er ai be razon e lezer
for-now I-have well matter and leisure
e loc e sazo de que chan,
and place and season of what I-sing
e mais d'aitan
and more by-so-much
me creis ma benanansa
to-me grows my well-being
qu'en bona cud' ai mon esper,
for-in a-good thought I-have my hope
que·m tol temer
which-me takes fearing
e·m fai joi jauzir e solatz,
and-me makes joy to-enjoy and cheer

e vei assatz
and I-see enough
c'obs m'es que mos chans se melhur,
that-need to-me-is that my song itself better
pos en ma senha crit 'Segur'.
since in my war-cry I-shout Sure

Car non es drechs que chans nualh,
For not is-it right that a-song slacken
can de joi mou ni de plazer;
when from joy it-springs and from pleasure
car si s'encontron d'un voler
for if themselves-meet of-one will
dui fin amic e d'un talan
two true friends and of-one desire
que vas engan
so-that toward deceit
no penda la balansa,
not lean the balance
chascus se deu contratener
each-one himself must to-hold-in-check
c'a so poder
so-that-with his power
no·s volva ni·s vir al seu latz!
not-herself turn nor-herself veer to-the his side

C'amics amatz
For-a-friend loved
s'a cor que menta ni·s perjur,
if-he-has heart to lie and-himself forswear
el' es on bran a mal aür.
she is where she-wavers to ill omen

Qu'eu c'ai pres en man loc trebalh,
For-I who-have taken in many a-place trouble
de man mol lech man dur jazer,
from many soft bed many hard lying
lais ab alques de bo saber
I-leave with somewhat of good knowledge
ma rancur' e·m vauc adesman
my grievance and-myself I-go reckoning
que contral dan
so-that against-the harm
clau ab bon' esperansa
I-close with good hope
tal fors' on poscha remaner.
such a-fort where I-can to-remain
E si·m dis ver
And if-to-me said true
mos senher, pro sui be fermatz:
my lord enough I-am well settled
ges no·m men' atz,
at-all not-me leads advantage

mas, de cui que·m clam ni·m rancur,
but of whom that-myself I-complain and-myself grieve
ab leis me remanh e m'atur.
with her myself I-remain and myself-I-stay

E merces, quez ab leis no valh!
And mercy for with her not I-avail
Res fors Deus no·m pot pro tener
Anything except God not-me can much to-hold
de peiurar ni de chazer
from worsening nor from falling
e, pos eu ren als no·lh deman
and since I anything else not-of-her I-ask
mas qu'en cudan
but that-in thinking
m'alarc ma benestansa,
myself-I-widen my well-being
membre·lh com m'afizet un ser
let-remember-her how to-me-she-pledged one evening
al seu maner
at her dwelling
so don me sui pois conortatz
that whereby myself I-have since comforted
e, s'aissi·lh platz,
and if-so-to-her it-pleases
per l'amistat que·lh tenh li jur
by the-love that-to-her I-bear to-her I-swear
que de ben-amar no peiur!
that from true-loving not she-worsen

E s'eu ges per s'amor trassalh,
And if-I at-all through her-love overstep
que·l trop no·n poscha sostener,
that-the excess not-of-it I-can to-bear
ni·lh m'enquer cal que no-dever,
nor-to-her I-ask-of-myself some or-other impropriety
franha·l fol orgolh mercean;
let-break-the mad pride mercifully
que benestan
for seemly
l'er, si·m creis ni m'enansa.
to-her-it-will-be if-me she-increases and me-advances
Qu'eu ai be vezut eschazer
For-I have well seen befall
c'a l'estober
that-at the-need
val vil tengutz e mesprezatz;
is-worth cheap one-held and despised
qu'estanhs folhatz
for-tin foiled
es mes soven sotz bon azur
is put often under good azure
per que melhs tenh' e que mais dur.
so that better it-hold and that longer it-last

E si·m mes en son assenalh
And if-me she-put into her mark
e de so trach no·m posc mover,
and from her shot not-myself I-can to-move

no·m lais de l'altrui colp doler,
not-me let-her-leave at the-other's blow to-grieve
mas fera·m ab un bel semblan!
but let-her-strike-me with a fair seeming
Qu'eu no·lh coman
For-I not-to-her entrust
fach, don ai' afiansa
a-deed whereof she-has assurance
d'altr' amistat. Mas del vezer
of-other love But of-the seeing
can n'ac lezer
when of-it-she-had leisure
l'adrechs cors e ben ensenhatz,
the-upright person and well bred
no·m fo privatz,
not-to-me was intimate
ans, can poc far de clar escur,
rather when she-could to-make of clear dark
me fetz barrera d'un prim mur.
to-me she-made a-barrier of-a thin wall

E fora m'en desconortatz,
And I-would-be myself-of-it disheartened
tristz e forsatz
sad and constrained
sobre totz; mas tan bon aür
above all but so-much good omen
n'agui, per qu'eu sofer e dur.
of-it-I-had for which-I endure and hold-out

E mos Folha te per tafur
And my Folha holds for a-rogue
celui que no·n cre bon aür.
him who not-of-it believes good omen

Can lo glatz

12 · THE POWER OF LOVE

When the ice and the snow go and he hears the birds' trills, the sweet season at the end of March pleases him so much that he bounds more nimbly than a leopard. Her ring is his great help: on it he soothes his griefs and fears neither lance nor steel; through over-loving he is more adrift than a ship among the waves. As a battered castle begs mercy, so he begs hers; as a lamb against a bear, so without her merit he is frail. He prays Love to stand warrant for him.

Can lo glatz e·l frechs e la neus
When the ice and-the cold and the snow
s'en vai e torna la chalors
itself-away goes and returns the warmth
e reverdezis lo pascors
and grows-green-again the spring
et auch las voltas dels auzeus,
and I-hear the trills of-the birds
m'es aitan beus
to-me-is so fair
lo dolz tems a l'issen de martz
the sweet season at the-going-out of March
que plus sui salhens que leupartz
that more I-am leaping than a-leopard
e vils non es chabrols ni cers.
and friskier than is roebuck or stag

Si la bela cui sui profers
If the fair-one to-whom I-am offered
me vol onrar
me wills to-honor
d'aitan que·m denhe sofertar
so-much that-me she-deign to-suffer
qu'eu sia sos fis entendens,
that-I be her true suitor
sobre totz sui rics e manens.
above all I-am rich and wealthy

Tan es sos cors gais et isneus
So is her person gay and nimble
e complitz de belas colors
and filled with fair colors
c'anc de rozeus no nasquet flors
that-ever from rose-bushes not was-born a-flower
plus frescha ni d'altres brondeus,
more fresh nor from-other branches
ni anc Bordeus
nor ever Bordeaux
non ac senhor fos plus galhartz
not had a-lord who-was more gallant
de me, si n'era coltz ni partz
than me if of-it-I-were received and admitted
tan que fos sos dominis sers,
so-much that I-were her lordly serf
e fos apelatz de Bezers,
and I-were called of Béziers

can ja parlar
when ever to-speak
m'auziri' om de nulh celar
me-would-hear one of any secret
qu'ela·m disses, celadamens,
that-she-to-me told secretly
don s'aïres lo seus cors gens!
whereat would-be-angered the her person noble

Bona domna, lo vostr' aneus
Good lady the your ring
que·m donetz, me fai gran socors;
that-to-me you-gave to-me makes great succor
qu'en lui refranhi mas dolors,
for-in it I-soothe my griefs
e can lo remir, sui plus leus
and when it I-behold I-am more light
c'us estorneus
than-a starling
e sui per vos aissi auzartz
and I-am through you so daring
que no tem que lansa ni dartz
that not I-fear that lance nor dart
me tenha dan n'acers ni fers.
to-me do harm nor-steel nor iron

E d'altra part sui plus despers
And on-other side I-am more lost
per sobramar
through over-loving
que naus, can vai torban per mar
than a-ship when it-goes tossing on sea
destrecha d'ondas e de vens;
beset by-waves and by winds
tan m'abelis lo pensamens.
so-much to-me-pleases the thought

Domna, aissi com us chasteus
Lady just as a castle
qu'es assetjatz per fortz senhors,
which-is besieged by strong lords
can la peirer' abat las tors
when the stone-thrower beats-down the towers
e·ls chalabres e·ls manganeus
and-the catapults and-the mangonels
et es tan greus
and is so grievous
la guerra devas totas partz
the war from all sides
que no lor te pro genhs ni artz
that not to-them holds profit cunning nor art
e·l dols e·l critz es aitan fers
and-the grief and-the cry is so fierce
de cels dedins quez an grans gers,
of those within who have great fear

sembla·us ni·us par
it-seems-to-you and-to-you appears
que lor ai' obs merce clamar,
that to-them there-is need mercy to-cry
aissi·us clam merce umilmens,
so-to-you I-cry mercy humbly
bona domna pros e valens.
good lady brave and worthy

Domna, aissi com us anheus
Lady just as a lamb
non a forsa contr' ad un ors,
not has strength against to a bear
sui eu, si la vostra valors
am I if the your merit
no·m val, plus frevols c'us rauzeus,
not-to-me avails more frail than-a reed
et er plus breus
and will-be more brief
ma vida; que de cartel chartz,
my life for by a-quarter of-a-quarter
s'oimais me pren negus destartz,
if-henceforth me takes any delay
que no·m fassatz drech de l'envers.
that not-to-me you-do right of the-wrong
E tu, fin' Amors, que·m sofers,
And you true Love who-me sustain

que deus garar
who must to-guard
los fis amans de foleiar,
the true lovers from folly
sias me chabdeus e guirens
be to-me a-leader and a-warrant
a ma domna, pos aissi·m vens!
with my lady since so-me you-conquer

Si ja d'Amor

13 · IF EVER FROM LOVE

If he could ever win praise or reward from Love, she has not used him so ill that he would not serve her still; and no heart could think nor mouth tell the joys he would have if she heard his prayers. He has given his own heart away for hers, and will serve strangers and intimates alike, foolish and wise, gay and pensive by turns. Is there an emperor in the world, he asks, worth half of him? Against her no kingdom would be anything but poverty, and with her he would be emperor.

Si ja d'Amor
If ever from-Love
pogues aver lauzor
I-could to-have praise
ni gazardo ni grat,
or reward or thanks
no m'a tan malmenat
not me-has so ill-used
qu'enquera no·lh servis.
that-still not-to-her I-would-serve
E si mos precs auzis,
And if my prayers she-heard
no pot pensar cor ni bocha retraire
not can to-think heart nor mouth to-tell
los gauchs e·ls bes c'auri' adonc! Diatz,
the joys and-the goods that-I-would-have then Say
pos de l'auzir seria tan paiatz,
since from the-hearing I-should-be so satisfied
de so befach que·us seria veiaire?
of that kindness what-to-you would-be seeming

E si·m socor
And if-me succors
vostre cors cui onor
your person whom I-honor
tan que·l meu n'ai donat,
so-much that-the mine of-it-I-have given
aissi com per orat
just as by wish
m'auretz, so vos plevis,
me-you-will-have that to-you I-pledge
c'anc mais d'altr' om no vis
that-ever more from-other man not one-saw
tan grans esfortz, de negu nat de maire!
so great efforts from any born of mother
Qu'eu servirai los estranhs e·ls privatz
For-I shall-serve the strangers and-the intimates
e serai fols et ad oras senatz
and I-shall-be foolish and at times wise
ad oras gais et ad oras pensaire.
at times gay and at times pensive

E ja temor
And ever fear
no n'aiatz qu'eu alhor
not of-it-have that-I elsewhere
mais vir ma volontat;
again turn my will

que tot aurai trobat
for all I-shall-have found
so que totztems ai quis
that which always I-have sought
e serai vos tan fis
and I-shall-be to-you so faithful
que·ls enemics ponharai en desfaire
that-the enemies I-shall-strive to undo
et als amics serai dolz e privatz;
and to-the friends I-shall-be sweet and intimate
aital m'auran, si vos m'o comandatz,
such me-will-have if you to-me-it command
li mal ab mal e·lh bon ab ben a faire.
the bad with bad and-the good with good to do

A de ricor
Is-there of grandeur
el mon emperador
in-the world an-emperor
que valgues la meitat?
who were-worth the half
Non! a·i pauc galiat!
No there-has-been little deceiving
Qu'el mon non a faitis
For-in-the world not there-is a-shapely
cors que melhs m'abelis.
person that better to-me-pleases
Ai! francha res, corteza de bon aire!
Ah noble creature courteous of good breeding
El mon non es emperis ni renhatz
In-the world not is-there an-empire nor kingdom
que contra vos no·m fos grans paubretatz,
that against you not-to-me were great poverty
et ab sol vos seria emperaire!
and with only you I-should-be an-emperor

A be chantar

14 · LOVE AND JUSTICE

Good singing wants love, occasion, welcome, and season; the occasion gives him joy, yet the season of new grass helps his singing less than the prayer and welcome of lords. For love's sake song was once welcomed and worth prized, and hope alone taught men to strive. He is done with chiding, since spurring gains him no joy, and too much thinking is folly, not knowledge. Mercy befits those who ask it, frankness noble lovers, and harshness toward the proud; whoever knows cloth errs if he buys the worse.

A be chantar
To well sing
conven amars
belongs loving
e locs e grazirs e sazos;
and occasion and welcome and season
mas, s'eu agues dels catre·ls dos,
but if-I had of-the four-the two
no cut ja·ls altres esperes.
not I-think ever-the others I-should-await
Que·l locs me dona joi ades
For-the occasion to-me gives joy always
e la sazos, desqu'eu sui gais,
and the season once-that-I am gay
que ges lo tems, can l'erba nais,
so-that at-all the season when the-grass is-born
si be se gensa folh' e flors,
though well itself adorns leaf and flower

tan no m'aiud en mo chantar
so-much not to-me-helps in my singing
com precs e grazirs de senhors.
as prayer and welcome of lords

E per amar
And through loving
fo ja chantars
was once singing
grazitz e pretz prezatz pels pros
welcomed and worth prized by-the worthy
e fo que sola sospeissos,
and it-happened that alone hope
ses altre plus c'om i cudes,
without other more that-one there thought
ensenhava com s'enanses
taught how one-should-advance
vas totz sos benestars d'eslais
toward all his seemlinesses at-a-dash
e, que·s mezes en mans assais,
and that-oneself one-put into many trials
com li cregues pretz e valors
how to-him grew worth and merit
e que·s chauzis de meschabar
and that-oneself one-guarded from failing
e·lh fos vils senhorils onors.
and-to-him were a-slight lordly honor

Era no par
Now not seems
que chastiars
that chastening
me valgues ni clams ni tensos?
to-me could-avail nor complaints nor quarrels
Pero no cre c'anc Amors fos
Yet not I-believe that-ever Love was
plus fina, s'amadors trobes;
more true if-lovers she-found
que qui per drech la razones,
for who by right her arraigned
ades se melhur' e val mais?
at-once herself she-betters and avails more
C'aissi com par fin' als verais,
For-just as she-seems true to-the truthful
sembla trefan' als trichadors
she-seems false to-the deceivers
e lor engan fa·l nom chamjar;
and their deceit makes-the name change
que, pos falh, non es fin' Amors.
for since she-errs not is-she true Love

De chastiar
From chastening
me sui tan pars;
myself I-am so parted
que pro vetz n'estauc consiros,
that many times of-it-I-stand anxious

car vei c'ab ponher d'esperos
for I-see that-with pricking of-spur
no posc tan far que joi cobres.
not I-can so-much to-do that joy I-might-recover
Pero, si sos dichs averes
Yet if his words made-true
mos Bels-Senher, l'ir' e l'esmais
my Fair-Lord the-grief and the-dismay
qu'eu n'ai sofert, me fora jais
that-I through-him-have suffered to-me would-be joy
e fors' e valors e socors
and strength and merit and succor
e deuria s'en plus cochar,
and he-ought himself-of-it more to-hasten
c'al no deman ni·n volh d'alhors.
for-other-thing not I-ask nor-of-it I-wish from-elsewhere

E s'eu d'afar
And if-I of-a-matter
li fos avars
to-him were sparing
don m'agues mandat ni somos,
whereof me-he-had bidden or summoned
assatz l'aportera razos
enough to-him-would-bring reason
que ja convens no m'atendes;
that ever a-covenant not to-me-he-kept

mas s'eu li sui verais, penses
but if-I to-him am true let-him-think
si·s tanh que·s volva ni·s biais!
if-it befits that-himself he-turn and-himself swerve
Que la bona speransa·m pais
For the good hope-me feeds
e m'acompanh' ab chantadors
and me-accompanies with singers
e m'a dat solatz en trobar,
and to-me-has given cheer in composing
don m'era toltz, cobrar de cors.
whereof myself-I-was withdrawn to-recover at once

E ges d'avar
And at-all of-a-miser
no·m par afars,
not-to-me seems the-matter
desque trebalhs ni messios
since toil nor expense
no·m tol qu'eu no sia joios;
not-me hinders that-I not be joyful

c'anc no·m parec que ben anes
because-ever not-to-me appeared that well went
celui cui jois non agrades
to-him whom joy not pleased
c'anc sens ni poders que joi bais
so-that-ever sense nor power that joy lowers
no m'agradet ni no m'atrais
not to-me-pleased and not me-drew
cobeitatz n'irada ricors.
covetousness nor-angry grandeur
E qui que s'apel trop pensar
And whoever that calls too-much thinking
saber, eu dic c'ans es folors.
knowledge I say that-rather it-is folly

A mercear
To mercy-asking
tanh mercears
belongs mercy-showing
e franquez' als francs amoros
and frankness to-the noble loving
e contr' als sobrers orgolhos
and against to-the overweening proud
orgolhs e mals, que, si·s gardes
pride and harshness for if-herself she-guarded
domn' al traspas, ans que·l passes,
a-lady at-the crossing before that-it she-crossed

ja vils ni sobrers ni savais
ever a-vile or overweening or base
no·lh plagra; car no·lh tanh s'apais
not-to-her would-please for not-to-her befits she-be-at-ease
en tal obra don dezonors
in such work whence dishonor
li remazes, s'a razonar
to-her remained if-to arraign
la n'aven, entrels amadors.
her of-it-befalls among-the lovers

Senher Sobre-Totz, de colors
Lord Above-All of colors
son li drap, e qui·ls sap triar,
are the cloths and who-them knows to-choose
falh, si compra los sordeiors.
errs if he-buys the worse

Amors, e si·m clam de vos

15 · A RETRACTION

He complains to Love: it will be no honor to her to abandon a man she took into her keeping. A grief that overtakes him turns his rein toward the lady, though it does not please her that a man who pleases her should be her vassal. His suspicion that she had far better suitors was folly, and he changed his mind too fast: do not say she withdraws from him, for it is he who withdraws her. Fear takes his breath; now, in Provence, he goes torn between grief and peace.

Amors,
Love

e si·m clam de vos,
and if-myself I-complain of you

sera·us onors?
will-it-be-to-you honor

No, per ma fe,
No by my faith

car no·s conve,
for not-itself it-befits

desqu'en vostra mantenensa
since-in your keeping

m'aviatz,
you-had-me

qu'era·m gecatz,
that-now-me you-abandon

ans pensatz
rather you-plan
com cela·m volha
how she-me loves
cui eu volh!
whom I love

S'acors
If-succor
no·m fai, ve·us me jos;
not-to-me she-gives behold-you me down
c'una dolors,
for-a grief
que·m sobreve,
which-me overtakes
me vira·l fre
to-me turns-the rein
vas leis, si noca l'agensa
toward her though never it-pleases-to-her
c'om que·lh platz
that-a-man who-to-her pleases
sia chazatz.
be enfeoffed
N'ai? Si·m fatz:
Of-it-have-I Yes-myself I-do
can que m'acolha,
however-much that to-myself-I-gather
pro m'acolh.
enough to-myself-I-gather

Folors
Folly
fo ma sospeissos
was my suspicion
c'a trop melhors.
that-she-has far better
No sofre re
Not she-suffers anything
cudar de se;
to-think about her
be fatz doncs fol' atendensa?
well I-make then foolish expectation
Trop viatz
Too swiftly
me sui chamjatz;
myself I-have changed
no·n diatz
not-of-it say
qu'ela·s me tolha,
that-she-herself from-me takes
qu'eu la·m tolh.
for-I her-from-me take

Pluzors
Many
vetz sui consiros
times I-am anxious
e·m pren paors
and-me takes fear
qu'en pert l'ale,
that-of-it I-lose the-breath
can me sove
when to-me it-comes-to-mind
c'a me falh e me comensa
that-to me she-fails and in-me begins
frevoltatz,
faintness
que·m tolh solatz.
which-me takes cheer
Grans pechatz
Great fault
er qu'eu me dolha,
it-will-be that-I myself grieve
s'eu m'en dolh.
if-I myself-of-it grieve

E sors
And arose
anc res que jois fos
ever anything that joy was
leu ni de cors?
lightly and at once

Egal ab me,
Equal with me
qu'era·m n'ave,
for-now-to-me of-it-comes
en esmai etz en parvensa,
in dismay you-are in seeming
c'oblidatz
that-forgotten
m'er soans fatz!
to-me-will-be scorn foolish
N'er intratz,
Of-it-will-be entered
ans que·l rams folha
before that-the branch leaf
port e·s folh?
bears and-itself leafs

Era, can sui en Proensa,
Now when I-am in Provence
vau mesclatz
I-go mingled
entr' ir' e patz
between grief and peace
e sapchatz
and know-you
del joi qu'i brolha
of-the joy that-there sprouts
quez eu brolh!
that I sprout

Si·l cor no·m ministr' a drech

16 · THE POET'S WAGE

If his heart will not serve him, only necessity will bend it to a subtle song. He once composed so that men could hardly follow him. If he stops singing for the cold, what will defend him from the ill-bred? Unless help reaches him by his return from Spain, neither flower nor orchard nor birdsong will do him good. He hopes for no profit from a lady who cannot stoop to him, and is content if she lets him call her his in his songs.

Si·l cor no·m ministr' a drech
If-the heart not-to-me serves at right
e mal so grat no l'afranh
and against its will not it-I-bend
en un chantaret sotil,
into a little-song subtle
no m'es vis qu'era s'afranha,
not to-me-is seen that-now itself-it-bend
si no m'esfors' atz,
if not me-strengthens need
en aitals motz peceiatz.
into such words broken
Ja fo que·m n'entremetia
Once it-was that-myself of-it-I-busied
plus qu'era no fatz,
more than-now — I-do
car melhs me lezia,
for better to-me it-was-allowed

c'a penas om conoissia
so-that-with difficulty one understood
mos leugers dichs enversatz
my light sayings rhymed
sotils e menutz soudatz.
subtle and finely welded

E si·l chantar lais per frech,
And if-the singing I-leave for cold
don manta gens se complanh,
whereof many folk themselves complain
ni n'ai mo conort plus vil,
and of-it-I-have my comfort more mean
ben estara que·m sofranha,
well will-it-be that-to-me fails
can venra l'estatz,
when will-come the-summer
jois e deportz e solatz?
joy and sport and cheer
E pos d'avol companhia
And since from-worthless company
no·m tenh per paiatz,
not-myself I-hold for paid
si chantar gurpia,
if singing I-abandoned

diatz ab que·m defendria
say with what-myself I-should-defend
dels avols mal ensenhatz,
from-the worthless ill bred
que·m fan peitz que neus ni glatz!
who-to-me do worse than snow and ice

E s'acors del cors adrech
And if-succor from-the person upright
ab que·m conort e·m refranh
wherewith that-myself I-comfort and-myself I-check
no me ve sai part l'abril,
not to-me comes here beyond the-April
al torn que farai d'Espanha,
at-the return that I-shall-make from-Spain
ja lai no crezatz
ever there not believe
que flors ni vergers ni pratz
that flower nor orchard nor meadow
gaire m'aiut ni bo·m sia
much to-me-help nor good-to-me be
ni·l chans pels plaissatz,
nor-the song through-the hedges

ni d'altrui paria
nor from-another's fellowship
no m'a grat tan com solia
not to-me-has pleasure so-much as it-used
ni·m tenh per assolassatz,
nor-myself I-hold for cheered
per qu'eu·n prenc mans breus comjatz.
for which-I-of-it take many brief leaves

Pero, si m'a·l mon estrech
Yet if to-me-has-the world narrow
c'a plana fors' i remanh,
so-that-by sheer force there I-remain
garatz, s'en un pauc cortil
consider if-in a small farmyard
n'agra ja trebalh ni lanha!
of-it-I-should-have ever toil or grief
Molt es malmenatz
Much is ill-used
totz om sobrenamoratz;
every man over-enamored
qui per aitan no·s chastia,
who for so-much not-himself amends
ja·l plus veziatz
ever-the most cunning
no conoisseria,
not would-know

si·s tarza ni si s'embria
if-itself it-delays or if itself-it-hastens
sos bes ni sa volontatz,
his good and his will
pos be n'es apoderatz.
since well of-it-be-is overpowered

E car no n'esper esplech
And because not of-it-I-hope profit
de m'amia, cui no tanh
from my-beloved to-whom not befits
que tan s'abais ni s'umil
that so-much herself-she-lower or herself-humble
ja m'acolh' en sa companha,
ever me-she-receive into her company
pro sui bemenatz,
enough I-am well-treated
si·m denha sofrir ni·lh platz
if-me she-deigns to-suffer and-to-her it-pleases
qu'en mos chantars l'apel mia.
that-in my songs her-I-call mine
Per Deu, be sui fatz
By God well I-am foolish
e dic gran folia!
and I-say great folly

Per cal razo sofriria
For what cause would-she-suffer
que·m fezes tan sos privatz,
that-me she-should-make so-much her intimate
e doncs que·m n'aconselhatz?
and then what-to-me of-it-do-you-advise

C'aissi·m ten Amors destrech
For-so-me holds Love straitened
qu'entendeire ses gazanh
that-a-suitor without gain
sui d'un ric loc senhoril
I-am of-a rich place lordly
celat e de terr' estranha,
hidden and of a-land strange
don no sui chazatz,
whereof not I-am enfeoffed
per que·m par nescietatz
for which-to-me seems foolishness
qu'eu chan, si no m'en venia
that-I sing if not to-me-of-it came
gazardos o gratz.
a-reward or thanks

Pero si·lh plazia
Yet if-to-her it-pleased
c'apeles per cortezia
that-she-should-call through courtesy
seus mos chans dezamparatz,
hers my songs forsaken
alt los m'auria levatz.
high them to-me-she-would-have raised

E mostra·m com m'en venria
And it-shows-me how to-me-of-it would-come
jois e bes devas totz latz,
joy and good from all sides
si·l chan me sofri' en patz.
if-the song to-me she-suffered in peace

Razon e loc

17 · MATTER AND PLACE

He has matter, place, heart, sense, and his lord's favor, and would use them in an easy song that rid him of the foolish disquiet he carried when he thought to bring the barons back to open house. He makes light of their failing and turns to his gay songs. He must serve courteously, for a fool's offense releases covenants and rewards; and he must sing. He burns like kindled fire: no monk is as true to his abbot as he is in loving her, and he hopes to be called Bonafos again.

Razon e loc
Matter and place
e cor e sen
and heart and sense
e grat de Mo-Senhor e mais
and favor from My-Lord and more
agr' eu, si pogues avenir
should-have I if I-could to-attain
en un leu chantar conge,
in an easy singing graceful
que·m dones jai,
that-to-me should-give joy
ab que·m partis d'un fol esmai
provided that-myself I-should-part from-a foolish dismay
que solh menar,
that I-am-wont to-carry
can cudava·ls baros rengar
when I-thought-the barons to-bring
a cobrar cortz e messios;
to restoring courts and expense

e car non i posc avengar
and because not there I-can to-prevail
e vei que no·m seria pros,
and I-see that not-to-me it-would-be profitable
lais lo trebalh,
I-leave the toil
que·m sol grevar,
that-me is-wont to-burden
e torn a mas gaias chansos.
and I-turn to my gay songs

E tenh m'a joc
And I-hold to-myself-as a-jest
lor falhimen,
their failing
que lai don mou lo jois que·m pais
for there whence springs the joy that-me feeds
m'es dich que l'oblit e l'aïr
to-me-is said that it-I-should-forget and it-I-should-hate
e qui ja·s vol n'aconge?
and who ever-himself wishes of-it-take-leave
Pos que be sai
Since that well I-know
c'acors de conselh trobarai,
that-succor of counsel I-shall-find
be dei pensar
well I-must to-think
del gen servir e de l'onrar;
of-the nobly serving and of the-honoring

c'aitals chaptenemens es bos
for-such conduct is good
a cel qui·s vol jauzir d'amar,
to him who-himself wills to-rejoice in-loving
que falhimens e mespreizos,
whereas failing and offense
can fols trassalh,
when a-fool oversteps
fai deliurar
makes to-release
convens e mans e gazardos.
covenants and messages and rewards

E s'eu anc moc
And if-I ever moved
l'entendemen
the-intent
c'ades no fos fis e verais
that-always not I-should-be faithful and true
vas Mo-Senhor e ses falhir,
toward My-Lord and without failing
totztems volh que·m deslonge
always I-wish that-to-me he-refuse
so que·lh querrai!
that which-of-him I-shall-ask

Mas per lo bo respech qu'eu n'ai
But for the good expectation that-I of-it-have
dei eu chantar
must I to-sing
e si·n cudes plus gazanhar,
and if-of-it I-thought more to-gain
trop melhurera·ls motz e·ls sos;
much I-should-better-the words and-the tunes
que desc' om a loc d'alegrar,
for once one has occasion of-rejoicing
li dobla poders e razos
to-him doubles power and matter
e senher falh,
and a-lord errs
can pot poiar
when he-can to-raise
los seus e·ls laissa chazer jos.
his own and-them lets fall down

Cor flac e voc
A-heart slack and empty
d'ensenhamen
of-breeding
ai' eu, s'anc de s'amor m'estrais,
may-have I if-ever from her-love myself-I-withdrew

pos la vi, ni si de mentir
since her I-saw or if of lying
l'ai cor, ni ja·lh chalonge
to-her-I-have a-mind or ever-to-her I-refuse
so que·lh deurai.
that which-to-her I-shall-owe
Chantar li dei, com? Si·m farai,
To-sing to-her I-must how Yes-myself I-shall-do
que melhurar
for to-better
en posc ma trob' e mon afar;
of-it I-can my composing and my case
car ditz que mos chantars l'es bos;
since it-is-said that my singing to-her-is good
e s'eu pogues entragitar
and if-I could to-weave-in
dels seus dichs cortes amoros,
of her sayings courteous loving
so c'al chan valh,
that which-to-the song I-am-worth
pogra doblar
I-could to-double
si que pois valgra per un dos.
so that then it-would-be-worth for one two

C'aissi s'aploc
For-so itself-rained
tot belamen
all gently
s'amors al cor, que·m brolh' e·m nais,
her-love into-the heart which-me sprouts and-me is-born
ab que m'a fach jauzen languir
wherewith which me-she-has made joyful to-languish
c'al partir de Santonge,
so-that-at-the parting from Saintonge
com per assai,
as for a-trial
no sai si·m notz car o dirai
not I-know if-me it-hurts for it I-shall-say
c'al comensar
that-at-the beginning
en cuder' eu plus leu passar;
of-it thought I more lightly to-pass
mas pois, per la fe que dei vos,
but then by the faith that I-owe to-you
m'es si chamjat — que del laissar
to-me-is so changed that from-the leaving
no sui ni serai poderos! —
not I-am nor shall-I-be able
per qu'eu egalh,
for which-I level
si noca·us par,
though never-to-you it-seems
los fols e·ls savis amoros.
the foolish and-the wise loving

C'art com del foc
For-I-burn as from-the fire
que s'escompren,
which itself-kindles
don mou la flam' e poi' al fais
whence springs the flame and rises in-a rush
e creis tan c'om no·l pot sofrir
and grows so-much that-one not-it can to-bear
que d'aissi non a monge
so-that from-here not there-is a-monk
trusqu'en Velai
as-far-as-in Velay
vas so bon abat tan verai!
toward his good abbot so true
Que ses trichar
For without deceiving
tan finamen e de cor clar
so purely and with heart clear
no l'am? Per que la sospeissos
not her-I-love For which the hope
me fai partir e delonhar
to-me makes to-part and to-withdraw
de mans vilas clams enoios,
from many churlish complaints tiresome
e si·m nualh,
and if-myself I-slacken
can dei aussar,
when I-must to-rise
chamjat m'a·l nom de Bonafos.
changed to-me-has-the name of Bonafos

Mas s'anc amics per esperar
But if-ever a-lover through waiting
fo bautz ni jauzens ni joios,
was bold and glad and joyful
sobre totz salh
above all leap
eu del cudar
I from-the thinking
qu'enquer' aurai nom Bonafos!
that-still I-shall-have the-name Bonafos

Can la brun' aura s'eslucha

18 · WHEN THE DARK AIR CLEARS

When the dark air clears in the mild season, the love that will make him languish only drowses. She has withdrawn a little and turned his white to brown, and he dare not say what harms his pledged lady has done him. She has made him so weak he could not defend himself against a one-handed man. He sleeps on a chest or a bench till his flanks ache, and rises bewildered; his heart cries not to break with her, but he must leave or live shamed. He curses the man who thinks he has stolen her.

Can la brun' aura s'eslucha
When the dark air itself-clears
pel suau termini franc
through-the mild season kindly
era si de joi m'estanc?
now so from joy I-hold-back
Si be·s somelha ni·s clucha
Though well-itself it-drowses and-itself closes
l'amors que·m fara languir,
the-love that-me will-make languish
si no la·m deslonh' oblitz,
if not it-from-me removes-far forgetting
mal m'er e, si·m falh mos chans,
ill to-me-will-be and if-to-me fails my song
tort n'auretz vos, mal' amia!
wrong of-it-will-have you evil beloved

Car vos m'etz un pauc esducha
For you to-me-are a little withdrawn
si que·m viratz en bru blanc?
so that-to-me you-turn into brown white
No per re qu'eu disses anc,
Not for anything that-I said ever
domn', avetz tal ir' aducha!
lady you-have such anger brought
E s'eu auzes descobrir
And if-I dared to-uncover
com vos, ma domna·m plevitz,
how you my lady-to-me pledged
que destrics ni mals ni dans!
what harms or ills or hurts
No·m letz que plus vos en dia.
Not-to-me is-allowed that more to-you of-it I-say

Tal m'avetz tornat c'a lucha
Such me-you-have made that-at wrestling
no·m defendri' ad un manc;
not-myself I-should-defend against a one-handed
e vitz anc greu clop ni ranc,
and saw-you ever a-grievous cripple or lame
si a malpas no trabucha,
if at a-bad-step not he-stumbles
leu n'on posch' avan fugir?
easily whence he-can forward flee

Tan sui vas enfrevolitz
So-much I-am powerless enfeebled
com cel dezamatz amans,
as that unloved lover
que de joi se desraïa.
who from joy himself uproots

La noch, can lo sons m'aclucha,
The night when the sleep me-closes
dorm sobr' arch' o sobre banc,
I-sleep upon a-chest or upon a-bench
tro que·m dolon am mei flanc,
until that-to-me ache both my flanks
per c'ai ma valor destrucha;
whereby I-have my strength destroyed
qu'en lech no posc eu dormir,
for-in a-bed not can I to-sleep
ans m'en leu totz esbaïtz
rather myself-from-it I-rise all bewildered
e pens de vos en estans,
and I-think of you in standing
contra que m'etz tan enia!
against which you-to-me-are so hostile

Que·l cor dins me crid' e m'ucha
For-the heart within me cries and to-me-shouts
que no·l rompa ni l'esbranc
that not-it I-break nor it-I-tear-off
de vostr' amor, et eu planc,
from your love and I lament
car sai que res no m'afrucha;
for I-know that anything not to-me-profits
enans me n'er a partir,
sooner to-me of-it-will-be to depart
si viure no volh aunitz,
if to-live not I-wish shamed
et es tan sobrers l'afans
and is so excessive the-pain
que·m tol repaus e·m destria.
that-me takes rest and-me separates

C'ab ma volontat paurucha
For-with my will fearful
no m'a laissat charn ni sanc.
not to-me-has left flesh nor blood
Pustel' en son olh e cranc,
A-sore in his eye and a-canker
qui·us me cud' aver forducha
who-you from-me thinks to-have stolen
qu'enans me n'er a fenir
for-sooner to-me of-it-will-be to end
mo vers que sia complitz;
my vers than it-be finished

mas d'aisso sui plus clamans,
but of-this I-am more complaining
car anc me noc gens mendia!
because ever me harmed a-folk beggarly

Qu'eu vi l'or' e vos la vitz,
For-I saw the-hour and you it saw
no cuder' us amirans
not would-have-thought an emir
me nogues; Deus los maldia!
me could-harm God them curse

No·m platz chans de rossinhol

19 · THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG DOES NOT PLEASE HIM

The nightingale's song does not please him, so gloomy is his heart; April did not gladden him, and this year neither flower nor fruit delights him. The messengers who have come for him will make him die of grief: a small yard here would be worth more than a great palace there. It is unheard of that a man should exile himself toward his own land, and shame doubles on him the further he goes. He begs the fair lady that this going do him no harm and that she not change.

No·m platz chans de rossinhol,
Not-to-me pleases song of nightingale
tan ai mo cor morn e trist!
so-much I-have my heart gloomy and sad
E pero si·m meravilh,
And yet so-myself I-wonder
car no m'alegret abrils;
because not to-me-gladdened April
c'anc mais no fo negus ans
that-ever more not was any year
de joi no·m dones dos tans.
of joy not-to-me it-gave two as-much
Mas ogan no·m platz la flors
But this-year not-to-me pleases the flower
ni·l fruchs del ram no m'agrada.
and-the fruit of-the branch not to-me-delights

Morir me faran de dol
To-die me will-make of grief
ist messatger que m'an quist.
these messengers who me-have sought
Ai! car se saubesson ilh
Ah if only knew they
com sai·m valgr' us paucs cortils
how here-to-me would-be-worth a small yard
mais que lai us palais grans!
more than there a palace great
Trop m'es lor solatz pezans
Too to-me-is their company heavy
e parra me dezonors,
and will-seem to-me a-dishonor
s'ab lor torn en m'encontrada.
if-with them I-return into my-country

Pauc s'ave d'aisso que sol,
Little it-agrees with-that which is-wont
e no cre c'anc mais fos vist
and not I-believe that-ever more was seen
c'om vas sa terra s'eissilh;
that-a-man toward his land himself-exiles
mas me es salvatg' e vils
but to-me it-is harsh and vile
e·l repairars m'es afans!
and the-returning to-me-is a-pain

Peitz trac on plus lai m'enans
Worse I-fare the-more more there myself-I-advance
si que vergonh' e paors
so that shame and fear
m'en dobla quega vegada.
to-me-of-it doubles each time

Qui m'o lauza, be no·m vol,
Who to-me-it praises well not-me wishes
e tu, flac cor, com volguist
and you slack heart how did-you-wish
que tan clar' amors roïlh,
that so bright a-love rust
anc no·i fezist que gentils;
ever not-in-it did-you-do as a-noble
c'anc cors de dos fis amans
that-ever hearts of two true lovers
no vi om melhs d'us semblans.
not saw one better of-one seeming
Mas cor que·t sobres Amors,
But heart whom overcame Love
tu l'as er' apoderada!
you her-have now overpowered

Ja per aisso no m'acol,
Ever for that not me-receives
s'eu lai vauc, celha ni cist,
if-I there go she or this-one

que del tornar m'avolpilh?
that from-the returning myself-I-play-the-coward
C'us jois sobresenhorils,
For-a joy over-lordly
on estai ferms mos talans,
where stands firm my desire
es, tals, per qu'eu no balans,
is such for which-I not waver
don no·m pot lonhar valors,
whence not-me can to-remove merit
si·m veni' en plana bada.
if-to-me it-came into plain vain-waiting

Mas pero pel fort lassol
But yet through-the strong noose
de la man ab que·m prezist
of the hand with which-me you-seized
velh la noch e m'estendilh
I-wake the night and myself-I-stretch
e no t'aturs ni t'apils! —
and not yourself-you-stay nor yourself-you-fix
Bela domna benestans,
Fair lady seemly
cest anars no·m sia dans;
this going not-to-me be harm
quez eu tornarai de cors,
for I shall-return at once
e vos no·m siatz chamjada!
and you not-to-me be changed

Anc pairis contra filhol
Ever a-godfather against a-godson
no fetz tal falha, per Crist,
not did such a-wrong by Christ
ni paire contra so filh
nor a-father against his son
de lai on s'abriva·l Nils
from there where hurries-the Nile
tro sai on sols es colgans;
until here where the-sun is setting
per que deu esser mos chans
for which must to-be my song
sobrels autres chantadors
above-the other singers
per vos, domna, c'ai amada!
for you lady whom-I-have loved

Era no·m platz chans ni flors
Now not-to-me pleases song nor flower
per vos, domna, c'ai laissada.
for you lady whom-I-have left

Aital chansoneta plana

20 · A PLAIN LITTLE SONG

He would make a song plain enough for his godson to follow, if he knew how; but he is thinking of other things. His friend is too far off, and Sin made him covet her. If she were as human in loving as he is, he believes she would love him. Love is not for show, and she will not have him boast of it. Where worth flowers and bears seed he would find someone to carry his tune to Mos-Jois; but now he turns his rein this side of Chablais.

Aital chansoneta plana
Such a-little-song plain
que mos filhols entendes
that my godson might-understand
e chascus s'i deportes,
and each-one himself-in-it might-take-pleasure
fera, si far la saubes;
I-would-make if to-make it I-knew
mas no·i posc esdevenir,
but not-in-it I-can to-succeed
que d'alres consir,
for of-other-things I-think
on m'aten mais.
whereon myself-I-attend more

Trop m'es m'amia lonhdana,
Too to-me-is my-beloved far-off
vas que·l dezirers m'es pres,
toward whom-the desiring to-me-is near

e no sai consi·m crezes
and not I-know how-myself I-should-believe
que nostr' amors s'avengues.
that our love itself-agreed
Pechatz la·m fetz encobir
Sin her-to-me made to-covet
qu'er m'en a morir,
for-now to-me-of-it is-to die
coras que·m lais.
whenever that-me she-leaves

Si·m fos d'amar tan umana
If-to-me she-were in-loving so human
com eu sui, be cut m'ames.
as I am well I-think me-she-would-love
De talan volgra·m chamjes!
Of desire I-should-wish-me she-changed
Bo·m fora, s'a leis plagues;
Good-to-me it-would-be if-to her it-pleased
mas alhons se fai grazir
but elsewhere herself she-makes to-be-welcomed
tan que·m par que·s vir,
so-much that-to-me it-seems that-herself she-turns
e vira·l jais!
and turns-the joy

Non es amors per ufana,
Not is love for display
mas no vol qu'eu m'en vanes;
but not she-wishes that-I myself-of-it boast
pero si·m dis que chantes
yet so-to-me she-said that I-should-sing
si c'om non o conogues,
so that-one not it should-know
e, pos ven, o sai cobrir,
and since it-comes it I-know to-cover
— ja no se n'aïr! —
ever not herself of-it-let-her-vex
s'eu m'en sui gais.
if-I myself-of-it am gay

De loncs tems non agra chana,
For long time not I-should-have a-gray-hair
si s'amor no m'enveies?
if her-love not to-me-she-envied
No ja, si totztems visques!
Not ever if always I-lived
E fora jocs, s'ilh temses
And it-would-be a-game if-she feared
que·m volgues de leis partir;
that-me I-wished from her to-part
eu no volh ges dir
I not wish at-all to-say
qu'es en biais.
that-she-is in a-swerve

Si noca s'es chastelana,
If not-at-all herself-she-is a-castle-lady
mais l'am que tal que·m laisses,
more her-I-love than such-a-one that-me would-let
e, ja res de que cudes
and ever a-thing of which I-thought
a cocha no paregues,
at need not it-appeared
be·s deu om d'aisso servir
well-himself must one of-this to-serve
voler e jauzir,
to-wish and to-enjoy
ans que·s n'abais!
before that-himself of-it-he-lower

Per pauc ma bocha no vana,
For a-little my mouth — boasts
si·l cor tan non o doptes,
if-the heart so-much not it feared
d'aco don consir ades
of-that whereof I-think always
e, que ja no·m vengues bes,
and that ever not-to-me came good
leus sui ad enfoletir
easy I-am to be-made-a-fool
ab so gen mentir;
with her noble lying
qu'ela m'atrais!
for-she me-drew

Lai on pretz floris e grana,
There where worth flowers and bears-seed
volgra trobar qui·m portes
I-should-wish to-find who-for-me would-carry
mo sonet e no·n mudes
my tune and not-of-it would-change
a Mo-Joi e no disses
to My-Joy and not would-say
que·m cudes engasconir,
that-me he-thought to-turn-Gascon
mas er mo fre vir
but now my rein I-turn
de sai Chablais.
on this-side-of Chablais

Bela, sai en Vianes
Fair-one here in the-Viennois
no volh mais joia gequir
not I-wish more joy to-forsake
ni engasconir,
nor to-turn-Gascon
per que·m n'apais.
for which-myself of-it-I-feed

Mas, com m'ave

21 · HOW DOES IT HAPPEN

He asks how it is that when he means to sing he weeps: Love has overborne him, and yet joy does come to him. Is he a lover? He answers yes, and will not leave off. He has had good and honor from My-Lord's hands, but one covenant was broken by the man who drew the anger on him. He asks Sir-Antic whether this is not a trial: one kiss from her could kill him or heal him. He ends on the quarrel at Urgel, and will hold them all base if they let the countess withdraw from it.

