OLD OCCITAN SERIES · VOLUME 9

# The Troubadours of 1200

# Peire Raimon de Tolosa
# Lo Monge de Montaudon
# Perdigon
# Elias de Barjols
# Jausbert de Puycibot

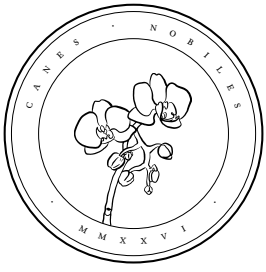
*The Troubadours of 1200*

*Five Poets Complete, with Their Lives*

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with a word-for-word interlinear English translation

preserving the original word order

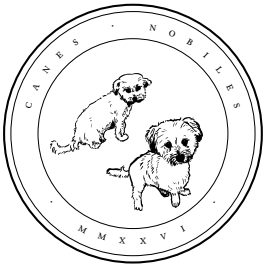



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The Old Occitan text follows Anglade's Poésies du troubadour Peire Raimon de Toulouse (Toulouse, 1920), Klein's Die Dichtungen des Mönchs von Montaudon (Marburg, 1885), Chaytor's Les chansons de Perdigon (Paris, 1926), Stroński's Le troubadour Elias de Barjols (Toulouse, 1906), and Shepard's Les poésies de Jausbert de Puycibot (Paris, 1924), with Jausbert's life from Chabaneau's Les biographies des troubadours (Toulouse, 1885)

Set from page scans of the six editions

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

Each poet's text and spelling are his editor's: Anglade's for Peire Raimon de Tolosa, Klein's for the Monk of Montaudon, Chaytor's for Perdigon, Stroński's for Elias de Barjols, and Shepard's for Jausbert de Puycibot, whose life is Chabaneau's; each editor's doubtful and spurious pieces stand under his own label. Brackets mark words an editor supplied, * * * a verse an edition counts and does not constitute or words lost inside a verse, and speech stands between « ». The pieces carry each editor's numbers; the speakers' names in the tensos and partimens and the English titles are this press's.

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PEIRE RAIMON DE TOLOSA

# *The Complete Songs*

# Vida

## THE LIFE OF PEIRE RAIMON DE TOLOSA

---

*Peire Raimon the Elder was the son of a burgher of Toulouse who made himself a jongleur and went to the court of King Alfonso of Aragon, who welcomed him and did him great honor. He was wise and subtle, sang and composed well, and made good vers, songs, and sayings. He stayed a long time at the king's court, with his lord Count Raimon of Toulouse, and with Sir Guilhem of Montpellier. Then he took a wife at Pamiers and died there.*

Peire Raimonz de Tolosa lo vielz si fo fillz d'un borzes, e
*Peire Raimon of Toulouse the old so was son of-a burgher and*
fetz se joglars, et anet s'en en la cort del rei N'Anfos
*made himself jongleur and went himself-thence into the court of-the king Sir-Alfonso*
d'Aragon; e·l reis l'acuilhic e·il fetz grant honor. Et el
*of-Aragon and-the king him-welcomed and-to-him did great honor And he*
era savis hom e sotils, e saup molt ben chantar et trobar,
*was wise man and subtle and knew very well to-sing and to-compose*
e fetz de bons vers e de bonas chansos e de bons mots; e
*and made of good vers and of good songs and of good words and*
estet en la cort del rei, e del bon comte Raimon de Tolosa,
*stayed in the court of-the king and of-the good count Raimon of Toulouse*
lo sieu seignor, et en la cort d'En Guilhem de Monpeslier,
*the his lord and in the court of-Sir Guilhem of Montpellier*
longa sazon. Pois tolc moiller a Pamias, et lai definet.
*long season Then he-took wife at Pamiers and there died*

## Ab son gai plan e car

### 1 · WITH A GAY, PLAIN, AND RARE TUNE

---

*He makes a light descort, good to sing. If he could find clemency in his lady, God bless her, he would lack nothing, for she has conquered him and her courtly worth grows and spreads. He would be rich and gay if she gave him her love, since she is worth a hundred times more than he says. Her appearance so pleases him that he looks at no other, and one sweet kiss would keep him from all harm. He begs her mercy and vows no slander will lessen her praise. He sends the descort to the worthy count of Savoy.*

Ab son gai plan e car
*With tune gay plain and rare*
fas descort leu et bon,
*I-make descort light and good*
avinen per chantar
*comely for singing*
e de bella razon:
*and of fair matter*
e s'eu pogues trobar
*and if-I could to-find*
a leis, cui Dieus bes don!
*in her whom God good give*
Chausimen, ges no·m par
*Clemency at-all not-to-me seems*
agues ren si ben non.
*I-had anything if good not*

Car cela m'a conqes
*For she me-has conquered*
on son tuit faich preisan,
*in-whom are all deeds prized*
e anc tan bella res
*and ever so fair thing*
no fo on vir e m'an;
*not was where I-turn and myself-go*
car son fin pres cortes
*for her true worth courtly*
puoja e creis e s'espan;
*rises and grows and itself-spreads*
e s'eu ren far saubes
*and if-I anything to-do knew*
qe il venghes en talan!
*that to-her came in liking*

Ben fora rics e gais,
*Well I-would-be rich and gay*
ses pen' e ses dolor,
*without pain and without grief*
si cela cui bons prez nais
*if she in-whom good worth is-born*
mi volgues dar s'amor,
*to-me wished to-give her-love*
q'aisi·l sui fis e verais
*for-so-to-her I-am true and truthful*
e ses cor trichador;
*and without heart deceiving*

et a cen tan e mais
*and she-has a-hundred times and more*
q'eu vos dic de valor.
*than-I to-you say of merit*

Tan m'agenza
*So-much to-me-pleases*
sa parvenza
*her appearance*
que d'al no consire;
*that of-else not I-think*
penedenza
*penance*
et abstinenza
*and abstinence*
ai c'altra non mire;
*I-have that-another not I-look-at*
mantenenza
*constancy*
ab sovinenza
*with remembrance*
ai gran del martire.
*I-have great of-the martyrdom*
Car plivensa
*For pledge*
ses fallensa
*without failing*
que ja no traire,
*that ever not traitor*

farai sos mans a mon poder,
*I-shall-do her commands to my power*
car ren mai
*for anything more*
tan no·m plai,
*so-much not-to-me pleases*
sitot mi fai doler;
*although me makes to-grieve*
e s'eu n'ai
*and if-I thereof-have*
un dolz bai,
*a sweet kiss*
ren no·m pot dan tener.
*anything not-to-me can harm to-hold*

Bella domna, aiaz chausimen
*Fair lady have clemency*
de mi q'eu non ai mais secors,
*of me for-I not have more help*
et ja per malvais parlamen
*and ever through wicked talk*
no·us bais ni 'streing vostras lauzors.
*not-to-you I-lower nor I-narrow your praises*

Descors, vai al conte valen
*Descort go to-the count worthy*
de Savoia, car sa valors
*of Savoy for his merit*
meillora tot jorn e no men,
*betters every day and not lies*
sos rics pres val mai dels meillors.
*his rich worth is-worth more than-the best*

## Ar ai ben d'amor apres

2 · NOW I HAVE WELL LEARNED OF LOVE

---

*He has learned how Love strikes with its dart, but not how it heals. He knows the physician who alone can cure him, yet dares not show her his mortal wound, and he will die of his own folly. He longs to come to her on his knees, hands joined, and do homage as a serf to his lord. He promises to keep her secret more truly than Landric kept faith with Lady Aya, and no flatterer will draw it from him. My Diamond is to recite the song at Toulouse.*

Ar ai ben d'amor apres
*Now I-have well of-love learned*
cum sap de son dart ferir;
*how it-knows with its dart to-strike*
mas cum pueys sap gent guerir,
*but how then it-knows nobly to-heal*
enqueras no sai ieu ges.
*still not know I at-all*
Lo metge sai ben qui es,
*The physician I-know well who is*
que·m pot sols salut donar,
*who-to-me can alone health to-give*
mas que·m val, s'ieu demostrar
*but what-to-me avails if-I to-show*
ja non l'aus ma mortal playa?
*ever not to-her-I-dare my mortal wound*

Morrai per mon nescies,
*I-shall-die through my folly*
quar no·l vau mostrar e dir
*for not-to-her I-go to-show and to-tell*
la dolor que·m fai sofrir,
*the grief that-me makes to-suffer*
dom no·m pot cosselhar res
*whereof not-me can to-counsel anything*
mas quan sos gais cors cortes,
*but only her gay person courtly*
qu'ieu tan desir e tenc car
*that-I so-much desire and hold dear*
que non l'aus merce clamar,
*that not to-her-I-dare mercy to-cry*
tal paor ai que·l desplaya.
*such fear I-have that-to-her it-displease*

Gran talan ai cum pogues
*Great desire I-have how I-could*
de ginols ves lieys venir
*on knees toward her to-come*
de tan luenh cum hom cauzir
*from as far as one to-see*
la poiria, que vengues
*her could that I-came*
mas juntas far homenes,
*hands joined to-do homage*
cum sers a senhor deu far,
*as serf to lord ought to-do*

et en ploran merceyar
*and in weeping to-beg-mercy*
ses paor de gent savaya.
*without fear of folk base*

Bona dona on totz bes
*Good lady in-whom all goods*
vezem granar e florir,
*we-see to-seed and to-flower*
pus tan vos am eu·s dezir,
*since so-much you I-love and-you desire*
merce vos clam que merces
*mercy to-you I-cry that mercy*
mi valha e ma bona fes,
*to-me avail and my good faith*
qu'ieu serai de bon celar
*for-I shall-be of good concealing*
e plus fis, si Dieus m'ampar,
*and more true so God me-may-shield*
que no fo Landrix a N'Aya.
*than — was Landric to Lady-Aya*

Ja no·m digua lipaudes
*Ever not-to-me let-say flatteries*
nulhs hom per mon cor auzir,
*any man for my heart to-hear*
(qu'ieu l'en sabrai gent mentir),
*for-I to-him-thereof shall-know nobly to-lie*

que pus trahit me·n agues,
*that after betrayed me-thereof he-had*
en crides pueys mon fades.
*thereof he-cried then my folly*
Mas tan suy greus a proar,
*But so I-am hard to prove*
qu'ans poiratz mi·l bureus far
*for-sooner you-could to-me-the frieze make*
de presset dir que fos saya.
*of perse to-say that it-were serge*

Mon Diaman, que tenc car,
*My Diamond whom I-hold dear*
vuelh de ma chanso pregar
*I-wish of my song to-beg*
qu'a Toloza la·m retraya.
*that-at Toulouse it-for-me he-recite*

## Era pus hyverns franh los brotz

### 3 · NOW THAT WINTER BREAKS THE SHOOTS

---

*In frost and snow he sings to put off vexation, for he knows how to pair smooth, clear words. But this is no time for it: ill-bred tercels have sharpened their beaks, the courtly weep, and worth lies dead. Avarice burns the barons and leaves them empty of good qualities. He begs Wickedness to spare Malaspina and Merit to stay with him. He desires his lady more than Foix or Brens, and asks Love, who presses him so hard, to grant him some good.*

Era pus hyverns franh los brotz
*Now since winter breaks the shoots*
e pareysson florit li ram,
*and appear flowered the boughs*
e·l gibres e·l neus son a floxs
*and-the hoarfrost and-the snow are in flakes*
pels termes e pels playssadencx,
*over-the hillocks and over-the hedges*
be·s tanh [doncs!] qu'ieu me lueng d'enueg.
*well-itself befits then that-I myself withdraw from-vexation*
Chantan e no pareys ges pecx,
*Singing and not I-seem at-all foolish*
sitot s'es braus et enuios lo temps,
*although itself-is harsh and vexing the weather*
pus d'aitals digz sai far chanso ni vers.
*since of-such words I-know to-make song or vers*

Ben sai parelhar e far motz
*Well I-know to-pair and to-make words*
plas e clars, d'un semblan d'estam;
*smooth and clear of-a likeness of-warp*
mas que val? qu'eras non es locx,
*but what avails for-now not is place*
e·ls tersols mal azautz ramencx
*and-the tercels ill graced branch-dwelling*
be sai que son de bon art vueg,
*well I-know that they-are of good art empty*
de trics qu'an afilatz lurs becx;
*of tricks who-have sharpened their beaks*
e·ls pros cortes [adreg!] fan plors e gems,
*and-the worthy courtly upright make tears and groans*
quar pretz es mortz e cazuts en evers.
*for worth is dead and fallen in reverse*

Jurar vos puesc per Santa Crotz
*To-swear to-you I-can by Holy Cross*
qu'un non vey que pretz entier am,
*that-one not I-see who worth entire loves*
que d'avareza·ls art lo focx;
*for of-avarice-them burns the fire*
e tug lor fait son de fadencx,
*and all their deeds are of fools*
e mant hom pert lo gran e·l glueg;
*and many-a man loses the grain and-the straw*

doncx per que·s fai quecx sorts ni secz
*then for what-himself makes each deaf or blind*
pel mal [astre!] que los te vuetz e sems
*through-the ill star that them holds empty and bereft*
de tots bos ayps don elh van ras e ters?
*of all good qualities whereof they go shaven and scoured*

Ah! Malvestatz, non prendas totz
*Ah Wickedness not take all*
los ricx baros en ton liam,
*the rich barons in thy bond*
ni Malespina ges non tocx
*and Malaspina at-all not touch*
per ren, qu'ans t'es ben mielhs que·t trencx,
*for anything for-rather to-thee-is well better that-thyself thou-break*
qu'a totz jors vuelh que sos bes pueg.
*for-at all days I-wish that his good rise*
E doncs, Valors, ja no l'abnecz.
*And so Merit ever not him-forsake*
Quar ieu aug dir que totz bos faitz essems
*For I hear to-say that all good deeds together*
renhon ab lui, per qu'es bes si·ls sufers.
*live with him for which-it-is good if-them thou-upholdest*

D'aver la bella suy tan glotz
*Of-having the fair-one I-am so greedy*
cui pessan dezir, don ai fam,
*whom thinking I-desire whereof I-have hunger*

que no·m platz tan nul autre jocx;
*that not-to-me pleases so-much any other game*
ni no vuelh aver Foys ni Brencx,
*and not I-wish to-have Foix nor Brens*
si·lh platz que no·m meta en refueg
*if-to-her it-pleases that not-me she-put in rejection*
tan cum lieys; e si mos fis precx
*so-much as her and if my true prayers*
no·m val, mal fas, Amors, quar aissi·m prems,
*not-to-me avail ill thou-dost Love for so-me thou-pressest*
que fis amans adreitz sui totz convers.
*for true lover upright I-am wholly converted*

E pos tan fort mas nien consecs,
*And since so hard but nothing thou-attainest*
be·m deurias far un ben calque temps
*well-to-me thou-oughtest to-do a good some time*
entre .C. mals, que del dan tu·m malmers.
*among a-hundred ills for of-the harm thou-to-me art-to-blame*

## Atressi com la candela

4 · JUST AS THE CANDLE

*Like the candle that burns itself to light others, he sings for other people's pleasure while he suffers. He knows it is folly, but where Love takes hold folly stands in place of sense, and he must thank his lady for his death. He will be her man and servant, and would not trade his folly for any knowledge in the world. Her loving welcome planted a desire that is killing him, and none is her equal. The song tells the king in Aragon he was never so joyful in love, though he hides her name, and asks her to be his rudder and sail.*

Atressi com la candela
*Likewise as the candle*
que si meteissa destrui
*which itself same destroys*
per far clartat ad autrui,
*for to-make brightness to others*
chant, on plus trac greu martire
*I-sing the-more more I-bear heavy martyrdom*
per plazer de l'autra gen.
*for pleasure of the-other folk*
E car a dreit escien
*And because by right knowing*
sai qu'eu fatz folatge,
*I-know that-I do folly*
c'ad autrui don alegratge
*for-to others I-give gladness*
et a mi pen'e tormen,
*and to me pain-and torment*

nulha res, si mal m'en pren,
*any thing if ill to-me-thereof comes*
no·m deu planher del damnatge.
*not-me ought to-pity for-the harm*

Car ben conosc per uzatge
*For well I-know by usage*
que lai on Amors s'aten
*that there where Love itself-fixes*
val foudatz en loc de sen.
*is-worth folly in place of sense*
Doncs pos tant am e dezire
*Then since so-much I-love and desire*
la gensor qu'el mon se mir
*the fairest that-in-the world herself mirror*
per mal que·m deia venir
*for ill that-to-me should to-come*
no·s tanh que·m recreia;
*not-itself befits that-myself I-give-up*
car on plus m'auci d'enveia,
*for the-more more me-she-kills with-longing*
plus li dei ma mort grazir,
*more to-her I-ought my death to-thank*
si·l dreit d'amor voill seguir,
*if-the right of-love I-wish to-follow*
qu'estiers sa cortz non plaideia.
*for-otherwise its court not pleads*

Doncs pos aisso que·m guerreia
*Then since this that-me wars*
conosc que m'er a blandir,
*I-know that to-me-it-will-be to flatter*
ab honrar et ab servir
*with honoring and with serving*
li serai hom e servire;
*to-her I-shall-be man and servant*
e s'aissi·m vol retener,
*and if-so-me she-wishes to-retain*
vec me tot al seu plazer,
*behold me all to-the her pleasure*
fin, franc, ses bauzia.
*true frank without deceit*
E s'ab aital tricharia
*And if-with such trickery*
posc en sa cort remaner,
*I-can in her court to-remain*
el mon non a nulh saber
*in-the world not has any knowledge*
per qu'eu camjes ma folia.
*for which-I would-change my folly*

Lo jorn que sa cortezia
*The day that her courtesy*
mi mostret e·m fetz parer
*to-me she-showed and-to-me made to-appear*
ab un amoros plazer
*with a loving pleasure*
que·m fetz me cujet aucire;
*that-me she-made me she-thought to-slay*
qu'ins el cor m'anet sazir,
*for-within in-the heart me-she-went to-seize*
e'l cor mi mes un dezir
*and-in-the heart to-me put a desire*
que m'auci d'enveia;
*which me-kills with-longing*
et eu, com fols que foleia,
*and I as fool who fools*
fui leus ad enfoletir,
*was quick to go-mad*
car cujei so per albir
*for I-thought that by judgment*
qu'eu eis no·m pens qu'esser deia.
*that-I myself not-myself think that-to-be ought*

Si per nulh' autra que seia
*If through any other that be*
mi pogues plus enriquir,
*myself I-could more to-enrich*
be·m n'agr'a cor a partir;
*well-myself thereof-would-have-at heart to part*

mas com plus fort m'o consire,
*but the-more more hard myself-it I-ponder*
en tant quant lo mons perpren,
*in as-much as the world embraces*
non sai una tant valen
*not I-know one so worthy*
de negun paratge;
*of any rank*
per qu'eu el seu senhoratge
*for which-I in-the her lordship*
remanh tot vencudamen,
*I-remain all vanquished*
pos non trob melhuramen
*since not I-find betterment*
per fors'o per agradatge.
*by force-or by consent*

Cansos, al port d'alegratge
*Song to-the harbor of-gladness*
on Pretz e Valors s'aten,
*where Worth and Merit themselves-fix*
al Rei que sap et enten,
*to-the King who knows and understands*
m'iras en Arago dire
*for-me-you-will-go in Aragon to-say*
c'anc mais tant jauzens non fui
*that-ever more so rejoicing not I-was*
per fin' amor com er sui;
*through true love as now I-am*

c'ab rems et ab vela
*for-with oars and with sail*
poj'ades so que no·s cela;
*rises-now that which not-itself hides*
e per so non fatz gran brui
*and for that not I-make great noise*
ni volh c'om sapcha de cui
*nor I-wish that-one know of whom*
m'o dic, plus que d'un' estela.
*myself-it I-say more than of-a star*

