

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 7

PEIRE VIDAL

Peire Vidal

The Forty-Eight Songs, with the Life and the Razos

with a word-for-word interlinear English translation
preserving the original word order

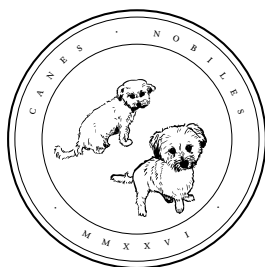


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Volume 7 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows Joseph Anglade's
Les poésies de Peire Vidal (Paris: Champion, 1913)

Set from a page scan of the 1913 printing

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

The text and spelling are Anglade's, with the corrections of his errata leaf; his forty-eight pieces keep his numbers, his Roman set as Arabic, and the life, the two razos, and Matfre Ermengaut's two passages from his first two appendices follow the songs. The opening guillemet he repeats at the head of each line of a quotation prints once, the brackets round a tenso's other voice are not reproduced, and the speaker's name stands above each stanza of a tenso, as he sets it. His cross-references, notes, variants, and glossary, and the lives of his third appendix, are not reproduced, and the English titles are this press's.

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PEIRE VIDAL

The Songs

La lauzet' e·l rossinhol

1 · THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE

He loves the lark and the nightingale above every other bird, because they are first to sing for joy of the new season, and he sings when the other troubadours are silent. Since his lady's grace lets him call her lady in his verse, he pledges himself hers. It is folly to boast of a joy before it is asked for, and folly in a lady to set her heart on riches. When he looks at his ring, no city or castle refuses him.

La lauzet' e·l rossinhol

The lark and-the nightingale

am mais que nulh autr' auzel,

I-love more than any other bird

que pel jois del temps novel

for through-the joy of-the season new

comenson premier lor chan:

they-begin first their song

et eu ad aquel semblan,

and I in that manner

quan li autre trobador

when the other troubadours

estan mut, eu chan d'amor

stand mute I sing of-love

de ma domna Na Vierna.

of my lady Lady Vierna

E quar per sa merce·m col,

And since through her mercy-me she-cherishes

qu'en chantan domna l'apel,

that-in singing lady her-I-call

be·s tanh qu'ab leis mi capdel,

well-it is-fitting that-with her myself I-govern

qu'eu vos pliu ses tot enjan

that-I to-you pledge without any deceit

que seus serai derenan;

that hers I-will-be henceforth

quar m'a fait tanta d'onor,

for me-she-has done so-much of-honor

que·m rete per servidor

that-me she-keeps as servant

per totz temps mais Na Vierna.

for all time henceforth Lady Vierna

Las! qu'eras planh so que·m dol

Alas that-now I-lament that which-to-me grieves

plus que nafra de cairel

more than wound of arrow

no fera ni de coutel;

— *would-do or of knife*

per qu'es fols qui·s vai vanan

for which-is foolish who-himself goes boasting

son joi tro qu'om lo·i deman,

his joy until that-one it-of-him asks

e domna fai gran folor,

and lady does great folly

que s'enten en gran ricor —

who herself-directs toward great wealth

e Deus gart ne Na Vierna.

and God guard therefrom Lady Vierna

Ara·m va miels que no sol:

Now-me it-goes better than — it-is-wont

quant ieu remir mon anel,

when I gaze-at my ring

no vei ciutat ni castel

not I-see city nor castle

tug non fasson mon coman;

(that)-all not they-do my command

e li rei e l'amiran

and the kings and the-emirs

me tenon tug per senhor,

me they-hold all as lord

pel gaug e per la doussor

for-the joy and for the sweetness

quem ven de vas Na Vierna!

which-me comes from toward Lady Vierna

Atressi co·l perilhans

2 · THE MAN IN PERIL ON THE WATER

He is like the man tossed on the water who has no hope of life until luck or rescue brings him to harbor: such a turn has given him a song. The lady who wrongly forgets him has shown him no mercy, and he dares take no revenge. Her seeming conquered him at first sight, and too much praise is a lie. Drawn out of an evil lot, he finds snow like flowers and ice like a garden; her whiteness is like the snow on a mountain pass.

Atressi co·l perilhans

Just-as as-the imperiled-man

que sus en l'aiga balansa,

who up on the-water tosses

que non a conort de vida,

who not has comfort of life

tan sofre greu escarida,

so-much he-suffers grievous a-fate

que paors li tol membransa,

that fear from-him takes memory

e pois quan ven a bon port

and then when he-comes to good harbor

per astre o per socors:

by fortune or by rescue

tot aitals astres m'a sors,

wholly such a-fortune to-me-has arisen

per qu'eu ai assatz razo

for which-I have enough matter

de far novela chanso.

to make a-new song

Estat aurai malanans

Been I-shall-have distressed

e sufert greu malanansa,

and endured grievous wretchedness

tan que merces m'es falhida

so-much that mercy to-me-is failed

de leis qu'e son tort m'oblida;

from her who-in her wrong me-forgets

e no'n aus penre venjansa.

and not-of-it I-dare to-take vengeance

Pero eu trac peitz de mort,

Yet I bear worse than death

qu'anc no'm volc valer Amors;

for-ever not-me wished to-help Love

mas er s'en va la dolors,

but now itself-tbence goes the sorrow

qu'en tal ai m'entensio,

for-in such I-have my-purpose

que·l plai qu'eu chant e·l sap bo.

that-to-her it-pleases that-I sing and-to-her it-tastes good

De la bela sui clamans,

Of the fair-one I-am complaining

que me mostra per semblansa

who to-me shows by seeming

que ma mortz l'es abelida:

that my death to-her-is pleasing

e quar melhs non es chاوزida,

and because better not she-is chosen

ai feita mout gran erransa.

I-have made very great erring

Tornarai l'ir' en conort

I-shall-turn the-grief into comfort

e virarai m'en alhors,

and I-shall-turn myself-thence elsewhere

quar sens es e grans valors,

for sense it-is and great merit

qui de brau senhor felo

whoever from a-fierce lord cruel

se lonha ses mal resso.

himself withdraws without ill report

Aissi-m venquet sos semblans

Thus-me conquered her seeming

al prim qu'eu vi s'acoindansa,

at-the first that-I saw her-welcome

que lauzan l'ai enantida;

that praising her-I-have advanced

e trop lauzars es mentida

and too-much praising is a-lie

maintas vetz senes doptansa.

many times without doubt

Per qu'al repropchier m'acort

For which-to-the proverb I-agree

qu'ai auzit dels ancessors,

that-I-have heard from-the forefathers

qu'a temps vens'om vensedors

that-in time conquers-one conquerors

e per temps e per sazo

and by time and by season

vencut fan gran vensezo.

the-conquered do great conquering

Fis amics sui ben amans

A-true lover I-am well loving

et ai per dreg benenansa;

and I-have by right well-being

tan bon'aventura·m guida,

so-much a-good-fortune-me guides

que leis qu'a valor complida

that her who-has merit accomplished

m'a mes en bon'esperansa

to-me-has put in good-hope

e m'a trait de mala sort,

and to-me-has drawn from an-evil lot

si que·l neus mi sembla flors

so that-the snow to-me seems flowers

e·l glatz jardis e verdors,

and-the ice a-garden and greenery

et ai fag per dreit mon pro

and I-have done by right my profit

tan quez enrequitz en so.

so-much that enriched in-it I-am

Tant avetz bon pretz e fort,

So-much you-have good worth and strong

bona domna, que valors

good lady that merit

vos lauza mais que lauzors,

you praises more than praise

per qu'eu retrac ma chanso

for which-I recount my song

novela ab novel so.

new with a-new tune

Bona domna, neus de port

Good lady snow of a-pass

sembla la vostra blancors,

resembles the your whiteness

e par de roza·l colors;

and appears of a-rose-the color

qu'aissi·us fetz Deus de faisso

that-so-you made God of a-fashion

que natura·i pert razo.

that nature-in-it loses reason

Ges del joi que ai no·m rancur

3 · NOT OF THE JOY BUT OF THE GRIEF

He does not complain of the joy he has but of the grief, which makes him bear all his years without fault of his own. His lady is wild and hard, and the humbler he is the more dismay she gives him. She has put him from brightness into darkness, and since Love wills all his harm he does not wonder that it goes ill. He has no walled castle and his land is not worth two gloves, but no truer lover ever was.

Ges del joi que ai no·m rancur,

At-all of-the joy that I-have not-me I-complain

mas de la dolor sui clamans,

but of the grief I-am complaining

que·m fai traire trastotz mos ans

that-me makes to-endure all my years

ses colp' e ses tort, qu'eu no l'ai.

without fault and without wrong that-I not it-have

Mas era·m sui mes en assai,

But now-me I-am set in trial

com eu posca retrain' e dir

how I can to-retell and to-say

tal re, qu'Amors que·m fai languir

such a-thing that-Love which-me makes to-languish

no mi vol ab dreit capdelar.

not me wills with right to-govern

Tan m'a salvatge cor e dur

So-much to-me-she-has a-wild heart and hard

cela que·m bat de sos verjans,

she who-me beats with her branches

qu'on plus li sui humilians,

that-the more to-her I-am humbling-myself

adoncs me dona plus d'esglai.

then to-me she-gives more of-dismay

Mas eu com fols, quan ven en plai,

But I like a-fool when it-comes to pleading

venh denan leis e no m'azir

I-come before her and not I-am-angered

de parlar; e pois me consir,

of speaking and then myself I-reflect

que trop me volh sobrecochar.

that too-much myself I-wish to-over-hurry

De clartat m'a mes en escur

From brightness to-me-she-has put into darkness

cela per cui vauc dezirans;

she for whom I-go desiring

e pos Amors vol totz mos dans,

and since Love wills all my harms

no-m meravilh si mal m'en vai.

not-me I-marvel if ill to-me-of-it goes

Mas be-us dic que tan sofrirai,

But well-to-you I-say that so-much I-shall-suffer

tro posca en loc avenir,

until I-can in a-place to-arrive

qu'ab mos olhs son bel cors remir,

that-with my eyes her fair body I-behold

e s'i aura trop al meu par.

and there-in there-will-be too-much to-the my seeming

Non ai castel serrat de mur

Not I-have a-castle closed with wall

ni ma terra no val dos gans,

and my land not is-worth two gloves

mas anc no fo plus fis amans

but ever not was a-more true lover

de mi, ni es ni er jamai.

than I nor is nor will-be ever

Per qu'eu, bona domna, serai

For which-I good lady I-shall-be

vostres, e si·m voletz sofrir

yours and if-me you-wish to-suffer

qu'eu vos am, no·us quier alre dir,

that-I you love not-you I-ask anything-else to-say

qu'Amors m'a fag sobreparlar.

for-Love to-me-has made to-overspeak

Ai! quan poirai cridar: segur!

Ab when I-shall-be-able to-cry safe

Ni quoras serai benanans,

Or when I-shall-be happy

quant Amors volra mos enans?

when Love will-wish my advancement

Qu'autre conselh de mi no sai.

For-other counsel of me not I-know

Qu'Amors me pot gitar d'esmai

For-Love me can to-cast from-dismay

que m'a fag e fara languir,

which to-me-has made and will-make to-languish

s'ab merce no·m vol recolhir

if-with mercy not-me she-wills to-receive

e l'ira de mon cor gitar.

and the-grief from my heart to-cast

Bels amics cars, ven s'en vas vos estius

4 • SUMMER GOES TOWARD YOU

A song sent to a friend as summer travels toward him: it sends flowers at Christmas, February has turned to Eastertide, winter flees. Praise of the friend tastes to him as the fresh season does to birds in the nest. Where such honored pleas fall among the jealous, courtly people suffer, for good worth cannot lodge among the worthless. His own lady gives him no succor and he will die pensive. He would return to Vierna, if his Chastened One would give him leave.

Bels amics cars, ven s'en vas vos estius,

Fair friend dear comes itself-thence toward you the-summer

qu'entorn Nadal vos tramet de sas flors,

that-about Christmas to-you sends of its flowers

e veg fevrier, qu'es ja tornatz Pascors

and I-see February which-is already turned Eastertide

e fug iverns que no-us es agradius.

and flees winter which not-to-you is pleasing

Doncs pos li temps son al vostre voler,

So since the seasons are at-the your will

ben es caitius e ben vol dechazer

well he-is wretched and well he-wishes to-fall

cel que no-us sap honrar e car tener.

he who not-you knows to-honor and dear to-bold

Mas mi platz tan vostre rics senhorius,

But to-me pleases so-much your rich lordship

que quant aug dir de vos bonas lauzors,

that when I-hear to-say of you good praises

aissi m'es gaugz e deleitz e sabors,
so to-me-is joy and delight and savor
 com an l'auzel, quan s'alegron pels nius
as have the-birds when themselves-they-rejoice in-the nests
 del cortes temps que vezon aparer:
of-the courtly season that they-see to-appear
 e volh vos tan, bels amics cars, vezer,
and I-wish you so-much fair friend dear to-see
 qu'a penas posc sai mos olhs retener.
that-with difficulty I-can here my eyes to-hold-back

E quar si mes entre·ls gilos aurius
And because themselves put among-the jealous haughty
 tans honratz plaitz ni tan rica valors,
so-many honored pleas and so rich a-merit
 a nos cortes es trebalhs e dolors.
to us courtly it-is toil and grief
 Mas d'una ren no's fassa nulhs esquius:
But of-one thing not-himself let-make any-man shy
 qu'entr'avols gens no pot bos pretz caber,
that-among-worthless folk not can good worth to-lodge
 car als avols deu tostemps mal saber
for to-the worthless must always ill to-taste
 so que'l pro fan, per'quom no's deu temer.
that which-the worthy do for-which-one not-himself must to-fear

Del vostre dan, amics, sui mout caitius,
Of-the your harm friend I-am very wretched
 e quar no·m fai ma domna nulh socors
and because not-to-me does my lady any succor
 e destrenh mi tan fort la su'amors,
and constrains me so hard the her-love
 qu'eu cug morir consiros e pensius.
that-I think to-die anxious and pensive
 Mala l'amei, pos no·m deu escazer
In-an-evil-hour her-I-loved since not-to-me it-must to-befall
 e pos no·m posc de mon dan estener;
and since not-me I-can from my harm to-refrain
 ar sui eu cel qu'en mi non ai poder.
now am I be that-in myself not I-have power

E si'n paresc a las autras esquius,
And if-of-it I-seem to the others shy
 tan volh sos bes e tan volh sas honors,
so-much I-wish her goods and so-much I-wish her honors
 don no·m deu ges nozer sa grans ricors.
whence not-to-me must at-all to-hurt her great wealth
 Qu'anc pos m'ac tot, no fui vas leis antius,
That-ever since me-she-had wholly not I-was toward her proud
 enans l'am mais de bon cor e de ver,
rather her-I-love more from good heart and in truth
 que de re mais gaug entier non esper;
for of anything else joy entire not I-hope
 grans peccatz es, si·m torn'en nonchaler.
a-great sin it-is if-me she-turn-into disregard

La grans valors e·l pretz nominatiu

The great merit and-the worth renowned

e·l dous plazers qu'en leis amar es sors,

and-the sweet pleasure that-in her to-love is arisen

fo guerrejatz per malastrucs trachors,

was warred-on by ill-starred traitors

mas pois remas lo mals crims e·l fals brius.

but then ceased the evil slander and-the false report

Per que devetz nom de serors aver,

For which you-must a-name of sisters to-have

qu'ambas ensems vos fai Deus mais valer

that-both together you makes God more to-be-worth

mal grat d'aicels que·m fan mon cor doler.

in-ill will of-those who-me make my heart to-grieve

Na Vierna, tornar e remaner

Lady Vierna to-return and to-remain

volgra ves vos, si m'en dones lezer

I-would-wish toward you if to-me-of-it gave leave

mos Castiatz, mas trop se fai temer.

My Chastened-One but too-much himself he-makes to-fear

Mout es bona terr' Espanha

5 · SPAIN IS A GOOD LAND

Spain is a good land and its kings sweet, noble, and of courtly company, and King Alfonso keeps him nobly among them. But he has done the spider's work and the Breton's waiting: truth is anguish to tell and lying profits nothing, and he finds failure on every side in her goodwill. He served long for nothing, and came old and poor and shamefaced among the rich. Since his lady estranges him he will be late to see Orgon or the royal castle of Aubagne.

Mout es bona terr' Espanha,

Very is good a-land Spain

e·l rei qui senhor en so,

and-the kings who lords in-it are

dous e car e franc e bo

sweet and dear and noble and good

e de corteza companha;

and of courtly company

e s'i a d'autres baros,

and if-there are of-other barons

mout avinens e mout pros,

very gracious and very worthy

de sen e de conoissensa

of sense and of understanding

e de faitz e de parvensa.

and of deeds and of bearing

Per que·m platz qu'entr'els remanha

For which-to-me it-pleases that-among-them I-remain

en l'emperial regio,

in the-imperial realm

quar ses tota contenso

for without any contention

me rete gent e·m gazanha

me keeps nobly and-me wins

reis emperaires N'Anfos,

king emperor Sir-Alfonso

per cui Jovens es joios,

by whom Youth is joyful

quez el mon non a valensa,

that in-the world not there-is an-excellence

que sa valors no la vensa.

that his merit not it surpasses

Fag ai l'obra de l'aranha

Made I-have the-work of the-spider

e la musa del Breto;

and the waiting of-the Breton

per qu'eu mezeis no sai co

for which-I myself not I-know how

m'en rancur e m'en complanha,

myself-of-it I-complain and myself-of-it I-lament

que·l ver dir m'es angoissos

for-the truth to-say to-me-is anguishing

e·l mentirs no m'es nuls pros:

and-the lying not to-me-is any profit

daus totas partz trob falhensa

on all sides I-find failure

en la sua benvolensa.

in the her goodwill

Mout m'a tengut en greu lanha,

Much to-me-she-has held in grievous affliction

quar l'ai servid' en perdo;

for her-I-have served in vain

e servir ses gazarado

and to-serve without reward

crei que captals en sofranha;

I-believe that capital in-it fails

que velhs, paubres, sofraitos,

for old poor destitute

venc entre·ls rics, vergonhos:

I-came among-the rich shamefaced

per c'om deu cercar garensa,

for which-one must to-seek a-safeguard

ans que torn' en decazensa.

before that he-turn into decay

E pos ma domna m'estranha

And since my lady me-estranges

de so que no·lh platz que·m do

from that which not-to-her it-pleases that-to-me she-give

s'amor, tart veirai Orgo

her-love late I-shall-see Orgon

ni·l reial castel d'Albanha.

or-the royal castle of-Aubagne

E ja tant pauc orgulhos

And ever so little proud

amic ni tant amoros

a-friend nor so loving

non auran mais part Durensa

not they-will-have henceforth beyond Durance

en la terra de Proensa.

in the land of Provence

Car' amiga douss' e franca

6 · DEAR BELOVED, SWEET AND NOBLE

His heart abandons itself wholly to her and stops at no other; he desires her love more than Lombardy or France. She is the tree and branch where the fruit of joy ripens, and her love heals him. True beauty fashions her vermilion and white, to wear a crown on the imperial bench. Lady Guilhalmona is neither false nor felon, and no woman under heaven is so gracious. He scorns a rich old woman who will not give, and whoever leaves Sir Diego should be buried alive in a cesspit.

Car' amiga douss' e franca,

Dear beloved sweet and noble

covinens, e bel' e bona,

comely and fair and good

mos cors a vos s'abandona,

my heart to you itself-abandons

si qu'ab outra no s'estanca.

so that-with another not itself-halts

Per que-us port amor certana

For which-to-you I-bear a-love sure

ses orgolh e ses ufana,

without pride and without vaunting

e mais dezir vostr'amansa

and more I-desire your-loving

que Lombardia ni Fransa.

than Lombardy or France

Quar vos etz arbres e branca

For you are a-tree and a-branch

on fruitz de gaug s'assazona:

where fruit of joy itself-ripens

pero qui a vos s'adona

therefore whoever to you himself-gives

no tem folzer ni lavanca.

not fears thunderbolt nor avalanche

Quar vostr' amors segurana

For your love secure

garis e'm reven e'm sana,

heals and-me revives and-me makes-whole

e'm tol enoi e pezansa

and-me takes-away vexation and heaviness

ab gaug de fin' alegransa.

with joy of true gladness

Ab color vermelh' e blanca

With a-color vermilion and white

finà beutatz vos faissona

true beauty you fashions

ad ops de portar corona

for the-purpose of to-bear a-crown

sus en l'emperial banca.

up on the-imperial bench

E quar etz douss' et humana,

And because you-are sweet and kind

teno·us tuit per sobeirana

they-bold-you all as a-sovereign

de joi e de benestansa

of joy and of well-being

e de valor e d'onransa.

and of merit and of-honor

Ges no·s dol de pe ni d'anca

At-all not-herself aches of foot nor of-haunch

la bela Na Guilhalmona,

the fair Lady Guilhalmona

ni es falsa ni felona

nor she-is false nor felon

ni no porta soc ni sanca.

and not she-wears clog nor patten

Anc tan gentils ciutadana

Ever so noble a-townswoman

no nasquet ni tan doussana,

not was-born nor so sweet

neis la filha Na Constansa,

not-even the daughter (of-)Lady Constance

per cui Jovens saut' e dansa.

for whom Youth leaps and dances

Qu'om no·m poiria ab planca

That-one not-me could with a-plank

gitar del linh de Narbona:

to-cast from-the line of Narbonne

quar en tan quan revirona

for in so-much as goes-round

cels, non a saura ni danca

heaven not there-is a-blonde nor a-dark-one

tant avinen crestiana

so gracious a-Christian

ni juzeva ni pagana,

nor a-Jewess nor a-pagan

que denans totas s'enansa

that before all itself-advances

vostra covinens semblansa.

your comely seeming

Velha rica tenh per manca,

An-old-woman rich I-hold as maimed

quant a poder e no dona

when she-has power and not gives

et acolh mal e peitz sona;

and receives ill and worse speaks

pretz la meins que s'era ranca.

I-prize her less than if-she-were lame

Mas de gentil Castellana

But of a-noble Castilian

ben fait' ab color de grana

well made with a-color of scarlet

am mais la bon'esperansa

I-love more the good-hope

que pel froncida ni ransa.

than a-skin wrinkled or rancid

Qui d'En Diego s'arranca,

Whoever from-Sir Diego himself-tears-away

non a mestier mas que's pona

not has need but that-himself be-punish

o qu'om tot viu lo rebona

or that-one wholly living him bury

en privada pozaranca,

in a-privy cesspit

a lei de checa vilana

in the-manner of a-bitch churl-woman

recrezen, cor de putana,

recreant a-beart of a-whore

sitot al taulat se lansa,

although at-the quintain herself she-burls

ni's ponha d'emplir sa pansa.

and-herself strives of-to-fill her paunch

S'eu fos en cort on hom tengues dreitura

7 • IF I WERE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE

If there were a court where justice was kept, he would bring suit against his lady, who keeps him neither pledge nor covenant and does not fear sin. It would have gone better with him had she been harsh at the start; instead she lures him with fair seemings. In other affairs she is courteous, but her love hurts worse than toothache. He will win her late, for no lady counsels herself worse toward her friend. The song goes to the queen of Aragon.

S'eu fos en cort on hom tengues dreitura,

If-I were in a-court where one held justice

de ma domna, sitot s'es bon' e bela,

of my lady although she-is good and fair

me clamera, qu'a tan gran tort mi mena

me I-would-complain that-with so great wrong me she-leads

que no m'aten plevi ni covinensa.

that not to-me-she-keeps pledge nor covenant

E donc per que·m promet so que no·m dona,

And so for what-to-me she-promises that which not-to-me she-gives

no tem peccat ni sap ques es vergonha.

not she-fears sin nor knows what is shame

E valgra·m mais que·m fos al prim esquiva,

And it-would-be-worth-to-me more that-to-me she-were at-the first harsh

qu'ela·m tengues en aitan greu rancura;

that-she-me held in so-much grievous rancor

mas ilh o fai si com cel que cembela,

but she it does just as he who lures

qu'ab bels semblans m'a mes en mortal pena,

who-with fair seemings to-me-has put in mortal pain

don ja ses leis no cre aver garena,

whence ever without her not I-believe to-have healing

qu'anc mala fos tan bela ni tan bona.

that-ever in-an-evil-hour she-was so fair nor so good

D'autres afars es cortez' e chاوزida,

Of-other affairs she-is courteous and discerning

mas mal o fai, car a mon dan s'abriva,

but ill it she-does for to my harm herself-bastens

que peitz me fai, e ges no s'en melhura,

for worse to-me she-does and at-all not herself-of-it she-mends

que mals de dens, quan dol en la maissela;

than an-ache of teeth when it-aches in the jaw

que'l cor me bat e'm fier, que no's refrena,

that-the heart me beats and-me strikes so-that not-itself it-restrains

s'amors ab leis et ab tota Proensa.

her-love with her and with all Provence

E car no vei mon Rainier de Marselha,

And because not I-see my Rainier of Marseille

sitot me viu, mos viures no m'es vida;

although me I-live my living not to-me-is life

e'l malautes que soven recaliva

and-the sick-man who often relapses

garis mout greu, ans mor, si sos mals dura.

beals very hardly rather he-dies if his ill lasts

Doncs sui eu mortz, s'enaissi·m renovela

So am I dead if-thus-me renews

aquest dezirs que·m tol soven l'alena.

this desire that-me takes often the-breath

A mon semblan mout l'aurai tart conquista,

To my seeming very her-I-shall-have late conquered

car nulha domna peitz no s'aconselha

for any lady worse not herself-counsels

vas son amic, et on plus l'ai servida

toward her friend and the more her-I-have served

de mon poder, eu la trob plus ombriva.

with my power I her find more forbidding

Doncs car tan l'am, mout sui plus folatura

So because so-much her-I-love very I-am more a-folly

que fols pastres qu'a bel poi caramela.

than a-foolish shepherd who-on a-fair hill pipes

Mas vencutz es cui Amors apodera;

But conquered is he-whom Love overmasters

apoderatz fui quan ma domn' aic vista,

overmastered I-was when my lady I-had seen

car nulh'otra ab leis no s'aparelha

for any-other with her not herself-matches

de pretz entier ab proeza complida.

of worth entire with prowess accomplished

Per qu'eu sui seus e serai tan quan viva,
For which-I am hers and I-shall-be as long-as I-live
 e si no-m val, er tortz e desmezura.
and if not-to-me she-avails it-will-be wrong and excess

Chansos, vai t'en a la valen regina
Song go yourself-thence to the worthy queen
 en Arago, quar mais regina vera
in Aragon for more a-queen true
 no sai el mon, e si n'ai mainta quista,
not I-know in-the world and yet of-them-I-have many sought
 e no trob plus ses tort e ses querelha.
and not I-find more without wrong and without quarrel
 Mas ilh es franc' e leials e grazida
But she is noble and loyal and pleasing
 per tota gent et a Deu agradiva.
to all folk and to God agreeable

E car lo reis sobr'autres reis s'enansa,
And because the king above-other kings himself-advances
 ad aital rei coven aitals regina.
to such a-king befits such a-queen

Bels Castiatz, vostre pretz senhoreja
Fair Chastened-One your worth reigns
 sobre totz pretz, qu'ab melhors faitz s'enansa.
above all worth that-with better deeds itself-advances

Mon Gazanhat sal Deus e Na Vierna,

My Won-One save God and Lady Vierna

car hom tan gen no dona ni guerreja.

for a-man so nobly not gives nor wars

En una terra estranha

8 • IN A STRANGE LAND

In a strange land he found an intimate love and well-taught people: God save the ladies of Beuil, in whom is every worth and beauty. For their sake he loves a snowy mountain better than a broad plain. His own lady rejects him, and it can be no honor to her that he is ill-used. A court is not honored when no worthy man stays in it. A love that gilds and smooths with words a man of churlish heart lasts no longer than a spider's web.