Mas, com m'ave, Deus m'aiut,
But how to-me-it-happens God me-help
qu'era, can cut chantar, plor?
that-now when I-mean to-sing I-weep
Seria ja per Amor
Would-it-be ever through Love
que m'a sobrat e vencut?
which me-has overborne and conquered
E per amor no·m ve jais?
And through love not-to-me comes joy
Si fai! Donc per que m'irais
Yes it-does Then for what myself-I-vex
ni que·m fai languir?
and what-me makes languish
Que? non o sabria dir?
What not it I-would-know to-say

C'aissi m'es esdevengut
For-so to-me-it-has befallen
tot leu que perc ma valor
all easily that I-lose my merit
e solatz no m'a sabor.
and cheer not to-me-has savor
Esdevenc anc mais a drut?
Befell-it ever before to a-lover
Drutz sui eu? no? ni m'en lais
A-lover am I no nor myself-of-it I-leave
c'ades am forseis e mais
for-ever I-love more-strongly and more
e volh e dezir?
and I-wish and I-desire
No! Sui drutz? Qui·m pot sofrir!
No Am-I a-lover Who-me can to-endure

Qu'era, car sol ai volgut,
For-now because only I-have wished
me tenh per fin amador;
myself I-hold for a-true lover
amaire, si Deu azor,
a-lover so God I-adore
sui eu fis e no·m remut
am I faithful and not-myself I-shift
lo coratge ni·l biais
the heart nor-the bent
d'amar leis per cui sui gais.
of-loving her through whom I-am gay

Be pauc tem falhir;
Full little I-fear to-fail
donc per que planh e sospir?
then for what I-lament and I-sigh

Car ben ai reconogut
Because well I-have recognized
c'Amors no·m val ni m'acor.
that-Love not-to-me avails nor me-succors
No·m val? Et am la gensor
Not-to-me avails And I-love the fairest
del mon! No m'a pro valgut?
of-the world Not to-me-has much availed
No per re! Ans dic que·m trais,
No for anything Rather I-say that-me she-betrayed
can me det trebalh e fais
when to-me she-gave toil and burden
e·m fetz encobir
and-me made to-covet
so que no·m pot avenir.
that which not-to-me can to-befall

E com? Non ai receubut
And how Not I-have received
assatz de ben e d'onor
enough of good and of-honor
de las mas de Mo-Senhor?
from the hands of My-Lord

Si ai; mais an retengut!
Yes I-have but they-have kept-back
E que? Un conven; que·m frais
And what One covenant that-to-me broke
aicel que l'ira m'atrais
he who the-anger to-me-drew
e·m fara morir,
and-me will-make die
sol qu'en son atur no·m vir.
only that-into his fixedness not-myself I-turn

Desvol so que l'a plagut?
Does-he-unwish that which to-him-has pleased
Non o sai. Ja mer melhor;
Not it I-know Ever to-me-will-be better
si·n trac mal c'om c'al greujor
if-of-it I-draw ill for-a-man who-at-the gravest
dezira mais de salut!
desires more of health
N'Antic, e no·us par assais?
Sir-Antic and not-to-you seems it-a-trial
Diatz 'oc', que, s'ilh ja·m bais,
Say yes for if-she ever-me kiss
segur posc plevir
surely I-can to-pledge
c'aucire·m pot o garir.
that-to-kill-me she-can or to-heal

Mas sai m'a mo dol cregut
But here to-me-has my grief increased
us clams que fan entre lor
a quarrel which they-make among them
cilh d'Urgel, per que·lh pluzor
those of-Urgel for which-the many
seran mort e confondut;
will-be dead and undone
que·lh comtess' ab cui jois nais
for-the countess with whom joy is-born
e sabers e pretz verais
and knowledge and worth true
s'en cudet eissir,
herself-of-it thought to-go-out
qui lo·lh volgues consentir.
if-one it-to-her would grant

Be·ls tenrai totz per savais,
Well-them I-shall-hold all for base
si la·n letz eissir,
if her-of-it they-let go-out
e·l rei, s'o vol consentir.
and-the king if-it he-wills to-grant

Chans en brolh

22 · SONG IN THE THICKET

Neither song in the thicket nor flower on the bough nor April's fair season moves him toward a vers as his lord's bidding does. He grieves within and sings without: turning would seem base, since Love binds him so firmly and teaches that a spirited lover refines himself in dismay. He used to complain that the chamber seemed a wall; now he sees the folly of it. He asks that his pride and over-desire be broken, and resolves to be a firm, humble lover.

Chans en brolh ni flors en verjan
Song in a-thicket or flower in an-orchard
ni gens tems, can l'amen' abrils,
or fair season when it-brings April
ni vertz erba ni blancha flors
or green grass or white flower
tan no m'enansa ni m'atrai
so-much not me-advances nor me-draws
vas un vers far com sol lo mans
toward a vers to-make as is-wont the bidding
de mon adrech senhor e·l jais
of my upright lord and-the joy
que·m fai, car ditz que·l loncs espers
that-to-me he-makes for he-says that-the long hoping
e·l cudars m'aduira sabers.
and-the thinking to-me-will-bring knowledge

E si·m dolh dins e defors chan.
And so-myself I-grieve within and without I-sing
Per que·m paregra virars vils,
For what-to-me would-seem turning base
si tan ferm no·m lies Amors?
if so firmly not-me bound Love
Que m'ensenha qu'en son esmai
Who to-me-teaches that-in his dismay
s'esmera coratjos amans
himself-refines a-spirited lover
e que·m tenha coindes e gais
and that-myself I-keep gracious and gay
e sofra; que·ls plus chars avers
and I-endure for-the most precious goods
dona bos sofrirs e temers.
gives good enduring and fearing

E si·m solh anar corelhan,
And so-myself I-used to-go complaining
car me semblet murs lo chambrils.
because to-me seemed a-wall the little-chamber
Pero be conosc qu'es folors
Yet well I-know that-it-is folly
que·m planha d'aisso qu'eu non ai;
that-myself I-lament of-that which-I not have
c'assatz me degra bels semblans
for-enough me ought fair seeming
paiar, pos chascus ponh' al mais,
to-pay since each-one strives at-the most

e, can bos senher a·ls seus ders,
and when a-good lord has-the his dues
es lo noms avinens e vers.
is the name fitting and true

Mas l'orgolh, s'eu·lh sobredeman,
But the-pride if-I-of-her over-ask
abais l'avinens cors gentils
let-lower the-comely person noble
ab merce, c'aissi m'aura sors,
with mercy for-so me-she-will-have raised
e si s'esdeve ni s'eschai
and if it-happens and it-falls-out
que·m coche mos sobretalans
that-me presses my over-desire
c'a cal que trop vir ni m'eslais,
so-that-to some or-other excess I-turn and myself-I-fling
franha·s l'orgolhs e·l no-devers,
let-break-itself the-pride and-the un-duty
lo sobramars e·l trop volers!
the over-loving and-the too-much willing

Car si·m colh mos precs en chantan,
For if-to-me she-receives my prayers in singing
no sui pro savis ni sotils,
not I-am enough wise nor subtle

s'a fach no·m comti las onors
if-as done not-to-myself I-count the honors
e·l bo pensamen que·m sec sai;
and-the good thought that-me follows here
car ades cut c'aura tres ans
for now I-think that-it-will-be three years
que·m guidet e·m garit e·m trais
that-me she-guided and-me healed and-me drew
de preizo tal qu'en sols dos sers
from a-prison such that-in only two evenings
m'agra delit lo remaners.
me-would-have destroyed the remaining

Qu'era·m tolh de mal e d'engan
For-now-myself I-withdraw from ill and from-deceit
e serai ferms amics umils,
and I-shall-be a-firm friend humble
ja n'ai' agutz mans blasmadors
though of-it-I-have had many blamers
que dizon so qu'eu no creirai
who say that which-I not shall-believe
que drutz s'enantisc' e s'enans
that a-lover himself-betters and himself-advances
ab orgolh; mas no volh que·m bais
through pride but not I-wish that-me lower
mos Bels-Senher, si·l fis plazers
my Fair-Lord if-the true pleasure
loc no·n demandav' e lezers.
place not-of-it asked and leisure

E qui·lh n'er primers drogomans
And who-to-her of-it-will-be first dragoman
que·m tolh d'altr' amistat e·m lais,
who-me takes from-other love and-me leaves
crescha·lh benanans' e poders;
let-grow-to-him well-being and power
qu'eu no volh baizars ni jazers.
for-I not wish kissings nor lyings

E can sobre totz sai no·s trais,
And when above all here not-himself he-draws
no l'es cregutz aquel poders
not to-him-is grown that power
que dona baizars e jazers.
which gives kissings and lyings

Gen m'aten

23 · THE TORMENT OF TANTALUS

He sets himself becomingly to a worthy song, for help has come to him from where she dwells. He does not dare tell her how she makes him languish; the only ill he feels is from thinking. At the start, laughing, she showed herself a loving mistress to him. He fears his over-boldness is making him talked of, and asks no mercy but hides the pain. Forbearing perforce, he will endure until he has tried everything, and doubts he will pass May.

Gen m'aten
Becomingly myself-I-set
ses falhimen
without failing
en un chan valen;
to a song worthy
c'aiuda
for-help
m'es creguda
to-me-has grown
de lai
from there
on cilh estai
where she dwells
qu'eu am mais que re!
whom-I love more than anything
Neis me
Even myself
non am tan,
not I-love so-much

per qu'eu vauc pensan
for which-I go thinking
com so que·lh plagues
how that which-to-her would-please
li disses
to-her I-might-say
chantan;
singing
qu'esters no l'aus dir
for-otherwise not to-her-I-dare to-say
cossi·m fai languir
how-me she-makes languish
jauzen
rejoicing
que mal no sen
for ill not I-feel
mas del pensamen
but from-the thought
que·m destrenh.
which-me constrains
Pero si·l chaptenh
Yet if-the support
que·m promes no·m fai,
that-to-me she-promised not-to-me she-gives
de ben e de jai
from good and from joy
m'esdui e m'empenh.
me-she-removes and me-she-thrusts

Qu'en rizen
For-in laughing
me fetz parven
to-me she-made a-show
al comensamen
at-the beginning
de druda
of a-mistress
chartenguda
dear-held
qu'esmai
so-that-dismay
ni dol no n'ai
or grief not of-it-I-have
pel joi que m'en ve.
for-the joy that to-me-of-it comes
C'ancse
For-always
cut qu'enan
I-think that-onward
s'ira melhuran
itself-will-go bettering
l'esperans' e·l bes,
the-hope and-the good
e pos ses
and since without
engan
deceit
l'ai cor a servir,
her-I-have a-mind to serve

si·m denh' acolhir
if-me she-deign to-receive
ni·m pren
and-me takes
a chauzimen,
in clemency
dazai qui no·m pen,
woe-to-him who not-me hangs
s'eu ja·m fenh
if-I ever-myself hold-back
c'a so sen no renh
so-that-by her mind not I-act
segon que sabrai,
according as I-shall-know
pos conoisserai
once I-shall-recognize
que no·i a malgenh!
that not-in-it there-is ill-craft

Den, no men,
Then not I-lie
me vauc meten
myself I-go putting
per sobrardimen
through over-boldness
en bruda
into rumor
mentaguda;
talked-of

que·m trai

which-me draws

vas tal assai

toward such a-venture

c'a la mia fe

that-by the my faith

be cre

well I-believe

c'a mo dan

that-to my harm

me vauc esforsan,

myself I-go straining

tan sui fola res!

so-much I-am a-foolish thing

E com es

And how is-it

qu'eu chan

that-I sing

e·m sapcha cobrir

and-myself I-know-how cover

qui m'o deu grazir?

her-who to-me-it must to-thank

Soven
Often
falh e mespren
I-fail and I-err
e pois no m'acen
and then not myself-I-heed
ni no·m tenh
and not-myself I-hold
a dan, si·m destrenh
for harm if-me constrains
Amors ni·m dechai;
Love and-me casts-down
c'una vetz n'aurai
for-one time of-it-I-shall-have
mo bon esdevenh!
my good outcome

Len me ren,
Slowly to-me she-yields
que que·m prezen,
whatever that-to-me she-offers
mas leugeramen
but lightly
se muda;
herself she-changes

c'a saubuda

for-in the-open

m'estrai

from-me-she-withdraws

so que·m fetz gai

that which-me made gay

e m'en deschapte.

and me-of-it forsakes

Merce

Mercy

no·lh deman,

not-of-her I-ask

mas vauc m'alegran

but I-go myself-gladdening

c'om no conogues

so-that-one not should-know

ni saubes

nor should-learn

l'afan

the-pain

e cut m'en partir.

and I-mean myself-of-it to-part

Pois en leis chauzir
Then in her to-behold
enten
I-think-of
gran jauzimen
great gladness
que n'aurai breumen
that of-it-I-shall-have soon
e revenh
and I-revive
pel bon entresenh
for-the good token
que·m men' e m'atrai —
which-me leads and me-draws
los bous Bertalai!
the oxen of-Bertalai
C'a plus no·i atenh.
For-to more not-in-it I-attain

Men-taven

Recalling

vauc drech venen

I-go straight coming

pro vetz: Si be·s pen?

many times If well-herself she-repents

Qu'en cuda

For-in a-thought

recrezuda

abandoned

s'eschai

it-falls-out

qu'es en afrai

that-is in ruin

c'om cobr' e reve;

that-one recovers and returns

per que

for which

vauc tarzan

I-go delaying

la guerr' e·l deman

the war and-the claim

e sui tan cortes

and I-am so courteous

que merces
that mercy
claman
asking
cut esdevenir
I-mean to-attain
en so que dezir
to that which I-desire
parcen
sparing
forsadamen
perforce
c'a ver recrezen
so-that-as a-true vanquished-man
m'en depenh.
myself-of-it I-paint
Pero, si ja·m senh,
Yet if ever-me she-bless
tan o sofrirai
so-long it I-shall-endure
que tot proarai,
that all I-shall-try
s'i pert o retenh.
whether-in-it I-lose or I-keep

Si·m destrenh
So-me constrains
lo cor que l'engenh
the heart that the-wit
c'avia perdrai,
that-I-had I-shall-lose
s'ans que veia mai
if-before that I-see May
al plus no n'atenh.
to-the most not of-it-I-attain

Plus a drech greu mai
More by right hardly May
cut que passarai,
I-think that I-shall-pass
s'ans de vos no·m venh!
if-before from you not-myself I-come

M'amia·m men' estra lei

24 · BETTER TO SUFFER WRONG

His friend treats him beyond all right and he does not know why: he has done her no wrong at all, and the only cause he can find is that it pleases her. Once he hardly envied the king; now he loses everything without having offended, and she does not remember how he had yielded himself into her arms. He would end her offense swiftly and gladly even for a wrong of her own; he would sooner be hanged by her than long hated, and holds it right that she should rule.

M'amia·m men' estra lei.
My-friend-me leads beyond law
No sai per que;
Not I-know for what
qu'eu no·lh ai forfach
for-I not-to-her have wronged
pauc ni re,
little nor anything
si Deus m'aiut!
so God me-help
Donc per que s'aïra,
Then for what herself-she-vexes
pos eu nulh enoi no·lh fatz?
since I any vexation not-to-her do
Car li platz;
Because to-her it-pleases
c'als non i sai!
for-other-thing not there I-know

E per so dic que mespren
And for that I-say that she-errs
e car encolpatz no·m sen.
and because guilty not-myself I-feel

Petit enveiava·l rei;
Little I-envied-the king
mas qu'er m'ave?
but what-now to-me-befalls
Que pert ses forfach;
That I-lose without wrong
car del be
for of-the good
que m'a volgut
that to-me-she-has wished
reconosc que·s vira!
I-perceive that-herself she-turns
Per qu'eu marritz sui lonhatz
For which-I grieving am removed
de solatz
from cheer
que ges no n'ai,
that at-all not of-it-I-have
mas chan per abelimen
but I-sing for pleasing
e per plazer de la gen.
and for pleasure of the folk

On plus la volh, menhs la vei
The-more more her I-wish less her I-see
bona vas me.
good toward me
Si·lh sui ses forfach,
If-to-her I-am without wrong
no·lh sove.
not-to-her it-comes-to-mind
Tot es perdut,
All is lost
desque no s'albira
since not herself-she-considers
com eu li m'er' autreiatz
how I to-her myself-had granted
en sos bratz,
into her arms
per que verai
for which true
m'a trobat, e fai parven
me-she-has found and she-makes a-show
que me tenh' a drech nien.
that me she-holds at plain nothing

Deus, qu'en er? A vos m'autrei,
God what-of-it will-be To you myself-I-yield
si·lh clam merce
if-to-her I-cry mercy
d'eis lo seu forfach!
for-even the her-own wrong

Tenra se
Will-hold-she herself
que·l cor no·lh mut?
that-the heart not-to-her change
Qu'eu noca sofrira
For-I never should-suffer
— ja no·n fora tan iratz! —
ever not-of-it should-I-be so angered
que viatz
that swiftly
e de gran jai
and with great joy
no·lh fenis so falhimen,
not-to-her I-should-end her offense
et ilh ses tort me repren!
and she without wrong me blames

Mas s'ilh ja tem qu'eu desrei,
But if-she ever fears that-I run-wild
prenda m'al fre;
let-her-take me-by-the rein
al primer forfach,
at-the first wrong
si ja·l ve,
if ever-it she-sees

quer' altre drut
let-her-seek another lover
e, si res li tira
and if anything to-her vexes
de que·m forses ma foldatz,
of what-me forced my folly
ab un latz
with a noose
leis me rendrai
to-her myself I-shall-yield
pel col et am mais, si·m pen,
by-the neck and I-love more if-me she-hangs
que m'aïres longamen.
than me-she-should-hate long

Drechs es qu'ela senhorei;
Right it-is that-she rule
c'aissi·s conve
for-so-itself it-befits
can m'aura forfach!
when me-she-will-have wronged
Que jasse
For always
m'a be vencut,
me-she-has well mastered
so qu'eu li plevira,
that which-I to-her should-pledge
c'anc de l'ora qu'eu fui natz,
that-ever from the-hour that-I was born

apensatz,
advisedly
s'ilh s'o retrai,
if-she it recalls
no fraissi so mandamen
not I-broke her commandment
nescis ni ab escien.
foolishly nor with knowledge

Ges no cre qu'en fol felnei,
At-all not I-believe that-in vain she-plays-false
per qu'eu li cre
for which-I to-her believe
molt aver forfach.
much to-have wronged
Qui la te
Who her holds
si·lh platz que·m tut?
if-to-her it-pleases that-me she-kill
Molt m'en abelira
Much to-me-of-it would-please
sus pel chap colps d'astelatz —
upon by-the head blows of-a-billet
ab sa patz,
with her peace
e si·s n'estrai,
and if-herself of-it-she-withdraws

semblara deschauzimen!
it-will-seem unclemency
Dic mal? Oc, s'ilh o enten.
Say-I ill Yes if-she it understands

Joios, al rei fatz prezen
Joios to-the king I-make a-present
d'un do que·m fetz avinen
of-a gift that-to-me he-made seemly

e vos, senher No-conten!
and you lord No-strife

Era si·m fos en grat tengut

25 · A FINE AND SLENDER SONG

He would take up a song so fine and slender that no doctor could shape it more finely or refine it better — but his hearers know too little, and he is blamed for not making it plain enough for children. His fair beloved had all but conquered him when she raised her hand from the scale; it is no good thing, he says, to offer what one would then change or worsen in anger. He ends by calling a suitor foolish who would draw a good lady to himself with cries and bawling.

Era, si·m fos en grat tengut,
Now if-to-me it-were in favor held
preir' eu ses glut
I-would-take I without paste
un chantaret prim e menut
a little-song fine and slender
qu'el mon non a
for-in-the world not there-is
doctor que tan prim ni plus pla
a-doctor who so finely nor more plainly
lo prezes
it would-take
ni melhs l'afines;
nor better it-would-refine
e qui·m crezes
and who-to-me believed
c'aissi chantes,
that-so I-should-sing
polira,
I-would-polish

forbira
I-would-burnish
mo chan
my song
ses afan
without labor
gran.
great
Mas, a lor veiaire,
But to their seeming
car no·n sabon gaire,
because not-of-it they-know much
falh, car no l'esclaire
I-fail because not it-I-make-clear
d'aitan
so-much
que l'entendesson neis l'enfan.
that it-they-should-understand even the-children

E ja m'agra del tot vencut,
And already me-would-have of-the whole conquered
si Deus m'aiut,
so God me-help
ma bel' amia, mas del trut
my fair beloved but of-the scale-tongue
levet la ma,
she-raised the hand
per que mos melher chans rema;
for which my better song stays-behind

que non es
for not it-is
bo c'om prezentes
good that-one should-offer
so que chamjes
that which one-should-change
ni pejures
nor should-worsen
per ira.
through anger
Que? Vira
What Turns-she
talan,
desire
qu'enganan
for-deceiving
van
go
trich- e galiaire
tricksters and beguilers
gentil de bon aire!
noble of good breeding
No volhatz retraire
Not wish to-tell
d'engan
of-deceit
vas celas que galiaran.
toward those-women who will-beguile

E pos aissi m'a retengut
And since so me-she-has retained
c'alhors no·m mut,
that-elsewhere not-myself I-move
volha c'aia joi e salut;
let-her-wish that-I-have joy and health
c'aissi parra
for-so it-will-appear
si dic ver d'aisso don m'i va:
if I-say true of-that whereon to-me-in-it it-goes
que, si·l bes
that if-the good
c'aten no·m tarzes,
that-I-await not-to-me delayed
sol comenses,
only it-began
eu pois ades
I then always
grazira,
should-thank

servira
should-serve
chantan
singing
e lauzan
and praising
l'an
the-year
que·m fo comensaire
that-to-me was the-beginner
d'esquivar maltraire.
of-escaping ill-faring
Tan sui fis amaire
So-much I-am a-true lover
qu'enan
that-onward
vai m'amors ades esforsan.
goes my-love ever straining

Pero ben ai lo tems agut
Yet well I-have the time had
quez a perdut
which as lost
m'o tengra, s'agues tan volgut,
to-me-it would-have-held if-I-had so-much wished
ni mes en va
and put in vain
mo chantar, mas aissi s'escha,
my singing but so it-falls-out

tro merces

until mercy

o melhur apres.

it improve afterward

E qui·m mostres

And who-to-me should-show

com m'en lonhes,

how myself-from-her I-might-remove

garira,

I-should-be-healed

gandira

I-should-escape

lonhan

withdrawing

esperan

hoping-for

man

a-message

deviro Belcaire;

about Beaucaire

car no posc de laire

for not I-can from a-thief

mo fat cor estraire

my foolish heart to-draw

ni blan

nor I-soften

la perda que pris per lo gan.

the loss that I-took through the glove

Aissi m'es tot dessovengut
So to-me-is all forgotten
can ai vezut,
that I-have seen
car sol m'apelet un jorn drut
because only me-she-called one day a-lover
e, si m'estra
and if to-me-she-withdraws
so que·m dis, malestan sera;
that which-to-me she-said unseemly it-will-be
c'anc, pos pres
for-ever since taken
aguem que m'ames,
we-had that me-she-loved
no·n cut proes
not-of-it I-think it-likely
qu'en re·m vires.
that-in anything-myself I-changed
Mentira?
Should-I-lie
Sofrira
I-should-endure
pensan
thinking
sofertan,
suffering
can
when
me volc amors faire;
me wished love to-make

mas, pel chap mo paire,
but by-the head of-my father
no serai confraire
not I-shall-be a-brother
denhan
deigning
d'amor que·m prenda de l'un pan.
of-love that-me takes by the-one skirt

C'anc no·m plac amors per escut
For-ever not-to-me pleased love as a-shield
a cors batut
to a-body beaten
d'un privat e d'altr' escondut!
of-one intimate and of-another hidden
Mas qui·m volra,
But whoever-me will-wish
tota l'aurai e tot m'aura.
wholly her-I-shall-have and wholly me-she-will-have
No dic ges,
Not I-say at-all
ans que·l tot perdes,
before that-the whole I-lost
non esperes;
not I-should-hope
que drutz engres
that a-lover impetuous
s'aïra,
himself-vexes

sospira

sighs

cudan,

thinking

menassan

threatening

dan.

harm

Pero sofertaire

Yet an-enduring-man

pren enans repaire

takes sooner shelter

que glotz menassaire

than a-glutton threatening

cridan

crying

cals colps faria de so bran.

what blows he-would-deal with his sword

Fols es domneiaire,

Foolish is a-suitor

s'ab critz ni ab braire

if-with cries or with bawling

vas se vol atraire

toward himself he-wills to-draw

preian

praying

bona domna ni benestan.

a-good lady and seemly

La flors del verjan

26 · THE FLOWER OF THE BOUGH

The flower of the bough recalls to him a courteous pain, without which he would long ago have given up seeking cheer. It is right that he sing at entreaty rather than at command; they say he would do better to sing lightly, but an obscure sense is what brings worth, where unbridled senselessness discredits it, and a song is worth more once it is understood than at its beginning. The year he lost his glove he sang both plain and closed. Now he will go forward faithful and enduring: the noble conquer nobly.

La flors del verjan
The flower of-the bough
me vai remembran
to-me goes recalling
un cortes afan
a courteous pain
e si no·s coches
and if not-itself it-pressed
que·l me remembres,
that-it to-me it-recalled
ja·m for' oblidatz
already-myself I-would-have forgotten
d'enquerre solatz.
of-seeking cheer
Pero chams ni pratz
Yet fields or meadows
genser no meissona;
fairer not reaps

c'al cor me botona
than-in-the heart to-me buds
tals un' amistatz
such a love
c'a ma fe,
that-by my faith
s'aissi s'esdeve
if-so it-comes-about
com cilh qu'eu am m'a conven,
as she whom-I love to-me-has covenanted
be dei chantar plus soven!
well I-must to-sing more often

Donc drechs es qu'eu chan
Then right it-is that-I sing
c'a precs que per man;
for-at prayers rather-than by command
mas era diran
but now they-will-say
que, si m'esforses
that if myself-I-strained
com levet chantes,
how lightly I-sang
melhs m'ester' assatz.
better to-me-it-would-stand much
E non es vertatz;
And not it-is truth

que sens echartatz
for sense obscure
adui pretz e·l dona
brings worth and-it gives
si com l'ochaizona
just as it-discredits
nosens eslaissatz;
senselessness unbridled
mas be cre
but well I-believe
que ges chans ancse
that at-all a-song ever
no val al comensamen
not is-worth at-the beginning
tan com pois, can om l'enten.
so-much as afterward when one it-understands

E donc a que·m van
And then to what-me they-go
tot jorn chastian?
all day chiding
Qu'enquer planheran,
For-still they-will-lament
s'eu ja joi cobres,
if-I ever joy recovered
car no serai pres!
because not I-shall-be taken

Car s'eu jonh ni latz
For if-I join and lace
menutz motz serratz,
small words tight
pois en sui lauzatz,
afterward of-it I-am praised
can ma razos bona
when my matter good
par ni s'abandona;
appears and itself-yields
c'om ben ensenhatz,
for-a-man well bred
si be·i ve
if well-in-it he-sees
ni mo drech chapte,
and my right upholds
no vol al meu escien
not wills to my knowledge
c'a totz chan comunalmen.
that-to all I-sing commonly

Mas pero l'altr' an,
But yet the-other year
can perdei mo gan,
when I-lost my glove

m'anava chantan
myself-I-went singing
plan e clus ades
plain and closed always
e, si m'en tarzes,
and if myself-of-it I-delayed
en for' encolpatz;
of-it I-should-be blamed
car lo dos ni·l gratz
because the gift or-the favor
no m'era vedatz!
not to-me-was forbidden
Mas era si·m sona
But now if-me calls
m'amia felona,
my-beloved cruel
sera·l bes ponhatz.
will-be-the good spurred
Pois a que
Then to what
no·m ponhera be?
not-myself should-I-spur well
Si·m sona ni m'acolh gen,
If-me she-calls and me-receives kindly
no·i a gran refranhemen?
not-in-it there-is great abatement

Mas si·l bel semblan
But if-the fair seeming
ni·l cor ni·l talan
and-the heart and-the desire
m'anava chamjan,
to-me-were changing
no sai qui·m lauzes
not I-know who-to-me would-advise
qu'eu lo·lh sofertes.
that-I it-to-her should-endure
Sofrir!? Er' auiatz
To-endure Now hear
com m'auci foldatz
how me-kills folly
c'aissi·m salh al latz
that-so-me leaps at-the snare
e·m contresperona,
and-me spurs-against
can pechs me razona.
when sin to-me pleads
E donc no·us cudatz,
And then not-you think
pos merce
since mercy
ditz c'aura de me,
says that-she-will-have of me
si la·n razo folamen,
if her-of-it I-arraign foolishly
que s'en pened' e·s n'alen?
that herself-of-it she-repent and-herself of-it-relent

Irai donc enan
I-shall-go then forward
fis e ses engan
faithful and without deceit
sofren e preian.
enduring and praying
Que si s'afranches
For if itself-softened
sos rics cors engres,
her proud person harsh
plus en for' onratz
more of-it I-should-be honored
que si fos venhatz
than if were avenged
mos cutz e mos fatz;
my thought and my deed
si be·i·s desazona,
though well-in-it-itself it-jars
car melhs no s'adona,
because better not herself-she-gives
com en fos paiatz!
how of-it I-were paid
Mas conve,
But it-behooves
si noca n'ai re,
though never of-it-I-have anything
qu'esper e vensa sofren;
that-I-hope and conquer enduring
que·lh franc venson franchamen.
for-the noble conquer nobly

Era cridaran
Now will-cry
aquist drut truan
these lovers base
qu'esperars te dan;
that-waiting brings harm
mas qui ben ames
but who well loved
e melhs esperes,
and better waited
melhs for' avenhatz,
better he-would-be favored
ja fos enganatz.
even-if he-were deceived
Er' o demandatz
Now it ask
midons de Narbona! —
of-my-lady of Narbonne
Que? — Drutz que randona
What A-lover who rushes
ni·s fenh trop cochatz,
and-himself feigns too pressed
can s'ave
when it-happens
c'una vetz rete
that-one time he-holds
d'Amor cal que jauzimen,
from-Love some or-other gladness
si no l'en pert mais de cen.
if not to-her-of-it he-loses more than a-hundred

No·m recre
Not-myself I-give-up
d'esperar jasse
from-waiting always
sobre totz que longamen
above all who long
m'aura menat 'pren, no pren!'
me-will-have led take not take

Ben es drechs que longamen
Well it-is right that long
esper om gran jauzimen.
await one great gladness

Si·m sentis fizels amics

27 · IF HE FELT HIMSELF A FAITHFUL LOVER

If he felt himself a faithful lover he would accuse Love outright, but he leaves it for fear of doubling the shame. Deceit has never entered his mind since he began to love well, and for that he has suffered. He saw the day when a working-day pleased him more than a Christmas. His song will sound like a sermon now: he goes seeking good words held in rein, and is vexed with beggars far from worth who make themselves mockers.

Si·m sentis fizels amics,
If-myself I-felt a-faithful friend
per ver encuzer' Amor;
in truth I-should-accuse Love
mas er m'o lais per paor
but now to-me-it I-leave for fear
que·m dobles l'ant' e·l destrics.
that-to-me should-double the-shame and-the hurt
Mas aitan posc dire, ses dan,
But so-much I-can to-say without harm
c'anc d'engan ni de no-fe
that-ever of-deceit nor of un-faith
no·m membret, pos amei be,
not-to-me came-to-mind since I-loved well
per c'ai sofert de grans mals;
for which-I-have suffered of great ills
c'aissi s'aven als leials!
for-so it-befalls to-the loyal

E can no grana l'espics
And when not seeds the-ear
si com pareis a la flor,
so as it-appears at the flower
cudatz que plass' al senhor?
think-you that it-please to-the lord
Ans l'en creis ir' e genzics
Rather to-him-of-it grows anger and vexation
e par que consire de l'an
and it-seems that he-broods about the-year
enavan, can sap e ve
onward when he-knows and sees
que sos afars no l'ave;
that his affair not to-him-suits
qu'eu vi c'us jorns ferials
for-I saw that-a day workaday
m'era melher c'us nadals.
to-me-was better than-a Christmas

E vi ja, mentr' era rics
And I-saw once while I-was rich
segon lo tems qu'era cor,
according-to the time that-then runs
que·m teni' a dezonor
that-to-me I-held as dishonor
mans plachs don er sui abrics.
many pleas whereof now I-am fond

Car vencutz sofrire que blan
For conquered enduring-man who coaxes
sofertan, car no·s recre,
suffering because not-himself he-gives-up
so que plus li desconve,
that which most to-him misbecomes
a segon que s'es egals
at according as itself-is equal
l'amors e l'amics chabals.
the-love and the-lover perfect

E qui se fenher' enics
And who himself would-feign angry
per espaventar l'os lor?
to frighten the-bone of-them
Can plas volers no·i acor,
When plain willing not-in-it aids
pauc li val precs ni chantics.
little to-him avails prayer nor song
Per so fai bo rire d'aman
For that it-is good to-laugh at-a-lover
que l'afan d'amor soste
who the-pain of-love bears
e no·l sap lonhar de se,
and not-it knows to-put-away from himself
pos ve que·s vira venals;
since he-sees that-herself she-turns venal
es lo donc amors aitals?
is it then love such

Cudatz, joves ni antics,
Think-you a-young or an-old
pos en sa bailia cor,
once in its power he-runs
tri de dos mals lo menor?
chooses of two ills the lesser
No fera·l reis Lozoics!
Not would-do-the king Louis
Deu s'om donc aucire preian?
Must one then to-be-killed praying
Drech n'ai gran; qu'eu sai e cre,
Right of-it-I-have great for-I know and believe
mas que non o dic per me,
but that not it I-say for myself
c'als verais amics corals
that-to-the true lovers hearty
no vai enan lor chaptals.
not goes forward their stock

Oimais semblara prezics
Henceforth will-seem a-sermon
mos chans e, si Deu azor,
my song and so God I-adore
trop a, no vitz trobador
long ago not saw-you a-troubadour
cui menhs noz' anta ni trics.
whom less harms shame nor deceit
Mas, per melhs assire mo chan,
But for better to-set my song

vauc cerchan bos motz en fre
I-go seeking good words in rein
que son tuch chargat e ple
which are all laden and full
d'us estranhs sens naturals
of-a strange sense natural
e no sabon tuch de cals.
and not know all of what-kind

No m'en chal; c'ab us mendics,
Not to-me-of-it matters that-with some beggars
lonh de pretz e de valor,
far from worth and from merit
m'irasc que·s fan gabador
I-am-vexed who-themselves make mockers
l'ora que lor falh afics.
the-hour that to-them fails effort
Car ses bo sofrire per tan,
For without a-good enduring-man for so-much
car no van egal ab re,
because not they-go equal with anything
son si brau e ses merce
they-are so fierce and without mercy
c'us mazans n'issira tals;
that-a tumult of-it-will-come such
'parlem nos, fan cilh, sivals!'
let-us-speak we say they at-least

E pos no m'i val chastics
And since not to-me-there avails chiding
c'ades no sian peior,
so-that-always not they-be worse
ges no m'a tan de sabor
at-all not to-me-has so-much of savor
lor solatz com dels Galics.
their company as of-the Galicians
Deus los denh maldire; c'antan
God them deign to-curse for-last-year
per un gan — De que·m sove?
for a glove Of what-me it-recalls
Pero si·s fara jasse! —
Yet so-itself it-will-do always
mogron m'ist no-fezat fals
stirred to-me-these un-faithed false
tal guerra, pois fo mortals.
such a-war then it-was mortal

Amia, d'aisso·m sove
Beloved of-this-me it-recalls
c'anc, depos que·m fis comtals,
that-ever since that-myself I-made a-count's-man
no m'avenc pois tan grans mals.
not to-me-befell then so great ills

E tu ni tos chans que vals,
And you or your song what are-you-worth
Giraut, lonh dels Proensals?
Giraut far from-the Provençals

Tot suavet e de pas

28 · SOFTLY AND AT A WALK

He goes smoothing a little song of dark sayings so that not one is left obscure, for a song easily understood travels: made plain, it could pass among the Catalans into Provence. He sends it off with a warning about the glove over which his Sure made a bad bargain, and about a sovereign worth turned brittle and empty, dead unless a slack heart changes into a firm one. He does not fear low enemies whose work is mire, for nothing good grows from bad seed.

Tot suavet e de pas
All softly and at a-walk
rien jogan
laughing playing
vauc un chantaret planan
I-go a little-song smoothing
de dichs escurs
of sayings dark
c'us non i remanha.
so-that-one not in-it remain
C'aissi leu, si s'era plas,
For-so easily if it-were plain
poiri' entrels Chatalas
it-could among-the Catalans
passar en Proensa;
pass into Provence
que chansos leu entenduda
for a-song easily understood
lai val e lai s'esvertuda.
there avails and there itself-strengthens

E tu que la·i portaras,
And you who it-there will-carry
si·t vas tarzan,
if-yourself you-go delaying
potz n'aver damnatge gran,
you-can of-it-to-have damage great
c'ab bos aürs
for-with good omens
issiras d'Espanha;
you-will-go-out from-Spain
c'us m'a dich dels bos Espas
for-one to-me-has said of-the good Spaniards
duchs e ferms e seguras
schooled and firm and sure
d'aital conoissensa
of-such knowing
que bos aürs non aiuda,
that a-good omen not helps
des c'om so conselh refuda.
once that-one his counsel refuses

Vai t'en, que bon' anaras,
Go yourself-away for well you-will-go
al meu semblan,
to my seeming

e pero membre·t del gan
and yet remember-yourself of-the glove
don mos Segurs
whereof my Sure
fetz avol barganha
made a-bad bargain
que·l seus rics pretz sobeiras
for-the his rich worth sovereign
es tornatz fragils e vas
is turned brittle and empty
e d'avol parvensa,
and of-worthless showing
per qu'es mort' e dechazuda,
for which-she-is dead and fallen
si·l cor flac en ferm no muda.
if-the heart slack into firm not it-changes

Tot sui del chastiar las,
Wholly I-am of-the chiding weary
mais a d'un an,
more there-is than-a year
mas al seu leuger talan
but at his light desire
no·m val aturs
not-to-me avails persistence
c'ades me gavanha,
for-always me it-ruins
per que cudav' esser sas;
for which I-thought to-be sound

mas s'eu fos dins de Milas
but if-I were within of Milan
ni deves Faensa,
or toward Faenza
no·m degra levar tal bruda,
not-to-me it-should to-raise such a-clamor
s'ela s'es mal chaptenguda!
if-she herself-has ill borne

Torna sai, que non iras
Turn hither for not you-shall-go
un pas enan,
one step forward
fe que·t dei, que per aitan
faith that-to-you I-owe for through so-much
sui eu perjurs
am I forsworn
e fis de gran lanha,
and sure of great grief
can qu'en traïnes certas!
however-much that-in-it I-should-drag surely
Pos vas fina·m sui trafas,
Since toward a-true-one-myself I-am treacherous
ja·l senher d'Argensa
ever-the lord of-Argence
no·m dira que bona druda
not-to-me will-say that a-good mistress
per drech non aia perduda.
by right not I-have lost

Ditz tu que no remanras,
Say you that not you-will-stay
s'eu t'o coman?
if-I to-you-it command
Vai donc, e si·t prec del chan
Go then and so-you I-beg of-the song
que no·l peiurs,
that not-it you-worsen
coras que·t sofranha
whenever that-to-you fails
bos albercs, c'ostes vilas
a-good lodging for-a-host churlish
auras, si Sanchs-Julias
you-will-have if Saint-Julian
l'ostal no t'agensa;
the-house not to-you-arranges
c'un' avols rassa menuda
for-a worthless rabble petty
lai m'an baralha moguda.
there to-me-have a-quarrel stirred

Mas ges d'aitals guerrers bas
But at-all of-such warriors low
non esper dan
not I-expect harm
ni no m'espert, s'ilh se fan
and not myself-I-dismay if-they themselves make
valhatz ni murs;
ditches nor walls

que l'obr' es de fanha
for the-work is of mire
c'ans dechai c'us chauls vertas
for-sooner it-falls than-a cabbage grows-green
e com venria bos gras
and how would-come good grain
de mala semensa
from bad seed
ni per gen desconoguda
or through a-folk unknown
cal vitz be razo tenguda?
what saw-you well reason held

C'ab entendedors bauzas
For-with suitors deceitful
torn' en recrezensa
turns into cowardice
cortezi' ab gauch venguda
courtesy with joy come
pauc prezad' e viltenguda.
little prized and held-cheap

Ges de sobrevoler no·m tolh

29 · THE VERS FOR LINHAURE

Leaf and flower in spring only increase his excess of desire, though a man who runs after excess can hardly keep it from turning to harm. He saw the hour when his worth doubled at the first leaf, and now the sweet breeze and the new grass are his terror. Shall he show pride toward Love because she gives sooner to a beguiler than to him who is faithful and true? Rather he must count it in her favor. He sends the vers to Linhaure, asking not to be taken for a boaster.

Ges de sobrevoler no·m tolh
At-all from over-willing not-myself I-withdraw
per folha d'arbre ni per flor,
for leaf of-tree nor for flower
ans m'en do mais d'aitz en pascor,
rather to-me-of-it I-give more of-fitness in spring
can chanta·l rossinhols els plais;
when sings-the nightingale in-the thickets
per so·m fui jais,
for that-me I-was joyful
e qui trop chass' a no-dever,
and who too-much chases at un-duty
greu pot sezer
hardly can to-sit-still
que·l trop no·l vir lai on l'er dans
so-that-the excess not-him turn there where to-him-will-be harm
so c'ab mezura·lh fora pros.
that which-with measure-to-him would-be profit

Qu'eu vi l'ora quez al prim folh
For-I saw the-hour that at-the first leaf
cobrav' en dobles ma valor!
was-recovering in double my merit
Er' a mala merce d'Amor
Now there-is an-ill mercy from-Love
la dolz' aur' e l'erba que nais
the sweet breeze and the-grass that is-born
es mos esglais;
is my terror
qu'ela·m fetz e·m fai er' aver
for-she-me made and-me makes now to-have
cor ses poder
a-heart without power
d'aco c'un pas no lai m'enans,
of-this that-a step not there myself-I-advance
c'apres no·m fassa lonhar dos.
that-afterward not-me it-make to-withdraw two

E donc per que non o desvolh,
And then for what not it I-unwish
pos aventura no m'acor?
since fortune not me-succors
Car anc no vi fin amador
For ever not I-saw a-true lover
ab poder que d'amar s'eslais.
with power that from-loving himself-he-flings

De grans eslais
Of great flingings
n'ai eu ja fachs vas no-chaler
of-them-have I already made toward un-caring
et ans del ser
and before of-the evening
m'era si doblatz mos talans
to-me-was so doubled my desire
que·m fora melhs que res no·n fos.
that-to-me it-would-be better that anything not-of-it were

Farai donc vas Amor orgolh,
Shall-I-do then toward Love pride
si·lh dic que·m tenh a dezonor,
if-to-her I-say that-myself I-hold as dishonor
s'ans don' ad un galiador
if-sooner she-gives to a beguiler
c'a me que·lh sui fis e verais?
than-to me who-to-her am faithful and true
Era no m'ais;
Now not to-me-be-it-hateful
aisso·lh dei eu en grat tener,
this-to-her must I in favor to-hold
si·m fai voler
if-me she-makes to-wish
tal amia que de mil tans
such a-beloved that by a-thousand times
m'onres sola sa sospeissos!
me-would-honor alone her hoping

Com fatz, pos ela no m'acolh
How I-do since she not me-receives
ni·m sofre per entendedor?
nor-me suffers as a-suitor
Per Deu, vers es, ans ai paor;
By God true it-is rather I-have fear
que·l seus gens cors conhdes e gais
that-the her noble person gracious and gay
vol qu'eu abais
wills that-I stoop
e par, per que m'en dezesper,
and it-seems for which myself-of-it I-despair
plus esser ver
more to-be true
ab bels dichs et ab bels semblans
with fair sayings and with fair seemings
que m'aia brau ni orgolhos.
that me-she-has fierce or proud

E s'eu ja torn vas Essidolh,
And if-I ever turn toward Excideuil
vau viran de mal en peior,
I-go turning from ill into worse
que per domna ni per senhor
that for a-lady or for a-lord
no·m vol lo trop mover del fais.
not-me wills the excess to-move of-the burden

Abans, s'irais
Sooner herself-she-vexes
can sap que·m deuria valer,
when she-knows that-to-me she-ought to-avail
be·n dei temer
well-of-it I-must to-fear
que s'aiuda·m sia desmans,
that her-help-to-me be a-hindrance
pos c'a dich mal de mas chansos.
since that-she-has said ill of my songs

E pero veiatz en l'escolh
And yet see-you in the-difficulty
Linhaure vers de trobador
Linhaure a-vers of a-troubadour
e no·m n'aiatz per gabador,
and not-me of-it-hold for a-boaster
si tan rics motz me passa·l cais;
if so rich words to-me pass-the mouth
c'aitan m'atrais
for-so-much me-draws
m'essecha de so bel saber!
me-dries-up from her fair knowing
Per qu'eu esper,
For which-I hope
quez ab mo ver dire bobans,
that with my true speaking a-vaunt
c'a defendre·m n'ai arazos.
that-to defend-myself of-it-I-have arguments

Mas lai ai pen' e sai afans;
But there I-have pain and here troubles
no·m sai que s'es amics, Joios.
not-myself I-know who himself-is a-friend Joios

Pero be volh que·l reis Ferans
Yet well I-wish that-the king Ferdinand
auia mo vers e·l reis n'Amfos!
hear my vers and-the king Sir-Alfonso

Er' auziretz enchabalir chantars

30 · NOW YOU SHALL HEAR

A dialogue with his own heart, which breaks in on him with mockery. He is a lover made excellent, a comrade; foolish speaking has often drawn joy out of his hands, and he is going gray for it. He turns his eyes where the sea beats, toward one whose joy keeps its distance. It was only one kiss, the voice says. Neither thirst nor fasting harms him, for sweet thinking would bring him whole and glad to the year's end on a loaf of bread. He sends the song to Linhaure and to Joios.