Mas vos am, ges un' amela
*Since you I-love at-all an almond*
no·m pretz, car ab vos non sui.
*not-myself I-prize for with you not I-am*
Pero als ops vos estui
*Yet to-the needs you I-store*
que·m siatz governs e vela.
*that-to-me you-be rudder and sail*

## De fin'amor son tot mei pensamen

### 5 · ON TRUE LOVE ARE ALL MY THOUGHTS

*All his thoughts turn to true love, and though Love welcomes him badly he will not stop serving it. He loves more than any man but names no one for fear of slanderers. He knows it is boldness to love so high and weeps for it, yet the more he grieves the more his love grows, and the sweet thought of her never leaves him. He dares not ask for mercy, though helping one's own is profitable. A tornada praises Rambertin de Buvalel.*

De fin'amor son tot mei pensamen
*Of true-love are all my thoughts*
e mei desir e mei meillor jornal
*and my desires and my best day-works*
e pres d'Amor voill aver mon ostal,
*and near of-Love I-wish to-have my lodging*
per so car fis ab fin cor finamen
*for that since true with true heart truly*
li·m sui renduz, setot ben no m'acoil;
*to-her-myself I-am surrendered although well not me-she-welcomes*
e ges per tan de leis servir no·m toil,
*and at-all for so-much from her to-serve not-myself I-withdraw*
setot son greu e perillos li fais
*although are heavy and perilous the burdens*
qe fai als seus soven Amors sofrir.
*that makes to-the hers often Love to-suffer*

Pero m'a fait Amors tan d'onramen
*Yet to-me-has done Love so-much of-honor*
qe mai e mels ab ferm cor natural
*that more and better with firm heart natural*
am qe nuls hom; ni non dic qom ni qal,
*I-love than any man and not I-say whom nor which*
tot per paor de malvais parlamen;
*all for fear of wicked talk*
mas lo dolz ris e la faz e·ill beil oil
*provided the sweet smile and the face and-the fair eyes*
e sa faichos plaisenz de bel escoil
*and her fashion pleasing of fair bearing*
e·l gai solaz e·l gen parlar no·m lais
*and-the gay cheer and-the noble speech not-me let*
mostra[r] quals es a cel qi sap chausir.
*to-show which she-is to him who knows to-choose*

E car tan son vostre ric faiç valen,
*And because so are your rich deeds worthy*
humils temen vos port amor coral;
*humble fearing to-you I-bear love heartfelt*
q'el mon non a amador tan leial
*for-in-the world not has lover so loyal*
qom eu vos sui, dompna, ses falimen.
*as I to-you am lady without offense*
E sai qe faiz ardimen et orguoil,
*And I-know that I-do boldness and pride*

s'eu dic qe·us am, per qe·s taing q'eu en moil
*if-I say that-you I-love for which-itself befits that-I thereof wet*
mos oilz soven, car anc de mi no·s tais
*my eyes often for ever of me not-itself befitted*
q'en tan ric loc per amar mon cor vir.
*that-in so rich place for to-love my heart I-turn*

Las! non pot hom retener son talen
*Alas not can one to-bold-back his desire*
q'ades no an lai don plus fort li cal,
*that-ever — go there whither more strongly to-it matters*
e si non a mais dolor e gran mal,
*and so not has but grief and great ill*
e seg ades son mal ad escien;
*and follows ever its ill with knowing*
e sapiaz, domna, qe om plus mi doil
*and know lady that the-more more myself I-grieve*
ades mi creis l'amor[s] e·l bes qe·us voil;
*ever in-me grows the-love and-the good that-to-you I-wish*
c'us dolz pensar[s] plaisenz del cor me nais
*for-a sweet thought pleasing from-the heart to-me is-born*
qe noit ni jor no·s pot de vos partir.
*which night nor day not-itself can from you to-part*

No·us aus merce clamar mo chausimen,
*Not-to-you I-dare mercy to-cry my clemency*
car de valer no·us trob par ni egal;
*for of worth not-to-you I-find peer nor equal*

pero qan hom als seus socor e val,
*yet when one to-the his succors and avails*
bella domna, fai son pro veramen.
*fair lady does his profit truly*
E car tenez de pretz l'auzor capdoil
*And since you-hold of worth the-highest summit*
e de beltat, ades mais q'eu non soil
*and of beauty ever more than-I — I-am-wont*
vos voil servir, et no·m part ni·m biais
*you I-wish to-serve and not-myself I-part nor-myself I-swerve*
de vostr'onor amar e car tenir.
*from your-honor to-love and dear to-hold*

Domna valens, mais vos desir e·us voilh
*Lady worthy more you I-desire and-you I-want*
que tot lo mon, qar fin'amors m'atrais
*than all the world for true-love me-drew*
vostre bel cors don me lau de cauçir.
*your fair person whereof myself I-praise of choosing*

Ser Rambertis de Buvalel acoil
*Sir Rambertin of Buvalel welcomes*
prez et valor et anc jorn no s'estrais
*worth and merit and ever day not himself-withdrew*
de granz solaz e de joi mantenir.
*from great cheer and from joy to-maintain*

## Enquera·m vai recalivan

### 6 · STILL THE ILL OF LOVE REKINDLES

*Last year's ill of love flares up again, and the doctor who could cure him keeps him on a diet, as doctors do. He bears no ill will and never broke a command, and he recalls that Hippocrates says a doctor must not fail anyone who asks for counsel. He will wait, serving and pleading, but fears his soul will leave him if the diet lasts longer. A kind look would revive him, and his death would be the doctor's fault. He asks My Enraptured to have the Countess hear the song, and begs pardon for any unseemly word spoken in grief.*

Enquera·m vai recalivan
*Still-in-me goes rekindling*
lo mals d'amor qu'avi'antan;
*the ill of-love that-I-had-yesteryear*
qu'una dolor mi sent venir
*for-a grief myself I-feel to-come*
al cor d'un angoyssos talan,
*to-the heart of-an anguished desire*
e·l metges que·m pogra guerir
*and-the doctor who-me could to-heal*
vol me per traitura tenir,
*wishes me by treatment to-keep*
aissi cum l'autre metge fan.
*just as the-other doctors do*

E pogra·m guerir ses afan,
*And he-could-me to-heal without toil*
que ja non traysses pauc ni gran;
*that ever not I-bore little nor much*

pero sitot mi fai languir,
*yet although me he-makes to-languish*
en re no·lh port pejor talan;
*in anything not-to-him I-bear worse will*
mas si m'alongues de morir,
*but if me-he-delayed from dying*
ma vida for'al sieu servir,
*my life would-be-at-the his service*
e ma mort conosc a son dan.
*and my death I-know to his harm*

E ja no·m desesper per tan,
*And ever not-myself I-despair for so-much*
qu'anc de re non passei son man,
*for-ever in anything not I-passed his command*
ni·m vuelf per nulh autre dezir;
*nor-myself I-turn for any other desire*
de so gart que·lh n'er benestan;
*of that let-him-guard what-to-him thereof-will-be seemly*
qu'Ipocras, so ai auzit dir,
*for-Hippocrates that I-have heard to-say*
ditz que metges non deu fallir
*says that doctor not ought to-fail*
de nulh cosselh qu'om li deman.
*in any counsel that-one of-him ask*

Doncx, pus pres m'a en son coman,
*Then since taken me-he-has in his command*
ja no m'anes plus languian,
*ever not me-let-him-go more languishing*
ni no·m volgues del tot aucir;
*and not-me let-him-wish of-the whole to-slay*
quar no·s cug, si be·m ri ni·m chan,
*for not-himself let-him-think if well-myself I-laugh or-myself I-sing*
qu'o puesca longamen sufrir;
*that-it I-can long to-suffer*
ni no·s poira tostemps cubrir
*and not-itself will-be-able always to-cover*
la dolors qu'ins el cor s'espan.
*the grief that-within in-the heart itself-spreads*

Mas ieu atendray merceyan,
*But I will-wait begging-mercy*
sirven e sufren e preyan,
*serving and suffering and praying*
tro que denh mos precx eyssauzir;
*until that he-deign my prayers to-hear*
mas d'una ren vauc trop doptan,
*but of-one thing I-go much fearing*
si·m fai trop dieta tenir;
*if-me he-makes too-much diet to-keep*
si·m sen lo cor afrevolir
*so-myself I-feel the heart to-weaken*
que paor ai l'arma s'en an.
*that fear I-have the-soul itself-thence go*

Mas si·m fezes un bel semblan
*But if-to-me he-made a fair show*
que m'anes mon cor adoussan,
*that me-went my heart sweetening*
enquer cugera revenir;
*still I-would-think to-recover*
quar s'ieu muer, colpa n'aura gran;
*for if-I die fault thereof-he-will-have great*
per so deu guardar e chauzir.
*for that he-ought to-take-care and to-heed*
E s'en cor m'a pro a tenir,
*And if-at heart to-me-he-has benefit to hold*
per Dieu no m'o anes tarzan.
*by God not to-me-it let-him-go delaying*

Que·l febles cors vai sospiran,
*For-the feeble heart goes sighing*
quar conois qu'ieu mezeis m'engan,
*for it-knows that-I myself myself-deceive*
e·m vey tot dia magrezir;
*and-me it-sees all day to-grow-lean*
aissi·m va·l cors e·l sens camjan,
*so-to-me goes-the body and-the sense changing*
com si l'arm' en devi' issir;
*as if the-soul thence ought to-issue*
tan fort m'anguoysson li sospir,
*so strongly me-anguish the sighs*
qu'a pauc tro al derrier no·m van.
*that-by little until to-the last me they-go*

A Mon Ereubut prec e man
*To My Enraptured I-pray and I-bid*
qu'a la pro Comtessa prezan
*that-to the worthy Countess prized*
fassa ma chansonet' auzir;
*he-make my little-song to-hear*
e si a nul mot malestan,
*and if there-is any word unseemly*
no m'o deu hom a mal tenir:
*not to-me-it ought one to ill to-hold*
que tant ai d'ira e de cossir
*for so-much I-have of-grief and of care*
que re no sai que·m vau parlan.
*that anything not I-know what-myself I-go saying*

## Lo dolz chan qu'au de la calandra

### 7 · THE SWEET SONG I HEAR OF THE LARK

*The lark's song, the new season, and the scent of flowers make him begin a new vers, though Love grips him hard. Like the salamander, cold enough to live in fire, he embraces what should burn him and is the better for it. No lord will be as great as he when his lady grants him the chance, and he would not trade her, flower of youth and joy, for Alexandria. Her love, worth more than any riches, will take away his grief and make him joyful, so he must honor her more.*

Lo dolz chan qu'au de la calandra
*The sweet song that-I-hear of the lark*
qu'en preisen chant'e la douchor
*which-at present sings-and the sweetness*
del temps novel e·l fin'odor
*of-the season new and-the fine-scent*
de las flors mi dona talent
*of the flowers to-me gives longing*
de chantar; per qu'eu eissamen
*of singing for which-I likewise*
voill un novell vers comensar
*I-wish a new vers to-begin*
per conortar mi meteis, car Amor
*for to-comfort me myself for Love*
mi destreing fort e·m dona grant dolor;
*me constrains hard and-me gives great grief*
mas eu ades chant e·m deport e·m joc.
*but I ever sing and-myself sport and-myself play*

E fatz si com la salamandra,
*And I-do so as the salamander*
quar es de tan fera fredor
*for it-is of so fierce coldness*
que viu en foc e la chalor
*that it-lives in fire and the heat*
esteing si que no·il notz nient;
*quenches so that not-to-it harms at-all*
et eu per bon entendimen
*and I through good intent*
estreing cho que·m degra bruslar;
*embrace that which-me ought to-burn*
e s'al cujar no·m faill, mais amillior.
*and if-in-the thinking not-me it-fails more I-improve*
Non ac home el mont tant grant seingnor
*Not there-was man in-the world so great lord*
com eu aurai quant midons veira loc.
*as I shall-have when my-lady will-see occasion*

Pero qui·m dones Alixandra
*Yet if-one-to-me gave Alexandria*
no volgra camiar leis qu'es flor
*not I-would-wish to-change her who-is flower*
de Jovent et de Joi sabor
*of Youth and of Joy savor*
per nuill'autra; qu'en mon vivent
*for any-other for-in my lifetime*
no pogra trobar tan plazent
*not I-could to-find so pleasing*
ni cointa d'amoros parlar;
*nor gracious of-loving speech*
per qu'eu amar la voill, quar en valor
*for which-I to-love her I-wish for in merit*
m'a fait entendre e pojar en honor,
*me-she-has made to-aspire and to-rise in honor*
et encara, si·ll platz, donar mi poc.
*and still if-to-her it-pleases to-give to-me she-could*

Que zo que mais val qu'Alixandra
*For that which more is-worth than-Alexandria*
e meill de nuill'autra ricor
*and better than any-other wealth*
s'amor que·m tolra duel e plor
*her-love which-from-me will-take grief and weeping*
e·m donara joi covenent
*and-to-me will-give joy fitting*
e·m fara estar baut e jauzent;
*and-me will-make to-stay merry and rejoicing*
donc me dei eu ben alegrar
*then myself ought I well to-gladden*
e mais onrar leis cui ai socor...
*and more to-honor her in-whom I-have help*

## No·m puesc sufrir d'una leu chanso faire

### 8 · I CANNOT KEEP FROM MAKING A LIGHT SONG

*My Enraptured has asked for a song, and true love teaches him to forget his ills, so he makes a new one. He wants nothing but to serve the lady to whom Love has surrendered him, but he is mute before her, though he has given her heart, sense, and courage, and longs to kiss her. He yields like a vanquished knight whose castle has no relief. The song goes to the king of Aragon, whose worth rises above others like the white blossom over the orchard, and then to her.*

No·m puesc sufrir d'una leu chanso faire,
*Not-myself I-can to-refrain from-a light song to-make*
pus prec e man n'ai de Mon Ereubut;
*since prayer and command thereof-I-have from My Enraptured*
qu'apres lo dan e·l mal qu'ieu n'ai agut,
*for-after the harm and-the ill that-I thereof-have had*
coven qu'ab joy m'esbaudey e m'esclaire:
*it-behooves that-with joy myself-I-cheer and myself-I-brighten*
quar segon l'afan
*for according-to the-toil*
qu'ai sufert tan gran,
*that-I-have suffered so great*
non agra razo
*not I-would-have reason*
qu'ieu cantes oguan;
*that-I sang this-year*

mas quar fin'amors
*but since true-love*
mi mostr'e m'ensenha
*to-me shows-and me-teaches*
que·ls mals no·m sovenha
*that-the ills not-to-me recur*
e torn en mon chan,
*and I-turn in my song*
farai derenan
*I-shall-make henceforth*
un nou chantaret prezan.
*a new little-song prized*

Anc per ren al de mon major maltraire
*Ever for anything else from my greater suffering*
de tan bon cor non desirey salut,
*with so good heart not I-desired salvation*
mas sol qu'a lieys cui Amors m'a rendut
*but only that-to her to-whom Love me-has surrendered*
pogues ancar servir, petit o guaire;
*I-could still to-serve little or much*
quar tot l'autre dan
*for all the-other harm*
non prezera un guan,
*not I-would-prize a glove*
s'ieu moris o no,
*if-I died or not*

sol leis pogues tan
*only her I-could so-much*
servir que l'honors
*to-serve that the-honor*
ar parra que·m fenha
*now will-appear that-myself I-vaunt*
per qu'ela m'estenha
*so that-she me-extinguish*
que non digu' enan;
*that not she-say before*
mas al sieu coman
*but at-the her command*
sui e serai on qu'ieu m'an.
*I-am and shall-be where that-I myself-go*

Las! que faray, pois non li aus retraire,
*Alas what shall-I-do since not to-her I-dare to-tell*
ans quan la vey, estau a ley de mut;
*rather when her I-see I-stand in manner of mute*
e per autruy no vuelh sia saubut,
*and by another not I-wish it-be known*
s'aqui mezeis sabi' estre emperaire.
*if-there even I-knew to-be emperor*
A Dieu mi coman
*To God myself I-commend*
cum vau trebalhan;
*how I-go toiling*

qu'ab la sospeisso
*for-with the expectation*
n'aurai atretan,
*thereof-I-shall-have as-much*
quar tan grans ricors
*for so great wealth*
non cug que·m n'avenha;
*not I-think that-to-me thereof-befall*
mas vas on qu'ieu teinha,
*but toward where that-I I-hold*
fis e ses enguan
*true and without deceit*
l'amarai quad'an,
*her-I-shall-love each-year*
de jorn en jorn melluyran.
*from day to day bettering*

Que·l cors e·l cor e·l saber e·l vejayre
*For-the body and-the heart and-the knowledge and-the judgment*
e l'ardimen e·l sen e la vertut
*and the-boldness and-the sense and the virtue*
ai mes en lieys e non ai retengut
*I-have put in her and not have retained*
ni pauc ni pro per negun autr'afaire;
*nor little nor much for any other-affair*
ni als non deman,
*and else not I-ask*
ni vau deziran,
*nor I-go desiring*

mas que Dieus me do
*but that God to-me give*
vezer l'or'e l'an
*to-see the-hour-and the-year*
que sa grans valors
*that her great merit*
tan vas mi·s destrenha
*so toward me-herself constrain*
qu'en mos bratz la seinha,
*that-in my arms her I-gird*
e qu'ieu, en baizan,
*and that-I in kissing*
tot al mieu talan
*all to-the my desire*
remir son cors benestan.
*I-behold her person seemly*

Ai! franca res, cortez' e de bon aire,
*Ah frank creature courtly and of good breeding*
merce n'ajatz que veus m'aissi vencut;
*mercy thereof-have for behold me-so conquered*
qu'aissi vos ren lo basto e l'escut,
*for-so to-you I-render the staff and the-shield*
cum selh que plus non pot lansar ni traire:
*as he who more not can to-throw nor to-shoot*

vostr' huelh belh truan
*your eyes fair knavish*
que tot mon cor m'an
*who all my heart from-me-have*
emblat, non sai co,
*stolen not I-know how*
no·m van confortan.
*not-me go comforting*
Ja castels ni tors
*Ever castles nor towers*
no·us cugetz que·s tenha,
*not-yourself think that-itself holds*
pus gran forsa·l venha,
*once great force-to-it come*
si secors non an
*if help not have*
sylh que dins estan:
*those who within are*
mas a mi vai trop tarzan.
*but to me it-goes too-much delaying*

Esta chansos vuelh que tot dreg repaire
*This song I-wish that all straight it-return*
en Arago, al rey cuy Dieus ajut;
*in Aragon to-the king whom God help*
que per lui son tug bon fan mantengut,
*for through him are all good deeds maintained*
plus que per rey que anc nasquet de maire:
*more than by king that ever was-born of mother*

qu'aissi·s vai trian
*for-so-itself goes distinguishing*
sos pretz, e s'espan
*his worth and itself-spreads*
sobr'autres que so,
*above-others that are*
cum sobre·l verjan
*as over-the orchard*
fai la blanca flors:
*does the white flower*
per qu'ieu on que·m venha
*for which-I where that-myself I-come*
ades crit sa senha,
*at-once I-cry his war-cry*
e vau razonan
*and I-go pleading*
son pretz, e non blan
*his worth and not I-flatter*
duc ni rey ni amiran.
*duke nor king nor emir*

Et ab ma chanso,
*And with my song*
enans qu'alhor an,
*before that-elsewhere I-go*
m'en vau lai de cors
*myself-thence I-go there in haste*
on Jois e Pretz renha,
*where Joy and Worth reigns*
e vuelh que l'aprenha,
*and I-wish that it-she-learn*
cobletas viulan,
*little-coblas fiddling*
e puois en chantan
*and then in singing*
de qual guiz' hom la·i deman.
*in which wise one it-of-her ask*