En una terra estranha

In a land strange

trobei amor privada

I-found a-love intimate

e gen ben ensinada,

and folk well taught

cui ja Deus no sofranha!

whom ever God not fail

Aitan quant eu dezir ni volh,

As-much as I desire and wish

sal Deus las domnas de Bialh,

save God the ladies of Beuil

quar en lor es pretz e valors

for in them is worth and merit

e gaugz e solatz et amors,

and joy and cheer and love

totas beutatz e totz plazers,

all beauties and all pleasures

totz bos sens e totz bels sabers,

all good sense and all fair knowledge

e Deus pauzet las prop de se,
and God set them near to himself
 quar vi en elas tan de be.
because he-saw in them so-much of good

Per que am mais montanha

For which I-love more a-mountain

ab neu et ab gelada

with snow and with frost

qu'ampla terra ni lada

than-a-broad land or wide

ni ribeira ni planha.

or a-riverside or a-plain

E non o dic ges per orgolh,

And not it I-say at-all through pride

mas quar ma domna·m dezacolh,

but because my lady-me rejects

qu'avenhat m'es que·m n'an alhors,

so-that-fitting to-me-is that-me thence-I-go elsewhere

e non cre que·l sia honors

and not I-believe that-to-her is an-honor

mos maltraitz ni mos dechazers:

my ill-usage nor my falling

mas fai aitan de sos volers,

but she-does so-much of her wishes

e pot o far, que ja per re

and she-can it to-do that ever for anything

no·lh volrai mal, com que·m malme.

not-to-her I-shall-wish ill however that-me she-mistreat

Be·us dic que pauc gazanha

Well-to-you I-say that little gains

qui destrui sa mainada,

whoever destroys his household

que cortz non es honrada,

for a-court not is honored

des qu'om pros no·i remanha.

from-when that-a-man worthy not-in-it remains

Quar mi part de s'amor, m'en dolh,

For me I-part from her-love myself-of-it I-grieve

quar tan valens no cre·s despolh,

for so worthy not I-believe-herself she-strip

que bel' es sobre las gensors

for fair she-is above the fairest

plus que roza sobr' outras flors;

more than a-rose above other flowers

et si·l plagues lo remaners,

and if-to-her pleased the remaining

de sai fora·l gratz e·l lezers:

of here would-be-the thanks and-the leisure

mas eu parli no sai de que,

but I speak not I-know of what

qu'on mais la prec, peitz s'en capte.

for-the more her I-entreat worse herself-of-it she-behaves

Et ai ben dreg que·m planha,

And I-have well right that-me I-complain

si sui perdutz en bada,

if I-am lost in vain

qu'Amors no·us a tocada,

for-Love not-you has touched

mas mi ten en tal lanha,

but me holds in such affliction

de que ploron soven mei olh,

of which weep often my eyes

si que la car' e·l peitz m'en molh.

so that the face and-the breast to-me-of-it I-wet

Gran mestier m'en agra socors

Great need to-me-of-it would-be succor

d'amics o de mantenedors,

of-friends or of upholders

quar anc no fon sauput mos vers,

for ever not was known my verse

si·m ten amezurat temers:

so-me holds measured a-fearing

tan vos am de cor e de fe,

so-much you I-love with heart and with faith

que nulh amic de vos non cre.

that any friend of you not I-believe

Quar plus qu'obra d'aranha

For more than-the-work of-a-spider

non pot aver durada

not can to-have a-lasting

Amors, pos es proada,

Love once it-is proved

qu'ab ditz daur' et aplanha

which-with words gilds and smooths

tal qu'a-l cor de vilan escolh:

such who-has-the heart of churlish sort

per qu'eu fatz d'Aurenja Nantolh,

for which-I make of-Orange Nanteuil

que·ls plus cortes vei neis pejors

for-the most courtly I-see even worse

ves domnas e ves amadors.

toward ladies and toward lovers

Per que val mais bos absteners

For which is-worth more good abstaining

que fols parlars; mas bels parers

than foolish speaking but a-fair showing

volh far als pros, quan s'esdeve,

I-wish to-make to-the worthy when it-befalls

mas del ver tenc l'air' e l'ale.

but of-the truth I-hold the-air and the-breath

Domna, Deus qu'es leials e vers

Lady God who-is loyal and true

vos a dat pretz, honor e be

you has given worth honor and good

pro mais que no'n retenc ab se.

much more than of-it he-kept with himself

Que mainta gens ditz de vos be,

For many folk say of you good

que lui renega e mescre.

who him deny and misbelieve

Mos cors s'alegr' e s'esjau

9 • FANJEUX

His heart gladdens for the mild season and for the castle of Fanjeaux, which seems paradise to him: love, joy, and true courting are shut up in it. Any enemy, however fierce, who speaks well of the ladies becomes his good friend. His archer of Laurac has wounded him from beyond Gaillac and set the bolt in his heart, and no blow ever pleased him more. Lady She-Wolf's sweet smiles hold him; he commends Montréal to God and turns back to Barral.

Mos cors s'alegr' e s'esjau

My heart itself-gladdens and itself-rejoices

per lo gentil temps suau

for the gentle season mild

e pel castel de Fanjau

and for-the castle of Fanjeaux

que-m ressembla paradis;

which-to-me resembles paradise

qu'amors e jois s'i enclau

for-love and joy themselves-in-it enclose

e tot quant a pretz s'abau

and all that to worth belongs

e domneis vrais e fis.

and courting true and fine

Non ai enemic tan brau,
Not I-have an-enemy so fierce
 si las domnas mi mentau
if the ladies to-me be-names
 ni m'en ditz honor e lau,
nor to-me-of-them says honor and praise
 qu'eu no'l sia bos amis.
that-I not-to-him am a-good friend
 Et quar mest lor non estau,
And because among them not I-dwell
 ni en outra terra vau,
nor into another land I-go
 planh e sospir e languis.
I-lament and I-sigh and I-languish

Mos bels arquiers de Laurac,
My fair archer of Laurac
 de cui m'abelis e'm pac,
by whom to-me-it-pleases and-me I-am-content
 m'a nafrat de part Galhac
to-me-has wounded from beyond Gaillac
 e son cairel el cor mis;
and his bolt in-the heart put
 et anc mais colps tan no'm plac,
and ever more a-blow so not-to-me pleased
 qu'eu sojorne a Saissac
so-that-I sojourn at Saissac
 ab fraires et ab cozis.
with brothers and with cousins

Per totz temps lais Albeges

For all time I-leave the-Albigois

e remanh en Carcasses,

and I-remain in the-Carcassès

que'l cavalier son cortes

for-the knights are courtly

e las domnas del país.

and the ladies of-the country

Mas Na Loba a'm si conques,

But Lady She-Wolf has-me so conquered

que, si m'ajut Deus ni fes,

that if to-me-help God and faith

al cor m'estan sei dous ris.

in-the heart to-me-stand her sweet smiles

A Deu coman Monrial

To God I-commend Montréal

e'l palaitz emperial,

and-the palace imperial

qu'eu m'en torn sai a'N Barral,

for-I myself-thence turn here to-Sir Barral

a cui bos pretz es aclis;

to whom good worth is inclined

e cobrar m'an Proensal,

and to-regain me-they-will the-Provençals

quar nulha gens tan no val,

for any folk so-much not is-worth

per que serai lor vezis.

for which I-shall-be their neighbor

Tant ai longamen cercat

10 • LONG HAVE I SOUGHT

He has sought long for what he did not need and found it exactly so: a fool doing folly thinks he is doing sense. She gives him a dearth of joy; she betrayed him with fair company and stole his heart. He cries mercy daily and mercy does not answer. She belies the sweet glance and fair eyes that showed him so courteous a seeming, as a heretic leads a man into error with a fair face. Until he has crossed the Rhone his heart will not be content.

Tant ai longamen cercat

So-much I-have long sought

so qu'obs no m'avia,

that which-need not to-me-was

qu'enaissi o ai trobat

that-thus it I-have found

com eu o queria.

as I it sought

Perdut ai e mescabat

Lost I-have and squandered

so qu'aver solia,

that which-to-have I-used

et re non ai gazanhat

and anything not I-have gained

don mos amics ria.

whereof my friend laughs

E fols, quan fai foudat, cuja far sen

And a-fool when he-does folly thinks to-do sense

e no conois tro, l'en vai malamen;

and not he-knows until to-him-it goes badly

que·m sui lonhatz de plazer e d'onransa
for-me I-am parted from pleasure and from-honor
 e chauximens ab leis re no m'enansa,
and clemency with her in-anything not me-advances
 que·l cors e·l cor de mi e la valor
for-the body and-the heart of me and the merit
 a e no·m val ni eu no·m vir alhor.
she-has and not-to-me avails and I not-myself turn elsewhere

De joi don a gran viutat
Of joy whereof she-has great plenty
 mi fai carestia,
to-me she-makes a-dearth
 mala vi sa gran beutat,
in-an-evil-hour I-saw her great beauty
 et sa cortezia.
and her courtesy

Traït m'a e galiat,
Betrayed me-she-has and beguiled
 ab bela paria
with fair company
 m'a si tot mon cor emblat,
to-me-she-has so wholly my heart stolen
 que ja no·l creiria.
that ever not-it I-would-believe

Leis ami plus que mi, per que·m repren
Her I-love more than myself for which-me she-blames
 et enquier me mon dan ad escien;
and seeks me my harm with knowledge

qu'ab leis no trob amistat ni pitansa
for-with her not I-find friendship nor pity
 ni chاوزimen ni negun' acordansa;
nor clemency nor any accord
 eu clam merce e merces no·m socor;
I cry mercy and mercy not-me succors
 merce claman cug morir de dolor.
mercy crying I-think to-die of grief

Tant clam ab humilitat
So-much I-cry with humility
 merce cascun dia,
mercy each day
 merces faria peccat,
mercy would-commit a-sin
 si no m'en valia.
if not to-me-of-it it-availed
 Mout ai chاوزimen cridat
Much I-have clemency called-for
 ves que pauc m'embria,
toward which little it-profits-me
 pos ab leis non ai trobat,
since with her not I-have found
 eu cre que mortz sia.
I believe that dead I-am
 Ma domn' a mort merce e chاوزimen,
My lady has slain mercy and clemency
 son dous esgart e sos bels olhs desmen,
her sweet glance and her fair eyes give-the-lie

ab que·m mostret tan corteza semblansa,

with which-me she-showed so courteous a-seeming

qu'eu cugei plus aver que·l reis de Fransa.

that-I thought more to-have than-the king of France

D'aisso sembla heretg' e traïdor,

In-this she-resembles a-heretic and a-traitor

qu'ab bel semblan met home en error.

who-with a-fair seeming puts a-man into error

A! bel senher Castiat,

Ab fair lord Chastened-One

com mor de feunia,

how I-die of rage

qu'ab bel semblan m'a nafrat

for-with a-fair seeming me-has wounded

ma mal' enemia.

my evil enemy

E ges aitan de bontat

And at-all so-much of goodness

no·m demostraria,

not-to-me she-would-show

que·m fes amor de conhat,

that-to-me she-might-do love of a-brother-in-law

qu'ab tan ja viuria;

that-with so-much already I-should-live

qu'om sofraitos, que d'amor a talen,

for-a-man needy who of-love has desire

so que s'en pot aver, aco s'en pren;

that which himself-of-it he-can to-have that himself-of-it he-takes

et eu estauc en atrestal balansa.

and I stand in just-such a-balance

Mas en bon' esmenda n'ai esperansa,

But in a-good amends of-it-I-have hope

que'm socorra de las penas d'amor,

that-to-me she-succors from the pains of-love

que valer deu domn' a son servidor.

for to-help must a-lady to her servant

Ar tem que dic gran foudat

Now I-fear that I-say great folly

per ma leujaria:

through my lightness

mas deu m'esser perdonat,

but it-must to-me-to-be pardoned

que no sai que'm dia.

for not I-know what-to-me I-say

E vec me apoderat

And behold me overmastered

del tot a sa guia;

of-the whole at her guidance

fassa ne sa voluntat,

let-her-do of-it her will

qu'ela si's faria.

which-she indeed-so would-do

Bona domna, si-us platz, a vos mi ren,

Good lady if-to-you it-pleases to you myself I-yield

e si no-us platz, si m'o fatz eissamen;

and if not-to-you it-pleases yet to-me-it do likewise

que be conosc que per negun' esmansa

for well I-know that by any reckoning

no-us ai forsa: mout trai greu malanansa

not-you I-have force much endures grievous wretchedness

caitius que chai en ira de senhor

a-wretch who falls into the-anger of a-lord

e non troba sostenh ni valedor.

and not finds support nor helper

Tro qu'aja Rozer passat

Until that-I-have the-Rhone crossed

lai vas Lombardia,

there toward Lombardy

non aurai mon cor pagat,

not I-shall-have my heart contented

com qu'eu sai m'estia.

however that-I here remain

Tant ai de Proens' estat

So-long I-have from Provence stayed

qu'eu tem que m'aucia

that-I fear that me-she-slays

ma domn', et aura m'onrat,

my lady and she-will-have me-honored

si tost o fasia.

if soon it she-did

Qu'aver dei ben vergonh' et espaven,

For-to-have I-must well shame and dread

car ai estat de leis tan longamen.

because I-have stayed from her so long

Si tals peccatz no fos dezesperansa,
If such a-sin not were despair
 dezesperatz me for'eu ses duptansa,
despairing me would-be-I without doubt
 e ren m'a leis a lei de bauzador,
and I-yield me-to her in the-manner of a-deceiver
 et ilh fassa·n so que·lh torn ad honor.
and let-her do-of-it that which-to-her turn to honor

Olhs de merce, boca de chauximen,
Eyes of mercy mouth of clemency
 nulhs hom no·us ve que no·l fassatz jauzen,
any man not-you sees whom not-him you-make joyful
 per qu'eu ai mes en vos ferm' esperansa
for which-I have put in you a-firm hope
 e tot mon cor e tota ma fiansa,
and all my heart and all my trust
 e fatz de vos ma domn' e mon senhor
and I-make of you my lady and my lord
 e·us ren mon cor de bon cor e d'amor.
and-to-you I-yield my heart with good heart and with-love

Na Vierna, be·m vai de vostr' amor,
Lady Vierna well-to-me goes of your love
 ab sol que vis Castiat, mon senhor.
with only that I-might-see Chastened-One my lord

Baros de mon dan covit

11 · BARONS, I INVITE YOU TO MY HARM

He invites the barons and the false slanderers to do their worst, for the lady he has chosen holds natural worth and he is wholly hers. Song and cheer have failed, and courting is welcomed only where the lady and the lover are false. His heart gladdens because Barral will take him back, and a thousand greetings come daily out of Catalonia and Lombardy. The king all but dies of envy. Nowhere does he go without being cried: this is Sir Peire Vidal.

Baros de mon dan covit,

Barons of my harm I-invite

fals lauzeugiers desleials,

false slanderers disloyal

qu'en tal domna ai chautit,

for-in such a-lady I-have chosen

on es fis pretz naturals.

where is fine worth natural

Et eu am la de fin cor, ses bauzia,

And I love her with a-true heart without deceit

e sui totz seus, quora qu'ilh sia mia,

and I-am wholly hers whenever that-she is mine

quar sa beutatz e sa valors pareis,

for her beauty and her merit appears

qu'en leis amar fora honratz us reis,

that-in her to-love would-be honored a king

per qu'eu sui rics sol que'm denh dire d'oc.

for which-I am rich only that-me she-deign to-say of-yes

Que res tan no m'abelit

For anything so-much not to-me-pleased

com sos adreitz cors leials,

as her upright body loyal

on son tug bon aip complit

where are all good qualities complete

e tug ben senes totz mals.

and all goods without all ills

Pos tot i es quan tanh a drudaria,

Since all in-it is that belongs to loving

ben sui astrucs, sol que mos cors lai sia;

well I-am fortunate only that my heart there is

e si merces, per que totz bos aips creis,

and if mercy through which every good quality grows

mi val ab leis, be-us posc dir ses tot neis,

to-me avails with her well-to-you I-can to-say without any doubt

qu'anc ab amor tant ajudar no-m poc.

that-ever with love so-much to-help not-me it-could

Chant e solatz vei falhit,

Song and cheer I-see failed

cortz e dos e bels hostals,

courts and gifts and fair lodgings

e domnei no vei grazit,

and courting not I-see welcomed

si·lh domn' e·l drutz non es fals.

if-the lady and-the lover not is false

Aquel n'a mais que plus soven galia.

That-one of-it-has more who most often deceives

Non dirai plus, mas com si volha sia.

Not I-shall-say more but as itself it-wishes let-it-be

Mas peza me quar ades non esteis

But it-weighs to-me because at-once not was-quenched

lo premiers fals que comenset anceis:

the first false-one who began before

e fora dreitz, qu'avol eissemple moc.

and it-would-be right that-a-worthless example he-set

Mon cor sent alegrezit,

My heart I-feel gladdened

quar me cobrara·N Barrals.

because me will-regain-Sir Barral

Ben aja cel que·m noirit

Well may-have he who-me nourished

e Deus! quar eu sui aitals;

and God because I am such

que mil salutz me venon cascun dia

that a-thousand greetings me come each day

de Catalonha e de Lombardia,

from Catalonia and from Lombardy

quar a totz jorns poja mos pretz e creis.

because at all days climbs my worth and grows

Quar per un pauc no mor d'enveja·l reis,

Because for a little — dies of-envy-the king

quar ab domnas fauc mon trep e mon joc.

because with ladies I-make my sport and my game

Ben es proat et auzit

Well it-is proved and heard

com eu sui pros e cabals,

how I am worthy and excellent

e pos Deus m'a enriquít,

and since God me-has enriched

no's tanh qu'eu sia venals.

not-itself befits that-I am venal

Cen domnas sai que cascuna·m volria

A-hundred ladies I-know that each-one-me would-wish

tener ab se, si aver me podia.

to-hold with her if to-have me she-could

Mas eu sui cel qu'anc no·m gabei ni·m feís

But I am he that-ever not-myself I-boasted nor-myself I-feigned

ni volgui trop parlar de mi mezeis,

nor I-wished too-much to-speak of me myself

mas domnas bais e cavaliers desroc.

but ladies I-kiss and knights I-unhorse

Maint bon tornei ai partit

Many a-good tourney I-have parted

pels colps qu'eu fier tan mortals,

by-the blows that-I strike so mortal

qu'en loc no vau qu'om no crit:

that-in any-place not I-go that-one not cries

«So es En Peire Vidals,

This is Sir Peire Vidal

cel qui mante domnei e drudaria

he who upholds courting and loving

e fa que pros per amor de s'amia,

and acts as (a)-worthy(-man) for love of his-beloved

et ama mais batalhas e torneis

and loves more battles and tourneys

que monges patz, e sembra·l malaveis

than a-monk peace and it-seems-to-him a-sickness

trop sojornar et estar en un loc.»

too-much to-sojourn and to-stay in one place

Plus que no pot ses aiga viure·l peis,

More than — can without water to-live-the fish

no pot esser ses lauzengier domneis,

not can to-be without a-slanderer courting

per qu'amador compron trop car lor joc.

wherefore lovers buy too dear their game

Una chanso ai feita mortalmen

12 • A SONG MADE MORTALLY

He has made a song mortally and does not know how, for he held neither heart nor thought by night or day; then a great well-being of love took him and he began this song for the lady he so remembers. She speaks and smiles and promises, and no lady ever lied so gracefully. No man loved so foolishly, not even the squire who died at the table. He asks her to remember the rich man who let Lazarus die, and the reward that followed.

Una chanso ai feita mortalmen

A song I-have made mortally

si qu'eu no sai dire com ni consi,

so that-I not know to-say how nor in-what-way

qu'anc noit ni jorn, de ser ni de mati,

for-ever night nor day of evening nor of morning

non tenc mon cor ni nulh mon pensamen;

not I-held my heart nor any my thought

mas com era, l'autrier, mout en balansa,

but as I-was the-other-day much in the-balance

pres me d'amor aitan grans benanansa,

took me of-love so great well-being

que comensei a chanso far desse

that I-began to a-song to-make at-once

de ma domna de cui tan mi sove.

of my lady of whom so-much to-me it-comes-to-mind

Doncs per que·m te mi dons en tal turmen?

Then for what-me holds my lady in such torment

Qu'anc nulha res mais tan no m'abeli,

For-ever any thing more so-much not to-me-pleased

ni anc mon cor des l'ora que la vi

nor ever my heart since the-hour that her I-saw

non poc partir ni m'amor ni mon sen.

not it-could to-part nor my-love nor my sense

E si·m fai mal, ilh fai mout gran erransa;

And if-to-me she-does ill she does very great erring

mas si·m fezes amistat e pitansa,

but if-to-me she-might-do friendship and pity

no pogra far el mon major merce,

not she-could to-do in-the world a-greater mercy

pois a·n razo, car s'amors me soste.

since she-has-of-it reason for her-love me sustains

Mas ges no·m par qu'ilh n'aja bon talen,

But at-all not-to-me it-seems that-she of-it-has good will

e non per tan qu'ab me parla e·m ri,

and not for so-much that-with me she-speaks and-to-me smiles

e promet me, mais anc mais no menti

and promises me but ever before not lied

nulha domna tant azaut ni tan gen.

any lady so gracefully nor so nobly

Pero·l bels ditz me torn' en alegransa,

Yet-the fair words me turn into gladness

et si·m disses vertat, ab tota Fransa

and if-to-me she-might-say truth with all France

non estera tan suau ni tan be;

not I-would-stand so easy nor so well

mas non a cor ni voluntat en re.

but not she-has heart nor will in anything

Anc non amet nulhs hom tan folamen,

Ever not loved any man so foolishly

neis l'escudiers qu'a la taula mori.

not-even the-squire who-at the table died

Atressi·m mor, mas plus d'a pas m'auci

So-likewise-I die but more at a-walking-pace me-she-slays

leis que o sap far tan cortezamen.

she who it knows to-do so courteously

Car ges no·m fier de coutel ni de lansa,

For at-all not-me she-strikes with a-knife nor with a-lance

mas ab bels ditz et ab plazen semblansa:

but with fair words and with a-pleasing seeming

veus las armas ab que·m combat ancse,

bebold the arms with which-me she-fights always

depos la vi et enquer si m'o te,

since her I-saw and still so to-me-it she-holds

pos sa beutat que·l det enteiramen

since her beauty which-to-her gave entirely

Nostre Senher, qu'anc re no li·n parti,

Our Lord that-ever anything not to-her-of-it be-parted

e gaug entier e sen verai e fi:

and joy entire and sense true and fine

tot so m'ave, car s'amor no-m consen.

all this to-me-befalls because her-love not-to-me consents

Pero de mar tra hom senes duptansa

Yet from the-sea draws one without doubt

aigua doussa, per qu'eu ai esperansa,

water sweet for which-I have hope

que sens e genhs e, car no m'en recre,

that sense and skill and because not myself-of-it I-give-up

m'en traïra joi, qu'en als no m'en refre.

me-thence will-draw joy for-in other-things not myself-of-it I-restrain

Sivals, domna, si-us membres del manen

At-least lady if-to-you it-might-come-to-mind of-the rich-man

que laisset Lazer morir denan si,

who let Lazarus to-die before himself

quals fo'l meritx que apres lo'n segui,

which was-the reward that afterward him-of-it followed

pois de ben leu preïratz esgardamen

then of well easily you-would-take regard

co-m traïssesetz de ma greu malanansa,

how-me you-might-draw from my grievous wretchedness

qu'estiers no posc ges aver benanansa,

for-otherwise not I-can at-all to-have well-being

ni ja no-us aj' eu, domna, ni Deus me,

and ever not-you may-have I lady nor God me

s'ab tot lo mon ses vos avia be.

if-with all the world without you I-had good

Quant hom honratz torna en gran paubreira

13 · WHEN AN HONORED MAN TURNS POOR

An honored man fallen into poverty does not know how to beg and hides his distress, so it is a greater mercy to give to a shamefaced poor man than to those who ask boldly. He was rich until his lady turned him into distress, and her war is so overmastering that he dares not answer it: if he flees, her image stands before his eyes. He was wrong to call her a liar. The envoi goes to the good king beyond Cervera.

Quant hom honratz torna en gran paubreira,

When a-man honored turns into great poverty

qu'a estat rics e de gran benanansa,

who-has been rich and of great well-being

de vergonha non sap re consi queira,

of shame not he-knows anything how he-asks

ans ama mais cobrir sa malanansa;

rather he-loves more to-cover his wretchedness

per qu'es majer merces e plus francs dos,

for which-is a-greater mercy and a-more noble gift

quant hom fai ben a paubre vergonhos,

when one does good to a-poor-man shamefaced

qu'a mains d'autres qu'an en querre fiansa.

than-to many of-others who-have in asking confidence

Qu'eu era rics e de bona maneira

For-I was rich and of good estate

tro ma domna m'a tornat en erransa,

until my lady to-me-has turned into distress

que m'es mala e salvatja guerreira;

who to-me-is an-evil and savage warrior

e fai peccat, car aissi·m dezenansa.

and does a-sin because thus-me she-abases

Qu'en mi no troba nulhas occaizos;

For-in me not she-finds any occasions

mas car li sui fizels et amors,

but because to-her I-am faithful and loving

e d'aquest tort no·m vol far perdonansa.

and of-this wrong not-to-me she-wills to-make pardon

E sa guerra es mi tan sobranseira,

And her war is to-me so overmastering

que, si·m fai mal, no·n aus penre venjansa;

that if-to-me she-does ill not-of-it I-dare to-take vengeance

que s'eu li fug ni camje ma carreira,

for if-I from-her flee or I-change my road

denan mos olhs vei sa bela semblansa.

before my eyes I-see her fair seeming

Per qu'eu no sui del fugir poderos

For which-I not am of-the fleeing capable

ni del tornar: per que m'en fora bos

nor of-the returning for which to-me-of-it would-be good

plaitz o acortz qu'ela i agues honransa.

a-pleading or an-accord that-she in-it might-have honor

Ab leis no·m val forsa ni genhs qu'eu queira

With her not-to-me avails force nor skill that-I seek

plus qu'a l'enclaus quez a de mort duptansa,

more than-to the-besieged who has of death dread

qui bast dedinz e trauc' e fai arqueira

who builds within and pierces and makes a-loop-hole

encontra l'ost e pren del trait' esmansa.

against the-host and takes of-the shooting an-aim

Mas l'autr' arquiers defors es plus ginhos,

But the-other archer outside is more crafty

que'l fier premiers per aquel loc rescos:

who-him strikes first through that place hidden

e ma domna·m ten en aital balansa.

and my lady-me holds in such a-balance

Ilh es tan doussa, franc' e plazenteira

She is so sweet noble and pleasing

ab cortes ditz et ab bela semblansa,

with courtly words and with a-fair seeming

per qu'eu non ai poder que m'en sofeira.

for which-I not have power that myself-of-it I-restrain

Plus que l'auzels qu'es noiritz lai per Fransa,

More than the-bird which-is reared there through France

quant hom l'apel' et el respon coitos

when one it-calls and it answers eager

e sap qu'es mortz, paus mon cor voluntos

and knows that-it-is dead I-lay my heart willing

als mils cairels qu'ab sos bels olhs mi lansa.

to-the thousand bolts that-with her fair eyes me she-burls

Tort ai car anc l'apelei mensongeira,

Wrong I-have because ever her-I-called a-liar

mas drutz cochatz non a sen ni membransa,

but a-lover pressed not has sense nor memory

qu'a pauc no mor, car tan m'es vertadeira,

for-at little — he-dies because so to-me-she-is truthful

que lonhat m'a de la paubr' esperanza,

that parted me-has from the poor hope

don eu era a las oras joios;

whence I was at the times joyful

mas era'n sui d'amor e de joi blos,

but now-of-it I-am of-love and of joy stripped

s'ab gaug entier no m'en fai acordansa.

if-with joy entire not to-me-of-it she-makes an-accord

Chanso, vai t'en al bon rei part Cerveira,

Song go yourself-thence to-the good king beyond Cervera

que de bon pretz non a el mon egansa,

who of good worth not has in-the world an-equal

sol plus francs fos ves mi dons de Cabreira,

if-only more noble he-were toward my lady of Cabrera

que d'autra re no fai desmezuransa.

who of-other thing not does immoderation

E totz rics hom, quan destrui sos baros,

And every rich man when he-destroys his barons

n'es meins amatz e preatz dels plus pros,

is-of-it less loved and prized by-the most worthy

et eu o dic, car li port fin' amansa.

and I it say because to-him I-bear true affection

Na Vierna, eu no·m clam ges de vos;
Lady Vierna I not-myself complain at-all of you
 mas ben m'agr' ops plus adreitz gazardos
but well to-me-would-be need a-more fitting reward
 del lonc aten on avi' esperansa.
of-the long waiting wherein I-had hope

Fraire, be volh que mantenham los pros
Brother well I-wish that we-uphold the worthy
 e confondam los malvatz enoios,
and we-confound the wicked vexing
 quar no s'en te mos Rainiers en balansa.
for not himself-of-it holds my Rainier in the-balance

Bels Castiatz, vostre pretz poderos
Fair Chastened-One your worth mighty
 estai sus aut, quan tuit autre van jos,
stands up high when all others go down
 qu'ab melh valer se melhur' e s'enansa.
which-with better worthiness itself betters and itself-advances

E quar no vei Mon Gazanhat ni vos,
And because not I-see My Won-One nor you
 no posc estar alegres ni joios,
not I-can to-be glad nor joyful
 mas sobrefors m'en tol ma benanansa.
but an-over-effort to-me-of-it takes my well-being

Drogoman senher, s'agues bon destrier

14 · LORD DRAGOMAN, IF I HAD A GOOD CHARGER

If he had a good charger his enemies would be in a foolish plight: they fear him as quails fear a sparrowhawk. When he has donned his double hauberk and girt on the sword Sir Guy gave him, the earth trembles where he goes. In daring he is Roland and Oliver, in courting Berart of Mondidier. If he had a proper courser the king could sleep quietly beyond Balaguer. Were his enemies' bodies of iron and steel, a peacock's feather would not save them.