Er' auziretz enchabalir chantars;
Now you-will-hear to-excel singing
qu'eu sui amics enchabalitz e pars!
for-I am a-friend made-excellent and matched
Auiatz! e fon anc mais dicha
Hear-you and was ever before spoken
tan grans foli' en chantan?
so great folly in singing
Greu n'eschaparai ses dan;
Hardly of-it-I-shall-escape without harm
s'ab leis m'aparei ni m'ec
if-with her myself-I-match or myself-I-liken
cui sui plus liges que sers,
to-whom I-am more a-liegeman than a-serf
terra, tu com me sofers?
earth you how me you-bear

Ai, tantas vetz m'a trach nescis parlars
Ah so-many times to-me-has drawn foolish speaking
joi d'entrels mas, per qu'esdevenh liars,
joy from-between-the hands for which-I-become gray
e·l cor, pos en re s'aficha
and-the heart since on anything itself-it-fixes
don s'alegr' a tan ni can,
whereof itself-it-gladdens at so-much and when
volri' eu chantes gaban;
it-should-wish I sang boasting
qu'era tro que s'esperec,
for-now until that it-took-fright
tenia·l drech per envers,
I-held-the right for wrong
tan er' en amar esmers!
so-much I-was in loving refined

E qu'en diretz, si l'esciens es rars
And what-of-it will-you-say if the-knowledge is rare
e·l cor es leus, valra·m ja sobramars?
and-the heart is light will-avail-to-me ever over-loving
No ja, tan es alt' e richa
Not ever so-much she-is high and rich
cela — c'als remanh' ab tan! —
she that-other-things must-be-left-off with that
ja re laus no m'i valran,
ever anything praises not to-me-there will-avail
com c'adesch, e c'o eissec,
however that-I-flatter and that-it I-achieve

mou mas chansos e mos vers
I-strike-up my songs and my vers
com fols de saber esters.
as a-fool of knowing otherwise

Anc nuls esfretz no·m fo valens ni chars,
Ever any alarm not-to-me was great nor grievous
tro que m'ac lonh de joi sobregabars,
until that me-had far from joy over-boasting
e pois dic c'Amors me tricha
and then I-say that-Love me cheats
per un petit de semblan
for a little of seeming
e pert per so que no·m blan
and I-lose for that that not-me she-coaxes
leu parlar c'us dans m'en crec
lightly speech so-that-a harm to-me-of-it grew
que·m te pres plus greu qu'en fers
which-me holds prisoner more grievously than-in irons
per te, bocha, que mal mers.
through you mouth that ill you-deserve

Qu'era no·m letz, can me valgra preiars,
For-now not-to-me is-allowed when to-me would-avail praying
querre merce? Si fai, que mos trobars,
to-seek mercy Yes it-does for my composing

pos tan s'es m'amors africha
since so-much itself-is my-love fastened
c'altra no volh ni·n deman,
that-another not I-wish nor-of-it I-ask
clama·lh merce. Qui que·l chan
cries-to-her mercy Whoever that-it sings
celeis, cudes: chauzit lec! —
before-her may-she-think something-choice he-recites
Fols trascudatz e despers,
Fool over-confident and heedless
tot trobaras so que quers?
all you-will-compose that which you-seek

E·l be que·t fetz, si n'eras en foc ars,
And-the good that-to-you she-did if of-it-you-were in fire burnt
potz li grazir? — Fo donc mas us baizars! —
can-you to-her to-be-thankful Was-it then but one kiss
Fola res, e cel que picha
Foolish thing and he who hews
no vai l'obra melhuran
not goes the-work bettering
cada pauc? — Saber d'enfan! —
every little-bit Knowledge of-a-child
E si·t fetz mais que no·n dec,
And if-to-you she-did more than of-it she-ought
peier que cilh de Bezers,
worse than those of Béziers
tu cals merces l'en refers? —
you what thanks to-her-of-it do-you-return

Tals que lai dretz los olhs on bat la mars
Such-a-one that there I-turn the eyes where beats the sea
e·l cors es dolz e francs e fis e clars
and-the person is sweet and noble and true and bright
de celeis cui jois s'abricha
of her whose joy itself-shelters
lonh d'avol pretz e d'engan
far from-worthless worth and from-deceit
e de me que vau pensan
and from me who go thinking
tan qu'en magrezisc e sec
so-much that-of-it I-grow-lean and dry
volven de tort en travers
turning from crooked into crosswise
plus abruzitz d'un convers.
more downcast than-a lay-brother

E cudatz setz m'enoi ni dejunars
And think-you thirst me-vexes or fasting
ni·m tenha dan? No fai, que·l dolz pensars
or-me does harm Not it-does for-the sweet thinking
m'aduri' ab una micha
me-would-lead with a loaf
san e let al chap de l'an! —
sound and glad at-the end of the-year
Fols, c'as dich? Pauc t'en creiran
Fool what-have-you said Few to-you-of-it they-will-believe
de so c'anc vers no parec! —
of that which-ever true not appeared
Si fara be, si l'enquers,
Yes he-will-do well if him-you-ask
mos Linhaure lai part Lers.
my Linhaure there beyond Lers

Joios, qui per bon enders
Joios who through good amends
no s'alegra, fols es mers!
not himself-gladdens a-fool he-is downright

Ab semblan

31 · WITH A SEEMING

Love makes him fall by a seeming: one fair seeming hurries him on and the other turns him aside. His lady takes him with art and false craft as though he were the cheat, and the more she forgets him at need the more his heart goes where it pleases her. He lives without a heart, since she keeps it. Rather than give her up he will be faithful without gladness and gay in ill-faring. He praises the king of Aragon, whose enemies are shamed, and sends the song to My-Lord.

Ab semblan me fai dechazer
With a-seeming me makes to-decline
Amors e·m dona marimen;
Love and-to-me gives sorrow
car semblan m'es del joi c'aten
for a-seeming to-me-is of-the joy that-I-await
que ja·l cor no·m n'esclaire,
that ever-the heart not-to-me of-it-I-lighten
car en trop ric repaire
for into too rich a-dwelling
bels semblans me guida
fair seeming me guides
que·m ditz que jauzida
which-to-me says that enjoyment
n'aurai ses falhia.
of-it-I-shall-have without fail
Mas so·m dechai,
But that-me casts-down
don fort m'esmai,
whereat greatly myself-I-dismay

car l'us semblans m'abriva lai
for the-one seeming me-hurries there
e l'altre·m desvia.
and the-other-me turns-aside

Ab bel semblan me fai voler
With a-fair seeming me makes to-wish
midons so que plus me defen;
my-lady that which most to-me she-denies
ab art et ab fals genh me pren
with art and with false craft me she-takes
com s'eu l'era trichaire.
as if-I to-her-were a-cheat
Per leis pert mo veiaire,
Through her I-lose my judgment
tan m'es abelida;
so-much to-me-she-is grown-pleasing
car on plus m'oblida
for the more me-she-forgets
can ops me seria,
when need to-me it-would-be
mos cors s'en vai
my heart itself-away goes
lai on li plai.
there where to-her it-pleases
Ses cor viu, car ab me no l'ai,
Without a-heart I-live for with me not it-I-have
qu'ilh l'a en bailia!
for-she it-has in keeping

Greu me poiria pro tener
Hardly to-me could profit to-hold
de s'amor ja segon mo sen,
of her-love ever according-to my sense
pos aman no·i trop chauzimen
since loving not-in-it I-find clemency
si com fizels amaire.
thus as a-faithful lover
Donc pos no·i gazanh gaire,
Then since not-in-it I-gain much
que non ai gequida
why not I-have forsaken
l'amor que·m convida
the-love that-me invites
d'amar chascu dia?
to-love every day
Car no posc mai,
Because not I-can more
per c'amarai;
for which-I-shall-love
que be leu enquera n'aurai
for quite likely still of-it-I-shall-have
de joi a ma guia.
of joy at my wish

Pos no posc mai, ab bon esper
Since not I-can more with good hope
aleujarai lo mal qu'eu sen;
I-shall-lighten the ill that-I feel

fis serai ses tot jauzimen
faithful I-shall-be without any gladness
e gais per lo maltraire,
and gay through the ill-faring
entro·m volha refaire
until-me wishes to-restore
ma domna chauzida,
my lady discerning
franch' et eissernida,
noble and distinguished
de bela paria,
of fair company
ab cui estai
with whom dwells
jois ab cor gai,
joy with a-heart gay
ensenhamens ab pretz verai,
breeding with worth true
sens e cortezia.
sense and courtesy

Domna·lh genser c'om pot vezer,
Lady-the fairest that-one can to-see
oimais me fossetz d'avinen;
henceforth to-me may-you-be of-kindness
que conoissetz mo fi talen
for you-know my true desire
e co·us am ses cor vaire!
and how-you I-love without a-heart wavering

Cortez' e de bon aire,
Courteous and of good birth
s'un pauc m'etz aizida,
if-a little to-me-you-are gracious
joios a ma vida
joyful for my life
serai on qu'eu sia;
I-shall-be where that-I be
si no, be sai,
if not well I-know
tan can viurai,
so-long as I-shall-live
si tot no·m voletz, be·us volrai,
though wholly not-me you-wish well-you I-shall-wish
si tot no·m valia.
though wholly not-to-me it-availed

Senher reis d'Arago, temer
Lord king of-Aragon to-fear
vos devon vostre malvolen,
you must your ill-wishers

car fach lor avetz a prezen
for done to-them you-have in public
totztems peitz lor afaire
always worse their case
quez om no sap retraire
than one — knows to-tell
si que n'es aunida
so that of-it-is shamed
tota·lh lor partida
all-the their party
e lor senhoria
and their lordship
mor e desvai;
dies and fails
tan an d'esglai
so-much they-have of-terror
que·lh plus ric son tornat savai,
that-the most rich are turned base
car lor pretz te via!
for their worth holds its-way

Coms, fort me plai,
Count much to-me it-pleases
car tan s'atrai
for so-much itself-draws
vostre noms vas fi pretz verai
your name toward true worth genuine
qu'en re no·s desvia!
that-in anything not-itself it-turns-aside

Ab joi t'en vai,
With joy yourself-away go
chansos, en lai
song off yonder
vas Mo-Senhor, ab cui estai
toward My-Lord with whom dwells
pretz e cortezia!
worth and courtesy

Be conve

32 · RANSOMED FROM THE ALMOHADS

Now that the branch bows with leaf and fruit, he must make a vers to match his earlier ones. His adversary is one of the best, so it behooves him to trouble himself for her sake — no, he has said too much, since it does not please her. The hunger of desire doubles in him. A roebuck or a fallow deer would be tamed by prayers, but neither cries nor pleas assail her. He would sooner be ransomed from the Almohads than delivered into such trouble, and asks why she will not consider it.

Be conve, pos ja baissa·l ram
Well it-behooves since already bows-the branch
la folh' e·l fruchs apres las flors,
the leaf and-the fruit after the flowers
que d'un vers, en que·m sui tarzatz,
that of-a vers in which-myself I-am delayed
m'esfortz com als primers l'egalh;
I-strive how to-the first it-I-match
qu'esters no m'er onors ni pretz,
for-otherwise not to-me-will-be honor nor worth
pos locs m'en aiud' e gens tems,
since place to-me-of-it helps and fair season
si de tal manera no·l fatz
if in such a-manner not-it I-make
que contrapasse·ls plus prezatz.
that it-surpass-the most prized

E per ma guerrera cui am,
And for my adversary whom I-love
car es una de las melhors,
because she-is one of the best
conve, si noca·m sui amatz,
it-behooves if never-myself I-am loved
que per l'aventura·m trebalh
that through the-venture-myself I-trouble
e m'en fenha conhdes e letz?
and myself-of-it I-feign gracious and glad
No fai, ans cut que n'ai dich nems,
Not it-does rather I-think that of-it-I-have said too-much
pos leis non agrada ni·lh platz
since to-her not it-pleases nor-to-her it-pleases
qu'eu m'en deport ni·m n'assolatz.
that-I myself-of-it disport nor-myself of-it-solace

E dobla·m del voler la fam,
And it-doubles-me of-the willing the hunger
per que s'esvertuda l'amors,
for which itself-strengthens the-love
qu'era·n sui plus enamoratz
for-now-of-it I-am more enamored
de leis, sembla, que l'amiralh,
of her it-seems than the-emir
dic a vos, que non o sabetz;
I-say to you who not it know

tan gentet s'avenon ensems
so becomingly themselves-agree together
lo sens e·l pretz e la beltatz
the sense and-the worth and the beauty
el franc cors c'anc bona fos natz!
in-the noble person that-ever good was born

E si·m solh eu tener so clam
And if-myself I-used I to-hold that I-claim
com vassal de lor bos senhors
as a-vassal of their good lords
e no m'en sui del tot laissatz;
and not myself-of-it I-am of-the whole desisted
que·l nescis cor ab que·m baralh,
for-the foolish heart with which-myself I-quarrel
fis contra leis e vas me quetz,
faithful toward her and toward me quiet
me ditz qu'ela·m fo vel' e rems
to-me says that-she-to-me was sail and oar
de mans encombrers, c'ai passatz,
of many hindrances that-I-have passed
en que·m fora dezesperatz.
in which-myself I-should-be despairing

Pero de chabrol o de dam,
Yet of a-roebuck or of a-fallow-deer
si precs entendes ni clamors,
if prayers it-heard or cries

cudera fos adomesgatz;
I-should-think it-were tamed
mas vos, ma domna, non assalh
but you my lady not assail
clams ni merces, car no vezetz
cries nor entreaties for not you-see
los mals qu'eu trac ni·ls planchs ni·ls gems
the ills that-I bear nor-the plaints nor-the groans
qu'eu fatz la noch, can sui colgatz,
that-I make the night when I-am laid-down
e·l jorn no posc estar en patz.
and-the day not I-can to-be in peace

E si per Deu, cui sotzestam,
And if by God whom we-are-under
no·us platz que·m trespas la dolors,
not-to-you it-pleases that-me pass-by the grief
que m'aucira, si no·n pensatz,
which me-will-kill if not-of-it you-think
greu m'er e s'orgolhs no·us i falh,
grievous to-me-will-be and if-pride not-to-you in-it fails
e pezara·m, si no sentetz
and it-will-grieve-to-me if not you-feel
com es jois frevolitz e sems,
how is joy weakened and emptied
can de servizi no ve gratz
when from service not comes thanks
celui que·s n'es molt trebalhatz.
to-him who-himself of-it-is much troubled

E si·m tenetz pres el liam
And if-me you-hold prisoner in-the bond
e no·m val forsa ni valors,
and not-to-me avails force nor merit
no·m deu valer umilitatz?
not-to-me must to-avail humility
Si fai, pos en re no trassalh
Yes it-does since in anything not I-overstep
vostres mans! E si·m destrenhetz
your commands And if-me you-constrain
que mais me volgr' esser reems
that more myself I-should-wish to-be ransomed
de Masmutz o de revelatz
from Almohads or from rebels
qu'en tal trebalha fos liuratz!
than-in such trouble I-were delivered

Per vos, domna, que·m destrenhetz,
Through you lady who-me constrain
cuder' eu ben esser reems
should-think I well to-be ransomed
de Masmutz o de revelatz
from Almohads or from rebels
ans c'aissi fos justiziatz!
rather that-so I-were executed

Domna, merce! Car no pensatz
Lady mercy Why not you-think
com eu no fos totztems forsatz?
how I not were always forced

Can creis la frescha folh' e·l rams

33 · WHEN THE FRESH LEAF GROWS

When the leaf grows and the shade thickens, everything pleases him, and he would make a vers for those whom worth and joy please. He thought no wrong could fall between the two of them; but if he believes and is not believed, the harm is his. His whole grievance is one word: Mercy. The bond he thought had taken them both never reached her. He recalls the day she kept him as her own and gave him her ungloved hands, and asks what her promises are worth if she then fails him.

Can creis la frescha folh' e·l rams
When grows the fresh leaf and-the branch
e l'ombra s'espeiss' els defes,
and the-shade itself-thickens in-the coverts
m'agrada l'aur' e·l tems e·l mes
to-me-pleases the-air and-the season and-the month
e·l gaps e·l ris e·l jois e·l chans
and-the jests and-the laughter and-the joy and-the song
e·l dolz mazans,
and-the sweet noise
que creis, can s'azina·l matis,
that grows when itself-readies-the morning

si no·m gandis
if not-me shelters
mos-Senher convinens, e mans
my-Lord seemly and gentle
fora m'enans
it-would-be my-advancement
qu'eu fes un vers que fos per cels chantatz
that-I made a vers that were by those sung
cui pretz e jois e cortezia platz.
to-whom worth and joy and courtesy please

E no cuder' entre nos ams
And not I-should-think between us both
mals ni meschaps ni tortz chaubes;
ills nor mishaps nor wrongs might-befall
mas s'eu te cre e tu no·m cres,
but if-I you believe and you not-me believe
com te posc esser fis amans?
how to-you can-I to-be a-true lover
Meus es lo dans!
Mine is the harm
Qu'eu fora frachs e francs e fis,
For-I should-be broken and open and true
si·m consentis
if-to-me she-consented
que l'esperans' e·l bels semblans
that the-hope and-the fair seeming
me fos durans;
to-me were lasting

mas a greu er vera fin' amistatz,
but with difficulty will-be a-true pure friendship
pos qu'i sofranh tota l'una meitatz.
since that-in-it fails wholly the-one half

E cudatz c'aisso sia clams
And think-you that-this be a-complaint
ni qu'eu m'en rancur? No fatz ges!
or that-I myself-of-it grieve Not I-do at-all
Tota ma rancur' es: 'Merces!'
All my grievance is Mercy
Si be·s passa·l dichs los garans,
Though well-itself passes-the saying the warrants
no·n sui clamans,
not-of-it I-am complaining
mas be volri' ela chauzis
but well I-should-wish she chose
que no·n falhis;
that not-of-it she-failed
tan es adrech' e benestans!
so she-is upright and seemly
Que·l maier pans
For-the greater portion
chaira del pretz, si no·l soste vertatz,
will-fall from-the worth if not-it upholds truth
et er a greu fis cor enves dos latz.
and it-will-be with difficulty a-true heart toward two sides

Ges leis non ateis lo liams
At-all her not reached the bond
en que cudei c'ams nos prezes.
in which I-thought that-both us it-took
De me conois be que sui pres,
Of me she-knows well that I-am taken
c'ades par fis amics trians,
for-always seems a-true friend choosing
qu'eu cuder' ans
that-I should-think sooner
que s'aspra chaptenensa vis,
that her-harsh bearing I-saw
c'us cals que ris
that-a some or-other laugh
m'aleuges mos maiors afans
to-me-lightened my greater pains
e·ls plus pezans!
and-the most heavy
Mas desqu'eu vi que·l cor l'era chamjatz,
But once-that-I saw that-the heart to-her-had changed
chamjera·l meu, s'aissi no fos fermatz.
would-have-changed-the mine if-so not it-were fixed

E pos del mal no·m part la fams
And since from-the ill not-me parts the hunger
e conosc cals seria·l bes,
and I-know what would-be-the good
si no m'en part, falh? — Tu no ges! —
if not myself-of-it I-part do-I-fail You not at-all

E com? — Ja semblari' engans
And how Indeed it-would-seem a-deceit
aitals balans
such a-balance
c'om ben ames e no sofris! —
that-one well loved and not endured
E tu ja dis
And you already said
que·l mals aiuda·l be cen tans? —
that-the ill helps-the good a-hundred times
Ja no soans
Ever not scorn
so que plus vols ni t'en fenhas iratz;
that which most you-wish nor yourself-of-it feign angry
que guerra tol soven so c'adui patz.
for war takes-away often that which-brings peace

A, com? Fo·n petitz lo reclams?
Ah how Was-of-it small the outcry
Qui tan prim non o conogues,
Who so finely not it knew
can li plac c'ab se·m retengues
when to-her it-pleased that-with herself-me she-kept
e·m soferc qu'eu li fos comans
and-me suffered that-I to-her were subject
e·m det ses gans
and-me gave without gloves
sas mas, per que melhs m'enriquis,
her hands for that better me-she-enriched

tro pois m'aucis,
until then me-she-killed
can me fo veiaire·l demans,
when to-me was seeming-the demand
c'us dels Bertrans
that-one of-the Bertrans
non es tan ferms ni tan ben ensenhatz
not is so firm nor so well bred
c'ad aital pas no fos totz issaratz.
that-at such a-pass not he-were wholly bewildered

E pois a que diras que m'ams,
And then to what will-you-say that me-you-love
si, can m'auras gran be promes,
if when me-you-will-have great good promised
me falhs e·m ditz qu'eu sui mespres?
to-me you-fail and-to-me say that-I am mistaken
E que? No·m doptas ni no·m blans?
And what Not-me you-fear and not-me you-flatter
No m'o desmans,
Not to-me-it unsay
qu'eu no volri' om pros plevis
for-I not should-wish a-man worthy pledged
so que mentis;
that which he-belied

no·s tanh mas als trafas truans
not-itself befits but to-the treacherous rogues
fals e chamjans
false and changing
que s'eu vos dic d'aisso, volh que·m crezatz:
that if-I to-you say of-this I-wish that-me you-believe
per no-poder rema, si non o fatz!
through inability it-stays if not it I-do

E no volh esser corelhans,
And not I-wish to-be complaining
per qu'eu bobans
for which-I boast
pro vetz d'aisso don altre for' iratz;
many times of-this whereof another would-be angered
qu'en Sobre-Totz s'en es a me clamatz.
that-Sir Above-All himself-of-it is to me complained

D'un convinen que m'es tan deslonhatz
Of-a covenant that to-me-is so put-far-off
qu'eu neis m'en for' e mos Folha laissatz.
that-I even myself-of-it should-be and my Folha left

Tot gen m'estav' e suau

34 · ALL WENT NOBLY WITH HIM

He lived quite finely and at peace until the day love entered his heart: he neither loved nor was loved, and felt no hurt from love. Now he loves one who does not love him, and holds from her everything in his keeping. He is rich in the ill-usage she gives him and poor when she will not look at him. Her beauty undoes him as the savage undid Gawain's brother-in-law. Slanderers have banished him from her country, and he would have died of longing had the true God not favored him.

Tot gen m'estav' e suau et en patz
Quite finely myself-I-fared and softly and in peace
tro·l jorn c'amors entret en mo coratge;
until-the day that-love entered into my heart
qu'eu non amava ni non er' amatz
for-I not loved and not was loved
ni·m sentia d'amor mal ni damnatge.
nor-myself I-felt of-love ill nor hurt
Era no sai qu'i s'es ni se deve,
Now not I-know what-in-it it-is nor itself it-becomes
qu'eu am cela quez ilh no m'ama re
for-I love her that she not me-loves at-all
e si·n tenh eu tot can ai en bailia
and yet-from-her hold I all that I-have in keeping
e tot lo mon, si fos meus, en tenria.
and all the world if it-were mine of-it I-should-hold

Lo cor en tenh en loc d'altras rictatz
The heart of-it I-hold in place of-other riches
e mas chansos en loc de vassalatge
and my songs in place of vassalage
e, s'eu fos reis ni ducs ni amiratz,
and if-I were a-king or a-duke or an-emir
fera rics fachs per s'amor e barnatge
I-should-do rich deeds for her-love and knightliness
e, car non ai lo poder que·m conve
and because not I-have the power that-to-me befits
a leis servir, eu ai ma bona fe
to her to-serve I have my good faith
e bona fe, qui be la conoissia,
and good faith who well it knew
degra prender en loc de manentia.
he-should to-take in place of wealth

Be sui manens del maltrach que·m donatz
Well I-am rich of-the ill-usage that-to-me you-give
sofrir en patz, Deus m'en don alegratge!
to-bear in peace God to-me-of-it give gladness

E sui paubres, can vos no m'esgardatz
And I-am poor when you not me-regard
et als altres d'entorn fatz bel vizatge
and to-the others around you-make a-fair face
e me que·us am non esgardatz per be
and me who-you love not you-regard with goodwill
et eu domnei mais que no m'enconve
and I court more than — to-me-it-is-fitting
e s'eu quer so c'a me no·s tanheria,
and if-I seek that which-to me not-itself would-befit
forsa d'amor m'i fa dir la folia.
force of-love to-me-there makes to-say the folly

C'aissi m'espert, can vei vostras beltatz,
For-so myself-I-lose when I-see your beauties
com lo conhatz de Galvan per salvatge;
as the brother-in-law of Gawain because-of the-savage
can per guerra n'ac totz sos filhs menatz
when through war thereby-he-had all his sons carried-off
e sa filha queria per oltratge,
and his daughter he-sought through outrage
el endema rendia la·lh ab se,
and-the morrow he-was-giving her-to-him with himself
entro qu'Ivans los defendet, e me
until that-Yvain them defended and me
defend' ab vos merces e cortezia!
defend with you mercy and courtesy
E si voletz ja re guirens no·m sia?
And yet you-will ever anything a-warrant not-to-me be

Dels lauzengers me tenh molt per pagatz —
Of-the slanderers myself I-hold very for satisfied
so que no fai om mais, de me l'engatge —,
that which not does one ever for myself it-I-pledge
car m'an faidit del païs on estatz!
for me-they-have banished from-the country where you-are
Qu'en tan m'era lo vers Deus d'agradatge
For-in so-much to-me-was the true God of-pleasing
qu'eu fora mortz; que fis amics can ve
that-I should-be dead for a-true friend when he-sees
so c'ama fort e l'altra pro no·i te,
that which-he-loves greatly and the-other profit not-in-it holds
mor de dezir, don volh mais que m'aucia
dies of desire whereof I-wish rather that me-kill
Amors sai lonh que lai si non l'avia!
Love here far than there if not her-I-had

Aver? No posc, que tan i a de be
To-have Not I-can for so-much in-her there-is of good
e de beltat c'a fugir m'en ave!
and of beauty that-to flee to-me-of-it comes
E ses domna serai tan can viuria?
And without a-lady I-shall-be so-long as I-should-live
Si vos non ai, e qu'eu ses domna sia!
If you not I-have and that-I without a-lady be

Pro contessa que Proensa mante
Worthy countess who Provence maintains
e tot lo mal i fai tornar en be,
and all the ill in-it makes to-turn into good
chaps etz de pretz e chaps de cortezia,
head you-are of worth and head of courtesy
per qu'en val mais Savoi' e Lombardia!
for which-of-it is-worth more Savoy and Lombardy

Totztems me sol plus jois plazer

35 · JOY WAS ALWAYS HIS PLEASURE

Joy always pleased him most in April, and the birds show him how to make a courteous vers to hearten worth and youth. If his Bel-Senhor welcomes him without ill-will, everything that was harm will turn to gladness. He asks only to be kept so that deceit cannot hurt him. He does not grieve at another's fear, having now great mercies from Love; and he will not part from his lord's service nor ever carry a false heart.

Totztems me sol plus jois plazer
Always to-me is-wont most joy to-please
en abril, can s'afrancha l'ans
in April when itself-softens the-year
e can se raman els verjans
and when themselves branch on-the branches
las flors e la folha se nais
the flowers and the leaf itself is-born
e·lh gen deport d'auzels els plais
and-the fair delights of-birds in-the thickets
mostro·m a far
show-to-me to make
un cortes vers per conortar
a courteous vers to hearten
pretz e joven.
worth and youth
E ges per so, si be·m ve len,
And at-all for that even though-to-me it-comes slowly
pois no mesfai,
then not it-does-wrong

car tot can ren fin amic jai
for all that renders a-true friend gladness
ni don' a chan pretz ni valor
and gives to song worth and merit
trop en mo cor, s'aissi m'eschai
I-find in my heart if-so to-me-it-falls
com esper de mo Bel-Senhor.
as hope from my Fair-Lord

Qu'era si·m col ses malsaber
For-now if-to-me she-welcomes without displeasure
mo solatz ni l'es bels mos chans,
my company or to-her-is fair my song
tot so que m'era mals e dans
all that which to-me-was ill and harm
m'er jauzimens e l'ira jais
to-me-will-be gladness and the-grief joy
e desque vas mos precs s'afrais,
and once toward my prayers itself-she-yields
pro·m dei cudar,
much-myself I-must to-think
que be·m sai chauzir e gardar
for well-myself I-know to-choose and to-guard
de falhimen,
from failing

del seu adrech cors avinen
of-the her upright person seemly
cortes e gai
courteous and gay
que·m lonh de trebalh e d'esmai;
who-me keeps-far from trouble and dismay
c'aissi conve de bo senhor,
for-so it-befits of a-good lord
desque·ls seus leva ni refai,
once-that-the his he-raises and restores
c'o tenha tan que n'ai' onor.
that-it he-hold so that of-it-he-have honor

E s'aissi·m volgues retener
And if-so-me she-wished to-keep
que no·m poscha nozer engans,
that not-me could to-hurt deceit
pos de sai s'afina l'us pans,
since on this-side itself-refines the-one side
de l'altre pens que no s'abais;
of the-other let-her-think that not itself-it-lower

c'aissi·lh serai fis e verais
for-so-to-her I-shall-be faithful and true
c'ochaizonar
that-to-reproach
no cut que·m posch' en ben-amar
not I-think that-me she-can in true-loving
a mo viven
in my living
ni de negu galiamen;
nor of any beguiling
que leu dechai
for easily declines
l'amistatz e torn' en afrai
the-friendship and turns into ruin
de cels que son galiador,
of those who are beguilers
e per pauc de meschap trasvai
and for a-little of mishap slips-away
Amors d'amic e de senhor.
Love of-friend and of lord

Mas no me dol d'altrui temer
But not to-me grieves of-another's fearing
ni·m clam dels altrui dezenans;
nor-myself I-complain of-the another's setbacks
qu'er' ai d'Amor las merces grans
for-now I-have from-Love the mercies great
e plus de joi c'anc non aic mais;
and more of joy than-ever — I-had before

e s'anc re·m falhi ni m'estrais
and if-ever anything-to-me she-failed or from-me-she-withdrew
ni·m fetz semblar
or-to-me made to-seem
vera la faula de Bretmar,
true the fable of Bretmar
tot bonamen
all in-good-part
li o fenisc e·l greu tormen
to-her it I-forgive and-the heavy torment
qu'era penrai
that-now I-shall-take
de la malanansa de lai;
of the ill-faring from yonder
si Deus me salva Mo-Senhor,
if God for-me saves My-Lord
ai tal gazardo com s'eschai,
I-have such a-reward as it-befalls
si fos de plus fin amador.
if it-were of a-more true lover

So que m'en sol es plus de ver,
That which me-from-him parts is more of truth
car no m'en ve salutz ni mans;
because not to-me-of-it comes greeting nor message

c'aissi conve de fis amans
for-so it-befits of true lovers
que l'us per l'altre sia gais
that the-one through the-other be gay
e que l'us, si l'altre s'irais,
and that the-one if the-other himself-vexes
no·s pens venjar
not-himself think to-avenge
ni no deu sa colpa celar.
and not must his fault to-hide
Que doblamen
For doubly
meschaba qui so tort defen
goes-wrong who his wrong defends
e no·s n'estrai,
and not-himself of-it-withdraws
per qu'eu, si posc, me gardarai
for which-I if I-can myself I-shall-guard
que per ira ni per folor
that through anger nor through folly
no fassa mo bo sen savai
not I-make my good sense base
don perda·l joi de Mo-Senhor.
whereby I-lose-the joy of My-Lord

C'ab prim lassol me pot tener —
For-with a-fine noose me she-can to-hold
d'aisso·m van eu e m'en bobans,
of-this-myself boast I and myself-of-it I-vaunt

que que·s dia l'us dels Bertrans —,
whatever that-himself says the-one of-the Bertrans
ab que no·n volva ni·n biais;
provided that not-of-it she-turn nor-of-it swerve
que la bona speransa·m pais
for the good hope-me feeds
e·m fai laissar
and-me makes to-leave
mantas res de que·m solh clamar
many things of which-myself I-use to-complain
e no m'enten
and not myself-I-set
en aital va domneiamen,
on such an-empty courting
que ven e vai,
that comes and goes
que ja per re no me partrai
that ever for anything not myself I-shall-part
del servizi de Mo-Senhor
from-the service of My-Lord
ni eu, si posc, ja non aurai
and I if I-can ever not I-shall-have
fals cor trafa ni trichador.
a-false heart treacherous nor deceiving

E no me col per remaner
And not me welcomes despite my-staying
la melher e la plus prezans;
the best and the most prized

que la serf ab cor en balans
whom her I-serve with a-heart in balance
on ja nuls pros drutz ni savais
where ever any worthy lover or base
loc non aura c'abras ni bais,
place not will-have that-he-embrace nor kiss
e pos trobar
and since to-find
no·lh poiria semblan ni par
not-to-her I-should-be-able a-likeness nor peer
mon escien,
in-my knowing
iria la foldat queren
one-would-go the folly seeking
qu'eu no querrai,
which-I not shall-seek
ans vos dic be que remanrai.
rather to-you I-say well that I-shall-remain
Si sobre totz, non er ans lor
If above all not it-will-be before them
que la grans benanansa·m fai
for the great well-being-me makes
fin e segur de bo senhor?
true and sure of a-good lord

E, pos mos Sobre-Totz s'atrai
And since my Above-All himself-draws
vas una domna, l'a senhor
toward a lady whom-he-has as-lord
cui prei' e prez', e prezarai
whom he-prays and prizes and I-shall-prize
que sols aia fizel senhor?
that alone he-have a-faithful lord

Ses valer de pascor

36 · WITHOUT THE HELP OF SPRING

Without spring, without leaf or flower, and without any lord's bidding, he makes a new song out of the grief Love has laid on him. A true lover should want no honor but love's pleasure, for a delayed good gladdens the heart more. He asks whether men think he is angry on his own account, or that his noble honored lord is blamed for it; he sees his lord's deeds rising, and hopes this year to show him the dismay that grieves him, and to serve him once, privately, at his dressing.

Ses valer de pascor
Without help of springtime
e ses folh' e ses flor
and without leaf and without flower
e ses man de senhor
and without bidding of a-lord
volh far ab la dolor
I-wish to-make with the grief
que m'a chargat Amors
that to-me-has charged Love
en loc d'altre socors
in place of-other succor
un novel chan
a new song
que m'ira conortan
which me-will-go comforting
de l'ir' e de l'afan
of the-sorrow and of the-pain
gran qu'eu trai;
great that-I bear

c'altre conselh no·n sai,
for-other counsel not-of-it I-know
pos no me val merces.
since not to-me avails mercy
Donc be sui entrepres,
Then well I-am hard-put
pos no m'en posc sofrir
since not myself-of-it I-can to-forbear
ni re de can dezir
nor anything of what I-desire
no vei esdevenir
not I-see to-happen
ni non aten
and not I-await
socors ni valemen,
succor nor help
ja m'ai' eu longamen
even-though to-me-have I long
plus amat finamen
more loved truly
d'amador c'anc fos natz.
than-a-lover that-ever was born
Era qu'en diriatz
Now what-of-it would-you-say
qu'eu tenson e menatz
that-I dispute and threaten
e can ven a la patz,
and when it-comes to the peace
eu·m vir de l'altre latz?
I-myself turn on the-other side

C'aissi es fazedor
For-so it-is to-be-done
a tot fin amador
by every true lover
que ja no volh' onor
that ever not he-wish honor
mas aplazer d'amor;
but at-pleasure of-love
c'aitals vens ses onors
for-such conquers without honors
entre fis amadors
among true lovers
e ses engan,
and without deceit
car si be·s torn' a dan,
for though well-itself it-turns to harm
lor es pois benestan
to-them it-is afterward seemly
can om fai
when one does
so qu'en amor s'eschai
that which-in love itself-befalls
ni tanh a ben apres.
and befits to well bred
Qu'eu vei c'us tarzatz bes
For-I see that-a delayed good
fai plus cor esjauzir
makes more a-heart to-rejoice
e no·s tanh que s'aïr,
and not-itself befits that he-vex-himself

si no l'es cui grazir
if not he-has whom to-thank
so jauzimen.
his gladness
E van totz jorns dizen
And they-go all days saying
que no pert qui s'empren,
that not loses who himself-engages
mas a me no par gen,
but to me not it-seems seemly
s'en ren etz ensenhatz
if-in anything you-are bred
ni benestan amatz,
nor seemly loved
qu'en bon' obra·us metatz
that-into a-good work-you you-put
e leu vos en partatz,
and easily you of-it part
si noca·us achabatz.
if never-you you-finish

Pero qui no·m socor
Yet who not-me succors
a ma cocha maior,
at my need greater
semblara de folor,
it-will-seem of folly
si no m'en pas alhor,
if not myself-of-it I-pass elsewhere

e sera breus lo cors
and will-be short the course
als esperonadors,
for-the spurrers
tan pres iran!
so near they-will-go
E si m'en vauc lonhan,
And if myself-of-it I-go withdrawing
pot esser que diran
it-can to-be that they-will-say
'tan no sai!'
so-much not I-know
Cilh que s'estan de lai
Those who themselves-keep from there
e no s'en dolon ges:
and not themselves-of-it grieve at-all
'Non i fai que cortes,
Not in-it he-does as courteous
s'era s'en vol partir,
if-now himself-of-it he-wills to-part
can s'en degra jauzir,
when himself-of-it he-should to-rejoice
ni laissa per gandir
nor leaves for escaping
leugeramen
lightly
tan bel eschazemen'?
so fair an-opportunity

E no falh qui·m mespren
And not errs who-me blames
de mon ensenhamen,
of my breeding
s'eu dic so que no fatz.
if-I say that which not I-do
Mas ja no volh sapchatz
But ever not I-wish you-know
com en sui issaratz;
how of-it I-am cast-out
c'amics sui dezamatz
for-a-friend I-am unloved
e so que·m volh no platz!
and that which-me I-wish not pleases

E si s'an per melhor
And if themselves-they-have for better
ist amic fenhedor,
these friends feigning
c'om ab cor trichador
that-a-man with a-heart deceiving
serf ades sa color,
serves always his color
qu'engans vas fin' amors
that-deceit toward true love
lor par pretz e valors.
to-them seems worth and merit

Qui dessemblan
Who a-difference
lor sap far quez ilh fan?
to-them knows to-make than they do
Mas eu so qu'en juran
But I that which-in swearing
mandarai?
I-shall-command
Sapchatz be c'atendrai,
Know-you well that-I-shall-wait
si tot n'era mespres,
though wholly of-it-I-were mistaken
e no·m valha ma fes,
and not-to-me avail my faith
s'eu ja posc sens falhir!
if-I ever can without failing
Dei donc mo ver delir
Must-I then my truth to-destroy
per l'altrui trassalhir?
through the-other's overstepping
Non eu nien!
Not I at-all
Ans vos dic veramen
Rather to-you I-say truly
que malamen despen
that ill he-spends
sas novas qui trop men
his words who too-much lies
ni n'es acostumatz;
or of-it-is accustomed

mas be de leu cudatz
but well with ease you-think
qu'eu per me·n si' iratz
that-I for myself-of-it be angered
o qu'en si' encolpatz
or that-of-it be blamed
mos francs Senher onratz?
my noble Lord honored

Mas eu non ai paor,
But I not have fear
si be·s leva ni·s cor
though well-itself rises and-itself runs
esfortz de dezonor,
an-effort of dishonor
que ja·n prenda·l peior
that ever-of-it he-take-the worse
ni que ja·m vir alhors;
nor that ever-me he-turn elsewhere
tan vei sos fachs alsors
so-much I-see his deeds higher
en benestan
in seemliness
qu'eu·m n'esjau en chantan.
that-I-myself of-it-rejoice in singing
Mas be n'ai cor c'ogan,
But well of-it-I-have a-mind that-this-year
an de mai,
before — May

li mostre mon esmai
to-him I-show my dismay
que·m greuja plus que res
which-to-me grieves more than anything
e volgra, si·lh plagues
and I-should-wish if-to-him it-pleased
ni m'eschazes a dir,
and to-me-it-fell to say
c'una vetz al vestir
that-one time at-the dressing
li fos al seu servir
to-him I-were at-the his service
privadamen,
privately
e s'eu entremespren,
and if-I transgress
a sas merces m'en ren;
to his mercies myself-of-it I-yield
c'assatz for' avinen
for-quite it-would-be seemly
c'als mas rendes los bratz,
that-to-the hands I-yielded the arms
car s'en ome ponhatz
for if-in a-man you-strive
que melhurar volhatz,
whom to-better you-wish
tan conve lo tenhatz
so-much it-behooves him you-hold
tro melhurat l'aiatz.
until bettered him-you-have

El cudar m'assolatz
In-the thinking myself-I-solace
que totz m'en sui laissatz
that wholly myself-of-it I-have left
dels poderos malvatz;
of-the powerful wicked
c'un no·n ponh ni menatz,
that-one not-of-them I-goad nor threaten
c'a mo Sobre-Totz platz.
for-to my Above-All it-pleases

E si·s baisset barnatz
And thus-itself lowered knighthood
lai on eu fui raubatz!
there where I was robbed

Be deu om chastian dire

37 · A FRIEND MUST CHIDE

A man must tell his friend his good counsel humbly when the friend goes beyond measure, even if the friend does not like to hear it: the one who keeps silent and the one who does wrong fail alike. So he tells Love plainly what she is blamed for. He believes she keeps company with the one who must not be named and with the dice, and asks her to soften his martyrdom, since his lady will not consent. The more truly a man endures for Love, the worse he fares by her.

Be deu om chastian dire
Well must one chastening to-say
al seu amic umilmen
to his friend humbly
so bo conselh drechamen,
his good counsel rightly
can el fai desmezuransa,
when he does immoderation
si tot no·lh platz c'om o dia.
though wholly not-to-him it-pleases that-one it say
Car qui ve l'amic falhir,
For who sees the-friend to-fail
tazen lo fai enardir;
keeping-silent him makes to-grow-bold
amdui falhon d'un' esmansa,
both fail of-one measure
l'us que tatz, l'altr' a malfaire.
the-one who is-silent the-other for doing-ill

Pero no serai sofrire
Yet not I-shall-be a-forbearer
qu'eu no·us dia mo talen
that-I not-to-you say my mind
d'aisso don om vos repren,
of-this whereof one you blames
si tot n'avetz greu pezansa.
though wholly of-it-you-have grievous displeasure
Car legen o trobaria,
For reading it I-should-find
Amors, om no·s deu sofrir
Love one not-himself must to-forbear
de dir, si tot so li tir,
from saying though wholly that to-him vexes
re que porta benanansa
anything which brings well-being
a l'amic cui es amaire.
to the-friend to-whom he-is a-lover

E car sui vostre servire,
And because I-am your servant
dic vos be seguramen:
I-say to-you well surely
on plus trobatz fi sofren,
the-more more you-find a-true enduring-one
plus a de vos malanansa.
more he-has from you ill-faring

Be cre c'aiatz companhia
Well I-believe that-you-have company
ab aquel c'om no deu dir
with him that-one not must to-name
et ab datz que fan languir
and with dice which make to-languish
totz cels que segon lor dansa,
all those who follow their dance
on cre que·us siatz tuch fraire.
whence I-believe that-you be all brothers

Per Deu, volhatz mo martire
By God be-willing my martyrdom
adolcir e mo tormen,
to-soften and my torment
car ma domna no·m consen,
because my lady not-to-me consents
a cui port leial amansa.
to whom I-bear loyal love
Eu cre be qu'ilh o volria,
I believe well that-she it would-wish
mas no pot ges trassalhir
but not she-can at-all to-overstep
vostre coman, so m'albir;
your command so myself-I-deem
car plus l'avetz en possansa
because more her-you-have in power
que non a so filh lo paire.
than — has his son the father

Si de leis no sui jauzire,
If of her not I-am one-rejoicing
e·us dic tot apertamen:
and-to-you I-say all openly
vostr' onors vai descreissen,
your honor goes decreasing
car avetz falsa semblansa.
because you-have a-false seeming
Pos c'om vos serf en fadia,
Since that-one you serves in vain
be degra totz om fuir
well should every man to-flee
vos onrar ni gen servir;
you to-honor or nobly to-serve
car servizis non enansa,
because service not advances
s'om no n'es gazardonaire.
if-one not of-it-is a-rewarder

Enquera pogra jauzir,
Still I-could to-rejoice
si de leis que·m fai languir,
if of her who-me makes to-languish
Amors, me donatz fiansa,
Love to-me you-give assurance
qu'es la genser de bon aire.
who-is the fairest of good breeding

A, amics, val m'esperansa?
Ah friend avails my-hope
Poi' en vos e mon afaire!
It-rises in you and my affair

Car non ai joi

38 · SINCE HE HAS NO JOY THAT SUFFICES

Having no joy enough to keep him singing, he thinks of giving it up, then refuses: he remembers who won him and smiled on him outside his own country. He will not say who she is, for a man who blabs loses what he loves. He does not know why he is downcast and jealous of nothing; may God hate him, he says, if he does not truly think well of her. Nobody equals her, and the man she suffers beside her was never better seated. He sends his tunes to King Alfonso.