## Pessamen ai e cossir

### 9 · I HAVE THOUGHT AND CARE

*He means to make a song that will please the lady he loves truly, and if he could find the words he would show that he hopes for a finer joy than any man born. He has set body, sense, and judgment on honoring the fairest woman in the world, and Love makes him fear her so that he loves no other. He dares not voice his complaints, though her sweet welcome would ease his pain. The more he grieves the better he loves, bearing his harm in good hope, and he asks her for mercy or some pity.*

Pessamen ai e cossir
*Thought I-have and care*
d'una chanso faire
*of-a song to-make*
qu'a lieys denhes abelhir
*that-to her would-deign to-please*
cuy suy fis amaire;
*whose I-am true lover*
e s'ieu pogues avenir
*and if-I could to-succeed*
en bos digz retraire,
*in good words to-tell*
far pogra saber
*to-make I-could to-know*
que ieu plus fin joy esper,
*that I more true joy hope*
que nuls natz de mayre.
*than any born of mother*

Lo cors e·l sen e l'albir
*The body and-the sense and the-judgment*
ai mes e·l vejaire
*I-have put and-the seeming*
en lieys honrar e servir,
*in her to-honor and to-serve*
quar es la belhaire
*for she-is the fairest*
qu'om pogues el mon chauzir,
*that-one could in-the world to-choose*
don no·m puesc estraire
*whence not-myself I-can to-withdraw*
ni mon cor mover;
*nor my heart to-move*
qu'Amors me fai tan temer
*for-Love me makes so-much to-fear*
lieys qu'als non am guaire.
*her that-else not I-love much*

La fina vera valors
*The fine true merit*
plus d'autra valensa,
*more than-other worth*
e·l pretz, e·l fresca colors
*and-the worth and-the fresh color*
me platz e m'agensa:
*to-me pleases and to-me-suits*

que si me valgues Amors
*that if to-me availed Love*
tan que m'entendensa
*so that my-inclination*
mi dons abelhis,
*my lady pleased*
plus ric joy que Paradis
*more rich joy than Paradise*
agr' a ma parvensa.
*I-would-have to my seeming*

Nulh' autra no·m pot secors
*Any other not-to-me can help*
far ni dar guirensa;
*to-make nor to-give protection*
et on plus en sen dolors
*and the-more more thereof I-feel griefs*
plus n'ai sovinensa;
*more thereof-I-have remembrance*
mas ges dire mas clamors
*but at-all to-say my complaints*
no l'aus per temensa;
*not to-her-I-dare for fear*
tan li sui aclis
*so to-her I-am bowed*
qu'on plus vas me s'afortis,
*that-the-more more toward me herself-hardens*
mai l'am ses falhensa.
*more her-I-love without failing*

E fora li benestan
*And it-would-be to-her seemly*
si·m des alegransa,
*if-to-me she-gave gladness*
tan qu' aleuges mon afan
*so that she-lightened my toil*
ab douss' acoindansa:
*with sweet acquaintance*
qu'ieu li suy senes enguan,
*for-I to-her am without deceit*
e non ai membransa
*and not I-have remembrance*
d'als, mas quom fezes
*of-else but how I-might-do*
tot so qu'a mi dons plagues;
*all that that-to my lady might-please*
pero pauc m'enansa.
*yet little me-advances*

Qu'ades m'en vauc meluyran
*For-ever myself-thence I-go bettering*
on plus n'ai pezansa
*the-more more thereof-I-have grief*
vas lieys, e suefri mon dan
*toward her and I-suffer my harm*
ab bon' esperansa;
*with good hope*

e doblera mon talan
*and would-double my desire*
sil belha semblansa,
*that fair seeming*
gentils cors cortes,
*noble person courtly*
si·t prezes de me merces
*if-you took of me mercy*
o qualsque pitansa.
*or some pity*

## Pos lo prims verjans brotona

10 · SINCE THE FIRST BRANCH BUDS

*In spring the nightingale sings in the grove. He warns lovers against the slanderers, whose beaks are sharp as lances and whose lies try to spoil true love, and a lover who quarrels with his lady deserves to lose his crown of joy. Jealousy gives and takes from him, but he does not care while his lady welcomes him. Unpardoned he will hardly live, and he may be buried alive if he ever showed her pride. He has chosen the best woman the sea surrounds, in the realm of Barcelona, and Gintart d'Anton is to polish the vers.*

Pos lo prims verjans brotona
*Since the first branch buds*
de que nais lo frug e·l fuelh,
*from which is-born the fruit and-the leaf*
e·l rossinhols s'abandona
*and-the nightingale itself-abandons*
de chantar per mieg lo bruelh,
*to singing through middle the grove*
bela m'es la retindida
*fair to-me-is the echo*
que fai per mieg la giardina.
*that it-makes through middle the garden*

Drutz que pros don' abandona
*Lover who worthy lady abandons*
ben laus que·s gart de jangluelh,
*well I-advise that-himself he-guard from chatter*
que lauzengier, bec d'ascona,
*for slanderers beak of-lance*

(car son plan en far lur truelh)
*for they-are smooth in making their fraud*
ab lor mensonja forbida
*with their lie burnished*
cujon falsar amor fina.
*think to-falsify love true*

Qui de joi porta corona
*Who of joy wears crown*
ben es dreg c'om l'en despuelh,
*well is right that-one him-thereof strip*
si ves sa dona tensona
*if toward his lady he-quarrels*
o totz sos fatz non acuelh,
*or all her deeds not welcomes*
que amors es tan chauzida
*for love is so discerning*
c'ab humilitat s'aizina.
*that-with humility itself-lodges*

Gellosia·m tol e·m dona
*Jealousy-from-me takes and-to-me gives*
so que pus am e mais vuelh;
*that which most I-love and most I-wish*
a me non cal, qui q'en grona,
*to me not matters who that-thereof grumbles*

pueys que dossamens m'acuelh
*since that sweetly me-welcomes*
ma domna cui fin Joys guida
*my lady whom true Joy guides*
e Pretz e Jovens aclina.
*and Worth and Youth bows-to*

Si ma domna no·m perdona,
*If my lady not-me pardons*
grieu viurai mais ses corduelh,
*hardly I-shall-live henceforth without heartache*
e vueilh q'om viu me repona,
*and I-wish that-one alive me bury*
qar anc li mostriei ergueilh;
*for ever to-her I-showed pride*
mas dretz es qi merce crida
*but right is who mercy cries*
que trueb de son mal mescina.
*that he-find for his ill medicine*

Tan com la mars avirona
*As-far as the sea surrounds*
n'ay triat, ses dig baduelh,
*thereof-I-have chosen without word idle*
la gensor e la pus bona
*the fairest and the most good*
c'oncas vezesson miey huelh,
*that-ever saw my eyes*

blanca, fresc' e colorida,
*white fresh and colored*
et es de bona doctrina.
*and is of good breeding*

Lai al renc de Barsalona
*There in-the realm of Barcelona*
estay l'amors c'amar suelh;
*stays the-love that-to-love I-am-wont*
e qui d'autr'amor me sona
*and who of-other-love to-me speaks*
perda Dieus que non l'acuelh;
*may-ruin God for not him-I-welcome*
qu'ieu non partray a ma vida,
*for-I not will-part in my life*
tant es de bona razina.
*so-much it-is of good root*

Le vers s'a hueimais fenida
*The vers itself-has henceforth ended*
q'En Gintartz d'Anton l'afina.
*for-Sir Gintart of-Anton it-refines*

## Pos vei parer la flor e·l glay

### 11 · SINCE I SEE THE FLOWER AND THE IRIS APPEAR

*Flowers and birdsong move him to sing, and loving well should make his words and tunes better. He is true to a lady a thousand times finer than he can say, who listens to no false suitor. Slanderers should not harm him, though each boasts that he has defeated Joy. A lady may promise, withdraw, and test a suitor in jest while her deeds stay loyal and pure; in some ladies worth is fulfilled and in others shamed. He belongs wholly to his lady, and no wall will keep his song from Guillem Malaspina.*

Pos vei parer la flor e·l glay
*Since I-see to-appear the flower and-the iris*
e dels auzels m'agrada·l chans,
*and of-the birds to-me-pleases-the song*
de far chanso m'es pres talans
*of making song to-me-is taken desire*
ab motz plazens et ab so guay;
*with words pleasing and with tune gay*
e pus de ben amar melhur,
*and since from well loving I-better*
segon razo,
*according-to reason*
trop en dey mielhs far motz ab so:
*much thereof I-ought better to-make words with tune*
e si per ma domn' es grazitz
*and if by my lady is welcomed*
mos chans, ben er mielhs enantitz.
*my song well will-be better advanced*

Fis e francs ab fin cor veray
*True and frank with true heart truthful*
suy ves lieys qu'es guay' e prezans,
*I-am toward her who-is gay and prized*
bel' e plazens e benestans
*fair and pleasing and seemly*
mil tans plus que dire no say,
*a-thousand times more than to-say — I-know*
e te son cors ferm e segur
*and holds her person firm and secure*
de falhizo;
*from failing*
que de nulh preyador fello
*for of any suitor felon*
per cuy fis domneys es delitz
*by whom true courtship is destroyed*
non es per lieys sos pretz auzitz.
*not is by her her worth heard*

E pus fin'amors la m'atray,
*And since true-love her to-me-draws*
per Deu no m'en deu venir dans,
*by God not to-me-thereof ought to-come harm*
qu'ieu li suy tan fizels amans
*for-I to-her am so faithful lover*
que re al cor tan no m'estay;
*that anything in-the heart so-much not to-me-stands*
per que ja lauzengier tafur,
*for which ever slanderers knavish*

cui Dieus mal do!
*whom God ill give*
No·m degran neguna sazo
*Not-to-me ought any season*
tener dan, c'usquexs gab'e ditz,
*to-hold harm for-each boasts-and says*
que per luy es Joys desconfitz.
*that by him is Joy defeated*

Dona promet e don' estray,
*Lady promises and lady withdraws*
e mostr' erguelh e bels semblans,
*and shows pride and fair looks*
e ditz per guab e per bobans
*and says for jest and for display*
mayntas res ab cortes essay,
*many things with courtly trial*
e siey fait son leyal e pur
*and her deeds are loyal and pure*
ses aunit do;
*without shameful gift*
e son mayntas d'aytal faisso
*and are many of-such fashion*
en cui Pretz entiers es complitz,
*in whom Worth entire is fulfilled*
e d'autras en cuy es aunitz.
*and of-others in whom it-is shamed*

Belha domna, ja no serai
*Fair lady ever not I-shall-be*
jauzens ses vos, ni benanans;
*rejoicing without you nor happy*
qu'ieu suy selh que vostres comans
*for-I am he who your commands*
tostemps a mon poder faray:
*always to my power will-do*
aisso vos man per ver e·us jur
*this to-you I-send for truth and-to-you I-swear*
qu'anc hom no fo
*that-ever man not was*
plus leyals ves amor qu'ieu so;
*more loyal toward love than-I am*
e fuy per vos servir noyritz
*and I-was for you to-serve reared*
e suy d'autras amors fayditz.
*and am from-other loves banished*

Ja no·m tenran fossat ni mur
*Ever not-me will-hold moat nor wall*
que ma chanzon
*that my song*
non port al valen et al pro
*— I-bring to-the worthy and to-the brave*
Guillem Malaspina q'es guitz
*Guillem Malaspina who-is guide*
de Pretz, c'us no·ill lo contraditz.
*of Worth for-one not-to-him it gainsays*

## Pos vezem boscs e broils floritz

### 12 · SINCE WE SEE WOODS AND GROVES IN FLOWER

*With woods in flower and meadows bright, he forges a new song whose masterly words will still be easy to understand. Though he finds little room to show his subtle wit, he does not hold his skill cheap, and he pairs good words as if he found them written. A noble lady holds his heart so that he serves no other, and he grows in her love though he wastes away. None under the sun is her equal, and he asks her not to scorn his too-high desire. Without her he would freeze.*

Pos vezem boscs e broils floritz
*Since we-see woods and groves flowered*
e·il prat son groc vert e vermeil,
*and-the meadows are yellow green and vermilion*
e·l chant e·l refrim e·l trepeil
*and-the song and-the refrain and-the clamor*
auzem dels auzellos petitz,
*we-hear of-the birds small*
be·s taing c'un novel chan fabrec
*well-itself befits that-a new song I-forge*
en aquest bel douz temps d'avril;
*in this fair sweet time of-April*
e si be so·ill mot maestril,
*and if well are-the words masterly*
leu seran d'entendr' a unquec.
*easy will-be of-understanding to each-one*

E quar non trop gair on desplec
*And since not I-find much where I-unfold*
mon ferm natural sen sotil,
*my firm natural sense subtle*
per tan non clam mon saber vil,
*for so-much not I-call my knowledge cheap*
sitot enquer grans non parec;
*although still great not it-appeared*
c'aissi com si trobav' escritz
*for-so as if I-found written*
bons motz, tan gen los appareill
*good words so nobly them I-pair*
que no·m par que ja trop pareil
*that not-to-me seems that ever I-find equal*
qu'en chantan formes meillors ditz.
*who-in singing formed better words*

Mas uns gens cors, francs e grazitz,
*But a noble person frank and welcomed*
c'anc tan bels no·s vic en espeill,
*that-ever so fair not-itself saw in mirror*
per cui pes e fremisc e veill,
*for whom I-think and tremble and wake*
m'es e mon cor tant abellitz
*to-me-is in my heart so pleasing*
que d'alre servir no m'embrec
*that of-else to-serve not myself-I-trouble*
mas ma domna franqu'et humil;
*but my lady frank-and humble*

per qu'eu ses tot enjan m'apil
*for which-I without all deceit myself-root*
en s'amor que·m ten cobes lec.
*in her-love which-me holds covetous greedy*

Anc om en ben amar non crec
*Ever man in well loving not grew*
tan con en midonz, don m'apil
*so-much as in my-lady whence myself-I-root*
en leis servir, c'ab un pauc fil
*in her to-serve for-with a little thread*
m'a pres e cug qu'e[n] pauc m'eisec;
*me-she-has taken and I-think that-in little myself-I-dry*
mas ges non tem parliers ni critz,
*but at-all not I-fear talkers nor cries*
tant esper son lial conseill;
*so-much I-hope her loyal counsel*
e si·l platz qu'ella m'aconseill,
*and if-to-her it-pleases that-she me-counsel*
gen serai de fin joi garnitz.
*nobly I-shall-be with true joy furnished*

Ades es lai mos esperitz
*Ever is there my spirit*
on il es, don non meraveill;
*where she is whereof not I-marvel*
c'aitan con fer rais de soleill,
*for-as-far as strikes ray of sun*

non es tan de bos aips complitz
*not is so of good qualities fulfilled*
nul' autra ni par c'ab leis s'ec
*any other nor it-seems that-with her itself-matches*
de beutat, s'eran d'autras mil;
*of beauty if-there-were of-others thousand*
don prec midonz que no m'avil,
*whence I-pray my-lady that not me-she-cheapen*
se mos cors vol mais que non dec.
*if my heart wishes more than — it-ought*

Per ma domna maigrisc e sec,
*For my lady I-grow-lean and dry*
car son gen cors format gentil
*for her noble person formed nobly*
non vei; e fora mortz de gil
*not I-see and I-would-be dead of frost*
tro qu'un pauc mos cors s'esperec.
*until that-a little my heart itself-woke*

## S'ieu fos aventuratz

13 · IF I WERE FORTUNATE

*If he were lucky in love he would need no other wealth, but slanderers take his joy and song and nearly drive him to despair. It is a great sin to speak ill of lovers, for lies disinherit many worthy men, and he asks God why the innocent must suffer. His lady, not the orchards, made him a singer, and he cannot show how he loves her. He would suffer less if he were named her servant, since he asks nothing else. He is her liegeman, bought like a serf.*

S'ieu fos aventuratz
*If-I were fortunate*
de domna ni d'amor,
*in lady or in-love*
de tot' altra ricor
*of all other wealth*
fora manentz assatz;
*I-would-be wealthy enough*
mas lausenger truan
*but slanderers knavish*
mi tolon joi e chan,
*from-me take joy and song*
per q'eu son tant iratz
*for which-I am so grieved*
c'ab pauc desesperatz
*that-by little despairing*
non muer; et es non senz
*— I-die and it-is not sense*
qi s'aïra per autrui faillimenz.
*who himself-grieves for others' offenses*

Mas granz es lo pechatz
*But great is the sin*
a tot mal parlador
*to every ill speaker*
qe si met en amor
*who himself puts in love*
don ja non er laudatz;
*whence ever not he-will-be praised*
qe mentir ab enjan
*for lying with deceit*
tol honor et fai dan,
*takes honor and does harm*
don es deseretatz
*whence is disinherited*
mainz hom pros e cochatz.
*many man worthy and hard-pressed*
Ai! Deu(s), per que consentz
*Ah God for what you-consent*
c'om sofra·ls tortz don non es malmerenz.
*that-one suffer-the wrongs whereof not is guilty*

Vergiers ni flors ni pratz
*Orchards nor flowers nor meadows*
no m'an fait chantador,
*not me-have made singer*
mas per vos cui ador,
*but through you whom I-adore*
domna, si m'allegratz;
*lady so me-you-gladden*

q'eu non chantera onguan,
*for-I not would-have-sung this-year*
mas lo gent cors preisan
*but the noble person prized*
e vostra gran beutatz
*and your great beauty*
m'abelis tant e·m platz
*to-me-pleases so-much and-to-me pleases*
q'a mils vers sagramenz
*that-with thousand true oaths*
no·us puesc mostrar com vos sui benvolenz.
*not-to-you I-can to-show how to-you I-am well-wishing*

Se ma fin' amistatz
*If my true friendship*
vos avia sabor
*to-you had savor*
tan qe per servidor
*so that for servant*
vostr' om fos reclamatz,
*your man were proclaimed*
ben agra meinz d'afan,
*well I-would-have less of-toil*
qe ren als no deman.
*for anything else not I-ask*

E rics dons qant es datz
*And rich gift when it-is given*
es grazitz et presatz
*is welcomed and prized*
trop mais pels conoiscenz
*much more by-the discerning*
qe per malvais parliers desavinenz.
*than by wicked talkers unseemly*

Domna, ben voil sapchatz
*Lady well I-wish you-know*
qe la fina color
*that the fine color*
e·l sen e la valor
*and-the sense and the merit*
e·l vostre pretz hondratz
*and-the your worth honored*
mi fan far desiran
*me make to-make desiring*
maint sospir, per q'eus man
*many sigh for which-to-you I-send*
qe vostre endomenjatz
*that your liegeman*
son com serf qu'es compratz:
*I-am as serf who-is bought*
e qui·l sieu meteis venz,
*and who-the his own conquers*
non par sia ges si bons afortimenz.
*not it-seems it-be at-all so good strengthening*

## Si cum seluy qu'a servit son senhor

### 14 · JUST AS ONE WHO HAS SERVED HIS LORD

*Like a loyal servant dismissed for a small fault, he has lost his lady's favor after obeying her. He fears her worth and the slanderers too much to complain, and sends her a thousand sighs a day as tribute. His only fault is daring to love her. If she let him kneel before her he would want nothing more. He is not rich or high-born, but a great lord doubles his worth by welcoming lesser men. She lacks nothing but mercy. The song goes to the worthy marquis Conrad at Auramala, who deserves to be called Above-All.*

Si cum seluy qu'a servit son senhor
*Just as he who-has served his lord*

lonc temps e·l pert per un pauc falhimen,
*long time and-him loses for a little offense*

m'aven per so qu'avia leyalmen
*to-me-it-befalls for that that-I-had loyally*

fagz sos comans de ma dona e d'amor;
*done her commands of my lady and of-love*

e ja d'aisso nom degr' ocaizonar
*and ever for-this not-me ought to-blame*

ni mal voler ma dona, si·l plagues;
*nor ill to-wish my lady if-to-her it-pleased*

pero be sai, quant hom plus savis es,
*yet well I-know when one more wise is*

adoncx si deu mielhs de falhir guardar.
*then himself ought better from failing to-guard*