Drogoman senher, s'agues bon destrier,

Dragoman lord if-I-had a-good charger

en fol plag foran intrat mei guerrier:

into a-foolish plight would-be entered my enemies

c'aqui mezeis cant hom lor me mentau

for-there itself when one to-them me names

mi temon plus que caillas esparvier,

me they-fear more than quails a-sparrowhawk

e non preson lor vida un denier,

and not they-prize their life a penny

tan mi sabon fer e salvatg' e brau.

so-much me they-know fierce and savage and rough

Cant ai vestit mon fort ausberc doblrier

When I-have donned my strong hauberk double

e cent lo bran que'm det en Gui l'autrier,

and girt the sword that-to-me gave Sir Guy the-other-day

la terra crola per aqui on vau;

the earth trembles through there where I-go

e non ai enemic tant sobrancier

and not I-have an-enemy so overbearing

que tost no-m lais las vias e-l sentier,

that soon not-to-me he-leaves the ways and-the path

tan me dopton can senton mon esclau.

so-much me they-dread when they-sense my footfall

D'ardimen vail Rollan et Olivier,

In-daring I-am-worth Roland and Oliver

e de domnei Berart de Mondesdier;

and in courting Berart of Mondidier

car soi tan pros, per aco n'ai bon lau,

because I-am so worthy for that of-it-I-have good praise

que sovendet m'en venon messatgier

that often to-me-thence come messengers

ab anel d'aur, ab cordo blanc e nier,

with a-ring of-gold with a-cord white and black

ab tals salutz don totz mos cors s'esjau.

with such greetings whence all my heart itself-rejoices

En totas res semble ben cavalier;

In all things I-seem well a-knight

si-m soi, e sai d'amor tot son mestier

so-I am and I-know of-love all its craft

e tot aisso c'a drudari' abau,

and all that which-to loving belongs

c'anc en cambra non vitz tan plazentier

for-ever in a-chamber not you-saw so pleasing

ni ab armas tan mal ni tan sobrier;

nor with arms so grim nor so overbearing

don m'ama e'm tem tals que no'm ve ni m'au.

whence me-loves and-me fears such-a-one who not-me sees nor me-bears

E s'eu agues caval adreit corsier,

And if-I had a-horse a-proper courser

suau s'estes lo reis part Balaguer

easily would-remain the king beyond Balaguer

e dormis se planamen e suau;

and would-sleep himself quietly and easy

qu'eu'l tengra en patz Proens' e Monpeslier,

for-I-for-him would-hold in peace Provence and Montpellier

que raubador ni malvatz rocinier

so-that a-robber nor a-wicked back-rider

no'l rauberan mais Autaves ni Crau.

not-to-him would-rob more Autaves nor Crau

E si'l reis torn' a Tolosa, e'l gravier,

And if-the king returns to Toulouse and-the gravel-bank

e n'eis lo coms e siei caitiu dardier,

and thence-goes-out the count and his wretched dart-men

que tot jorn cridon: «Aspa! et Orsau!»

who all day cry Aspe and Ossau

D'aitan me van qu'eu n'aurai'l colp premier,

Of-so-much me I-boast that-I of-it-shall-have-the blow first

e i ferrai tan qu'els n'intraran dobliei,

and there I-shall-strike so-much that-they of-it-will-enter doubled

et eu ab lor, qui la porta no-m clau.

and I with them if-anyone the gate not-to-me closes

E s'eu consec gelos ni lauzengier

And if-I overtake a-jealous-man or a-slanderer

c'ab fals conselh gaston l'autrui sobrier

who-with false counsel waste the-other's superiority

e baïsson joi a presen et a frau,

and lower joy in the-open and in secret

per ver sabran cal son li colp qu'eu fier:

in truth they-will-know what are the blows that-I strike

que s'avian cors de fer et d'acier

that if-they-had bodies of iron and of-steel

no lur valra una pluma de pau.

not to-them will-avail a feather of a-peacock

Na Vierna, merce de Monpeslier,

Lady Vierna mercy of Montpellier

en Rainiers, ar amaretz cavalier,

Sir Rainier now you-will-love a-knight

don jois m'es mais cregutz per vos, Deu lau.

whence joy to-me-is more increased through you God I-praise

Son ben apoderatz

15 • WELL OVERMASTERED

He is overmastered by love, for he turns most willingly where he takes most shame: joy dearly bought is greater than joy that is cheap. He grieves more for the cords he lost than for what befell him, and the marks still show on his sides — yet it is a favor, since it pleases his lady. He reproves his Chastened One, who shames and robs lovers and in whose court he was robbed for a penny. Two tornadas close it, one to Vierna and one on the Chastened One, burned by Rome.

Son ben apoderatz

I-am well overmastered

per amor e vencutz,

by love and conquered

car aital via tenc

for such a-road I-hold

que lai on ieu plus prenc

that there where I most take

d'anta ni d'encombrier

of-shame and of-bindrance

torni plus volentier;

I-turn more willingly

per qu'ieu sai qu'es vertatz

for which-I know that-it-is truth

ques es majer assatz

that is greater by-much

gaugz, quant es car compratz,

joy when it-is dear bought

c'aicel don es viutatz.

than-that whereof is cheapness

Enquer sui plus iratz

Still I-am more grieved

dels cordons qu'ai perdutoz

for-the cords that-I-have lost

que d'aisso que m'avenc;

than of-that which to-me-befell

e pero ges no'm fenc,

and yet at-all not-me I-feign

ans sui plus vertadier

rather I-am more truthful

que no m'agra mestier,

than — to-me-would-be needful

qu'enquer par als costatz

for-still it-shows on-the sides

com ieu fui laig menatz;

how I was foully banded

pero m'es tot deintatz,

yet to-me-is all a-delight

pois c'a ma dona platz.

since that-to my lady it-pleases

Donc pueis Mos Castiatz

Then since My Chastened-One

aunis ni rauba drutz,

shames nor robs lovers

no·lh pes s'ieu l'en reprenc:

not-to-him let-it-weigh if-I him-of-it reprove

car qui fa qui blastenc

for one does another blames

auzit de repropchier;

heard as a-proverb

e car per pauc denier

and because for a-little penny

fui en sa cort raubatz,

I-was in his court robbed

lo blasmes li es restatz;

the blame to-him is remained

e fora plus onratz

and I-would-be more honored

s'eu fos d'el revenjatz.

if-I were of-him avenged

Cel n'es plus enganatz

He is-of-it more deceived

qui li es d'amor tengutz:

who to-him is by-love bound

qu'al senher de Berenc

for-to-the lord of Berenc

sai ben com l'esdevenc;

I-know well how to-him-it-befell

e pueis lo Pognautier,

and then the Penautier

car guerrejet premier,

because he-warred first

fo per el desrocatz;

was by him unhorsed

e ja totz temps guidatz

and ever all times protected

fo sos amics privatz

was his friend private

si com l'escaravatz.

just as the-beetle

Per so n'es sos comtatz

For this is-of-it his county

enrechitz e cregutz;

enriched and increased

mas meins val d'un arenc

but less is-worth than-a herring

so que per fors' a renc.

he who by force has a-realm

Qu'el pres monge claustrier,

For-he took a-monk cloistered

a cui tolç lo mostier;

from whom he-seized the minster

pero si n'a raubatz

yet if of-them-he-has robbed

Sant Felitz e Mornatz,

Saint Felix and Mornas

mas Tripol, so sapchatz,

but Tripoli this you-should-know

fo gent d'el conquistatz.

was nobly by-him conquered

E·l portals e·l fossatz

And-the gate and-the ditch

de Fonchau fo fondutz;

of Fonchau was thrown-down

e pueissas m'en sovens

and thereafter to-me-of-it came-to-mind

— que de plus no m'estenc —

that of more not myself-I-extend

ques a en Forcalquier

that he-has in Forcalquier

enemic e guerrier,

an-enemy and a-warrior

si que Mos Gazanhatz

so that My Won-One

ten Opida en patz;

holds Oppède in peace

e si es perdonatz,

and if he-is pardoned

si n'er tortz e pecatz.

so of-it-will-be wrong and sin

Domna, vostra beutatz

Lady your beauty

e·l fins pretz mentaugutz

and-the fine worth renowned

mi fai semblar sebenc

to-me makes to-seem mean

tot autre joi c'anc venc

all other joy that-ever came

de vos; qu'en alegrier

from you for-in gladness

estauc ab cor entier,

I-stand with a-heart entire

don n'ai major solatz.

whence of-it-I-have a-greater cheer

Ai! Don', humilitatz

Ab Lady humility

e pretz e pietatz

and worth and pity

vos met' entre mos bratz.

you may-they-put between my arms

Na Vierna, pojatz;

Lady Vierna rise

vilas mal enseignatz

a-churl ill taught

es qui nos a loignatz

is he-who us has parted

de nostras amistatz.

from our friendships

Per que Mos Castiatz

For which My Chastened-One

s'es per Roma crematz,

himself-has by Rome burned

si'l fai mas es pecatz,

if-to-him she-does more it-is a-sin

pos totz no·i esta ratz.

since wholly not-in-it he-stands confirmed

Be·m pac d'ivern e d'estiu

16 · WINTER AND SUMMER PLEASE ME

Winter and summer, cold and heat please him alike; he loves snow as much as flowers and a worthy dead man more than a worthless living one. His lady holds Montesquieu against false feigners; her words taste of honey, and churlish wooers fear her more than a griffin. He tells over eye, brow, nose, mouth, jaw, and white breast, and calls her a dove without gall. Our Lord seeks succor against the Turks. The verse goes to Montolieu, and the last tornada to the king, Provence, and Sancho.

Be·m pac d'ivern e d'estiu

Well-me I-am-content of-winter and of-summer

e de fretz e de calors,

and of cold and of heats

et am neus aitan com flors

and I-love snow as-much as flowers

e pro mort mais qu'avol viu:

and a-worthy dead-man more than-a-worthless living

qu'enaissi·m ten esforsiu

for-thus-me holds vigorous

e gai Jovens et Amors.

and gay Youth and Love

E quar am domna novela,

And because I-love a-lady new

sobravinen e plus bela,

most-gracious and more fair

paro·m rozas entre gel

appear-to-me roses among ice

e clars temps ab trebol cel.

and clear weather with a-troubled sky

Ma domn' a pretz soloriu

My lady has a-worth solitary

denan mil combatedors,

before a-thousand assailants

e contra·ls fals fenhedors

and against-the false feigners

ten establitz Montesquiu:

she-holds established Montesquieu

per qu'al seu ric senhoriu

for which-at-the her rich lordship

lauzengiers no pot far cors,

a-slanderer not can to-make a-raid

que sens e pretz la capdela,

for sense and worth her guides

e quan respon ni apela,

and when she-answers or calls

sei dig an sabor de mel,

her words have a-savor of honey

don sembla Sant Gabriel.

whence she-resembles Saint Gabriel

E fai·s plus temer de griu

And she-makes-herself more to-be-feared than-a griffin

a vilas domnejadors,

by churlish wooers

et als fis conoissadors

and to-the true knowers

a solatz tant agradiu,

she-has a-cheer so pleasing

qu'al partir quecs jur' e pliu

that-at-the parting each swears and pledges

que domn' es de las melhors:

that a-lady she-is of the best

per que·m trahin' e·m cembela

for which-me she-draws and-me lures

e·m tra·l cor de sotz l'aissela,

and-me draws-the heart from under the-armspit

e a·m leial e fízel

and has-me loyal and faithful

e just plus que Deus Abel.

and just more than God Abel

Del ric pretz nominatiu

Of-the rich worth renowned

creis tan sa fina valors

grows so-much her fine merit

que no pot sofrir lauzors

that not can to-bear praise

la gran forsa del ver briu.

the great force of-the true vigor

Sei enemíc son caitiu

Her enemies are wretched

e sei amic ric e sors.

and her friends rich and risen

Olh, front, nas, boch' e maissela,

Eye brow nose mouth and jaw

blanc peitz ab dura mamela,

a-white chest with a-firm breast

del talh dels filhs d'Israel

of-the cut of-the sons of-Israel

et es colomba ses fel.

and she-is a-dove without gall

Lo cor tenh morn e pensiu,

The heart I-hold gloomy and pensive

aitan quant estauc alhors;

so-much as I-stand elsewhere

pois creis m'en gaugz e doussors,

then grows to-me-of-it joy and sweetness

quan del seu gen cors m'aiziu.

when of-the her noble body myself-I-approach

Qu'aissi com de recaliu

For-just as of a-fever

ar m'en ve fregz, ar calors;

now to-me-of-it comes cold now heat

e quar es gai' et isnela

and because she-is gay and swift

e de totz mals aibs piucela,

and of all ill qualities a-maiden

l'am mais per Sant Raphael,

her-I-love more by Saint Raphael

que Jacobs no fetz Rachel.

than Jacob — did Rachel

Vers, vai t'en ves Montoliu

Verse go yourself-thence toward Montolieu

e di m'a las tres serors,

and say for-me-to the three sisters

que tan mi platz lor amors,

that so-much to-me pleases their love

qu'ins en mon cor las escriu;

that-within in my heart them I-write

ves totas tres m'umiliu

toward all three myself-I-humble

e·n fatz domnas e senhors.

and-of-them I-make ladies and lords

E plagra·m mais de Castela

And it-would-please-to-me more of Castile

una pauca jovensela,

a little young-girl

que d'aur cargat mil camel

than of-gold laden a-thousand camels

ab l'emperi Manuel.

with the-empire Manuel

Qu'en Fransa et en Beriu

For-in France and in Berry

et a Peiteu et a Tors

and at Poitou and at Tours

quer Nostre Senher socors

seeks Our Lord succor

pels Turcs que·l tenon faidiu,

for-the Turks who-him bold banished

car tout l'an los vaus e'l riu

because taken from-him-they-have the vales and-the river

on anavo·lh pechadors;

where went-to-him sinners

e totz hom que no's revella

and every man who not-himself rouses

contr'aquesta gen fradella

against-this folk base

mal me sembla Daniel

ill to-me resembles Daniel

que'l dragon destruis a bel.

who-the dragon destroyed of Bel

Per Sant Jacme qu'om apela

By Saint James whom-one calls

l'apostol de Compostela,

the-apostle of Compostela

en Luzi' a tal Miquel

in Lucia there-is such a-Michael

que'm val mais que cel del cel.

that-to-me is-worth more than that of-the heaven

Francs reis, Proensa·us apella,

Noble king Provence-you calls

qu'en Sancho la·us desclavella,

for-Sir Sancho her-to-you unlatches

qu'el en trai la cer' e'l mel

for-he of-it draws the wax and-the honey

e sai tramet vos lo fel.

and here he-sends you the gall

Mout m'es bon e bel

17 • THE LEAF ON THE BOUGH

It pleases him to see the leaf and the fresh flower again and hear the birds. He is a lover, but the ill-usage he has borne has changed his sense a little. In his heart he carries leaf and flower that keep him green all the year. Now she holds him hers, the fairest under God. He would be gayer than a bird for one new kiss, for no lover ever changed more grudgingly, and now he renews himself like a flower on a bough.

Mout m'es bon e bel,

Much to-me-is good and fair

quan vei de novel

when I-see of new

la folh' el ramel

the leaf on-the bough

e la fresca flor,

and the fresh flower

e chanton l'auzel

and sing the-birds

sobre la verdor,

over the greenery

e'l fin amador

and-the true lovers

son gai per amor.

are gay for love

Amaires e drutz sui eu,

A-wooner and a-lover am I

mas tan son li maltrag greu

but so are the ill-usages grievous

qu'eu n'ai sofertz lonjamen,

that-I of-them-have endured long

qu'un pauc n'ai camjat mon sen.

that-a little of-it-I-have changed my sense

Pero de bon sen

Yet with good sense

am de bon talen

I-love with good will

amor e joven

love and youth

e tot quan m'es bel;

and all that to-me-is fair

qu'ab joi lonjamen

for-with joy long

viu e renovel,

I-live and I-renew

co'l fruitz el ramel,

as-the fruit on-the bough

quan chanton l'auzel:

when sing the-birds

qu'en mon cor ai folh' e flor,

for-in my heart I-have leaf and flower

que·m ten tot l'an en verdor

which-me holds all the-year in greenery

et en gaug entier, per qu'eu

and in joy entire for which-I

no sen re que·m sia greu.

not feel anything that-to-me is grievous

Quora que·lh fos greu,

Whenever that-to-her it-were grievous

ara·m te per seu

now-me she-holds as hers

la genser sotz Deu

the fairest under God

e del melhor sen;

and of-the best sense

car conois que eu

for she-knows that I

l'am de bon talen,

her-I-love with good will

si qu'en mon joven

so that-in my youth

e pois lonjamen

and then long

servirai lo seu cors bel,

I-shall-serve the her body fair

gai et adreg e novel,

gay and upright and fresh

a lei de fin amador,

in the-manner of a-true lover

qu'a tot son cor en amor.

who-has all his heart in love

Ben aurai d'amor

Well I-shall-have of-love

folh' e fruit e flor

leaf and fruit and flower

e ram e verdor,

and branch and greenery

s'anc res m'en fo greu,

if-ever anything to-me-of-it was grievous

que per amador

for as a-lover

mi ten com lo seu,

me she-holds as the her-own

e prec la per Deu

and I-entreat her by God

qu'ilh esgart com eu

that-she looks how I

l'aurai estat de bon sen,

to-her-I-shall-have been of good sense

qu'anc non camjei mon talen,

that-ever not I-changed my will

ni non am flor ni ramel,

and not I-love flower nor bough

mas per leis ni chan d'auzel.

but for her nor the-song of-a-bird

Plus gais que l'auzel

More gay than the-bird

serai, si l'es bel

I-shall-be if to-her-it-is fair

qu'un dous bais novel

that-a sweet kiss new

me do per amor,

me she-gives for love

qu'anc d'autre ramel

for-ever of-another bough

no volc colhir flor

not she-wished to-gather flower

ni fruit ni verdor;

nor fruit nor greenery

ni anc amador

nor ever a-lover

no vitz qui's camjes plus greu;

not you-saw who-himself changed more grudgingly

e pos ela'm te per seu,

and since she-me holds as hers

servirai l'en mon joven,

I-shall-serve her-in my youth

pois velhs, s'eu viu lonjamen.

then old if-I live long

Mes ai lonjamen

Put I-have long

mon cor e mon sen

my heart and my sense

en far son talen

in doing her will

plus qu'en chan d'auzel.

more than-in the-song of-a-bird

Per leis am joven

For her I-love youth

e tot quan l'es bel:

and all that to-her-is fair

qu'aissi-m renovel,

for-so-me I-renew

co·l fruitz el ramel.

as-the fruit on-the bough

Quan posc re far per s'amor,

When I-can anything to-do for her-love

eu non desir outra flor,

I not desire another flower

mas qu'a leis plassa per Deu,

but that-to her it-please by God

qu'ensems siam ilh et eu.

that-together we-are she and I

Quar sos hom sui eu,

For her man am I

no·l deu esser greu

not-to-her must to-be grievous

si fai ben al seu,

if she-does good to-the her-own

que mout lonjamen

for very long

ai estat per Deu

I-have been by God

del tot al seu sen.

of-the whole at-the her sense

E si per talen

And if through will

pert tot mon joven,

I-lose all my youth

pauc mi valran chan d'auzel.

little to-me will-avail the-song of-a-bird

Mas s'a ma domna fos bel,

But if-to my lady it-were fair

tener me pogr' en verdor

to-hold me she-could in greenery

com son leial amador.

as her loyal lover

Sobr' autr' amador

Above another lover

m' Janet be d'amor,

to-me-went well of-love

quan l'emblei la flor,

when to-her-I-stole the flower

qu'anc plus non aic eu:

for-ever more not had I

so·m ten en verdor,

this-me holds in greenery

quan tot l'als m'es greu.

when all the-rest to-me-is grievous

E s'alberga·l seu

And if-she-lodges-the her-own

per amor de Deu,

for love of God

tener me pot lonjamen

to-hold me she-can long

en valor et en bon sen

in merit and in good sense

gai e cortes e novel,

gay and courtly and fresh

com bela flor en ramel.

as a-fair flower on a-bough

Na Vierna, lonjamen

Lady Vierna long

vos ai estat de bon sen:

you I-have been of good sense

mas era mi renovel,

but now myself I-renew

com bela flors en ramel.

as a-fair flower on a-bough

Plus que·l paubres que jatz el ric ostal

18 · THE POOR MAN IN THE RICH LODGING

Like a poor man lying in a rich lodging who never complains for fear of vexing his lord, he dares not lament his mortal grief. Like a man gaping at a window-glass that seems fair against the light, he forgets himself when he looks at her. Love beats him with rods he gathered, for once in her royal keep he stole a kiss. He blames the four kings of Spain for warring on one another instead of on the unbelievers.

Plus que·l paubres que jatz el ric ostal,

More than-the poor-man who lies in-the rich lodging

que noca·s planh, sitot s'a gran dolor,

who never-himself complains although himself-has great grief

tan tem que torn ad enoi al senhor,

so-much he-fears that it-turn to vexation to-the lord

no m'aus planher de ma dolor mortal.

not I-dare to-lament of my grief mortal

Be·m dei doler, pos cela·m fai orgolh,

Well-myself I-must to-grieve since she-me shows pride

que nulha re tan no dezir ni volh:

whom any thing so-much not I-desire nor wish

sivals d'aitan no·lh aus clamar merce,

at-least of-so-much not-to-her I-dare to-cry mercy

tal paor ai qu'ades s'enoï de me.

such fear I-have that-at-once herself-she-vex of me

Aissi com cel qui bada·l veirial,

Just as he who gapes-at-the window-glass

que·l sembla bels contra la resplandor,

which-to-him seems fair against the brightness

quant eu l'esgar, n'ai al cor tal doussor

when I her-behold of-it-I-have in-the heart such sweetness

qu'eu m'en oblit per leis qu'eu vei aital.

that-I myself-of-it forget for her whom-I see such

Be·m bat Amors ab las vergas qu'eu colh,

Well-me beats Love with the rods that-I gather

car una vetz, en son reial capdolh,

for one time in her royal keep

l'emblei un bais don al cor mi sove:

to-her-I-stole a kiss whence in-the heart to-me it-comes-to-mind

ai! com mal viu, qui so qu'ama no ve!

ah how ill lives-he who that which-he-loves not sees

Si m'ajut Deus, peccat fai criminal

So to-me-help God a-sin she-does criminal

ma bela domna, car ilh no·m socor:

my fair lady because she not-me succors

qu'ilh sap qu'en leis ai mon cor e m'amor

for-she knows that-in her I-have my heart and my-love

tan qu'eu non pens de nulh autre jornal.

so-much that-I not think of any other day-work

Doncs per que·m sona tan gen ni m'acollh,

Then for what-to-me she-speaks so nobly or me-receives

pos pro no·m te de so don plus mi dolh?

since profit not-to-me she-holds of that whereof most myself I-grieve

E cuja·m doncs aissi lonhar de se?

And thinks-me then thus to-part from herself

Ans sofrirai so qu'ai sofert ancse.

Rather I-shall-suffer that which-I-have suffered always

Que sofrir tanh a senhor natural

For to-suffer befits to a-lord natural

los tortz e·ls dreitz e·l sen e la folor;

the wrongs and-the rights and-the sense and the folly

quar greu pot hom de guerr' aver honor,

for hardly can a-man of war to-have honor

pos qu'es ses grat faiditz de son logal.

since that-he-is without thanks banished from his place

Be sui faiditz, si de s'amor me tolh;

Well I-am banished if from her-love me I-take-away

no m'en tolrai, ans l'am mais que no solh

not myself-of-it I-shall-take-away rather her-I-love more than — I-used

e tenra·m vil, si d'amar mi recre:

and she-will-hold-me cheap if of-loving myself I-give-up

non o deu far, car per amor m'ave.

not it she-must to-do for through love to-me-it-befalls

Qu'aissi m'a tot ma domna en son cabal,

For-so me-has wholly my lady in her capital

que si·m fai mal, ja no·m n'aura peyor;

that if-to-me she-does ill ever not-to-me of-it-she-will-have worse

que·l seus plazers m'a tan doussa sabor,

for-the her pleasure to-me-has so sweet a-savor

que ges del meu no·m remembra ni·m cal.

that at-all of-the mine not-to-me it-remembers nor-to-me matters

Non es nulhs jorns s'amors el cor no·m brolh,

Not is any day that-her-love in-the heart not-to-me sprouts

per qu'ai tal joi, quan la vezon mei olh

for which-I-have such joy when her see my eyes

e quan mos cors pensa de son gran be,

and when my heart thinks of her great good

qu'el mon no volh ni dezir outra re.

that-in-the world not I-wish nor desire another thing

Sabetz per que·lh port amor tan coral?

Do-you-know for what-to-her I-bear love so heartfelt

Car anc no vi tan bela ni gensor

Because ever not I-saw so fair nor fairer

ni tan bona, don tenh qu'ai gran ricor,

nor so good whence I-hold that-I-have great wealth

car sui amics de domna que tan val.

because I-am a-friend of a-lady who so-much is-worth

E si ja vei qu'ensems ab mi's despolh,

And if ever I-see that-together with me-herself she-strip

melhs m'estara qu'al senhor d'Eissidolh,

better to-me-it-will-be than-to-the lord of-Excideuil

que mante pretz, quant autre s'en recre,

who upholds worth when another himself-of-it gives-up

e no sai plus, mas aitan n'a Jaufre.

and not I-know more but so-much of-it-has Jaufre

Als quatre reis d'Espanh' estai mout mal,

To-the four kings of-Spain it-stands very ill

quar no volon aver patz entre lor;

because not they-wish to-have peace among them

car autramen son ilh de gran valor,
for otherwise are they of great merit
 adreg e franc e cortes e leial,
upright and noble and courtly and loyal
 sol que de tan gensesson lor escolh,
if-only that of so-much they-might-better their choice
 que viresson lor guerr' en autre folh,
that they-might-turn their war into another leaf
 contra la gen que nostra lei no cre,
against the folk that our law not believes
 tro qu'Espanha fos tota d'una fe.
until that-Spain were wholly of-one faith

Bels Castiatz, senher, per vos mi dolh,
Fair Chastened-One lord for you myself I-grieve
 car no-us vei lai e car mi dons no-m ve
because not-you I-see there and because my lady not-me sees
 Na Vierna, cui am de bona fe.
Lady Vierna whom I-love with good faith

Eu dic lo ver aissi com dir lo solh:
I say the truth just as to-say it I-use
 qui ben comens' e poissas s'en recre,
whoever well begins and afterward himself-of-it gives-up
 melhs li fora que non comenses re.
better to-him it-would-be that not he-should-begin anything

Ab l'alén tir vas me l'aire

19 · THE AIR OUT OF PROVENCE

He draws in with his breath the air coming from Provence, and everything from there pleases him: when he hears it well spoken of he listens smiling and asks a hundred words for one. No dwelling is sweeter than the stretch from the Rhone to Vence, enclosed by the sea and the Durance, and there among that noble people he has left his heart, with the lady who makes the sorrowful laugh. Whatever he knows how to say or do he has of her.

Ab l'alén tir vas me l'aire

With the-breath I-draw toward me the-air

qu'eu sen venir de Proensa:

that-I feel to-come from Provence

tot quant es de lai m'agensa,

all that-much is from there to-me-pleases

si que, quan n'aug ben retraire,

so that when of-it-I-hear well to-tell

eu m'o escout en rizen

I to-me-it listen-to in laughing

e·n deman per un mot cen:

and-of-it I-ask for one word a-hundred

tan m'es bel quan n'aug ben dire.

so-much to-me-is fair when of-it-I-hear well to-say

Qu'om no sap tan dous repaire

That-one not knows so sweet a-dwelling

com de Rozer tro qu'a Vensa,

as from Rhone until that-at Vence

si com clau mars e Durensa,

just as encloses sea and Durance

ni on tan fis jois s'esclaire.

nor where so true joy itself-brightens

Per qu'entre la franca gen

For which-among the noble folk

ai laissat mon cor jauzen

I-have left my heart rejoicing

ab leis que fa·ls iratz rire.

with her who makes-the sorrowful to-laugh

Qu'om no pot lo jorn mal traire

That-one not can the day ill to-suffer

qu'aja de leis sovinensa,

who-has of her remembrance

qu'en leis nais jois e comensa.

for-in her is-born joy and begins

E qui qu'en sia lauzaire,

And whoever that-of-her is a-praiser

de ben qu'en diga no·i men;

of good that-of-her he-says not-in-it he-lies

que·l melher es ses conten

for-the best she-is without dispute

e·l genser qu'el mon se mire.

and-the fairest that-in-the world itself beholds

E s'eu sai ren dir ni faire,

And if-I know anything to-say or to-do

ilh n'aja-l grat, que sciensa

she of-it-may-have-the thanks for knowledge

m'a donat e conoissensa,

to-me-she-has given and understanding

per qu'eu sui gais e chantaire.

for which-I am gay and a-singer

E tot quan fauc d'avinen

And all that I-do of-pleasing

ai del seu bel cors plazen,

I-have from-the her fair body pleasant

neis quan de bon cor consire.

even when with good heart I-muse

Ajostar e lassar

20 · TO JOIN AND TO LACE

He knows how to join and lace words and tune so well that none comes near him in the dear rich composing; yet the lady he belongs to kills him as if he had done her treason. She made him cross the sea; he served her freely and had no reward but a little cord — that, and the morning he stole a kiss from her mouth and chin. Love that conquered Solomon, David, and Samson holds him in prison. The song goes to Folco.