Car non ai
Since not I-have
joi que m'aon,
joy that me-suffices
me te de
me it-keeps from
chantar soven
singing often
e, si m'enten
and if myself-I-apply
en far chansos,
to making songs
no m'es pros;
not to-me-is profitable
c'aissi com solia
for-so as I-used-to
no·i posc avenir,
not-in-it I-can to-succeed
ans m'en cut partir.
rather myself-of-it I-mean to-part

E gicrai m'en?
And shall-I-give-up myself-of-it
No per re!
No for anything
Qu'era·m sove
For-now-me it-recalls
qui·m pres e si·m ris
who-me won and thus-on-me smiled
fors de mo païs.
outside of my country

E dirai
And shall-I-tell
qui es ni don?
who she-is and whence
Non eu, que
Not I for
leugeramen
lightly
falh e mespren
he-errs and he-transgresses
qui·s fai janglos
who-himself makes a-babbler
a sazos.
at times
Per que, s'eu dizia,
For which if-I spoke

cui am e dezir
her-whom I-love and I-desire
pert, si no consir;
I-lose if not I-consider
c'ab falhimen
for-with a-fault
s'estrai se
herself-draws-off herself
cilh cui quer be,
she whom I-seek well
cui eu sui plus fis
to-whom I am more faithful
qu'Elena Paris.
than-to-Helen Paris

Mas no sai
But not I-know
com de preon
how from deep
m'aperte
to-me-it-comes
c'ai marrimen
that-I-have sorrow
e de nien
and from nothing
fatz me gilos
I-make myself jealous
enveios,
envious

cais qu'eu conoistria
as-if that-I should-judge
per sobras d'albir.
through excess of-judgment
Mas si Deus m'aïr,
But may God me-hate
s'eu veramen
if-I truly
be no·n cre,
well not-of-it believe
si no·m refre
if not-myself I-content
d'aisso que m'es vis
with-this that to-me-is seemed
que dolz m'er vezis!
that sweet to-me-will-be a-neighbor

Donc no·m vai
Then not-to-me goes
lo melhs del mon?
the best of-the world
S'om no ve
If-one not sees
contravalen
an-equal
al seu cors gen,
to-the her person noble

ben es razos
well it-is reason
c'amoros
that-loving
e jauzions sia
and joyful be-be
cui denh' acolhir
whom she-deigns to-receive
en grat so servir
in favor his serving
e cui consen
and whom she-suffers
josta se,
beside herself
ja, per ma fe,
ever by my faith
melhs non er' assis!
better not was seated
Fola res, que dis?
Foolish thing what say-you

Que ja·m fai
For indeed-me she-does
mal e confon.
harm and destroys
Deus, merce!
God mercy

Can fadamen
When foolishly
parlam soven,
we-speak often
si que·l manbos
so that-the guardian
ditz que tos!
speaks like a-child
Com me confondria,
How me would-she-destroy
si·m fai esjauzir?
if-me she-makes rejoice
Ans li dei grazir
Rather to-her I-must to-be-thankful
lo pensamen
the thought
que m'en ve,
that to-me-of-it comes
ab que m'estre
provided that me-she-gifts
de so que l'ai quis,
for that which of-her-I-have asked
que sols la servis.
that alone her I-might-serve

Era·m trai
Now-me it-draws
vas mo segon
toward my second
ad esple
with force
tot mantenen
all at-once
e port prezen
and I-bear a-present
al rei n'Anfos
to-the king Sir-Alfonso
de mos sos;
of my tunes
c'altra manentia
for-other wealth
non ai mas de dir
not I-have but of composing
que l'aus perofrir.
that to-him-I-dare to-proffer
Car a valen
For he-has worthy
e mante
and maintains
pretz, me conve
worth to-me it-behooves
qu'eu l'estei aclis
that-I to-him-remain bowed
sers oltramaris.
a-servant overseas

Razo s'enten,

Right itself-is-heeded

si·l mante

if-it he-upholds

vas sanh terre,

toward holy land

car trop mais conquis

for far more he-conquered

sobre Sarrazis!

beyond Saracens

Can brancha·l brondels

39 · WHEN THE SAPLING BRANCHES

When the sapling branches and leafs and the grass comes up, the morning is fair to him with the nightingale singing in the thickets. Love calls and lures him as Bertalais called his oxen. A lover who loves well must take the less and strive for the more, for the hour can come when grief goes and joy arrives. He blames himself for leaving, for nothing, the lady he was granted to, and swears he will turn to the craft of the lettered — unless she hears his prayers.

Can brancha·l brondels e rama
When branches-the sapling and leafs
per vergers e l'erba nais,
through orchards and the-grass is-born
m'es lo mati bel, can sona
to-me-is the morning fair when sings
lo rossinholetz els plais;
the little-nightingale in-the thickets
c'altressi·m n'esvelh ab ora
that-likewise-me of-it-I-wake in good-time
com el e·n torn bautz e gais,
as he and-of-it I-turn bold and gay
c'anc no fui tan apensatz
that-ever not I-was so sunk-in-thought
que l'estatz
that the-summer
mais no m'aiudes assatz
more not to-me-helped much
que·l tems dezassazonatz.
than-the season unseasoned

E can cest crid' e cel brama,
And when this-one cries and that bellows
l'us drech e l'altr' en biais,
the-one straight and the-other in a-slant
m'es aicela sazos bona;
to-me-is that season good
qu'entrels valens e·ls savais
for-among-the worthy and-the base
sortz jois, per que tals s'amora
springs joy for which such-a-one falls-in-love
c'anc en invern mal no·n trais.
that-ever in winter ill not-of-it drew
Qu'eu eis que m'er' estranhatz
For-I myself who to-me-was estranged
de solatz,
from cheer
no·m senti tan, pos fui natz,
not-myself I-felt so-much since I-was born
com fatz er', enamoratz.
as I-do now enamored

C'altressi·m son' e·m reclama,
For-likewise-me calls and-me summons
com fetz los bous Bertalais,
as did the oxen Bertalais
Amors e re plus no·m dona,
Love and anything more not-to-me gives
per que·m fer al cor esglais.
for which-me strikes at-the heart terror

E si no·lh platz que m'acora,
And if not-to-her it-pleases that me-she-hearten
no·n posc mais sofrir lo fais;
not-of-it I-can more to-bear the burden
c'us volers desmezuratz
for-a willing immoderate
m'es doblatz
to-me-is doubled
qu'er' am, si·m pez' o si·m platz,
that-now I-love whether-to-me it-grieves or whether-to-me it-pleases
tal don serai greu privatz.
such whereof I-shall-be hardly intimate

E pero res no m'afama
And yet anything not me-starves
tan com s'amors ni no·m pais;
so-much as her-love and not-me feeds
qu'el maltrach, que·m desazona,
for-in-the ill-usage which-me unseasons
magrezisc e pois engrais.
I-grow-lean and then I-fatten
E si saubes can ni cora
And if I-knew when or at-what-hour
n'aurai loc c'als precs m'eslais,
of-it-I-shall-have place that-to-the prayers myself-I-fling

tot l'afan sofrir' en patz
all the-pain I-should-bear in peace
e sapchatz
and know-you
c'ab menhs m'en tengra paiatz
that-with less myself-of-it I-should-hold paid
que vos no cudariatz.
than you — would-think

C'obs es c'amics que ben ama
For-need it-is that-a-lover who well loves
prenda·l menhs e ponh el mais,
take-the less and strive at-the more
e mentr' enquer ni razona,
and while he-woos and pleads
semblara fols, si·s n'irais;
he-will-seem a-fool if-himself of-it-he-vexes
c'avenir pot en tal ora
for-to-happen it-can in such an-hour
que·s n'an l'ir', e venra·l jais
that-itself goes-away the-grief and will-come-the joy
e pels respechs c'a donatz
and by-the respites that-he-has given
totz forsatz,
all forced
tenra leu entre sos bratz
he-will-hold easily between his arms
so don plus era cochatz.
that whereof most he-was pressed

Cudatz vos, qui trop se clama,
Think you who too-much himself complains
que sos jois plus no n'abais,
that his joy more not of-it-lowers
e qui gran tort no perdona,
and who a-great wrong not forgives
que sia fis ni verais?
that he-be true and faithful
Ai, Deus! s'eu no fos, qui fora,
Ah God if-I not were who would-be
can per drech nien m'estrais
when for sheer nothing myself-I-withdrew
celeis cui m'er' autreiatz?
from-her to-whom I-was granted
E·l bos fatz
And-the good fortune
c'avi' aissi m'es chamjatz
that-I-had so to-me-is changed
c'anc pois no fui ben amatz.
that-ever afterward not I-was well loved

Era, si·m laiss' en la flama
Now if-me she-leaves in the flame
cel' a cui mo cor m'atrais,
she to whom my heart me-draws
can passei vas Eschalona,
when I-passed toward Ascalon

de pro m'er cregutz l'esmais
by much to-me-will-be grown the-dismay
e no·m valran una mora
and not-to-me will-be-worth a blackberry
sonet ni voltas ni lais;
tune nor turns nor lays
ans me sui totz acordatz
rather myself I-am wholly resolved
que viatz
that swiftly
torn al mester dels letratz
I-turn to-the craft of-the lettered
e·l chantars si' oblidatz!
and-the singing be forgotten

Pero, domn', ab que sofratz
Yet lady provided that you-suffer
e volhatz
and be-willing
mos precs e que·ls m'acolhatz,
my prayers and that-them to-me-you-receive
tost m'er coratges chamjatz!
soon to-me-will-be a-heart changed

E vos, Tart-s'i-pres, sapchatz
And you Late-came-to-it know-you
qu'eu am, can vos guerreiatz!
that-I love when you make-war

No posc sofrir

40 · THE DREAM OF THE SPARROWHAWK

He cannot keep his tongue from the sore tooth, nor his heart from the new flower. One night in spring he dreamed of a young sparrowhawk perched on his fist, wild at first and then tame and jessed. He told the dream to his lord, who read it as love and promised him a friend above his rank. He is ashamed of it now, yet a proud thought insists it will come true after the crossing; a tower, he says, rises from a single stone, and he will send his messenger.

No posc sofrir c'a la dolor
Not I-can to-endure that-to the pain
de la den la lenga no vir
of the tooth the tongue not I-turn
e·l cor ab la novela flor,
and-the heart to the new flower
lancan vei los ramels florir
when I-see the boughs to-flower
e·lh chan son pel boschatge
and-the songs are through-the woodland
dels auzeletz enamoratz,
of-the little-birds enamored
e si tot m'estauc apensatz
and though even I-stand sunk-in-thought
ni pres per malauratge,
and taken by ill-fortune
can vei chans e vergers e pratz,
when I-see songs and orchards and meadows
eu renovel e m'assolatz.
I renew-myself and myself-I-solace

Qu'eu no m'esfortz d'altre labor
For-I not myself-strain at-other labor
mas de chantar e d'esjauzir;
but at singing and at-rejoicing
c'una noch somnav' en pascor
for-one night I-dreamed in spring
tal somnhe que·m fetz esbaudir
such a-dream that-me made to-exult
d'un esparver ramatge
of-a sparrowhawk of-the-branch
que m'era sus el ponh pauzatz
that to-me-was up on-the fist perched
e si·m semblav' adomesgatz,
and though-to-me it-seemed tamed
anc no vi tan salvatge,
ever not I-saw so wild
mas pois fo maners e privatz
but afterward it-was manageable and familiar
e de bos getz apreizonatz.
and with good jesses imprisoned

Lo somnhe comtei mo senhor,
The dream I-told to-my lord
c'a son amic lo deu om dir,
for-to his friend it must one to-tell

e narret lo·m tot en amor
and he-related it-to-me all in love
e dis me que no·m pot falhir
and he-said to-me that not-to-me can to-fail
que d'oltra mo paratge
that from-beyond my lineage
no m'aia tal ami' en patz,
not to-me-I-have such a-friend in peace
can m'en serai pro trebalhatz,
when myself-of-it I-shall-be enough exerted
c'anc om de mo linhatge
for-ever a-man of my lineage
ni d'oltra ma valor assatz
nor of-beyond my merit by-much
non amet tal ni·n fon amatz.
not loved such nor-of-it was loved

Era n'ai vergonh' e paor
Now of-it-I-have shame and fear
e·m n'esvelh e·n planh e·n sospir
and-myself of-it-I-wake and-of-it I-lament and-of-it I-sigh
e·l somnhe tenh a gran folor
and-the dream I-hold for great folly
e no cut posch' endevenir;
and not I-think it-may to-come-about

pero d'un fat coratge
yet from-a foolish heart
no pot partir us rics pensatz
not can to-part a haughty thought
orgolhos e desmezuratz
proud and immoderate
c'apres nostre passatge
that-after our crossing
sai que·l somnhes sera vertatz
I-know that-the dream will-be truth
aissi drech com me fo narratz.
just straight as to-me it-was related

E pois auziretz chantador
And then you-will-hear a-singer
e chansos anar e venir!
and songs to-go and to-come
Qu'era, can re no sai m'assor,
For-now when anything not here me-heartens
me volh un pauc plus enardir
I-wish myself a little more to-embolden
d'enviar mo messatge
to-send my messenger
que·ns porte nostras amistatz.
who-to-us carries our loves
Que sai n'es facha la meitatz,
For here of-it-is done the half

mas de leis no n'ai gatge
but of her not of-it-I-have a-pledge
e ja no cut si' achabatz
and ever not I-think it-be finished
nuls afars, tro qu'es comensatz.
any business until that-it-is begun

Qu'eu ai vist acomensar tor
For-I have seen to-begin a-tower
d'una sola peir' al bastir
from-one single stone at-the building
e cada pauc levar alsor
and every little to-raise higher
tan josca c'om la poc garnir.
so far that-one it could to-garrison
Per qu'eu tenh vassalatge
For which-I keep chivalry
d'aitan, si m'o aconselhatz,
of-so-much if to-me-it you-advise
e·l vers, pos er ben assonatz,
and-the vers once it-will-be well set-to-a-tune
trametrai el viatge,
I-shall-send on-the journey
si trop qui lai lo·m guit viatz
if I-find who there it-to-me guides swiftly
ab que·s deport e·s do solatz.
provided that-herself she-disport and-herself give cheer

E s'eu ja vas emperador
And if-I ever toward an-emperor
ni vas rei vauc, si·m vol grazir
or toward a-king go if-me he-wills to-favor
tot aissi com al seu trachor
all so as to-the his traitor
que no·l sap ni no·l pot gandir
whom not-him he-knows and not-him he-can to-shelter
ni mantener, ostatge
nor to-maintain as-a-hostage
me lonh en us estranhs renhatz!
me let-him-put-far into some strange realms
Cais si serai justiziatz
Almost thus I-shall-be punished
e fis de gran damnatge,
and sure of great damage
si·l seus gens cors blancs e prezatz
if-the her noble person white and prized
m'es estranhs ni m'estai iratz.
to-me-is strange or to-me-stands angry

E vos entendetz e veiatz
And you understand and see
que sabetz mo lengatge,
who know my language
s'anc fis motz cobertz ni serratz,
if-ever I-made words covered and tight
s'era no·ls fatz ben esclairatz.
if-now not-them I-make well cleared

E sui m'en per so esforsatz
And I-am myself-of-it for that strained
qu'entendatz cals chansos eu fatz.
that-you-understand what songs I make

De chantar me for' entremes

41 · FAIR FOLLY

He would often have taken up singing for want of cheer, had he seen good song praised, and given help he would not refuse to sing still. Joy, song, worth, and splendor have ceased, and what he calls delight the age calls folly. Yet no man is courtly who will be sensible all day: fair folly, kept to its time and place, is what shows sense off and refines it. He is heartened that a messenger brings a lady's greeting; he will be at her command, and would change nothing in her.

De chantar
With singing
me for' entremes
myself I-would-have busied
pro vetz per cocha de solatz,
many times for lack of cheer
s'eu vis que bos chans fos lauzatz;
if-I saw that good song were praised
pero, s'agues aiuda
yet if-I-had help
de razon o de druda
from a-theme or from a-mistress
valen,
worthy
ges no·m defen
at-all not-myself I-refuse
qu'eu no chantes enquera.
that-I — should-sing still

Tan m'es esquiv' e fera
So-much to-me-is harsh and cruel
la perd' e·l dans,
the loss and-the harm
car aissi rema jois e chans
since thus ceases joy and song
e pretz e galaubia;
and worth and splendor
qu'er' apel' om folia,
for-now calls one folly
si·m deport ni m'esjau ni chan
if-myself I-divert or myself-I-gladden or I-sing
e no fatz so que l'altre fan.
and not I-do that which the-others do

E no·m par
And not-to-me it-seems
c'om sia cortes
that-one is courtly
que tot jorn vol esser senatz.
who all day wishes to-be sensible
Be m'agrada bela foldatz,
Well to-me-pleases fair folly
lonhad' e retenguda,
kept-away and held-back
si com tems e locs muda;
just as time and place change

que·l sen
for-the sense
fai pareissen
it-makes appear
e l'enans' e l'esmera
and it-advances-it and it-refines-it
qu'eu eis, que chan, l'esquera
so-that-I myself who sing the-foolish-one
per ver enans
in truth I-advance
que chantes, si jois fos afans
rather-than I-should-sing if joy were pain
ni trebalhs cortezia.
and toil courtesy
Ja Deus sos pros no sia,
Ever God his profit not may-be
qui laissa joi ni bel semblan
to-him-who leaves joy or fair seeming
per malvestat ni per engan!
for baseness or for deceit

Oblidar
To-forget
volgra, s'eu pogues,
I-would-wish if-I could
mas no posc, so don sui iratz,
but not I-can that whereof I-am grieved

qu'er vei a las grans poestatz
for-now I-see in the great powers
laissar solatz e bruda,
to-renounce cheer and renown
c'un' ampla recrezuda
for-an ample giving-up
perpren
seizes-them
que tol joven
which takes-away youth
e l'enchauss' e l'esfera.
and it-drives-it-out and it-scares-it-away
Sapchatz qu'eu no cudera
Know that-I not would-have-thought
fos en mil ans
it-were in thousand years
tan abaissatz pretz ni bobans!
so lowered worth or display
Qu'eissa chavalaria
For-very chivalry
val menhs e drudaria,
is-worth less and love-making
pos gardet so pro ni so dan,
since it-looked-to its profit and its harm
no fetz mester de fin aman.
not it-made need of true lover

Ges mudar
At-all to-change
no posc que no·m pes;
not I-can that to-me it-grieves
mas en aisso·m sui conortatz
but in this-myself I-am heartened
c'us messatgers ben ensenhatz
that-a messenger well bred
m'a dich c'una·m saluda;
to-me-has said that-one-me greets
que m'a joia renduda,
who to-me-has joy given
car pren
since she-takes
en chauzimen
in clemency
mo chan! Qu'eu no chantera
my song For-I not would-sing
per altra ni crezera
for another nor would-I-believe
salutz ni mans;
greetings nor messages
mas d'aquesta serai comans,
but of-this-one I-shall-be commanded
tan volh sa senhoria.
so-much I-want her lordship

Pero s'a leis plazia
Yet if-to her it-pleased
que poisses plus un pauc enan, …
that she-should-spur more a little forward …
als no·lh quer ni plus no·lh deman.
anything-else not-from-her I-seek and more not-from-her I-ask

A preiar
To beg
l'agra, si·lh plagues,
her-I-would-have if-to-her it-pleased
pos per leis sui en joi tornatz,
since through her I-am into joy returned
que fos nostra bon' amistatz
that were our good friendship
per un amic saubuda;
by a friend known
que plus n'er chartenguda,
for more of-it-will-be held-dear
car l'en
since to-him-of-it
dirai soven
I-shall-tell often
so don no m'alegrera,
that whereof not myself-I-would-gladden
mentre sols m'o celera.
while alone to-myself-it I-should-hide

C'onors es grans
For-honor is great
e jois, can troba fis amans
and joy when finds a-true lover
ab cui solatz e ria,
with whom he-talks and he-laughs
e car no pot quec dia
and since not he-can each day
dir a s'amia so talan,
to-tell to his-beloved his desire
conve c'aia per cui lo·lh man.
it-behooves that-he-have through whom it-to-her he-send

Be·m deu far
Well-me it-ought to-make
tan ma bona fes,
so-much my good faith
car anc no fui malveziatz,
since ever not I-was ill-schooled
car am fis e fis si' amatz
since I-love true and true I-be loved
e sia bevenguda!
and may-she-be welcome
C'aital com l'ai volguda,
For-such as her-I-have wished
plazen,
pleasing
conhd' e rien,
charming and laughing

l'am e tal com l'orera
her-I-love and such as her-I-would-wish-for
que ja re no·i chamjera.
that ever anything not-in-her I-would-change
Que·l bels semblans
For-the fair seeming
e·l cors adrechs e benestans
and-the body graceful and comely
duchs de bela paria
leader of fair company
m'a mes en sa conhdia;
me-has put in her charm
per qu'eu pren e lais e soan
for that-I take and leave and scorn
e m'enardisc e·m vauc doptan.
and myself-I-embolden and-myself I-go fearing

Sapchatz qu'eu no creiria
Know that-I not would-believe
nulh ome qu'el mon sia
any man that-in-the world be
c'ades no·lh grazis en chantan
that-at-once not-to-her I-should-thank in singing
los dichs e·ls fachs, mas no sai can.
the words and-the deeds but not I-know when

Los dichs li grazisc en chantan
The words to-her I-thank in singing
e·ls fachs sobre tot can venran!
and-the deeds above all when they-shall-come

Los aplechs

42 · THE UNWORTHY HEIR

He keeps his instruments and his old good will but finds no partner; court and good usage dwindle unchecked. In the great lineages a worthy father is no longer a mirror, and it seems wrong that a wicked son should inherit where the father was praised: worth, courage, cost, and toil earned those honors first. He will not stop singing for those who want no part in joy. The lady he desires has drawn him from grief; only two will know their signals, for foolish messengers undo friendship. He asks his Bel-Senhor's leave to sing.

Los aplechs,
The instruments

ab qu'eu solh
with which-I am-wont

chantar, e·l bo talan
to-sing and-the good will

ai eu, c'avi' antan;
have I which-I-had formerly

mas car no trop ab cui,
but since not I-find with whom

no·m deport ni·m desdui
not-myself I-divert nor-myself I-amuse

ni no sui benanans.
and not I-am happy

Ai Deus! cals dans
Ah God what harm

s'en sec e cals damnatges,
thereof follows and what loss

car cortz e bos uzatges
since court and good usage
aissi menuz' e falh,
thus dwindles and fails
no·i a nulh refrenalh!
not-there is any check
Mas, car mo senhor platz
But since to-my lord it-pleases
jois e chans e solatz,
joy and song and cheer
m'esjau ab sos privatz
myself-I-gladden with his intimates
e, can m'en sui lonhatz,
and when myself-of-them I-am parted
irasc m'ab los iratz.
I-grieve myself-with the grieving

Mas destrechs
But distressed
m'en destolh,
myself-from-them I-turn
per que·m vauc regaran
for that-myself I-go wondering
si ja s'alegraran?
whether ever they-will-gladden

Car ges a joi no fui
For at-all from joy not flees
qui·ls plazers non esdui
who-the pleasures not puts-aside
c'a me platz ades chans
so-that-to me pleases ever song
e bels mazans
and fair din
e cortz e vassalatges,
and court and knightly-deeds
ja perd' els rics linhatges
though loses in-the great lineages
paire pros so miralh;
father worthy his mirror
c'oi ses esperonalh
for-today without spurring
no s'esmera barnatz
not refines-itself baronage
e, si·l pair fo lauzatz
and if-the father was praised
e·l filhs se fai malvatz,
and-the son himself makes wicked
sembla·m tortz e pechatz
it-seems-to-me wrong and sin
c'aia las eretatz.
that-he-should-have the inheritances

Donc cals drechs
Then what right
o acolh
it allows
que·l filhs ai' atretan
that-the son have as-much
de rend' e·l pretz soan
of income and-the worth scorn
ni cals razos adui
and what reasons it-brings
que melhs no tanh' altrui?
that better not it-befit to-another
Qu'eu cre que fos enans
For-I believe that it-was before
oltra mil ans
beyond thousand years
c'onors e senhoratges
that-honors and lordships
davon pretz e coratges
were-given-by worth and courage
e costas e trebalh,
and costs and toil
e·l filhs, si·l melhs trassalh,
and-the son if-the best he-overleaps
non es donc forlinhatz?
not is he-then degenerate
Era com no mostratz,
Now why not do-you-show
vos savis, que jutjatz,
you wise-man what you-judge

s'als pros fo·l dos donatz,
if-to-the worthy was-the gift given
com er dels desprezatz?
how it-will-be of-the despised

Mas nelechs
But wrong
er, si·m tolh
it-will-be if-myself I-withdraw
de solatz ni de chan
from cheer or from song
per cels qu'i falhiran!
for those who-in-it will-fail
Que fol tenhatz celui
For foolish hold that-man
que se mezeis destrui
who himself same destroys
ni·s vira malanans
and-himself turns distressed
per no sai cans
for not I-know how-many
cui jois par nesciatges;
to-whom joy seems folly
c'oi sabers ni paratges
for-today knowing nor rank
non es que no nualh,
not is-there that not slackens
pos alegransa·i falh,
once gladness-in-it fails

e no·s chamje viatz,
and not-itself it-change quickly
e que·us valra rictatz,
and what-to-you will-avail wealth
si ja no·us alegratz?
if ever not-yourself you-gladden
Qu'emperis e renhatz
For-empire and reign
es ses joi paubretatz.
is without joy poverty

Mas l'adrechs
But the-graceful
cors qu'eu volh
body which-I want
e dezir e reblan
and desire and court
m'a trach d'ir' e d'afan
me-has drawn from-grief and from-pain
e, si jois la·m condui,
and if joy her-to-me guides
ja no sabran mas dui
ever not will-know but two
los entresenhs ni·ls mans;
the signals nor-the messages
qu'enois es grans
for-vexation is great
e sobeiras folatges,
and supreme folly

can per nescis messatges
when through foolish messengers
vilas ni d'avol talh
churlish and of-worthless cut
eschapa del guinsalh
escapes from-the leash
ni fui bon' amistatz.
and flees good friendship
Mas eu·m sui be gardatz
But I-myself am well guarded
c'anc no·n fui encolpatz;
so-that-ever not-of-it I-was blamed
c'oi non es vius ni natz
for-today not is-there living nor born
per qu'eu en fos proatz!
by whom-I of-it were proved

E l'esplechs,
And the-instrument
s'ilh m'acolh,
if-she me-receives
so que·lh querrai chantan,
that which-of-her I-shall-ask singing
remanh' al seu coman;
let-it-remain at-the her command
c'ab bels plazers redui,
for-with fair pleasures it-leads

can no·s volf ni·s defui
when not-itself turns nor-itself withdraws
l'adrechs cors benestans
the-graceful body comely
ni·l bels semblans
nor-the fair seeming
ni l'amoros vizatges,
nor the-loving face
c'avinens es lo gatges
for-fitting is the pledge
que dels olhs al cor salh,
that from-the eyes to-the heart leaps
per qu'eu, qui que·s baralh
for that-I whoever that-himself quarrels
ni s'apele forsatz,
or himself-calls wronged
me tenh a be menatz,
myself I-hold as well treated
can trop ben acordatz
when I-find well accorded
lo coratg' e la fatz
the heart and the face
e·ls dichs ben ensenhatz.
and-the words well seemly

E pos enans no valh
And since sooner not I-fare
ni no sui aizinatz,
and not I-am at-ease
Bels-Senher, sofertatz
Fair-Lord suffer
qu'eu chan! Ab c'o sofratz,
that-I sing Provided that-it you-allow
conosc be que·l comjatz
I-know well that-the leave
porta plus de mil gratz.
brings more than thousand thanks

A'n Sobre-Totz diatz,
To-Sir Above-All say
vos que mo chan portatz,
you who my song carry
que sai s'es tan tarzatz
that here itself-has so delayed
qu'el en semblara fatz.
that-it thereby will-seem foolish

Ja·m vai revenen

43 · SONG AGAINST CARE

His heart is recovering from a grief, and for the promise of one good agreement he will sing; otherwise no garden or birdsong would move him. He will not patiently endure the worthless, who go slowly toward merit. His lady is his comfort, and he fights what vexes him for her sake. No wise lover was ever gay, he argues, for folly refines sense; and while he hung back, a more sensible man got ahead of him. He closes by charging lovers to endure, since those who endure best will win.

Ja·m vai revenen
Already-for-me goes recovering
d'un dol e d'un' ira
from-a grief and from-a sorrow
mo cor; qu'er' aten
my heart for-now expects
per sol bo conven
for only-one good agreement
benanans' e jai,
happiness and joy
per qu'eu chantarai.
for which-I shall-sing
C'ogan no·n pensera,
For-this-year not-of-it I-would-think

pos vergers ni pratz
since garden nor meadow
no m'adui solatz
not to-me-brings cheer
ni chans pels plaissatz
nor song through-the hedges
que l'auzelet fan
which the-little-birds make
vas lo torn de l'an.
toward the turn of the-year

Ni ja l'avol gen
Nor ever the-worthless folk
paiatz no sofrira;
content not would-I-suffer
c'apensadamen
for-deliberately
van vas valor len,
they-go toward merit slowly
per que pretz dechai.
for which worth decays
Ren als no·us en sai,
Anything else not-to-you of-it I-know
mas ja no cudera
but ever not I-would-have-thought
fos aissi viatz
it-were so quickly
jois dezamparatz!
joy abandoned

Vos m'en conortatz,
You me-in-it comfort
domna, per cui chan
lady for whom I-sing
e·m vauc alegran.
and-myself I-go gladdening

E per vos defen
And for you I-ward-off
so que plus me tira
that which more me vexes
que no m'es parven
than — to-me-is apparent
pel bo pensamen
for-the good hope
que n'agui e n'ai,
which of-it-I-had and of-it-I-have
pos plus no m'eschai.
since more not to-me-falls
C'assatz melhs chantera,
For-much better I-would-sing
si·l gens cors onratz
if-the noble body honored
me fos plus privatz,
to-me were more familiar
e pero, si·us platz,
and yet if-to-you it-pleases

no·i dei aver dan,
not-in-it ought there-to-be harm
si·us me prec chantan.
if-you I beg singing

C'ab plus d'ardimen
For-with more of-boldness
mo fat cor no·s vira,
my foolish heart not-would-be seen
tan no m'espaven!
so-much not myself-I-fear
Ans me ditz soven
Rather to-me it-says often
c'a mo dan serai,
that-to my harm I-shall-be
can vos preiarai,
when you I-shall-beg
pos aissi m'etz fera,
since thus to-me-you-are harsh
car sol o cudatz,
for only it you-think
ans que re·n sapchatz.
before that anything-of-it you-know
Si plus n'auziatz,
If more of-it-you-heard
paor me fai gran
fear to-me it-makes great
que·m dobles l'afan.
that-to-me it-double the-pain

Mas mon escien
But my thinking
tot' altra·m sofrira
every other-me would-allow
plus d'envazimen.
more of-assault
Parlem belamen;
Let-us-speak pleasantly
diatz o dirai:
say or I-shall-say
cal tort vos aurai,
what wrong to-you I-shall-have-done
si·us am o enquera
if-you I-love or even
vos me prec forsatz,
you I beg compelled
pos pres e liatz
since taken and bound
sui? Ja no crezatz
I-am Ever not believe
c'om sobre talan,
that-one overcomes desire
ja m'ane garan!
however myself-go guarding

Car qui·l drech enten
For who-the law heeds
d'amor ni·n sospira,
of-love and-thereof sighs

no·i pot aver sen
not-in-it can to-have sense
de gran jauzimen,
of great enjoyment
s'ab foldat no·i vai;
if-with folly not-in-it he-goes
c'anc drut savi gai
for-ever lover wise gay
no vi, c'ans esmera
not I-saw for-rather refines
lo sen la foldatz
the sense the folly
qu'era, s'amavatz
so-that-now if-you-loved
e·l sen creziatz,
and-the sense you-believed
per pauc de semblan
for little of seeming
iriatz doptan!
you-would-go fearing

E per aisso pren
And for this succeeds
qui trop no s'albira
who too-much not himself-considers
primers, car consen
first since he-consents
so c'altre repren.
to-that which-another blames

Ges be no m'estai,
At-all well not to-me-it-stands
si·us me prec, de lai;
if-you I beg from there
eissamen m'amera
likewise myself-I-should-love
com vos vos amatz
as you yourselves love
que guerra·m fassatz?
that war-on-me you-make
Mas sofretz en patz;
But endure in peace
que cilh venceran
for those will-conquer
que melhs sofriran.
who best will-endure

Qu'en patz e sofren
For-in peace and enduring
vi ja que·m jauzira
I-saw once that-myself I-would-enjoy
d'un' amor valen,
of-a love worthy

si leugeramen
if lightly
per fol sen savai
through foolish sense base
no·m fezes esglai
not-me had-made terror
so que m'aiudera,
that which to-me-would-have-helped
s'eu fos veziatz;
if-I were shrewd
mas fezi·m iratz
but I-made-myself angry
per c'altre senatz,
wherefore another sensible
can m'anei tarzan,
while myself-I-went delaying
pois e pres enan.
hastened and took precedence

E pois? Sofert era
And then (I-have)-borne now
maior tort assatz,
greater wrong much
can m'en sui lonhatz,
since myself-thence I-am departed
e sui n'esfredatz!
and I-am of-it-dismayed

Per que·us prec e·us man
For which-you I-beg and-you I-charge
que sofratz aman.
that you-endure loving

Be·m platz que l'aman
Well-to-me it-pleases that the-lovers
amon sofertan.
love enduring

Car cilh venceran
For those will-conquer
que be sofriran.
who well will-endure

Qui chantar sol

44 · WORTH AND COURTSHIP, THEN AND NOW

Whoever is used to singing may sing now leaf and flower are out, for nothing equals joy and cheer, and war and quarrel are only knavery to worthy men. He turns back to thresh the straw of a half-love. A man once refused should hope and give thanks, not press a lord. Secrecy and steadfastness are the greatest praise among lovers, and a lady who wants two loves neither. Since Costans died, merit has not risen. He hopes Count Gui will free his prisoners, and prays the strife not cross the Gascons to Aragon's ruin.

Qui chantar sol
Who to-sing is-wont
ni sap de cui
and knows of whom
ni cre
and believes
que sos plazers l'enans
that his pleasure him-advances
sos solatz ni sos chans,
his cheer and his song
era pos els verjans
now since on-the boughs
par la folh' e la flors
appears the leaf and the flower
e colora·l pascors
and colors-the spring
los vergers e los pratz,
the gardens and the meadows
si sa razos li platz,
if his theme to-him pleases

chan oimais e conhdei.
let-him-sing henceforth and let-him-be-courtly
Que ren el mon no vei
For anything in-the world not I-see
que joi ni solatz valha;
that joy or cheer equals
que guerra ni batalha
for war nor battle
ni nauza ni tensos
nor quarrel nor strife
non es mas trics als pros.
not is but knavery to-the worthy

Per qu'eu — cui dol,
For which-I whom grieves-it
car jois m'adui? —
since joy to-me-comes
deme
I-set-going
mos chantaretz voians
my little-songs void
de salutz e de mans;
of greetings and of messages

am tan pretz e bobans
I-love so-much worth and display
qu'entr' altres chantadors
that-among other singers
m'abat ma mei' amors
me-casts my half love
e·m reten a solatz.
and-me keeps for cheer
Pro vetz m'en sui lonhatz
Many times myself-from-it I-am parted
e menatz e felnei;
and I-threaten and I-grow-cruel
pero, pos enfolei,
yet since I-grow-mad
torn ferir en la palha
I-turn to-strike on the straw
don esper que·l gras salha,
whence I-hope that-the grain leaps
que no·i fos la meissos,
though not-there were the harvest
com om sobramoros.
like a-man over-enamored

Mas s'eu m'ai dol,
But if-I to-myself-have grief
car aissi·m fui
since thus-me flees
ni·m te
and-me holds
l'amors, don lo talans
the-love whence the desire
no·s part, cui sera·l dans?
not-itself departs to-whom will-be-the harm
Meus er cui sec l'afans
Mine it-will-be whom follows the-pain
e l'ir' e la paors;
and the-grief and the fear
tan tem c'al chap del cors
so-much I-fear that-at-the end of-the course
remanha·l pros e·l gratz.
fails-the profit and-the thanks
Sui ges trop desreiatz
Am-I at-all too unruly
en dir so que no dei?
in saying that which not I-ought
Be pot esser; mas vei,
Well it-can to-be but I-find
si mos brans noca talha
if my sword never cuts
ni no·m las ma ventalha,
and not-myself I-lace my ventail

c'a mas bonas chansos
that-to my good songs
se tanh be gazardos.
itself is-due well reward

E, deus c'om vol,
And one-must that-one wishes
so que la dui
that which her draws
mais, be,
more goodwill
deu donc esser clamans
ought she-then to-be complaining
d'un cal que dezenans?
of-any which soever disadvantage
Ans es lo meschaps grans
Rather is the mishap great
e·l tortz e la folors
and-the wrong and the folly
c'om de do de senhors,
that-one for gift of lords
desque sera chassatz,
once-that he-shall-be driven-off
se fassa trop cochatz;
himself should-make too pressing
mais esper e mercei!
rather let-him-hope and let-him-give-thanks
C'us fols ab son agrei,
For-a fool with his behavior

que·s n'auci e·s tartalha,
who-himself of-it-kills and-himself frets
ve·i pro vetz que nualha
sees-there many times that slackens
valers e gratz e dos,
helping and thanks and gift
car es sobrecochos.
since he-is over-hasty

E qui so·m col
And if that-to-me she-grants
que ges altrui
which at-all to-another
per re
for anything
no colri', es semblans
not she-would-grant is-it likely
c'anc i toches engans?
that-ever in-it touched deceit
Ans es plachs benestans
Rather is-it a-pact seemly
a fis entendedors
to true suitors
c'om de solas onors
that-one with mere honors
se tenh' a be menatz.
himself hold as well treated

De me es be vertatz
Of me is-it well true
qu'en cal que part m'estei,
that-in what soever place I-am
vas l'amor no vanei
toward the-love not I-trifle
que·m sojorn' e·m trebalha,
which-me refreshes and-me torments
si·m desbois' e m'entalha
when-for-me it-carves and to-me-cuts
d'un adrech cors ginhos
of-a graceful body clever
sas avinens faissos.
its comely features

E qui·l lassol
And who-the bond
romp ni destrui
breaks or destroys
c'a fe
which-in faith
guida lo drech balans,
guides the right leaning

es en vertat soans
is in truth contempt
e sia dichs truans
and let-him-be called faithless
e fals; qu'entr' amadors
and false for-among lovers
es la maier lauzors
is the greatest praise
celars e fermetatz.
secrecy and steadfastness
Dels fis sia triatz
From-the true let-him-be cut-off
e·l melhs d'Amor abnei,
and-the best of-Love let-him-renounce
qui so drech ni sa lei
who its right nor its law
no sec e pren gazalha
not follows and takes fellowship
de tans, que d'un no·lh chalha;
with so-many that of-one not-to-him it-matters
c'anc, pos una·n volc dos,
for-ever once one-of-them wanted two
me non amet ni vos.
me not she-loved nor you

D'avol aiol
Of-worthless ancestry
par, que redui
it-seems since he-brings-low
qui ve
him-who sees
ni vi paiatz demans,
or saw satisfied demands
que no n'a gaire dans;
for not of-it-he-has any harm
que cel que pogr' enans
for he who could formerly
far a l'altre socors,
to-give to the-other help
se tenia per sors
himself held for raised
e per ben arribatz.
and for well arrived
Er' es l'afars chamjatz
Now is the-matter changed
de pretz e de domnei,
of worth and of courtship
c'un non auch ni no vei
for-a-one not I-hear and not I-see
que mezura·n trassalha;
who measure-in-it oversteps

pero qui non egalha
yet who not equates
pros e dans a sazos,
profit and harm at times
no·m par c'anc amics fos.
not-to-me it-seems that-ever a-friend he-was

A tort s'esmol
In wrong refines-himself
qui·l seu esdui
who-the his withdraws
ni se
and himself
d'avinens fachs prezans
from-comely deeds prized
ni s'i para doptans.
or himself-in-it makes-ready doubting
C'anc, pos s'estreis Costans
For-ever since perished Costans
ni·s viret als maiors,
and-himself turned to-the forefathers
no s'alevet valors
not itself-raised merit
ni s'aerc largetatz
nor itself-lifted largesse
e, pos eu·n sui passatz,
and since I-of-it am done
que dich n'ai so que dei,
for said of-it-I-have that which I-ought

leu, si·s vol, o sordei!
let-it-rise if-itself it-wills or let-it-worsen
Mas si part Escoralha
But if beyond Escoralha
lo coms Guis d'escombralha
the count Gui from-filth
desliures sos preizos,
should-free his prisoners
lonh n'anera·l resos.
far of-it-would-go-the report

E pos tan s'esparpalha
And since so-much itself-spreads
lo plegs, ja sai no salha
the trouble ever here not may-it-leap
ni pass entrels Gascos,
nor pass among-the Gascons
per que·s perd' Aragos!
for which-itself loses Aragon

Senher Sobre-Totz, vos
Lord Above-All you
siatz ades dels pros!
be ever of-the worthy

E tu vai t'en, chansos,
And you go yourself-away song
a'n Rigaut, d'enveios!
to-Sir Rigaut of-the-envious

Ges aissi del tot no·m lais

45 · HUMILITY WINS

He will not give up song and laughter altogether, though he sees scarcely anyone whom joy pleases. His wicked beloved has betrayed him, and he calls it folly to have convinced himself of it, since he cannot defend himself against her: Love's own law is that one soothe and pardon another's wrong. Truth avails nothing where force mows the meadow. He argues that the man who bends, owns himself beaten, and endures is rewarded sooner than the overweening, and that pride is nothing; but whoever is not in earnest should renounce love.

Ges aissi del tot no·m lais
At-all thus of-the whole not-myself I-leave
chantar ni deport ni rire,
singing nor mirth nor laughing
can qu'era no lai m'eslais;
however-much that-now not thither myself-I-hurl
mas car plus no platz
but since more not it-pleases
conortz ni solatz,
comfort nor cheer
no volh en me sol despendre
not I-wish on me alone to-spend
mos bos dichs prezatz,
my good sayings prized
ans desque comens
rather as-soon-as I-begin
mos chans avinens,
my songs comely
pois n'estrenh las dens,
then thereat-I-clench the teeth

que no·ls aus retraire;
since not-them I-dare to-utter
car non i vei gaire
for not there I-see anyone
cui plassa jais
whom pleases joy
ni trop qui m'envei,
nor I-find who me-envies
s'eu m'alegre ni m'esbaudei.
if-I myself-gladden or myself-rejoice

E pero si me notz mais —
And yet if me harms most
mas que no m'es bel a dire —
but that not to-me-is fair to say
ma mal' amia que·m trais
my evil beloved who-me betrayed
e si·m par foldatz
and yet-to-me it-seems folly
car m'en sui proatz,
since myself-of-it I-am convinced
pos a leis no·m posc defendre.
since from her not-myself I-can to-defend
Mal me sui menatz,
Badly myself I-have borne
serai donc sofrens,
I-shall-be then patient

ja m'en venha lens
though to-me-thence comes slowly
bes e jauzimens;
good and enjoyment
c'anc negus amaire
for-ever any lover
no saup d'amor gaire
not knew of-love much
que leu s'irais,
who easily grows-angry
c'Amors dona lei
for-Love gives law
c'om l'altrui tort bland' e mercei.
that-one the-other's wrong soothe and pardon

Vers es que s'amor m'estrais
True is-it that her-love from-me-she-took
e non o pot escondire;
and not it she-can to-deny
mas pos la forsa·l prat pais,
but since the force-the meadow grazes
que m'i val vertatz?
what to-me-in-it avails truth
Melhs me for' assatz
Better to-me it-would-be far
que·l cor vires en atendre
that-the heart should-turn in attending
vas calacom latz;
toward some side

que pos forsa vens,
for since force conquers
non es drechs valens,
not is right availing
e·l paucs esciens,
and-the small understanding
que m'es chabdelaire,
which to-me-is guide
dona m'un veiaire
gives to-me-a judgment
qu'eu cre m'abais,
that-I believe me-she-lowers
can vas leis felnei;
when toward her I-play-false
c'a poder que·m sorz' o·m sordei.
for-she-has power that-me she-raise or-me she-abase

Mas qui·m fos amics verais
But if-to-me were a-friend true
e de mos bes esjauzire,
and of my good a-rejoicer
fis e francs e ses mals ais,
true and noble and without evil traits
ab que·m fos celatz,
provided that-to-me he-were secret
que no fos preiatz,
without that he-were begged
joi m'i pogr' enquera rendre.
joy to-me-in-it he-could still to-give-back

No·n sui tan lonhatz?
Not-from-it am-I so far
Que·l cor mescrezens
For-the heart mistrustful
se combat e·l sens
itself fights and-the sense
e·l tertz espavens;
and-the third terror
c'anc nuls temens laire
for-ever any fearful thief
negu fort repaire
any strong dwelling
sols non enfrais,
alone not broke-into
que·l cor e tuch trei
without-that-the heart and all three
plus temen no·lh movan desrei.
most fearful to-him stirred havoc

Era sojorn et engrais,
Now let-her-rest and let-her-grow-fat
car sap com me pot aucire!
since she-knows how me she-can to-kill
C'anc pois no fui letz ni gais,
For-ever since not I-was glad nor gay

desc'us fols versatz
since-a fool practiced
que m'aduis pechatz
who to-me-brought error
m'afiet e·m fetz entendre
to-me-pledged and-me made understand
gran mensonh' e·l fatz
great lie and-the fop
no·m fo pois guirens
not-to-me was after a-help
plus que·l pensamens,
more than-the thought
en que m'as, o vens.
in which I-smother or a-wind
E ja domneiaire,
And ever a-courtier
s'er' us emperaire,
if-be-were an emperor
so sobrer fais
his supreme burden
non er qui·lh l'envei,
not will-be who-him it-envy
c'Amors no vol c'om senhorei.
for-Love not wills that-one lord-it

C'anc no fo qui be s'afrais
For-ever not was-it who well himself-bent
ni·s fetz vencutz ni sofrire,
and-himself made vanquished and enduring

si tot fon en als savais,
though wholly he-was in else base
c'ans no fos paiatz
that-sooner not he-was rewarded
c'us desmezuratz
than-an immoderate-man
que·s menassa d'escoissendre,
who-himself threatens with-tearing
per c'umilitatz
for that-humility
val als conoissens.
avails to-the discerning
E donc no n'aprens
And then not of-it-do-you-learn
c'orgolhs es niens
that-pride is nothing
e·l bos sofertaire,
and-the good enduring-man
si no n'es gabaire,
if not of-it-be-is a-boaster
conquer qui bais
wins her-who kisses
e tenh' e manei? —
and holds and caresses
Mas eu no dic que be n'estei! —
But I not say that well of-it-it-stands

Anc valors cui vils pretz frais
Ever merit whose base worth broke
per vils agradils assire
by base fops to-seat
vas benestar no s'atrais
toward decorum not itself-drew
ni ja rics malvatz
nor ever a-rich-man wicked
ni mal ensenhatz
nor ill bred
no si degr' en alt estendre! —
not himself ought on high to-stretch
Si·n fos drechs jutjatz,
If-of-it were right judged
en van! — O, m'entens? —
in vain Oh me-do-you-hear
Oc! — E donc consens,
Yes And then you-grant
que malvaza gens
that wicked folk
s'aus vas domn' atraire
themselves-dare toward a-lady to-draw
conhda de bon aire,
charming of good breeding
que d'aize nais
that from-ease is-born
locs en que folei?
occasion in which one-plays-the-fool
Mas cui no·n pes', amor abnei!
But whom not-of-it grieves love let-him-renounce

Be m'era beus chantars

46 · A WORLD TURNED ROUND

Singing pleased him once, but the living dead among the great have taken the season's savor: he is galled to see sons apt and sensible and the father vexed at the son's sense. Lords act frivolously, forget what does them honor, and abandon those they took in. Prowess now counts for harm, helping for shame, jousting for truce. A lady gave him her bare hands, swore she would never cheat him, and cheated him; his song will carry it from Paris to Tours. Sobre-Totz, who called himself a friend, would leave him to the dice.