Tan tem son pretz e sa fina valor
*So-much I-fear her worth and her fine merit*
e tant ai cor de far tot son talen,
*and so-much I-have heart to do all her desire*
e tan mi fan lauzengier espaven,
*and so-much to-me make slanderers dread*
per qu'ieu non aus de lieys faire clamor
*for which-I not dare of her to-make complaint*
ni mon fin cor descobrir ni mostrar,
*nor my true heart to-uncover nor to-show*
mas mil sospirs li ren quec jorn per ces;
*but thousand sighs to-her I-render each day for tribute*
e veus lo tort de qu'ieu li suy mespres,
*and behold the wrong of which-I to-her am guilty*
quar anc l'auzei tan finamen amar.
*for ever her-I-dared so truly to-love*

E si·l plagues que·m fezes tan d'onor
*And if-to-her it-pleased that-to-me she-did so-much of-honor*
qu'a genolhos sopleyan humilmen
*that-on knees supplicating humbly*
son belh cors guay, gen format, avinen,
*her fair person gay nobly formed comely*
e·l dous esguart e la fresca color
*and-the sweet glance and the fresh color*
mi laissesson sospiran remirar,
*me they-let sighing to-behold*
ben cre que mais no·m falhira nulhs bes;
*well I-believe that more not-to-me would-fail any good*

quar tant fort m'a s'amor lassat e pres
*for so strongly me-has her-love snared and taken*
que d'als non pes ni puesc mon cor virar.
*that of-else not I-think nor I-can my heart to-turn*

De paratge no suy ni de ricor
*Of rank not I-am nor of wealth*
que ja·m tanhes que·l fes d'amar parven,
*that ever-to-me it-befitted that-to-her I-made of-loving show*
mas quan lo ricz sos menors acuelh gen
*but when the rich-man his lessers welcomes nobly*
dobla son pretz e·l creys mais de lauzors;
*doubles his worth and-to-him grows more of praise*
per que feira ma dona ben estar,
*for which would-do my lady well to-stand*
si qualque belh semblan far mi volgues,
*if some fair look to-make to-me she-wished*
qu'en tot lo mon non es mais nulla res
*for-in all the world not is more any thing*
que ja ses lieis mi pogues joy donar.
*that ever without her to-me could joy to-give*

Be sai qu'ieu fatz ad escien folhor,
*Well I-know that-I do with knowing folly*
quar ai en lieis mes mon entendemen,
*for I-have in her put my intent*
mas non puesc als; cum plus li vau fugen,
*but not I-can else the-more more from-her I-go fleeing*

mais la dezir e dobli ma dolor.
*more her I-desire and I-double my grief*
So q'om vol fort no pot hom oblidar;
*That which-one wishes strongly not can one to-forget*
s'apres cen mals un be de lieis agues,
*if-after hundred ills one good from her I-had*
be fora ricz, e sol qu'a lieis plagues
*well I-would-be rich and only that-to her it-pleased*
iria·l tost denan merce clamar.
*I-would-go-to-her soon before mercy to-cry*

Sa gran beutat, son gen cors nou e clar,
*Her great beauty her noble person new and bright*
son pretz, s'onor sal Dieus e·ls digz cortes,
*her worth her-honor save God and-the words courtly*
que res de be no·y falh mas quan merces,
*that anything of good not-there fails but only mercy*
qu'ab sol aitan no·lh trobari' hom par.
*for-with only so-much not-to-her would-find one peer*

Canso, vai mi tost retrair' e comtar
*Song go for-me soon to-recount and to-tell*
ad Auramala e di m'al pros marques
*at Auramala and say for-me-to-the worthy marquis*
Mecier Colrat qu'en luy a tans de bes
*Messer Conrad that-in him has so-many of goods*
per qu'om lo deu Sobretotz apellar.
*for which-one him ought Above-All to-call*

## Si com l'enfans qu'es alevatz petitz

15 · JUST AS THE CHILD BROUGHT UP YOUNG

*Like a youth who leaves a good court, finds no better, and dares not return, he foolishly left his lady and now invites her vengeance. A madman is not judged while his frenzy lasts, and he asks the same mercy. Pardon is worth more than vengeance, and he will suffer patiently. He wishes she would send him a letter, and would obey her whether she let him live or die. He left the flower of the world, and her tearful farewell keeps him alive.*

Si com l'enfans qu'es alevatz petitz
*Just as the-child who-is raised small*
en cort valen et honratz del seingnor,
*in court worthy and honored by-the lord*
pois, quant es grantz, se·n part e quer meillor,
*then when he-is grown himself-thence parts and seeks better*
no·l pot trobar, ten se per escarnitz,
*not-it can to-find holds himself for mocked*
vol s'en tornar, non a tant d'ardimen,
*wishes himself-thence to-return not has so-much of-boldness*
aitals son eu, que·m parti follamen
*such am I who-myself parted foolishly*
da lleis, cui ren merces, se·m vol sofrir,
*from her to-whom I-render thanks if-me she-wishes to-suffer*
que venjament en prend'; al no desir.
*that vengeance thereof she-take else not I-desire*

Venjar s'en pot de mi, qu'er'afollitz.
*To-avenge herself-thereof she-can on me who-was-maddened*
Mais hom qu'es fols, cho dizon li autor,
*But man who-is mad that say the authorities*
non er jujatz, tan que·l ten be iror,
*not will-be judged so-long-as that-him holds well frenzy*
del mal qu'il fai, ni per raison punitz;
*for-the ill that-he does nor by reason punished*
mas quant n'er for, er jujatz, s'il mespren,
*but when thereof-he-will-be out he-will-be judged if-he errs*
o s'il avia enanz fait faillimen.
*or if-he had before done offense*
E se·l fis anc, ben vos dic ses mentir,
*And if-it I-did ever well to-you I-say without lying*
il sap lo ver, fassa·m totz temps languir.
*she knows the truth let-her-make-me all time to-languish*

Ben o pot far e totz sera grazitz
*Well it she-can to-do and all will-be welcomed*
lo mals; l'afan, la pena e la dolor
*the ill the-toil the pain and the grief*
suffr'eu en pais, e semblara·m doussor;
*suffer-I in peace and it-will-seem-to-me sweetness*
mais il gart sei, qu'al seu bon pretz floritz
*but she let-guard herself for-to-the her good worth flowered*
ges non eschai ni non es avinen
*at-all not befits and not is comely*
de totz mals faitz qu'il prenda venjamen;
*for all ill deeds that-she take vengeance*

mais val perdos e mielz fai a grazir,
*more is-worth pardon and better is to thank*
e sel qui·l prent en val mais per servir.
*and he who-it takes thereof is-worth more for serving*

Eu valgra mais per servir; e garitz
*I would-be-worth more for serving and healed*
m'agra merces, pietatz et amor,
*me-would-have mercy pity and love*
s'omilies midons sa grant ricor
*if-humbled my-lady her great greatness*
qu'il mandes chai saluz en breu escritz;
*so-that-she sent here greetings in letter written*
e sui trop fols, quant ai tal pensamen
*and I-am too foolish when I-have such thought*
qu'ill mandes chai man; sofra·n solamen
*that-she sent here message let-her-suffer-it only*
∗∗∗ ver leis mains jonchas obezir
*(lacuna) toward her hands joined to-obey*
tot son coman, si·l platz viure o morir.
*all her command if-to-her it-pleases to-live or to-die*

Per son coman no fo mortz ni traïtz
*By her command not was dead nor betrayed*

* * *
*(lacuna)*

* * * que·m parti de la flor
*(lacuna) that-myself I-parted from the flower*

de tot lo mon, que m'avia noiritz.
*of all the world who me-had nurtured*

Puois me·n parti, fui en tal marrimen
*Since myself-thence I-parted I-was in such sorrow*

don fora mortz, si no fos jauzimen
*whence I-would-be dead if not were rejoicing*

q'atent merce, per cho qu'al departir
*for-I-await mercy for that that-at-the parting*

me dis ploran: «Deus te lais revenir!»
*to-me she-said weeping God thee may-let return*

## Totztemps auch dir q'us jois un autre adutz

### 16 · ALWAYS I HEAR THAT ONE JOY BRINGS ANOTHER

*One joy brings another, and since he was born in joy he will never leave it. He gives himself to true Love and to the lady who is flower, mirror, and light of all breeding, since her glance wounded him. Her mouth and welcome leave him mute, but a wise man wins by patience. He will never be recreant in loving her. A true lover makes no noise, hides his heart, welcomes the good and ill that love brings, and guards against offense. He asks her counsel, since his love and heavy sighs nearly kill him. The tornada praises Beatrice of Este above all women.*

Totztemps auch dir q'us jois un autre adutz,
*Always I-hear to-say that-one joy an other brings*
per que non voill nuill temps de joi partir,
*for which not I-wish any time from joy to-part*
q'ab joi fui natz et ab joi, on qe·m vir,
*for-with joy I-was born and with joy where that-myself I-turn*
soi et serai, q'aissi·m soi captengutz;
*I-am and shall-be for-so-myself I-am conducted*
e si·l fin joi de lei en cui enten.
*and if-the true joy of her in whom I-aspire*
Q'eu plus aten,
*That-I most await*
pogues aver, ben fora plus joios;
*I-could to-have well I-would-be more joyful*
que dobles jois es rix e cabalos
*for double joy is rich and supreme*
e qi joi sec jois li ve ses doptansa.
*and who joy follows joy to-him comes without doubt*

Per q'eu me soi autrejatz e rendutz
*For which-I myself am granted and surrendered*
a fin' Amor et a lei cui desir,
*to true Love and to her whom I-desire*
que finamen m'an fach mi oill chausir
*for truly me-have made my eyes to-choose*
la bella q'es flors e mirailz e lutz
*the fair-one who-is flower and mirror and light*
e caps e guitz de tot ensegnamen;
*and head and guide of all breeding*
e pos tan gen
*and since so nobly*
nafret mon cors d'un esgart amoros,
*she-wounded my heart with-a glance loving*
d'al no·m soven ni no·m fo saboros
*of-else not-to-me it-recalls and not-to-me was savory*
nuilz altre bes ni d'al non ac membransa.
*any other good and of-else not had remembrance*

Bona domna, vostre rix pretz saubutz
*Good lady your rich worth known*
e las faissos e·ill plazen acuoillir
*and the features and-the pleasing welcome*
e la bocha don tan gen vos vei rir
*and the mouth whence so nobly you I-see to-laugh*
m'an tan sobrat qe soven deveing mutz
*me-have so overcome that often I-become mute*
e la on cuch gent parlar pert lo sen;
*and there where I-think nobly to-speak I-lose the sense*

q'ab espaven
*for-with dread*
qer hom ric do, per qu'eu soi temoros;
*asks one rich gift for which-I am fearful*
mas eu auch dir q'hom savis, a sazos,
*but I hear to-say that-man wise at times*
conqer mainz bes sofren ab esperansa.
*conquers many goods enduring with hope*

De vos amar non serai recrezutz,
*From you to-love not I-shall-be recreant*
anz m'abelis mil tanz qu'eu non sai dir;
*rather to-me-pleases thousand times than-I — know to-say*
et si·us plagues c'o volguessetz sofrir
*and if-to-you it-pleased that-it you-would-wish to-suffer*
q'eu vos ames, ja non fora vencutz
*that-I you loved ever not would-be conquered*
de vos servir mos fis cors leialmen;
*from you to-serve my true heart loyally*
anz m'er parven
*rather to-me-will-be apparent*
q'engals sia l'afanz de nos amdos;
*that-equal be the-torment of us both*
et er merces, si de tan m'es faitz dos,
*and it-will-be mercy if of so-much to-me-is made gift*
qe mos volers no·s fraing ni no·s balansa.
*for my will not-itself breaks and not-itself wavers*

Mas fis amanz no·s taing qe leve brug,
*But true lover not-itself befits that raise noise*
ans deu son cor celar et escondir,
*rather ought his heart to-hide and to-conceal*
e·l ben e·l mal qi·ll ve d'amor grazir;
*and-the good and-the ill that-to-him comes from-love to-welcome*
q'ab cortes aibs es hom per pro tengutz;
*for-with courtly qualities is man for worthy held*
e qe·s gart be de far tot faillimen
*and that-himself be-guard well from doing all offense*
ab escien,
*with knowing*
qe de bon luoc ave bos guierdos;
*for from good place comes good reward*
qe si domneis e cortejars non fos,
*for if courtship and courting not were*
non fora pretz ni servirs ni honransa.
*not would-be worth nor service nor honor*

Domna, per so·m sui a vos atendutz
*Lady for that-myself I-am to you attached*
qe·m detz conseil, q'a pauc no·m fan morir
*that-to-me you-give counsel for-by little me make to-die*
la fin' amors q'eus ai e·ill greu sospir;
*the true love that-to-you I-have and-the heavy sighs*
e si mos cors fos per vos conogutz,
*and if my heart were by you known*
be m'es semblan que n'agratz jausimen,
*well to-me-is seeming that thereof-you-would-have joy*

qe no consen
*for not it-consents*
nuill' altr' amor, ni ma bona razos
*any other love and my good reason*
no·m pot sebrar ni delonhar de vos,
*not-me can to-sever nor to-remove from you*
tan m'es el cor vostra gaia semblansa.
*so to-me-is in-the heart your gay seeming*

Pretz e valor, beltat, joi et joven
*Worth and merit beauty joy and youth*
ses faillimen,
*without offense*
e toz bos aibs, totas belas faissos
*and all good qualities all fair features*
ha Na Beatritz d'Est, q'anc non er e fos
*has Lady Beatrice of-Este that-ever not will-be and was*
don'ab tant bes ses tota malestansa.
*lady-with so-many goods without all unseemliness*

## Totz tos afars es nienz

17 · ALL YOUR BUSINESS IS NOTHING

*A tenso with Bertran de Gourdon. Bertran calls Peire Raimon's art worthless and says that whatever he gives him will be for coming, not for any skill. Peire answers that Bertran is slack among his neighbors and short of bread, wine, and silver. Bertran then flatters Peire's craft, array, and songs. Peire praises his generosity and swears that anything bad he said was a lie. Bertran calls him a wretched rogue who took mockery for praise, and Peire replies that misery and sorrow dwell in Bertran all year and honoring him is a loss.*

*Bertran*

Totz tos afars es nienz,
*All thy business is nothing*
Peir Raimonz, e·l sens frairis;
*Peire Raimon and-the sense wretched*
e non val dos anjevis
*and not is-worth two Angevins*
tos sabers mest bonas genz;
*thy knowledge among good folk*
e tenc per desconolscenz
*and I-hold for undiscerning*
qi be ni honor ti fai;
*who good or honor to-thee does*
et sapchas qu'ieu non darai
*and know that-I not will-give*
per nuil mestier qu'en tu sia,
*for any craft that-in thee be*
mais qar venguist per mi sai.
*but because thou-camest for me here*

*Peire Raimon*

Seigner, flacs e recrezens
*Lord slack and recreant*
estatz mest vostres vezis,
*you-stand among your neighbors*
e sofranh vos pans e vis
*and fails you bread and wine*
e fail vos aurs et argens;
*and fails to-you gold and silver*
e·l meus mestiers es valenz
*and-the my craft is worthy*
si·l vostre dig son savai;
*if-the your words are base*
e s'ieu ja ren de vos hai,
*and if-I ever anything from you have*
jamai en home qi sia
*evermore in man that be*
a mon jor no faillirai.
*at my day not I-shall-fail*

*Bertran*

Peire, mal m'avondet senz,
*Peire ill me-served sense*
qar de tenzo vos comis;
*when to tenso you I-challenged*
qe·l vostre mestiers es fis
*for-the your craft is fine*
e vos etz bons e plazentz;
*and you are good and pleasing*

e·l vostre arezamentz
*and-the your equipment*
es grans e·il chantar son gai;
*is great and-the songs are gay*
e negus joglars non vai
*and any jongleur not goes*
qe plus tard fezes follia
*who more late made folly*
ni plus tost fezes bon plai.
*nor more soon made good speech*

*Peire Raimon*

Tant es larcx e conoissenz
*So you-are generous and discerning*
qe tot l'aver de Paris
*that all the-wealth of Paris*
darias en dos matis;
*you-would-give in two mornings*
e plai vos Jois e Joventz,
*and pleases to-you Joy and Youth*
seigner; e·l vostre ardimentz
*lord and-the your boldness*
es grantz on faitz maint assai;
*is great where you-make many trial*
e plus franc de vos non sai,
*and more frank than you not I-know*
e s'ieu mal dig vos avia,
*and if-I ill said of-you had*
tot sabchon qe mentit n'ai.
*all let-know that lied thereof-I-have*

*Bertran*

Vejas del tafur dolentz
*See of-the rogue wretched*
qe·s cuidet q'eu l'esqarnis
*who-himself thought that-I him-mocked*
e qe·il lauzes e·l grazis
*and that-to-him I-praised and-him thanked*
sos malvais captenemenz;
*his wicked conduct*
e s'anc li passet las dentz
*and if-ever to-him passed the teeth*
bos motz, a negun jor mai
*good words at any day more*
ja cella que am no·m bai;
*ever she whom I-love not-me let-kiss*
e si·m dis mal per feunia,
*and if-of-me he-said ill through rancor*
perdon lo, qar s'en estrai.
*I-pardon him for himself-thence withdraws*

*Peire Raimon*

Chaitivez'e marrimenz
*Wretchedness-and sorrow*
es tot l'an en vos assis;
*is all the-year in you seated*
e qi·l vostre fag resis
*and who-the your deed listless*
mentau e·ls envelzimentz,
*mentions and-the debasements*

ben par com es conoiscentz,
*well appears how he-is discerning*
ni qi·us honra qe·l meschai;
*and who-you honors that-to-him ill-befalls*
qe·us onrei tant qe·m desplai,
*for-you I-honored so-much that-to-me displeases*
et on plus vos honraria,
*and the-more more you I-would-honor*
adoncs i perdria mai.
*then there I-would-lose more*

## Us novels pessamens m'estai

### 18 · A NEW THOUGHT STAYS IN MY HEART

*A new thought troubles him but also lightens his heart, and he tries to act well. He praises the man who bears his harm patiently and holds back his anger, for haste leads to excess. His lady has been excessive, calling him to her and then withdrawing her promise, which is harder for one who has known her goodness. He will throw himself at her feet if she lets him sing of her, since no woman is as fair. He kneels to her.*

Us novels pessamens m'estai
*A new thought to-me-stays*
al cor, per qu'eu n'ay greu cossir,
*at-the heart for which-I thereof-have heavy care*
don fas mant angoissos sospir;
*whence I-make many anguished sigh*
e n'ai soven mon cor plus guay,
*and thereof-I-have often my heart more gay*
e·m gart miels de far desplazer,
*and-myself I-guard better from doing displeasure*
e m'esfors en ben captener,
*and myself-I-strive in well bearing*
quan vey que n'es luecx e sazos;
*when I-see that thereof-is place and season*
e selh qu'a son poder es bos,
*and he who-to his power is good*
ben deu aver mais d'onransa.
*well ought to-have more of-honor*

Onramens grans cre que·l n'eschai
*Honor great I-believe that-to-him thereof-befalls*
a celh que sap en patz sufrir
*to him who knows in peace to-suffer*
son dan, o belhamen cubrir,
*his harm or fairly to-cover*
mantas vetz, so qu'al cor no·l play;
*many times that which-to-the heart not-to-him pleases*
et qui sobr'ira·s sap tener
*and who over-anger-himself knows to-hold*
de far e de dir non dever,
*from doing and from saying not duty*
ges non s'en merma sa razos;
*at-all not itself-thereby lessens his cause*
per qu'om non deu esser coytos
*for which-one not ought to-be hasty*
de far gran desmezuransa.
*of doing great immoderation*