Ajostar e lassar

To-join and to-lace

sai tan gen motz e so,

I-know so nobly words and tune

que del car ric trobar

that of-the dear rich composing

no·m ven hom al talo,

not-to-me comes a-man at-the beel

quan n'ai bona razo.

when of-it-I-have good matter

Mas aucí m'enaissi

But she-slays me-thus

la bela de cui so,

the fair-one of whom I-am

com s'eu fes mespreizo

as if-I did a-misdeed

vas leis o tracio.

toward her or a-treason

Quan la vi si·m feri

When her I-saw so-me struck

mon coratge gloto,

my heart greedy

qu'ades ponh el seu pro,

that-at-once it-strives for-the her profit

e no·m fai si mal no.

and not-to-me does but ill not

Mal mi vol e no sai per que,

Ill me she-wishes and not I-know for what

mas sol quar am leis mais que me.

except only because I-love her more than myself

Assatz par que lonhar

Enough it-seems that to-part

me volc de sa regio,

me she-wished from her region

quan passar me fetz mar,

when to-cross me she-made the-sea

per qu'eu la·n occaizo.

for which-I her-of-it blame

Mas non ai sospeisso,

But not I-have an-expectation

que·l servi ab cor fi

for-her I-served with a-heart true

tan quan poc a bando,

so-much as I-could at will

e non aic gazardo,

and not I-had a-reward

mas sol d'un pauc cordo.

but only of-a small cord

Si aigui qu'un mati

Indeed I-had-it that-on-a morning

intrei dins sa maizo

I-entered within her house

e·lh baizei a lairo

and-to-her I-kissed by stealth

la boca e·l mento.

the mouth and-the chin

So n'ai agut e no mas re,

This of-it-I-have had and not more anything

e sui tot mortz, s'ilh plus rete.

and I-am wholly dead if-she more withholds

Sospirar e plorar

To-sigh and to-weep

mi fai mainta sazo,

me she-makes many a-season

qu'alegrar e chantar

whereas-to-be-glad and to-sing

volgra mais si·l fos bo;

I-would-wish more if-to-her it-were good

mas cor a de drago

but a-heart she-has of a-dragon

qu'a me di mal e ri

who-to me says ill and smiles

als autres deviro,

to-the others round-about

e·m fai olh de leo:

and-to-me makes an-eye of a-lion

per aital sospeisso

through such an-expectation

fetz de mi pelegri,

she-made of me a-pilgrim

qu'anc romeus d'orazo

that-ever a-palmer of-prayer

mais tan forsatz no fo.

before so forced not was

E qui·l ver en despo,

And whoever-the truth of-it sets-out

totz hom deu percassar son be,

every man must to-pursue his good

ans que mals senhers lo malme.

before that an-ill lord him mistreat

Abrazar e cremar

To-ignite and to-burn

me fai com focs carbo.

me she-makes as fire a-coal

Quan l'esgar tan vei clar

When her-I-behold so I-see clear

sos olhs e sa faisso,

her eyes and her face

que no sai garizo,

that not I-know a-healing

si·m cambi ni·m desvi

if-me I-change nor-me I-turn-aside

d'amar leis — Ai baro!

from-loving her Ab barons

Co·m ten en sa preizo

How-me she-holds in her prison

Amors, que Salamo,

Love who Solomon

e Davi atressi

and David likewise

venquet e·l fort Samso

conquered and-the strong Samson

e·ls tenc en son grilho,

and-them held in his fetter

qu'anc non ac rezemso

that-ever not he-had a-ransom

tro qu'a la mort, e pos mi te,

until that-at the death and since me she-holds

ad estar m'er a sa merce.

to remain to-me-will-be at her mercy

Esperar e muzar

To-hope and to-wait-in-vain

me fai coma Breto,

me she-makes like a-Breton

qu'anc l'amar ni l'onrar

for-ever the-loving nor the-honoring

no·l mis en contenso.

not-to-her I-put into contention

Ans, si Deus mi perdo,

Rather if God me pardon

m'en parti de tal qui

me-thence I-parted from such-a-one who

m'agra dat tan ric do,

to-me-would-have given so rich a-gift

que'l bos reis d'Arago

that-the good king of-Aragon

for' onratz; e doncs co

would-be honored and so how

me faidi? Qu'e·us afi,

me I-banish For-to-you I-affirm

quan n'aug dir bon resso,

when of-it-I-hear to-say a-good report

gaugz entiers me somo

joy entire me summons

qu'en deja far chanso.

that-of-it I-must to-make a-song

E doncs pos tan l'am e la cre,

And so since so-much her-I-love and her I-believe

ja no dei trobar mala fe.

ever not I-must to-find an-evil faith

Pos pauzar ni finar

Since to-rest nor to-cess

no posc nulha sazo,

not I-can in-any season

retornar et anar

to-return and to-go

m'en volh ad espero

myself-thence I-wish at a-spur

entr' Arle e Tolo

between Arles and Toulon

a tapi, quar aqui

in secret for there

am mais un pauc cambo,

I-love more a little field

qu'aver sai Lodaro

than-to-have here Lodaro

ni aver lo Toro

or to-have the Toro

ni Beli: mas faiti

or Beli but banished

fals lauzengier gloto

false slanderers greedy

m'an moguda tenso

to-me-have moved a-strife

e lonhat del peiro,

and parted from-the block

e·N Drogomans no m'au ni·m ve,

and-Sir Dragoman not me-bears nor-me sees

quar mon Car Amic part de se.

because my Dear Friend he-parts from himself

A mon amic Folco

To my friend Folco

tramet lai ma chanso

I-send there my song

que la chant en bon loc per me,

that it be-sing in a-good place for me

al tenen on joi vai e ve.

at-the holding where joy goes and comes

Mal astre Deus li do,

An-ill star God to-him give

qui·l comte d'Avinho

who-the count of-Avignon

mesclat tan malamen ab me,

mingled so evilly with me

per que Na Vierna no·m ve.

for which Lady Vierna not-me sees

Emperador avem de tal maneira

21 · THE EMPEROR WE HAVE

A tenso in three stanzas. Lancia speaks the first two, which the page carries under his name: the emperor they mock, never named in the poem, has neither sense nor knowledge nor memory, no drunker man ever sat in a chair, and he lacks nothing but throwing stones. Lancia wishes him a sword, a steel dart, awls, and an old scarlet hat in place of honor. In the third Peire Vidal answers that poverty and folly press the marquis, who is like a blind man pissing in the street and, once free, is now a serf.

Lancia

Emperador avem de tal maneira,

An-emperor we-have of such a-kind

que non a sen ni saber, ni membransa:

that not he-has sense nor knowledge nor memory

plus ebriacs no s'assec en cadeira

more drunken not himself-seated in a-chair

ni plus volpilhs no port' escut ni lansa,

and more cowardly not carries shield nor lance

ni plus avols non causset esperos

and more worthless not shod spurs

ni plus malvatz no fetz vers ni chansos:

and more wicked not made verses nor songs

res non es meins, mas que peiras non lansa.

anything not is lacking except that stones not he-throws

Espaza volh que sus pel cap lo feira

A-sword I-want that above on-the head him it-strike

e dartz d'acier volh que-l pertus la pansa

and a-dart of-steel I-want that-him it-pierce the belly

e brocas volh que-l tragan de lumeira;

and awls I-want that-him they-draw from light

pois li darem del vi, en loc d'onransa

then to-him we-shall-give of-the wine in place of-honor

un velh capel d'escarlat ses cordos

an old hat of-scarlet without ribbons

e sa lansa sera us loncs bastos;

and his lance will-be a long staff

pois pogr' anar segurs d'aqui en Fransa.

then he-might to-go safe from-here into France

Peire Vidal

Lanza Marques, paubreza e nesceira

Lanza Marquis poverty and folly

vos cochan fort, dolors e malanansa,

you press hard sorrows and misery

et etz com l'orbs que piss' en la carreira,

and you-are like the-blind-man who pisses in the street

quant a perdut la vergonh' e membransa;

when he-has lost the shame and memory

plus sovens vens castels e domejos

more often you-conquer castles and keeps

no fai velha gallinas ni capos,

not does an-old-woman hens nor capons

e s'anc fos francs, ar es sers ses duptansa.

and if-ever you-were free now you-are a-serf without doubt

Si·m laissava de chantar

22 · IF I LEFT OFF SINGING

If he left off singing for toil or business, people would say his sense and gallantry are not what they were; but youth, worth, and chivalry never pleased him more. Could he accomplish what his over-strenuous will has begun, Alexander would be nothing beside him, and the Sepulcher would not stand long under a servile lordship. A man should not delay to speak well and do better while life lasts, for the world is only wind. He turns the song to his lady.

Si·m laissava de chantar

If-me I-left of to-sing

per trebalh ni per afar,

for toil or for business

ben leu dirian las gens

well easily would-say the folk

que non es aitals mos sens

that not is such my sense

ni ma galhardia,

nor my gallantry

com esser solia.

as to-be it-was-wont

Mas be·us posc en ver jurar,

But well-to-you I-can in truth to-swear

qu'anc mais tan no·m plac jovens

that-ever before so-much not-to-me pleased youth

ni pretz ni cavalaria

nor worth nor chivalry

ni domneis ni drudaria.

nor courting nor loving

E s'eu podi' acabar

And if-I could to-accomplish

so que m'a fait comensar

that which to-me-has made to-begin

mos sobreforcus talens,

my over-strenuous will

Alixandres fo niens

Alexander was nothing

contra qu'eu seria:

against what-I would-be

e s'a Deu plazia,

and if-to God it-pleased

que m'en denhes ajudar,

that to-me-of-it he-deigned to-help

ja'l seus verais monumens

ever-the his true sepulcher

lonjamen non estaria

long not would-stand

sotz mal serva senhoria.

under an-evil servile lordship

Hom no's deuria tarzar

A-man not-himself ought to-delay

de ben dir e de melhs far

of good to-say and of better to-do

tan quan vida l'es prezens:

so-long as life to-him-is present

que'l segles non es mas vens,

for-the world not is but wind

e qui plus s'i fia

and whoever most himself-in-it trusts

fai major folia:

does a-greater folly

qu'a la mort pot hom proar

for-at the death can a-man to-prove

com pauc val aurs als manens:

how little is-worth gold to-the wealthy

per qu'es fols qui no's castia

for which-is a-fool who not-himself chastens

e non renh' ab cortezia.

and not lives with courtesy

Mas tant ai de que pensar

But so-much I-have of what to-think

qu'eu no posc ben desliurar

that-I not can well to-deliver

totz mos honratz pensamens.

all my honored thoughts

Pero bos comensamens

Yet a-good beginning

mostra bona via,

shows a-good road

qui no s'en cambia.

to-whomever not himself-of-it changes

Mas eu per sobresforsar

But I through over-striving

cug dels felos mescrezens

think of-the felon misbelievers

en breu recobrar Suria

in a-short-time to-recover Syria

e Damasc e Tabaria.

and Damascus and Tiberias

Qu'eu non aus desesperar

For-I not dare to-despair

a lei d'un rei flac avar,

in the-manner of-a king slack miserly

cui sobra aurs et argens,

whom overflow gold and silver

e cuja, quar es manens,

and he-thinks because he-is wealthy

qu'autre Deus no sia

that-another God not is

mas sa manentia,

but his wealth

qu'avers lo fai renegar;

for-riches him makes to-deny

mas quan venra-l jutjaments,

but when will-come-the judgment

car comprara sa feunia

dearly he-will-buy his felony

e l'enjan e la bauzia.

and the-deceit and the treachery

Ar m'er mon chant a virar

Now to-me-will-be my song to to-turn

vas ma domna cui tenc car

toward my lady whom I-hold dear

plus que mos olhs ni mas dens:

more than my eyes or my teeth

ni no posc esser jauzens,

and not I-can to-be joyful

si leis non avia.

if her not I-had

Aissi·m lass' e·m lia

So-me she-binds and-me ties

ab prometre ses donar

with promising without giving

qu'autre gaugz no m'es plazens,

that-another joy not to-me-is pleasing

ni ges de lieis no·m poiria

and at-all from her not-me I-could

partir, neis si m'aucizia.

to-part not-even if she-slew-me

Tant es doussa per amar

So-much she-is sweet for to-love

e bela per remirar

and fair for to-behold

e cortez' e conoissens,

and courteous and knowing

si qu'a·ls pros et a·ls valens

so that-to-the brave and to-the worthy

de bela paria;

of a-fair company

que si ver dizia,

that if truth I-said

al mon non auria par.

in-the world not she-would-have an-equal

Mas fraitz m'a tals mils covens,

But broken to-me-she-has such a-thousand covenants

que, s'un sol m'en atendia,

that if-a single to-me-of-them she-kept

estort e garit m'auria.

rescued and bealed me-she-would-have

Na Vierna, com que sia,

Lady Vierna however that it-is

eu sui vostres tota via.

I am yours all the-while

Ges pel temps fer e brau

23 • NEITHER FOR THE FIERCE SEASON

Neither storms nor winds change his purpose: he would rather see snow high on the mountain than flowers over the plain. Her breeding makes those who know speak well of her, and his heart and sense tell him to stay with her and complain to no other. Whoever sees or hears her cannot be sorrowful; courtly cheer takes away toil. He mocks a covetous man whose worth is a spider's thread, and sends the verse to the king who is losing Provence for Spain.

Ges pel temps fer e brau

At-all for-the season fierce and rough

qu'adutz tempiers e vens,

which-brings storms and winds

don torba·ls elemens

whence it-troubles-the elements

e fa·l cel brun e blau,

and makes-the sky dark and blue

no·s camja mos talens,

not-itself changes my will

ans es mos pensamens

rather is my thought

en joi et en cantar,

in joy and in singing

e·m volh mais alegrar,

and-me I-wish more to-rejoice

quan vei la neu sus en l'auta montanha,

when I-see the snow up on the-high mountain

que quan las flors s'espandon per la planha.

than when the flowers themselves-spread over the plain

Domna, de vos mi lau,

Lady of you me I-praise

quar etz douss' e plazens

because you-are sweet and pleasing

e la plus avinens

and the most gracious

que negus hom mentau:

that any man names

que'l vostr' ensenhamens

for-the your breeding

vos fai als conoissens

you makes to-the knowing

ben dir e tener car

well to-speak and dear to-hold

et a mi tant amar,

and to me so-much to-love

que'l cors e'l sens me ditz qu'ab vos remanha,

that-the heart and-the sense to-me tells that-with you I-remain

e si'm faitz mal, qu'ad outra no m'en planha.

and if-to-me you-do ill that-to another not myself-of-it I-complain

De lai on venh ni vau,

From there where I-come and I-go

sui vostres bendizens

I-am your well-speaker

e sers obediens,

and a-serf obedient

com cel qu'ab vos estau,

as he who-with you I-dwell

per far vostres talens;

for to-do your wills

e ja·l francs chauximens

and ever-the noble clemency

no·m deuria tarzar

not-to-me ought to-delay

so que·m fai esperar:

that which-to-me makes to-hope

que pos Artus an cobrat en Bretanha,

for since Arthur they-have recovered in Brittany

non es razos que mais jois mi sofranha.

not is reason that henceforth joy to-me should-fail

Car qui vos ve ni·us au

For whoever you sees nor-you bears

no pot esser dolens

not can to-be sorrowful

per negus marrimens.

through any sorrows

Ai! domna, tan suau

Ah lady so softly

m'apodera e·m vens

me-overmasters and-me conquers

vostra cara rizens

your face laughing

que quan vos aug parlar

that when you I-hear to-speak

no posc mos olhs virar.

not I-can my eyes to-turn

Tan m'abelis vostra bela companha

So-much to-me-pleases your fair company

que d'autra m'es salvatja et estranha.

that of-another to-me-it-is savage and strange

Amors e jois m'enclau

Love and joy me-enclose

et amezura·m sens,

and measures-me sense

e beutatz e jovens

and beauty and youth

m'alegra e m'esjau,

me-gladdens and me-rejoices

e·l francs cors gais e gens

and-the noble body gay and seemly

m'es de totz mals garens.

to-me-is from all ills a-protector

Bel ris ab dous esgar

A-fair smile with a-sweet glance

me fan rir' e jogar,

me make to-laugh and to-play

cortes solatz me reten e·m gazanha

courtly cheer me retains and-me wins

e gaugz entiers me tol trebalh e lanha.

and joy entire me takes-away toil and lament

De lai on creisso·l fau

From there where grow-the beeches

mi ven us jauzimens,

to-me comes a rejoicing

don sui gais e jauzens,

whence I-am gay and joyful

qu'onra·l nom de Peitau,

which-honors-the name of Poitou

e ja·l fals recrezens,

and ever-the false recreant

cobes mal despendens,

covetous ill spending

no pot re conquistar

not can anything to-conquer

per soven penchenar.

by often to-comb-himself

Sitot si penh ni·s mira ni s'aplanha,

Although himself be-combs and-himself be-looks and himself-be-smooths

totz sos afars no val una castanha.

all his business not is-worth a chestnut

Que·l cor a flac e cau

For-the heart he-has slack and hollow

e val meins que niens;

and is-worth less than nothing

que per mil sacramens

so-that for a-thousand oaths

no·l creiri' om d'un clau.

not-him would-believe one of-a nail

E dolon m'en las dens,

And ache to-me-of-it the teeth

quan parli d'aitals gens

when I-speak of-such folk

— per qu'eu m'o lais estar —

for which-I to-myself-it let to-stand

d'En Saüc, filh d'Albar,

of-Sir Sauc son of-Albar

on malvestatz se sojorna e's banha,

where baseness itself sojourns and-itself bathes

e sos pretz es aitals com fils d'aranha.

and his worth is such as a-thread of-a-spider

Al rei valent e car

To-the king worthy and dear

volh en mon vers mandar

I-wish in my verse to-send

que, si sai pert Proensa, pauc gazanha

that if here he-loses Provence little he-gains

pel bel sojorn que pren lai en Espanha.

by-the fair sojourn that he-takes there in Spain

Fraire, rir' e jogar

Brother to-laugh and to-play

solh per vos e cantar,

I-was-wont for you and to-sing

mas er es dreitz qu'en sospir e que·m planha,

but now it-is right that-of-it I-sigh and that-me I-complain

quar vostr' amors m'es salvatj' et estranha.

because your love to-me-is savage and strange

Bels Sembelis, per vos am mais Serdanha.

Fair Sable for you I-love more Cerdanya

Anc no mori per amor ni per al

24 · NEVER DID I DIE FOR LOVE

He never died for love, yet his life may as well be death, since he sees what he most desires and gets only grief. Both will soon be old, and the loss of her youth is a hundred times his. She may kill her natural man lightly, but will be mocked for it. He will keep asking, like a tiresome palmer, for crystal is born of cold snow. He turns the song to the crusade; he and God both complain of the count of Poitiers, God over his cross and he over his silver.

Anc no mori per amor ni per al,

Ever not I-died for love nor for anything-else

mas ma vida pot be valer morir,

but my life can well to-be-worth to-die

quan vei la ren qu'eu plus am e dezir

when I-see the thing that-I most love and desire

e re no·m fai mas quan dolor e mal.

and anything not-to-me does but only grief and ill

No·m val be mortz, et ancor m'es plus greu,

Not-to-me avails well death and still to-me-is more grievous

qu'en breu serem ja velh et ilh et eu:

that-in a-short-time we-shall-be already old both she and I

e s'aissi pert lo meu e·l seu joven,

and if-thus is-lost the mine and-the hers youth

mal m'es del meu, e del seu per un cen.

ill to-me-is of-the mine and of-the hers by one hundred

Bona domna, vostr' ome natural

Good lady your man natural

podetz, si-us platz, leugierament aucir:

you-can if-to-you it-pleases lightly to-slay

mas a la gen vo'n faretz escarnir

but to the folk you-of-it will-make to-be-mocked

e pois aurette en peccat criminal.

and then you-will-have of-it a-sin criminal

Vostr' om sui be, que ges no'm tenh per meu,

Your man I-am well for at-all not-me I-hold for mine

mas be laiss' om a mal senhor son feu;

but well leaves a-man to an-evil lord his fief

e pois val pauc rics hom, quan pert sa gen,

and then is-worth little a-rich man when he-loses his folk

qu'a Daire-l rei de Persa fo parven.

which-to Darius-the king of Persia was manifest

Estiers mon grat am tot sol per cabal

Against my will I-love wholly alone in full

leis que no'm denha vezet ni auzir.

her who not-me deigns to-see nor to-bear

Que farai doncs, pos no m'en posc partir,

What shall-I-do then since not myself-of-it I-can to-part

ni chautimens ni merces no m'en val?

and clemency or mercy not to-me-of-it avails

Tenrai m'a l'us de l'enoios romeu,

I-shall-hold me-to the-custom of the-tiresome palmer

que quier e quier, car de la freida neu
who asks and asks for from the cold snow
 nais lo cristals, don hom trai foc arden:
is-born the crystal whence one draws fire burning
 e per esfortz venson li bon sufren.
and by efforts conquer the good suffering-ones

Anc mais no vi plag tan descomunal,
Ever more not I-saw a-plea so unnatural
 que quant eu cre nulha ren far ni dir,
for when I think any thing to-do nor to-say
 qu'a leis deja plazer ni abelir,
that-to her must to-please nor to-be-pleasing
 ja pois no pens de nulh autre jornal.
ever then not I-think of any other day-work
 E tot quan fatz par a leis vil e leu,
And all that I-do seems to her cheap and slight
 qu'anc per merce ni per amor de Deu
for-ever for mercy nor for love of God
 no posc trobar ab leis nulh chاوزimen;
not I-can to-find with her any pity
 tort a de mi e peccat ses conten.
wrong she-has toward me and sin without dispute

Aissi m'en sui gitatz a no m'en cal,
Thus myself-of-it I-am cast to not to-me-of-it it-matters
 com lo volpilhs que s'oblid' a fugir,
as the coward who himself-forgets to to-flee

que no s'auza tornar ni's pot gandir,

who not himself-dares to-turn nor-himself can to-shield

quan l'encausson sei enemic mortal.

when him-chase his enemies mortal

No-i sai conort, mas aquel del jzeu,

Not-in-it I-know a-comfort but that of-the Jew

que si'm fai mal, fai lo ad eis lo seu;

for if-to-me he-does ill he-does it to himself the his

aissi com cel qu'a orbas se defen,

just as he who-at blind himself defends

ai tot perdut, la fors' e l'ardimen.

I-have all lost the strength and the-daring

Doncs que farai? sofrirai per aital,

Then what shall-I-do I-shall-suffer in such-a-way

co-l pres destreitz, cui aven a sofrir

as-the prisoner constrained to-whom it-befalls to to-suffer

que li fai mal, mas ben saupra grazir

whoever to-him does ill but well I-should-know to-thank

qui'm fezes ben en loc d'amic leial.

whoever-me did good in the-place of-a-friend loyal

Quar s'eu volgues, domna, per autrui feu

For if-I wished lady by another's fief

honrat plazer agra conquist en breu.

an-honored pleasure I-would-have won in a-short-time

Mas res ses vos no-m pot esser plazen

But anything without you not-to-me can to-be pleasing

ni de ren al gaug entier non aten.

and of anything else joy entire not I-await

Lai vir mon chant, al rei celestial,

There I-turn my song to-the king celestial

cui devem tug onrar et obezir,

whom we-must all to-honor and to-obey

et es be dreitz que l'anem lai servir

and it-is well right that him-we-go there to-serve

on conquerrem la vid' esperital;

where we-shall-win the life spiritual

que'l Sarrazi desleial, canineu,

for-the Saracens disloyal Canaanite

l'an tout son regn' e destruita sa pleu,

him-have taken his kingdom and destroyed his people

que sazit an la crotz e'l monumen:

who seized have the cross and-the sepulcher

don devem tug aver gran espaven.

whereof we-must all to-have great dread

Coms de Peiteus, de vos mi clam a Deu

Count of Poitiers of you me I-complain to God

e Deus a me per aquel eis coven,

and God to me by that same covenant

el de sa crotz et eu de mon argen.

he of his cross and I of my silver

Coms de Peiteus, bels senher, vos et eu

Count of Poitiers fair lord you and I

avem lo pretz de tota l'autra gen,

we-have the worth of all the-other folk

vos de ben far et eu de dir lo gen.

you of well to-do and I of to-say it nobly

Nuls hom no's pot d'amor gandar

25 · NO MAN CAN SHIELD HIMSELF FROM LOVE

Once a man has put himself in Love's lordship he must follow its will, whether it pleases him or not. He knew little of fencing, for he never guarded himself until he was taken, like the bird that flies to the whistle. Love struck him from the left side beyond the sea. Pity in a rich court clears the most blamed, and humility with wealth gives savor to every joy. Her beauty has passed through his eyes and taken away his sense.

Nuls hom no's pot d'amor gandar,

Any man not-himself can from-love to-shield

pos el seu senhoriu s'es mes:

once in-the its lordship himself-he-has put

o tot li plass' o tot li pes,

either all to-him may-please or all to-him may-weigh

sos talens l'aven a seguir.

its wills to-him-it-befalls to to-follow

E sapchatz qu'om enamorat

And know-you that-a-man enamored

no pot segr' autras voluntatz,

not can to-follow other wills

mas lai on vol Amors lai cor

but there where wills Love there he-runs

e no'i garda sen ni folor.

and not-in-it he-heeds sense nor folly

Adonc saup eu pauc d'escrimir,

Then knew I little of-fencing

qu'anc no·m gardeï tro qu'eu fui pres

for-ever not-myself I-guarded until that-I was taken

co·l fols auzels, quant au lo bres,

as-the foolish bird when it-hears the whistle

que·s vai coitozamen aucir.

which-itself goes hastily to-slay

Et eu coitos mis m'en tal latz,

And I hasty put myself-in such a-snare

don era·m tenh per enganatz;

whence now-me I-hold for deceived

qu'en poder sui de tal senhor,

that-in the-power I-am of such a-lord

que no·m vol far be ni honor.

that not-to-me he-wills to-do good nor honor

A re no degr' om melhs fugir

From anything not ought one better to-flee

com mal senhoriu, qui pogues.

than-from an-evil lordship whoever could

Mas fugir no li posc eu ges,

But to-flee not from-it can I at-all

qu'outra la mar m'anet ferir

for-beyond the sea me-went to-strike

Amors daus lo senestre latz

Love from the left side

tal colp per qu'eu sui sai tornatz;

such a-blow for which-I am here returned

don morrai d'ir' e de dolor,

whence I-shall-die of-grief and of sorrow

si gaugz entiers no m'en socor.

if joy entire not to-me-of-it succors

Et ab gaug me pogra garir

And with joy me could to-beal

d'ira ma domna, s'ilh volgues;

from-grief my lady if-she wished

e per ma fe, s'a leis plagues,

and by my faith if-to her it-pleased

no·lh degra ma mortz abelir,

not-to-her ought my death to-please

que totz sui seus hom domenjatz.

for wholly I-am her man liege

E non o dic eu, so sapchatz

And not it say I this you-should-know

per so que·m fassa mortz paor,

for that which-to-me makes death fear

mas quar ilh pert son amador.

but because she loses her lover

Be degra ma domna chاوزir

Well ought my lady to-mark

com sui tornatz en sas merces;

how I-am turned into her mercies

quar per razo val bona fes

for by reason is-worth good faith

lai on falh poders de servir.

there where fails a-power of to-serve

Qu'en las ricas cortz pietatz

For-in the rich courts pity

dezencolpa·ls plus encolpatz;

unblames-the most blamed

per qu'umilitatz ab ricor

for which-humility with wealth

don' a totz autres jois sabor.

gives to all other joys a-savor

D'autre mal me saubr' eu garir,

Of-another ill me would-know I to-heal

mas d'aquest me trenchet lo fres,

but of-this me cut the rein

quan ma bela domna·m promes

when my fair lady-me promised

so don m'ac en cor a mentir.

that whereof to-me-she-had in the-heart to to-lie

E servirs mal gazardonatz

And a-serving ill rewarded

aicel que·l pren es grans peccatz,

that-one who-it takes is a-great sin

que per mal gazardonador

for through an-ill rewarder

son paubre maint bo servidor.

are poor many a-good servant

Domna, mas no m'en posc sofrir,
Lady but not myself-of-it I-can to-refrain
 Deus e chauximens mi valgues,
God and clemency to-me might-avail
 que·m vengues de vos qualsques bes,
that-to-me might-come from you some goods
 que non ai poder qu'als dezir.
for not I-have power that-anything-else I-desire
 Si·m destrenh vostra grans beutatz,
So-me constrains your great beauty
 qu'envazitz m'a·ls olhs e passatz,
which-invaded to-me-has-the eyes and passed
 si qu'el test n'ai la resplandor,
so that-in-the skull of-it-I-have the brightness
 que·m tol lo sen e la vigor.
which-me takes-away the sense and the vigor

Senher coms de Peiteus, be·m platz,
Lord count of Poitiers well-to-me it-pleases
 car etz en l'aussor grat montatz,
because you-are into the-highest favor mounted
 que gens vos vei cobrar l'onor
that nobly you I-see to-recover the-honor
 que perderon vostr' ancessor.
that lost your forefathers

Sitot s'es mals Mos Castiatz,

Although himself-be-is evil My Chastened-One

dolors m'en pren e pietatz

grief to-me-of-it takes and pity

quar es velhs e pren deshonor

because he-is old and takes dishonor

e·m tol Na Vierna e s'amor.

and-me takes-away Lady Vierna and her-love

Tan mi platz jois e solatz

26 · JOY AND CHEER PLEASE ME

Joy and the company of honored men please him so much that he makes a swift song for the king; if asked why he sings so often, it is because it vexes the wicked and gladdens the merry. Were he loved, they would hear refined little songs. He asks Pity to plead for him: a stolen kiss given or granted would pay him better than any man born. With small leaded dice baseness has cheated us, and a close-fisted young rich man is worth less than a buried one.

Tan mi platz jois e solatz

So-much to-me pleases joy and cheer

d'omes onratz, per qu'eu fatz

of-men honored for which-I make

tal chanso viatz,

such a-song swiftly

bos reis, que prec qu'aprendatz.

good king that I-pray that-you-learn

E si·m demandatz:

And if-me you-ask

tan soven per que chantatz?

so often for what do-you-sing

Car es enoitz als malvatz

Because it-is a-vexation to-the wicked

e gaugz a nos envezatz.

and a-joy to us merry

E sapchatz, s'eu fos amatz,

And know-you if-I were loved

que n'auziratz esmeratz

that of-them-you-would-bear refined

chantarets prezatz.

little-songs prized

Qu'era que sui malmenatz,

For-now that I-am ill-used

fatz meravilhatz

I-make marvelous

motz ab us sonetz dauratz,

words with certain tunes gilded

e no m'en val amistatz

and not to-me-of-it avails friendship

ni no chan mas de percatz.

and not I-sing but of gain

Cors delgatz, gen faissonatz,

Body slender nobly fashioned

merce n'ajatz. Pietatz,

mercy of-it-have Pity

vos la·n conselhatz,

you her-of-it counsel

que destreitz sui e cochatz.

for constrained I-am and pressed

Ai! domn', esgardatz

Ab lady look-at

mon cor e no m'auciatz.

my heart and not me-slay

Qu'enjans e tortz e peccatz

For-a-deceit and a-wrong and a-sin

er, s'eu mor dezesperatz.

it-will-be if-I die despairing

Melhs pagatz fora qu'om natz,

Better paid I-would-be than-a-man born

si'l bais emblatz mi fos datz

if-the kiss stolen to-me were given

o neis autreiatz.

or even granted

E no volh que m'enqueiratz

And not I-wish that me-you-ask

on es totz mos gratz,

where is all my delight

que ben leu mal me feiratz.

for well easily ill me you-would-strike

Quar soven fai cobeitatz

Because often makes covetousness

falhir los plus ensenhatz.

to-fail the most taught

Pos beutatz fa'ls plus senatz

Since beauty makes-the most sensible

outracujatz, ben es fatz

overweening well he-is foolish

qui no's te celatz.

whoever not-himself holds bidden

Mas eu sui si encantatz,

But I am so enchanted

s'ab mi dons parlatz,

if-with my lady you-speak

que no'm posc moure del latz:

that not-me I-can to-move from-the side

o eu sui gilos proatz

either I am a-jealous-man proved

o del tot enamoratz.

or of-the whole enamored

Ab us datz menutz plombatz

With certain dice small leaded

nos a trichatz malvestatz,

us has cheated baseness

don escarsetatz

whence meanness

nais. En Rainiers, no-us gicatz,

is-born Sir Rainier not-yourself give-up

que ades no fassatz

that always not you-do

que pros aitan quan vivatz.

what-is worthy so-much as you-live

Que rics hom joves serratz

For a-rich man young close-fisted

val meins que mortz soterratz.

is-worth less than a-dead-man buried

Na Viern', en patz

Lady Vierna in peace

volgra fos Mos Castiatz,

I-would-wish were My Chastened-One

qu'en Proensa sui tornatz

for-in Provence I-am returned

morir com lebres en jatz.

to-die as a-hare in a-lair

Be m'agrada la covinens sazoz

27 · THE COMELY SEASON

The comely season pleases him, the courtly summer, the birds cheeping, and the little flowers among the bushes — and a thousand times more the fair cheer he will enjoy where he has laid his heart. Love holds him rejoicing, gallant, and strenuous. Every line of the third stanza begins fair, the fourth turns a blessing into a curse on slanderers and jealous men, the fifth opens each line with lady, and the last is built on joy.