Be m'era beus chantars
Well to-me-was pleasant singing
e plazia·m deportz,
and pleased-to-me mirth
mas per us vius rics mortz,
but because-of some living rich dead-men
don m'es lor vist' afans,
whence to-me-is their sight a-grief
no·m mou flors ni verjans
not-me moves flower nor bough
ni pratz ni chans noveus.
nor meadow nor song new
Tan no fo beus
So-much not was pleasant
lo gens tems ni·l pascors,
the fair season nor-the spring

can avia socors
when I-had help
ab solatz; qu'era mais
with cheer for-now most
me greja·lh pen' e·l fais,
me galls-the pain and-the burden
can vei los filhs joves duchs e senatz
when I-see the sons young apt and sensible
e·l pair del sen del filh estar iratz.
and-the father at-the sense of-the son to-stand vexed

E si no·m fos tan chars,
And if not-to-me it-were so dear
be·n volgr' esser estortz;
well-of-it I-should-wish to-be freed
qu'entrels menutz e·ls fortz
for-among-the small and-the strong
chai bos pretz e bobans,
falls good worth and display
per qu'eu cut falh enans.
for which-I think fails encouragement
Qu'er senher ni chabdeus
For-now lord or chief
fai tan que leus;
acts so-much that frivolous

que so que l'es onors
that that which to-him-is honor
oblid' e·s vir' alhors
he-forgets and-himself turns elsewhere
e no·s gara verais
and not-himself keeps truthful
c'adonc se met savais,
so-that-then himself he-makes base
can pren chaptenh don non amena patz
when he-takes a-stand whence not he-brings peace
e deschapte cels c'avi' amparatz.
and abandons those whom-he-had taken-in

Vers es qu'en mans afars
True is-it that-in many matters
s'aven us dezacortz,
there-happens a discord
car si valh ni m'esfortz,
for if I-am-of-use and I-strive
eu sui fols, arrogans;
I am foolish arrogant
qu'er' es proeza dans
for-now is prowess harm
e vergonha maleus
and shame helping
e justa treus
and joust truce
e paubrera folors!
and poverty folly

Al sen dels ancessors,
In-the mind of-the forefathers
can aondava jais,
when abounded joy
no valc un ou enais,
not was-worth an egg discontent
qu'era qui ri ni vol aver solatz,
whereas-now who laughs or wishes to-have cheer
no l'es grazit, ans es fols apelatz.
not to-him-is approved rather is-he foolish called

Molt m'es falhitz cudars
Much to-me-has failed believing
que m'er' us grans confortz;
which to-me-was a great comfort
qu'entre gandas e tortz
for-among evasions and wrongs
resortz us dezenans
springs-up a discouragement
e no·m dari' us ans
and not-to-me would-give a year
so que·m tolc us jorns breus.
that which-from-me took a day short
E mos apeus,
And my appeal
car es ab fortz senhors,
since it-is with strong lords
no·m fai mas dezonors;
not-to-me it-brings but dishonor

car si·m clam ni m'irais,
for if-myself I-complain and I-grow-angry
eu·m tolh mo drech e·l bais
I-from-myself take my right and-it I-lower
e seretz fols, si ja razo comtatz
and you-will-be foolish if ever reason you-set-out
lai on sabretz c'a tort seretz jutjatz.
there where you-will-know that-to wrong you-will-be judged

Anc, pos s'esduis amars
Ever since withdrew-itself loving
ni poc chaber entortz,
and could to-find-room wickedness
no fo l'avers conortz;
not was wealth a-comfort
pos se mes en balans
since itself put in balance
l'empostz e·l benestans,
the-unseemly and-the seemly
l'enganars s'i asseus
deceiving itself-there settled
c'anc bos morseus
that-ever a-good morsel
no fo fachs, pos amors
not was made since love
eguet lo cerf ab l'ors
matched the hind with the-bear
ni per aver s'afrais.
and for wealth itself-debased

Be conve sia gais
Well it-behooves he-be gay
qui drutz se met e cortes e prezatz
who a-lover himself makes and courtly and prized
e gen tenens e ben enrazonatz.
and nobly persevering and well spoken

Per qu'eu m'en fora pars;
For which-I myself-from-it would-have kept
mas a l'issen d'us ortz
but at the-going-out of-a garden
me mostret una sortz
to-me showed a fate
qu'eu fos a leis comans
that-I should-be to her subject
que·m det sas mas ses gans,
who-to-me gave her hands without gloves
don s'onret mos manteus
whereby was-honored my mantle
e mos aneus.
and my ring
Pois, can fui d'aqui sors,
Then when I-was thereby risen

tornei vas leis de cors
I-turned toward her at once
c'ab bos pretz me retrais
who-with good worth to-me held-out
mans bes que pois m'esfrais
many goods which after from-me-she-tore
e·m dis: 'Amics, be siatz encertatz
and-to-me said Friend well be assured
que ja per me no seretz galiatz!'
that ever by me not you-will-be cheated

E donc si galiars
And then if cheating
t'es beus ni l'acomortz,
to-you-is pleasant and the-quarrel
greu sera que no·n portz
hard it-will-be that not-of-it you-bear
las penas e·ls afans!
the pains and-the toils
Per que n'ira mos chans,
For which of-it-will-go my song
amics, si be l'espeus,
friend if well it-one-proclaims

part los Manceus
beyond the men-of-Maine
e de Paris a Tors
and from Paris to Tours
mostran als amadors
showing to-the lovers
co·m galiet e·m trais
how-me she-cheated and-me betrayed
lo jorn que la m'estrais
the day that her from-me-took
e fo ja tems c'om er' a det mostratz
and there-was once a-time that-one was with finger pointed-at
per aital plach que fos en cort proatz!
for such a-suit as should-be in court tried

Mas me que no·m biais
But me who not-myself waver
m'aleuj' Amors lo fais
to-me-lightens Love the burden
e·m rete pres, pos tot m'en sui lonhatz,
and-me holds captive since wholly myself-from-her I-am parted
e·m tol afan bona fes e vertatz
and-from-me take pain good faith and truth

e'n Sobre-Totz que·s n'er' amics clamatz;
and-Sir Above-All who-himself thereof-was a-friend called
mas er' ai vist que·m laissari' als datz.
but now I-have seen that-me he-would-leave to-the dice

Jois e chans

47 · FAITH IS THE MARROW OF HONOR

Joy, song, cheer, and courtesy please him, but it does not suit him to sing alone, and he complains of a lord who promised him help. He has hidden many wrongs rather than protest. Deceit has entered on both sides: the man who kisses and caresses openly follows no tourney, so a lady of merit should learn what will be said of him before giving him gloves and clasp. It is great frivolity to love unloved while she bathes and sings another's songs. However others brawl, he keeps to the standard and commends Sobre-Totz to God.

Jois e chans
Joy and song

e solatz
and cheer

e cortezia·m platz,
and courtesy-to-me pleases

mas no m'es gen
but not to-me-is fitting

qu'eu sols ab sen
that-I alone with sense

chan ni m'esbaudei;
sing and myself-rejoice

c'a penas vei
for-with difficulty I-see

c'ab joi jocs m'i sostenha.
that-with joy sport me-in-it sustains

Per que·m n'estranh
For which-myself of-it-I-estrange
e pos que·m planh
and since that-myself I-complain
de l'un de mos senhors
of the-one of my lords
que m'avia socors
who to-me-had help
ab joi cobrat promes.
with joy recovered promised
Mas l'esperans' e·l bes
But the-hope and-the good
e so de qu'eu plus valh
and that by which-I most am-worth
me fui fors de trebalh,
me drives out of trouble
per que ma sospeissos
for which my suspicion
se vai viran
itself goes turning
que m'er ab joi razos.
so-that to-me-will-be with joy a-theme

E·l mazans
And-the uproar
desreiatz
disordered
que s'er' en fol levatz
which itself-had in folly risen
ira chazen,
will-go falling
car folamen
since foolishly
enquer e domnei;
I-woo and court
c'oi no son trei
for-today not are-there three
cui tan soven n'avenha
to-whom so often of-it-befall
mals ses gazanh!
harm without gain
E si remanh
And yet I-remain
ab los fis amadors,
with the true lovers
que, can eu·m cut alhors
for when I-myself think elsewhere
virar on conquezes,
to-turn where I-might-conquer

e·m ditz ma bona fes
and-to-me says my good faith
e·m mostr' en so miralh
and-to-me shows in its mirror
que qui per falhir falh,
that whoever for failing fails
non es onors ni pros;
not is-it honor nor profit
ans son dui dan
rather are-there two harms
e fora melhs c'us fos.
and it-would-be better that-one there-were

Mas tans dans
But so-many wrongs
n'ai celatz
of-them-I-have hidden
de que·m fora clamatz;
of which-myself I-would-have complained
mas no m'enten
but not myself-I-set
en clam soven
on complaint often
ni leu no desrei.
and easily not I-lose-control

Tot ben abnei
All good let-him-renounce
qui ja·m ditz ni m'ensenha
who ever-to-me tells and me-teaches
c'aissi·m gavanh;
that-thus-myself I-injure
car si sofranh
for if fails
un lonc tems bon' amors
a long time good love
als fis entendedors,
to-the true suitors
tot o restaur' us mes,
all it makes-good a month
per qu'eu — ni tu si·m cres? —
for which-I nor you if-me you-believe
no n'ai cor que·m nualh
not of-it-I-have mind that-myself I-slacken
per una, si·s trassalh;
for one if-herself she-overleaps
ans serai vers e bos,
rather I-shall-be true and good
c'anc ab engan
for-ever with deceit
no s'avenc amoros.
not agreed a-lover

Mas l'engans
But the-deceit
es intratz
has entered
que desreia d'ams latz
which disorders on-both sides
vilanamen,
churlishly
c'us a prezen
for-one in the-open
que bais ni manei
who kisses or caresses
no sec tornei
not follows tourney
ni no crida s'ensenha;
and not cries his-war-cry
per que no·s tanh
for which not-itself befits
que s'acompanh
that herself-consort
domn' en cui es valors
a-lady in whom is merit
ab tal, can l'aura sors,
with such-a-one when him-she-shall-have raised
que ja mais no·n valgues.
who ever more not-of-it were-worth

Be·n volgra conogues
Well-of-it I-should-wish she-knew
ans c'ab lui s'agazalh
before that-with him she-consort
ni·lh do gans ni fermalh,
or-to-him give gloves or clasp
si n'er gens lo ressos;
whether of-it-will-be noble the report
que gen mazan
for noble talk
sol om far de rics dos.
is-wont one to-make of rich gifts

E si·l mans
And if-the summons
m'es tarzatz
to-me-is delayed
que·m degr' esser mandatz
which-to-me ought to-be sent
et eu l'aten;
and I it-await
si tot ve len,
though wholly it-comes slowly
no cut mal m'estei.
not I-think ill for-me-it-stands
Si be·n fadei
Though well-in-it I-play-the-fool
e l'espers ja no venha,
and the-hope ever not come

car be·n barganh,
why well-of-it do-I-bargain
s'eu per estanh
if-I for tin
do mon aur? Que folors,
give my gold Because folly
so trobam els auctors,
so we-find in-the authors
aiud' a mantas res.
helps in many things
Mas er' an gran mal pres
But now have great ill taken
joias e demoralh,
joys and diversion
pos se fetz d'altre talh
since itself made of-another cut
domneis, e fo sazos
courtship and there-was a-season
que per un gan
when for a glove
er' om bautz e joios.
was one bold and joyful

Et es grans
And it-is great
frevoltatz
frivolity
c'om ben am dezamatz,
that-one well love unloved

ses jauzimen,
without enjoyment
per tal conven
on such a-covenant
que cilh senhorei
that she lord-it
cui re no grei,
to-whom anything not grieves
s'i es secs coma lenha,
if-he-in-it is dry as firewood
e cals que·s lanh,
and whoever that-himself complains
ilh jass' e·s banh
she may-lie and-herself bathe
e gense sas colors
and better her colors
e lui crescha dolors
and for-him grow griefs
qu'es en latz et espres!
who-is in snare and caught
Ges amors mais no·lh pes;
At-all love more not-to-him weigh

no m'es vis ben egalh
not to-me-is it-seen quite fair
c'om dezir e badalh
that-one desire and gape
e viva consiros
and live anxious
e qu'ela chan
and that-she sing
d'altrui dolsas chansos.
of-another sweet songs

Mas eu, qui que·s cridalh,
But I whoever that-himself brawls
no·m part de l'assenalh,
not-myself I-part from the-standard
don for' alques joios,
whereby I-should-be somewhat joyful
si·l trachs d'antan
if-the bond of-old
no s'avengues en dos.
not itself-had-come in two

A Deu coman
To God I-commend
mo Sobre-Totz, Joios.
my Above-All Joios

E plagra·m c'ab lui fos.
And it-would-please-to-me that-with him I-were

Leu chansonet' e vil

48 · THE LIGHT SONG

He would send a light, plain song to the Dauphin in Auvergne, and tell Sir Eble that the labor lies not in darkening a work but in lighting it: a knife is not whetted on soft sable, and God made wine from water, not water from wine. He blames the man who boasts of helping and only laughs, and the man who pays creditors with talk. He singles out one of a thousand he dare not name, turns to Bel-Senhor, whose love is killing him and his song, and warns Sobre-Totz that the greater harm will be his.

Leu chansonet' e vil
Light little-song and plain
m'auri' a obs a far
to-me-it-would-be to need to make
que pogues enviar
that I-might to-send
en Alvernh' al Dalfi.
into Auvergne to-the Dauphin
Pero, s'el drech chami
Yet if-on-the straight road
pogues n'Eblon trobar,
it-could Sir-Eble to-find
be·lh poiria mandar
well-to-him it-could to-tell
qu'eu dic qu'en l'escurzir
that-I say that-in the-darkening
non es l'afans,
not is the-labor
mas en l'obr' esclarzir.
but in the-work to-lighten

E qui de fort fozil
And who with hard steel
no vol coltel tochar,
not wishes a-knife to-whet
ja no·l cut afilar
ever not-it let-him-think to-sharpen
en un mol sembeli;
on a soft sable
car ges aiga de vi
for at-all water from wine
no fetz Deus al manjar,
not made God at-the meal
ans se volc esalzar
rather himself he-willed to-exalt
e fetz esdevenir
and made become
d'aiga qu'er' ans
from-water which-was before
pois vi per melhs grazir.
after wine for better esteem

E qui dins so cortil,
And who within his courtyard
on om no·l pot forsar,
where one not-him can to-compel
se vana d'aiudar,
himself boasts of-helping
pois no fai, mas qu'en ri,
then not does but that-of-it he-laughs

pron a de que·s chasti,
enough he-has of what-himself he-mend
e qui de sol gabar
and who with mere prating
vol sos clameus paiar,
wishes his claimants to-pay
ja Deus re can dezir
ever God anything however-much he-desires
noca l'enans
never-at-all it-advance
ni li lais avenir!
nor to-him let come

Per qu'eu d'ome sotil
For which-I of-a-man subtle
que sap so melhs triar
who knows his best to-choose
no·m met a chastiar
not-myself I-set to admonish
ni fort no·m n'ataï;
and much not-myself of-him-I-trouble
mas un pauc me desvi,
but a little myself I-turn-aside
car non o posc mudar —
since not it I-can to-help
tan m'es greu a portar —,
so-much to-me-is hard to bear

qui no sap eissernir
who not knows to-single-out
cans d'entre tans
how-many from-among so-many
ni cui com al partir.
nor to-whom how at-the sharing

E si·lh fach son gentil
And if-the deeds are noble
a la valor levar,
to the merit to-raise
aissi·s fan a guidar
so-themselves they-make to guide
c'om s'en sen, a la fi;
that-one himself-of-it perceives at the end
que lo savis me di
for the wise-man to-me says
que ges al mech tensar
that at-all in-the midst-of contending
no dei ome lauzar
not I-ought a-man to-praise
per so ben escremir
for his good fencing
ni per colps grans,
nor for blows great
que·l pretz pen al fenir.
since-the worth hangs on-the ending

E qui ja per un fil
And who ever by a thread
pen pretz, c'om sol amar,
hangs worth which-one is-wont to-love
greu poira pois trobar,
hardly he-will-be-able after to-find
si·s romp, qui ferm lo li;
if-it breaks who fast it binds
c'a pauc en un traï
for-by little in a moment
no son li ric avar,
— are the rich miserly
c'aissi, co·s degr' alzar
so-that-thus as-itself ought to-rise
per els e revenir
through them and to-return
pretz e bobans
worth and display
e jois, l'en fan fugir.
and joy them-thence they-make to-flee

Mas eu tri un de mil,
But I single-out one of thousand
pero no l'aus nomnar
yet not him-I-dare to-name
per paor d'encuzar
for fear of-being-charged
que·lh dreisses lo coissi;
that-for-him I-set-straight the cushion

c'oi del ser al mati
for-today from-the evening to-the morning
no pot re melhurar
not can anything to-mend
ni ja apres sopar
nor ever after supper
no l'auziretz re dir,
not him-you-will-hear anything say
qu'eis lo mazans
for-even the din
no n'esch' apres dormir.
not thereof-issue after sleeping

Era·m torn en umil
Now-myself I-turn in humility
vas mo Bel-Senhor char;
toward my Fair-Lord dear
ren als no·lh sai comtar
anything else not-to-him I-know to-tell
mas que s'amors m'auci.
but that his-love me-kills
Ai, plus mal assesi
Ah a-more evil assassin
noca·m saup envirar
never-for-myself I-knew to-choose
qu'era no posc pauzar;
so-that-now not I-can to-rest

ans trebalh e consir
rather I-toil and I-brood
si que mos chans
so that my song
es ja pres del delir.
is already near to-the perishing

E deuria·l mandar
And I-ought-it to-send
mo Sobre-Totz e dir
to-my Above-All and say
que·l maier dans
that-the greater harm
er seus, si·m fai falhir!
will-be his if-me he-makes fail

Be deu en bona cort dir

49 · A LIGHT TUNE FOR A GOOD COURT

A good tune belongs in a good court, so he will recite a light one and let it seem a heedless man's work. He sets his theme aside, since the kings have made their accord and dread will follow for the Moors. He wants neither too much sense nor folly, each having its turn, and desires no company, though he goes alone. Then he says what he fears may kill him, owns that he lied from wishing to please above his station, and would rather call his fair beloved his own than Arles and Beaucaire.

Be deu en bona cort dir
Well ought in a-good court to-say
bo sonet qui·l fai,
a-good tune who-it makes
per qu'eu retrairai
for which-I shall-recite
un levet e qui l'apren,
a light-one and who it-learns
parra d'ome no-chalen;
it-will-seem of-a-man heedless
c'aissi com si no·m chalia,
for-thus as if not-to-me it-mattered
fatz leugers sonetz,
I-make easy tunes
per que·l plus greus semblans sia
for which-the most hard seeming is
leus e bos afaire.
light and good a-work

Mas un petit volh gequir —
But a little I-wish to-leave
e si falhirai? —
and therein shall-I-fail
so don chantarai,
that whereof I-shall-sing
pos que·lh rei entre lor gen
since that-the kings among themselves nobly
an pres tal acordamen!
have taken such an-accord
Bo·m sap que d'esta paria
Good-to-me it-tastes that from-this alliance
seg' als Mors esfretz
follows to-the Moors dread
e cilh n'aion manentia
and those of-it-have wealth
cui n'er mal a traire.
to-whom of-it-will-be ill to bear

E Deus los en lais jauzir,
And God them of-it let enjoy
qu'eu m'entremetrai
for-I myself-shall-busy
d'aisso que m'eschai;
with-that which to-me-falls
que no m'azaut de trop sen
for not myself-I-delight in too-much sense
n'en trop foldat no m'enten.
nor-in too-much folly not myself-I-set

Pero sens, pretz e folia
Yet sense worth and folly
chascus a sas vetz,
each-one has its turns
qui be·ls assembla ni·ls tria,
for-him-who well-them joins and-them parts
segon mo veiaire.
according-to my judgment

Mas en sonh volh reverdir
But with care I-wish to-grow-green-again
que·m te trist e gai;
that-which-me holds sad and gay
que tot ensems n'ai,
for all together of-it-I-have
ir' e joi e marrimen
grief and joy and sorrow
que·m fai sospirar soven.
which-me makes to-sigh often
Don no dezir companhia,
Wherefore not I-desire company
si be·m vauc soletz;
though well-myself I-go alone
ans sai que be m'estaria,
rather I-know that well for-me-it-would-stand
s'er' amatz amaire.
if-I-were a-loved lover

Ab so que desovenir
With this that to-forget
me deuria sai
to-me it-ought here
l'amistatz de lai!
the-friendship of yonder
Per que? Car tot eissamen
For what Because wholly likewise
sai m'agrat. E de qu'i men?
here to-me-pleases And of what-in-it do-I-lie
Er dic so que tem m'aucia
Now I-say that which I-fear kills-me
com fols, car me letz!
like a-fool since to-me it-is-allowed
Per re no·m chastiaria, —
For anything not-myself I-would-mend
tro qu'en torn a braire.
until that-of-it I-turn to bawling

Greu m'i tengra de falhir,
Hardly myself-in-it I-should-keep from failing
mas eu recebrai
but I shall-receive
segon que metrai.
according-to what I-shall-stake
Bon es qu'eu eis me repren,
Good is-it that-I myself me blame
can ai dich gran falhimen;
when I-have said great a-fault

pero si·s n'apercebria
yet indeed-himself of-it-would-perceive
be petitz tozetz;
quite a-little boy
mas eu menti, tan volria
but I lied so-much I-should-wish
plazer fors mon aire!
to-please outside my station

Ni ja per adrech mentir
Nor ever for downright lying
midons no perdrai!
my-lady not shall-I-lose
C'ai dich? Ben estai?
What-have-I said Well does-it-stand
C'ades vauc mo tort creissen,
For-continually I-go my wrong increasing
no·i a trop de fenhemen,
not-in-it is-there too-much of feigning
s'eu dic que no la perdria;
if-I say that not her I-should-lose
vos vos chalaretz,
you yourself will-be-silent
na Parlera-Boch', un dia,
Lady Chatter-Mouth one day
fe que dei mo paire!
faith that I-owe my father

Bel' amia, plus querria
Fair beloved more I-should-ask
que·m consentissetz
that-to-me you-granted
quez un jorn vos clames mia
that one day you I-might-call mine
c'Arle ni Belcaire!
than-Arles or Beaucaire

Ja mo Joios no·m veiria
Ever my Joios not-me would-see
ni m'o veirai gaire?
nor for-myself-it shall-I-see much

Be for' oimais drechs

50 · NO SONG WITHOUT JOY

The rough air is over and youth, half dead, should have revived with the season; but it does not, and trust, faith, court, and good withdraw. He cannot sing well without joy, since no one ever sang without a love that showed the heart what forces sense into gladness. Good love has turned to ruin, and a greed runs for which ladies and lovers alike are blamed. The wrong is hers and always was; he boasts of her no more than a serf of a bad lord, yet forgives her, and does not give up.

Be for' oimais drechs el tems gen,
Well it-would-be henceforth right in-the season fair
pos la brav' aur' e·l frechs s'en vai,
since the rough air and-the cold itself-away goes
c'ab l'acors del termini gai
that-with the-help of-the season gay
jovens, qu'es demechs mortz, cobres
youth which-is half dead should-recover
e c'om l'acolhis e l'onres;
and that-one it-should-welcome and it-should-honor
que si jois mor, gran dol en ai,
for if joy dies great grief of-it I-have
can vei c'ab folha ni per flor
when I-see that-with leaf nor for flower
no sortz ni cobr' en sa valor,
not it-rises nor recovers into its merit
e car s'esdui fians' e fes
and since withdraws-itself trust and faith
e cortz e bes,
and court and good

per pauc en l'ira que m'en ve
for little in the-grief that to-me-thence comes
totz fachs de solatz no·m rete.
every deed of cheer from-me it-withholds

Mas ges a mo cor non aten
But at-all to my heart not I-heed
tan com auch precs c'us quecs m'en fai.
so-much as I-hear entreaties that-one each to-me-of-it makes
C'anc mais o d'abril o de mai
For-ever more either of-April or of May
no fo que l'us no m'alegres;
not was-it that the-one not me-gladdened
era m'es chascus plus engres!
now to-me-is each-one more harsh
E pero si·m conortarai
And yet indeed-myself I-shall-comfort
ses alegrer e ses amor
without gladness and without love
e no cut sapchatz chantador
and not I-think you-know a-singer
que d'aital plach s'entremezes.
who with-such a-business should-busy-himself
E donc com es
And then how is-it
qu'eu ses joi cut chantar e be
that-I without joy think to-sing and well
que totz bos chans sofr' e soste?
which all good songs upholds and sustains

No pot esser, que ben o sen;
Not it-can to-be for well it I-feel
ans que m'en fenha no s'eschai!
rather that myself-in-it I-take-pains not it-befits
Ja ses joi be no chantarai;
Ever without joy well not shall-I-sing
qu'enquera no cut c'om chantes
for-yet not I-think that-one could-sing
ses amor qu'el cor no·lh mostres
without a-love which-in-the heart not-to-him should-show
so que pois forses sen ab jai.
that which after should-force sense with joy
Pero 'trobar' e 'trobador'
Yet composing and composer
sonon de diversa color,
sound of different color
que tals cud' esser ben apres
for such-a-one thinks to-be well taught
que no sap ges
who not knows at-all
com egals chauzimens conve
how equal clemency befits
vas desmezur' e vas merce.
toward excess and toward mercy

Car ges segon lo chauzimen
For at-all according-to the clemency
trobars no leva ni dechai,
composing not rises nor decays

mas als francs coratges s'atrai
but to-the noble hearts itself-draws
lo drechs sens e·l bos dichs apres;
the right sense and-the good word learned
car qui per mo bo dir m'ames,
for who for my good saying me-loved
tot distra·lh que dich non aurai.
all would-tell-him what said not I-shall-have
C'ades a la bona sabor
For-ever with the good savor
serf la leng' al cor e l'acor
serves the tongue to-the heart and it-helps
e ren dels bes bonas merces
and renders for-the goods good thanks
e del mal pres
and for-the ill taken
mals gratz tot aissi com l'ave;
ill thanks all just as to-it-befalls
que si·m fer' eu vos e vos me.
for so-to-myself would-do I to-you and you to-me

Vos sabetz ab cal jauzimen
You know with what joy
foron amic fin e verai;
were friends true and faithful
mas er' es tornad' en afrai
but now is-it turned into ruin
bon' amors, com que comenses,
good love however that it-began

e cudava que·s melhures,
and I-thought that-itself it-should-better
mas ja mais non o cudarai;
but ever more not it shall-I-think
c'una mal' enfruneza cor,
for-a evil greed runs
don domnas e lor amador
whereby ladies and their lovers
son ochaizonat e mespres
are accused and blamed
que, si·m legues,
so-that if-to-me it-were-allowed
eu eis cut qu'en distra tal re
I myself think that-of-it I-should-say such a-thing
qu'enemics li fora jasse.
that-an-enemy to-her I-should-be ever

Car no quer drech de falhimen,
Since not I-claim right of erring
ai cen vetz perdut e perdrai,
I-have a-hundred times lost and shall-lose
ja pos non ai dich ni dirai
though since not I-have said nor shall-say
so don cela s'endrechures,
that whereof she should-set-herself-right
qui m'a·l tort e lo m'ac ades!
who to-me-has-the wrong and it to-me-had always

Per qu'eu so cre: no·m lauzarai
For which-I this believe not-myself shall-I-boast
de leis, c'ades la trop peior
of her for-ever her I-find worse
plus que sers fai de mal senhor;
more than a-serf does of a-bad lord
can l'a servit dos ans o tres
when him-he-has served two years or three
e, desc'a mes
and since-he-has put
tot so que pot, lui no·n sove,
all that which he-can him not-of-it it-recalls
no l'ama ni·l preza ni·l cre.
not him-he-loves nor-him esteems nor-him trusts

E si no fos? Que vauc temen?
And if not it-were Why do-I-go fearing
Per so m'estortz, car m'en estrai!
For this myself-I-free since myself-thence I-withdraw
Ja, si Deus me do tornar sai,
Ever if God to-me grant to-return here
no·m fora pros, si·lh demandes
not-to-me would-it-be profit if-of-her I-asked
merce, per so que la·i trobes?
mercy for this that it-there I-found

Empero si·lh perdonarai
Yet indeed-to-her I-shall-forgive
clamans e com a mal deutor
complaining and as to a-bad debtor
c'om eschaen a trop melhor;
for-one falling-due-to has far better
que·m valgra molt, s'a Deu plagues,
which-to-me would-avail much if-to God it-pleased
qu'ela·m parces
that-she-to-me should-spare
tans tortz com eu l'ai fach ancse,
so-many wrongs as I to-her-have done ever
don ges enquera no·m recre.
whereof at-all yet not-myself I-give-up

E si lai on fo mortz o pres
And if there where he-was slain or taken
me conduisses,
me he-should-lead
sobre totz eu virera·l fre
above all I would-turn-the rein
vas lo senhor de Sanh-Sere.
toward the lord of Sanh-Sere

Qu'entrels Espas vai jois e ve
For-among-the Spaniards goes joy and comes
e·i guid' e·i chabdel' e·i chapte.
and-there it-guides and-there it-leads and-there it-upholds

Si sotils sens

51 · WHAT DISPLEASES HIM IN LOVING

If neither subtlety nor plain effort makes his light song rise, it cannot be worth much: expectation and hope have failed him. Asked what displeases him in loving, he answers that it is a man's being able to cheat there, and to be grudging toward one who was open with him. Courtly talk is much to be prized, and one evening mends a year's vexation. His lord's leave first set him singing; if the king keeps him now, let the lady avenge his failure to come. He prays the fierce Saracens may fall.

Si sotils sens
If subtle sense
o plas aturs no·i val
or plain effort not-in-it avails
que mos leus chans
that my light song
valh' e poi e s'esmer,
avail and rise and itself-refine
no m'es per re semblans
not to-me-is by anything likely
que poscha molt valer;
that it-can much to-be-worth

que la cud' e l'esper
for the expectation and the-hope
que m'en sol aiudar
which to-me-in-it is-wont to-help
part et a me no par
departs and to me not it-seems
que nuls chantars
that any singing
sia valens ni chars,
be worthy nor precious
si cudars o temers
if expecting or fearing
o pezans' o plazers
or sorrow or pleasure
no m'ensenha com chan
not me-teaches how I-should-sing
grazissen o claman.
thanking or complaining

E car no vens
And since not outweighs
la benanansa·l mal,
the happiness-the ill

es grans afans
is-it great grief
celui que trop sofer
to-him who much endures
c'ades sia clamans
that-ever he-be complaining
de l'altrui no-chaler.
of the-other's heedlessness
Voletz que·us dia·l ver
Wish-you that-to-you I-tell-the truth
que·m desplatz en amar?
what-to-me displeases in loving
C'om lai poscha trichar
That-one there can to-cheat
ni si' avars
and be miserly
celui qui·lh s'era clars
to-him who-to-him himself-was open
e bevolens e vers.
and well-wishing and true
Dazai aitals poders
Woe-to such a-power
c'om son amic engan
that-one his friend deceive
ni·s paie de so dan!
and-himself pay with his harm

E si·l cors gens
And if-the body noble
se vira, no m'en chal
itself turns not to-me-of-it matters
vas fols mazans.
toward foolish clamor
Ab so que no s'esfer
Provided this that not she-is-put-out
de salutz ni de mans,
by greetings nor by messages
cut c'ab menhs de jazer
I-think that-with less of lying
me poira retener;
me she-will-be-able to-keep
car molt fai a prezar
for much it-is to be-prized
cortes assolassar
courtly conversing
en mans afars,
in many matters
on se demor' amars,
where itself dwells loving
e fai de grans plazers
and it-gives of great pleasures
e pois adob' us sers
and then makes-good an evening
la corelha d'un an
the vexation of-a year
a cels que ben i van.
for those who well in-it go

E s'eu sui lens
And if-I am slow
ni vir lo cor leial
and turn the heart loyal
ni·l dezenans
and-it discourage
de so qu'el vol, enquer —
from that which-it wants still
mas lais m'en? —, a tres ans,
but do-I-leave myself-of-it for three years
qu'eu trop en mo saber!
what-I find in my knowledge
Pos me donet lezer
Since to-me gave leave
ses forsa de preiar
without force of begging
Mos-Senher de chantar
My-Lord to sing
e mos trobars
and my composing
fo per s'amor espars,
was for his-love scattered
adonc m'ereup e·m ders
then myself-I-roused and-myself raised
e falhira·m sabers,
and would-fail-to-me knowledge
si per mais que·lh deman
if by more that-of-him I-ask
enquer com m'o desman.
I-should-seek how from-me-it he-withdraw

E si·m bistens
And if-me he-detains
ni·m te·l reis ni·lh reial,
and-me holds-the king and-the royal
lo pros es grans,
the profit is great
ma·l dans no sai cals er,
but-the harm not I-know what it-will-be
e s'ilh es corelhans,
and if-she is complaining
car s'auzet eschazer,
since itself-dared to-fall-short
del venir, so plazer
of-the coming her pleasure
fassa del be venjar.
let-her-do of-it well to-avenge
Pois si·m letz esperar
Then if-to-me it-is-allowed to-hope
els osteiars
on-the campaigns
que·lh rei faran, l'anars
which-the kings will-make the-going
val mais que·l remaners,
is-worth more than-the remaining
pos rictatz ni valers
since wealth nor worth
no s'en pot poiar tan,
not itself-of-it can to-rise so-much
qu'eu trespasses so man.
that-I should-overstep his command

E Deus agens
And God may-favor
ogan nostre chaptal
this-year our capital
e·l nos enans
and-it for-us advance
tan que Sarrazi fer
so-much that the-Saracens fierce
sofran perdas e dans,
suffer losses and harms
tro venh' al dechazer.
until it-come to-the decay
Et om no deu temer
And one not ought to-fear
mal per Deu gazanhar
ill for God to-gain
ni no fai a doptar
and not it-is to be-feared
lo comensars,
the beginning
que Gascos e Navars,
for Gascons and Navarrese
si lor aond' avers,
if to-them abounds goods
aduira·l bos espers
will-lead-the good hope
e Deus ira denan
and God will-go before
los nostres chabdelan!
the ours guiding

En un chantar

52 · A SONG OWED AS TRIBUTE

He owes a tribute-song and will take pains with it, to excuse himself of the many he should have made. Now that joy and cheer are so ill received he does not know how to be gay among so many sad men, nor how to fling himself into good singing. The sullen rich are set on churlish ventures, and a fickle woman has cheated him; but a joy lodged in his heart before he was born teaches him that Love never took it from him. He looks to the crossing, and prays against the Saracens.

En un chantar,
On a song
que dei, de ces
which I-owe as tribute
volh metre ponha que de manhs
I-wish to-put pains that for many
m'escus que·m n'aveni' a far.
myself-I-excuse which-to-me of-them-fell to make
Car anc no·m fezi fort preiar,
For ever not-myself I-made much to-beg
mentre que bos chans fo grazitz;
while that good song was welcomed
mas qu'er' es tan mal acolhitz
but that-now is so ill received
jois e solatz,
joy and cheer

no sai com entre tans iratz
not I-know how among so-many sad-men
ja sia sols conhdes ni gais
ever I-am alone charming nor gay
ni com en bo chantar m'eslais.
nor how into good singing myself-I-fling

E no compar,
And not I-buy
si no·l degues,
if not-it I-owed
per can val l'onors ni·l gazanhs
for how-much is-worth the-honor and-the gain
qu'er n'aven als amics, d'amar
which-now of-it-comes to-the friends of-loving
ja·m n'avengues mais a pensar,
though-to-me of-it-should-fall more to think
mas estera·n demenhs marritz
but I-should-be-of-it the-less sad
jostals rics avols embronsitz
beside-the rich worthless sullen
cui bes ni patz
whom good nor peace
ni cortz ni dos ni pretz no platz;
nor court nor gift nor worth not pleases
tan penson d'us vilas assais
so-much they-think of churlish ventures
don mals e no-fes brolh' e nais.
whence evil and no-faith sprouts and is-born

E chastiar
And to-admonish
no·s volon ges,
not-themselves they-wish at-all
per que m'er lor solatz estranhs,
for which to-me-will-be their cheer strange
pos vei que no n'er de cobrar
since I-see that not of-it-will-be of recovering
c'a forsa·m n'aven a parlar,
so-that-by force-me of-it-falls to speak
e peza·m, car jois es falhitz,
and it-weighs-to-me since joy has failed
e vauc per una chamjairitz
and I-go for a fickle-woman
desconortatz
discouraged
cui fui, mentre·m semblet vertatz
to-whom I-was while-to-me seemed truth
sa mensonha, fis e verais,
her lie true and faithful
en qu'ela·m galiet e·m trais.
in which-she-me cheated and-me betrayed

E·m fetz cudar
And-me she-made think
que menhs valgues
that less was-worth
fis argens esmeratz qu'estanhs
fine silver refined than-tin
c'oi res no·m podi' assenar.
so-that-today anything not-me could to-set-right
Mas era·m lais aconselhar
But now-myself I-let be-counseled
e conosc, can sui eissernitz,
and I-know when I-am clear-sighted
que damnatges sembla petitz,
that damage seems small
pos es passatz;
once it-is past
be sai qu'enan n'es om iratz,
well I-know that-before of-it-is one grieved
mas pois s'en vai la pen' e·l fais.
but after itself-away goes the pain and-the burden
Fols es qui de l'amar s'irais!
Foolish is he-who at the-loving himself-angers

E·m fetz lonhar,
And-me she-made withdraw
tan me promes,
so-much to-me she-promised
de clams e d'iras e de planhs,
from complaints and from-angers and from laments

si com m'avetz auzit comtar
just as me-you-have heard tell
que·m solia d'un gan clamar
that-myself was-wont of-a glove to-complain
que·m fo de gran damnatge guitz.
which-to-me was of great damage the-guide
E pois la mal' abetairitz
And then the evil beguiler
chamjet me datz
changed for-me the-dice
c'aissi com m'en er' alegratz
so-that-just as myself-of-it I-was gladdened
me fo pois irables esglais
to-me was after a-wrathful terror
qui ab sa mal' amor m'atrais.
who with her evil love me-drew

E car fizar
And since to-trust
no s'i pot res,
not in-it can anything
an pur co·s poscha cel barganhs,
go however as-itself is that bargain
c'assatz lo·m posc leu oblidar;
for-quite it-for-myself I-can lightly to-forget
c'un joi, que·m fai d'Amor lauzar,
since-a joy which-me makes of-Love to-praise

cel que m'es dins el cor aizitz
that which to-me-is within in-the heart lodged
fis e ferms e que·m fo cobitz,
true and firm and which-to-me was desired
ans que fos natz,
before that I-was born
e si be·s m'er' aitan tarzatz,
and though well-itself to-me-it-was so-long delayed
be sai d'Amor c'anc no·l m'estrais,
well I-know of-Love that-ever not-it from-me-it-took
mas ponhava co·m valgues mais.
but it-strove how-to-me it-might-avail more

Apres l'anar
After the-going
c'avem empres
that-we-have undertaken
lai on es lo comunals banhs,
there where is the common bath
si Deus nos o don' achabar,
if God to-us it grant to-accomplish
cut esser pro fis c'al tornar
I-think to-be quite sure that-at-the returning
si' amics onratz e jauzitz.
I-am a-friend honored and joyful
E vos, Senher, c'anc no mentitz,
And you Lord who-ever not lied

lai no·ns gicatz
there not-us forsake
e dels Sarrazis aesmatz
and of-the Saracens consider
com la lor leis ombriva bais
how the their law shadowy sinks
e cela poi que·ls savis pais!
and that rises which-the wise feeds

E ja, Senher, no consentatz
And ever Lord not consent
que l'avols gens vas me s'eslais,
that the-worthless folk toward me should-rush
ans sion chassat part Roais!
rather may-they-be driven beyond Edessa

Un sonet fatz malvatz e bo

53 · THE RIDDLE SONG

He makes a tune both bad and good, on he knows not what subject, and will make it because he cannot; let whoever cannot sing it sing it. He is ill and never sounder, holds a wicked man worthy, gives plenty when he has nothing, and wishes ill to the one who wishes him well. Folly circles him, though he knows more than Cato. He knows a lady he would rather never addressed him, and closes by saying she could turn him back into his senses if she deigned to hold him dear.

Un sonet fatz malvatz e bo
A tune I-make bad and good
e re no sai de cal razo
and anything not I-know of what subject
ni de cui ni com ni per que
nor of whom nor how nor for what
ni re no sai don me sove
and anything not I-know whereof to-me comes-to-mind
e farai lo, pos no·l sai far,
and I-shall-make it since not-it I-know to-make
e chan lo qui no·l sap chantar!
and let-him-sing it who not-it knows to-sing

Mal ai, c'anc om plus sas no fo,
Ill I-have that-ever a-man more sound not was
e tenh malvatz ome per pro
and I-hold a-wicked man for worthy
e don assatz, can non ai re,
and I-give plenty when not I-have anything

e volh mal celui que·m vol be;
and I-wish ill to-him who-me wishes well
tan sui fis amics ses amar
so am-I a-true friend without loving
c'ancse·m pert qui·m vol gazanhar.
that-always-me loses who-me wishes to-win

Ab celui vauc que no·m somo
With him I-go who not-me summons
e quer li, can non a que·m do.
and I-ask of-him when not he-has what-to-me he-gives
Per benestar sui ab Jaufre,
For propriety I-am with Geoffrey
c'aissi sai far so que·m conve
for-thus I-know to-do that which-to-me befits
qu'eu·m leu, can me degra colgar,
that-I-myself rise when myself I-ought to-lie-down
e chan d'aco don dei plorar.
and I-sing of-that whereof I-ought to-weep

Detorn me vai e deviro
Around me goes and about
foldatz, que mais sai de Cato.
folly for-I more know than Cato
Devas la coa·lh vir lo fre,
Toward the tail-to-it I-turn the rein
s'altre plus fols no m'en rete;
if-another more foolish not me-from-it holds

c'aital sen me fi ensenhar
for-such sense to-myself I-had taught
al prim qu'era·m fai foleiar.
at-the first that-now-me makes play-the-fool

Drutz ai estat una sazo
A-lover I-have been a season
senes engan ab traïzo.
without deceit with treason
Ab orgolh ai clamat merce
With pride I-have cried mercy
a l'altrui obs si com per me
for the-other's need just as for myself
qu'estra mo grat cut achabar
so-that-against my will I-think to-finish
e quer so que no·m volh donar.
and I-seek that which not-to-myself I-wish to-give

Domna sai, ja no volh que·m so
A-lady I-know ever not I-wish that-me she-address
ni, si·m fai mal, que lo·m perdo.
nor if-me she-does ill that it-to-me she-pardon
Si·s volia colgar ab me,
If-she wished to-lie with me

a pauc no vos jur per ma fe
by little — to-you I-swear by my faith
que pro m'en faria preiar;
that much myself-of-it I-would-make to-beg
mas no·n deu om trop soanar!
but not-of-it ought one too-much to-scorn

Si·m fezes ben, en gazardo
If-to-me she-did good in reward
eu sai be trobar ochaizo
I know well to-find a-pretext
per que·l servizis s'i recre.
by which-the service itself-there gives-over
Mas so d'aquels derrers s'emple,
But that by-those last let-it-be-fulfilled
per malvestat cudan levar
by baseness thinking to-rise
e mais valer per sordeiar.
and more to-be-worth by growing-viler

No sai de que m'ai fach chanso
Not I-know of what to-myself-I-have made a-song
ni com, s'altre no m'o despo;
nor how if-another not to-me-it expounds
que tan fol a saber m'ave,
for so foolish of knowing to-me-befalls
re no conosc que m'aperte.
anything not I-recognize that to-me-belongs

Cela m'a fach oltracudar
She me-has made to-presume
que no·m vol amic apelar!
who not-me wishes friend to-call

Eu cut chauzidamen parlar
I think discreetly to-speak
e dic so que·m fai agachar.
and I-say that which-me makes be-watched

Ela·m pot en mo sen tornar,
She-me can into my sense to-turn
si·m denhava tener en char.
if-me she-deigned to-hold as dear

Reis glorios

54 · THE DAWN SONG

The watcher prays to the King of glory to be a faithful help to his companion, whom he has not seen since night fell, and calls him through five stanzas: the day-star has risen, a bird is seeking the day through the woodland, the jealous one may set upon him, let him look out at the stars. The watcher has neither slept nor stirred from his knees, but prayed for his friend; now, he ends, his friend takes no pleasure in his song or his company. Each stanza ends: soon it will be dawn.

Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz,
King glorious true light and brightness
Deus poderos, Senher, si a vos platz,
God mighty Lord if to you it-pleases
al meu companh siatz fizels aiuda;
to my companion be a-faithful help
qu'eu no lo vi, pos la nochs fo venguda,
for-I not him have-seen since the night was come
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Bel companho, si dormetz o velhatz,
Fair companion whether you-sleep or you-wake
no dormatz plus, suau vos ressidatz;
not sleep more gently yourself rouse

qu'en orien vei l'estela creguda
for-in the-east I-see the-star risen
c'amena·l jorn, qu'eu l'ai be conoguda,
which-brings-the day for-I it-have well known
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Bel companho, en chantan vos apel;
Fair companion in singing you I-call
no dormatz plus, qu'eu auch chantar l'auzel
not sleep more for-I hear singing the-bird
que vai queren lo jorn per lo boschatge
which goes seeking the day through the woodland
et ai paor que·l gilos vos assatge
and I-have fear that-the jealous-one you assails
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Bel companho, issetz al fenestrel
Fair companion come-out to-the little-window
e regardatz las estelas del cel!
and look-at the stars of-the sky
Conoisseretz si·us sui fizels messatge;
You-will-know whether-to-you I-am a-faithful messenger
si non o faitz, vostres n'er lo damnatge
if not it you-do yours of-it-will-be the harm
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Bel companho, pos me parti de vos,
Fair companion since myself I-parted from you
eu no·m dormi ni·m moc de genolhos,
I not-myself have-slept nor-myself have-stirred from my-knees
ans preiei Deu, lo filh Santa Maria,
rather I-prayed God the son of-Holy Mary
que·us me rendes per leial companhia,
that-you to-me he-render for loyal fellowship
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Bel companho, la foras als peiros
Fair companion there outside on-the stone-steps
me preiavatz qu'eu no fos dormilhos,
me you-begged that-I not should-be drowsy
enans velhes tota noch tro al dia.
rather should-watch all night until to-the day
Era no·us platz mos chans ni ma paria
Now not-to-you pleases my song nor my company
et ades sera l'alba!
and soon will-be the-dawn

Lo dolz chans d'un auzel

55 · THE THREE GIRLS

A bird's song turns him from his road, and beside the hedge three girls are lamenting the harm done to joy and cheer. The eldest answers that the base rich men have destroyed youth and punish any show of gladness. He finds none who seeks him out, and was robbed this year among three prized kings. She condemns whoever robs a soldier and the high power that shelters him; the strong castles and earthworks, she adds, have driven out gifts and feasts. He would stop singing; she tells him to endure, and so be loved.

Lo dolz chans d'un auzel,
The sweet song of-a bird
que chantav' en un plais,
which was-singing in a hedge
me desviet l'altrer
me turned-aside the-other-day
de mo chamin e·m trais
from my road and-me drew
e josta·l plaissaditz,
and beside-the hedgerow
on fo l'auzels petitz,
where was the-bird small
plaisson en un tropel
were-lamenting in a group
tres tozas en chantan
three girls in singing
la desmezur' e·l dan
the excess and-the harm
c'a pres jois e solatz;
that-has taken joy and cheer

e vengui plus viatz
and I-came more quickly
per melhs entendre·l chan
to better hear-the song
e dissi lor aitan:
and I-said to-them thus
'Tozas, de que chantatz
Girls of what sing-you
o de que vos clamatz?'
or of what yourselves complain-you

E cobret so mantel
And took-up-again her cloak
la maier, que saup mais,
the eldest who knew most
e dis: "D'un encombrer
and said Of-a vexation
que mou dels rics savais,
which comes from-the rich base-men
per qu'es jovens delitz;
by which-is youth destroyed
c'aissi com pros es guitz
for-just as a-worthy-man is a-guide
ab bo pretz, que·l chabdel
with good worth who-it leads
e·l cresch' e·l par enan,
and-it increases and-it puts forward

se son mes a so dan
themselves have set to its harm
li peior dels malvatz;
the worst of-the wicked
que, si vos alegratz
for if yourselves you-gladden
ni·n faziatz semblan,
and-of-it you-made a-show
ilh vos aguizaran
they you will-so-handle
com ja joi non aiatz,
that ever joy not you-have
si ges lor etz privatz.” —
if at-all with-them you-are intimate

‘Toza, ges tan isnel
Girl at-all so nimble
no son vas bos assais
not are-they toward good ventures
com foron li primer,
as were the first
can aondava jais
when abounded joy
e chans era grazitz.
and song was welcomed
Qu’eu eis, don sui marritz,
For-I myself whereof I-am grieved

no trop sol qui m'apel
not I-find a-single-one who me-calls
ni·m quera ni·m deman;
nor-me seeks nor-me asks-for
ans fui raubatz ogan
rather I-was robbed this-year
entre tres reis prezatz
among three kings prized
si que l'us dels renhatz
so that the-one of-the realms
m'o vai contrarian,
to-me-it goes gainsaying
e parec al ferran
and it-appeared in-the gray-horse
que m'era gen donatz
which to-me-was kindly given
e fo mal prezentatz!' —
and was ill bestowed

"Senher, d'avol fardel
Lord with-a-worthless bundle
se chargu' e d'avol fais
himself loads and with-a-worthless burden
qui rauba soldader
who robs a-soldier
ni s'en vest ni s'en pais,
and himself-with-it clothes and himself-with-it feeds

e·l locs es molt aunitz
and-the place is much shamed
on el es acolhitz.
where he is received
Aital lairo fradel
Such a-thief base
ple de mal e d'engan
full of evil and of-deceit
si ja·l sofre ni·l blan
if ever-him suffers and-him flatters
nulh' alta poestatz,
any high power
greu pot esser onratz,
hardly can-he to-be honored
que be leu se diran
for quite easily themselves will-say
cilh que non o sabran
those who not it will-know
qu'el eis n'es encolpatz
that-he himself of-it-is guilty
o·lh n'eschai la meitatz." —
or-to-him of-it-falls the half

'Ami', el tems novel
Friend in-the season new
soli' om esser gais;
was-wont one to-be gay
er no vol om verger,
now not wants one a-garden

entro que·l fruchs l'engrais,
until that-the fruit him-fattens
ni no platz chans ni critz.
and not pleases song nor shouting
Totz lo mons es marritz
All the world is grieved
e plus li jovensel
and more the young-men
que nulh conort no fan;
who any comfort not make
qu'eu vi que per un gan,
for-I saw that for a glove
si lor fos enviatz,
if to-them it-were sent
se mesclav' us barnatz
itself stirred a baronage
que durava tot l'an;
which lasted all the-year
er vos escondiran
now to-you they-will-deny
lor daufas amistatz,
their silly loves
pos qu'en fo·l pretz triatz.' —
since that-of-them was-the worth stripped

"Senher, li fort chastel,
Lord the strong castles
don la maleza nais,
whence the mischief is-born

e li mur e·lh terrer
and the walls and-the earthworks
de tort e de biais
of wrong and of crookedness
an tolt dos e convitz;
have taken-away gifts and feasts
qu'er non es om garnitz,
for-now not is one furnished
si no fai manganel
if not he-makes a-mangonel
que pas sobre l'anvan,
that passes over the-rampart
don ira pois cridan
whence will-go then crying
us vilas enrabiatz
a churl maddened
tota la noch: «Velhatz,
all the night Keep-watch
qu'eu ai auzit mazan!»
for-I have heard a-din
Et adonc levaran,
And then they-will-rise
e vos, si no·us levatz,
and you if not-yourself you-rise
seretz ochaizonatz." —
you-will-be blamed

'E que·m val, si·m revel,
And what-to-me avails if-myself I-rebel
amia, ni m'irais?
beloved and myself-I-anger
Cudatz vos que·lh derrer
Think you that-the last
se metan en eslais
themselves put in a-rush
per aitals colps petitz;
for such blows small
ni joves endurzitz,
or a-youth hardened
pos que·l tir a la pel,
once that-him I-pull by the skin
se venha melhuran
himself comes bettering
per pauc colp de verjan
for a-small blow of a-rod
ni que·s fassa viatz
or that-himself he-make quickly
c'us vers prozom preiatz
that-a true worthy-man begged
se don a parsonan?
himself give to a-partner
Doptara pois l'afan
He-will-fear then the-trouble
e·s tenra per grejatz,
and-himself will-hold for aggrieved
si gaire·lh demandatz.' —
if at-all-of-him you-ask

"Si·l senher de Bordel,
If-the lord of Bordeaux
amics, no·n sofre·l fais
friend not-of-it bears-the burden
e no·s da consirer
and not-himself gives care
com del tot non abais
that at all not it-sink
lo mons, fos o peritz!
the world were it perished
Que, pos jois er falhitz,
For once joy shall-be failed
re tot l'als non espel
anything all the-rest not brings-forth
a bo pretz benestan,
of good worth seemly
ni ja lai non iran
and ever thither not will-go
ni Deus ni fes ni patz
neither God nor faith nor peace
o·l senher renh' iratz;
where-the lord reigns sorrowful
c'a lui s'azesmaran
for-to him themselves-will-model
cilh qu'entorn lui seran,
those who-around him will-be
e, pos que jois li platz,
and once that joy to-him pleases
alegran s'en totz latz." —
they-gladden themselves-of-it all sides

'Toz', eu m'irai laissan
Girl I myself-shall-go leaving
de chantar mais ogan,
from singing more this-year
s'a mo Sobre-Totz platz,
if-to my Above-All it-pleases
qu'eu no sui enastratz.' —
for-I not am fortunate

"Senher, li dui Bertran
Lord the two Bertrans
sai be que vos diran
I-know well that to-you they-will-say
que·us etz mal conselhatz,
that-you are ill counseled
si del chan vos laissatz." —
if from-the song yourself you-leave

'Toza, totz dezonratz
Girl wholly dishonored
es c'ama dezamatz.' —
is-he who-loves unloved

"Senher, sofretz en patz;
Lord endure in peace
c'aissi seretz amatz!"
for-thus you-will-be loved

L'altrer, lo primer jorn d'aost

56 · THE SHEPHERDESS

Riding into Provence beyond Alès on the first of August, sad-faced, he hears a shepherdess singing beside a hedgerow and turns aside. She holds his stirrup and asks whence he comes and why he grieves. He wants a true friend, having parted from a false one. She warns him against great loves. He wishes his lady sleepless, but promises the girl frankness rather than courtship; she offers her whole friendship on oath. He pleads a root too firm and names the lady who gave him a companion; the girl ends by catching him out.

L'altrer, lo primer jorn d'aost,
The-other-day the first day of-August
vinc en Proensa part Alest
I-came into Provence beyond Alès
e chavalchav' ab semblan mest,
and I-was-riding with countenance sad
qu'ira·m tenia sobrera,
for-grief-me held overmastering
can auzi d'una bergera
when I-heard of-a shepherdess
lo chan jost' un plaissaditz,
the song beside a hedgerow
e, car fo suaus lo critz,
and since was sweet the cry
don retenti la ribera,
whereat resounded the bank
volsi·m lai totz esbaïtz
I-turned-myself thither wholly astonished
on amassava falguera.
where she-was-gathering fern

E si tot s'avia pel brost
And though wholly she-had because-of-the young-shoots
estrecha·lh gonela que vest,
tucked-up-the gown that she-wears
ans que li demandes: 'Don est?'
before that of-her I-asked Whence are-you
Ela·m tenc a l'estribera;
She-me held at the-stirrup
pois me dis: "Per cal dressera
then to-me she-said By what road
venguetz ni don etz issitz?
came-you and whence are-you come
Ja·m sembla siatz marritz;
Indeed-to-me it-seems you-are grieved
no m'aiatz per trop parlera,
not me-hold for too talkative
que, car etz sols escharitz,
for since you-are alone forlorn
ai be drech que vos enquera." —
I-have well right that you I-question

'Toza, be·us dirai, can que cost,
Girl well-to-you I-shall-tell however-much it cost
pos tan gen m'en avetz enquist,
since so kindly me-of-it you-have asked
cals aventura·m mena trist:
what chance-me leads sad

de bon' ami' ai nescera
of a-good friend I-have need
que fos fin' e vertadera;
who were true and faithful
qu'era me sui departitz
for-now myself I-am parted
d'una fals' abetairitz
from-a false beguiler
que·m fa chamjar ma charrera
who-me makes to-change my road
e fora·m chabdels e guitz,
and she-would-be-to-me leader and guide
si no fos tan volatera.' —
if not she-were so flighty

"Senher francs, ja, qui que s'ajost
Lord noble ever whoever that himself-joins
ab rich' amor, non er, per Crist,
with a-great love not will-he-be by Christ
si tot s'a pron auzit ni vist,
though wholly he-has enough heard and seen
ses clam; c'una chavalera
without complaint for-a knightly-lady
vol be c'om en fachs li mera
wishes well that-one in deeds to-her repay
sos bes e·l mals si' oblitz.
her kindnesses and-the ill be forgotten
C'ades no·n siatz garnitz,
If-at-once not-of-it you-are furnished

tornara·us d'altra manera;
she-will-turn-to-you in-another manner
qu'estas altras chamjairitz
for-these other fickle-women
segon tost altra charrera." —
follow soon another road

'Toza, Deus volha qu'el' angost
Girl God grant that-she be-anguished
del mal que tanta pena·m bast
for-the ill that so-much pain-to-me builds
e perda·l dormir e·l depast;
and let-her-lose-the sleeping and-the eating
mas vos ab la tencha nera
but you with the complexion dark
no crezatz qu'eu plus vos quera!
not believe that-I more of-you seek
Per so car gen m'acolhitz,
For this since kindly me-you-received
vos serai francs e chauzitz,
to-you I-shall-be frank and considerate
car conve qu'e·us en refera
for it-behooves that-I-to-you of-it make-return
merces, car no·us en fugitz;
thanks since not-yourself thence you-fled
c'a lonh m'avizetz primera.' —
for-at a-distance me-you-espied first

“Senher, be m’agr’ obs drutz que·m s’ost
Lord well to-me-would-be need a-lover who-from-me himself-withheld
de fach qu’enquer a loc no·n tast,
from deed for-yet in (any)-place not-of-it he-taste
que·l cors ai pauc e de sen chast,
for-the body I-have small and of sense chaste
si be·us me fatz prezentera,
though well-to-you myself I-make forthcoming
pos cut segon ma paubrera
since I-think according-to my poverty
que·m sia datz bos maritz;
that-to-me be given a-good husband
mas car tan pauc m’enqueritz,
but since so little of-me-you-ask
farai d’aitan que leugera
I-shall-do so-far as light
c’ab fis sagramens plevitz
that-with true oaths pledged
auretz m’amistat entera.” —
you-shall-have my-friendship entire

‘Toza, be·n fora garitz,
Girl well-by-it I-should-be healed
mas tan es ferma·lh razitz
but so is firm-the root
que mou d’eslais part Lobera;
which I-set-out in-haste beyond La-Louvière

que·l mals, pos s'es endormitz,
for-the ill once itself-is fallen-asleep
ai paor que peitz me fera.' —
I-have fear that worse me it-strike

"Senher, ges non etz arditz,
Lord at-all not are-you bold
car del mal que·us esfugitz
since from-the ill that-yourself you-escaped
temetz que pois vos enquera;
you-fear that after you it-seek
mas pos tan m'etz abelitz,
but since so to-me-you-are pleasing
sojornem en est' ombrera!" —
let-us-stay in this shade

'Toza, n'Escharonh' es guitz
Girl Lady-Escharonha is guide
de pretz, que·m det, companhera
of worth who-to-me gave a-companion
cortez' e fin' amairitz,
courtly and true a-lover
per que·l mals me fug a tera.' —
for which-the ill me flees to ground

“Senher, un pauc etz falhitz,
Lord a little you-are at-fault
qu’era d’altra companhera
for-now of-another companion
parletz que fossetz aizitz,
you-spoke with-whom you-were provided
si tot s’es plus ufanera!”
though wholly she-is more ostentatious

Si·us quer conselh, bel' ami' Alamanda

57 · THE TENSO WITH ALAMANDA

Giraut asks his lady's damsel Alamanda for counsel: her mistress says he has gone far from her command and takes back her gift. Alamanda tells him to give way, to believe her if she calls a hill a plain, and so be loved. He grumbles at pride, threatens to strike her, and invokes Lady Berengera; then he pleads. She answers that the lady is angered with right, since he courted another openly, and agrees to plead for him if he strays no more, warning him to hold the love fast once it is given back.

'Si·us quer conselh, bel' ami' Alamanda,
If-of-you I-ask counsel fair friend Alamanda
no·l me vedetz, c'om cochatz lo·us demanda;
not-it to-me refuse for-a-man hard-pressed it-of-you asks
que so m'a dich vostra domna truanda
for this to-me-has said your lady faithless
que lonh sui fors issitz de sa comanda
that far I-am forth gone from her command
que so que·m det m'estrai er' e·m desmanda.
so-that that which-to-me she-gave from-me-she-takes now and-from-me withdraws
Que·m conselhatz?
What-to-me advise-you
C'a pauc lo cor dins d'ira no m'abranda,
For-by little the heart within with-grief — to-me-kindles
tan fort en sui iratz.' —
so strongly of-it am-I grieved

"Per Deu, Giraut, ges aissi tot a randa
By God Giraut at-all thus all at once
volers d'amic no·s fai ni no·s garanda;
the-will of-a-friend not-itself does and not-itself fulfills
car si l'us falh, l'altre conve que blanda,
for if the-one errs the-other it-behooves that soothe
que lor destrics no crescha ni s'espanda.
that their hurt not grow nor itself-spread
Pero si·us ditz d'alt poi que sia landa,
Yet if-to-you she-says of-a-high hill that it-be a-plain
vos la·n crezatz,
you her-in-it believe
e plassa vos lo bes e·l mals que·us manda;
and let-please to-you the good and-the ill that-to-you she-commands
c'aissi seretz amatz." —
for-thus you-will-be loved

'No posc mudar que contr' orgolh no gronda,
Not I-can to-help that against pride — I-grumble
ja siatz vos, donzela, bel' e blonda.
though be you damsel fair and blonde
Pauc d'ira·us notz e paucs jois vos aonda;
Little of-grief-you harms and little joy you suffices
mas ges no n'etz primera ni segonda!
but at-all not of-them-are-you first nor second
Et eu que tem d'est' ira que·m confonda,
And I who fear of-this grief that-me it-undo
que m'en lauzatz,
what to-me-of-it advise-you

si·m tem perir, que·m traia plus vas l'onda?
if-myself I-fear to-perish that-myself I-draw more toward the-wave
Mal cut que·m chabdelatz!' —
Ill I-think that-me you-guide

"Si m'enqueretz d'aital razo preonda,
If of-me-you-ask on-such a-matter deep
per Deu, Giraut, no sai com vos responda;
by God Giraut not I-know how to-you I-should-answer
pero, si·us par c'ab pauc fos jauzionda, —
yet if-to-you it-seems that-with little I-were content
mais volh pelar mo prat c'altre·l me tonda.
rather I-wish to-pluck my meadow than-another-it for-me should-shear
E s'e·us er' oi del plach far dezironda,
And if-I-for-you I-were today of-the accord to-make desirous
ja l'encerchatz
truly her-you-plead-with
com so bo cor vos esdui' e·us resconda;
that her good heart from-you she-withdraw and-from-you hide
be par com n'etz cochatz!" —
well it-shows how of-it-you-are pressed

'Donzel', oimais no siatz trop parlera!
Damsel henceforth not be too talkative
S'ilh m'a mentit mais de cen vetz primera,
If-she to-me-has lied more than a-hundred times first
cudatz vos donc que totztems l'o sofera?
think you then that always to-her-it I-should-suffer

Semblaria c'o fezes per nescera
It-would-seem that-it I-did through want
d'altr' amistat. — Er' ai talan que·us fera,
of-another friendship Now I-have a-desire that-you I-strike
si no·us chalatz!
if not-yourself you-are-silent
Melhor conselh dera na Berengera
Better counsel would-give Lady Berengera
que vos no me donatz.' —
than you — to-me give

"L'ora vei eu, Giraut, qu'ela·us o mera,
The-hour see I Giraut when-she-to-you it repays
car l'apeletz chamjairitz ni leugera;
since her-you-called fickle and light
per so cudatz que del plach vos enquera?
for this think-you that of-the accord you she-should-ask
Mas no cut ges que sia tan manera;
But not I-think at-all that she-be so tame
ans er oimais sa promessa derrera,
rather it-will-be henceforth her promise last
que que·us diatz,
whatever that-you say
si s'en destrenh tan que ja vos ofera
if herself-of-it she-constrains so-much that ever to-you she-offer
treva ni fi ni patz." —
truce or accord or peace

'Bela, per Deu, no perda vostr' aiuda,
Fair-one by God not may-I-lose your help
car be sabetz com me fo convenguda.
for well you-know how to-me it-was promised
S'eu m'ai falhit per l'ira c'ai aguda,
If-I to-myself-have erred through the-grief that-I-have had
no·m tenha dan; s'anc sentitz com leu muda
not-to-me let-it-do harm if-ever you-felt how lightly changes
cor d'amador, ami', e s'anc fotz druda,
the-heart of-a-lover friend and if-ever you-were a-mistress
del plach pensatz;
on-the accord think
que be vos dic: Mortz sui, si l'ai perduda,
for well to-you I-say Dead I-am if her-I-have lost
mas no l'o descobratz!' —
but not to-her-it disclose

"Senher Giraut, ja n'agr' eu fi volguda,
Lord Giraut indeed of-it-would-have I an-accord wished
mas ela·m ditz c'a drech s'es irascuda,
but she-to-me says that-with right herself-she-is angered
c'altra·n preietz com fols, tot a saubuda,
that-another-of-them you-courted like a-fool all in the-open
que no la val, ni vestida ni nuda.
who not her equals neither clothed nor naked
No fara donc, si no·us gic, que vencuda,
Not will-she-do then if not-you she-gives-up but as-vanquished
s'altra·n preiatz?
if-another-of-them you-court

Be·us en valrai, ja l'ai' eu mantenguda,
Well-you in-it I-shall-help though her-have I upheld
si mais no·us i mesclatz." —
if more not-yourself in-it you-mix

'Bela, per Deu, si d'ela n'etz crezuda,
Fair-one by God if by-her of-it-you-are believed
per me lo·lh afiatz!' —
for me it-to-her pledge

"Ben o farai; mas can vos er renduda
Well it I-shall-do but when to-you shall-be given-back
s'amors, no la·us tolhatz!"
her-love not it-from-yourself take

Era·m platz, Giraut de Bornelh

58 · THE TENSO ON THE DARK MANNER

Linhaure asks why Giraut blames the closed manner, and whether what is common to all can be prized, since then all will be equal. Giraut does not grudge each man his own way, but judges song more loved when made light and plain. Linhaure would not have the bad loved as much as the good, and says fools never praise what is worth most. Giraut asks to what end one composes if nobody knows the song. Linhaure answers: gold is prized above salt, and song likewise. They part at Christmas, Giraut for the royal court.

'Era·m platz, Giraut de Bornelh,
Now-to-me it-pleases Giraut de Bornelh
que sapcha per c'anatz blasman
that I-know for what-you-go blaming
trobar clus ni per cal semblan.
composing closed and by what seeming
Aisso·m diatz
This-to-me tell
si tan prezatz
whether so-much you-prize
so que vas totz es comunal;
that which toward all is common
car adonc tuch seran egal.' —
for then all will-be equal

"Senher Linhaure, no·m corelh,
Lord Linhaure not-myself I-complain
si quecs se trob' a so talan;
if each-one himself composes to his liking

mas me eis volh jutjar d'aitan
but myself I-myself wish to-judge so-far
qu'es mais amatz
that-is more loved
chans e prezatz,
song and prized
qui·l fai levet e venansal,
for-him-who-it makes light and plain
e vos no m'o tornetz a mal!" —
and you not to-me-it turn to ill

'Giraut, no volh qu'en tal trepelh
Giraut not I-wish that-into such a-stir
torn mos trobars quez om am tan
should-turn my composing that one love as-much
l'avol co·l bon e·l pauc co·l gran.
the-bad as-the good and-the small as-the great
Ja per los fatz
Ever by the fools
non er lauzatz;
not will-it-be praised
car no conoisson ni lor chal
since not they-know nor to-them it-matters
so que plus char es ni mais val.' —
that which more precious is and more is-worth

“Linhaure, si per aisso velh
Linhaure if for this I-wake
ni mo sojorn torn en afan,
and my rest I-turn into toil
sembla que·m dopte de mazan!
it-seems that-I fear the din
A que trobatz,
To what compose-you
si no vos platz
if not to-you it-pleases
c’ades o sapchon tal e cal?
that-at-once it know this-one and that-one
Que chans no port’ altre chaptal.” —
For song not brings other profit

‘Giraut, sol que·l melhs aparelh
Giraut only that-the best I-make-ready
e di’ ades e trai’ enan,
and I-say ever and I-bring forward
me no chal, si tan no s’espan;
to-me not it-matters if so-much not it-spreads
c’anc grans viltatz
for-ever great commonness
no fo denhtatz;
not was a-dainty
per so prez’ om mais aur que sal
for this prizes one more gold than salt
e de chan es tot atretal.’ —
and with song is-it all just-so

“Linhaure, fort de bo conselh
Linhaure very of good counsel
es fis amans contrarian;
is a-true friend gainsaying
e pero, si·m val mais d’afan
and yet if-to-me is-worth more of-toil
mos sos levatz,
my tune raised
c’us enraumatz
let-a hoarse-man
lo·m dezagens ni·m dia mal
it-for-me spoil and-for-me sing ill
a cui om no·n deia censal!” —
to those-whom one not-of-them owes a-tribute

‘Giraut, per cel ni per solelh
Giraut by sky and by sun
ni per la clardat, que resplan,
and by the brightness that shines
no sai de que·ns anem parlan
not I-know of what-we go speaking
ni don fui natz;
nor whence I-was born
si sui torbatz,
so am-I confounded
tan pres d’un fi joi natural!
so seized by-a pure joy natural
Can d’als consir, no m’es coral.’ —
When of-else I-think not to-me-it-is heartfelt

“Linhaure, si·m vira·l vermelh
Linhaure so-to-me turns-the red
de l’escut cela cui reblan
of the-shield she whom I-court
que volh dir: «A Deu me coman!»
that I-wish to-say To God myself I-commend
Cals fols pensatz
What foolish thought
oltracudatz
presumptuous
me trais doptansa desleial!
to-me drew a-doubt disloyal
No·m sove com me fetz comtal?” —
Not-to-me it-comes-to-mind how me she-made a-count

‘Giraut, greu m’es, per Sanh Marsal,
Giraut hard to-me-is by Saint Martial
car vos n’anatz de sai nadal.’ —
that you go-away from here at-Christmas

“Linhaure, que vas cort reial
Linhaure for toward court royal
m’en vauc ades rich’ e chabal.”
myself-away I-go at-once splendid and excellent

Be me plairia, senh' en reis

59 · THE TENSO WITH THE KING

Giraut asks the king, at a moment of leisure, whether a good lady has as much honor in his love as in a worthy knight's. The king calls it folly to think his rank makes him a lesser lover: that sets a penny against a mark of silver. Giraut answers that the powerful want only the enjoyment and demand the bed first, when the true suitor's bearing before it is worth more. The king pleads that he loves good ladies truly. Giraut wishes two friends loved openly; the king grants them only light loving.

'Be me plairia, senh' en reis,
Well to-me it-would-please lord Sir king
ab que·us vis un pauc de lezer,
provided that-in-you I-saw a little of leisure
que·us plagues que·m dizessetz ver,
that-to-you it-pleased that-to-me you-told truth
si·us cudatz qu'en la vostr' amor
whether-you think that-in the your love
a bona domna tan d'onor
has a-good lady so-much of-honor
com d'un altre pro chavaler,
as from-an other worthy knight
e no m'en tenhatz per guerrer,
and not me-for-it hold for an-enemy
ans me respondetz franchamen!' —
rather to-me answer frankly

"Giraut de Bornelh, s'eu mezeis
Giraut de Bornelh if-I myself
no·m defendes ab mo saber, —
not-myself defended with my knowledge
be sai vas on voletz tener.
well I-know toward where you-wish to-hold
Pero be vos tenh a folor,
Yet well of-you I-hold for folly
si·us cudatz que per ma ricor
if-you think that through my rank
valha menhs a drut vertader!
I-am-worth less as a-lover true
Aissi vos pogratz un dener
Thus you might a penny
azesmar contr' un marc d'argen." —
to-reckon against a mark of-silver

'Si·m sal Deus, senher, me pareis
So-me save God lord to-me it-seems
de domna qu'enten en valer
of a-lady who-aims at worth
que ja no·n falha per aver
that ever not-in-it she-fail for wealth
ni de rei ni d'emperador
nor of a-king nor of-an-emperor
no·n fassa ja son amador;
not-of-him let-her-make ever her lover
so m'es vis, ni no l'a mester;
so to-me-is it-seen and not to-her-is-it needful

car vos, ric ome sobranser,
for you rich men overbearing
no·n voletz mas lo jauzimen.' —
not-of-her you-wish but the enjoyment

"Giraut, e non esta genseis,
Giraut and not stands-it fairer
si·l rics sap onrar ni temer
if-the powerful-man knows to-honor and to-revere
sidons e·l cor ab lo poder
his-lady and-the heart with the power
l'ajosta? Co·l te per senhor,
to-her-joins When-him she-holds for lord
preza·l donc menhs per sa valor,
prizes-she-him then less for his merit
si mal no·l troba ni sobrer?
if bad not-him she-finds nor haughty
Ja sol om dir el reprover
Indeed is-wont one to-say in-the proverb
que cel que val mais, e melhs pren." —
that he who is-worth more also better takes

'Senher, molt pren gran mal domneis,
Lord much takes great harm courtship
can pert la cud' e·l bon esper;
when it-loses the expectation and-the good hope

que trop val enan del jazer
for much is-worth before the lying-together
l'afars del fin entendedor.
the-bearing of-the true suitor
Mas vos, ric, car etz plus maior,
But you powerful since you-are still greater
demandatz lo jazer primer,
you-demand the lying-together first
e domn' a·l cor sobreleuger
and a-lady has-the heart over-light
c'ama celui que no·i enten.' —
who-loves him who not-in-her aims

"Giraut, anc trop rics no·m depeis
Giraut ever too powerful not-myself I-painted
en bona domna conquerer;
in a-good lady to-win
mas en s'amistat retener
but in her-friendship to-keep
met be la fors' e la valor.
I-put well the strength and the merit
Si·lh ric se son galiador
If-the powerful themselves are deceivers
e tan non amon oi com er,
and so-much not they-love today as yesterday
de me no·n crezatz lauzenger,
of me not-of-it believe a-slanderer
qu'eu am las bonas finamen!" —
for-I love the good-ladies truly

‘Senher, de mo Solatz de Quer
Lord of my Solatz de Quer
volgra ben e d’en Topiner
I-should-wish well and of-Sir Topiner
c’amesson domnas a prezen.’ —
that-they-loved ladies in the-open

“Giraut, oc be, d’amar leuger!
Giraut yes well of-loving lightly
Mas a me no·n donetz parer,
But to me not-of-it give the-appearance
qu’eu n’ai gazanhat per un cen.”
for-I of-it-have gained by a hundred

A l'onor Deu torn en mo chan

60 · THE FIRST CRUSADE SONG

He turns his song back to God's honor, moved by anger, not birdsong: sin overmasters, faith fails, Syria lies quiet under the Arabs, and the powers wrangle. No man of arms who failed God at such a strait can face him unashamed. Let the strongest be most resolute, let those who stay behind take pains, and let each follow naked, since he redeemed us stripped. Those who do not help will render account, and their guides will bring them no comfort. It ends in joy: the hosts will ride, and Count Richard is armed.

A l'onor Deu torn en mo chan,
To the-honor of-God I-turn in my song
don m'era lonhatz e partitz,
whence myself-I-had gone-far and departed
e no m'i torna brais ni critz
and not me-to-it turns warbling nor cry
d'auzels ni folha de verjan
of-birds nor leaf of bough
ni ges no m'esjau en chantan,
and at-all not myself-I-gladden in singing
ans sui corossos e marritz;
rather I-am wrathful and grieved
qu'en mans escritz
for-in many writings
conosc e vei
I-know and I-see
c'apodera pechatz,
that-overmasters sin
per que falh fes e sortz enequitatz.
for which fails faith and rises iniquity

E consir me meravilhan
And I-consider myself marveling
com s'es lo segles endormitz
how itself-has the world fallen-asleep
e com be·n secha la raïtz
and how truly-of-it withers the root
e·l mals s'abriv' e vai poian;
and-the evil itself-hastens and goes climbing
qu'er' a penas prez' om ni blan,
for-now with difficulty prizes one or cares
si Deus es antatz ni laiditz,
if God is shamed and reviled
c'als Arabitz
so-that-to-the Arabs
trafas ses lei
treacherous without law
rema Suri' en patz,
remains Syria in peace
e sai tenson entr' els las poestatz!
and here wrangle among themselves the powers

E pero ges no m'es semblan
And yet at-all not to-me-is-it seeming
c'om valens d'armas ni arditz,
that-a-man valiant in-arms and bold
pos a tal coch' er Deu falhitz,
once at such a-strait he-shall-have God failed
ja ses vergonha·lh torn denan;
ever without shame-to-him should-turn before

mas cel c'aura pretz de so bran,
but he who-shall-have worth from his sword
de grans colps e dels seus feritz
from great blows and from-the his stricken
er acolhitz
will-be received
si de so rei
so by his king
que·s tenra per paiatz,
that-himself he-will-hold for paid
qu'el non es ges de donar issaratz.
for-he not is at-all of giving sparing

E pos a cor de bo talan
And since to a-heart of good will
dona poder Sanhs Esperitz,
gives power the-Holy Spirit
eslonh a que no si' aizitz
let-it-keep-off so that not it-be won-over
de doble trafa ple d'engan
by a-double traitor full of-deceit
esquivan cels c'ab Deu iran
shielding those who-with God will-go
c'us de sa forsa no s'iritz;
that-one of his strength not himself-vaunt

c'a penas vitz
for-with difficulty you-saw
per gran desrei
through great discord
de vairas volontatz
of divers wills
grans jauzimens venir ni de mans latz.
great enjoyments come nor from many sides

Mas desque segon tuch un ban
But since follow all one summons
e chascus vol esser grazitz,
and each-one wishes to-be thanked
qui mais pot, plus si' afortitz;
who most can most let-him-be strengthened
c'aissi sapchan que venseran,
for-thus let-them-know that they-will-conquer
e cilh s'aiuden que no·i van
and those let-them-help-themselves who not-there go
per que Deus sia melhs servitz!
for which God be better served
Pero si ditz
Yet if it-is-said
c'us quecs amnei
that-one each renounce
so qu'el mon plus li platz,
that which-in-the world most to-him pleases
el sega nutz, qu'el nos rems despolhatz!
let-him follow naked for-he us redeemed stripped

Ai, chaitiva gens que diran,
Ah wretched folk what will-they-say
can el remembrara·ls oblitz
when he shall-recall-the neglects
e volra comte dels pentitz,
and shall-want reckoning of-the repentant
cels qu'era no l'aiudaran?
those who-now not him-will-help
Veiretz be que razo rendran
You-will-see well that account they-will-render
de can que·ls ai' ensenhoritz;
of whatever that-them has made-lords
e ja lor guitz,
and ever their guides
fe que vos dei,
faith that to-you I-owe
que·ls auran mal guidatz,
who-them will-have ill guided
no lor faran ni conort ni solatz.
not to-them will-give nor comfort nor cheer

Be sapchatz que·m peza del dan,
Well know that-to-me it-grieves for-the harm
mas per l'anta·n sui esbaïtz
but for the-shame-of-it I-am confounded
que·lh trafanet menut mestitz,
that-the petty-traitors small mongrels
que Deu ni lei ni be non an,
who God nor law nor good not have

fassan sobre nos so que fan;
do upon us that which they-do
que lach nos an envilanitz
for foully us they-have degraded
c'anc non auzitz
so-that-ever not you-heard
en tal agrei
in such a-fashion
del tems que Deus fo natz
from-the time that God was born
tan gran perilh que tan leu fos portatz!
so great a-peril that so lightly was borne

Pero si vauc solatz cobran
Yet still I-go cheer recovering
que m'era lonhatz e ganditz,
which from-me-had gone-far and escaped
e mos vers es en joi fenitz
and my vers is in joy ended
qu'era comensatz en ploran,
which-was begun in weeping
desque las ostz chavaucharan
since the hosts will-ride-forth
e·l socors dels reis es plevitz.
and-the help of-the kings is pledged
Mal er balhitz,
Ill will-be handled
so vos autrei,
this to-you I-grant

Soudas et amiratz,
the-Sultan and emir
can ilh venran, si no s'es deslonhatz.
when they shall-come if not himself-he-has withdrawn

E·l coms Richartz es be garnitz;
And-the count Richard is well armed
c'als seus aïtz,
for-against-the his hated
qui que·l n'envei,
whoever that-him of-it-envies
s'es tals afars mesclatz
itself-has such a-business been-joined
que ben es grans, e sia·n Deus lauzatz!
which well is great and be-of-it God praised

Jois sia comensamens

61 · THE SECOND CRUSADE SONG

Joy should begin and end this new song. Making songs is called a fault and is not: let each sing what reward awaits God's servant. He was slow, and turns back to singing to preach against the heedless, whose heart fails sooner than their money, so the Sepulcher is left to pagans. Nowhere are the worthy better proved; friend, kin, lands, and gifts are not worth two rose-hips at the clenching of the teeth. Youth is nothing if the bettering is lost. He closes praying God show his love in the East.

Jois sia comensamens
Joy be the-beginning
e fis ab bon' aventura
and end with good fortune
d'un nou chan qu'era comens;
of-a new song that-now I-begin
car sobravinens
for most-fitting
es e bona ma razos!
is and good my theme
De faire chansos
Of making songs
sol om dir qu'es falhimens,
is-wont one to-say that-it-is a-fault

et es bes e chauzimens
and it-is good and clemency
c'us quecs chan
that-one each sing
e di' e mostr' en chantan
and say and show in singing
can ric gazardo n'aten
how rich reward of-it-awaits
cel c'a Deu serf bonamen.
he who God serves in-good-fashion

Per qu'eu, que n'er' alques lens,
For which-I who of-it-was somewhat slow
no·m tenh, per man d'escriptura,
not-myself I-restrain at a-summons of-writing
c'al chantar no torn jauzens;
that-to-the singing not I-turn rejoicing
tan me sembla gens
so to-me it-seems noble
e fis lo mesters! C'ab sos
and pure the craft For-with tunes
i volh far sermos
in-them I-wish to-make sermons
e precs contrals no-chalens,
and prayers against-the heedless
cui cor falh enans c'argens,
to-whom heart fails sooner than-money

per qu'estan
for which-they-forbear
c'al servizi Deu no van
that-to-the service of-God not they-go
de paias e d'avol gen
from pagans and from-worthless folk
desliurar lo monimen.
to-free the Sepulcher

E qui dels fals mescrezens
And who of-the false misbelievers
no pensa ni·s dona cura
not thinks nor-himself gives care
com chaia lor ardimens,
how falls their boldness
viu com recrezens;
lives as a-craven
c'anc melher locs no cre fos
for-ever a-better place not I-believe there-was
d'esproar los pros,
of-proving the worthy
c'armat de bels garnimens
who-armed with fair harness
sobre lor destrers correns
upon their chargers running
conquerran
shall-win
benanans' e valor gran,
prosperity and merit great

don seran pois viu manen
whereby they-shall-be after alive rich
e si morran eissamen.
and so shall-die likewise

Mas que val esbaudimens
But what avails merriment
al cors, si·l chaps s'en rancura,
to-the body if-the head of-it complains
ni que val forsa ni sens,
or what avails strength or sense
can non es parvens?
when not it-is visible
Deus es chaps el cors de nos,
God is head in-the body of us
don nos ve, sai jos,
whence to-us comes here below
lo bes e l'ensenhamens
the good and the-teaching
e l'adrechs chaptenemens!
and the-right conduct
Que l'engan
For the-deceit
e la pen' e·l maltalan
and the pain and-the ill-will
e·l vila chaptenemen
and-the churlish conduct
colhem de la charn creissen.
we-gather from the flesh growing

Pos chars es comandamens,
Since strict is the-commandment
conve, mentr' om viu ni dura,
it-behooves while one lives and lasts
c'a Deu si' obediens;
that-to God he-be obedient
c'amics ni parens
for-a-friend nor kinsman
ni larga possessios
nor broad possessions
ni conquist ni dos
nor conquest nor gift
no valran dos aguilens
not will-be-worth two rose-hips
a l'estrenher de las dens.
at the-clenching of the teeth
Mas penran,
But they-shall-take
segon so que serviran,
according-to that which they-shall-serve
li bo ben e·lh mal tormen
the good weal and-the evil torment
ses fi perdurablamen.
without end everlastingly

Ai, Deus! can pauc val jovens,
Ah God how little is-worth youth
en que·l cors creis e melhura,
in which-the body grows and betters

si·s pert lo melhuramens!
if-itself is-lost the bettering
Reis omnipotens,
King almighty
alques chamjet la sazos
somewhat changed the season
en c'om era bos!
in which-one was good
Car er paucs pros e niens,
For it-will-be small profit and nothing
si sas colpas penedens
if his faults repenting
non eschan
not be-atone
Deu serven e·l cor forsan;
God serving and-the heart mastering
c'aissi venra veramen
for-thus he-will-come truly
al seu primer estamen.
to-the his first estate

Per que·m par recrezemens,
For which-to-me it-seems cowardice
si·l reis qu'es maier abdura
if-the king who-is greatest endures
los mals ni·ls deschazemens,
the ills and-the decays

c'om sas ni valens
that-a-man sound and hale
estei de l'anar doptos?
should-stand of the-going fearful
Pos es sospeissos
Since there-is hope
c'a la nescer' er guirens,
that-in the need he-will-be a-help
e las penas e·ls tormens,
and the pains and-the torments
qu'en venran,
that-of-it will-come
ira Deus amezuran;
will-go God tempering
si·lh platz, venjan e parcen,
if-to-him it-pleases avenging and sparing
merce mescl' ab espaven.
mercy he-mixes with terror

Qu'el aten be sos convens,
For-he keeps well his covenants
qui que·ls an
whoever that-them go
somoven ni abaissan,
loosening and lessening
e ren als larcs largamen
and he-renders to-the open-handed openly
com larcs senher larc prezen.
as an-open-handed lord a-generous gift

E plassa·lh c'als seus prezen
And may-it-please-to-him that-to-the his he-show
s'amor lai vas orien!
his-love there toward the-east

S'es chantars ben entendutz

62 · AGAINST SELF-PRAISE

If song is well understood and offers worth, why is it ugly for a composer to praise his own once it is known? The reciting shows whether blame or praise is due. Worth acknowledged lasts of one color, and good friendship between lovers nursed with fear bears fruit; boasting spoils it. He tells how a vers set going as a good composer's came back under a false name, like the crow and the peacock, and ends by naming the king as guide and father of worth.

S'es chantars ben entendutz
If-is singing well understood
e s'ofris pretz e valor,
and if-it-offers worth and merit
per qu'es lach de trobador,
why is-it ugly of a-composer
desque sos chans er saubutz,
once-that his song shall-be known
qu'el eis en sia lauzaire?
that-he himself of-it be praiser
Que be pareis al retraire
For well it-shows at-the reciting
si·lh n'eschai blasmes o laus.
whether-to-him of-it-falls blame or praise

E bos pretz reconogutz
And good worth acknowledged
dur' ades d'una color,
lasts ever of-one color

si·l senher gara com cor;
if-the lord watches how it-runs
c'aissi sera greu vencutz.
for-thus will-it-be hardly overcome
E qui fort es rabinaire,
And who very is headlong
no sap ni no·s pot estraire
not knows and not-himself can to-withdraw
c'ans termini no repaus.
so-that-before term — he-lie-fallow

E bon' amistatz de drutz,
And good friendship of lovers
qui la noiris ab temor,
whoever it nurses with fear
fai bo fruch e bona flor,
makes good fruit and good flower
can chascu n'eschai salutz;
when to-each of-it-falls health
e no·us aizinetz gabaire,
and not-yourself set-up a-boaster
si ja re fatz fis amaire,
if ever anything you-do true lover
ans conve francs e suaus.
rather it-behooves noble and gentle

Qu'eu ai d'amadors vistz mutz,
For-I have of-lovers seen mute
pois s'i feron gabador;
after themselves-there made boasters
can guerra sors entre lor,
when war rose among them
lo gabars es remazutz
the boasting was left
escharnitz; sobregabaire,
mocked the-over-boaster
dins o defors so repaire,
within or without his dwelling
a peior perilh que naus.
has worse peril than a-ship

Lo vers auzitz e mogutz
The vers heard and set-going
coma de bo trobador
as of a-good composer
pois reverti en error,
after came-back in error
lo chans can er' asaubutz,
the song when it-was made-known
c'us s'en fazia clamaire
so-that-one himself-of-it made claimant
dels dichs don altr' era laire,
of-the sayings whereof another was thief
com fetz de la gralha·l paus.
as did of the crow-the peacock

Rics ja vitz dechazegutz,
Rich-men already you-saw fallen
pos foron larc donador,
after they-were open-handed givers
car per agrei de folor
since through the-humor of folly
remania lor pretz nutz,
was-left their worth bare
e cui sens non es guidaire,
and to-whom sense not is guide
no sap ni pot a chap traire,
not knows nor can to an-end to-bring
ans par a la fi bertaus.
rather he-seems at the end a-lout

Et eu que sai sui vengutz,
And I who here am come
bos reis, per vostra valor
good king for your merit
e no·i mou a comtador,
and not-in-it I-stir as a-talker
m'ais del vers, can er saubutz
I-make-use of-the vers when it-shall-be known
vas lo vostr' enter veiaire;
before the your entire judgment
car sai que·ns etz guitz e paire
for I-know that-to-us you-are guide and father
de pretz e tenetz las claus.
of worth and you-hold the keys

E creis vos ades vertutz,
And grows to-you ever power
cui que·s vir de drech en caire,
to-whomever that-itself turns from straight to crooked
e Deus, si·lh platz, la·us esclaire;
and God if-to-him it-pleases it-for-you may-make-shine
qu'e·us am servir e non aus!
for-I-you I-love to-serve and not I-dare

Solatz, jois e chantar

63 · THE RIGHT USE OF WEALTH

Cheer, joy, and singing are forgotten, and evil has climbed so high that worth and youth are cast down and the greatest barons are ill spoken of, though God gave the inheritances to the most prized. No rich man was ever ruined by giving alone; anyone who calls that a lie will find the poet armed with weighty sayings, for honor and wealth come by good deeds. No miserly rich man was ever saved. He knows one man so hurled toward worth that he needs no spur, and prays that King Alfonso grow more prized.