Desmezura conosc hueymai
*Excess I-know henceforth*
que fai ma dona, ses mentir,
*that does my lady without lying*
pus que a se·m fetz aissi venir,
*since that to herself-me she-made so to-come*
e so que·m promes er m'estray;
*and that which-to-me she-promised now from-me-withholds*

que qui non a vezat aver
*for who not has been-used to-have*
gran be, plus leu sap sostener
*great good more easily knows to-sustain*
afan, que tals es belhs e bos,
*toil than such-a-one is fair and good*
que·l maltraitz l'es plus angoissos,
*that-the suffering to-him-is more anguishing*
quan li sove·l benanansa.
*when to-him recalls-the well-being*

Benanans' e fin joi verai
*Well-being and true joy genuine*
aic ieu de midons al partir.
*had I from my-lady at-the parting*
Partiz non suy, per qu'ieu m'azir,
*Parted not I-am for which-I myself-anger*
quar a mos precs braus respos fay,
*for to my prayers harsh answer she-makes*
denan sos pes l'irai cazer,
*before her feet to-her-I-shall-go to-fall*
s'a lieys platz que denhe voler
*if-to her it-pleases that she-deign to-wish*
que de lieys fassa mas chansos,
*that of her I-make my songs*
quar de me no suy poderos
*for of myself not I-am capable*
qu'en autra paus m'esperansa,
*that-in another I-set my-hope*

ben esper, per l'afan que n'ai,
*well I-hope for the-toil that thereof-I-have*
que·m vuelha midons mantenir,
*that-me wish my-lady to-maintain*
que non es autr', al mieu albir,
*for not is other to-the my judgment*
ni fon tan belha, sotz lo ray.
*nor was so fair under the ray*
Sopleian quier que·m denh valer;
*Supplicating I-ask that-to-me she-deign to-avail*
qu'ieu conosc, segon mon saber,
*for-I know according-to my knowledge*
qu'ab los melhors se fai hom bos;
*that-with the best himself makes man good*
et es assatz belha razos
*and it-is enough fair reason*
aver joy de fin'amansa.
*to-have joy of true-love*

Mans jointas e de genolhos
*Hands joined and on knees*
mi rent a vos qu'etz bel' e pros,
*myself I-render to you who-are fair and worthy*
domna de gaia semblansa.
*lady of gay seeming*

# Pois lo bels temps renovella

## APPENDIX I · SINCE THE FAIR SEASON RENEWS

*Each stanza plays on one repeated word. The new season makes him sing anew of a noble new beloved who has renewed him, and her noble welcome has drawn his true heart from his body. He loves her so firmly that Love torments his body, makes his heart languish, and may make him die of it. He thanks her, since she knows how to keep the favor of the worthy, and ends by praising the true worth of Audiart of Les Baux, in him and in her alike.*

Pois lo bels temps renovella
*Since the fair season renews*
e fai de novel renverdir
*and makes of new to-regreen*
tot qant es, voilh de novel dir
*all that is I-wish of new to-say*
c'uns novels volers m'apella
*that-a new will me-calls*
e·m di qe chant novellamen
*and-to-me says that I-sing newly*
d'un gen cors novel avinen,
*of-a noble person new comely*
a cui me sui de novel ferm fermatz,
*to whom myself I-am of new firm fastened*
qar sui per lui de nou renovellatz.
*for I-am by him of new renewed*

Gen renovellet la bella
*Nobly renewed the fair-one*
mon gen cor al gent acuillir
*my noble heart at-the noble welcome*
qe·m fes gen, per q'ades consir
*that-to-me she-made nobly for which-ever I-ponder*
qon gen fins pretz la capdella
*how nobly true worth her governs*
e com ab gen acuillimen
*and how with noble welcome*
m'a del cors mon fin cor trait gen;
*me-she-has from-the body my true heart drawn nobly*
sens brui refui gen, qe, si·m plac, no·m plaz
*without noise I-shun nobly for if-to-me it-pleased not-to-me it-pleases*
desdui d'autrui, si·m lia ab gen latz.
*delight of-another so-me she-binds with noble noose*

Tant l'am qe·l cors me travella
*So-much her-I-love that-the body to-me torments*
amors e·m fai lo cor languir.
*love and-to-me makes the heart to-languish*
E si·m vol far aman morir
*And if-me wishes to-make loving to-die*
amors, q'enaisi·m martella,
*love who-thus-me hammers*

far o pot, tant am fermamen
*to-do it it-can so-much I-love firmly*
lei, qe aman me et mon sen
*her who loving me and my sense*
destrui, q'abdui l'aman ples traenz tratz;
*destroys for-both her-love at-full drawing drafts*
q'ab glui m'estui tan l'am ab gran senz gratz.
*that-with straw myself-I-store so-much her-I-love with grain without thanks*

Grat li·n sai qar es isnella
*Thanks to-her-thereof I-know for she-is quick*
e sap grat dels pros retenir
*and knows favor of-the worthy to-retain*
e·s fa' gradan son pretz grasir,
*and-herself makes pleasing her worth to-be-welcomed*
e grat, qar aissi·m cenbella,
*and thanks for so-me she-lures*
qar, s'ab lei trob merce grasen,
*for if-with her I-find mercy grateful*
grat n'aura; e merces eissamen
*thanks thereof-she-will-have and mercy likewise*
sen trui s'endui leis ab grat, on jois jatz,
*surely I-find herself-she-anoints her with thanks where joy lies*
per cui relui ab grat rics pretz presatz.
*through whom shines with thanks rich worth prized*

Pretz fins fai Audiart valent
*Worth true makes Audiart worthy*
del Bauz, il et el' eissamen,
*of-the Baux he and she likewise*
don cui sens trui certz pretz s'es encertatz
*whence I-think surely I-find certain worth itself-is settled*
en lui per cui viu pretz d'onor onratz.
*in him through whom lives worth of-honor honored*

---

LO MONGE DE MONTAUDON

# *The Complete Songs*

# Vida

## THE LIFE OF THE MONK OF MONTAUDON

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*The Monk of Montaudon was a nobleman from Vic, near Aurillac, who became a monk of the abbey there and was given the priory of Montaudon, which he ran well. In the monastery he composed coblas and sirventes about the affairs of the region. Knights and barons drew him out and gave him whatever he asked, and he carried it all to his priory, which he greatly improved. His abbot let him live by the counsel of King Alfonso of Aragon, who commanded him to eat meat, court ladies, sing, and compose. He became lord of the court of Le Puy, which gave the sparrowhawk, until that court came to an end. Then he went to Spain, where kings and barons honored him, and he died at the priory of Vilafranca, which he had enriched.*

Lo monges de Montaudon si fo d'Alverne d'un castel que a
*The monk of Montaudon so was of-Auvergne of-a castle that has*
nom Vic qu'es pres d'Orlac. Gentils hom fo e fo faichs
*name Vic which-is near of-Aurillac Noble man he-was and was made*
morgues de l'abaïa d'Orlac e l'abas sil det lo prïorat de
*monk of the-abbey of-Aurillac and the-abbot so-to-him gave the priory of*
Montaudon. E lai el se portet ben de far lo ben de la
*Montaudon And there he himself bore well in doing the good of the*
maison. E fasïa coblas estan en la morgïa e sirventes de
*house And he-made coblas being in the monastery and sirventes of*
las rasons que corïon en aquella encontrada. Eill cavallier
*the matters that ran in that region And-the knights*
eill baron sil traisseren de la morgïa e feiren li
*and-the barons so-him drew from the monastery and did to-him*
gran honor e deiron li tot quelque il volc ni lor
*great honor and gave to-him all whatever he wished or of-them*
demandet. Et el portava tot a Montaudon al sieu prïorat.
*asked And he carried all to Montaudon to-the his priory*
Mout crec e meilluret la söa glesia, portan tota vïa
*Much he-increased and bettered the his church wearing all the-while*

los draps mongils. E tornet s'en ad Orlac al sieu
*the clothes monkish And returned himself-thence to Aurillac to-the his*
abat, mostran lo meilluramen qu'el avïa faich al prïorat de
*abbot showing the betterment that-he had made to-the priory of*
Montaudon e preguet que li des gracia ques degues
*Montaudon and begged that to-him he-give grace that-himself he-should*
regir al sen del rei n'Anfos d'Arragon. E l'abas laill
*rule by-the sense of-the king Sir-Alfonso of-Aragon And the-abbot it-to-him*
det. El reis li comandet qu'el manjes carn e domneies
*gave And-the king to-him commanded that-he eat meat and court*
e cantes e trobes. Et el si fez e fo faichs Seingner
*and sing and compose And he so did and was made Lord*
del Puoi Sainta Marïa e de dar l'esparvier. Lonc temps
*of-the Puy Saint Mary and of giving the-sparrowhawk Long time*
ac la seingnorïa de la cort del Puoi, troque la cortz se
*he-had the lordship of the court of-the Puy until the court itself*
perdet. E pois el s'en anet en Espaingna e fo li
*lost And then he himself-thence went into Spain and was to-him*
faita grans honors per totz los reis e per totz los barons.
*done great honor by all the kings and by all the barons*
Et anet s'en ad un prïorat en Espaingna que a nom
*And went himself-thence to a priory in Spain that has name*
Vilafranca qu'es de l'abaïa d'Orlac e l'abas si laill det.
*Vilafranca which-is of the-abbey of-Aurillac and the-abbot so it-to-him gave*
Et el la enrequi e la meilloret. E lai el mori e definet.
*And he it enriched and it bettered And there he died and ended*

## Pois Peire d'Alverne a chantat

### 1 · SINCE PEIRE D'ALVERNHE HAS SUNG

*Taking up Peire d'Alvernhe's satire of the troubadours, the Monk sings of the poets who came after. He mocks sixteen in turn: Guillem de Saint Didier's poor welcome, Miraval who gives his castle away, Peirol in one coat for thirty years, Gaucelm Faidit turned husband, Arnaut Daniel's words no one understands, Folquet's broken oath, and Peire Vidal, a churl and former furrier who made himself a knight. Last comes the false monk of Montaudon himself, who left God for bacon and deserves hanging. He says he first sang the poem at Caussade and sent it to Sir Bernart.*

Pois Peire d'Alverne a chantat
*Since Peire of-Auvergne has sung*
dels trobadors qui son passat
*of-the troubadours who are past*
cantarai al mieu escïen
*I-will-sing to-the my knowledge*
d'aquels que pois se son levat;
*of-those who since themselves are risen*
e ja no m'ajan cor irat
*and ever not to-me-let-them-have heart angry*
s'eu lor malvatz faitz lor repren.
*if-I their wicked deeds to-them reprove*

Lo premiers es de San Disdier
*The first is of Saint Didier*
Guillems, que chanta voluntier;
*Guillem who sings willingly*

et a chantat molt avinen.
*and has sung very gracefully*
Mas car son desirier no quier
*But because his desire not he-seeks*
no pot aver nuill bo mestier
*not can to-have any good office*
et es d'avol acuillimen.
*and is of-worthless welcome*

Lo segonz de Saint Antoni
*The second of Saint Antoni*
vescoms qu'anc d'amor nos jauzi
*viscount who-ever of-love not-himself rejoiced*
ni no fes bo comensamen,
*and not made good beginning*
que la premeira s'eretgi,
*for the first herself-turned-heretic*
et anc pois al re no queri.
*and ever since else anything not he-sought*
Siei oill nuoit e jorn ploron s'en.
*His eyes night and day weep themselves-thereof*

E lo tertz es de Carcases
*And the third is of Carcassès*
Miravals ques fai molt cortes
*Miraval who-himself makes very courtly*
que dona son castel soven.
*who gives his castle often*

E noi esta l'an ges u mes
*And not-there stays the-year at-all one month*
ni anc mais calendas noi pres,
*and ever more calends not-there took*
per que noil te dan quil se pren.
*for which not-to-him holds harm who-it himself takes*

Lo quarz Peirols us Alvergnatz
*The fourth Peirol an Auvergnat*
qu'a trent' ans us vestirs portatz,
*who-has thirty years one garment worn*
et es plus secs de leign'arden
*and is more dry than wood-burning*
e totz sos chantars pejoratz.
*and all his singing worsened*
Qu'anc pois se fo enbagassatz
*For-ever since himself was whore-bound*
a Clarmon, non fes chan valen.
*at Clermont not made song worthy*

El cinques es Gauselm Faiditz
*The fifth is Gaucelm Faidit*
que de drut s'es tornatz marritz,
*who from lover himself-is turned husband*
de leis que sol anar seguen.
*of her whom he-was-wont to-go following*
Non auzim pois voutas ni critz,
*Not we-heard since trills nor cries*

ni anc sos chanz no fo auzitz
*and ever his song not was heard*
mas d'Userqua entro qu'Ajen
*but from-Uzerche as-far to-Agen*

El seis es Guillems Ademars
*The sixth is Guillem Ademar*
qu'anc no fo plus malvatz joglars;
*for-ever not was more wicked jongleur*
et a pres maint veill vestimen.
*and has taken many old garment*
E fai de tal loc sos chantars
*And makes of such place his songs*
don non es sols ab trenta pars,
*whence not is alone with thirty equals*
e vei l'ades paubr'e sufren.
*and I-see him-ever poor-and suffering*

Ab Arnaut Danïel son set.
*With Arnaut Daniel are seven*
Qu'a sa vida be no chantet,
*For-in his life well not sang*
mas us fols motz c'om non enten:
*but some foolish words that-one not understands*

pois la lebre ab lo bou chasset
*since the hare with the ox he-hunted*
e contra suberna nadet,
*and against the-current swam*
no val sos chans un aguillen.
*not is-worth his song a haw*

En Tremoletal Catalas
*Sir Tremoleta-the Catalan*
que fai sonez levez e plas,
*who makes tunelets light and plain*
e sos chantars es de nïen,
*and his singing is of nothing*
e tenh son cap con fai auras;
*and dyes his hair as makes gilt*
ben a trent' ans que for'albas,
*well has thirty years that it-would-be-white*
si no fos pel negre ongnimen.
*if not were for-the black ointment*

El noves Arnautz de Maruoill
*The ninth Arnaut of Maruelh*
qu'ades lo vei d'avol escuoill,
*for-ever him I-see of-worthless plight*
e sidonz no'n a chausimen,
*and his-lady not-thereof has clemency*
e fai o mal car no l'acuoill,
*and does it ill because not him-welcomes*

qu'ades clamon merce sei oill:
*for-ever cry mercy his eyes*
on plus chanta, l'aiga en deissen.
*the-more more he-sings the-water thereof descends*

Sail d'Escola es lo deses
*Sail of-Escola is the tenth*
que de joglar s'es faitz borges
*who from jongleur himself-is made burgher*
a Braiairac, on compr' e ven;
*at Bergerac where he-buys and sells*
e quant a vendutz sos conres
*and when he-has sold his stores*
el s'en vai pois en Narbones
*he himself-thence goes then into the-Narbonnais*
ab u fals cantar per presen.
*with a false song for present*

E l'onzes es Girauz lo Ros
*And the-eleventh is Guiraut the Red*
que sol viure d'autrui cansos,
*who is-wont to-live of-others' songs*
qu'es enojos a tota gen.
*who-is tiresome to all folk*
Mas car cujava esser pros,
*But because he-thought to-be worthy*

si se parti del fil N'Anfos
*so himself parted from-the son (of-)Sir-Alfonso*
que l'avïa faitz de nïen.
*who him-had made from nothing*

E lo dozes sera Folquetz
*And the twelfth will-be Folquet*
de Marseilla, us mercadairetz;
*of Marseille a little-merchant*
que a fait u fol sagramen,
*who has made a foolish oath*
quan juret que chansos no fetz,
*when he-swore that songs not he-made*
et anz dison que fo per vetz
*and rather they-say that it-was by turns*
ques perjuret son escïen.
*that-himself he-forswore his knowing*

E lo trezes es mos vezis
*And the thirteenth is my neighbor*
Guillems Moyses, mos cosis.
*Guillem Moyses my cousin*
E no voill dire mo talen;
*And not I-wish to-say my mind*

mas ab sos chantarez frairis
*but with his little-songs beggarly*
s'es totz pejuratz lo mesquis
*himself-is wholly worsened the wretch*
danzels vielz barbaz ab lonc gren.
*squire old bearded with long whiskers*

Peire Vidals es dels derriers
*Peire Vidal is of-the last*
que non a sos membres entiers,
*who not has his members whole*
et agrail ops lenga d'argen,
*and to-him-would-have need tongue of-silver*
al vila, qu'era pelliciers:
*to-the churl who-was furrier*
que anc pois se fetz cavalliers,
*for ever since himself made knight*
non ac pois membransa ni sen.
*not had since memory nor sense*

Peires Laroq' es lo quinçes
*Peire Laroque is the fifteenth*
us cavalliers de Cardenes,
*a knight of Cardenes*

que chanta mout nescïamen
*who sings very foolishly*
e quan di vers ni serventes
*and when he-says vers or sirventes*
dirïatz, que febres l'a pres
*you-would-say that fever him-has taken*
aissi vai son cap secoden.
*so goes his head shaking*

Ab lo sezesme i agra pro
*With the sixteenth there would-be enough*
lo fals morges de Montaudo,
*the false monk of Montaudon*
c'ab totz tensona e conten.
*who-with all wrangles and contends*
Et a laisat dieu per baco,
*And has left God for bacon*
e car anc fes vers ni canso
*and because ever he-made vers or song*
degra l'om tost levar al ven.
*ought him-one soon to-raise to-the wind*

Lo vers fel monges e dis lo
*The vers made-the monk and said it*
a Caussada primeiramen,
*at Caussade first*

e trames lo part Lobeo
*and sent it past Lobeo*
a'N Bernart son cors per prezen.
*to-Sir Bernart his person for present*

## L'autrier fui en paradis

### 2 · THE OTHER DAY I WAS IN PARADISE

*The Monk reports a conversation in paradise. God asks why he has come and how Montaudon fares. The Monk says he has kept to his cloister for a year or two and lost the barons' favor by serving God. God replies that he does not thank him for hiding there: he loves song and laughter, which make the world worthier and profit Montaudon. When the Monk says he gave up coblas and the journey to Spain, God rebukes him for not hastening to the king who holds Oléron, his old friend and benefactor. The Monk answers that he would have gone had God not let the king be imprisoned, that God gives no thought to the sinking of the Saracens' ship, and that whoever follows God into battle is a fool.*

L'autrier fui en paradis,
*The-other-day I-was in paradise*
per qu'eu sui gais e jojos,
*for which-I am gay and joyful*
car tan me fo amoros
*for so to-me was loving*
deus, a cui tot obezis:
*God to whom all obeys*
terra, mars, vals e montaingna,
*land sea valley and mountain*
em dis: Morgues, car venguis
*and-to-me said Monk why camest-thou*
ni con estai Montaldos
*and how stands Montaudon*
lai on as major compaingna?
*there where thou-hast greater company*

Seingner, estat ai aclis
*Lord stayed I-have bowed*
en claustra un an o dos,
*in cloister a year or two*
per qu'ai perdut los baros.
*for which-I-have lost the barons*
Sol car vos am eus servis
*Only because you I-love and-you I-serve*
me fan lor amor estraingna.
*to-me they-make their love estranged*
En Randos, cui es Paris,
*Sir Randon whose is Paris*
nom fo anc fals ni gignos,
*not-to-me was ever false nor crafty*
e mos cors cre, que en plaingna.
*and my heart believes that thereof he-lament*