Be m'agrada la covinens sazoz

Well to-me-pleases the comely season

e m'agrada lo cortes temps d'estiu

and to-me-pleases the courtly time of-summer

e m'agradon l'auzel, quan chanton piu,

and to-me-please the-birds when they-sing cheep

e m'agradon floretas per boissos

and to-me-please little-flowers among bushes

e m'agrada tot so qu'als adregz platz

and to-me-pleases all that which-to-the upright pleases

e m'agrada mil tans lo bels solatz:

and to-me-pleases a-thousand times the fair cheer

don per mon grat jauzirai lai breumen,

whence by my will I-shall-rejoice there shortly

on de bon grat paus mon cor e mon sen.

where with good will I-lay my heart and my sense

Amors mi te jauzent e deleitos,

Love me holds rejoicing and delighting

Amors mi ten en son dous recalieu,

Love me holds in its sweet fever

Amors mi te galhart et esforsiu,

Love me holds gallant and strenuous

per amor sui pensius e consiros;

through love I-am pensive and anxious

per amor sui tan fort enamoratz,

through love I-am so hard enamored

que d'amor son totas mas voluntatz,

that of-love are all my wills

per amor am cortezi' e joven,

through love I-love courtesy and youth

quar d'amor son mei fag e mei parven.

for of-love are my deeds and my showings

Bel m'es, bela domna, quan pens de vos,

Fair to-me-is fair lady when I-think of you

e bel quar sui en vostre senhoriu,

and fair because I-am in your lordship

bel m'es quan n'aug bon pretz nominatiu,

fair to-me-is when of-it-I-hear a-good worth renowned

e bel quan vei vostras belas faissos.

and fair when I-see your fair features

Bel m'es quan gart vostras finas beutatz

Fair to-me-is when I-look-at your fine beauties

e bel quar sui tan vostr' endomenjatz,

and fair because I-am so your liegeman

bel m'es quar ai en vos mon pensamen

fair to-me-is because I-have in you my thought

e bel quar am vos sola solamen.

and fair because I-love you alone only

Deus vos sal, domna, quar etz bel' e pros,

God you save lady because you-are fair and worthy

mas ja no sal cels que son mal mescliu,

but ever not may-be-save those who are ill mingling

e Deus sal me, quar vas vos m' umiliu,

and God save me because toward you myself I-humble

mas ges no sal lauzengiers ni gilos.

but at-all not may-be-save slanderers nor jealous-men

Deus sal los pros e'ls adregz e'ls preztatz,

God save the worthy and-the upright and-the prized

mas ja no sal los enoios malvatz,

but ever not may-be-save the vexing wicked

Deus sal totz drutz, quant amon finamen,

God save all lovers when they-love truly

mas ja no sal cel qu'ad enoi s'empren.

but ever not may-be-save him who-to vexation himself-gives

Domna, tan sui de vos vezer coitos,

Lady so-much I-am of you to-see eager

domna, que d'als non ai mon cor pensiu,

lady that of-other-things not I-have my heart pensive

domna, quar vos mi podetz far caitiu,

lady because you me can to-make wretched

domn', e si·us platz, plus ric que·l reis N'Anfos.

lady and if-to-you it-pleases more rich than-the king Sir-Alfonso

Bona domna, tan fort m'apoderatz,

Good lady so hard me-you-overmaster

domna, que d'als non es ma voluntatz;

lady that of-other-things not is my will

domna, si·us platz, ajatz n'esgardamen,

lady if-to-you it-pleases have of-it-regard

domna, de tan que n'ajatz chاوزimen.

lady of so-much that of-it-you-have clemency

Fis gaugz entiers plazens et amoros,

True joy entire pleasing and loving

ab vos es gaugz per que totz bes reviu,

with you is joy through which every good revives

e non a gaug el mon tant agradiu,

and not there-is a-joy in-the world so pleasing

que·l vostre gaugz fa lo segle joyos.

for-the your joy makes the world joyful

Ab vos nais gaugz e creis devas totz latz,

With you is-born joy and it-grows toward all sides

per qu'eu n'ai gaug e Mos Bels Castiatz,

for which-I of-it-have joy and My Fair Chastened-One

e·m fai gran gaug, que cel mentau soven

and-to-me makes great joy that he mentions often

lo gaug de vos e·l bel captenemen.

the joy of you and-the fair bearing

Pos tornatz sui en Proensa

28 · SINCE I AM RETURNED TO PROVENCE

He is back in Provence and it pleases his lady, so he must make a gay song out of gratitude, for a man wins gifts and honor from a good lord by serving him. He took penance without a sin and pardon without a wrong; he has goodwill out of anger, joy out of weeping, boldness out of fear. He draws clear fire from cold snow. His lady wills that a conquered man conquer her, and long waiting has won him the stolen kiss.

Pos tornatz sui en Proensa

Since returned I-am into Provence

et a ma domna sap bo,

and to my lady it-seems good

ben dei far gaia chanso,

well I-must to-make a-gay song

sivals per reconoissensa:

at-least for gratitude

qu'ab servir et ab honrar

for-with serving and with honoring

conquier hom de bon senhor

wins one from a-good lord

don e benfait et honor,

a-gift and a-benefit and honor

qui be·l sap tener en car:

whoever well-him knows to-hold in dear

per qu'eu m'en dei esforsar.

for which-I myself-of-it must to-strive

Ses peccat pris penedensa

Without a-sin I-took penance

e ses tort fait quis perdo,

and without a-wrong done I-sought pardon

e trais de nien gen do

and I-drew from nothing a-noble gift

et ai d'ira benvolensa

and I-have of-anger goodwill

e gaug entier de plorar

and joy entire of weeping

e d'amar doussa sabor,

and of-bitter a-sweet savor

e sui arditz per paor

and I-am bold through fear

e sai perden gazanhar

and I-know losing to-gain

e, quan sui vencutz, sobrar.

and when I-am conquered to-overcome

E quar anc no fis falhensa,

And because ever not I-did a-failing

sui en bona sospeisso

I-am in a-good expectation

que·l maltraitz me torn en pro,

that-the ill-usage me turn into profit

pos lo bes tan gen comensa.

since the good so nobly begins

E poiran s'en conortar

And they-will-be-able themselves-of-it to-comfort

en mi tuit l'autr' amador,

in me all the-other lovers

qu'ab sobreforsiu labor

for-with an-over-strenuous labor

trac de neu freida foc clar

I-draw from snow cold fire clear

et aigua doussa de mar.

and water sweet from the-sea

Estiers non agra garensa,

Otherwise not I-would-have a-healing

mas quar sap que vencutz so,

but because she-knows that conquered I-am

sec ma domn' aital razo

follows my lady such a-reasoning

que vol que vencutz la vensa;

that she-wills that a-conquered-man her conquer

qu'aissi deu apoderar

for-so must to-overmaster

franc' umilitatz ricor,

noble humility wealth

e quar no trob valedor

and because not I-find a-helper

qu'ab leis me posc' aiudar,

who-with her me may to-help

mas prec's e merce clamar.

but prayers and mercy to-cry

E pos en sa mantenensa

And since into her keeping

aissi del tot m'abando,

thus of-the whole myself-I-abandon

ja no-m deu dire de no;

ever not-to-me she-must to-say of no

que ses tota retenensa

for without all reserve

sui seus per vendr' e per dar.

I-am hers for to-sell and for to-give

E totz hom fai gran folor

And every man does great folly

que ditz qu'eu me vir alhor;

who says that-I myself turn elsewhere

mais am ab leis mescabar

more I-love with her to-lose

qu'ab outra joi conquistar.

than-with another joy to-conquer

E cel que long' atendensa

And he who a-long awaiting

blasma, fai gran falhizo;

blames does a-great failing

qu'er an Artus li Breto,

for-now have Arthur the Bretons

on avian lor plevensa.

wherein they-had their pledge

Et eu per lonc esperar

And I through long hoping

ai conquist ab gran doussor

have won with great sweetness

lo bais que forsa d'amor

the kiss that the-force of-love

me fetz a mi dons emblar,

me made from my lady to-steal

qu'eras lo·m denh' autreiar.

which-now it-to-me she-deigns to-grant

Bels Rainiers, per ma crezensa,

Fair Rainier by my belief

no·us sai par ni companho,

not-to-you I-know an-equal nor a-fellow

quar tuit li valen baro

for all the worthy barons

valon sotz vostra valensa.

are-worth beneath your merit

E pos Deus vos fetz ses par

And since God you made without an-equal

e·us det mi per servidor,

and-to-you gave me for a-servant

servirai vos de lauzor

I-shall-serve you with praise

e d'als, quant o poirai far,

and with-other-things when it I-shall-be-able to-do

Bels Rainiers, car etz ses par.

Fair Rainier because you-are without an-equal

Ges car estius es bels e gens

29 · THOUGH THE SUMMER IS FAIR

Though summer is fair he is not joyful, for a sorrow comes from where his heart used to be gay: she who used to honor him now neglects him. He never broke a covenant with her but by returning too slowly. No griffin ever had so evil or so burning a will as she; when he sees her he dares not say what would please her. He has spoken five hundred graceful praises of the rivers and the folk, and only for her sake. A haughty man will hardly be wealthy.

Ges car estius es bels e gens

At-all because the-summer is fair and noble

no sui jauzens, qu'us marrimens

not I-am joyful for-a sorrow

mi ven de lai,

to-me comes from there

don soli' aver mon cor gai:

whence I-used to-have my heart gay

per que pretz pauc abril ni mai,

for which I-prize little April or May

car cela·m torn' en non caler,

because she-me turns into non caring

qui·m sol honrar e car tener.

who-me was-wont to-honor and dear to-hold

E s'eu pert mas bonas chansos,

And if-I lose my good songs

los bels ditz ni·ls avinens sos

the fair words or-the gracious tunes

qu'eu solia per amor far,

that-I used for love to-make

no sai de que·m dej' alegrar.

not I-know of what-to-me I-should to-rejoice

Anc natz ni vius nollh frais covens

Ever born or living not-to-her I-broke a-covenant

ni mandamens, mas quar trop lens

nor a-command save that too slowly

tornei en sai,

I-returned to here

on seus bels cors sojorn' e jai;

where her fair body sojourns and lies

don tem que lauzengier savai,

whence I-fear that slanderers base

qui fan drutz e domnas doler

who make lovers and ladies to-grieve

e joi baissar e descazer,

and joy to-lower and to-fall

no mi fosson contrarios.

— to-me were adverse

Mas car sui de celar ginhos,

But because I-am of concealing crafty

degr' esser melhs mos pretz, so·m par;

it-ought to-be better my worth so-to-me it-seems

mas occaizo mi vol trobar.

but an-occasion me she-wills to-find

Anc non ac Grius tan mals talens

Ever not had a-Griffin so evil wills

ni tan cozens segon parvens,

nor so burning according-to appearance

com cilh qu'eu sai:

as she whom-I know

per qu'eu n'ai dolor et esmai

for which-I of-it-have grief and dismay

tal que per pauc los olhs no'm trai,

such that for a-little the eyes to-me it-draws

quan la vei, e'm fai si temer,

when her I-see and-to-me she-makes so to-fear

que neis parlar no'lh aus plazer.

that even to-speak not-to-her I-dare a-pleasure

Doncs pos que mos plaitz no'lh es bos,

Then since that my plea not-to-her is good

remanha com s'anc res no's fos,

let-it-remain as if-ever anything not-itself were

qu'eu no la posc de ren forsar

for-I not her can of anything to-force

mas quan de bendir e d'amar.

save only of well-speaking and of-loving

Pero dels rius e de las gens

Yet of-the rivers and of the folk

ai dig cinc cens laus avinens

I-have said five hundred praises gracious

per leis que·m fai

for her who-to-me does

al peitz que pot, per qu'eu dirai

at-the worst that she-can for which-I shall-say

no re mas be, qu'eu no poirai.

not anything but good for-I not I-shall-be-able

E s'eu li pogues mal voler,

And if-I to-her could ill to-wish

si Deus m'ampar, de mon poder

so God me-protect with my power

li for'eu mals et orgolhos;

to-her would-be-I evil and proud

mas no·n posc esser poderos,

but not-of-it I-can to-be capable

qu'ab un ris et ab un esgar

for-with a smile and with a glance

me fai mi mezeis oblidar.

me she-makes my self to-forget

Mout m'es esquius lo parlamens,

Very to-me-is forbidding the speaking

que·m nafr' e·m vens, si que mos sens

which-me wounds and-me conquers so that my sense

fug e desvai;

flees and goes-astray

ni jamai chanso no farai,

and ever-more a-song not I-shall-make

que dreg ni razo noca n'ai.

for right nor reason never of-it-I-have

E pos cor no'n ai ni voler,

And since a-heart not-of-it I-have nor will

com posc chantar ni joi aver?

how can-I to-sing nor joy to-have

Que de leis non ai bels respos,

For from her not I-have fair answers

ans quan cug dir ditz amoros,

rather when I-think to-say words loving

ilh fug, que no'm vol escoutar:

she flees for not-me she-wills to-listen-to

gardatz com m'en dei esforsar!

see how myself-of-it I-must to-strive

Mas hom antius er greu manens,

But a-man baughty will-be hardly wealthy

que chاوزimens e mandamens

for clemency and command

ab cor vrai

with a-heart true

fan fin drut jauzen quan s'eschai.

make a-true lover joyful when it-befalls

E qui pren so qu'Amors l'atrai,

And whoever takes that which-Love to-him-draws

sitot s'es pauc, ab melhs qu'esper,

although itself-it-is little with better that-he-hopes

no·i pot falhir qu'a son plazer

not-in-it can to-fail that-at his pleasure

no l'en venga rics gazardos:

not to-bim-of-it come a-rich reward

per qu'eu lau las honors e·ls dos

for which-I praise the honors and-the gifts

e·l col, e·ls mas, que·m fetz baizar

and-the neck and-the hands that-to-me she-made to-kiss

cilh que sap perdas restaurar.

she who knows losses to-restore

Na Vierna, mout m'es amar,

Lady Vierna very to-me-is bitter

car soven no·us posc remirar.

because often not-you I-can to-behold

Senher N'Agout, no·us sai lauzar,

Lord Sir-Agout not-you I-know to-praise

mas de vos dauri mon chantar.

but of you I-gild my singing

Tart mi veiran mei amic en Tolzan

30 · LATE WILL MY FRIENDS SEE ME

His friends in the Toulousain will see him late, for he has stayed with Sir Barral, his Fair Rainier. He weeps with his eyes for Lady She-Wolf and sighs with his heart at her gracious body and laughing face. The best women wish her ill out of envy, and she has one short answer for them all. To Lady Raimbauda he boasts that he will take a garden at Beuil and forget the plain for the mountain.

Tart mi veiran mei amic en Tolzan

Late me will-see my friends in the-Toulousain

e tart veirai lo Pog e Monreial,

and late I-shall-see the Puy and Montréal

quar remazutz sui del tot a'N Barral,

because remained I-am of-the whole with-Sir Barral

mon Bel Rainier, que trop fin e certan.

my Fair Rainier whom I-find true and sure

A! Na Loba, domna, car no·us remir,

Ab Lady She-Wolf lady because not-you I-behold

dels olhs vos plor e del cor vos sospir,

with-the eyes you I-weep and with-the heart you I-sigh

quan mi membra vostre cors avinens

when to-me it-comes-to-mind your body gracious

e·l dous parlars e la cara rizens.

and-the sweet speaking and the face laughing

E car avetz tan ric pretz sobeiran,

And because you-have so rich a-worth sovereign

per enveja·us volon las melhors mal;

through envy-you wish the best ill

ma bela domna douss', a vos qu'en cal?

my fair lady sweet to you what-of-it matters

Qu'a totas podetz dir: tast' e milan.

For-to all you-can to-say taste and kite

Car melhs sabetz honrar et acolhir,

Because better you-know to-honor and to-welcome

per so-us vol hom mais vezer et auzir,

for this-you wishes one more to-see and to-bear

pos de beutat vest se vostre jovens

since with beauty clothes itself your youth

e-l dous parlars e-l galhardi' e-l sens.

and-the sweet speaking and-the gallantry and-the sense

Na Raïmbauda, domna, d'aisso-m van,

Lady Raimbauda lady of-this-me I-boast

qu'eu penrai ort a Biolh e cazal;

that-I shall-take a-garden at Beuil and a-farmstead

e si-us pagatz d'amor emperial,

and if-you you-content with-a-love imperial

per la montanh' oblidarai lo plan.

for the mountain I-shall-forget the plain

A! bela domna, cui am e dezir,

Ah fair lady whom I-love and desire

qu'eu no poirai jamais ses vos sufrir;

that-I not shall-be-able ever without you to-endure

e prenda-us en merces e chاوزimens,

and let-take-you of-it mercy and clemency

pos en vos es mos cors e mos talens.

since in you is my heart and my will

Domna, ben aic l'alberc Saint Julian,

Lady well I-had the-lodging of-Saint Julian

quan fui ab vos dins vostre ric ostal;

when I-was with you within your rich house

qu'anc Deus no fetz tant avinen jornal,

for-ever God not made so gracious a-day-work

com aicel jorn que·us formet de sa man.

as that day when-you he-formed with his hand

Meravilh me co·us saup tan gen bastir,

I-marvel me how-you he-knew so nobly to-build

mas aitals armas fetz per mi aucir.

but such arms he-made for me to-slay

Mas conort n'ai qu'etz trop ric' e valens;

But a-comfort of-it-I-have that-you-are too rich and worthy

si m'aucizetz, honratz sui e jauzens.

if me-you-slay honored I-am and joyful

Amors, pres sui de la bera

31 • NEAR THE BIER

Love has brought him near the bier: he thought it had won him the fairest and gayest lady in the world, and now it will not let him have her. Had he known, he would never have loved. She is proud and gay toward him and cares nothing for the ill he draws from it. He would speak vile things of her, though a heart full of hatred makes the mouth fail. She was once noble and nobly taught; now she is harsh, and he parts from her to seek his better.

Amors, pres sui de la bera,

Love near I-am to the bier

quar m'etz tan de mala guiza;

because to-me-you-are so of an-evil sort

qu'eu cugei m'acsetz conquiza

for-I thought to-me-you-had conquered

la gensor e la plus gaia

the fairest and the most gay

del mon, mas no-us platz qu'eu l'aia.

of-the world but not-to-you it-pleases that-I her-have

Per qu'eu morrai dezesperatz,

For which-I shall-die despairing

Amors, et er tortz e peccatz,

Love and it-will-be a-wrong and a-sin

si d'aquest vostre benvolen

if of-this your well-wisher

non avetz calque chاوزimen.

not you-have some clemency

Ja, s'eu saupes, non amera,

Ever if-I had-known not I-would-have-loved

que m'en prezes d'aital guiza,

that to-me-of-it it-should-take of-such a-sort

qu'er a ma voluntat priza

that-now has my will taken

cilh qu'es orgolhoz' e gaia

she who-is proud and gay

vas mi, e de mal qu'en traia

toward me and of ill that-of-it I-draw

no·lh cal, ans m'a mes en tal latz,

not-to-her it-matters rather to-me-she-has put in such a-snare

que jois ni deportz ni solatz

that joy nor sport nor cheer

d'autra no·m don' esbaudimen,

of-another not-to-me gives gladdening

ni de leis nulh joi non aten.

and from her any joy not I-await

Per qu'eu ab bon grat m'estera,

For which-I with good will myself-would-remain

fe que·us dei, ans de ma guiza,

by-the-faith that-to-you I-owe rather of my sort

qu'enquer non l'agra enquiza:

that-still not her-I-would-have entreated

e pero non es tan gaia,

and yet not she-is so gay

qu'eu de leis mal non retraia,

that-I of her ill not report

e dir n'ai enois e viltatz,

and to-say of-it-I-have vexations and vilenesses

sitot s'es mensonj' e foudatz,

although itself-it-is a-lie and folly

quar cors qu'es ples d'aziramen

for a-heart which-is full of-hatred

fai ben falhir boca soven.

makes well to-fail the-mouth often

Qu'eu vi ja l'ora qu'ilh era

For-I saw once the-hour that-she was

franca e de bona guiza

noble and of a-good sort

e sa boca gent apriza

and her mouth nobly taught

en parlar paraula gaia,

in speaking a-word gay

vas bon pretz fina e veraia,

toward good worth fine and true

sos cors adregz e gen formatz,

her body upright and nobly formed

d'ensenhamens e de beutatz,

of-breeding and of beauty

que anc nulhs hom no vi tan gen

so-that ever any man not saw so nobly

ni ab tan bel captenemen.

nor with so fair a-bearing

Mas ar m'es esquiv' e fera

But now to-me-she-is forbidding and fierce

tornad' e de brava guiza,

turned and of a-harsh sort

per que l'esperansa's briza,

for which the-hope-itself shatters

don fo ma voluntatz gaia.

whence was my will gay

Pos no·lh platz bes m'en eschaia,

Since not-to-her it-pleases a-good to-me-of-it should-fall

peitz trac de mort, tan viu iratz.

worse I-draw than-of death so I-live grieved

Ar sai e conosc qu'es vertatz,

Now I-know and I-recognize that-it-is truth

que diable son sei paren,

that devils are her kin

qu'als seus dona peyor turmen.

who-to her-own gives a-worse torment

Tostemps, si·m legues, blasmera

Always if-to-me it-were-lawful I-would-blame

leis que non es d'avol guiza;

her who not is of-a-worthless sort

mainta mensonj' ai assiza

many a-lie I-have set-down

en blasmar la domna gaia.

in blaming the lady gay

Per qu'es razos qu'eu m'estraia.

For which-it-is reason that-I myself-withdraw

Mout mi part de s'amor forsatz;

Much me I-part from her-love forced

e pos conosc que tan li platz,

and since I-know that so-much to-her it-pleases

sivals partrai m'en bonamen

at-least I-shall-part myself-thence in-good-part

et irai mon melhs enqueren.

and I-shall-go my better seeking

A per pauc de chantar no·m lais

32 · FOR LITTLE I DO NOT LEAVE OFF SINGING

He all but leaves off singing, for he sees youth, merit, and worth dead, and baseness so far in the ascendant that hardly a country is not caught by the head in its snare. At Rome the pope and the false doctors have thrown Holy Church into confusion, and that is why the heretics have risen. The king of France has abandoned the Sepulcher and buys and sells like a burgess. He blames the kings of Spain for sending horses to the Moors, and takes his joy from a lady of the Carcassès.

A per pauc de chantar no·m lais,

Ab for a-little of to-sing me I-leave

quar vei mort joven e valor

because I-see dead youth and merit

e pretz, que non trob'on s'apais,

and worth which not finds-where itself-it-feeds

qu'usquecs l'empenh e·l gita por;

for-each-one it-pushes and-it casts out

e vei tan renhar malvestat

and I-see so-much to-reign baseness

que·l segle a vencut e sobrat,

that-the world it-has conquered and overcome

si qu'apenas trop nulh paes

so that-hardly I-find any country

que·l cap non aj'en son latz pres.

that-the head not it-has-in its snare taken

Qu'a Rom' an vout en tal pantais

For-at Rome they-have turned into such a-confusion

l'apostolis e·lh fals doctor

the-pope and-the false doctors

Sancta Gleiza, don Deus s'irais;

Holy Church whereof God himself-angers

que tan son fol e peccador,

who so-much are foolish and sinful

per que l'eretge son levat.

for which the-heretics are risen

E quar ilh comenso·l peccat,

And because they begin-the sin

greu es qui als far en pogues;

hard it-is who otherwise to-do of-it might

mas ja no volh esser plages.

but ever not I-wish to-be a-pleader

E mou de Fransa totz l'esglais,

And it-moves from France all the-dread

d'els qui solon esser melhor,

of-those who are-wont to-be the-best

que·l reis non es fis ni verais

for-the king not is true nor faithful

vas pretz ni vas Nostre Senhor.

toward worth nor toward Our Lord

Que'l Sepulcre a dezamparat

Who-the Sepulcher has abandoned

e compr'e vent e fai mercat

and he-buys-and sells and makes a-market

atressi com sers o borges:

just as a-serf or a-burgess

per que son aunit sei Frances.

for which are shamed his French

Totz lo mons es en tal biais

All the world is in such a-slant

qu'ier lo vim mal et oi peior;

that-yesterday it we-saw ill and today worse

et anc pos lo guitz de Deu frais,

and ever since the guidance of God he-broke

non auzim pois l'Emperador

not we-heard then the-Emperor

creisser de pretz ni de barnat.

to-grow in worth nor in baronage

Mas pero s'oimais laiss' en fat

But yet if-henceforth he-leaves in folly

Richart, pos en sa preizon es,

Richard since in his prison he-is

lor esquern en faran Engles.

their scorn of-it will-make the-English

Dels reis d'Espanha·m tenh a fais,
Of-the kings of-Spain-me I-hold as a-burden
 quar tan volon guerra mest lor,
because so-much they-wish war among them
 e quar destriers ferrans ni bais
and because chargers iron-gray and bay
 trameton als Mors per paor:
they-send to-the Moors through fear
 que lor orgolh lor an doblat,
so-that their pride to-them they-have doubled
 don ilh son vencut e sobrat;
whence they are conquered and overcome
 e fora melhs, s'a lor plagues,
and it-would-be better if-to them it-pleased
 qu'entr'els fos patz e leis e fes.
that-among-them were peace and law and faith

Mas ja no·s cug hom qu'eu m'abais
But ever not-himself let-think a-man that-I myself-lower
 pels rics, si·s tornon sordeior;
for-the rich if-themselves they-turn worse
 qu'us fis jois me capdela e·m nais
for-a true joy me guides and-me is-born
 que·m te jauzent en gran doussor;
which-me holds rejoicing in great sweetness
 e·m sojorn' en fin' amistat
and-me refreshes in a-true friendship
 de leis qui plus mi ven en grat:
of her who most me comes into favor

e si voletz saber quals es

and if you-wish to-know which she-is

demandatz la en Carcasses.

ask-for her in the-Carcassès

Et anc no galiet ni trais

And ever not she-deceived nor betrayed

son amic ni's pauzet color,

her friend nor-herself she-laid-on a-color

ni'l cal, quar ceta qu'en leis nais

nor-to-her it-is-needful for that which-in her is-born

es fresca com roz' en pascor.

is fresh as a-rose in Eastertide

Bel'es sobre tota beutat

Fair-she-is above all beauty

et a sen ab joven mesclat:

and has sense with youth mingled

per que's n'agrado'l plus cortes

for which-themselves of-it-delight-the most courtly

e'n dizon laus ab honratz bes.

and-of-it say praise with honored goods

De chantar m'era laissatz

33 • I HAD LEFT OFF SINGING

He had left off singing for grief at the death of the count his lord, but since it pleases the good king he makes a song for Guilhem and Blascol Romieu to carry into Aragon. He has been betrayed like a good servant and rewarded as one who serves a felon. With true joy he is crowned above every emperor for love of a comtor's daughter, and a little cord from Lady Raimbauda is worth more to him than Poitiers, Tours, and Angers are to King Richard. Though they call him a wolf and the shepherds chase him, the She-Wolf says he is hers.