Solatz, jois e chantar
Cheer joy and singing
es eras oblidatz,
is now forgotten
mas tan es alt poiatz
but so is high climbed
lo mals que non a par,
the evil that not it-has equal
per que pretz e jovens
for which worth and youth
e bels chaptenemens
and fair conduct
en son motz deschazatz,
of-it are much cast-down
si c'als plus rics baros
so that-to-the most great barons
en ave mals ressos,
of-it comes ill repute

et estera lor be
and it-would-stand for-them well
c'us quecs penses de se;
that-one each thought of himself
car Deus als plus prezatz
for God to-the most prized
donet las eretatz.
gave the inheritances

Et anc per trop donar
And ever through too-much giving
senes altras foldatz
without other follies
rics om no fo cochatz
a-rich man not was pressed
ni per so gen-estar,
nor through his noble-bearing
e si nuls ditz: «Tu mens»,
and if any says You lie
que sia conoissens:
let-him be knowing
eu sui ben assermatz;
I am well armed
que per dichs autoros
that by sayings authoritative
farai creire als bos
I-shall-make believe to-the good
qu'eu dic ver, per ma fe,
that-I say true by my faith

que per bos fachs s'ave
that through good deeds it-comes
e per adrechs perchatz
and through fitting endeavors
onors ab grans rictatz.
honor with great wealth

E donc ric om' avar,
And so a-rich man miserly
can ben es aguzatz
when well he-is pricked
e no·n garis, onratz
and not-of-it he-recovers honored
se deu be pauc prezar;
himself ought well little to-prize
car entre bonas gens
for among good folk
qui mais a e val mens
who most has and avails least
deu esser mens nomnatz
ought to-be least named
e, can el er rescos,
and when he shall-be hidden
n'er gaps entrels plus pros
of-it-will-be mockery among-the most worthy
aitals com se conve,
such as itself befits

et el sapcha desse
and let-him know at-once
c'anc nuls om rics malvatz
that-ever any man rich wicked
no fo per Deu salvatz.
not was by God saved

Per c'om se deu gardar,
For that-one himself ought to-guard
mentr' es alezeratz,
while he-is at-leisure
de faire grans pechatz
from doing great sins
e de tot mal-estar;
and from all ill-behavior
que·l segles es niens!
for-the world is nothing
Donc per esser manens,
Then for to-be wealthy
voletz esser blasmatz?
wish-you to-be blamed
Oc be, si voletz vos
Yes indeed if wish you
aver mais qu'esser pros;
to-have more than-to-be worthy
que pretz no s'esdeve,
for worth not itself-happens
can om no fai per que,
when one not does whereby (it-comes)

e s'eu re be no fatz,
and if-I anything good not do
per que serai lauzatz?
for what shall-I-be praised

Mas un en sai que·m par
But one of-them I-know who-to-me seems
trop ben aministratz
very well furnished
de far rics fachs prezatz,
to do great deeds prized
de be-dir e de far
of good-speaking and of doing
e de bos fachs sabens;
and of good deeds knowing
qu'es cortes e plazens,
who-is courtly and pleasing
umils, de bel solatz
humble of fair cheer
e ja no·lh chal a nos
and ever not-to-him is-there-need for us
donar dels esperos,
to-give of-the spurs
ans es, s'om no·l rete
rather he-is if-one not-him holds
trop duramen el fre,
too hard in-the rein

vas pretz tan eslaissatz
toward worth so hurled
c'un pauc en sembla fatz.
that-a little of-it he-seems foolish

Reis n'Anfos, cel c'us fe
King Sir-Alfonso he who-you made
volha c'ades siatz
may-grant that-ever you-are
plus pros e mais prezatz!
more worthy and more prized

Molt era dolz e plazens

64 · RANK AND ITS DUTIES

Sweet was the season when rank was established for the upright, the loyal, the noble, and the merciful, and that is why service, courts, courtship, and giving came in. The ancients gave the noble lineage rents to keep what rank requires; a man who holds a fief and does not serve is no peer of the worthy. Ladies were praised once, and the old lineages have come to nothing: slander and boasting please them. Every worthy man who upholds such churls shames rank and himself, and they scowl at him who will not.

Molt era dolz e plazens
Very was sweet and pleasing
lo tems gais, can fon eslitz
the season gay when was chosen
paratges et establitz;
rank and established
que·ls drechurers, conoissens,
for-the upright discerning
leials, francs, de ric coratge,
loyal noble of rich heart
plazens, larcs, de bona fe,
pleasing open-handed of good faith
vertaders, de gran merce
truthful of great mercy
establit om de paratge,
established one of rank
per que fo servirs trobatz,
for which was serving found
cortz e domneis e donars,
courts and courtship and giving

Amors e totz ben-estars
Love and every seemliness
d'onor e de gran drechura.
of-honor and of great justice

E paratges e bos sens
And rank and good sense
deu esser chabdels e guitz
ought to-be leader and guide
de totz enters bes complitz;
of all whole goods complete
per que las primeras gens
for which the first folk
doneron al ric linhatge
gave to-the noble lineage
rendas que tenguesson be
rents that they-might-keep well
so c'a paratge conve.
that which-to rank befits
E donc qui te l'eretatge
And then who holds the-inheritance
ni·l feu, don el es chazatz,
and-the fief whereof he is enfeoffed
no serf, com vol esser pars
not serves how wishes-be to-be equal
als pros? Mais tot l'er pensars
to-the worthy Rather all to-him-will-be thinking
de far so don pretz melhura.
of doing that whereby worth betters

E de domnas eissamens
And of ladies likewise
fo ja lor bos pretz auzitz
was once their good worth heard
per tot lo mon e grazitz
through all the world and praised
e fazion onramens
and they-did honorable-deeds
e fachs de gran vassalatge
and deeds of great prowess
li fort linhatge d'ancse
the strong lineages of-old
qu'er' an tornat a no-re,
who-now have turned to no-thing
e tenon a nesciatge,
and they-hold for folly
qui lor vol esser privatz,
whoever with-them wishes to-be intimate
mas fals maldirs e gabars
but false ill-speaking and boasting
lor platz e suau-parlars
to-them pleases and soft-talking
ab celas de lor mezura.
with those-women of their measure

E donc om fals, maldizens,
And then a-man false slandering
perjurs, avars, deschauzitz,
perjured miserly rude

desconoissens, apostitz,
undiscerning counterfeit
pos renh' ab galiamens,
since he-lives with cheatings
lauzengers e ples d'oltratge,
a-slanderer and full of-outrage
pos tot paratge mescre,
since all rank he-disowns
be volgra saber per que
well I-should-wish to-know for what
vol aver nulh senhoratge,
he-wishes to-have any lordship
mas no·s conois on fo natz!
but not-himself he-knows where he-was born
Que bos pretz es aitan chars
For good worth is so precious
que no·l sap comprar avars;
that not-it knows to-buy a-miser
mas l'altrui be-fach rancura.
rather the-other's good-deed he-resents

E cilh ab los fers luzens
And those with the irons shining
dels altruis drechs enriquitz,
from-the others' rights enriched
que viran tost la cervitz
who turn quickly the neck
lai on tanh' acolhimens,
there where befits a-welcome

son vila per plan uzatge,
are churlish by plain habit
e totz om pros que·ls mante
and every man worthy who-them upholds
aontis paratg' e se
shames rank and himself
e, si tot no m'es salvatge,
and though wholly not to-me-it-is grievous
car ab lor no·m sui molhatz
since with them not-myself I-am wetted
de la ploia que s'espars,
by the rain that itself-scatters
no·m platz lor vilaneiars,
not-to-me pleases their churlish-dealing
per qu'ilh me fan char' escura.
for which-they me make a-face dark

Per solatz revelhar

65 · SAD TIMES

He meant to rouse cheer from its sleep and bring back banished worth, and has given it up: the more he wills it the more trouble comes. Once tourneys were proclaimed; now worth is robbery and carrying off sheep. Young jongleurs once went through the courts praising ladies; now none speak of them. He who used to sing all worthy men hears the tale of Bretmar's goose welcomed like a good song. His house was never invaded, so his lord gains no praise by making him complain; so says the Dauphin, who knows good songs.

Per solatz revelhar,
For cheer to-rouse
que s'es trop endormitz,
which itself-has too fallen-asleep
e per pretz, qu'es faiditz,
and for worth which-is banished
acolhir e tornar,
to-welcome and to-bring-back
me cudei trebalhar;
myself I-thought to-labor
mas er m'en sui gequitz!
but now myself-of-it I-have desisted
Per so m'en sui falhitz,
For this myself-of-it I-have failed
car non es d'achabar;
since not it-is to-be-achieved
c'on plus m'en ve volontatz e talans,
for-the more to-me-of-it comes will and desire
plus creis de lai lo destorbers e·l dans.
more grows from there the trouble and-the harm

Greu es de sofertar;
Hard is-it to endure
a vos o dic c'auzitz
to you it I-say who-have-heard
com era jois grazitz
how was joy welcomed
e tuch li benestar.
and all the seemlinesses
Mais no podetz jurar
Moreover not you-can to-swear
qu'egas de fust no vitz
that-mares of wood not you-saw
ni vilas, velhs, fronitz
nor churls old broken-down
esters grat chavalgar.
against (their)-will to-ride
Lachs es l'afars e fers e malestans,
Ugly is the-matter and cruel and unseemly
don om pert Deu e rema malanans!
whereby one loses God and stays distressed

Vos vitz torneis mandar
You saw tourneys proclaimed
e segre·ls gen garnitz
and to-follow-them nobly armed
e pois dels melhs feritz
and then of-the best struck
una sazo parlar;
a season to-speak

er' es pretz de raubar
now is worth in stealing
e d'ebranchar berbitz.
and in-carrying-off sheep
Chavalers si' aunitz
A-knight let-him-be shamed
que·s met en domneiar,
who-himself sets to courting
pos que tocha dels mas moltos belans
once that he-touches with-the hands wethers bleating
ni que rauba gleizas ni viandans!
and who robs churches and travelers

E vitz per cortz anar
And you-saw through courts to-go
de joglaretz formitz
of little-jongleurs eager
gen chaussatz e vestitz
nobly shod and clothed
sol per domnas lauzar;
only for ladies to-praise
er no n'auzem parlar,
now not of-them-we-hear to-speak
tan es lor pretz delitz! —
so is their worth destroyed

Don es lo tortz issitz
Whence is the wrong come-out
d'elas malrazonar
of-them the-ill-speaking
no sai. — De cals, d'elas o dels amans?
not I-know Of which of-them or of-the lovers
Eu dic de totz, que·l pretz n'a trach l'engans!
I say of all for-the worth of-them-has drawn-away the-deceit

On son gandit joglar
Where are vanished the-jongleurs
que vitz gen acolhitz?
whom you-saw nobly welcomed
C'a tal a mester guitz
For-to such-a-one has need a-guide
que solia guidar,
who was-wont to-guide
e pero ses reptar
and yet without reproach
vai er tals escharitz,
goes now such-a-one alone
pos fo bos pretz falhitz,
since was good worth failed
que solia menar
who was-wont to-lead
de companhos, e no sai dire cans,
of companions and not I-know to-say how-many
gen en arnes e bels e benestans.
nobly in harness and fair and comely

Qu'eu eis que solh sonar
For-I myself who am-wont to-sing-of
totz pros, om eissernitz,
all worthy men chosen
estauc tan esbaïtz
I-stand so bewildered
que no·m sai conselhar;
that not-myself I-know to-counsel
qu'en loc de solassar
for-in place of pastime
auch er' en cortz los critz
I-hear now in courts the shoutings
c'aitan leu s'er grazitz
so-that-as easily itself-will-be welcomed
de l'aucha de Bretmar
of the-goose of Bretmar
lo comtes entre lor com us bos chans
the tale among them as a good song
dels rics afars e dels tems e dels ans.
of-the great matters and of-the times and of-the years

Mas a cor afranchar,
But for a-heart to-soften
que s'es trop enduritz,
which itself-has too hardened
no deu om los oblitz
not ought one the forgotten-things
ni·ls velhs fachs remembrar?
nor-the old deeds to-recall

Que mals es a laissar
For ill is-it to leave
afars, pos es plevitz,
a-matter once it-is pledged
e·l mal don sui garitz
and-the ill whereof I-am healed
no·m chal ja mezinar;
not-to-me it-behooves ever to-doctor
mas so c'om ve, volv' e vir e balans
but that which-one sees let-him-turn and turn-about and weigh
e prend' e lais e forse d'ams los pans!
and take and leave and force at-both the ends

D'aitan me posc vanar
Of-so-much myself I-can to-boast
c'anc mos ostals petitz
that-ever my house little
no fo d'els envazitz;
not was by-them invaded
que·l vei per totz doptar
for-it I-see by all to-be-feared
ni no·m fetz mas onrar
and not-to-me did but to-honor
lo volpils ni l'arditz,
the coward nor the-bold

don mos Senher chauzitz
whereof my Lord discerning
se deuria pensar
himself ought to-consider
que no l'es ges pretz ni laus ni bobans
that not to-him-is at-all worth nor praise nor display
qu'eu, que·m laus d'els, sia de lui clamans.
that-I who-myself praise of-them be of him complaining

Era no m'ais! Per que? No m'o demans;
Now not to-me-it-avails For what Not to-me-it ask
car planchs sera, s'aissi rema mos chans.
for a-lament it-will-be if-thus stays my song

So di·l Dalfis que conois los bos chans.
So says-the Dauphin who knows the good songs

Obs m'agra

66 · WINTER WANTS

If the dark season allowed it he would take cheer: against cold, clothing; against wrong, mercy; against silence, song; and against changing barons, one noble lord. He would lie warmer with his needs at home, since owing thanks to many is a pain, and rich he would please his neighbors better. Better to eat his own upon his hauberk than play the courtier at another's cost. Too much admonishing frightens a boy, though cheer and worth fall to youth. He wishes gout on whoever has no taste for joy, and still complains of the Navarrese.

Obs m'agra, si m'o consentis
Need to-me-would-be if to-me-it allowed
la sazos del tems entenerc,
the season of-the weather dark
qu'en cal que solatz m'esjauzis;
that-in what soever cheer myself-I-gladdened
que contral frech m'agr' obs vestirs
for against-the cold to-me-would-be need clothing
e contral tort, qu'eu pren, merces
and against-the wrong that-I take mercy
e contral trop tazer chantars
and against-the too-much keeping-silent singing
e contral chamje dels baros
and against-the change of-the barons
francs senher e cortes e bos.
a-noble lord and courtly and good

E jagra plus chald los matis,
And I-should-lie more warm the mornings
si·m sentis mos obs dins l'alberc
if-to-myself I-felt my needs within the-lodging
que ja forsatz fors no n'issis;
so-that ever forced out not thence-I-went
que pena m'es a mans grazirs.
for a-pain to-me-is to many to-give-thanks
E qui soferre s'en pogues,
And if-one to-forbear oneself-of-it could
be fora nauza demandars;
well would-be a-nuisance asking
e pero, si donars no fos,
and yet if giving not were
ja no saubr' om qui·s fora pros.
ever not would-know one who-himself would-be worthy

E plagra mais a mos vezis
And I-should-please more to my neighbors
manens que paubres; que, pos cerc
rich than poor for since I-seek
totz mos obs, us no m'er tan fis,
all my needs one not to-me-will-be so true
pro vetz no l'enoi l'escondirs.
many times not him-it-vexes the-refusing
E qui trop frez' altruis conres,
And who too-much looks-to others' entertainments

sofranhera·lh cals que disnars
will-fail-to-him what soever dinner
e, pos s'aficha ses somos,
and since he-thrusts-himself-in without summons
sembla·lh falha pas e maizos.
it-seems-to-him fails bread and lodging

Be·s pagra genseis, so m'es vis,
Well-himself he-would-satisfy better so to-me-is it-seen
enquera sobre son ausberc,
even upon his hauberk
s'altra mandaula li falhis,
if-another table-board to-him failed
del seu, que trop n'es bels servirs,
of-the his for much of-it-is fair serving
e qui·s fai de l'altrui cortes,
and who-himself makes with the-other's courtly
pos del seu sera sobravars,
since with-the his he-will-be over-miserly
ges no m'es vis aport razos
at-all not to-me-is it-seen brings reason
c'a lui repaire·l gazardos.
that-to him return-the reward

Ges magra forsa l'altrui vis
At-all a-lean power the-other's wine
no m'a, s'eu m'oblit ni m'esperc
not over-me-has if-I myself-forget and myself-lose
de far aco c'om me grazis.
from doing that which-one me should-thank
E pero si bels acolhirs
And yet if a-fair welcoming
no dona pretz mas lui cui es
not gives worth but to-him whose it-is
c'aissi com chascus es plus chars,
so-that-just as each-one is more precious
degra voler que bels ressos
he-ought to-wish that a-fair report
issis ans de lui que de vos.
should-issue sooner from him than from you

S'om agramen no m'acolhis,
If-one bitterly not me-received
si·m ponh ni manei ni m'esterc
if-myself I-spur and handle and myself-polish
los jovensels ni·ls enantis,
the young-men and-them advance
genser en paregra·l forbirs;
fairer of-it would-appear-the polishing

mas qui fara semblan que·lh pes
but who will-make a-show that-to-him it-weighs
ensenhamens ni chastiars
teaching and admonishing
e vos trebalhatz c'altre fos,
and you toil that-another he-were
franher i podetz mil bastos!
to-break in-it you-may a-thousand sticks

Per sagramen, c'om me plevis,
By an-oath that-one to-me should-pledge
no creiria c'ans tem que·i perc
not I-should-believe for-rather I-fear that-in-it I-lose
mos chastics que tos ben assis,
my admonishments that a-boy well placed
pos trop l'esfreda l'apertirs,
once too-much him-frightens the-instructing
ja colh' ardit, desc' aura mes
ever should-gather boldness once he-shall-have set
s'entencion en sos afars;
his-purpose on his affairs
que, mentre qu'es mancips e tos,
for while that-he-is a-youth and a-boy
l'eschai solatz e pretz e dos.
to-him-falls cheer and worth and a-gift

Podagra, don ja no garis,
Gout whereof ever not be-recover
o grans meschaps en pla conderc,
or a-great mishap on open ground
tals qu'el plus lonh adens l'auzis,
such that-in-the most far prostrate him-I-heard
o fachs don se seg' escharnirs
or a-deed whence itself follow mocking
o peitz volria l'avengues
or worse I-should-wish him-befell
cui jois no platz ni deportars;
to-whom joy not pleases nor sporting
que mans pensamens enoios
for many thoughts vexing
lonha desse bona chansos.
drives-off at-once a-good song

Senher Sobre-Totz, rics pensars
Lord Above-All rich thinking
e jois e bona sospeissos
and joy and good hope
cresch' ades Mo-Senhor e vos!
grow ever for-My-Lord and you

Qu'eu·m clam enquera dels Navars;
For-I-myself complain still of-the Navarrese
car anc deschauzitz sofrachos
since once a-rude wretch
entr' els me fo contrarios!
among them to-me was hostile

Tals gen prezich' e sermona

67 · THE WORLD CONTRADICTS ITSELF

One preaches nobly and has a false heart; one accuses another and never blames his own fault; one wears a humble garment and has a treacherous will; one sows his grain well and does not reap it. One promises and keeps it ill; one takes great service and rewards it badly. One seeks the empire's crown and defends the faith badly, while the pope sleeps between terce and nones and no baron opposes the Saracens. Christ bore a crown of thorns; the pope abandons his sepulcher, and treacherous folk so abound that Antichrist will come soon.

Tals gen prezich' e sermona
Such-a-one nobly preaches and sermonizes
c'a cor fals e maltalen
who-has a-heart false and ill-will
e tals altrui ochaizona
and such-a-one another accuses
que sa colpa no repren
who his fault not blames
e tals fera peitz de serpen
and such-a-one would-strike worse than a-serpent
que so coratg' empreizona,
who his purpose imprisons
tals port' umil vestimen
such-a-one wears a-humble garment
c'a volontat felona.
who-has a-will treacherous

Tals l'altrui tort no perdona
Such-a-one the-other's wrong not forgives
que sa part no·n get' al ven
who his share not-of-it casts to-the wind
e tals molt clam' e tensona
and such-a-one much cries and wrangles
que no n'a de drech nien
who not of-it-has of right anything
e tals sos fachs fai folamen
and such-a-one his deeds does foolishly
que parla gen e razona,
who speaks nobly and pleads
tals semena ben e gen
such-a-one sows well and nobly
so blat que no·l meissona.
his grain that not-it he-reaps

Tals a gent' e fort persona
Such-a-one has a-noble and strong person
c'a sofracha d'ardimen,
who-has want of-boldness

tals son amic abandona
such-a-one his friend abandons
que n'a sofracha soven
who of-him-has want often
e tals promet que mal aten
and such-a-one promises who ill keeps
e tals te pro que pauc dona
and such-a-one holds much who little gives
e tals gran servizi pren
and such-a-one great service takes
que mal lo gazardona.
who ill it rewards

Tals cud' aver sazo bona
Such-a-one thinks to-have a-season good
a cui en vai malamen,
to whom in-it goes ill
tals ponh fort et esperona
such-a-one presses hard and spurs
c'a so chaval trop corren
who-has his horse too running
e tals cuda far mantenen
and such-a-one thinks to-do at-once
que s'a speransa bretona
who to-himself-has a-hope Breton
e tals par anar trop len
and such-a-one seems to-go too slow
que sos fachs desazona.
who his deeds does-out-of-season

Tals quer d'emperi corona
Such-a-one seeks of-empire a-crown
que nostra fe mal defen,
who our faith ill defends
e·l pap' entre tertz' e nona
and-the pope between terce and nones
s'endorm aissi planamen
himself-falls-asleep so soundly
qu'encontra sarrazina gen
that-against Saracen folk
no vei baro que s'opona,
not I-see a-baron who himself-opposes
ans an per lor malvolen
rather they-have for their ill-wisher
qui d'aisso mot lor sona.
whoever of-this a-word to-them sounds

Jesucristz, per salvar la gen,
Jesus-Christ to save the folk
portet d'espinas corona,
bore of-thorns a-crown
e·l papa so monimen
and-the pope his sepulcher
malamen abandona.
foully abandons

L'antecristz, cut, venra breumen,
The-Antichrist I-think will-come shortly
tan aonda gens felona;
so abounds folk treacherous
car totztems vei c'om aten
for always I-see that-one awaits
la ploia, can fort trona.
the rain when hard it-thunders

De bels dichs menutz frais

68 · PLAIN WORDS

He never thought to win credit by fine broken sayings, and would rather give his gay tunes whole and plain than too dark and over-embroidered. Display, worth, good love, and the welcome of lords have failed: what is left to sing of? From Bordeaux to Lamais he will wait no longer. The German emperor will come, and then bad passes will be heard of, Germans and Castilians parted in name and near in purpose. The guile he found among the highest can no longer be hidden. No bowing and no hood makes a brother whole.

De bels dichs menutz frais
With fair sayings fine broken
aver et escudar
to-have and to-shield
no cuder' eu trobar.
not would-have-thought I to-find
Sobeiras ja fo l'ans!
Supreme indeed was the-year
Per so·s passet mos chans
For this-itself passed my song
en patz jostals alsors;
in peace beside-the highest
e si·m fos er' onors
and if-to-me were now the-honor
d'eis lo trebalh cobrar,
of-the-same the labor to-take-up

trop volgra mais donar
much I-should-wish rather to-give
mos gais sonetz joios
my gay tunes joyful
ab bels dichs et enters,
with fair sayings and whole
entendables e plas
intelligible and plain
que trop escurs ni sobrestorias.
than too dark or over-embroidered

E ja no·m for' empais
And ever not-to-me would-be a-hindrance
d'eis regio tornar,
by-the-same road to-return
s'eu cudes encontrar
if-I thought to-meet
belas mas no per gans.
fair hands not through gloves
Mas falhitz es bobans
But failed is display
e pretz e bon' amors
and worth and good love
e respechs de senhors
and the-regard of lords
d'acolhir e d'onrar!
of-welcoming and of-honoring
De que posc donc chantar?
Of what can-I then to-sing

Que·l chan ja·l fai razos
For-the song surely-it makes the-theme
o·l noms es messongers,
or-the name is lying
qu'el tems dels ancias
for-in-the time of-the ancients
jois, chans ensems eran co·lh palh' e·l gras.
joy song together were as-the straw and-the grain

Tans n'i vei d'els estrais
So-many of-them-there I-see of-them withdrawn
del bel galaubeiar
from-the fair splendid-doing
que no·m n'aus amparar.
that not-myself of-it-I-dare to-take-up
Per que? No m'o demans,
For what Not to-me-it ask
que savis est e grans;
for wise you-are and grown
que jois es en decors!
for joy is in decline
No tanh neis als menors
Not befits even to-the lesser
tals res ademandar.
such things to-inquire-after
Cui ves tu conortar,
Whom see you take-cheer
tan sia gais ni pros?
however-much he-be gay or worthy

Pero mans chavalers
Yet many knights
abaissa fachs vilas
lowers deed churlish
e torna·l nom desobre soteiras.
and turns-the name topmost undermost

De Bordel tro Lamais —
From Bordeaux to Lamais
no·m volh plus esperar —
not-myself I-wish more to-wait
…
(lacuna)
c'ades m'es pretz. — Mas cans! —
that-ever to-me-is worth But how-much
Laissa·m, no·m platz mazans
Leave-me not-to-me pleases clamor
senes razonadors;
without reasoners
tan es lo meschaps sors,
so is the mishap risen
no fai a razonar.
not it-is to be-argued
Be·m posc meravilhar;
Well-myself I-may to-marvel
que sols nada·l peissos!
that alone swims-the fish

En totz bos altz mesters
In all good high crafts
m'aib aicel Rovinhas
me-fits that man-of-Rovigna
a be triar los brezilhatz dels sas.
to well sort the broken from-the sound

Re no·m val us sols trais
Anything not-to-me avails a single pull
al pas dezencombrar.
to-the pass to-clear
Totz m'en cudei laissar;
Wholly myself-of-it I-thought to-leave
mas venra l'Alamans,
but will-come the-German
l'adrechs e·l benestans,
the-upright and-the seemly
miralhs e guitz e flors
mirror and guide and flower
d'altres emperadors,
of-other emperors
e creis per gran afar!
and he-grows by a-great matter

Pois auziretz passar
Then you-shall-hear pass
per locs e per sazos
through places and through seasons
mals pas e mals senders
bad passes and bad paths
Ties ab Chastelas
Germans with Castilians
de nom partitz e de conselh propdas.
in name parted and in purpose near

Tot salhira l'agais
Wholly will-leap-out the-guile
que no·l posc plus celar,
so-that not-it I-can more to-hide
per que pert alegrar;
for which I-lose gladness
que vei far don ve·l dans,
for I-see done whence comes-the harm
per que sui malanans!
for which I-am distressed
Car o trop els alsors
For it I-find in-the highest
don cudei que fos sors
whence I-thought that were risen
de ben aconselhar,
of good counseling

tro que l'auzi bailar
until that him-I-heard to-muster
contra me sos peos
against me his foot-soldiers
a tal que·m fo sobrers.
to such-a-one who-to-me was stronger
No volh dir que trafas,
Not I-wish to-say like a-traitor
si tot, s'o fos, eu·m chalera per mas.
though wholly if-it I-were I-myself should-be-silent by morning

No·m fatz de maus lor ais
Not-myself I-make of many their vexations
a be-mas taïnar,
to good-morning to-delay
can eu volh sermonar.
when I wish to-preach
C'auia, car sermonans
Let-him-hear for preaching
me bat, cel nofezans
me strikes that faithless-man
qu'eu no volh refectors
that-I not wish refectories
ni reglas de colors;
nor rules of colors
car ja per sopleiar,
for ever through bowing
si' ab cor ferm e clar,
be-it with a-heart firm and clear

ni per trops chapairos
nor through many hoods
no sera·l frair enters
not will-be-the brother whole
ni verais ni certas,
nor true nor sure
si·l drech no sec e no·l guida la mas.
if-the right not he-follows and not-it guides the hand

No·s pot sofrir ma lenga

69 · THE TONGUE AND THE HEART

His tongue cannot forbear to say what his heart charges it with, since the heart governs the members like a lord; if the saying is uncourtly, the tongue is excused as a handmaid. The world has changed from courtesy into churlishness: the man who takes at will is praised above the man who gives. Paul's word, that the giver is praised above the taker, has no place. He would rather be a lamb in a meadow than a wolf, and salutes his friend Bertran.

No·s pot sofrir ma lenga qu'ilh no dia
Not-itself can to-forbear my tongue that-it not say
so que mo cor li dai en mandazo;
that which my heart to-it gives in charge
car lo cor fai a guia de baro,
for the heart acts in the-manner of a-lord
qu'en comanda a los membres tot dia.
who-in-it commands over the members all day
E per so, si tals dichs non es vezis
And for this if such a-saying not is neighbor
a cortezia, be mi par devis
to courtesy well to-me it-seems settled
que la lenga s'escus per senhoria,
that the tongue itself-excuse by lordship
car es del cor ancela ses bauzia.
for she-is of-the heart handmaid without falsehood

Lo segle s'es chamjatz de cortezia
The world itself-has changed from courtesy
en vilanatges et en perdizo;
into churlishnesses and into perdition
plus es lauzatz qui tot tol a bando
more is praised who all takes at will
que cel que dona per sa manentia
than he who gives according-to his wealth
c'ardis lo crois sordeiors e mesquis
so-that-emboldens the vile-man the-viler and mean
l'us aib l'altre. Tals e tals vai rapis
the-one with the-other Such and such goes robbing
pel seu donar, e per sa trufardia
instead-of his to-give and for his knavery
gardem nos be d'aital poestaria!
let-us-guard ourselves well from-such tyranny

Donc non a locs so que sol Pauls aprendre
Then not is-there place that which was-wont Paul to-teach
que dizia en son escrit aissi:
who said in his writing thus
"Plus es lauzatz qui don' al seu vezi
More is praised who gives to-the his neighbor
que cel que pren", qu'er sol franqueza vendre,
than he who takes for-now is-wont generosity to-sell
ni no conselh de mandar jutjador
and not I-counsel to summon a-judge
cal sia melhs e de maior lauzor,
which is better and of greater praise

prendre o dar; car li croi volran rendre
to-take or to-give for the vile will-wish to-render
garentia: no val tan dar com prendre.
warranty not is-worth so-much to-give as to-take

E si li bo volran lor drech defendre
And if the good will-wish their right to-defend
contra los crois, ni lo ser ni·l mati
against the vile neither the evening nor-the morning
no·l poiran far, si com pens dins de mi,
not-it they-will-be-able to-do so as I-think within of me
car trop es fortz lor tortz per escoissendre.
for too is strong their wrong to be-torn-down
Car per un bo son cen li sordeior,
For for one good are a-hundred the viler
donc qu'en valgra la garentia lor
then what-of-it would-avail the warranty theirs
contra los crois, cuis chaps poscha Deus fendre?
against the vile whose heads may God to-cleave
Pauc o nien, so posc per drech entendre.
Little or nothing this I-can by right to-understand

E pos li bo perdut an la poissansa
And since the good lost have the power
e·lh savai croi e·lh janglos lauzenger
and-the base vile and-the railing slanderers
tolguda l'an ab fel cor brau e fer,
taken-away it-have with a-cruel heart fierce and cruel

qu'i faran ilh, si Deus no fai venjansa?
what-in-it shall-do they if God not takes vengeance
Remarran ilh de proar lor talan?
Shall-cease they from proving their will
No·l lor conselh, si Deus mi do bon an!
Not-it to-them I-counsel so God to-me give a-good year
Melhs am be far ses aver nulh' onransa
Better I-love well to-do without having any honor
qu'esser prezatz ab malvaia bombansa.
than-to-be prized with a-wicked boasting

Car eu am mais, de bo cor ses enfansa,
For I love more of a-good heart without childishness
esser anheus en prat oz en verger
to-be a-lamb in meadow or in garden
que lops ni ors, si tot ai consirer
than a-wolf or a-bear though wholly I-have care
d'esser trenchatz o d'aver greu pezansa.
of-being torn or of-having heavy grief
Car qui mor bos, sivals gazanha tan
For who dies good at-least gains so-much
quez apres se Deus lo vai onoran,
that after himself God him goes honoring
e laissa rics sos filhs de sa nomansa;
and he-leaves rich his sons of his renown
el mon non es rictatz de tal engansa!
in-the world not is-there a-wealth of such equaling

Amics Bertrans, qui etz conoissens tan,
Friend Bertran who are discerning so
paucs en conosc c'ab vos valhon un gan.
few of-them I-know who-with you are-worth a glove
Conortatz vos qui avetz ses doptansa
Take-heart you who have without doubt
rics pretz conquis! tenhatz lo en membransa!
rich worth won hold it in memory

Era, can vei

70 · GIVING AND ITS MANNER

Now the gardens are green again and the season draws his heart toward cheer, though he sees the holy sepulcher left to wicked pagans without outcry. Whoever loves well is loved, and a small good deed from a good heart grows great when it is welcomed. God overmastered the giant David faced. Since King Richard has crossed over with many worthy companions, let Christendom lift its head. Wealth is heaped up to be shared fittingly, not to double deceit. His heart bids him play the fool wisely, and he would have returned sooner had the lord Aragon serves not held him.

Era, can vei reverdezitz
Now when I-see turned-green-again
los vergers e cobra l'estatz,
the gardens and returns the-summer
me tira·l cor plus vas solatz;
me draws-the heart more toward cheer
que, can se dezaguiza l'ans
for when itself renews the-year
e·l jois e·l chans
and-the joy and-the song
dels auzels e·l deportz e·l critz,
of-the birds and-the sporting and-the shouting
es m'us envitz
is to-me-a summons
de chantar, per qu'eu m'esbaudei.
to sing for which-I myself-rejoice

Pero si vei
Yet still I-see
mantas res de que sui iratz
many things at which I-am grieved
e plus, car a paias malvatz,
and more since to pagans wicked
enics e fenhs, fals e felos
hostile and dissembling false and cruel
es lo sanhs sepulcres restatz,
is the holy sepulcher left
que no·ls ensec clams ni tensos.
for not-them pursues outcry nor strife

Pero, can Deus es obezitz,
Yet when God is obeyed
no·s tarza·l gazardos ni·l gratz,
not-itself delays-the reward nor-the thanks
car qui ben am', es ben amatz;
for who well loves is well loved
que l'amors dobla·ls bos talans,
for the-love doubles-the good desires
e fai se grans
and makes itself great
de bo cor us be-fachs petitz,
of a-good heart a good-deed small
can es grazitz.
when it-is welcomed

Per qu'enten om que ben estei
For which-understands one that well it-stands
c'al maior rei,
that-to-the greatest king
cui no contrasta poestatz,
whom not withstands a-power
se vir la bona volontatz
itself should-turn the good will
e·l bo cor e la sospeissos?
and-the good heart and the hope
Car cel que peza sos pechatz,
For he who weighs his sins
es ades benignes e bos.
is ever benign and good

E donc be degr' esser servitz
And then well he-ought to-be served
tan francs senher e tan onratz!
so noble a-lord and so honored
Que mostra com lo serviatz
For he-shows how him you-should-serve
qu'el apodera·ls sols esmans
in-that he-masters-the mere thoughts
que·l fortz jaians
for-the strong giant
contra cui se levet Davitz
against whom himself raised David
era garnitz,
was armed

so trobam, de forsor arnei
so we-find with stronger harness
e, fe que·us dei,
and faith that-to-you I-owe
car s'era contra Deu levatz,
since himself-he-had against God raised
remas el cham apoderatz;
he-stayed in-the field overmastered
qu'eu n'ai ja vist aramir dos
for-I of-it-have already seen to-contend two
de que·l plus fortz es plus grevatz
of whom-the more strong is more pressed
e·l plus frevols plus poderos.
and-the more feeble more powerful

Era, que Deus en sia guitz,
Now may God in-it be guide
repaire fes e venha patz
let-return faith and let-come peace
e ferm se valors e vertatz,
and let-fix itself merit and truth
de que ja crolav' us grans pans,
of which already was-tottering a great piece
e gens bobans
and noble display
qu'eu cre, si sai no fos ganditz,
which-I believe if here not it-were saved
que fos falhitz;
that it-were failed

mas era cobrara so drei,
but now it-will-recover its right
en can eu vei,
in so-far-as I see
pos lo reis Richartz es passatz,
since the king Richard is crossed-over
e pos el es lai aribatz
and once he is there arrived
n'i a tans valens companhos,
of-them-there are so-many worthy companions
derga so chap crestiandatz,
let-lift its head Christendom
c'un petit l'a trop baissat jos!
for-a little it-has too bowed down

Et a que fo va cor noiritz
And to what was a-vain heart nourished
ni don li crec bes ni rictatz?
and whence to-it grew goods and wealth
Cudatz c'avers fos ajostatz
Think-you that-wealth was heaped-up
que·s cregues ni·s dobles engans?
that-itself should-grow and-itself should-double deceit
Non es semblans!
Not is-it likely
Mas, desque seri' acolhitz,
But once-that it-were gathered
fos gen partitz,
let-it-be nobly shared

ses desmezur' e ses desrei,
without excess and without disorder
que no·s parei
so-that not-themselves be-alike
lo vilas ni·l ben ensenhatz;
the churl and-the well bred
c'aissi deu·l dos esser blasmatz,
for-thus ought-the gift to-be blamed
s'aicel que·l pren no·s fai lo dos,
if-he who-it takes not-himself makes the gift
com deu esser gen razonatz,
as it-ought to-be nobly justified
can sens lo chabdel' e razos.
when sense it guides and reason

Per qu'eu vauc, can m'en sui partitz
For which-I go when myself-of-it I-am parted
de mon plus adrechs, apensatz
from my most upright pondering
e, pos no·n posc esser paiatz
and since not-of-it I-can to-be paid
ni gais ni conhdes ni prezans,
nor gay nor charming nor prized
ans sui clamans,
rather I-am complaining
car del chantar no·m sui gequitz!
since from-the singing not-myself I-have left-off

E·l cor me ditz
And-the heart to-me says
que no·m sobreleu ni felnei,
that not-myself I-exalt nor turn-cruel
mas que folei
but that I-play-the-fool
savis e plassa·m ma foldatz;
wisely and let-please-to-me my folly
qu'enans s'azina·l fols senatz
for-sooner himself-furnishes-the fool sensible
de joi que·l savis consiros,
with joy than-the wise-man anxious
pos ses joi viure s'es triatz
since without joy to-live himself-he-has chosen
pel peior entrels gais e·ls pros.
for-the worse among-the gay and-the worthy

E fora m'en plus tost tornatz,
And I-would-have myself-thence more soon returned
si·l senher, cui serf Aragos,
if-the lord whom serves Aragon
no me tengues, e si sui fatz
not me held and so I-am foolish
qu'er' en fol gasti mas chansos.
for-now in folly I-waste my songs

Mas per mo Sobre-Totz me platz,
But for my Above-All to-me it-pleases
que s'en demora per sazos.
that itself-there it-lingers for seasons

Ben es drechs

71 · LIVE AND LET LIVE

Since God has sent us into such a haven it is right to thank him with joy, and whoever holds him dear may be sure of a hundredfold reward. God takes in the broken and the worn-out; the penitent rich will be rewarded better still if the heart shows in the work, since fine arming and courtliness do not harm a seemly life. He blames the worthless rich for lowering joy: no king outlives his day, and a bad name outlasts them. He turns at the end to the Turks.

Ben es drechs, pos en aital port
Well is-it right since into such a-haven
nos a nostre Senher trames,
us has our Lord sent
c'ab joi l'en referam merces,
that-with joy to-him-for-it we-render thanks
e chascus ponh a plan esfortz
and each-one strive with plain effort
com sia lauzatz e grazitz
how is praised and thanked
tan adrechs guitz,
so excellent a-guide
cui terr' e mars e ploi' e vens
whom earth and sea and rain and wind
serf e sap estr' obediens,
serve and know to-be obedient
e qui·l te char,
and who-him holds dear

be pot esser fis c'al paiar
well can to-be sure that-at-the paying
venra·lh centismes gazardos;
will-come-to-him the-hundredth reward
ja·l servizis no n'er tan bos!
ever-the service not of-it-will-be so good

E pos sabem c'anc no fetz tort
And since we-know that-ever not he-did wrong
ni·l fara d'aisso que promes,
nor-it will-he-do of-that which he-promised
ans s'en sec ades maier bes,
rather itself-of-it follows ever greater good
pro·n deu valer nostre conortz;
much-of-it ought to-avail our comfort
car cel que·ls defrachs e·ls fronitz
for he who-the broken and-the worn-out
e·ls mal noiritz
and-the ill nourished
acolh e·ls fai viure valens,
welcomes and-them makes to-live worthy
be sembla que·ls rics penedens
well it-seems that-the rich penitent
volha logar,
he-will-wish to-reward
si·l cor en l'obra ven en par,
if-the heart in the-work comes in view

trop melhs que·ls forfachs sofrachos,
far better than-the guilty needy
car mais val lor confessios.
for more is-worth their confession

Per que·s degra·l plus rics plus fort
For which-itself ought-the more rich more strongly
esforzar com mais li plagues,
to-strive how most to-him he-might-please
pos gens garnirs ni bels conres
since noble arming nor fair fare
ni cortezia ni deportz
nor courtesy nor sport
no·lh notz, desque Sanhs Esperitz
not-to-him harms once-that the-Holy Spirit
i met razitz,
in-him puts root
ni ja per sos bels garnimens,
nor ever for his fair trappings
desque sa vid' es avinens,
once-that his life is seemly
no deu doptar
not he-ought to-fear
que nostre Senher dezampar
that our Lord should-forsake
los genceis tenens ni·ls plus pros,
the noblest holders nor-the most worthy
si no·ls o tol altra razos.
if not-them it takes-away another cause

Ni no cre qu'en adrech deport,
And not I-believe that-in upright sport
si·l cor no·i falsa ni la fes,
if-the heart not-in-it plays-false nor the faith
que si' aissi jutjatz ni pres,
that he-be thus judged or taken
cal c'ora non avenh' acortz
at-what soever-hour not comes assent
celh qui no sap viure marritz
he who not knows to-live grieving
qu'er' a envitz
so-that-now against my-will
tan vauc trebalhatz e temens
so I-go troubled and fearing
no posc sofrir que no comens
not I-can to-forbear that — I-begin
un fol chantar
a foolish song
ab que cudava remembrar
with which I-thought to-recall
los avols rics de valor blos,
the worthless rich of merit stripped
per qu'es falhitz conduchs ni dos.
for which have-failed entertaining nor giving

E si no fos qu'en als m'acort
And if not it-were that-on other-things I-take-counsel
don m'aven a pensar manes,
whereof to-me-it-falls to think at-once

anc no foron peitz escomes
ever not would-they-be worse assailed
e mais atendera·l plus fortz,
and more would-await-the more strong
per qu'es jois e jovens aunitz
for which-is joy and youth shamed
e pretz faiditz
and worth banished
ses aiud' e ses bevolens.
without help and without well-wishers
C'aissi com fo·l comensamens
For-just as was-the beginning
de joi menar
of joy to-lead
pels plus rics, era·l fan baissar;
by-the more rich now-it they-make to-sink
tan n'i a paucs de coratjos
so of-them-there are few of courage
cui non espaven messios.
whom not frightens outlay

E qui pogues tarzar la mort
And if one-could to-delay the death
un jorn o dos que no vengues,
one day or two that not it-came
be n'estera c'om conquezes,
well of-it-it-would-stand that-one should-gain
e no·n fora tan altz lo tortz;
and not-of-it would-be so high the wrong

mas eu cre c'anc celui no vitz
but I believe that-ever him not you-saw
qui·n fos aizitz
who-in-it were helped
cui vezis ni sabers ni sens
whom a-neighbor nor knowledge nor sense
ni manentia fos guirens
nor wealth was a-warrant
d'un mot parlar;
of-one word to-speak
donc posc eu segur afizar
then can I surely to-affirm
c'oi no son tan belas meissos
that-today not are-there so fair harvests
com d'aver pretz entrels baros.
as of-getting worth among-the barons

E pos per saber ni per sort
And since through knowledge nor through chance
reis ni ducs ni coms ni marques
a-king nor duke nor count nor marquis
no viu lo menor jorn d'un mes,
not lives the least day of-a month
com er de l'aver metr' entortz
how will-it-be about the-wealth to-put crooked
que no·lh falh, tro qu'el es falhitz?
which not-to-him fails until that-be is failed

E l'avols critz
And the-worthless repute
reman e mostr' a mantas gens
stays and shows to many folk
las obras e·ls chaptenemens
the works and-the bearings
e·ls fai blasmar,
and-them makes to-be-blamed
per que·s deuria sonh donar
for which-himself ought care to-give
totz om, mentre n'es lezeros,
every man while of-it-be-is at-leisure
que no·lh remazes mals ressos.
that not-to-him should-remain a-bad report

Laissem estar las avols gens;
Let-us-leave to-stand the worthless folk
c'aissi·s fai far,
for-thus-itself it-makes to-be-done
que trop es greu d'els aparlar,
that too is hard of-them to-speak
e pensem dels Turcs orgolhos
and let-us-think of-the Turks haughty
com lor avols leis chaia jos!
how their worthless law falls down

E·l Senher, que n'es poderos,
And-the Lord who of-it-is master
conduia·ns e sia·i ab nos!
let-him-lead-us and be-there with us

De chantar ab deport

72 · GRIEF QUENCHED BY SONG

He would have given up singing but for this: when he is grieved he quenches the grief with song. Courtship has failed, and worth and joy cannot return while they must complain of the very men who should uphold them. Churls take his good tunes for prattle. It is worse than death that a man fit for cheer should live joyless. A lord has ordered him to complain no more of the great; he would put no pledge on truth ever returning, and unless God upholds it we go the way of ruin.