Morgues, ges eu no grazis,
*Monk at-all I not thank*
si'stas en claustr'a rescos,
*if-thou-stayest in cloister-in hiding*
ni vols guerras ni tenzos
*nor thou-wishest wars nor tensos*
ni pelega ab tos vezis
*nor quarrel with thy neighbors*
per quel baillïat remaingna.
*so that-the office remain*
Anz am eu lo chant el ris,
*Rather love I the song and-the laughter*

el segles en er plus pros
*and-the world thereof will-be more worthy*
e Montaldos i gazaingna.
*and Montaudon there gains*

Seingner, eu tem que faillis,
*Lord I fear that I-failed*
s'eu fatz coblas ni chanzos,
*if-I make coblas or songs*
qu'om pert vostr'amor e vos
*for-one loses your-love and you*
qui son escïent mentis:
*who his knowing lies*
per quem part de la bargaingna.
*for which-myself I-part from the bargain*
Pel segle, que nom n'aïs,
*For-the world that not-me thereof-hate*
me tornei a las leizos
*myself I-turned to the lessons*
e'n laissiei l'anar d'Espaingna.
*and-thereof I-left the-going of-Spain*

Morgues, be mal o fezis,
*Monk well ill it thou-didst*
que tost non anes coichos
*that soon not thou-wentest hastening*
al rei, cui es Olairos,
*to-the king whose is Oléron*

qui tant era tos amis.
*who so-much was thy friend*
Per que lau que t'o afraingna.
*For which I-advise that thyself-it thou-break-off*
Ha! quanz bos marcs d'esterlis
*Ah how-many good marks of-sterling*
aura perdutz els teus dos,
*will-have lost in-the thy gifts*
qu'el te levet de la faingna.
*for-he thee lifted from the mire*

Seingner, eu l'agra be vis
*Lord I him-would-have well seen*
si per mal de vos no fos,
*if for ill of you not were*
car anc sofris sas preisos.
*for ever you-suffered his prisons*
Mas la naus dels Sarrazis
*But the ship of-the Saracens*
nous menbra ges cosis baingna,
*not-to-you it-recalls at-all how-it sinks*
car se dinz Acres coillis
*for if within Acre he-were-caught*
proi agra enquer Turcs felos;
*plenty would-have still Turks felon*
fols es, quius sec en mesclaingna.
*fool is who-you follows in fray*

## Autra vetz fui a parlamen

### 3 · ANOTHER TIME I WAS AT A COUNCIL

*In heaven the Monk hears the church images complain to God that the ladies who paint their faces have made paint dear. God says the images are wronged and threatens to wipe the ladies' faces clean. The Monk pleads that painting is the ladies' nature, and argues with God until God retorts that beauty painted on is lost with a single pissing. The Monk answers that good paint holds, and that God should thank ladies who make themselves fair without him. God vows to make them stop pissing altogether, and the Monk replies that whomever God makes piss, God himself ought to thank Lady Elis of Montfort, who never painted herself and drew no complaint from any image or altar.*

Autra vetz fui a parlamen
*Another time I-was at parley*
el cel per bon'aventura;
*in-the heaven by good-fortune*
e feiron li vout rancura
*and made the images complaint*
de las dompnas ques van peignen,
*of the ladies who-themselves go painting*
qu'eu los en vi a dieu clamar
*for-I them thereof saw to God to-complain*
d'ellas, qu'an faich lo teing carzir
*of-them who-have made the paint to-grow-dear*
ab qües fan la cara luzir
*with which-themselves they-make the face to-shine*
del teing, qu'om degr'en els pauzar.
*of-the paint that-one ought-thereof on-them to-put*

Pero dis dieus mout franchamen:
*But said God very frankly*
«Monges, ben auch qu'a tortura
*Monk well I-hear that-by wrong*
perdon li vout lor dreitura,
*lose the images their right*
e vai lai per m'amor corren,
*and go there for my-love running*
e fai m'en las dompnas laissar,
*and make for-me-thereof the ladies to-leave-off*
que ieu no'n vuoill ges clam auzir,
*for I not-thereof wish at-all complaint to-hear*
e si no s'en volon giquir,
*and if not themselves-thereof they-wish to-desist*
eu las anarai esfassar».
*I them shall-go to-efface*

Seigner dieus, fi m'ieu, chausimen
*Lord God said I clemency*
devetz aver e mesura
*you-ought to-have and measure*
de las dompnas, cui natura
*toward the ladies whose nature*
es, que lor caras teingan gen.
*is that their faces they-paint nobly*
Et a vos no deu enojar,
*And to you not ought to-vex*
nil vout nous o degran ja dir:
*nor-the images not-to-you it ought ever to-say*

que jamais no'n volran ufrir
*for evermore not-thereof will-wish to-offer*
las dompnas denan lor, som par.
*the ladies before them so-to-me seems*

Monges, dis dieus, gran faillimen
*Monk said God great offense*
razonatz e gran falsura,
*you-plead and great falsehood*
que la mia creatura
*that the my creature*
se genssa ses mo mandamen.
*itself beautifies without my command*
Doncs serïon cellas mieu par,
*Then would-be those my peers*
qu'eu fatz totz jorns enveillezir,
*whom-I make all days to-grow-old*
si per peigner ni per forbir
*if by painting or by polishing*
podïon plus joves tornar.
*they-could more young to-become*

Seigner, trop parlatz ricamen,
*Lord too-much you-speak proudly*
car vos sentetz en l'autura
*because yourself you-feel in the-height*
ni ja per so la peingtura
*and ever for that the painting*
no remanra ses u coven:
*not will-remain without a covenant*
que fassatz lor beutatz durar
*that you-make their beauty to-last*
a las dompnas tro al morir,
*to the ladies until to-the dying*
o que fassatz lo teing perir,
*or that you-make the paint to-perish*
qu'om no'n puosc' el mon ges trobar.
*that-one not-thereof can in-the world at-all to-find*

Monges, ges non es covinen
*Monk at-all not is fitting*
que dompna s genz' ab penchura:
*that lady herself beautify with paint*
e tu fas gran desmesura
*and thou dost great excess*
car lor fas tal razonamen.
*for for-them thou-makest such pleading*
Si tu o volguesses lausar,
*If thou it wouldst to-praise*
ellas non o degran sofrir,
*they not it ought to-suffer*

aitals beutatz quel cuer lor tir,
*such beauty that-the skin to-them pulls*
que perdon per un sol pissar.
*that they-lose through a single pissing*

Seigner dieus, qui be peing be ven,
*Lord God who well paints well sells*
per qu'ellas se donon cura,
*for which-they themselves give care*
e fan l'obra e spessa e dura,
*and make the-work both thick and hard*
que per pissar nos mou leumen,
*that for pissing not-itself moves easily*
pois vos no las voletz genssar,
*since you not them wish to-beautify*
s'ellas se genson, no vos tir,
*if-they themselves beautify not to-you let-it-vex*
abanz lor o devetz grazir
*rather to-them it you-ought to-thank*
sis podon ses vos bellas far.
*if-themselves they-can without you fair to-make*

Monges, penhers ab afachar
*Monk painting with primping*
lor fai manhs colps d'aval sofrir,
*to-them makes many blows from-below to-suffer*

e nous pessetz ges que lur tir,
*and not-yourself think at-all that to-them it-vexes*
quan hom las fai corbas estar.
*when one them makes bent to-stay*

Senher, fuecs las puesca cremar,
*Lord fire them may to-burn*
qu'ieu non lur puesc lur traucs omplir,
*for-I not for-them can their holes to-fill*
ans quan cug a riba venir,
*rather when I-think to shore to-come*
adoncs me cove a nadar.
*then to-me behooves to swim*

Monges, tot las n'er a laissar,
*Monk all them thereof-will-be to leave*
pos pissars pot lo tenh delir.
*since pissing can the paint to-destroy*
Qu'ieu lur farai tal mal venir,
*For-I to-them shall-make such ill to-come*
qu'una non fara mais pissar.
*that-one not will-do more pissing*

Seigner, cuy que fassatz pissar,
*Lord whomever that you-make to-piss*
a Na Elys devetz grazir
*to Lady Elis you-ought to-thank*
de Montfort, qu'anc nos volc forbir,
*of Montfort who-ever not-herself wished to-polish*
ni n'ac clam de vout ni d'autar.
*nor thereof-had complaint from image nor from-altar*

## L'autre jorn m'en pogei el cel

### 4 · THE OTHER DAY I CLIMBED TO HEAVEN

*Summoned to heaven by Saint Michael, the Monk hears Saint Julian, patron of hospitality, complain to God that he has been disinherited, since hosts no longer pray to him and send even their overnight guests away fasting. Julian then goes through the regions. He has little to say against Toulouse, Carcassès, or Albi; in Catalonia he receives all his dues; Périgord, Limousin, and Quercy content him; Rouergue, Gévaudan, Provence, and Gascony earn neither blame nor much praise; in Auvergne a guest may lodge unasked; and no stranger in Vivarais has gone hungry. The text breaks off.*

L'autre jorn m'en pogei el cel,
*The-other day myself-thence I-climbed to-the heaven*
qu'anei parlar a Saint Miquel
*for-I-went to-speak to Saint Michael*
don fui mandatz;
*whence I-was summoned*
et auzi u clam quem fo bel:
*and I-heard a complaint that-to-me was fair*
era l'aujatz.
*now it-hear*

Sainz Julïas venc denan deu
*Saint Julian came before God*
e dis: Deus, a vos me clam eu
*and said God to you myself complain I*
com hom forzatz,
*as man forced*

deseritatz de tot so feu
*disinherited of all his fief*
e malmenatz.
*and ill-used*

Car qui be voli' albergar
*For who well wished to-lodge*
de matim solïa pregar
*of morning was-wont to-pray*
queill fos privatz.
*that-to-him I-were close*
Era noil posc conseill donar
*Now not-to-him I-can counsel to-give*
ab los malvatz.
*with the wicked*

Qu'aissi m'an tolt tot mo poder
*For-so from-me-they-have taken all my power*
qu'om nom prega mati ni ser.
*that-one not-me prays morning nor evening*
Neis lor colgatz
*Even their lodgers*
laissan mati dejus mover;
*they-let morning fasting to-set-out*
be sui amatz.
*well I-am loved*

De Tolsas ni de Carcases
*Of Toulousans nor of Carcassès*
nom plaing ta fort ni d'Albiges
*not-myself I-complain so strongly nor of-Albigeois*
com d'autres faz;
*as of-others I-do*
en Cataloingn' ai totz mos ces
*in Catalonia I-have all my dues*
ei sui amatz.
*and-there I-am loved*

En Peiregorc e'n Limozi
*In Périgord and-in Limousin*
— mas lo coms el reis los auzi —
*but the count and-the king them slew*
sui ben amatz.
*I-am well loved*
Et a'n de tals en Caërci
*And there-are-thereof of such in Quercy*
don sui pagatz.
*whereof I-am satisfied*

De lai Roërgue e Gavalda
*From there Rouergue and Gévaudan*
nom clam nim lau qu'aissi s'esta,
*not-myself I-complain nor-myself I-praise for-so itself-stands*

pero assatz
*yet enough*
i a d'aquels qu'usquecs mi fa
*there are of-those who-each for-me does*
mas voluntatz.
*my wishes*

En Alvergne ses acoillir
*In Auvergne without welcome*
podetz albergar e venir
*you-can to-lodge and to-come*
desconvidatz;
*uninvited*
qu'il non o sabon fort gent dir
*for-they not it know very nobly to-say*
mas be lor platz.
*but well to-them it-pleases*

En Proënza els sos baros
*In Provence and-the its barons*
ai ben encara mas razos;
*I-have well still my causes*
nom sui clamatz
*not-myself I-am complained*
de Proënsals ni de Gascos
*of Provençals nor of Gascons*
ni trop lausatz.
*nor much praised*

Anc de Vivares non aic clam
*Ever of Vivarais not I-had complaint*
qu'om estrainz agues set ni fam
*that-one stranger had thirst or hunger*
n'i fos cochatz.
*thereof-there were pressed*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

## Quant tuit aquist clam foron fat

### 4B · WHEN ALL THESE COMPLAINTS WERE MADE

---

*After the complaints a new suit opens between the images and the ladies. The images say the ladies wrong them by taking the paint, which was invented for them, and that painted ladies look like statues on a bridge. The ladies answer that paint was given to them a hundred years before any image existed, and one says she takes nothing from them by painting the wrinkle under her eye. God proposes that the ladies keep twenty years of painting, but the images will give no more than ten. Saint Peter and Saint Lawrence broker the settlement, taking five from the twenty and adding them to the ten, and both sides swear to it.*

Quant tuit aquist clam foron fat,
*When all these complaints were made*
lor son començat autre plat
*for-them are begun other pleas*
on n'ac d'iratz.
*where thereof-there-were of-angry-ones*
Las domnas eill vout son mesclat
*The ladies and-the images are mingled*
el plaz rengatz.
*in-the plea ranged*

Dizoill vout: «Domnas, tuit em mort,
*Say-to-them images Ladies all we-are dead*
car nos tollez lo peing a tort,
*for from-us you-take the paint by wrong*
et es pecchatz;
*and it-is sin*

car vos en peinetz aitan fort
*for yourselves thereof you-paint so strongly*
nius bernicatz».
*and-yourselves varnish*

«C'anc trobatz no fo mas per nos
*For-ever found not was but for us*
qu'om nos en peinsses bels e bos,
*that-one us thereof painted fair and good*
e vos semblatz
*and you resemble*
magestat de pont de faichos,
*statue of bridge in features*
can robegatz».
*when you-redden*

Dizon las domnas, que cent anz
*Say the ladies that hundred years*
lor fo donatz lo peinz enanz,
*to-them was given the paint before*
que fos trobatz
*that were found*
vouz degus el mon paucs ni granz —
*image any in-the world small or great*
et es vertatz.
*and it-is truth*

Diz autra domna: «Re nous tuoill,
*Says another lady Anything not-from-you I-take*
s'eu peing la rüa desotz l'uoill
*if-I paint the wrinkle beneath the-eye*
qu'es esfachatz;
*which-is marred*
de qu'eu fatz pois a manz orguoill
*of which-I make then to many pride*
qu'eu trobi fatz».
*whom-I find foolish*

Dis dieus als vouz: «Si vos sap bo,
*Says God to-the images If to-you it-tastes good*
sobre vint e cinc anz lor do —
*over twenty and five years to-them I-give*
s'o otrejatz —,
*if-it you-grant*
que n'ajan vint de peingneso,
*that thereof-they-have twenty of painting*
sius n'acordatz».
*if-you thereof-agree*

Dizoill vout: «Ja re no farem
*Say-to-him images Ever anything not we-shall-do*
que mais de detz lor en darem,
*that more than ten to-them thereof we-shall-give*
pos a vos platz.
*since to you it-pleases*

E sapchatz, que segur serem,
*And know that secure we-shall-be*
c'ajam pois patz».
*that-we-have then peace*

Dunc venc sainz Peire e sainz Laurenz
*Then came saint Peter and saint Lawrence*
et an fatz bos acordamenz,
*and have made good agreements*
et afïatz.
*and pledged*
E d'ambas parz per sacramenz
*And from-both sides by oaths*
an los juratz.
*have them sworn*

Et an dels vint anz cinc mogutz
*And have from-the twenty years five removed*
et an los ab los dez cregutz
*and have them with the ten increased*
et ajostaz.
*and joined*
Aissi es lor platz remasutz
*So is their plea remained*
et afinatz.
*and settled*

## Manens e frairis foron companho

5 · RICH MAN AND BEGGAR WERE COMPANIONS

---

*A rich man and a beggar travel together and quarrel as they go. The rich man, proud of his wealth, calls the beggar a gambler who boasts like a king; the beggar replies that full granaries will not buy a usurer half a day more of life. Each claims he can help his friends. The rich man asks whether God loves the starving or highway robbers better, and the beggar answers that God commanded wealth to be shared. The rich man blames dice and women for the beggar's deceits, and the beggar says the rich man earns hell by others' toil. The text is damaged, but at the end they agree to put the dispute to the count of Urgell.*

Manens e frairis foron companho,
*Rich-man and beggar were companions*

anavo per vïa cum autre baro;
*they-went along road as other barons*

e quant ylh anavon mesclos de tenso,
*and when they went mingled in dispute*

pauc tenc lur parïa.
*little held their fellowship*

Quan l'us d'els ditz oc e l'autre ditz no,
*When the-one of-them says yes and the-other says no*

quasqus te em pes la sua razo.
*each holds on foot the his cause*

Ja de gran amor non aura sazo
*Ever of great love not will-have season*

la lur companhïa.
*the their company*

Manens escomes lo frayri primiers,
*Rich-man challenged the beggar first*
per erguelh d'aver quar si sent sobriers.
*through pride of-wealth for himself he-feels superior*
«Frairis», dis manens, «trop vos faitz parliers
*Beggar says rich-man too-much yourself you-make talkative*
de gran gualaubïa».
*of great boasting*
So dis lo frairis «si avetz deniers,
*That says the beggar if you-have pennies*
et avetz de blat ples vostres graniers,
*and you-have of grain full your granaries*
ja no vivretz mays sius etz renoviers,
*ever not you-will-live more if-you are usurer*
la meytat d'u dïa.»
*the half of-a day*

So dis lo manens «frairis dechazey,
*That says the rich-man beggar decayed*
tant avetz joguat, nous laissatz espley;
*so-much you-have gambled not-to-you you-leave means*
mas gabs avetz be ad egual d'un rey
*but boasts you-have well at equal of-a king*
ja us vers no sïa».
*ever one true not be*
So dis lo frayris «tot vos o autrey,
*That says the beggar all to-you it I-grant*
greu veiretz prohome qu'a temps no foley;
*hardly you-will-see worthy-man that-at times not fools*

mas vos guazanhatz a tort e ses drey
*but you gain by wrong and without right*
vostra gran folhïa».
*your great folly*

So dis lo manens «et ieu ai poder,
*That says the rich-man and I have power*
que puesc mon amic prestar e valer;
*that I-can my friend to-lend and to-help*
mas de vos no cuyt que nuls bes n'esper
*but from you not I-think that any good thereof-hope*
que ja mielhs li'n sïa».
*that ever better to-him-thereof be*
So dis lo frayris «et ieu ai lezer,
*That says the beggar and I have leisure*
de tot mon amic segre e valer,
*of all my friend to-follow and to-help*
atretan com vos e lo vostr'aver,
*as-much as you and the your-wealth*
estiers la baylïa».
*except the lordship*

So dis lo manens «eram di, frayris:
*That says the rich-man now-to-me tell beggar*
qual ama mais dieus, aquelh qu'es formis,
*which loves more God that-one who-is famished*

o dels raubadors que raubols camis
*or of-the robbers who rob-the roads*
per lor leconïa»?
*for their gluttony*
So dis lo frayris «aisso vos plevis,
*That says the beggar this to-you I-pledge*
qu'avers ajostar non es paradis,
*that-wealth to-gather not is paradise*
ans comandet dieus qu'om lo departis
*rather commanded God that-one it share*
tot per cofrairïa».
*all for brotherhood*

So dis lo manens «vostre folhs talans
*That says the rich-man your foolish desire*
e taulas e datz e domnas prezans
*and tables and dice and ladies prized*
∗∗∗ vos fan far enguans,
*(lacuna) you make to-make deceits*
e pensar bauzïa».
*and to-think deceit*
So dis lo frairis «vos etz lo grayssans,
*That says the beggar you are the fattened-one*
que cuydatz queus falha la terra qu'es grans,
*who think that-to-you fail the land which-is great*
guazanhatz enfern ab autrui afans,
*you-gain hell with others' toils*
e faitz hi bauzïa».
*and you-do therein deceit*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

So dis lo frairis «de trop es pensatz,

*That says the beggar of too-much art-thou minded*

quan los mortz els vius capdelar cujatz.