De chantar m'era laissatz

From to-sing myself-I-was left-off

per ira e per dolor

through grief and through sorrow

qu'ai del comte, mon senhor;

that-I-have of-the count my lord

mas pos vei qu'al bon rei platz,

but since I-see that-to-the good king it-pleases

farai tost una chanso,

I-shall-make soon a song

que porten en Arago

which carry into Aragon

Guilhems e'N Blascols Romeus,

Guilhem and-Sir Blascol Romieu

si'l sos lor par bos e leus.

if-the tune to-them seems good and easy

E s'eu chan com hom forsatz,

And if-I sing as a-man forced

pos mon senhor n'a sabor,

since my lord of-it-has a-savor

no tengatz per sordejor

not you-hold as worse

mon chan, que'l cors m'es viratz

my song for-the heart to-me-is turned

de leis on anc non aic pro,

from her wherein ever not I-had profit

que'm gita de sospeisso;

who-me casts from expectation

e'l partirs es mi tan greus

and-the parting is to-me so grievous

que res non o sap mas Deus.

that anyone not it knows but God

Traïtz sui et enganatz

Betrayed I-am and deceived

a lei de bon servidor,

in the-manner of a-good servant

quar hom mi ten a folor

because one me holds as a-folly

so don degr'esser honratz;

that whereof I-ought-to-be honored

e n'aten tal gazarado,

and of-it-I-await such a-reward

com cel que ser a felo;

as he who serves to a-felon

mas s'eu derenan sui seus,
but if-I henceforth am hers
 a meins me tenh que juzeus.
at less me I-hold than a-Jew

A tal domna·m sui donatz
To such a-lady-me I-am given
 que viu de joi e d'amor
who lives of joy and of-love
 e de pretz e de valor,
and of worth and of merit
 on s'afina si beutatz,
where itself-refines so beauty
 com l'aur en l'arden carbo;
as the-gold in the-burning coal
 e quar mos precz li sap bo,
and because my prayers to-her seem good
 be·m par que·l segles es meus
well-to-me it-seems that-the world is mine
 e que·l reis ten de mi feus.
and that-the king holds of me fiefs

De fin joi sui coronatz
With true joy I-am crowned
 sobre tot emperador,
above every emperor

quar de filha de comtor

because with a-daughter of a-comtor

me sui tant enamoratz,

me I-am so enamored

et ai mais d'un pauc cordo

and I-have more of-a small cord

que Na Raïmbauda·m do,

that Lady Raimbauda-me gives

que·l reis Richartz ab Peiteus

than-the king Richard with Poitiers

ni ab Tors ni ab Angeus.

or with Tours or with Angers

E sitot lop m'appellatz,

And although a-wolf me-you-call

no m'o tenh a dezonor,

not to-me-it I-hold as a-disonor

ni si·m cridan li pastor

nor if-me cry the shepherds

ni si sui per lor cassatz;

or if I-am by them chased

et am mais bosc e boisso

and I-love more wood and thicket

no fauc palaitz ni maizo,

than I-do a-palace or a-house

et ab joi li er mos treus

and with joy to-her will-be my tent

entre gel e vent e neus.

between ice and wind and snow

La Loba ditz que seus so,
The She-Wolf says that hers I-am
 et a'n be dreg e razo,
and she-has-of-it well right and reason
 que, per ma fe, melhs sui seus
for by my faith better I-am hers
 que no sui d'autrui ni meus.
than — I-am of-another or mine

Bels Sembelis, Saut et So
Fair Sable Saut and Usion
 am per vos et Alio;
I-love for you and Alion
 e quar la vista'm fo breus,
and because the sight-to-me was brief
 en sui sai marritz e greus.
of-it I-am here sad and heavy

Estat ai gran sazo

34 • LONG HAVE I BEEN SORROWFUL

He has been sorrowful a long season, but now he is more delighted than a bird or a fish, since his lady has sent him word to hold himself as a lover. He cannot be joyful until he returns to the sweet prison her beauty put him in; when he looks at her loving eyes he does not know where he is. His heart is felon toward the one who cast him off for a blond count: she is well named a She-Wolf. He has lost a false love and gained a better.

Estat ai gran sazo

Been I-have a-great season

marritz e consiros,

sorrowful and anxious

mas ar sui delechos

but now I-am delighted

plus qu'auzel ni peisso,

more than-a-bird or a-fish

pos ma domn'a·m trames

since my lady-has-me sent

messatge, que·m tengues

a-message that-me I-should-hold

a guiza d'amador.

in the-manner of-a-lover

A! tan doussa sabor

Ah so sweet a-savor

m'a, quar denha voler

to-me-she-has because she-deigns to-wish

qu'eu torn en bon esper.

that-I turn into good hope

Que, si Deus mi perdo,

For if God me pardon

no posc esser joios,

not I-can to-be joyful

tro que m'en torn coitos

until that myself-thence I-turn eager

en la doussa preizo

into the sweet prison

on sa beutatz me mes,

where her beauty me put

qu'es de semblan cortes

which-is of a-seeming courtly

e de gaug ab doussor:

and of joy with sweetness

per qu'eu no volh ricor

for which-I not wish wealth

de terra ni d'aver

of land nor of-goods

tan com far son plazer.

so-much as to-do her pleasure

Que tan m'es bel e bo,

For so-much to-me-is fair and good

quan remir sas faissos

when I-behold her features

e-ls bels olhs amors,

and-the fair eyes loving

qu'eu no sai on me so;

that-I not know where me I-am

si m'a lassat e pres

so me-she-has bound and taken

e vengut e conques

and conquered and won

que mos olhs ni m'amor

that my eyes nor my-love

no posc virar alhor,

not I-can to-turn elsewhere

ans quan la posc vezer,

rather when her I-can to-see

del tot mi alezer.

of-the whole me I-delight

Domna, per Deu del tro,

Lady by God of-the throne

pos aissi-m rent a vos,

since so-me I-yield to you

humils e volontos,

humble and willing

vostr'amistat me do

your-friendship to-me may-give

chauzimens e merces

clemency and mercy

e precs e bona fes;

and prayers and good faith

e faretz vostr'onor:

and you-will-do your-honor

que mout ai gran paor

for very I-have great fear

que·l talans m'apoder,

that-the desire me-overmaster

a cui no·m posc tener.

against which not-me I-can to-bold

Que·l cor ai tan felo

For-the heart I-have so felon

vas leis qu'anc mala fos;

toward her that-ever in-an-evil-hour she-was

quar per un comte ros

because for a count blond

m'a gitat a bando.

me-she-has cast to abandonment

Be·m par que Loba es;

Well-to-me it-seems that a-She-Wolf she-is

quar ab comte s'empres

because with a-count herself-she-took

e·s part d'emperador,

and-herself parts from-an-emperor

qui a fag sa lauzor

who has made her praise

per tot lo mon saber:

through all the world to-be-known

mas qui men no ditz ver.

but whoever lies not says truth

Deus sal l'onrat marques

God save the-honored marquis

e sa bela seror,

and his fair sister

qu'ab sa leial amor

who-with her loyal love

me saup gen conquerer

me knew nobly to-conquer

e plus gen retener.

and more nobly to-keep

Filha de rei, be·m pres,

A-daughter of a-king well-to-me it-befell

quar perdei fals' amor,

because I-lost a-false love

qu'eu·n gazanhei melhor

that-I-of-it gained a-better

e qui melhs sap valer

and who better knows to-be-worth

e far e dir plazer.

and to-do and to-say a-pleasure

Tant an ben dig del marques

35 • SO MUCH HAVE THEY SAID OF THE MARQUIS

Vagrant boastful jongleurs have said so much good of the marquis, and all of it true, that he does not know what to add. Had the Aragonese king not taken his gladness he would have had entire joy with the ladies of the Carcassès. The Lombards have conquered him since one of them called him dear sir. Her eye and thick black brow are the bow and her nose the bow-stock; against such a glance no shield is a warrant.

Tant an ben dig del marques

So-much they-have well said of-the marquis

joglar truant e garbier,

jongleurs vagrant and boastful

(que tuit en son vertadier)

that all of-it are truthful

qu'eu no sai que m'en disses:

that-I not know what to-me-of-it I-should-say

pero sua es valensa,

yet his is the-worthiness

on bos pretz nais e comensa,

where good worth is-born and begins

e·i renovela valor

and-there renews merit

en fai dir vera lauzor.

in-it he-makes to-say a-true praise

E si·l reis Aragones

And if-the king Aragonese

no m'agues tout alegrier,

not to-me-had taken gladness

eu agra fin gaug entier

I would-have a-true joy entire

ab domnas de Carcasses,

with ladies of the-Carcassès

don m'abelis e m'agensa

whence to-me-pleases and to-me-suits

lor faitz e lor captenensa,

their deeds and their bearing

e·l cavalier e·l comtor

and-the knights and-the comtors

e·l baron e·l vavassor.

and-the barons and-the vavasors

Per so m'an Lombart conques,

For this me-they-have the-Lombards conquered

pos m'appellet «car messier»

since me-called dear sir

tals qu'anc no vist nulh arquier

such-a-one that-ever not you-saw any archer

tan dreg ni tan prim traisses;

so straight nor so fine to-shoot

e·m fier al cor ses falhensa

and-me strikes at-the heart without fail

ab un cairel de plazensa,

with a bolt of pleasure

fabregat el foc d'amor,

forged in-the fire of-love

temprat de doussa sabor.

tempered with a-sweet savor

E l'olh e·l cil negre espes

And the-eye and-the brow black thick

e·l nas qu'es en loc d'arbrier,

and-the nose which-is in the-place of-a-bow-stock

ve·us l'arc de qu'aitals colps fier

behold-you the-bow of which-such blows it-strikes

ab un esgart demanes,

with a glance immediate

don escut no·lh fai garena:

whence a-shield not-to-him makes a-warrant

e pos a leis platz que·m vensa,

and since to her it-pleases that-me she-conquer

no m'o tenh a dezonor,

not to-me-it I-hold as a-dishonor

si·ls fortz venson li forsor.

if-the strong are-conquered-by the stronger

Tant es sos bels cors cortes

So-much is her fair body courtly

e·l dig gai e plazentier

and-the speech gay and pleasing

qu'el mon non a cavalier

that-in-the world not there-is a-knight

que vezer no la volgues;

who to-see not her would-wish

que fag e dig e parvensa
for deed and word and appearance
 a de Monbel e d'Argensa
she-has of Monbel and of-Argensa
 e de Monrozier color
and of Monrozier a-color
 e sa cambra es de Valflor.
and her chamber is of Valflor

Mil tans es doblatz sos bes
A-thousand times is doubled her good
 qu'el comte de l'escaquier,
than-in-the reckoning of the-chessboard
 qu'al seu fin pretz vertadier
so-that-to-the her fine worth truthful
 no sofranh neguna res;
not fails any thing
 pos m'autrejet ses bistensa,
since she-granted-me without delay
 m'a tengut lai en Proensa,
me-she-has held there in Provence
 qu'ar sai son en mais d'onor
that-now here I-am in more of-honor
 e deu so'm penr' al melhor.
and she-must this-to-me to-take at-the best

E si mos Fraires saubes

And if my Brother knew

que·m rete per soudadier,

that-me she-keeps as a-mercenary

no·l tengran boas d'acier

not-him would-bold irons of-steel

que vezer no la volgues.

that to-see not her he-would-wish

E trobera ses falhensa

And he-would-find without fail

dous frug d'onrada semensa

a-sweet fruit of-an-honored seed

e cort de valen senhor

and a-court of a-worthy lord

ab un avinen trachor.

with a gracious traitor

Per ces dei una chanso

36 • A SONG AS TRIBUTE

He owes a song as tribute to the courtly king of Aragon; otherwise he would not sing this year, for the vexation a lady did him. If he was ever gay through Love he abandons her now, and would be no lover at all were it not for one hard heart. Never was a lady so fair or of so courtly a seeming: when one word leaves her mouth he is so greedy that he thinks he will die unless he hears two. For her succor he renders thanks in song, and calls himself her man.

Per ces dei una chanso

As tribute I-owe a song

al cortes rei d'Arago,

to-the courtly king of-Aragon

qu'estiers non chanter' ongan

for-otherwise not I-would-sing this-year

per l'enoï e per l'enjan

for the-vexation and for the-deceit

que·m fetz cilh cui Deus abais;

that-to-me did she whom God abase

e s'anc fui per Amor gais,

and if-ever I-was through Love gay

er la gurpisc e la lais,

now her I-abandon and her I-leave

e mais no for' amoros,

and henceforth not I-would-be loving

durs cors, si per vos no fos.

hard heart if for you not it-were

E ja Deus noca·m perdo,
And ever God not-at-all-me pardon
 s'anc tan bela domna fo
if-ever so fair a-lady there-was
 ni d'aitan cortes semblan,
or of-so courtly a-seeming
 ni anc hom tan gen parlan
nor ever a-man so nobly speaking
 no vi ni o fara mais:
not I-saw nor it will-do henceforth
 que quant us motz l'eis del cais
for when a word to-her-goes-out of-the mouth
 et eu l'aug, sui tan licais,
and I it-bear I-am so greedy
 qu'en cre morir talents,
that-of-it I-think to-die longing
 s'al meins no l'en aug dir dos.
if-at-the least not to-her-of-it I-hear to-say two

E quar en aital sazo
And because in such a-season
 me fetz socors bel e bo,
me she-did succor fair and good
 vos en ren merce chantan:
you of-it I-render thanks singing
 qu'estiers non pogra l'afan
for-otherwise not I-could the-toil
 sofrir ni·l plor ni·l pantais,
to-bear nor-the weeping nor-the anguish

quant ela s'amor m'estrais,

when she her-love from-me-tore

si no fos us cortes jais

if not there-were a courtly gladness

que·m ve, domna, de ves vos,

which-to-me comes lady from toward you

per qu'eu m'en vii deleitos.

for which-I myself-of-it live delighting

E per aquesta razo

And for this reason

conosc be que vostr'om so,

I-know well that your-man I-am

e volh estar derenan

and I-wish to-stand henceforth

del tot a vostre coman.

of-the whole at your command

E metrai me tot en fais

And I-shall-put me wholly in a-burden

de dir e de far que·us plais,

of to-say and of to-do what-to-you pleases

com vostre rics pretz vrais

so-that your rich worth true

an s'enan totas sazoz

may itself-advance all seasons

entre·ls drutz galhartz e bos.

among-the lovers gallant and good

Bon' aventura don Dieus als Pisans

37 • GOOD FORTUNE TO THE PISANS

He wishes the Pisans good fortune for lowering the pride of the Genoese, and will always wish honor to Pisa. He finds the Germans unmannerly, their speech like the barking of dogs, and would rather be among the Lombards, near his gay white smooth lady, than be lord of Frisia. If Richard will believe him he will soon recover Palermo and Reggio, which his ransom won. He reminds the Lombards how Apulia was conquered, and closes on Lady Alazais.

Bon' aventura don Dieus als Pisans,

Good fortune may-give God to-the Pisans

car son ardit e d'armas ben apres,

because they-are bold and in-arms well trained

et an baissat l'orgoill dels Genoes,

and they-have lowered the-pride of-the Genoese

que·ls fan estar aunitz e soteirans:

so-that-them they-make to-stand shamed and underlings

per qu'eu volrai totz temps l'onor de Pisa,

for which-I shall-wish all times the-honor of Pisa

car an baissatz los perfeitz orgoillos;

because they-have lowered the perfected proud

que sol l'enois dels vilans borboillos

for only the-vexation of-the churls quarrelsome

mi trenca·l cor e·l me fraing e·l me brisa.

me cuts-the heart and-it me breaks and-it me shatters

Alamans trob deschauzitz e vilans;

Germans I-find unmannerly and churlish

e quand negus si feing esser cortes,

and when any-one himself feigns to-be courtly

ira mortals cozens et enois es;

an-anger mortal burning and a-vexation it-is

e lor parlars sembla lairar de cans;

and their speaking resembles the-barking of dogs

per qu'ieu non vuoill esser seigner de Frisa,

for which-I not wish to-be a-lord of Frisia

c'auzis tot jor lo glat dels enoios:

that-I-should-hear all day the yelp of-the tiresome

anz vuoill estar entre·ls Lombartz joios,

rather I-wish to-stand among-the Lombards joyful

pres de midonz, qu'es gaia, blanc' e lisa.

near to my-lady who-is gay white and smooth

E pois mieus es Monferratz e Milans,

And since mine is Montferrat and Milan

a mon dan git Alamans e Tyes;

to my harm I-cast Germans and Teutons

e si·m creira Richartz, reis dels Engles,

and if-me will-believe Richard king of-the English

en breu d'ora tornara per sas mans

in short of-hour will-return by his hands

lo regisme de Palerm' e de Riza,

the kingdom of Palermo and of Reggio

car lo conquis la soa rezensos.

because it was-conquered-by the his ransom

De mi dic ben: si pel marques non fos,
Of myself I-say well if for-the marquis not it-were
 non pretz cinc marcs una rota camisa.
not I-prize five marks a torn shirt

Era m'alberc Dieus e sains Julians
Now me-may-lodge God and Saint Julian
 e la doussa terra de Canaves;
and the sweet land of Canavese
 qu'en Proensa non tornarai eu ges,
for-in Provence not shall-return I at-all
 pois sai m'acuoill Montferratz e Milans;
since here me-receives Montferrat and Milan
 e s'aver puosc cella qu'ai tant enquisa,
and if-to-have I-can her whom-I-have so-much sought
 de lai s'estei lo valens reis N'Anfos,
of there let-him-stay the worthy king Sir-Alfonso
 qu'ieu farai sai mos vers e mas chansos
for-I shall-make here my verses and my songs
 per la gensor qu'anc fos d'amor enquisa.
for the fairest that-ever was of-love sought

E pois Milans es autz e sobeirans,
And since Milan is high and sovereign
 ben volgra patz de lor e dels Paves,
well I-would-wish peace of them and of-the Pavians

e que estes Lombardi' en defes

and that might-stand Lombardy in defense

de crois ribautz e de mals escarans.

from vile ruffians and from evil brigands

Lombartz, membre·us com Poilla fo conquisa,

Lombards let-it-come-to-mind-to-you how Apulia was conquered

de las dompnas e dels valens baros,

of the ladies and of-the worthy barons

com los mes hom en poder de garsos:

how them put one into the-power of grooms

e de vos fan entr'els peyor devisa.

and of you they-make among-them a-worse plan

E N'Alazais tan vos ai ades quisa,

And Lady-Alazais so-much you I-have continually sought

qu'ar l'uns en ten l'autre per enoios;

that-now the-one of-it holds the-other as tiresome

eu remandrai tant quant er faitz lo dos,

I shall-remain so-long as will-be made the gift

quar genser etz qu'anc fos d'amor enquisa.

because fairer you-are than-ever was of-love sought

Ben viu a gran dolor

38 • HE LIVES IN GREAT GRIEF

Whoever loses his good lord lives in great grief, and he has lost the best death could kill. He went to Hungary to King Aimeric, where he found shelter and whose praise he can carry through the world. Felony will not avail at the last sigh, as it did not avail Lord Henry, who shamed the good Richard. A king who listens to serfs loses joy: Alexander died by the serfs he enriched. He wants no wealth but joy and love.

Ben viu a gran dolor

Truly lives in great grief

qui pert son bon senhor,

whoever loses his good lord

qu'eu perdei lo melhor

for-I lost the best

qu'anc mortz pogues aucir.

that-ever death could to-slay

E quar non posc morir

And because not I-can to-die

ni es dreitz qu'om s'aucia,

nor is-it right that-a-man himself-slay

per ma vida gandar

for my life to-save

m'en anei en Ongria

myself-thence I-went into Hungary

al bon rei N'Aimeric,

to-the good king Sir-Aimeric

on trobei bon abric,

where I-found a-good shelter

et aura·m ses cor tric
and he-will-have-me without a-heart deceitful
 servidor et amic.
a-servant and a-friend

Et aura·i gran honor,
And he-will-have-in-it great honor
 si m'a per servidor,
if me-be-has as a-servant
 qu'eu posc far sa lauzor
for-I can to-make his praise
 per tot lo mon auzir
through all the world to-be-heard
 e son pretz enantir
and his worth to-advance
 mais d'autr'om qu'el mon sia.
more than-of-another-man that-in-the world is
 E quar me saup chاوزir
And because me be-knew to-choose
 ni m'ac bela paria,
and me-had a-fair company
 meins en pretz maint croi ric
less of-it I-prize many a-vile rich-man
 manent ab cor mendic:
wealthy with a-heart beggarly
 e diran qu'eu o dic
and they-will-say that-I it say
 del filh de Lodoic.
of-the son of Louis

Pauc pretz emperador

Little I-prize an-emperor

escas ni raubador

niggardly or a-robber

ni rei galiador

or a-king a-deceiver

qui vol Deu escarnir

who wills God to-mock

ni sos baros aunir

and his barons to-shame

per falsa maïstria.

through a-false mastery

Mas al derrier sospir

But at-the last sigh

ja no·l valra feunia

ever not-to-him will-avail felony

plus que fetz don Enric,

more than it-did Lord Henry

quan camjava nessim

when he-changed foolishly

e·l bon Richart aunic

and-the good Richard he-shamed

e Deu que n'envazic.

and God whom of-it-he-assailed

Reis non ama valor

A-king not loves merit

qui vol creire trachor

who wills to-believe a-traitor

ni ser lauzejador

or serfs slanderers

escoutar ni auzir;

to-listen-to or to-bear

quar ser fan joi delir

because serfs make joy to-perish

e baissou cortezia

and lower courtesy

e ponhon en trahir

and strive at betraying

lor senhor cascun dia:

their lord each day

qu'Alexandres moric

for-Alexander died

per sos sers qu'enriquit,

through his serfs whom-be-enriched

el reis Daire feric

and-the king Darius struck

de mort cel que'l noieric.

with death him who-him nourished

Per qu'eu no volh ricor

For which-I not wish wealth

mas de joi e d'amor,

but of joy and of-love

quar ben tenh a folor

because well I-hold as a-folly

qui trop vol requerir

whoever too-much wills to-seek

so don no pot jauzir.

that whereof not he-can to-enjoy

Qu'eu no volh manentia

For-I not wish riches

don tota gens m'azir

whence all folk me-bates

ni·m diga vilania;

and-to-me says a-villainy

mas am leis que·m trahic

but I-love her who-me betrayed

cel'ora qu'eu la vic,

that-hour that-I her saw

e pos tan m'abelic,

and since so-much to-me-she-pleased

mos cors no s'en partic.

my heart not itself-thence parted

Que roza de Pascor

For a-rose of Eastertide

sembla de sa color

she-resembles in her color

e lis de sa blancor;

and a-lily in her whiteness

e quan la volc bastir

and when her be-wished to-fashion

Deus, mes i son albir,

God put in-it his thought

qu'en ren als no l'avia.

so-that-in anything else not it-be-had

En leis volc revenir

In her wished to-revive

Amors e drudaria;

Love and loving

qu'us esgartz me feric,

for-a glance me struck

don anc pois no·m garic;

whence ever afterward not-me she-bealed

mas garra·m, quan que tric,

but she-will-heal-me however that it-delay

o jove o antic.

either young or old

Chansos, vai t'en part Vic

Song go yourself-thence beyond Vic

al gran de bon espic

to-the grain of good ear

e di li que no·s tric

and say to-him that not-himself he-delay

de far tot lo mon ric.

of to-make all the world rich

Alaman, trop vos dic

Germans too-much to-you I-say

vilan, felon, enic,

churlish felonious wicked

qu'anc de vos no's jauzic

that-ever of you not-himself rejoiced

qui·us amet ni·us servic.

whoever-you loved or-you served

Quant hom es en autrui poder

39 • WHEN A MAN IS IN ANOTHER'S POWER

A man in another's power cannot do all he wills but must give up his own will for another's favor; having put himself in Love's power, he takes its ills with its goods. Whoever would please the world must often bear what displeases him — and then, when his time comes, not be slack against the man who wronged him. He holds to the Genoese custom of being loving to friends and proud to enemies. Looking at her, he thinks he sees God.

Quant hom es en autrui poder,

When a-man is in another's power

no pot totz sos talans complir,

not he-can all his desires to-fulfill

ans l'aven soven a giquir

rather to-him-it-befalls often to to-give-up

per l'autrui grat lo seu voler.

for the-other's favor the his will

Doncs pos en poder me sui mes

So since in the-power me I-have put

d'Amor, segrai los mals e·ls bes

of-Love I-shall-follow the ills and-the goods

e·ls tortz e·ls dreitz e·ls dans e·ls pros,

and-the wrongs and-the rights and-the harms and-the profits

qu'aissi m'o comanda razos.

for-so to-me-it commands reason

Car qui al segle vol plazer,

For whoever to-the world wills to-please

maintas vetz l'aven a sofrir

many times to-him-it-befalls to to-bear

so que·lh desplatz ab gen cobrir,

that which-to-him displeases with nobly to-cover

ab semblansa de noncaler;

with a-seeming of not-caring

e pois quan ve que sos locs es,

and then when he-sees that his place it-is

contra cel qui l'aura mespres

against him who him-will-have wronged

no sia flacs ni noalhos,

not let-him-be slack nor sluggish

qu'en gran dreit notz pauc' occaizos.

for-in a-great right harms a-small occasion

Tant ai de sen e de saber

So-much I-have of sense and of knowledge

que de tot sai mon melhs chauzir,

that of everything I-know my best to-choose

e sai conoisser e grazir

and I-know to-recognize and to-thank

qui·m sap honrar ni car tener.

whoever-me knows to-honor and dear to-bold

E tenc m'a l'us dels Genoes,

And I-bold me-to the-custom of-the Genoese

qu'ab bel semblan gai e cortes

who-with a-fair seeming gay and courtly

son a lor amics amoros

are to their friends loving

et als enemics orgolhos.

and to-the enemies proud

Pretz e valor volh mantener

Worth and merit I-wish to-uphold

e bonas domnas obezir

and good ladies to-obey

et a corteza gen servir.

and to courtly folk to-serve

E non ai gran cura d'aver.

And not I-have great care of-goods

Mas pero, s'eu poder agues,

But yet if-I power had

non es coms ni ducs ni marques,

not is-there a-count nor a-duke nor a-marquis

a cui tan plagues messios

to whom so-much would-please spending

ni meins se pac d'avols baros.

nor less himself would-be-content of-worthless barons

Car qui pot e no vol valer,

For whoever can and not wills to-be-worth

com no s'esforsa de morir?

how not himself-be-strives of to-die

Deus, quar la mortz no·l denh' aucir,

God because the death not-him deigns to-slay

per far enoi e desplazer!

for to-make vexation and displeasure

Et es trop lag d'onrat pages,

And it-is too foul of-an-honored peasant

quam recolh las rendas e·ls ces:

when he-gatbers the rents and-the dues

cors poiritz ab cor vermenos,

a-body rotted with a-heart wormy

viu ses grat de Deu e de nos.

he-lives without thanks of God and of us

Bona dompna, Deu cug vezer,

Good lady God I-think to-see

quam lo vostre gen cors remir:

when the your noble body I-behold

e quar tan vos am ni·us dezir,

and because so-much you I-love and-you I-desire

grans bes m'en deuri' escazer.

great goods to-me-of-it ought to-befall

Qu'aissi m'a vostr'amors conques

For-so me-has your-love conquered

e vencut e lassat e pres,

and vanquished and bound and taken

qu'ab tot lo segle, que meus fos,

that-with all the world that mine were

me tenria paubres ses vos.

me I-would-hold poor without you

Domna, quan vos vi remaner

Lady when you I-saw to-remain

e m'avenc de vos a partir,

and to-me-it-befell from you to to-part

tan m'angoisseron li sospir

so-much me-anguished the sighs

qu'ab pauc no m'avenc a cazer.

that-with little — to-me-it-befell to to-fall

Ai bela, doussa, franca res!

Ab fair sweet noble thing

Valha-m ab vos Deus e Mercés!

May-avail-to-me with you God and Mercy

Retenez mi e mas chansos,

Retain me and my songs

sitot pez'al cortes gelos.

although it-weighs-on-the courtly jealous-man

Domna, per vos am Narbones

Lady for you I-love the-Narbonnais

e Molinatz e Savartes

and Molinat and Savartès

e Castell'e'l bon rei N'Anfos,

and Castile-and-the good king Sir-Alfonso

de cui sui cavaliers per vos.

of whom I-am a-knight for you

Emperaire dels Genoes

Emperor of-the Genoese

remanh et ai tal feu conques,

I-remain and I-have such a-fief conquered

qu'es avinens e bels e bos,

which-is gracious and fair and good

e sui amics dels borboillos.

and I-am a-friend of-the quarrelsome

Deus en sia grazitz

40 • GOD BE THANKED FOR IT

God be thanked, the noble king is healed, so the poet recovers gay songs after giving them up in grief. A good tree comes of a good root. He turns loving toward chosen ladies, so much that the husbands fear him more than sharp iron. Youth is ill handled and worth betrayed by the barons' fault: grooms are wealthy and the courtly mocked. A slack counterfeit king destroys a good kingdom. Aragon, Castile, and Leon are with him.

Deus en sia grazitz,

God of-it may-be thanked

que'l francs reis es garitz

that-the noble king is healed

e sas e deleitos;

and whole and delighting

per qu'eu cobre chansos

for which-I recover songs

gaias e de gais sos,

gay and of gay tunes

de que m'era gequitz

of which myself-I-was given-up

corrossos e marritz;

grieving and sorrowful

mas la soa salut

but the his health

nos a totz ereubutz,

us has all raised-again

e tornat en joven
and turned into youth
 mon cor e mon talen.
my heart and my will

Quar de bona razitz
For from a-good root
 es bos arbres eissitz,
is a-good tree sprung
 e-l fruitz es cars e bos
and-the fruit is dear and good
 e dous e saboros;
and sweet and savory
 et eu torn amoros
and I turn loving
 vas domnas e chauzitz
toward ladies and chosen
 tan qu'enoj'als maritz,
so-much that-it-vexes-the husbands
 per cui sui plus temsutz
by whom I-am more feared
 que focs ni fers agutz;
than fire or iron sharp
 quar don me volh m'en pren,
for whence me I-wish myself-thence I-take
 qu'us no las mi defen.
so-that-anyone not them to-me forbids

Be·m tanh qu'eu si' arditz,

Well-to-me it-befits that-I am bold

que tals domna m'es guitz

for such a-lady to-me-is a-guide

qu'es la genser qu'anc fos;

who-is the fairest that-ever was

qu'ab sas belas faissos

so-that-with her fair features

sei bel olh amoros

her fair eyes loving

an mains cors envazitz.

have many hearts invaded

Per que mos esperitz

For which my spirit

es ab leis remazutz:

is with her remained

don mi sen revengutz

whence me I-feel recovered

de tot lo marrimen

from all the sorrow

qu'ai agut lonjamen.

that-I-have had long

Jovens es mal balhitz

Youth is ill handled

e pretz d'onor trahitz

and worth of-honor betrayed

per colpa dels baros:

through the-fault of-the barons

quar vezem los garsos

because we-see the grooms

manens et orgolhos

wealthy and proud

e·ls cortes escarnitz.

and-the courtly mocked

E domnas trichairitz,

And ladies deceiving

qu'an lor maritz perdutoz,

who-have their husbands lost

renhan contra lor drutz

they-behave toward their lovers

trop deschauidamen

too discourteously

ab doble falhimen.

with a-double failing

Ai! bels cors gen bastitz.