De chantar ab deport
From singing with mirth
me for' eu totz laissatz;
myself would-have I wholly left-off
mas can sui ben iratz,
but when I-am well grieved
estenh l'ir' ab lo chan
I-quench the-grief with the song
e vauc me conortan.
and I-go myself comforting
Qu'esters no fora patz
For-otherwise not would-be peace
entre l'ir' e·l coratge
between the-grief and-the heart
qu'es contr' un mal uzatge,
which-is against an ill custom
que nais e poi' e creis,
that is-born and climbs and grows
qu'er' es falhitz domneis,
that-now is failed courtship

don sol om esser gais,
whereby is-wont one to-be gay
e pretz no pot ni jais
and worth not can nor joy
revenir entretans;
to-return meanwhile
car es de cels clamans
since they-are of those complaining
per cui degra valer
through whom they-ought to-avail
e ges pretz ses poder
and at-all worth without power
longamen sas no dura,
long sound not lasts
ses clam o ses rancura.
without complaint or without vexation

Alegrar me volh fort
To-gladden myself I-wish greatly
e sui aissi passatz
and I-am thus passed-over
e, si no sembles fatz,
and if not I-seemed foolish
no·n chamjera·l talan.
not-of-it would-I-change-the mind

Mas teno·s a mazan
But hold-themselves for prattle
mans bos sonetz qu'eu fatz
many good tunes that-I make
vila d'avol linhatge,
churls of-worthless lineage
c'anc pros om de paratge,
for-ever a-worthy man of rank
s'en ben auzir ateis,
if-therein good hearing he-reached
de l'escoltar no·s feis
from the-listening not-himself held-back
ni·l plazer no n'estrais.
nor-the pleasure not of-it-withheld
E non es be savais
And not is-he indeed base
cui jois no platz ni chans?
to-whom joy not pleases nor song
Et es daufeza grans,
And it-is a-folly great
qui no sap retener
who not knows to-hold
bel agrat ni plazer
fair goodwill nor pleasure
e·s defen ni·s rancura,
and-himself defends and-himself frets
si l'altrui jois se dura.
if the-other's joy itself lasts

E no·us par peitz de mort
And not-to-you it-seems worse than death
c'om cui s'atanh solatz
that-a-man to-whom befits cheer
viva desconortatz
should-live joyless
ni fassa mal semblan?
and should-make an-ill seeming
Al ver Deu me coman,
To-the true God myself I-commend
en cal ora fo natz
in what hour was-he born
ab aital cor salvatge!
with such a-heart savage
Que l'auzel el boschatge,
For the-birds in-the woodland
can lo dolz tems pareis,
when the sweet season appears
movon entr' els mezeis
set-going among them themselves
sonetz e critz e lais,
tunes and cries and lays
e qui ja non er gais,
and who ever not will-be gay
com pot esser durans?
how he-can to-be enduring

Res mais non es afans
Anything more not is a-torment
mas ira sostener
than grief to-bear
ni res tan mal saber,
nor anything so ill to-know
quez ab sen se melhura,
which with sense itself betters
com ira no peiura!
as grief not worsens

D'un afar me conort,
Of-a matter myself I-comfort
don degr' esser iratz;
whereof I-ought to-be grieved
que be·m fora clamatz
for well-myself I-should-have complained
de so que l'alsor fan
of that which the-highest do
e del mal e del dan
and of-the ill and of-the harm
que·ls en a desviatz,
that-them in-it has turned-aside
mas en gran volpilatge
but in great cowardice
m'an mes vila passatge
to-me-they-have set a-churlish journey
qu'eu·n parlera forseis!
that-I-of-it should-speak more-strongly

E·l senher, que·m n'espeis,
And-the lord who-me of-it-wrenched
can m'abatera·l fais,
when me-would-crush-the burden
a·m comandat que mais
has-me commanded that more
no·n sia corelhans
not-of-it I-be complaining
plus qu'ilh son de lor dans,
more than-they are of their harms
ni d'altrui no-dever
nor of-another's no-duty
no·m poscha molt chaler!
not-to-me should much to-matter
Ni·m chal si be·s peiura
Nor-to-me matters whether well-itself worsens
lor afars ni·s melhura?
their business nor-itself betters

Bo proar m'agr' a sort
Well to-prove to-me-would-be by lot
un dels melhors letratz
one of-the best lettered
si ja venra vertatz
whether ever will-come truth
ni viures ses engan
or living without deceit
ni si ja cobraran
or whether ever will-recover
jois, deportz ni barnatz
joy sport and baronage
lor ancian estatge,
their ancient estate
no·n metria ges gatge!
not-of-it I-would-put at-all a-pledge
Tan poia·l mals anceis
So climbs-the evil first
e drechura ni leis
and justice nor law
no vei aissi verais
not I-see so true
com ja dis ni retrais
as once said nor set-forth
establimens ni mans;
ordinances nor commands

per que dezerenans
for which from-this-time-on
estart al remaner
it-lies at-the remaining
e, si del chaptener
and if of-the upholding
Deus no pren cal que cura,
God not takes what soever care
nos n'irem l'ambladura!
we of-it-shall-go the-ambling

Si per mo Sobre-Totz no fos

73 · THE LAMENT FOR RICHARD

But for Sobre-Totz, who tells him to sing, no sweet season would set him going. Worth dwindles because joy fails; the worst are called worthy, and whoever brings in most of other men's goods is most courted. The fault began at the top. He turns to the king who was the worthiest of all men food feeds: where two lament him a third undoes their grief, and no king so praised has been born since Charlemagne. The grasping man loses his soul; let each amend here, so his wrongs do not grieve him there.

Si per mo Sobre-Totz no fos,
If for my Above-All not it-were
que ditz com chan e sia gais,
who says that-one sing and be gay
ja·l suaus tems, can l'erba nais,
ever-the sweet season when the-grass springs
ni pratz ni rams ni boscs ni flors
nor meadow nor bough nor wood nor flower
ni durs senher ni van' amors
nor a-hard lord nor a-vain love
no·m poirian metr' en eslais!
not-me could put into a-course
Mas d'aisso·m tenh ab lui
But in-this-myself I-hold with him
que, pos jois falh e fui,
that since joy fails and flees
merma pretz e barnatz,
dwindles worth and baronage

e, pos las poestatz
and since the powers
s'estranheron de jai,
themselves-estranged from joy
de can que·l peier fai,
of whatever that-the worse does
no fo per me lauzatz —
not was by me praised
c'aissi·m sui conselhatz
for-thus-myself I-am counseled
que nulh ric non envei —
that any powerful-man not I-court
qui trop mal senhorei.
who too ill lords-it

Cela vetz era·l segles bos,
That time was-the world good
can per tot er' acolhitz jais
when through all was welcomed joy
e cel grazitz cui n'era·l mais
and he (was)-liked to-whom of-it-was-the most
e pretz s'aveni' e ricors.
and worth agreed and rank
Qu'er' apel' om pros los peiors
Whereas-now calls one worthy the worst
e sobra cel que peitz s'irais
and exalts him who most-sourly himself-angers
e cel que mais adui,
and he who most brings-in

c'onques pot, de l'altrui,
what-ever he-can of the-other's
sera plus enveiatz.
will-be most courted
De que·m tenh per forsatz
At which-myself I-hold for wronged
c'om d'avol plach savai
that-one from-a-worthless dealing base
colha bo pretz verai,
should-reap good worth true
don degr' esser blasmatz;
whereof he-ought to-be blamed
e vos car no pensatz
and you why not think-you
si·s tanh c'om pretz autrei
whether-itself befits that-one worth grant
celui que lach felnei?
to-him who foully plays-villain

Mal fo chabdelada razos,
Ill was guided reason
desc' om per pros tenc los savais,
since one for worthy held the base
e·ls francs e·ls cortes e·ls verais
and-the noble and-the courtly and-the true
razonet om per sordeiors,
reckoned one for the-viler
e moc la colpa dels alsors,
and arose the fault from-the highest

can devers becilhet ni frais.
when duty crumbled and broke
Qu'era no sai per cui
For-now not I-know for whom
tol om l'onor celui
takes one the-fief from-him
que n'er' a drech chazatz,
who of-it-was by right enfeoffed
e si·ls en corelhatz,
and if-them of-it you-accuse
diran que be n'estai;
they-will-say that well of-it-it-stands
car cel qu'eu no dirai
for he whom-I not shall-name
sera melher amatz,
will-be better loved
e pois, si·us embargatz
and then if-yourself you-busy
de pretz ni de domnei,
with worth and with courtship
mes avetz el conrei!
harvest you-have in-the dealings

Eu vi c'om prezava chansos
I saw that-one prized songs
e que plazian tresc e lais.
and that pleased dances and lays

Era vei que, pos om s'estrais
Now I-see that since one himself-withdrew
de solatz ni de fachs gensors
from cheer and from deeds nobler
ni l'afars dels fis amadors
and the-business of-the true lovers
se viret de drech en biais,
itself turned from straight into crooked
que totz devers defui.
that every duty flees-away
Que ges, s'om se deblui
For at-all if-one himself strips
las charns ni·ls vis ni·ls blatz
the meats nor-the wines nor-the grains
en fol acompanhatz,
in folly shared-out
a pretz non o tenrai —
for worth not it shall-I-hold
ni crezutz no·n serai? —
and believed not-in-it shall-I-be
e no·m segra·l perchatz;
and not-me would-suit-the getting
que lai val pauc rictatz
for there is-worth little wealth
qui la men' a desrei
who it leads to disorder
ni drech no·i sec ni lei!
and right not-in-it follows nor law

Er' auch del rei qu'era plus pros
Now I-hear of-the king who-was most worthy
e plus valens en mans assais
and most valiant in many ventures
de totz cels que vianda pais,
of all those whom victual feeds
que sobret mejas e maiors
who surpassed middling and greater
e crec sos pretz e sas onors
and increased his worth and his fiefs
e no temi' afan ni fais,
and not feared toil nor burden
que, si lo planhon dui,
that if him lament two
lo tertz lor o destrui,
the third for-them it undoes
que·m par mal ensenhatz.
who-to-me seems ill taught
Qu'eu no cut c'anc fos natz,
For-I not think that-ever was born
de Charlemanh' en sai,
from Charlemagne to here
reis per tan bel assai
a-king for so fair an-endeavor
mentaugutz ni prezatz;
named nor prized

mas ja leu no crezatz
but ever lightly not believe
c'afars tan mal estei
that-a-matter so ill should-stand
qu'ensems lo planhan trei!
that-together it lament three

E que val donc bela faissos
And what avails then a-fair figure
ni grans poders c'aissi s'abais?
and great power that-thus itself-sinks
E ja passava part Roais
And already passed beyond Edessa
lo noms e·l pretz e la paors
the name and-the worth and the fear
entrels paias galiadors,
among-the pagans deceiving
c'anc us sols plus arer no·ls trais!
for-ever a single-man more backward not-them drove
Per que falh qui·s desdui,
For which errs who-himself deludes
pos aissi leu s'esdui
since so lightly itself-withdraws
so c'om plus vol ni·lh platz,
that which-one most wishes and-to-him pleases
de que tenh per grevatz
for which I-hold for ill-off
cels que mais podon sai,
those who most can here

si non adoban lai,
if not they-provide there
can chamjara rictatz,
when shall-change wealth
c'aian cal que solatz
that-they-have what soever cheer
de lor gran charlabei
for their great splendor
denan lo maior rei.
before the greatest king

Que·l trafas segles enoios
For-the treacherous world irksome
dona pretz celh que plus atrais,
gives worth to-him who most has-drawn-in
sonh non a mas que·l cors s'engrais
care not he-has but that-the body itself-fatten
e fassa, c'onques pot, so cors
and make what-ever he-can his way
e l'arma pert ses lo socors
and the-soul he-loses without the help
de lui cui sos convens enfrais;
of him whose his covenant he-broke
c'us tan gen no s'estui
for-one so well not himself-shuts-in
ni no·s serra ni·s clui
and not-himself locks nor-himself closes
de bels murs batalhatz,
with fair walls battlemented

can sera lai passatz
when he-shall-be there passed
al port on no s'eschai
to-the harbor where not it-happens
c'om merme son esmai,
that-one lessen his dismay
totz no si' enserratz.
(that)-wholly not he-be shut-in
Per qu'es conselhs senatz
For which-is counsel wise
c'om de sai se chastei
that-one from here himself amend
que sos tortz lai no·l grei.
so-that his wrongs there not-him grieve

Lui prec, qu'es sols clamatz
Him I-pray who-is alone called
us Deus e Trinitatz,
one God and Trinity
que·m gart qu'eu no folei
that-me he-keep that-I not play-the-fool
sai tan que lai me grei.
here so-much that there to-me it-grieve

E chascus lo cor tei
And let-each the heart hold
que sos tortz lai no·l grei!
so-that his wrongs there not-him grieve

Be vei e conosc e sai

74 · THE GOOD DEATH

He knows by proof that the longer a man stays in the world the more grief and dismay he has, and that whoever suffers worst is a fool not to turn where he will live without either. Among his foolish thoughts he has gone gray. Nobody high or low escapes death, and whoever does not think on it before the tomb is never free of pain. Let him make his feeble heart strong and find accord with God, or his foolish wish will bring him to endless grief; whoever comes to God in time will never lack joy.

Be vei e conosc e sai,
Well I-see and I-know and I-am-sure
per so car proat o ai,
for this since proved it I-have
que, qui plus el segl' estai,
that who longer in-the world stays
plus i a dol et esmai,
more in-it has grief and dismay
e cel que per peitz mal trai
and he who for worst ill draws
es fols e plus, car no·s trai
is foolish and more since not-himself he-draws
lai on sap que totztems mai
there where he-knows that always more
viura ses dol e ses pena.
he-will-live without grief and without pain

Senher Deus drechurers, chars,
Lord God righteous dear
umils, resplandens e clars,
gentle resplendent and bright
entre mos nescis pensars
among my foolish thinkings
sui endevengutz liars!
I-am become gray
Mas er conosc que l'amars
But now I-know that the-loving
d'aquest segle s'es amars;
of-this world itself-is bitter
c'om n'es fols e tan avars,
for-one of-it-is mad and so greedy
per que n'a pois dol e pena.
for which of-it-one-has after grief and pain

C'oi non es om altz ni bas
For-today not is-there a-man high nor low
que per la greu mort no pas;
who through the grievous death not pass
e donc pensa de tu, las!
and so think of yourself wretch
Que ja saps be que morras
For already you-know well that you-will-die
et ades vas la mort vas,
and ever toward the death you-go
e s'ans c'om te met' el vas,
and if-before that-one you set in-the tomb

no·n pensas, ja no seras
not-of-it you-think ever not you-will-be
nuls tems ses dol e ses pena.
any time without grief and without pain

Vols que·t done bo conort?
Wish-you that-to-you I-give good courage
Fai de to cor feble fort
Make of your heart feeble strong
et aissi de to gran tort
and so for your great wrong
trobaras ab Deu acort!
you-will-find with God accord
Si non o fas, tem que·t port
If not it you-do I-fear that-you brings
tos fols volers a tal port
your foolish wish to such a-harbor
que viuras apres la mort
that you-will-live after the death
totztems ab dol et ab pena.
always with grief and with pain

C'om no viu dos jorns ensems
For-one not lives two days together
ses trebalh e pois falh tems
without toil and then fails time
c'om mor doloiros ab gems
so-that-one dies sorrowing with groans
e put plus mil tans que fems;
and stinks more a-thousand times than dung
e si vols venir per tems
and if you-wish to-come in time
a Deu ni l'amas ni·l tems,
to God and him-you-love and-him you-fear
ja no seras de joi sems
ever not you-will-be of joy void
ni trairas mais dol ni pena!
nor you-will-draw more grief nor pain

Cardalhac, per un sirventes

75 · TO CARDALHAC THE JONGLEUR

Cardalhac means to come for a sirventes as a hireling, but he is to offer his thanks from a distance: his breath smells and he presses too close. Better a few pence sent than his coming near. He was a crossbowman once and was taken; now he plays the courtly man. He would make a poor furrier, squire, or steward, and no minster would give him a prebend. Let him lodge early, cheat no host, and reach the Dauphin's; and let him beg God to bring down the rich who love neither worth nor gift.

Cardalhac, per un sirventes
Cardalhac for a sirventes
m'es dich qu'en venretz soldaders;
to-me-is said that-for-it you-will-come as-a-hireling
mas enans que·us obra·l porters,
but before that-to-you opens-the porter
volh que m'ofratz de lonh merces,
I-wish that to-me-you-offer from afar thanks
c'un petit vos flaira l'ales
for-a little to-you smells the-breath
e car vos faitz trop prezenters.
and since yourself you-make too forward
Per qu'es melhs c'un pauc de deners
For which-is better that-a little of pence
om vos envi c'om plus pres vos atenda;
one to-you send than-that-one more near you await
c'afans es grans, qui no·s vir' o no·s benda.
for-a-torment is great to-him-who not-himself turns or not-himself binds

No sai, mas eras ai apres
Not I-know but now I-have learned
cals se fo ja vostre mesters;
what itself was once your trade
auch dir que fotz arbalesters,
I-hear say that you-were a-crossbowman
c'anc no·us plaguen colp demanes.
that-ever not-to-you wounded blows at-once
Mas pero si fotz entrepres,
But yet indeed you-were taken
ja fossetz lonh entrels derrers,
though you-were far among-the last
e cui creis aitals encombrers,
and to-whom grows such a-mishap
li val trop melhs que·l pe o·l ponh lor tenda,
to-him is-worth far better that-the foot or-the fist to-them he-hold-out
que·lh fass' om peitz ni l'esglaie ni·l penda.
than-to-him should-do one worse and him-slay and-him hang

Era·us faitz galhartz e cortes,
Now-yourself you-make gallant and courtly
cais c'aissi fotz de chavalers,
as-if that-thus you-were of knights
e comtatz novas volonters
and you-tell tales willingly
e·us faitz privatz et entremes.
and-yourself you-make an-intimate and a-meddler
Mas de nom vos es fort be pres,
But of name to-you it-is very well gone

que no foratz bos pelicers
for not you-would-be a-good furrier
ni viure no pogratz esters,
and to-live not you-could otherwise
c'adrechs non etz en neguna fazenda,
for-apt not you-are in any occupation
mas paucs perchatz vos valh' un' avol renda.
unless a-little begging to-you be-worth a poor income

Altre conselh no·us der' eu ges,
Another counsel not-to-you would-give I at-all
que no foratz bos escuders,
for not you-would-be a-good squire
ni no·us seguir' altrui destrers,
and not-you would-follow another's charger
s'al croc no s'afermes lo fres,
if-at-the hook not itself-fastened the rein
e car voletz tan bos conres
and since you-wish so good fare
e car etz glotz e lechaders,
and since you-are a-glutton and a-dainty-eater
no cre que·us recolha mosters
not I-believe that-you should-receive a-minster
ni ja vos do charitat ni prevenda,
nor ever to-you give charity nor a-prebend
car mal etz fachs per escriure legenda.
for ill you-are made for to-write a-service-book

Eras oimais, pos aissi es
Now henceforth since thus it-is
que no foratz bos fazenders,
that not you-would-be a-good steward
albergatz can poiretz primers,
take-lodging when you-can first
ans que l'ostals sia trop ples.
before that the-inn be too full
Car be sai c'aitan avols res,
For well I-know that-such-a worthless thing
can lo mena sos chaitivers,
when him leads his wretchedness
pensa com sia matiners,
thinks how he-is early-rising
passatz enans c'om un pauc de merenda
suffer rather that-one-(serve) a little of a-luncheon
c'om per engan lo col vos perestenda!
than-that-one for deceit the neck to-you should-stretch-out

Per so no volh ges qui m'ades
For this not I-wish at-all (one)-who me-touch
ni·m si' a taula parsoners;
nor-to-me be at table a-partner
c'ades seria seus sabrers
for-at-once would-be his the-sauce
can i auri' un dels detz mes,
when in-it he-would-have one of-the fingers put
e cel que fai, coma per ces,
and he who does as for hire

totz sos afars mancs senestrers —
all his affairs maimed left-handed
ni no veiria volonters
and not would-I-see willingly
com vai treschan — da·l dos a lach' arenda,
how he-goes dancing gives-him giving to a-foul income
qu'el ven a far manta lach' oferenda.
for-he comes to make many a-foul offering

Oimais, depos qu'enaissi es
Henceforth since that-thus it-is
c'apelatz etz «joglars laners»,
that-called you-are a-jongleur base
gardatz que no fassatz paners
take-heed that not you-make swindles
als ostes ni re que lor pes;
for-the hosts nor anything that to-them weigh
car pro auretz lo jorn conques
for enough you-will-have the day won
que·us meisser' altrui botelhers,
that-to-you should-pour another's butler
e siatz lor, lauzi, maners
and be to-them I-advise tame
e volhatz mais pauc be, c'om no vos venda,
and wish rather little good that-one not to-you sell
que perchassar rics dos ni rich' esmenda.
than to-pursue rich gifts and a-rich amends

Sapchatz qu'e·us dera, si pogues;
Know that-to-you I-should-give if I-could
que·lh coch' es grans e l'obs sobrers!
for-to-him need is great and the-want overmastering
Per so crezetz mos chastïers,
For this believe my admonishments
c'a mans altres n'es vengutz bes,
for-to many others of-them-has come good
e si anatz lai vas Rodes
and if you-go there toward Rodez
ni passatz entrels montanhers,
and pass among-the mountain-folk
lachs frechs no·us tenha ni tempers
foul cold not-you let-hold nor storm
quez al Dalfi no siatz la kalenda
that at-the Dauphin not you-be the feast-day
e no·us chalra preiar, qu'el vos entenda.
and not-to-you it-will-need to-beg that-he you hear

Mo Be-Conve preiatz qu'el vos entenda
My Well-Befits beg that-he you hear
e pens ades com mais don e despenda!
and let-him-think ever how more he-give and he-spend

E·ls rics malvatz preiatz que Deus dissenda,
And-the rich wicked beg that God bring-down
qu'ilh non amon pretz ni do ni kalenda.
for-they not love worth nor gift nor feast-day

S'anc jorn agui joi ni solatz

76 · THE LAMENT FOR LINHAURE

If he ever had joy he is grieved now and despairing for good: his fortune never shows him joy recovered, and the old brooding returns from both sides. God lets no friend of his live as long as other men. Mos-Jois failed him first, and now Linhaure. For his sake he holds April and May cheap, and will neither be gay nor sing willingly. So many fair knowings are carried off; giving and courtship are forgotten, and Provence, they say, withdraws from splendid deeds. Were his heart steel, it should break in four.

S'anc jorn agui joi ni solatz,
If-ever a-day I-had joy or cheer
er sui iratz
now I-am grieved
e per totztems dezesperatz;
and for always despairing
car m'aventura no·m retrai
since my-fortune not-to-me shows
ja cobre jai,
ever (that)-I-recover joy
c'ades me desfui e·m trasvai,
for-continually from-me it-flees and-from-me slips
qu'era·m repaira·l consirers,
so-that-now-to-me returns-the brooding
que·m fetz ja doler, d'ams ladrers.
which-me made once to-grieve on-both sides

Car entr' aspres cre que fui natz
For among harsh-things I-believe that I-was born
c'a Deu no platz
so-that-to God not it-pleases
que nuls mos bos amics privatz
that any of-my good friend familiar
viva tan com l'altra gens fai;
live so as the-other folk do
aissi m'eschai
so to-me-it-befalls
per mo Linhaure qu'enoi n'ai,
through my Linhaure for-grief of-him-I-have
pos Mos-Jois me falhi primers,
since My-Joy to-me failed first
en cui comenset l'encombrers.
in whom began the-affliction

Mas era·m alques conortatz
But I-was-myself somewhat comforted
com om forsatz,
as a-man constrained
car vos, Linhaures, m'amavatz;
since you Linhaure me-loved
mas era·m desconortarai,
but now-myself I-shall-lose-heart

car no·us veirai
since not-you I-shall-see
ni ja mais no·m venran de lai
and ever more not-to-me will-come from there
salutz ni cortes messatgers,
greetings nor courteous messengers
don jois me sol venir enters.
whence joy to-me is-wont to-come entire

A! bels amics ben ensenhatz,
Ah fair friend well taught
nescis als fatz
simple to-the fools
e drechs e savis als membratz,
and upright and wise to-the prudent
per vos tenh vil abril e mai
for you I-hold cheap April and May
e·l dolz tems gai
and-the sweet season gay
ni ja mais no m'alegrarai
and ever more not myself-I-shall-gladden
ni no chantarai volonters,
and not I-shall-sing willingly
mas no·us posc be planher esters!
save-that not-you I-can well to-lament otherwise

A! tans bels sabers en portatz,
Ah so-many fair knowings away you-carry
c'un no·n laissatz!
that-one not-of-them you-leave
Ja mais vostre pars n'er trobatz?
Ever more your equal of-them-will-be found
C'anc no vi ni ja no veirai,
For-ever not I-saw and ever not I-shall-see
tan non irai,
so-far not I-shall-go
d'un sol ome tan bel assai
in-a single man so fair an-endeavor
ni no deu dire chavalers
and not ought to-say a-knight
que tans en agues olivers!
that so-many of-them he-had olive-trees

Er' es morta bela foldatz
Now is dead fair folly
e jocs de datz
and games of dice
e dos e domneis oblidatz.
and giving and courtship forgotten
Per vos se pert pretz e dechai;
For you itself loses worth and decays
trol port Velai
as-far-as-the pass-of Velay
man pro esdevenran savai,
many worthy-men will-become base

cui vos fotz guitz e companhers
to-whom you were guide and companion
e melhs apres de bos mesters.
and best learned in good crafts

Dels vostres trobars esmeratz,
From-the your composings refined
de las bontatz,
from the goodnesses
del pretz, del sen, de las rictatz
from-the worth from-the sense from the wealth
en degran esdevenir jai
of-them ought to-become joy
celh cui peitz vai.
for-him to-whom worse it-goes
Ja dels vostres bes no·m gicrai
Ever of-the your goods not-myself I-shall-give-over
que·l bos maëstres Berengers
so-that-the good master Berengar
en ressembl' era lauzengers!
of-it seems now a-slanderer

Ja dizon que per vos s'estrai
Already they-say that for you itself-withdraws
Proensa de fachs galaubers,
Provence from deeds splendid
c'us lai no n'es tan fazenders!
for-one there not of-it-is so busy

Mos Sobre-Totz, si·m fos acers,
My Above-All if-to-me it-were steel
lo cor se·m degra far carters!
the heart itself-to-me ought to-make quarters

Planc e sospir

77 · THE LAMENT FOR ADEMAR

He laments, sighs, weeps, and sings, but the song brings him no cheer: the more he sings the more grieved he is. The wicked remain here while the noble die as lightly as Sir Ademar, who will be lamented through France, leaving those he long led and reared. He welcomed the stranger, spoke frankly to the noble, and was proud only where men vaunt themselves. The poet prays that the holy tomb he saw Ademar humbly kiss may stand his lord in good stead, and that God grant Ademar a share of the angels' bliss.

Planc e sospir
I-lament and I-sigh
e plor e chan,
and I-weep and I-sing
mas no m'adui mos chans solatz
but not to-me-brings my song cheer
c'ans, on plus chan, plus sui iratz
for-rather the more I-sing the-more I-am grieved
e·n feblezisc lo cor e·l sen;
and-of-it I-weaken the heart and-the sense
e cui chans dona marrimen,
and to-whom song gives sorrow
que sol lonhar trebalh e malanansa,
which is-wont to-drive-off toil and misery
no·m meravilh si·s vai temen
not-myself I-marvel if-himself he-goes fearing
que·s vir sos sens e sos afars
that-himself turn his sense and his affairs
de sordeior semblansa.
to a-worse seeming

Qui pot sofrir
Who can to-endure
ses maltalan,
without ill-will
ja·s sia savis e membratz,
however-much-himself he-be wise and prudent
que sai remanon li malvatz
that here remain the wicked
ses aiud' e ses valemen,
without help and without avail
e·lh franc e·lh cortes e·lh valen,
and-the noble and-the courtly and-the worthy
que fan tirar vas bo pretz la balansa,
who make to-draw toward good worth the balance
moron aissi leugeramen
die so lightly
com es fachs mossenher n'Aimars,
as is done my-lord Sir-Aimar
que sera planchs per Fransa?
who will-be lamented through France

E qui sap dir
And who knows to-tell
lo dol ni·l dan,
the grief nor-the loss

can bos senher rics ensenhatz
when a-good lord great well-bred
se part dels seus c'a chabdelatz
himself parts from-the his whom-he-has led
e coltz e noiritz longamen,
and cherished and nurtured long
c'om no l'espera ni l'aten?
so-that-one not him-hopes-for nor him-awaits
Car qui en cobrar s'agues cal que fizansa,
For who in recovering himself-had what soever trust
no·i agra tan d'aziramen,
not-in-it would-have so-much of-bitterness
donc es lo drechs e benestars
then is-it the right and seemliness
c'om n'ai' ir' e pezansa?
that-one of-it-have grief and heaviness

Pro vetz consir
Many times I-ponder
e vauc pensan
and I-go thinking
com l'estava bela foldatz
how to-him-became fair folly
e pretz e sabers e rictatz
and worth and knowing and wealth
chascuna ses deschauzimen,
each-one without rudeness

e de solatz per avinen
and of cheer in a-fitting-way
no posc trobar cui li met' en engansa
not I-can to-find whom to-him I-should-put in comparison
ni de man bel ensenhamen,
nor of many a-fair teaching
per que jois falh e gens gabars
for which joy fails and gracious jesting
merm' er' e dezenansa.
grows-less now and dwindles

A l'acolhir
At the-receiving
fora semblan
it-would-be seeming
que·l plus estranhs l'era privatz,
that-the greatest stranger to-him-was familiar
empero be n'aperceubratz
yet well of-it-you-would-perceive
la valor en l'acolhimen;
the merit in the-welcoming
e qui·lh parles iradamen,
and who-to-him spoke angrily
saupra passar ab fol de mal' esmansa,
he-would-know to-pass with a-fool of ill judgment
si be·l tires, alegramen,
though well-it he-drew merrily

si tot se torn' ir' e tensars
though wholly itself turns anger and wrangling
saber en sen d'enfansa.
knowledge into a-sense of-childishness

Be·us posc plevir
Well-to-you I-can to-pledge
ses malestan
without unseemliness
qu'entre las altas poestatz
that-among the high powers
era mentagutz e lauzatz
he-was named and praised
pel pretz e per l'eissernimen
for-the worth and for the-discernment
e pos ab la menuda gen
and since with the small folk
saupra grazir onor e benestansa;
he-knew to-welcome honor and seemliness
als francs parlava franchamen,
to-the noble he-spoke frankly
si tot s'er' orgolhos e chars
though wholly he-was proud and reserved
lai on om se bobansa.
there where one himself vaunts

Re no dezir
Anything not I-desire
saber aitan —
to-know so-much
ni no·n seria tan paiatz? —
and not-of-it I-should-be so paid
si d'els non era·l plus prezatz
if of-them not he-were-the most prized
que lor meneron leialmen,
who over-them ruled lawfully
plus francs contra lor falhimen.
more noble against their failing
Qu'en gran afar notz pauc petit' erransa,
For-in a-great matter harms little a-small erring
qui be s'acuza ni·s repren,
who well himself-accuses and-himself blames
per qu'eu cre que sos tortz l'er pars;
for which-I believe that his wrongs to-him-will-be forgiven
en Deu n'ai esperansa.
in God of-it-I-have hope

Qu'el denh auzir
That-he deign to-hear
cels que·lh querran
those who-of-him will-ask
c'a l'arma do repaus e patz,
that-to the-soul he-give repose and peace

e·l sanhs vas en qu'el fo pauzatz —
and-the holy tomb in which-he was laid
qu'eu·l vi baizar molt umilmen —
which-I-it saw to-kiss very humbly
li si' en loc de bo guiren!
to-him be in stead of a-good protector
C'anc plus pros bars de lui no portet lansa
For-ever a-more worthy baron than he not bore a-lance
ni non ac totz comunalmen
and not had all together
los aips ab que·s fassa lauzars
the qualities with which-itself makes praising
ni per que pretz s'enansa.
nor for which worth itself-advances

E Deus, que·l formet de nien,
And God who-him formed from nothing
li don ab sos angels preclars
to-him give with his angels bright
part de lor benanansa!
a-share of their bliss

GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The Life and the Razos

Vida

THE LIFE OF GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The thirteenth-century life: he was a man of low birth from Excideuil in the Limousin, learned in letters and in natural sense, and a better composer than any who had been before him or came after, for which he was called the master of the troubadours. He wintered at school and went through the courts in summer with two singers to sing his songs. He never took a wife, and gave what he earned to his poor kinsmen and to the church of Saint Gervase in the town where he was born.

Girautz de Borneill si fo de Lemozi, de l'encontrada
Giraut de Bornelh thus was of Limousin of the-district
d'Esidueill, d'un ric castel del vescomte de Lemoges. E fo
of-Excideuil of-a rich castle of-the viscount of Limoges And he-was
hom de bas afar, mas savis hom de letras e de sen natural.
a-man of low estate but wise a-man of letters and of sense natural
E fo meiller trobaire que negus d'aquels qu'eron estat
And he-was a-better composer than any of-those who-were been
denan ni foron apres lui; per que fo appellatz maestre dels
before or were after him for which he-was called master of-the
trobadors, e es ancar per totz aquels que ben entendon
troubadours and he-is still by all those who well understand
subtils ditz ni ben pauzatz d'amor e de sen. Fort fo
subtle sayings or well framed of-love and of sense Greatly he-was
honratz per los valens homes e per los entendens, e per
honored by the worthy men and by the discerning and by
las dompnas qu'entendian los sieus maestrals ditz de las soas
the ladies who-understood the his masterly sayings of the his
cansos. E la soa vida si era aitals que tot l'ivern estava
songs And the his life thus was such that all the-winter he-stayed
a scola e aprendia, e tota la estat anava per cortz e
at school and learned and all the summer he-went through courts and

menava ab se dos cantadors que cantavan las soas cansos.
led with him two singers who sang the his songs
Non volc mais moiller; e tot so qu'el gazaingnava
Not he-wished ever a-wife and all that which-he earned
dava a sos paubres parens, e a la gleisa de la vila on el
he-gave to his poor kinsmen and to the church of the town where he
nasquet; la qual gleisa avia nom e a encaras Saint Gervasi.
was-born the which church had a-name and has still Saint Gervase

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE DREAM AT ANTIOCH

The prose headnote to No. 40. Giraut went overseas with King Richard and Aimar, viscount of Limoges, and was at the siege of Acre; when the city was taken and the barons all turned home he went instead to the good prince of Antioch, a man of great worth, who honored him and served him and kept him a whole winter while he waited for the crossing that was to be made in the spring. There, staying with him, he dreamed the dream the song tells.

Girautz de Borneil si passet outra mar com lo rei Richart
Giraut de Bornelh thus passed beyond sea with the king Richard
e com lo vescomte de Lemotges, lo cals avia nom n'Aimars;
and with the viscount of Limoges the which had a-name Sir-Aimar
e fo al setge d'Acre. E quan la ciutatz ne fon presa
and he-was at-the siege of-Acre And when the city of-it was taken
e tuit li baro s'en torneren, Girautz de Borneil si
and all the barons themselves-away returned Giraut de Bornelh thus
s'en anet al bon prince d'Antiocha, qu'era trop valens
himself-away went to-the good prince of-Antioch who-was very worthy
hom. Mout fo honratz per lui e servitz, e estet ab
a-man Greatly he-was honored by him and served and he-stayed with
lui tot un yvern, attenden lo passatge que se devia far al
him all a winter awaiting the passage that itself was-to make at-the
pascor. Et estan con el, el somniet un somni, lo qual ausiretz,
spring And staying with him he dreamed a dream the which you-shall-hear
en aquesta chanson que diz: No puesc sofrir c'a la dolor.
in this song that says Not I-can to-endure that-to the pain

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE GLOVE

The first of Chabaneau's headnotes for Giraut, and the one that belongs to the tenso with Alamanda. He loved a lady of Gascony, Lady Alamanda of Estanc, who suffered his courtship for the honor he did her and for the songs he made about her, but gave him nothing except one of her gloves. When he lost the glove she grew angry, said he had kept it badly, and withdrew what she had promised. He went to her waiting-woman, also called Alamanda, and asked her advice.

Girautz de Borneil si amava una dompna de Gascoina
Girautz de Borneil indeed loved a lady of Gascony
que avia nom n'Alamanda d'Estanc. Mout era prezada
who had name Lady-Alamanda of-Estanc Much was-she esteemed
dompna de sen, e de ... valor e de beutat, e ella
a-lady of sense and of (lacuna) merit and of beauty and she
si sofria los precs el entendemen d'en Giraut, per
indeed suffered the entreaties and-the wooing of-Sir Giraut for
lo gran enansamen qu'el li fazia de dretz e d'onor e
the great advancement that-he to-her made in rights and in-honor and
per las bonas chansos qu'el fasia d'ella, don ella s'en
for the good songs that-he made of-her whereat she herself-of-them
deleitava mout, per qu'ella las entendia ben. Lonc temps
delighted much because that-she them understood well Long time
la preget, e ella com bels ditz e com bels honramenz
her he-courted and she with fair sayings and with fair honorings
e com bellas promissions se defendet de lui cortezamen,
and with fair promises herself defended from him courteously
que anc noil fetz d'amor nil det nuilla joia, mas
so-that ever not-to-him she-did of-love nor-to-him gave any gift but
un son gan, dont el visquet lonc temps gais e joios, e
one her glove wherewith he lived long time gay and joyful and

pueis n'ac mantas tristessas quant l'ac perdut; que
after of-it-he-had many sorrows when it-he-had lost for
madomna n'Alamanda, quan vi qu'el la preissava fort
my-lady Lady-Alamanda when she-saw that-he her pressed hard
qu'ella li feses plaser d'amor, e saub qu'el avia perdut
that-she to-him should-do pleasure of-love and knew that-he had lost
lo gan, ella s'en corozet del gan, dizen que mal
the glove she herself-thereat angered at-the glove saying that ill
l'avia gardat, e qu'ella noil daria nulla joia ni plaser
it-he-had kept and that-she not-to-him would-give any gift and pleasure
noil faria mais d'amor, e que so qu'ella li avia
not-to-him would-do more of-love and that that which-she to-him had
promes li desmandava, qu'ella vesia ben qu'el era fort
promised to-him she-withdrew for-she saw well that-he was very
loing eissitz de sua comanda. Quant Girautz ausi la novella
far gone from her command When Girautz heard the new
ocaison el comjat que la domna li dava, mout fo
pretext and-the dismissal that the lady to-him gave much he-was
dolens e triz, e venc s'en ad una donzella qu'ell'
sorrowful and sad and he-came himself-away to a damsel that-she
avia, que avia nom Alamanda si com la domna. La doncella
had who had name Alamanda just as the lady The damsel
si era mout savia e cortesa e sabia trobar ben e
indeed was very wise and courteous and knew to-compose well and
entendre. E Girautz sil dis so que la domna li
to-understand And Girautz indeed-to-her told that which the lady to-him
avia dit, e demandet li conseil a la doncella que el devia
had said and he-asked of-her counsel of the damsel what he ought
far, e dis: Sius quier conseil, bell' amiga Alamanda.
to-do and he-said If-of-you I-ask counsel fair friend Alamanda

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE DISMISSAL

The headnote to No. 45. He had loved Lady Alamanda of Estanc, and she had shown him favors, until she came to think her worth had sunk too far because she had granted what he wanted. She dismissed him and withdrew her love for another man, for which she was much blamed, since that man was immoderate and wicked. Giraut stayed sad and sorrowing a long season, for his loss and the blame she bore, and made the song, complaining of her treachery and because joy, sport, and cheer no longer pleased him.

Girautz de Borneil si avia amada una domna de
Girautz de Borneil indeed had loved a lady of
Gascoina que avia nom n'Alamanda d'Estancs e ella
Gascony who had name Lady-Alamanda of-Estancs and she
li avia faitz plazers, e avenc si qu'ela se penset
to-him had done pleasures and it-happened so that-she herself bethought
que sa valors avia trop descendut, quar avia so
that her merit had too-much sunk since she-had that
qu'el volc volgut. E sil det comjat el
which-he wished consented-to And indeed-to-him she-gave dismissal and-him
estrais s'amor, per tal don ella fo mout blasmada,
withdrew her-love for such whereby she was much blamed
con el era hom desmesuratz e malvatz. Don Girautz
since he was a-man immoderate and wicked Whereat Girautz
de Borneil remas tritz e dolens longa sason, per
de Borneil stayed sad and sorrowing a-long season for
lo dan de si e per lo blasme qu'ell' avia, que
the harm to himself and for the blame that-she had that
no se convenia qu'ellan feses son amador. Don
not itself befitted that-she-him should-make her lover Whereat
el fetz aquesta chanson, rancuran se del traïmen
he made this song complaining himself of-the treachery

qu'ell' avia fait de lui, e car jois e deportz e
that-she had done to him and since joy and sport and
solatz plus noil plasia: Ges aici del tot nom
cheer more not-to-him pleased At-all thus of-the whole not-myself
lais.
I-give-over

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE DEATH OF RICHARD

The headnote to No. 73. For grief and anger at the death of King Richard of England, and for the deceit his lady Alamanda had done him, Giraut had left off singing and composing and cheer. But Sir Ramon Bernart of Rovigna, a very worthy man of Gascony and a great friend of his — the man he called Sobre-Totz — begged him and would have him sing and be gay, and it was for that that he made the song.

Per la dolor e per l'ira qu'en Girautz de Borneil ac de la
For the grief and for the-anger that-Sir Girautz de Borneil had at the
mort del rei Richart d'Engleterra, e per l'engan que l'a
death of-the king Richard of-England and for the-deceit that to-him-has
fait la sua dompna n'Alamanda, si s'era laissatz de
done the his lady Lady-Alamanda indeed himself-he-had left from
chantar e de trobar e de solatz. Mas en Ramons
singing and from composing and from cheer But Sir Ramons
Bernartz de Rovigna, qu'era trop valens hom de Gascoingna
Bernartz de Rovigna who-was very worthy man of Gascony
e trop sos amics, com qui el clamava se Sobretotz,
and much his friend as whom he called for-himself Above-All
lo preget e volc qu'el chantes e fos gais, don el fetz
him begged and willed that-he should-sing and should-be gay whereat he made
aquesta chanso que diz: Si per mon Sobretotz non fos.
this song which says If for my Above-All not it-were

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE ROBBERY

The headnote to No. 55. Giraut had left the court of the good king Alfonso of Castile, who had given him a rich dapple-gray palfrey and other jewels, and all the barons had given him great gifts. He was coming back into Gascony through the land of the king of Navarre; the king learned how rich he was, had him robbed of all his gear, kept the palfrey for his own share, and left the rest to the robbers. It was out of that loss that he made the song.

Girautz de Borneil si era partitz del bon rei Anfos de
Girautz de Borneil indeed was departed from-the good king Alfonso of
Castella, e si l'avia dat lo reis un mout ric palafre
Castile and indeed to-him-had given the king a very rich palfrey
ferran e autras joias assatz, e tuit li baron de la sua
dapple-gray and other jewels in-plenty and all the barons of the his
cort li avian datz grans dons, e venia s'en
court to-him had given great gifts and he-was-coming himself-away
en Gascoina, e passava per la terra del rei de Navarra;
into Gascony and passed through the land of-the king of Navarre
el reis o saub que Girautz era cossi rics, e que
and-the king it learned that Girautz was how rich and that
passava per la soa terra, en la frontera de Castella e
he-passed through the his land in the frontier of Castile and
d'Aragon e de Navarra, e fetz lo raubar e tolre
of-Aragon and of Navarre and made him to-be-robbed and to-take-away
tot l'arnes, e pres a sa part lo palafren ferran e l'autra
all the-gear and took to his share the palfrey dapple-gray and the-other
rauba laiset ad aquels que l'avian raubat. Don Girautz
spoil he-left to those who him-had robbed Whereat Girautz
fez aquest chantar que diz: Lo dous chant d'un ausel.
made this song which says The sweet song of-a bird

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE PLUNDERED HOUSE

The headnote to No. 65, and the last of Chabaneau's for Giraut. Gui, viscount of Limoges, had the poet's own house plundered of his books and all his gear. When Giraut saw besides that worth had fled, cheer had fallen asleep, courtship was dead, prowess had failed, courtesy was lost, and breeding had turned to rudeness, and that deceit had entered on both sides, among the women who love and among the lovers, he set himself to recover cheer and joy and worth, and made the song.

Girautz de Borneil, quan Guis lo vescoms de Lemotges
Girautz de Borneil when Gui the viscount of Limoges
l'ac fait raubar la sua maiso de sos libres e de tot
to-him-had made to-rob the his house of his books and of all
son arnes, e vi que pretz era fugitz e solatz adormitz
his gear and saw that worth was fled and cheer asleep
e dompneis mortz e proesa faillida e cortezia perduda
and courtship dead and prowess failed and courtesy lost
e enseignamenz volz en deschausiment, e que engans
and breeding turned into rudeness and that deceit
era entraz en amdoas las parz, en las amairessas e en los
was entered into both the sides into the loving-women and into the
amanz, el se volc penar de recobrar solatz e joi e pretz,
lovers he himself willed to-labor to recover cheer and joy and worth
e si fetz aquesta chanson que diz: Per solatz reveillar.
and indeed made this song which says For cheer to-rouse