*when the dead and-the living to-govern you-think*

Pensarïas hom que sen non ajatz

*Would-think one that sense not you-have*

qui nous conoyssïa».

*who not-you knew*

So dis lo manens «ieu quier jutjador,

*That says the rich-man I seek judge*

frayris, que nos parta d'aquesta clamor

*beggar who us part from-this dispute*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

el coms d'Urgel sïa».

*the count of-Urgell let-be*

So dis lo frairis «ben es fazedor

*That says the beggar well is to-be-done*

quez elh o define tot en dreit' amor

*that he it settle all in right love*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

quar tostemps tenrïa».

*for always he-would-hold*

## Amics Robertz, fe qu'ieu dei vos

6 · FRIEND ROBERT

*The Monk tells his friend Robert what irks him: worthless companions, the sea and the wind, a man who puts on airs out of season, poor presents, a proud poor knight who can give no feasts, a rich man who thinks himself wise and knows nothing, and a man who holds himself worthy, says little good, and does less. Slanderers, bores, babblers, long speeches, vile company, grooms, grudging knights, liars, the greedy, the jealous, the envious, and the tight-fisted irk him as well. What pleases him is a glad and generous rich man, courts full of worthy men, handsome spending, and a man ashamed of his sin who truly repents.*

Amics Robertz, fe qu'ieu dei vos,
*Friend Robert faith that-I owe you*
m'enueja d'avols companhos,
*me-irks of-worthless companions*
et enuejam la mars el vens
*and irks-me the sea and-the wind*
que nom senbla ni bos ni gens.
*that not-to-me seems nor good nor noble*
Et d'ome ques fai desdenhos,
*And of-man who-himself makes disdainful*
lai on non es luecx ni sazos,
*there where not is place nor season*
m'enueg' e de paubres prezens.
*me-irks and of poor presents*

Cavaliers paubres erguillos
*Knight poor proud*
que no pot far condugz ni dos
*who not can to-make feasts nor gifts*
m'enueg', e rics desconoisens
*me-irks and rich-man undiscerning*
qui cuja esser entendens,
*who thinks to-be understanding*
e no sap que vai sus ni jos.
*and not knows what goes up nor down*
Et enuejam cel quis te bos,
*And irks-me he who-himself holds good*
que pauc ditz be e fai en mens.
*who little says well and does thereof less*

Li lauzengier e l'enujos
*The slanderers and the-tiresome*
m'enuejon molt e li janglos.
*me-irk much and the babblers*
Et enuejam lonx parlamens,
*And irks-me long speeches*
et estar entre crojas gens.
*and to-stay among vile folk*
Et hom m'enueja trop iros,
*And man me-irks too wrathful*
e companhïa de garsos,
*and company of grooms*
e cavaliers mal acuillens.
*and knights ill welcoming*

Hom mensongiers mals e ginhos
*Man lying wicked and crafty*
m'enueja et hom trop cobeitos
*me-irks and man too covetous*
et enuejam comensamens
*and irks-me beginnings*
malvatz e crois definimens.
*wicked and vile endings*
Et hom m'enueja trop gelos,
*And man me-irks too jealous*
e sel qui es trop envejos
*and he who is too envious*
m'enueja et hom trop retenens.
*me-irks and man too tight-fisted*

Ricx hom alegres e jojos
*Rich man glad and joyful*
larcx e francx e de bel respos
*generous and frank and of fair answer*
me platz e bels captenemens,
*to-me pleases and fair bearings*
e cortz on vei homes valens.
*and courts where I-see men worthy*
E platz mi bela messïos,
*And pleases to-me fair outlay*
et hom de pecat vergonhos
*and man of sin ashamed*
me platz e bos repentimens.
*to-me pleases and good repentance*

## Be m'enueja per Saynt Marsal

7 · BY SAINT MARTIAL, IT IRKS ME

*Swearing by Saint Martial, the Monk lists what irks him: barons who will pawn a horse for its full value rather than sell it, a knight who asks three times for cabbage and sauce, a farting suitor, a worthless old archer, a miser at the gaming table, a friend who fails him in need, a shameless traitor, and a bedfellow covered in scabs. The poem is damaged. He sends a messenger to the count who holds Toulouse, offering to set right anything that displeases him.*

Be m'enueja per Saynt Marsal
*Well me-irks by Saint Martial*
aquist baro descominal
*these barons outrageous*
que no denhon vendre caval,
*who not deign to-sell horse*
empenhon lo aitan quan val.
*they-pawn it as-much as it-is-worth*
E que mata en son ostal
*And who kills in his house*
so qu'a azirat per gran mal.
*that which-he-has hated for great ill*

Be m'enueja de cavallier
*Well me-irks of knight*
que quer tres vetz cauls e sabrier,
*who asks three times cabbages and sauce*
e de dompneyador petier,
*and of wooer farting*

e de vielh hom' avol arquier
*and of old man worthless archer*
et hom escas sobre taulier
*and man stingy over gaming-board*
* * *
*(lacuna)*

Enuejam pels Sayns de Colonha
*Irks-me by-the Saints of Cologne*
amicx quem falh a gran bezonha
*friend who-to-me fails at great need*
e tracher que non a vergonha,
*and traitor who not has shame*
e quis colgu'ab mi ab gran ronha.
*and who-himself lies-with me with great scab*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*

Messatgier, vai t'en te ta vïa,
*Messenger go thyself-thence hold thy way*
al comte, cuy dieus benezïa
*to-the count whom God bless*
que te Toloza en baylïa.
*who holds Toulouse in lordship*

S'y a ren qu'a lui desplayrïa
*If-there has anything that-to him would-displease*
jeu suy selh quel ne ostarïa.
*I am he who-it thereof would-remove*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

## Molt mi platz deportz e gajeza

### 8A · SPORT AND GAIETY PLEASE ME GREATLY

*The Monk lists what pleases him: sport, feasting, giving, and prowess; a frank and courteous lady with a ready answer; generosity in a rich man and ill will toward his enemies; a man who speaks kindly to him and gives gladly; sleep while it thunders; fat salmon at midafternoon. In summer he likes to sit by a spring among green meadows while the birds sing and his beloved comes to him in secret. He likes companions when he is among enemies, a warm welcome, his beloved's kisses and more, and his enemy's loss, better still when he is the one who took it.*

Molt mi platz deportz e gajeza
*Much to-me pleases sport and gaiety*
condugz e donars e proëza,
*feasting and giving and prowess*
e dona franca e corteza
*and lady frank and courteous*
e de respondre ben apreza,
*and of answering well learned*
e platz m'a ric home franqueza
*and pleases to-me-in rich man generosity*
e vas son enemic maleza.
*and toward his enemy ill-will*
E platz me hom que gen me sona,
*And pleases to-me man who nobly to-me speaks*
e qui de bo talan me dona,
*and who of good will to-me gives*
e ricx hom quan no mi tensona;
*and rich man when not with-me wrangles*
em platz quim ditz be nim razona,
*and-to-me pleases who-to-me says well and-to-me reasons*

e dormir quan venta ni trona,
*and to-sleep when it-blows or thunders*
e gras salmos az ora nona.
*and fat salmon at hour of-nones*

E platz mi be lai en estiu
*And pleases to-me well there in summer*
quem sojorn a font o a riu,
*that-myself I-stay at spring or at stream*
eill prat son vert e reverdiu
*and-the meadows are green and fresh-green*
e li auzelhet chanton piu
*and the little-birds sing cheep*
e m'amigua ve a celiu
*and my-beloved comes in secret*
e lo fauc una vetz de briu.
*and it I-do one time in haste*
E plazon mi be companho
*And please to-me well companions*
cant entre mos enemicx so.
*when among my enemies I-am*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
Et auze be dir ma razo
*And I-dare well to-say my case*
et ill l'escouton a bando.
*and they it-hear at will*

E platz mi be qui m'aculhïa,
*And pleases to-me well who me-welcomed*
e quan gaire non truep fadïa;
*and when much not I-find refusal*
e platz mi solatz de m'amïa,
*and pleases to-me cheer of my-beloved*
baizars e plus si loi fazïa.
*kissing and more if it-to-her I-did*
E quan mos enemicx perdïa
*And when my enemy lost*
mi platz, e plus s'ieu loi tolïa.
*to-me pleases and more if-I it-from-him took*

## Be m'enueja, per Saint Salvaire

8B · BY THE HOLY SAVIOR, IT IRKS ME

*Swearing by the Holy Savior, the Monk lists what irks him: a hoarse man who sets up as a singer, a worthless preaching cleric, a poor usurer, a trotting nag, a sensible man who marries his whore, a lady who loves a servant, a wealthy robber, and bearded young squires. He hates a table short of bread and a host who cuts it thin, a lazy youth, a hungry house, honey in spiced wine without herbs, broken promises, a cloak with worn fur, an old saffroned whore, and a threadbare coat after Michaelmas. He hates being stuck at a pass in heavy rain.*

Be m'enueja, per Saint Salvaire,
*Well me-irks by Holy Savior*
d'ome rauc ques fassa chantaire,
*of-man hoarse who-himself makes singer*
e d'avol clergue predicaire;
*and of-worthless cleric preacher*
paubre renovier no pretz gaire;
*poor usurer not I-prize much*
et enuejam rossis trotaire,
*and irks-me nag trotting*
e ricx hom que massa vol traire.
*and rich man who too-much wishes to-draw*
Et enuejam de tot mon sen
*And irks-me with all my sense*
conoisens que sa puta pren;
*discerning-man who his whore takes*
e dona que ama sirven,
*and lady who loves servant*
escudiers qu'ab senhor conten;
*squire who-with lord contends*

enuejam raubaire manen,
*irks-me robber wealthy*
e donzelos barbatz ab gren.
*and young-squires bearded with whiskers*

Molt m'enueja, si dieus mi vailla,
*Much me-irks so God to-me may-avail*
quan me faill pas sobre toailla,
*when to-me fails bread on tablecloth*
e qui cada petit lom tailla,
*and who each little it-for-me cuts*
c'ades m'es veiaire quem failla,
*for-always to-me-is seeming that-to-me it-fail*
e joves hom ples de nuailla,
*and young man full of sloth*
e dos de puta e sa guazailla.
*and gift from whore and her partnership*
Et enuejam tot eisamen
*And irks-me all likewise*
maizos d'ome trop famolen,
*house of-man too hungry*
e mels ses erbas en pimen,
*and honey without herbs in spiced-wine*
e quim promet e no m'aten,
*and who-to-me promises and not to-me-keeps*
e d'avol home eisamen
*and of-worthless man likewise*
m'enueja, quar el non apren.
*me-irks because he not learns*

Be m'enueja capa folrada,
*Well me-irks cloak lined*
quan la pels es veill' e uzada,
*when the fur is old and worn*
e capairo de nou orlada,
*and hood of new bordered*
e puta veilla safranada;
*and whore old saffroned*
et enuejam rauba pelada
*and irks-me garment threadbare*
pos la Sains Miquels es passada.
*once the Saint Michael is passed*

* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
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*(lacuna)*
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*(lacuna)*

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*(lacuna)*

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*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

Et enuejam com de la mort

*And irks-me as of the death*

qui d'avoleza fai conort,

*who of-baseness makes comfort*

et enuejam d'ardaillon tort.

*and irks-me of-prong crooked*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

Et enuejam estar a port

*And irks-me to-stay at pass*

quan no puesc passar e plou fort.

*when not I-can to-cross and it-rains hard*

## Fort m'enoja, s'o auzes dire

### 9 · IT IRKS ME STRONGLY, IF I DARED SAY IT

*The longest of the Monk's lists of what irks him. He cannot stand a boaster who serves badly, a rich man who carries a shield and has never taken a blow, bearded monks, a poor proud lady, a husband too fond of his wife, a vainglorious knight abroad who at home only grinds pepper, a cowardly standard-bearer, too much water in too little wine, meat badly cooked, a lying priest, running on ice, sleeping with a stinking old hag, a worthless man who beats a fair wife, a bad fiddler at a good court, too many lords in one castle, quarrels among friends, and a saddle whose bows shake.*

Fort m'enoja, s'o auzes dire,
*Strongly me-irks if-it I-dared to-say*
parliers quant es avols servire;
*talker when he-is worthless server*
et hom que trop vol autr' aucire
*and man who too-much wishes other to-slay*
m'enoja, e cavals que tire.
*me-irks and horse that drags*
Et enojam, si dieus m'ajut,
*And irks-me so God me-may-help*
rics hom quan trop porta escut,
*rich man when too-much carries shield*
quan sol u colp noi a agut,
*when only one blow not-there has had*
capela e morgue barbut,
*chaplain and monk bearded*
e lausengier bec esmolut.
*and slanderer beak sharpened*

Enoja me domn' enuejosa
*Irks me lady irksome*
quant es paubra et orgoillosa,
*when she-is poor and proud*
e marritz qu'ama trop sa sposa,
*and husband who-loves too-much his wife*
neus s'era domna de Tolosa.
*even if-she-were lady of Toulouse*
Et enojam de cavallier
*And irks-me of knight*
for de son païs ufanier,
*out of his country vainglorious*
quant en lo sieu non a mestier,
*when in the his not has need*
mais sol de pestar en mortier,
*but only of pounding in mortar*
pebre o de tastar sabrier.
*pepper or of tasting sauce*

Enoja mi d'autra maneira
*Irks me in-another manner*
hom volpilz quan porta baneira,
*man cowardly when carries banner*
e d'avol austor en riveira,
*and of-worthless goshawk on river*
e pauc manjar en gran caudeira.
*and little food in great cauldron*

Et enojam per Saint Marti
*And irks-me by Saint Martin*
trop d'aiga en petit de vi,
*too-much of-water in little of wine*
e quan trob escassier mati
*and when I-find cripple in-the-morning*
m'enoja, e d'orb atressi
*me-irks and of-blind-man likewise*
car no m'azaut de lor cami.
*for not myself-I-delight in their road*

Enojam longa tempradura
*Irks-me long tempering*
e carns quant es mal cota e dura,
*and meat when it-is ill cooked and hard*
e prestre qui men nis perjura,
*and priest who lies and-himself perjures*
e puta veilla, quan trop dura.
*and whore old when too-long lasts*
Et enojam, per Saint Dalmatz,
*And irks-me by Saint Dalmatius*
d'avol home en trop gran solatz,
*of-worthless man in too great cheer*
e corre quan per vïa a glatz
*and to-run when along road there-is ice*
e fugir ab caval armatz
*and to-flee with horse armed*
m'enoja, e maldir de datz.
*me-irks and cursing of dice*

Et enojam, per vita eterna,
*And irks-me by life eternal*
manjar ses foc quan fort iverna,
*to-eat without fire when hard it-winters*
e jaser ab veilla galerna,
*and to-lie with old hag*
quant ella flara en la taverna.
*when she stinks in the tavern*
Et enojam, car es de fer,
*And irks-me for it-is of iron*
avols hom qu'a bella moiller,
*worthless man who-has fair wife*
e per gelosia la fer,
*and through jealousy her strikes*
e sai o be qui la enquer,
*and I-know it well who her woos*
e no lo lais per marit fer
*and not it leaves for husband fierce*

Enoja me per Saint Salvaire
*Irks me by Holy Savior*
en bona cort avols violaire,
*in good court worthless fiddler*
et en pauca terra trop fraire,
*and in small land too-many brothers*
et a bon joc paubre prestaire.
*and at good game poor lender*

Et enojam per Saint Marsel
*And irks-me by Saint Marcel*
doas penas en un mantel,
*two furs in one mantle*
e trop parier en un castel,
*and too-many co-lords in one castle*
e rics hom ab pauc de revel,
*and rich man with little of revelry*
et en tornei dard e quairel.
*and in tourney dart and bolt*

Enoja me, si dieus mi vailla,
*Irks me so God to-me may-avail*
longa tabla ab bref toailla,
*long table with short cloth*
et hom ab mas roinos quan tailla.
*and man with hands scabby when carves*
Et ausbercs pesanz d'avol mailla
*And hauberk heavy of-worthless mail*
et enojam estar a port
*and irks-me to-stay at pass*
quan trop cor greu venz e plou fort;
*when too-much runs heavy wind and it-rains hard*
e entre amics dezacort.
*and among friends discord*
Aquel enois m'es peiz de mort
*That vexation to-me-is worse than death*
quan sai que tenson a lor tort.
*when I-know that they-quarrel to their wrong*

E dirai vos que fort me tira,
*And I-shall-tell you what strongly me vexes*
veilla gazals quan trop s'atira,
*old whore when too-much herself-adorns*
e paubra soudadeir' aïra,
*and poor hireling haughty*
e donzels qui sas cambas mira.
*and squire who his legs admires*
Et enojam per Saint Aon
*And irks-me by Saint Aon*
dompna grassa ab magre con,
*lady fat with lean cunt*
e seignoratz que trop mal ton,
*and lordship that too-much ill shears*
que no pot dormir quant a son,
*who not can to-sleep when he-has sleep*
major enoi non a el mon.
*greater vexation not there-is in-the world*

Ancar i a mais que m'enoja,
*Still there is more that me-irks*
cavalcar ses capa ab ploja,
*to-ride without cloak in rain*
e quan trob ab mon caval troja,
*and when I-find with my horse sow*
qui sa manjaüra li voja.
*who his manger for-him empties*

Et enojam quar nom sab bo
*And irks-me for not-to-me tastes good*
de sella, quan crolon l'arço,
*of saddle when shake the-saddlebows*
e fivella ses ardaillo,
*and buckle without prong*
e malvaitz hom dins sa maiso
*and wicked man within his house*
car no di ni fai s'enoi no.
*for not says nor does if-vexation not*

## Seigner, si aguessetz regnat

10 · LORD, IF YOU HAD REIGNED

*A single cobla addressed to a lord. Had he ruled by the counsel of his bailiffs, King Alfonso would not send him such greetings and friendship, he would not be honored in Provence and all Lombardy, and King John would hold no more lordship at Niort than at Saint-Maixent.*

Seigner, si aguessetz regnat
*Lord if you-had reigned*
per conseill dels vostres baillos
*by counsel of-the your bailiffs*
no uos manderal reis N Anfos
*not to-you would-send-the king Sir Alfonso*
tant salut ni tant' amistat,
*so-much greeting nor such friendship*
ni no vos agra tant onrat
*and not you would-have so-much honored*
sai Proënza ni tota Lumbardïa;
*here Provence nor all Lombardy*
ni a Nïort non agra seignorïa
*and at Niort not would-have lordship*
lo reis Joäns plus que a Saint Massenz
*the king John more than at Saint Maixent*
si regnassetz per conseill de servenz.
*if you-reigned by counsel of sergeants*

## Aissi com sel c'a estat ses seingnor

### 11 · JUST AS HE WHO HAS BEEN WITHOUT A LORD

*Like a freeholder who gave only for love and is now forced by an evil lord, the Monk was long his own master and now has Love for a lord, who lets him neither speak his desire nor escape. No warrior frightened him so much, for walls and towers are no defense against Love. He fears his lady, asks her pardon for setting his heart on her, and counsels her not to welcome him worse if his plea displeases her, since a harsh dismissal would start false rumors. He is no courtier who falls in love at a glance, having served two or three years in silence. Poitou and Angoumois have kept him from Montbrison, and Lady Maria has no equal.*

Aissi com sel c'a estat ses seingnor
*Just as he who-has been without lord*
en son alo franchamen et en patz
*in his freehold freely and in peace*
qu'anc re no det ni mes mas per amor
*that-ever anything not gave nor spent but for love*
ni'n fo destretz mas per sas voluntatz,
*nor-thereof was constrained but by his wishes*
e pueisas es per mal seingnor forsatz:
*and afterward is by evil lord forced*
atressim fui mieus mezeis longamen,
*likewise-myself I-was mine own long*
qu'anc re no fi per autrui mandamen;
*that-ever anything not I-did by another's command*
ar ai seingnor ab cui nom val merces,
*now I-have lord with whom not-to-me avails mercy*

amor, que a mon cor en tal loc mes
*love who has my heart in such place put*
on non aus dir ni mostrar mon talen
*where not I-dare to-say nor to-show my desire*
ni per nuill plait partir no m'en puesc ges.
*and for any plea to-part not myself-thence I-can at-all*