Ab fair body nobly built

De totz bos aibs complitz,

Of all good qualities complete

domn', aissi·m rent a vos,

lady so-me I-yield to you

humils e voluntos

humble and willing

e destreitz e coitos,

and constrained and eager

si com cel qu'es feritz

just as he who-is struck

d'amor al cor, que'm ditz,

by-love at-the heart which-to-me says

que'm rend' a vos vencutz;

that-me I-yeild to you conquered

doncs si no'm faitz ajutz,

so if not-to-me you-make aid

mort auretz chاوزimen

slain you-will-have clemency

e mi, don no·us er gen.

and me whence not-to-you it-will-be noble

Per flac rei apostitz

Through a-slack king counterfeit

es bos regnes delitz,

is a-good kingdom destroyed

quan planh sas messios

when he-laments his spendings

e plora·ls autruis dos

and bewails-the others' gifts

e fug solatz dels pros;

and flees the-cheer of-the worthy

e reis, pos viu aunitz,

and a-king since he-lives shamed

val meins que sebelitz.

is-worth less than buried

Mas eu sui car tengutz

But I am dear held

dels melhors e crezutz

by-the best and believed

per la corteza gen,

by the courtly folk

quar contr'Amor no men.

because against-Love not I-lie

Per so·m sui gen garnitz

For this-me I-am nobly armed

contra·ls flacs acrupitz,

against-the slack crouching

qu'ab mi n'es Aragos

for-with me of-it-is Aragon

e Castel' e Leos,

and Castile and Leon

e·l valens reis N'Anfos

and-the worthy king Sir-Alfonso

te·ls castels establitz,

holds-the castles established

on pretz es gen servitz

where worth is nobly served

et honratz e volgut;

and honored and wanted

per qu'eu dels abatutz,

for which-I of-the beaten-down

flacs avars, cor de ven,

slack misers a-beart of wind

ai pauc de pensamen.

I-have little of thought

Qu'aissi com es arditz

For-just as is bold

leos plus que cabritz

a-lion more than a-kid

et ors que bous cornutz

and a-bear than an-ox horned

e lops que bocs barbutz,

and a-wolf than a-goat bearded

ai eu mais d'ardimen,

have I more of-daring

que tuit li recrezen.

than all the craven

Per melhs sofrir lo maltrait e l'afan

41 · TO BEAR THE ILL-USAGE BETTER

He will make a song easy to learn, of courtly words and a gracious tune, to bear love's ill-usage better; he must force himself to it, having neither heart nor will, since he cannot see her and her land lies far off. Love has written her beauty inside his heart. He dares not tell her his heart, though she can see his will. Were she to stretch out her fair arm he would come humbly. The song goes to the marquis of Montferrat.

Per melhs sofrir lo maltrait e l'afan

For better to-bear the ill-usage and the-toil

que·m don' Amors, don eu no·m posc defendre,

that-to-me gives Love from-which I not-me can to-defend

farai chanso tal qu'er leus per aprendre,

I-shall-make a-song such that-will-be easy for to-learn

de motz cortez et ab avinen chan.

of words courtly and with a-gracious song

E fatz esfors, quar n'ai cor ni talan

And I-make an-effort because of-it-I-have heart and will

de far chanso, qu'ades planh e sospire,

of to-make a-song for-continually I-lament and I-sigh

quar no vei leis, don mos cors no s'azire,

because not I-see her from-whom my heart — itself-angers

quar tan m'es lonh la terr' e'l dous país

because so-much to-me-is far the land and-the sweet country

on es cela vas cui eu sui aclis:

where is she toward whom I am inclined

per qu'ai perdut joi e solatz e rire.

for which-I-have lost joy and cheer and laughter

A leis m'autrei ab ferm cor ses enjan,

To her myself-I-grant with a-firm heart without deceit

quar totz sui seus per donar e per vendre;

because wholly I-am hers for to-give and for to-sell

e volh trop mais en bon esper atendre

and I-wish far more in good hope to-await

leis cui soplei, don jois me vai tarzan,

her whom I-entreat whence joy me goes delaying

que d'autr'aver bel fait e bon semblan;

than of-another-to-have a-fair deed and a-good seeming

qu'ins en mon cor m'a fait Amors escrire

for-within in my heart to-me-has made Love to-write

sa gran beutat, don res non es a dire,

her great beauty whereof anything not is to be-lacking

e son gen cors be fait e ben assis;

and her seemly body well made and well set

per qu'eu li sui hom francs, fizels e fis,

for which-I to-her am a-man noble faithful and true

e per s'amor a las autras servire.

and for her-love to the others to-serve

Deus, quan veirai lo jorn e'l mes e l'an,

God when shall-I-see the day and-the month and the-year

qu'ela·m volha del mal gazardo rendre!

that-she-me wishes of-the ill a-reward to-render

Qu'eu non l'aus dir, melhs m'auzaria pendre,

For-I not it-dare to-say better myself-I-would-dare to-hang

mon coratge, quant eu li sui denan.

my heart when I to-her am before

Mas assatz pot conoisser mon talan,

But enough she-can to-know my will

qu'ilh es la res qu'eu el mon plus deziere.

for-she is the thing that-I in-the world most I-desire

E per s'amor sofri tan greu martire

And for her-love I-suffer so grievous a-martyrdom

que la dolors m'a ja del tot conquis

that the grief me-has already of-the whole conquered

e'l deziriers que m'aura tost aucis:

and-the desire which me-will-have soon slain

et a'n gran tort, mas eu non lo-i aus dire.

and she-has-of-it great wrong but I not it-to-her dare to-say

E si merces ab leis me valgues tan

And if mercy with her to-me availed so-much

qu'ela'm volgues lo seu bel bras estendre,

that-she-me wished the her fair arm to-stretch

ja per tirar no'm feira escoissendre

ever for drawing not-me it-would-make to-tear-away

de tost venir humilmen mercejan

of soon to-come humbly begging-mercy

vas leis que m'a trastot en son coman,

toward her who me-has wholly in her command

que'm pot donar joi o del tot aucire,

who-me can to-give joy or of-the whole to-slay

que non ai ges poder qu'alhors me vire;

for not I-have at-all power that-elsewhere me I-turn

e si'l plagues que pres de si m'aizis,

and if-to-her it-pleased that near to herself me-she-lodged

be·m tenc per seu, mas melhs m'agra conquis,
well-me I-hold as hers but better me-she-would-have conquered
 e feira·m ric e de gran joi jauzire.
and she-would-make-me rich and of great joy a-rejoicer

Al pro marques, quar pretz e valor gran
To-the worthy marquis because worth and merit great
 manten e sap gen donar e despendre,
he-upholds and knows nobly to-give and to-spend
 e sos rics pretz fai los autres deissendre,
and his rich worth makes the others to-descend
 vas Montferrat, chansoneta, te man:
toward Montferrat little-song you I-send
 que·l seu ric fait son dels autres trian
so-that-the his rich deeds are of-the others distinguishing
 e per melhor lo pot om ben eslire,
and for the-best him can one well to-choose
 qu'el es la flors de totz, a cui que tire,
for-he is the flower of all to whom that it-vexes
 e de totz bes comensansa e fis.
and of all goods a-beginning and an-end
 E s'aissi fos com eu volh ni devis,
And if-so it-were as I wish and devise
 corona d'aur li vir' el cap assire.
a-crown of-gold to-him I-would-turn on-the head to-set

Baros, Jezus, qu'en crotz fo mes

42 · BARONS, JESUS WHO WAS PUT ON THE CROSS

A crusade song. Jesus, put on the cross to save Christian people, commands all alike to go and recover the Holy Land; those who will not obey will hear harsh reproaches at the last judgment. Paradise is offered freely to those who go with the marquis. Traitors are as men who drink poison with milk. Catalans and Aragonese have an honored lord, but he lets his serfs grow too wealthy. A shamed king is worth less than a peasant.

Baros, Jezus, qu'en crotz fo mes

Barons Jesus who-on a-cross was put

per salvar crestiana gen,

for to-save Christian folk

nos mand'a totz comunalmen

us commands-to all in-common

qu'anem cobrar lo sant paes,

that-we-go to-recover the holy land

on venc per nostr' amor morir.

where he-came for our love to-die

E si no'l volem obezir,

And if not-him we-wish to-obey

lai on feniran tuit li plag,

there where will-end all the pleas

n'auzirem maint esquiu retrag.

we-shall-hear-of-it many a-harsh reproach

Que·l sant paradís que·ns promes,

For-the holy paradise that-to-us he-promised

on non a pena ni tormen,

where not there-is a-pain nor a-torment

vol ara liurar francamen

he-wills now to-deliver freely

a cels qu'iran ab lo marques

to those who-will-go with the marquis

outra la mar per Deu servir;

beyond the sea for God to-serve

e cels que no·l volran seguir,

and those who not-him will-wish to-follow

no·i aura negun, brun ni bag,

not-in-it there-will-be any brown nor bay

que no·n posc' aver gran esglag.

who not-of-it can to-have a-great terror

Ar vejatz del segle quals es,

Now see-you of-the world what it-is

que qui·l sec plus al peitz s'empren;

that whoever-it follows most to-the worst himself-gives

pero no i a mas un bon sen:

yet not in-it there-is but one good sense

qu'om lais los mals e prenda·ls bes.

that-one leave the ills and take-the goods

Que pos la mortz vol assalhir,

For since the death wills to-assail

negus no·i pot ni sap gandar,

any-one not-in-it can nor knows to-escape

que pos tuit morrem atrazag,
for since all we-shall-die assuredly
 ben es fols qui viu mal e lag.
well is-he a-fool who lives ill and foully

Tot lo segle vei sobrepres
All the world I-see overtaken
 d'engan e de galiamen;
by-deceit and by beguiling
 e son ja tan li mescrezen
and are already so-many the misbelieving
 qu'apenas renha dreitz ni fes,
that-bardly reigns right or faith
 que chascus ponha en traïr
for each-one strives at betraying
 son amic per si enrequir.
his friend for himself to-enrich
 Pero·lh trachor son aissi trag
Yet-the traitors are so drawn
 com cel qui beu toissec ab lag.
as he who drinks poison with milk

Catalan et Aragones
Catalans and Aragonese
 an senhor honrat e valen
have a-lord honored and worthy
 e franc e larc e conoissen,
and noble and generous and knowing

humil et ardit e cortes.

humble and bold and courtly

Mas trop lascia enmanentir

But too-much he-lets to-grow-wealthy

sos sers, cui Deus bais et azir;

his serfs whom God abase and hate

qu'a totz jorns estan en agag

who-at all days stand in ambush

per far en cort dan et empag.

for to-make in court harm and hindrance

Reis aunitz val meins que pages,

A-king shamed is-worth less than a-peasant

quan viu a lei de recrezen

when he-lives in the-manner of a-recreant

e plora·ls bes qu'autre despen

and weeps-the goods that-another spends

e pert so que·l pair' a conques.

and loses that which-the father has conquered

Aitals reis fari' ad aucir

Such a-king would-be-fit to to-slay

et en lag loc a sebelir,

and in a-foul place to to-bury

qui·s defen a lei de contrag

who-himself defends in the-manner of a-cripple

e no pren ni dona gamag.

and not takes nor gives a-blow

Domnas velhas non am eu ges,

Ladies old not love I at-all

quan vivon descauzidamen

when they-live discourteously

contr' Amor e contra joven;

against Love and against youth

quar fin paratg' an si mal mes,

because true nobility they-have so ill put

greu es de comtar e de dir

hard it-is of to-recount and of to-say

e greu d'escoutar e d'auzir;

and hard of-to-listen-to and of-to-bear

quar fin domnei an aissi trag

because true courting they-have so drawn

qu'entre lor non trobon escag.

that-among them not they-find a-remnant

Domna, si·m tenetz en defes

Lady so-me you-hold in an-enclosure

que d'al re non ai pensamen

that of-other thing not I-have a-thought

mas de far vostre mandamen.

but of to-do your commandment

E s'en grat servir vos pogues

And if-in favor to-serve you I-could

entre·l despolhar e·l vestir,

between-the undressing and-the dressing

ja mais mals no·m pogr' avenir;

ever more an-ill not-to-me could to-befall

quar vostre dig e vostre plag

because your words and your talk

m'an sabor de roza de mag.

to-me-have a-savor of a-rose of May

Reis de Leon, senes mentir

King of Leon without to-lie

devetz honrat pretz recolhir,

you-must an-honored worth to-gather

com cel qui semen' en garag

as he who sows in a-fallow

temprat d'amor ab dous complag.

tempered by-love with a-sweet plea

Neus ni gels ni ploja ni fanh

43 • NEITHER SNOW NOR ICE

Snow, ice, rain, and mire take away none of his sport, for dark weather looks bright since a young lady has conquered him. Like a goshawk taken in the snare, fierce until it is tamed and then manageable and worth more than another, a young lady must be nobly tamed. Gold is melted with a little fire. A lover should be wise and measured, for love does not accord with grief. He closes among the Genoese, whose great and small he has conquered.

Neus ni gels ni ploja ni fanh

Snow nor ice nor rain nor mire

no·m tolon deport ni solatz,

not-to-me take-away sport nor cheer

que·l temps escurs mi par clartatz

for-the weather dark to-me seems brightness

pel novel gaug en que·m refranh;

through-the new joy in which-me I-comfort

quar joves domna m'a conqués,

because a-young lady me-has conquered

e s'eu leis conquerre pogues,

and if-I her to-conquer could

quan la remir, tant bela·m par

when her I-behold so fair-to-me she-seems

que de gaug cugera volar.

that of joy I-should-think to-fly

Mas l'austors qu'es pres en l'aranh,

But the-goshawk which-is caught in the-snare

qu'es fers tro qu'es adomesjatz,

which-is fierce until that-it-is tamed

pois torna maniers e privatx,

then turns manageable and familiar

si's qui be'l tenha ni l'aplanh,

if-there-is who well-it holds and it-strokes

pois val mais d'autre quant a pres;

then it-is-worth more than-another when it-has taken

tot atretals uzatges es,

wholly just-such a-usage it-is

qui jove domna vol amar,

whoever a-young lady wills to-love

que gen la deu adomesjar.

that nobly her he-must to-tame

Ab pauc de foc fon l'aur e franh

With little of fire melts the-gold and breaks

l'obriers entro qu'es esmeratz,

the-workman until that-it-is refined

don l'obr' es plus plazens assatz:

whence the-work is more pleasing much

per que del lonc maltrag no'm planh.

for which of-the long ill-usage not-me I-lament

Et si'l focs d'amor s'esprezes

And if-the fire of-love itself-might-kindle

en leis si com en mi s'espres,

in her just as in me itself-kindled

de ben o mal pogra chantar;
of good or ill I-could to-sing
 mas hom no's deu dezesperar.
but a-man not-himself must to-despair

A drut de bona domna tanh
To a-lover of a-good lady it-befits
 que sia savis e membratz
that he-be wise and mindful
 e cortes et amezuratz
and courtly and measured
 e que no si trabalh ni's lanh.
and that not himself he-trouble nor-himself be-lament
 Qu'amors ab ira no's fai ges;
For-love with grief not-itself accords at-all
 Amors es mezur' e merces,
Love is measure and mercy
 e drutz que a bon cor d'amar
and a-lover who has a-good heart of-loving
 deu ab gaug l'ira refrenar.
must with joy the-grief to-restrain

Ab bona domna m'acompanh,
With a-good lady myself-I-keep-company
 e platz me jovens e beutatz
and pleases to-me youth and beauty
 e plai me cors gen faissonatz;
and pleases to-me a-body nobly fashioned

mas no mi platz bars que·m reganh

but not to-me pleases a-baron who-to-me snarls

ni que trop li dur sos arnes;

nor that too-much to-him lasts his gear

qu'eu en conosc tals dos o tres

for-I of-them know such two or three

qu'om pogues per vilas comtar,

whom-one could as churls to-count

ab sol que saubesson arar.

with only that they-knew to-plow

Las aventuras de Galvanh

The adventures of Gawain

ai eu e mai d'autras assatz;

have I and more of-others aplenty

e quan sui en caval armatz,

and when I-am on a-horse armed

tot quan consec pesseg e franh.

all that-much I-overtake I-shatter and I-break

Cen cavaliers ai totz sols pres

A-hundred knights I-have wholly alone taken

e d'autres cent ai tout l'arnes;

and of-others a-hundred I-have taken-away the-gear

cen domnas ai feitas plorar

a-hundred ladies I-have made to-weep

e autras cen rire e jogar.

and others a-hundred to-laugh and to-play

A l'uzatge·m tenh de l'Estranh,

To the-usage-me I-hold of the-Stranger

que quan no·m sen aventuratz,

that when not-me I-feel fortunate

eu m'esfortz tan debes totz latz

I myself-strain so-much toward all sides

qu'eu pren e conquer e gazan.

that-I take and conquer and gain

E si mos afars m'avengues

And if my affairs to-me-befell

d'aisso de que·m sui entremes,

of-this of which-me I-am undertaken

a mon emperi ses duptar

to my empire without to-doubt

feira tot lo mon soplejar.

I-would-make all the world to-bow

Ar ai conquest sojorn e banh

Now I-have won a-sojourn and a-bath

e Mauta, on sui albergatz

and Malta where I-am lodged

ab lo comt' Enric, de que·m platz,

with the count Henry of which-to-me it-pleases

que negus bos aibs no·l sofranh.

that any good quality not-to-him fails

Larcs es et arditz e cortes
Generous he-is and bold and courtly
 et estela dels Genoes
and a-star of-the Genoese
 e fai per terra e per mar
and he-makes by land and by sea
 totz sos enemics tremolar.
all his enemies to-tremble

Ab lo comt' Arman m'acompanh
With the count Arman myself-I-keep-company
 quar es francs e gent ensenhatz,
because he-is noble and nobly taught
 tot enaissi com si fos natz
wholly just as if he-were born
 a Tolosa part Caramanh.
at Toulouse beyond Caraman
 Ardimen a d'Aragones
Daring he-has of-an-Aragonese
 e gai solatz de Vianes
and a-gay cheer of a-Viennese
 e sembla mi de domnejar
and he-resembles me in courting
 e'l rei de Leon per donar.
and-the king of Leon in giving

Eu sui senher dels Genoes,

I am lord of-the Genoese

que·ls grans e·ls paucs ai totz conques:

for-the great and-the small I-have all conquered

li gran mi fan tot mon afar

the great me do all my business

e·l pauc m'onron e·m tenon car.

and-the small me-honor and-me bold dear

Non es savis ni gaire ben apres

44 • HE IS NOT WISE WHO BLAMES LOVE

He who complains of Love and speaks ill of it is neither wise nor well taught, for Love gives joy to the sorrowful, turns the ill-starred courtly, and pardons those who fail. Blessed be the time, the day, the year, the month, and that gay nobly-bred body, desired by the best, which struck him at the heart with one sweet glance. Never did it go so well with a lover as on the day his song was heard and she was pleased by it.

Non es savis ni gaire ben apres

Not is wise nor very well taught

cel que's blasma d'Amor ni mal en ditz:

he who-himself complains of-Love nor ill of-it says

qu'Amors sap gen donar gaug als marritz

for-Love knows nobly to-give joy to-the sorrowful

e fai tornar lo malastruc cortes

and makes to-turn the ill-starred courtly

e chascun fai de falhiment gardar,

and each-one makes of failing to-beware

qui gen la sap car tener e celar;

whoever nobly her knows dear to-hold and to-conceal

et als falhitz don' avinen perdo

and to-the failed gives a-gracious pardon

e'l fin aman son per lei car e bo.

and-the true lovers are through her dear and good

Ben aja'l temps e'l jorn e l'an e'l mes

Well may-fare-the time and-the day and the-year and-the month

cel dous cors gais, plazentiers, gen noiritz,

that sweet body gay pleasing nobly bred

per los melhors deziratz e grazitz,

by the best desired and welcomed

de lei qu'es tan complida de totz bes

of her who-is so complete of all goods

que'm saup ferir al cor d'un dous esgar

who-me knew to-strike at-the heart with-a sweet glance

don ja no'm volh departir ni sebrar;

from-which ever not-me I-wish to-depart nor to-sever

quar ges non es dona, ni er, ni fo

because at-all not is a-lady nor will-be nor was

de tan bons aibs ab tan gentil faisso.

of so good qualities with so noble a-fashion

Anc mais a nul aman tan ben non pres

Ever more to any lover so well not it-went

ni tan non fo de fin joi enrequitz,

and so-much not he-was with true joy enriched

com eu cel jorn que mos chans fo auzitz

as I that day when my song was heard

per vos, domna, e'us plac que retraisses

by you lady and-to-you it-pleased that I-should-recount

vostra lauzor e'l pretz complit e car;

your praise and-the worth complete and dear

e s'ieu sai ren d'avinen dir ni far

and if-I know anything of-gracious to-say and to-do

vostra beutatz e l'onors m'ochaiso

your beauty and the-honor me-give-occasion

qu'eu tenc engual d'un complit guiardo.

which-I hold equal to-a complete reward

Tant m'avetz dat pois que m'agues conqués

So-much to-me-you-have given since that me-you-had conquered

que autre don per me no-us er queritz;

that another gift by me not-to-you will-be sought

mas vostre cors que lo meillor chاوزitz

but your heart which the best chooses

sap que conven gardar en totas res;

knows what it-behooves to-keep in all things

pero cel qui ses querre vol donar

yet he who without to-ask wills to-give

ben fai lo don mais mil tans a prezar,

well makes the gift more a-thousand times to to-be-prized

qu'eu ai ben vist ses querre far ric do

for-I have well seen without to-ask to-make a-rich gift

e dons queritz mermar lo miels del pro.

and a-gift sought to-lessen the best of-the profit

Mon ferm voler, domn', ai tant en vos mes

My firm will lady I-have so-much in you put

que ja non er delognatz ni partitz,

that ever not it-will-be estranged nor parted

e quar d'amor soi eu si conqueritz

and because of-love am I so conquered

ben dei rendre d'esta preison merces;

well I-must to-render for-this prison thanks

ben fo astrucs qui primiers saup amar,

well was fortunate who first knew to-love

c'om qu'es cortes en sap meils esquivar

for-a-man who-is courtly of-it knows better to-shun

enueg, villania e falhizo,

vexation villainy and failing

per qu'eu estauc en bona sospeisso.

for which-I stand in a-good expectation

Senher Guilhem Malaspina, Deus gar

Lord Guilhem Malaspina God may-guard

vostra valor e'l pretz complit e car

your merit and-the worth complete and dear

qu'en vos trob'om joi e solatz e do

for-in you finds-one joy and cheer and a-gift

per qu'eu vos volh presentar ma chanso.

for which-I you I-wish to-present my song

Pos ubert ai mon ric tezaur

45 • SINCE I HAVE OPENED MY RICH TREASURE

Anglade could not establish this piece to his satisfaction and printed it for its historical interest. Having opened his treasure, the poet draws out a tune for the marquis of Sardinia, whose enemies his own "dear son" Count Henry has destroyed. He counts the castles his lady holds — Vertfeuil, Montlaur, Montgaillard, Beaujeu, Good Rest, the Rich House, Shun-beggars — then curses the Moor who sold Ceva, wishing him hard bones, an evil knife, and a bull's tail.

Pos ubert ai mon ric tezaur,

Since opened I-have my rich treasure

trairai n'un gai sonet novel,

I-shall-draw of-it-a gay little-tune new

que trametrai part Mongibel

which I-shall-send beyond Mongibello

al pro marques de Sardenha,

to-the worthy marquis of Sardinia

qu'ab joi viu et ab sen renha:

who-with joy lives and with sense behaves

gen sap donar e retener

nobly he-knows to-give and to-keep

e creis s'onor e son poder.

and he-increases his-honor and his power

E mos cars filhs, lo coms Enrics,

And my dear son the count Henry

a destruitz totz sos enemics

has destroyed all his enemies

et als seus es tan fermes abrics

and to-the his-men he-is so firm a-shelter

que qui's vol ven e qui's vol vai

that whoever-himself wills comes and whoever-himself wills goes

ab meins de dupntansa e d'esmai.

with less of dread and of-dismay

No volh sobras d'argen ni d'aur,

Not I-wish an-excess of-silver nor of-gold

tant ai lo cor gai et isnel.

so-much I-have the heart gay and swift

E quan trob tornei ni cembel,

And when I-find a-tourney or a-skirmish

voluntiers desplec m'encenha

willingly I-unfurl my-ensign

e jonh e fatz d'asta lenha.

and I-joust and I-make of-a-shaft kindling

E quan trob negun que m'esper,

And when I-find any-one who me-awaits

viu o mort l'aven a cazer;

alive or dead to-him-it-befalls to to-fall

qu'ab armas sui un pauc enics

for-with arms I-am a little fierce

e non crei conselh ni castics,

and not I-believe counsel nor chidings

ni no m'azaut de loncs prezics.

and not myself-I-delight of long sermons

Aissi·m viu et aissi m'estai

Thus-me I-live and thus to-me-it-stands

et am domna tal com eu sai.

and I-love a-lady such as I know

Per seu tenh Vertfolh e Montlaur

As hers I-hold Vertfeuil and Montlaur

e servo·lh plus de cen castel

and serve-her more than a-hundred castles

e tres ciutatz ses tot revel;

and three cities without any revolt

et a cor que pretz mantenha,

and she-has a-heart that worth she-upholds

car ab cortezia renha,

for with courtesy she-behaves

que s'om honratz la vai vezer,

so-that if-a-man honored her goes to-see

tan li fai e·l ditz de plazer,

so-much to-him she-does and-to-him says of pleasure

qu'al partir s'en vai sos amics.

that-at-the parting himself-thence goes her friend

Et anc no·l plac engans ni trics,

And ever not-to-her pleased deceits nor tricks

ni lauzengiers ni gelos brics,

nor slanderers nor jealous fools

ans lor fai dir: «Estatz vos lai,

rather to-them she-makes to-say Stand you there

que re non avetz a far sai.»

for anything not you-have to to-do here

Color fresc' a ab cabelh saur

A-color fresh she-has with hair golden

et anc non obret de pinsel,

and ever not she-worked with a-brush

mas Mongalhart e Daurabel

but Montgaillard and Daurabel

li platz qu'a sos obs retenha.

to-her it-pleases that-to her uses she-keeps

Beljoc no ven ni empenha,

Beaujeu not she-sells nor pledges

e mi fai Montamat tener

and me she-makes Montamat to-hold

e Bon Repaus per melhs jazer,

and Good Rest for better to-lie

e per m'amor platz l'Ostals Rics

and for my-love pleases the-House Rich

et es seus Esquiva-mendics,

and is hers Shun-beggars

et al marques non es destrics,

and to-the marquis not it-is a-hindrance

si·m dona Segur e Clavai

if-to-me he-gives Ségur and Clavai

et a leis Cardon' e Monjai.

and to her Cardona and Monjai

De Fois volh Laroqu' e Lavaur

Of Foix I-wish Laroque and Lavaur

e·l bel palaitz e·l bel pradel

and-the fair palace and-the fair meadow

e·l vergier on chanton l'auzel

and-the orchard where sing the-birds

e Ben-aic e Melhs-m'en-venha.

and Well-I-had and Better-may-it-come-to-me

E si la comtessa·m denha,

And if the countess-me deigns

seguramen posc remaner,

securely I-can to-remain

car complit seran mei voler;

for fulfilled will-be my wishes

qu'eu no volh esser Lodoics

for-I not wish to-be Louis

ni Manuels ni Frederics

nor Manuel nor Frederick

ni de Narbona n'Aimerics:

nor of Narbonne Sir-Aimeric

car qui a so que plus li plai,

for whoever has that which most to-him pleases

de tot lo mon a·l melhs e·l mai.

of all the world he-has-the best and-the most

E Lans' aguda tenga·l Maur

And a-Lance sharp may-hold-the Moor

ab dur os et ab negra pel,

with hard bone and with a-black skin

e negra noit e mal coutel

and a-black night and an-evil knife

e crebacor e compenha,

and heartbreak and filth

e renhas ab que s'estrenha.

and reins with which he-strangles-himself

Mal mati conques e mal ser,

An-evil morning he-won and an-evil evening

quan det Ceva per pauc d'aver.

when he-gave Ceva for little of-goods

Seus es Velais e Mons Antics,

His are Velay and Mount Ancient

malas meissos e voutz espics

evil harvests and bent ears

e cava dens e pois lombrics,

and a-hollow tooth and then worms

e cordolor e fastic fai

and heart-ache and loathing he-makes

e mala mortz de vida·l trai

and an-evil death from life-him draws

liatz a la coa d'un taur

bound to the tail of-a bull

degr' esser frustatz pel mazel

be-ought to-be flogged through-the shambles

d'Ast on vesti l'orre capel

of-Asti where he-put-on the-foul cap

de tracion on s'emprenha

of treason wherein himself-impregnates

l'eretje fals que no's senha;

the-heretic false who not-himself crosses

car hom peitz no pot dechazer

for a-man worse not can to-fall

ni degeitz no pot meins valer.

and an-outcast not can less to-be-worth

Que'l marques cui es Salonics

So-that-the marquis to-whom is Salonica

li ditz: «Per que morir no't gics?»

to-him says For what to-die not-yourself you-let

Et es assatz plus rics que pics,

And he-is much more rich than a-woodpecker

e non pretz tot quant el retrai,

and not I-prize all that he recounts

sa boca plena d'orre crai.

bis mouth full of-foul cawing

Al rei Peire, de cui es Vics,

To-the king Peire of whom is Vich

e Barsalon' e Mon-Judics,

and Barcelona and Montjuïc

man que meta totz sos afics

I-send that he-put all his efforts

en destruire·ls pagas de lai,

in to-destroy-the pagans of there

qu'eu destruirai totz cels de sai.

for-I shall-destroy all those of here

Amiga, tan vos sui amics,

Beloved so-much to-you I-am a-friend

qu'ad autras en paresc enics

that-to others of-it I-seem hateful

e volh esser en vos Fenics,

and I-wish to-be in you a-Phoenix

qu'otra jamais non amarai

for-another ever not I-shall-love

et en vos m'amor fenirai.

and in you my-love I-shall-end

Peire Vidal, pos far m'ave tenso

46 • A DEBATE WITH BLACATZ

A tenso in four stanzas, alternating between Blacatz and Peire Vidal, whose names Anglade prints over each stanza. Blacatz asks why a man of such skill in composing has so venal a sense in his affairs, and says an old man who still waits has less good of it than if he had never been born. Peire Vidal answers that a man who gives up is churlish. Blacatz would rather enjoy than wait; Peire Vidal would serve long for a noble gift.

Blacatz

Peire Vidal, pos far m'ave tenso,

Peire Vidal since to-make to-me-it-befalls a-debate

no·us sia greu, si·us deman per cabal

not-to-you let-it-be grievous if-to-you I-ask in full

per qual rason avetz sen tan venal

for what reason you-have a-sense so venal

en maints afars que no·us tornon a pro,

in many affairs that not-to-you turn to profit

et en trobar avetz saber e sen;

and in composing you-have knowledge and sense

e qui ja velhs en aital loc aten

and whoever already old in such a-place waits

et en joven n'es atressi passatz,

and in youth of-it-be-is likewise passed

meins n'a de be que si ja no fos natz.

less of-it-be-has of good than if ever not be-were born

Peire Vidal

Blacatz, no tenh ges vostre sen per bo,

Blacatz not I-hold at-all your sense for good

quar anc partits plait tan descomunal,

because ever you-put a-plea so unnatural

qu'eu ai bo sen e fin e natural

for-I have a-good sense and fine and natural

en tot afar, per que par be qui so,

in every affair for which it-seems well who I-am

et ai m'amor meza e mon joven

and I-have my-love placed and my youth

en la melhor et en la plus valen;

in the best and in the most worthy

no volh perdre los guizardos ni·ls gratz,

not I-wish to-lose the rewards nor-the thanks

car qui·s recre es vilas e malvatz.

for whoever-himself gives-up is churlish and wicked

Blacatz

Peire Vidal, ja la vostra razo

Peire Vidal ever the your reasoning

no volh aver a mi dons que tan val,

not I-wish to-have toward my lady who so-much is-worth

que·lh volh servir a totz jorns per engal,

for-to-her I-wish to-serve at all days for equal

e d'ela·m platz, que·m fassa guizado,

and of-her-to-me it-pleases that-to-me she-make a-reward

et a vos lais lo lonc atendemen
and to you I-leave the long awaiting
senes jauzir, qu'eu volh lo jauzimen,
without to-enjoy for-I wish the enjoying
quar loncs atendres sens joi, so sapchatz,
because a-long awaiting without joy this you-should-know
es jois perdutoz, qu'anc us no fo cobratz.
is a-joy lost that-ever one not was recovered

Peire Vidal

Blacatz, no sui eu ges d'aital faisso,
Blacatz not am I at-all of-such a-fashion
com vos autres, a cui d'amor no cal;
as you others to whom of-love not it-matters
gran jornada volh far per bon ostal
a-great day-journey I-wish to-make for a-good lodging
e lonc servir per recebre gen do.
and a-long serving for to-receive a-noble gift
Non es fis drutz cel que's camja soven,
Not is a-true lover he who-himself changes often
ni bona domna cela que'l consen;
nor a-good lady she who-it allows
non es amors, ans es engans proatz,
not is-it love rather is-it a-deceit proved
s'oi enqueretz e deman o laissatz.
if-today you-ask and tomorrow it you-leave

En Pelizier, cauzetz de tres lairos

47 · BLACATZ AND PELIZIER: THE THREE THIEVES

A tenso of two stanzas that Anglade prints outside the series as only probably Peire Vidal's, and whose second stanza a manuscript rubric introduces — Lo Peliziers respondet a En Blacatz en aquesta cobla — which the page carries as the speaker's name. Blacatz asks which of three thieves was worst punished: one lost a foot and a hand for two capons, the second was hanged for two pence, the third blinded for a lance and a monk's cope. Pelizier answers that they gained.

Blacatz

En Pelizier, cauzetz de tres lairos,

Sir Pelizier choose among three thieves

loquals pres peitz per emblars menudiers:

which-one fared worse for petty thefts

que l'us perdet lo pe per dos capos

that the-one lost the foot for two capons

e·l poing destre, e puois fo senestriers;

and-the hand right and then be-was left-handed

e·l segonz fo pendutz per dos diniers,

and-the second was hanged for two pence

mas aqui ac un pauc trop de venjansa;

but there there-was a little too-much of vengeance

e·l terz fo orbs, quar emblet una lanza

and-the third was blinded because he-stole a lance

e la chapa del monge dels mostiers.

and the cope of-the monk of-the cloisters

Lo Peliziers

Senher Blacatz, aisso lor es grans pros

Lord Blacatz this to-them is a-great gain

que vos cuidatz lor sia destorbiers;

that you think to-them are hindrances

qu'eu vi Durban, quant er' aitals com nos,

for-I saw Durban when he-was such as we

anar a pe, mas ar a dos destriers;

to-go on foot but now he-has two chargers

e'l pendutz es eissitz de consiriers,

and-the hanged-man is gone-out of cares

que no sent frech, ni fam, ni malanansa;

for not he-feels cold nor hunger nor sickness

et en l'orb trob aitan de melhoransa,

and in the-blind-man I-find so-much of betterment

que jamais sols non ira volontiers.

that ever alone not he-will-go willingly

Pos vezem que l'iverns s'irais

48 · SINCE WE SEE THAT THE WINTER ANGERS

The last piece, which Anglade prints outside the series as attributable to Peire Vidal with some likelihood. Since winter has come and no more turns or lays are heard from the birds, he will not leave off making a verse. He long desired a lady who softly betrayed him, and he was easy to deceive. He is grieved by her praise, glad of her blaming, and pleased by all her harms. Pride always abases itself. He renounces the whole thing.

Pos vezem que l'iverns s'irais

Since we-see that the-winter itself-angers

e part se del tems amoros,

and parts itself from-the season loving

que non aug ges voutas ni lais

so-that not I-hear at-all turns nor lays

dels auzels per vergers folhos,

of-the birds through orchards leafy

per lo freit del brun temporal

for the cold of-the dark weather

non laisserai un vers a far,

not I-shall-omit a verse to to-make

e dirai alques mon talan.

and I-shall-say somewhat my desire

Lonc desirier e greu pantais

A-long desiring and a-grievous anguish

n'ai agut al cor cobeitos

of-it-I-have had in-the heart covetous

ves cela qui suau me trais;

toward her who softly me betrayed

mas anc ves li non fui greignos,

but ever toward her not I-was grumbling

anz la portava el cor leial;

rather her I-bore in-the heart loyal

molt fui leugiers a enganar,

much I-was light to to-deceive

mas peccat n'aia de l'aman.

but a-sin of-it-may-she-have of the-lover

No gens per autr' orgolh no'm lais

Not at-all through another's pride not-me I-leave

de s'amor, don tan sui coitos,

of her-love whereof so-much I-am eager

e conosc ben com ben mi pais

and I-know well how well me she-feeds

e fui galiatz ad estros.

and I-was beguiled at once

Las! remasutz sui del cabal,

Alas remained I-am of-the capital

qu'anc per outra non volc ponhar

for-ever for another not she-wished to-strive

per me ni per mon Drogoman.

for me nor for my Dragoman

Totz meschavatz, car a gran fais
Wholly ill-fated because at a-great burden
 me teng, dona, quan pens de vos,
me I-hold lady when I-think of you
 et quant n'aug parlar, m'es esglais,
and when of-it-I-hear to-speak to-me-it-is a-terror
 et ja jorn no'n serai gaujos,
and ever a-day not-of-it I-shall-be joyful
 qu'eu sui iratz de vostre lau
for-I am grieved by your praise
 et ai joi de vostre blasmar
and I-have joy of your blaming
 e plason me tuit vostre dan.
and please to-me all your harms

Non posc mudar que no'n biais
Not I-can to-help that not-of-it I-swerve
 ves aquel joi tant orgolhos,
toward that joy so proud
 qu'anc non vi orgolh non abais;
for-ever not I-saw a-pride not it-abase
 quan plus en poja, melhs cai jos;
when more of-it it-climbs the-more it-falls down
 et es fols qui ve e qui au,
and he-is a-fool who sees and who hears
 e si non sab son melhs triar;
and yet not knows his best to-choose
 e n'a el siecle d'aquels tan!
and there-are-of-them in-the world of-those so-many

Hui mais s'en fenhan drutz e lais,

Today henceforth themselves-of-it let-feign lovers and laymen

cel qui non estan enoios,

those who not are tiresome

qu'a totz l'esfenis e lo lais

for-to all it-I-renounce and it I-leave

per so que no·n soi poderos.

for this that not-of-it I-am capable

Pos poder no·i sai ben ni mal,

Since a-power not-in-it I-know good nor ill

ben es dreitz qu'om lo desampar;

well it-is right that-one it abandon

et ai ne perdut mon afan.

and I-have of-it lost my toil

PEIRE VIDAL

The Life and the Razos

Vida

THE LIFE OF PEIRE VIDAL

The thirteenth-century life. Peire Vidal was of Toulouse, a furrier's son; he sang better than any man in the world and was one of the maddest who ever lived, believing whatever pleased him was true. A knight of Saint-Gilles had his tongue cut for giving out that he was his wife's lover. Overseas he married a Greek woman he was told was the emperor of Constantinople's niece, spent all he earned on ships, bore imperial arms, and courted every lady he saw, believing each died for him.

Peire Vidals si fo de Toloza, filz d'un pelissier. E cantava
Peire Vidal thus was from Toulouse son of-a furrier And he-sang
mielhs d'home del mon, e fo bos trobare; e fo
better than-a-man of-the world and he-was a-good troubadour and he-was
dels plus fols homes que mai fossen, qu'el crezia que tot
of-the most foolish men that ever were for-he believed that all
fos vers so que a lui plazia ni q'el volia. E plus leu
was true that which to him pleased and that-he wished And more easily
li avenia trobars que a nulh home del mon e fo
to-him came composing than to any man of-the world and he-was
aquei que pus rics sons fetz, e majors folias d'armas e
the-one who most rich tunes made and greater follies of-arms and
d'amors. E dis grans mals d'autrui; e fo vers que
of-love And he-said great ills of-others and it-was true that
us cavaliers de San Gili li fetz talhar la lengua, per so
a knight of Saint Gilles to-him made to-cut the tongue for that
qu'el dava ad entendre qu'el era drutz de sa molher; e
that-he gave to understand that-he was lover of his wife and
N'Uc del Bauz si-l fetz garir e metgar. E cant el fo
Sir-Uc of-the Baux thus-him made to-heal and to-doctor And when he was
garitz, el s'en anet outra mar, e de lai menet una
healed he himself-thence went beyond sea and from there he-brought a

grega queil fon donada per moiller en Cipri. Eil
Greek-woman who-to-him was given as wife in Cyprus And-to-him
 fon donat a entendre qu'ela era netsa de l'emperador de
was given to understand that-she was niece of the-emperor of
 Constantinople, e qu'el per lieis devia aver l'emperi
Constantinople and that-he through her ought to-have the-empire
 per razon. Don el mes tot can poc guazanhar a far
by right Wherefore he put all that he-could to-earn to make
 navili, qu'el crezia anar conquistar l'emperi; e portava armas
ships for-he believed to-go to-conquer the-empire and he-bore arms
 emperials, e's fazia apelar emperaire e sa molher
imperial and-himself he-made to-call emperor and his wife
 emperairitz. Et entendia en totas las bonas donas que
empress And he-courtied among all the good ladies that
 vezia, e totas las pregava d'amor; e totas li dizian de
he-saw and all them he-entreated of-love and all to-him said to
 far e dir so qu'el volgues: don el se crezia drutz de
do and say that that-he might-wish wherefore he himself believed lover of
 totas e que cascuna moris per el; e totas l'enganavan. E
all and that each-one was-dying for him and all him-deceived And
 totas vets menava rics destriers e portava ricas armas, e
all times he-led rich chargers and he-bore rich arms and
 cadieira e campolieit emperial: e crezia esser lo melher
a-chair and a-camp-bed imperial and he-believed to-be the best
 cavaliers del mon per armas, e'l plus amatz per donas.
knight of-the world in arms and-the most loved by ladies

Razo

THE STOLEN KISS

The first razo, which explains three songs. Peire Vidal loved Lady Alazais, wife of Barral of Marseille; Barral loved him for his rich composing and his fair follies, and the two called each other Rainier. Finding the lady asleep, he knelt and kissed her mouth; she cried out and he fled to Genoa and went overseas with King Richard. Barral at last won her pardon, and when he returned she granted him as a gift the kiss he had stolen.

Peire Vidals, si com ieu vos ai dit, s'entendia en totas
Peire Vidal just as I to-you I-have said himself-set on all
las bonas donas, e crezia que totas li volguesson ben
the good ladies and he-believed that all to-him might-wish well
per amor. E si s'entendia en ma dona N' Alazais de Roca
for love And thus himself-be-set on my lady Lady Alazais of Roca
Martina, qu'era molher d'En Barral, lo senhor de Marselha,
Martina who-was the-wife of-Sir Barral the lord of Marseille
lo quals volia meils a Peire Vidal qu'a home del mon,
the which wished better to Peire Vidal than-to a-man of-the world
per lo ric trobar e per las belas folias que dizia e fazia;
for the rich composing and for the fair follies that he-said and he-did
e clamavan se abdui Raynier. E Peire Vidals si era
and they-called themselves both Rainier And Peire Vidal thus was
privatz de cort e de cambra d'En Barral plus que om del
familiar of court and of chamber of-Sir Barral more than a-man of-the
mon. En Barrals si sabia be que Peire Vidals se entendia
world Sir Barral thus knew well that Peire Vidal himself set
en sa molher, e tenia lo-i a solatz, e tug aquilh
on his wife and he-held it-to-him as a-sport and all those
que o sabion; e si s'alegrava de las folias qu'el fazia
who it knew and thus himself-be-rejoiced at the follies that-be did

ni dizia; e la dona o prendia en solatz, aissi com fazian
and said and the lady it took as a-sport just as did
 todas las autras donas en cui Peire Vidals s'entendia; e
all the other ladies on whom Peire Vidal himself-set and
 cascuna li dizia plazer eill prometia tot so que-ill
each-one to-him said a-pleasure and-to-him promised all that which-to-him
 plagues e qu'el demandava: et el era si savis que tot
might-please and which-he asked and he was so wise that all
 o crezia. E quan Peire Vidals se corrossava ab ela, En
it he-believed And when Peire Vidal himself angered with her Sir
 Barrals fazia ades la patz, e-l fazia prometre tot so que
Barral made at-once the peace and-him made to-promise all that which
 demandava. E quan venc un dia, Peire Vidals saup qu'En
he-asked And when came a day Peire Vidal knew that-Sir
 Barrals se era levatz e que la domna era tota sola en sa
Barral himself had risen and that the lady was wholly alone in her
 cambra; e venc s'en al leit de ma dona N'Alazais,
chamber and he-came himself-thence to-the bed of my lady Lady-Alazais
 et atroba la dormen, et aginoilla se davan ella e baiza
and he-finds her sleeping and he-kneels himself before her and he-kisses
 li la boca. Et ella sentit lo baizar e crezet que fos En
to-her the mouth And she felt the kiss and believed that it-were Sir
 Barrals sos maritz, e rizen ella se levet; e garda, e
Barral her husband and laughing she herself rose and she-looks and
 vi qu'era lo fols de Peire Vidal, e comenset a cridar
she-saw that-it-was the fool of Peire Vidal and she-began to to-cry
 et a far gran rumor. E vengron las donzelas de lains,
and to to-make a-great uproar And there-came the damsels of within
 quant ho auziron, e demanderon: «qu'es aisso?» E Peire
when it they-heard and they-asked what-is this And Peire
 Vidals s'en issit fugen. E la domna mandet per En
Vidal himself-thence went-out fleeing And the lady sent for Sir

Barral, e fetz li gran reclam de Peire Vidal que l'avia
Barral and she-made to-him a-great complaint of Peire Vidal who her-had
 baizada; e ploran l'en preguet qu' el en degues penre
kissed and weeping him-of-it she-begged that he of-it should to-take
 venjansa. Et En Barrals, aissi com valens hom et adregz, si
vengeance And Sir Barral just as a-worthy man and upright thus
 pres lo fag a solatz, e comenset a rire et a reprendre
took the deed as a-sport and he-began to to-laugh and to to-reprove
 sa molher, car ela avia feita rumor d'aisso que'l fols avia
his wife because she had made an-uproar of-this that-the fool had
 fait. Mas el no la 'n poc castiar qu'ela no mezes gran
done But he not her of-it could to-cbide that-she not might-put a-great
 rumor per lo fait, e sercan et enqueren lo mal de Peire
uproar for the deed and searching and seeking the harm of Peire
 Vidal; e grans menassas fazia de lui. Peire Vidals per
Vidal and great threats she-made of him Peire Vidal through
 paor d'aquest fait montet en una nau et anet s'en a
fear of-this deed mounted in a ship and went himself-thence to
 Genova; e lai estet tro que passet outra mar ab lo rei
Genoa and there he-stayed until that he-passed beyond sea with the king
 Richart, que·ill fo mes en paor que ma dona N'Azalais
Richard for-to-him it-was put in fear that my lady Lady-Azalais
 li volia far tolre la persona. Lai estet longa
to-him wished to-make to-take-away the person There he-stayed a-long
 sazo, e lai fetz maintas bonas cansos recordan lo baizar
season and there he-made many good songs recalling the kiss

qu' el avia emblat; e dis en una canso que dis: «Ajostar
that he had stolen and he-said in a song that said To-join
 e lassar...», que de leis non avia agut negun guizardo,
and to-lace that of her not he-had had any reward

mas un petit cordo
but a little cord
 si aigui, qu'un mati
indeed I-had-it that-on-a morning
 intrei dins sa maiso
I-entered within her house
 eil baisei a lairo
and-to-her I-kissed by stealth
 la boca e'l mento.
the mouth and-the chin

Et en un autre loc dis:
And in an other place he-said

Pus onratz fora c'om natz
More honored I-would-be than-a-man born
 si'l bais emblatz mi fos datz
if-the kiss stolen to-me were given
 e gent aquitatz.
and nobly acquitted

Et en outra chanso, laquals comensa: «Plus que·l paubres

And in another song the-which begins More than-the poor-man

que jatz en ric ostal», el dis:

who lies in a-rich lodging he says

Be·m bat Amors ab las vergas qu'ieu cuelh

Well-me beats Love with the rods that-I gather

quar una vetz en son reial capduelh

for one time in her royal keep

l'emblei un bais don tan fort me sove.

to-her-I-stole a kiss whence so strongly to-me it-remembers

Ai tan mal trai qui so qu'ama no ve!

Ab so ill suffers-he who that which-he-loves not sees

Aissi estet longa sazo outra mar, que non auzava tornar en

Thus he-stayed a-long season beyond sea for not he-dared to-return into

Proensa. E Barrals, que li volia aitan de be com avetz

Provence And Barral who to-him wished so-much of good as you-have

auzit, si preguet tan sa molher, qu' ela li perdonet lo fait

heard thus begged so-much his wife that she to-him pardoned the deed

del baisar e lo·i autrejet en do. En Barrals si mandet

of-the kiss and it-to-him granted as a-gift Sir Barral thus sent

a Peire Vidal grassia e bona voluntat de sa molher, e que

to Peire Vidal grace and good will of his wife and that

vengues. Et el venc ab gran alegrier a Marselha, e fo fort

he-should-come And he came with great gladness to Marseille and was very

be aculhitz per En Barral e per madona N'Alazais, et autrejet

well received by Sir Barral and by my-lady Lady-Alazais and she-granted

li lo baizar en do qu'el li avia emblat; don Peire Vidals

to-him the kiss as a-gift that-he to-her had stolen whence Peire Vidal

fetz aquesta chanso que ditz: «Pos tornatz soi en Proensa.»

made this song that says Since returned I-am into Provence

Razo

THE WOLFSKIN

The second razo. On the death of the count of Toulouse, Peire Vidal put on black, cut the tails and ears of all his horses, and went about like a madman until King Alfonso of Aragon came into Provence with eleven barons and begged him to make a song. For the She-Wolf of Penautier he had himself called a wolf; at Cabaret he put on a wolfskin, and the shepherds' dogs mauled him so badly that he was carried for dead to her house, where he was healed.

P. Vidals, per la mort del bon comte Raimon de Tolosa, si
P Vidal for the death of-the good count Raimon of Toulouse thus
se marri molt e det se gran tristessa; e vestit se
himself grieved much and gave himself great sadness and he-clothed himself
de negre, e talhet las coas e las aurelhas a totz los sieus
in black and he-cut the tails and the ears to all the his
cavals; et a si et a totz los sieus servidors fetz raire los
horses and to himself and to all the his servants he-made to-shave the
cabelhs de la testa; mas las barbas ni las onglas non se
hairs of the head but the beards or the nails not themselves
feiron taillar. Molt anet longa sazo a lei de fol home
they-made to-cut Much he-went a-long season in the-manner of a-mad man
e de dolen. Et avenc se que en aquela sazo qu'el anava
and of a-sorrowing-one And it-befell itself that in that season that-be went
enaissi dolens, que'l reis N'Anfos d'Arago venc en Proensa;
thus sorrowing that-the king Sir-Alfonso of-Aragon came into Provence
e vengro ab lui Blascols Romieus, En Garsias Romieus, En
and there-came with him Blascol Romieu Sir Garsias Romieu Sir
Martis del Canet, En Miquels de Luzia, En Sans d'Antilon,
Martin of-the Canet Sir Miquel of Luzia Sir Sans of-Antilon
En Guillems d'Alcalla, En Albertz de Castelvieu, En Raimons
Sir Guillem of-Alcalla Sir Albert of Castelvieu Sir Raimon

Gausserans de Pinos, En Guillems Raimons de Moncada, En
Gausseran of Pinos Sir Guillem Raimon of Moncada Sir
 Arnautz de Castelbon, En Raimons de Cerveira; e troberon
Arnaut of Castelbon Sir Raimon of Cervera and they-found
 Peire Vidal enaissi trist, dolen et enaissi apareillat a lei
Peire Vidal thus sad sorrowing and thus arrayed in the-manner
 de fol. E lo reis lo comenset a pregar e tug li autre
of a-fool And the king him began to to-entreat and all the other
 sei baro, e Blascols Romieus e·N Guillems d'Alcalla, qu'
his barons and Blascol Romieu and-Sir Guillem of-Alcalla who
 eron sei amic especial, qu'el degues deixar aquel dol, e
were his friends special that-he should to-leave that mourning and
 que degues cantar e se alegrar, e que fesés una chanso
that he-should to-sing and himself to-gladden and that he-make a song
 que·ill portesson en Arago. Tan lo preguet lo reis
that-to-him they-might-carry into Aragon So-much him entreated the king
 e·ill siei baro qu'el dis que se alegraria e laissaria
and-the his barons that-he said that himself he-would-gladden and he-would-leave
 lo dol, e faria chanso e tot so que·il plagues.
the mourning and he-would-make a-song and all that which-to-him might-please
 Et el si amava la Loba de Puegnautier, e ma dona
And he thus loved the She-Wolf of Penautier and my lady
 Estefania de Son que era de Sardanha; et aras de novel
Estefania of Son who was of Cerdanya and now of new
 era s'enamoratx de Na Raymbauda de Biolh, molher d'En
he-was himself-enamored of Lady Raimbauda of Beuil the-wife of-Sir
 Guillem Rostanh qu'era senher de Biolh. Biolhs si es en
Guillem Rostanh who-was lord of Beuil Beuil thus is in
 Proensa, en la montanha que part Lombardia e Proensa. La
Provence in the mountain that parts Lombardy and Provence The
 Loba si era de Carcasses. En P. Vidals si se fazia apelar
She-Wolf thus was of the-Carcassès Sir P Vidal thus himself made to-call

lops per ela, e portava armas de lop. Et en la montanha
a-wolf for her and he-bore arms of a-wolf And in the mountain
 de Cabaret el se fetz cassar als pastors ab cas et ab
of Cabaret he himself made to-hunt by-the shepherds with dogs and with
 mastis et ab lebriers, si com om fai lop; e vesti una
mastiffs and with greybounds just as one does a-wolf and he-put-on a
 pel de lop per donar a entendre als pastors et als cans
skin of a-wolf for to-give to understand to-the shepherds and to-the dogs
 qu'el fos lops. E li pastor ab lor cas lo cassero e·l
that-he were a-wolf And the shepherds with their dogs him hunted and-him
 baratero si malamen, qu'el en fo portatz per mort a l'alberc
mauled so evilly that-he of-it was carried for dead to the-lodging
 de la Loba de Puegnautier. Et cant ela saup que aquest
of the She-Wolf of Penautier And when she knew that this-one
 era Peire Vidals, ela comenset a far gran alegria de
was Peire Vidal she began to to-make great gladness of
 la folia que Peire Vidals avia feita, et a rire molt, e·l
the folly that Peire Vidal had done and to to-laugh much and-the
 maritz de leis atressi: e receubron lo ab gran alegria.
husband of her likewise and they-received him with great gladness
 E·l maritz de ela lo fetz penre e fetz lo metre en
And-the husband of her him made to-take and made him to-put in
 luec rescos, al miels qu'el poc ni saup; e fetz mandar
a-place bidden at-the best that-he could and knew and he-made to-send
 pel metge, e fetz lo metgar entro que fo garitz.
for-the physician and he-made him to-doctor until that he-was healed
 Et aissi com vos ai comensat a dire de Peire Vidal
And just as to-you I-have begun to to-tell of Peire Vidal
 qu'el avia promes al rei et a sos baros de far chansos,
that-he had promised to-the king and to his barons of to-make songs
 can fon garitz, lo reis fetz far armas e vestirs a
when he-was healed the king made to-make arms and garments for

se et a lui; e vestit se En Peire Vidals, et agenset
himself and for him and clothed himself Sir Peire Vidal and adorned
 se fort; e fetz adoncs aquesta canso que ditz:
himself greatly and he-made then this song that says

De cantar m'era laissatz

From to-sing to-me-it-was left-off

per ira e per dolor.

through grief and through sorrow

As aquest vos dic ieu breumen

MATFRE ERMENGAUT ON THE CUT TONGUE

Matfre Ermengaut's first passage on Peire Vidal, which Anglade cites as Breviari d'Amor, vv. 28157-172. He says briefly that Peire Vidal had no sense in his life, and that he would not give a lead-piece in his warranty, since his tongue was cut for a proved falsehood. He then quotes the stanza the Monk of Montaudon made where he blamed sixteen troubadours: that Peire Vidal is the last, that his members are not whole, and that a furrier's son would have needed a silver tongue.

As aquest vos dic ieu breumen

Of this-one to-you say I briefly

que a sa vida non ac sen,

that in his life not be-had sense

per que [ges] ieu non daria

for which at-all I not would-give

un plom en sa garentia,

a lead-piece in his warranty

quar per falsedat proada

because for a-falsehood proved

li fo la lengua mermada,

to-him was the tongue lessened

per que dis aquesta razo

for which said this saying

lo bos Morgues de Montaudo

the good Monk of Montaudon

en un dechat qu'el compilet

in a poem that-he compiled

on .xvi. trobadors blasmet:

where sixteen troubadours be-blamed

«Peires Vidals es li deriers

Peire Vidal is the last

que non a sos membres entiers,

who not has his members entire

es agra lh'obs lengua d'argen

and he-would-have to-him-need a-tongue of-silver

al vila qu'ero pelhissiers,

to-the churl who-were furriers

quez anc, pus se fetz cavaliers,

who ever since himself he-made a-knight

non ac pueis membransa ni sen.»

not had afterward memory nor sense

En Peire Vidal, si d'amor

MATFRE ERMENGAUT ON THE PENANCE

Matfre Ermengaut's second passage, which Anglade cites as vv. 28340–358, reads the wolf hunt as a penance. If Peire Vidal ever spoke ill of love through his folly, he did not carry the sin into the other world, for he did a great and hard penance before his death: for love he had himself hunted in the land of Cabaret like a wolf, and would take no help until the dogs had dragged him and left him half dead.

En Peire Vidal, si d'amor

Sir Peire Vidal if of-love

nulh temps dis mal per sa folor,

any time he-said ill through his folly

non portet, segon qu'ai trobat,

not he-bore according to-what-I-have found

en l'autre segle lo peccat,

into the-other world the sin

ans se n'en feys davant sa mort

rather himself of-it he-made before his death

penedensa granda e fort,

a-penance great and hard

quar per amors cassar se fetz

for through love to-hunt himself he-made

en la terra de Cabaretz

in the land of Cabaret

coma lob ab cas als pastors,

like a-wolf with dogs by-the shepherds

e no volc aver nulh socors

and not he-wished to-have any succor

tro que·lh ca l'agron tirassat

until that-the dogs him-had dragged

tan que mieg mort l'agron laissat.

so-much that half dead him-they-had left

Aissi·l recomta sa vida

Thus-it recounts his life

qu'ieu o sai que l'ai legida.

that-I it know for it-I-have read