Anc nuills guerriers nom fes tan de paor,
*Ever any warrior not-to-me made so-much of fear*
que dels autres mi deffent eu assatz
*for from-the others myself defend I enough*
en fort castel o dinz mur o dinz tor,
*in strong castle or within wall or within tower*
o vauc fugen desgarnitz o armatz:
*or I-go fleeing unarmed or armed*
mas ab aquest nom val sens ni foudatz
*but with this-one not-to-me avails sense nor folly*
qu'inz el mon cor s'en intra e s'enpren,
*for-within in-the my heart itself-thence enters and itself-kindles*
si que nuls hom no l'au nil ve nil sen,
*so that any man not it-hears nor-it sees nor-it feels*
tro que be l'a a totz sos obs conques,
*until that well it-has to all its needs conquered*
eil fai semblar lo jorn an e l'an mes,
*and-to-him makes to-seem the day year and the-year month*
qu'en tal dompna ai mes mon pensamen
*for-in such lady I-have put my thought*
don crei, qu'enanz m'en veigna danz que bes.
*whence I-believe that-sooner to-me-thereof come harm than good*

A nuill maltraich nom tengra la dolor
*At any torment not-to-me would-hold the grief*
que jam vengues d'autra ni'n fos iratz,
*that ever-to-me came from-another nor-thereof I-were grieved*
mas de vos, domn', ai temens' e paor,
*but of you lady I-have dread and fear*
car ai en vos compaigni'e solatz.
*for I-have in you company-and cheer*
E car vos sui vostra merce privatz,
*And since to-you I-am your mercy familiar*
nous sïa mal, dompna, s'en vos m'enten,
*not-to-you let-be ill lady if-in you myself-I-set*
qu'ieu non o fatz, dompna, per lo mieu sen,
*for-I not it do lady by the my sense*
mas per aquel d'amor, que m'a si pres,
*but by that of-love which me-has so taken*
que quant eu cug quer' autra quem plagues,
*that when I think to-seek another who-to-me pleased*
per qu'oblides lo vostr'entendemen,
*so that-I-forgot the your-courtship*
la plus bella mi sembla laida res.
*the most fair to-me seems ugly thing*

E vos, domna, per vostra gran valor
*And you lady by your great merit*
vos mezeusa d'aiso me conseillatz,
*you yourself of-this me counsel*

que be sabetz que nuls hom vas amor
*for well you-know that any man against love*
no pot gandir de re pois fort li platz.
*not can to-escape in anything once strongly to-it it-pleases*
Qu'ieu m'en soi tan defendutz e loignatz,
*For-I myself-thence am so restrained and withdrawn*
que denan vos nom vauc ni nom presen
*that before you not-myself I-go and not-myself I-present*
ni aus vezer vostre gen cors plazen
*nor I-dare to-see your noble person pleasing*
e prec amor que ja cor nom mezes
*and I-pray love that ever heart not-to-me it-put*
qu'ieu vos pregues, dompna, car tem queus pes.
*that-I you begged lady for I-fear that-to-you it-grieve*
E s'aissius prec, dompna, forsadamen
*And if-so-you I-beg lady perforce*
no m'en sïa ja peitz, si mieills nom n'es.
*not to-me-thereof let-it-be ever worse if better not-to-me thereof-is*

De totz conseils vos darïal meillor,
*Of all counsels to-you I-would-give-the best*
bella dompna, si vos m'en crezïatz
*fair lady if you me-thereof would-believe*
que s'ieu vos prec, nom sïatz de pejor
*that if-I you beg not-to-me be of worse*
acuillimen, si mos prejars nous platz.
*welcome if my pleading not-to-you pleases*
Et en aissi sera lo ditz celatz,
*And in so will-be the saying hidden*

car si de vos mi partetz malamen
*for if from you me you-part badly*
et eu vos sai amic ni benvolen
*and I you know friend and well-wisher*
en preiarai assatz leu dos o tres
*thereof I-shall-beg enough easily two or three*
e pois sera cuiat so que non es,
*and then will-be thought that which not is*
car us fals digs entre la folla gen
*for a false saying among the foolish folk*
val atretan com si vers proatz es.
*is-worth as-much as if true proved it-is*

Bella domna, de vostra gran valor
*Fair lady of your great merit*
no sai tan dir que vos mais non aiatz
*not I-know so-much to-say that you more — have*
la meiller etz e de major honor
*the best you-are and of greater honor*
que sïa lai el païs, on estatz,
*that be there in-the country where you-stay*
dels majors bes de las majors beutatz
*of-the greatest goods of the greatest beauties*
e cil ab vos an mais d'acuidamen
*and those with you have more of-expectation*
que amon joi e solatz e joven.
*who love joy and cheer and youth*

Mas eu non son ges dels nesis cortes
*But I not am at-all of-the foolish courtiers*
c'ab un esgart si fan drut demanes.
*who-with one glance themselves make lover at-once*
[Mas de mi a passat dos ans o tres
*But of me has passed two years or three*
qu'eus son privatz qu'anc de re nous enques].
*that-to-you I-am familiar that-ever of anything not-you I-sought*

Mas de bon cor vos am tan finamen,
*But with good heart you I-love so truly*
que non avetz ni cozi ni paren
*that not you-have nor cousin nor kinsman*
qu'ieu non am mais que me ni tot quant es.
*whom-I not love more than me or all that is*
E sim penses, qu'om nos n'aperceubes,
*And if-me I-thought that-one not-himself thereof-perceived*
tostemps, domna, vos anera seguen,
*always lady you I-would-go following*
ses cor que ia re no vos en disses.
*without heart that ever anything not to-you thereof I-said*

Be m'agra vist l'Alvergnatz plus soven
*Well me-would-have seen the-Auvergnat more often*
a Monbriso, e tuich mei benvolen,
*at Montbrison and all my well-wishers*
mais tengutz m'an Petaus et Engolmes,
*but held me-have Poitou and Angoumois*
e ges a lor no senbla l'ans us mes
*and at-all to them not seems the-year a month*
et eu nescis per que me tol lo sen
*and I foolish for which from-me takes the sense*
Na Marïa, non a par de totz bes.
*Lady Maria not has peer in all goods*

## Aissi cum selh qu'a plag mal e sobrier

### 12 · JUST AS HE WHO HAS A BAD SUIT

*Like a litigant with a weak case who would rather settle through friends than face judgment, the Monk trusts Love and Mercy to settle his case as two friends would, since right will not help him with his lady. Yet he has no grievance: she honors him and his squire, laughs gladly when she sees him, and wishes him well. He dares not tell her his love, fearing she would change her welcome. Ladies have this bad habit: love them in plain friendship and they love you back, but beg them in earnest and they turn into mortal enemies, as no Jew, Saracen, or usurer would, for the pride of loving them too much.*

Aissi cum selh qu'a plag mal e sobrier
*Just as he who-has suit bad and excessive*

que non auza escoutar jutjamen,
*who not dares to-hear judgment*

que per dreyt pert tot so que vai queren,
*for by right he-loses all that which he-goes seeking*

e metrïa tot lo plag voluntier
*and would-put all the suit willingly*

en dos amicx per far bon acordier
*in two friends for to-make good agreement*

o plait d'amor: et ieu fauc atretal
*or settlement of-love and I do the-same*

qu'ab ma dona sai be que dregz nom val,
*for-with my lady I-know well that right not-to-me avails*

per qu'ieu amor pregui et a merce
*for which-I love I-beg and to mercy*
del plait d'amor qu'en aquestz dos mi cre
*of-the settlement of-love for-in these two myself I-trust*
quem poirïon far jauzen e joyos
*who-me could to-make rejoicing and joyful*
de lai on dregz nom poirïa esser bos.
*from there where right not-to-me could to-be good*

Mas pus de re no la prec ni l'enquier,
*But since of anything not her I-beg nor her-entreat*
que m'en val dregz ni que vauc plus languen
*what to-me-thereof avails right or why I-go more languishing*
pus tort nom fai em honra finamen
*since wrong not-to-me she-does and-me honors truly*
e m'a solatz adreit e plazentier?
*and to-me-has cheer fitting and pleasing*
Que ges non ai tan malvat escudier
*For at-all not I-have so wicked squire*
qu'ilh nol honre aitan, si dieus mi sal,
*that-she not-him honor as-much so God me may-save*
cum hom deu far son amic natural,
*as one ought to-do his friend natural*
e ja non er tant irada de re
*and ever not will-be so angry at anything*
quil no rïa de bon cor, quan mi ve,
*that-she not laugh from good heart when me sees*

e platz li fort mos enans e mos pros,
*and pleases to-her strongly my advance and my profit*
e veus lo tort quem fai totas sazos.
*and behold the wrong that-me she-does all seasons*

E conosc be que folh sen e leugier
*And I-know well that foolish sense and light*
ai, s'ab aitan no m'en tenc per manen,
*I-have if-with so-much not myself-thereof I-hold for wealthy*
per dieu, sim fauc, quequez ieu m'an dizen,
*by God so-myself I-do whatever I myself-go saying*
que re nom falh de tot quan m'a mestier.
*for anything not-to-me fails of all that to-me-has need*
Mas quar no l'aus mostrar mon cossirier
*But because not to-her-I-dare to-show my brooding*
de tal guiza, qu'a lieys no saubes mal,
*in such manner that-to her not it-tasted ill*
e pueys agra tot gaug entier cabal.
*and then I-would-have all joy entire perfect*
Mas ges non ai tan d'ardimen in me
*But at-all not I-have so-much of-boldness in me*
que loy digua, pus nos tanh nis cove,
*that it-to-her I-say since not-itself befits nor-itself behooves*
e pueys dopte, sil camge mas razos,
*and then I-fear if-to-her I-change my speeches*
qu'ilh me camge lo solatz el respos.
*that-she to-me change the cheer and-the answer*

Quar d'aisso an donas trop mal mestier
*For of-this have ladies very bad craft*
e plus selha, qu'a ric pretz e valen,
*and most she who-has rich worth and worthy*
que si l'amatz per plan acordamen
*that if her-you-love by plain accord*
en dreit solatz e per plan alegrier
*in right cheer and by plain gladness*
amara vos ab fin cor et entier:
*she-will-love you with true heart and entire*
e s'etz forsatz per fin amor coral,
*and if-you-are forced by true love heartfelt*
que forsals ricx els paupres per engual,
*that forces-the rich and-the poor by equal*
que la preguetz de cor per bona fe
*that her you-beg from heart by good faith*
e l'ametz mais que no soletz ganre,
*and her-you-love more than — you-are-wont greatly*
aqui meteys se partira de vos
*there same herself will-part from you*
eus volra mal eus metra ochaizos,
*and-you will-wish ill and-to-you will-put charges*

e tenra vos per so mortal guerrier;
*and will-hold you for that mortal foe*
e non ave mais de neguna gen;
*and not happens more from any folk*

qu'el mon non a juzieu tan mescrezen
*for-in-the world not has Jew so misbelieving*
ni sarrazi ni borzes renovier,
*nor Saracen nor burgher usurer*
que si l'amatz huey mais que no fetz hier,
*that if him-you-love today more than — you-did yesterday*
qu'elh mais nous am cum que sïa de mal
*that-he more not-you loves how that be of ill*
e nous n'aya solatz plus cominal;
*and not-to-you thereof-have cheer more common*
e ja dompna nous o tenra a be
*and ever lady not-to-you it will-hold to good*
e volraus mal e diraus be per que:
*and will-wish-you ill and will-tell-you well for what*
quar anc auzetz esser tan ergulhos
*because ever you-dared to-be so proud*
que l'amassetz mais d'autra que anc fos.
*that her-you-loved more than-other that ever was*

## Aissi com cel c'om mena al jutjamen

13 · JUST AS HE WHOM ONE LEADS TO JUDGMENT

*Like a man accused of a small offense who could flee but walks fearfully to the court, the Monk stands where Love has put him, unable to plead right or cry mercy. In a fair court his only wrong, that he loves his lady and praises her, would be called right. She may wish him ill, but he would rather she lose him for speaking well of her than win him as a churl or slanderer, since a churl has no share in love. Love's power is above all rank. He denies loving two ladies at once and praises her worth, lacking only her mercy. The song goes to the count of Angoulême.*

Aissi com cel c'om mena al jutjamen
*Just as he whom-one leads to-the judgment*
qui es per pauc de forfait acusatz
*who is for little of misdeed accused*
et en la cort non es gaire amatz,
*and in the court not is much loved*
e poirïa ben estorser fugen,
*and could well to-escape fleeing*
mas tan se sap a pauc de faillimen
*but so himself knows at little of offense*
no vol fugir mas vai s'en lai doptos:
*not wishes to-flee but goes himself-thence there fearful*
atressi m'a amors en tal loc mes
*likewise me-has love in such place put*
don nom val dregs ni l'aus clamar merces
*whence not-to-me avails right nor her-I-dare to-cry mercy*
ni del fugir no sui ges poderos.
*and of-the fleeing not I-am at-all capable*

Bona domna, s'ieu fos leialmen
*Good lady if-I were loyally*
en vostra cort mantengutz ne jutjatz,
*in your court upheld or judged*
lo tortz qu'eus ai fora dreitz apellatz,
*the wrong that-to-you-I have would-be right called*
qu'ieu m'en puosc ben esdir per sagramen,
*for-I myself-thereof can well to-clear by oath*
donc contra mi non avetz nuill garen
*then against me not you-have any witness*
qu'ieu anc faillis, domna cortesa e pros,
*that-I ever failed lady courteous and worthy*
mas car vos am e tot cant de vos es
*but that you I-love and all that of you is*
e car n'aus dir en mainz rics locs granz bes;
*and that thereof-I-dare to-say in many rich places great goods*
veus totz los tortz, domna, qu'eu ai ves vos.
*behold all the wrongs lady that-I have toward you*

Per aital tort me podetz longamen
*For such wrong me you-can long*
gran mal voler, domna, mas be sapchatz
*great ill to-wish lady but well know*
que per be dir voill trop mais quem perdatz,
*that for well speaking I-wish much more that-me you-lose*
quem gazaingnetz vila ni maldizen;
*than-me you-gain churlish or ill-speaking*
car d'amor son tuit siei fait avinen,
*for of-love are all its deeds comely*

e pois hom es vilas ni enveios,
*and once man is churl or envious*
pois en amor non a renda ni ces;
*then in love not has rent nor tribute*
amar pot el, mas d'amor non a ges
*to-love can he but of-love not has at-all*
sill faig eill dig tuit no son amoros.
*if-the deeds and-the words all not are loving*

Be fai amors a honrar finamen,
*Well does love to honor truly*
qu'el mon non es tan rica poëstatz
*for-in-the world not is so rich power*
que no fassa totas sas voluntatz,
*that not it-do all its wishes*
e tot quant fai es trop bon e plasen;
*and all that it-does is very good and pleasing*
e dieus i fes molt grant enseingnamen
*and God therein did very great wisdom*
quant volc que tot fos mesura e rasos
*when he-willed that all were measure and reason*
senz e foldatz sol qu'az amor plagues,
*sense and folly only that-to love it-pleased*
e paratges noi des re ni tolgues
*and rank not-there gave anything nor took*
pois fin'amors se metri'en amdos.
*once true-love itself would-put-in both*

Bona domna, no creatz l'avol gen
*Good lady not believe the-worthless folk*
quez eu fezes de mi doas meitatz
*that I made of me two halves*
for de mo cor que s'es en vos mudatz.
*except of my heart which itself-is into you moved*
Qu'en u sol loc ai ades mon enten.
*For-in one only place I-have ever my intent*
E sapchatz be qui en dos locs s'enten,
*And know well who in two places himself-sets*
res non es menz de nesi voluntos
*anything not is less than fool willful*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

Be lau d'amor quar m'a donat talen
*Well I-praise of-love for me-has given desire*
de lieis, on es pretz e sens e beutatz,
*of her in-whom is worth and sense and beauty*
enseingnamens, conoissenz' e solatz;
*breeding discernment and cheer*

res non es meinz, mas que merces noil pren
*anything not is lacking but that mercy not-to-her takes*
de mi d'aitan que m'esgardes rizen
*of me in-so-much that me-she-looked laughing*
e quem fezes senblan de bel respos;
*and that-to-me she-made show of fair answer*
ab sol aitan for' ieu gais e cortes,
*with only so-much would-be I gay and courtly*
e ja no vuelh pueys mens de XXIII,
*and ever not I-wish then less than twenty-three*
de sobreplus el sieu bel plazer fos.
*of surplus in-the her fair pleasure were*

Al pro conte vuelh que an ma chansos
*To-the worthy count I-wish that go my song*
d'Engolesme, si vol la rend'el ses
*of-Angoulême if he-wishes the rent-and-the tribute*
qu'ieu ai conquis, que ieu vuelh per u tres
*which-I have won for I wish for one three*
qu'a mi no falh Lunelhs ni Araguos.
*for-to me not fails Lunel nor Aragon*

## Aram pot ma domna saber

### 14 · NOW MY LADY CAN KNOW

*The Monk has not sung for two years, and sings now neither for summer nor for flowers but because his lady has let him sing of her in secret. A man who gives what little he can, loyally and with good will, is worth more than a duke or marquis. It was bold of him to court her, but he can only gain by it, and her leave to sing is gain enough. He sent her his heart as messenger one evening while he slept, and does not want it back. He asks her mercy and tells Lady Maria that his song is gilded by her, through whom Ventadorn and Turenne are worth more.*

Aram pot ma domna saber
*Now-me can my lady to-know*
qu'eu ges no chant nim do joi ni solatz
*that-I at-all not sing nor-myself give joy nor cheer*
pel gent estiu ni per las flors dels pratz;
*for-the noble summer nor for the flowers of-the meadows*
qu'ella sap be que mais a de dos ans
*for-she knows well that more has than two years*
qu'eu no chantei ni fon auzitz mos chans,
*that-I not sang nor was heard my song*
tro qu'a leis plac que per so chauzimen
*until that-to her it-pleased that through her clemency*
volc qu'eu chantes de leis celadamen;
*she-willed that-I sang of her secretly*
per que eu chant e m'esfors com pogues
*for which I sing and myself-strive how I-could*
so far e dir c'a l'avinen plagues.
*that make and say which-to the-gracious-one might-please*

E cel que so pauquet poder
*And he who his little power*
fa voluntiers, no deu esser blasmatz,
*does willingly not ought to-be blamed*
ab que del plus sïa la volontatz,
*provided that of-the more be the will*
el acuillirs el gaugs el bels semblans,
*and-the welcome and-the joy and-the fair looks*
e que sïa lïals e fis amans
*and that he-be loyal and true lover*
qu'en u sol loc aja tot son enten
*that-in one only place he-have all his intent*
cel c'aitals es val mais mon escïen
*he who-such is is-worth more my knowing*
ad obs d'amar no fai ducs ni marques,
*at need of-loving than does duke or marquis*
quar sa ricors cuiarïal valgues.
*for his greatness he-would-think-to-him availed*

Aitals vos son ab ferm voler,
*Such to-you I-am with firm will*
bona dompna, de bo cor, so sapchatz;
*good lady of good heart that know*
em so per vos, domna, tan meilluratz
*and-myself am by you lady so bettered*
que trastotz vius e sas e gen parlans
*that all living and sound and nobly speaking*
m'era trop loncs recrezutz d'er enans,
*I-was too long recreant from-now forward*

trom venc en cor, domn' ab cors covinen,
*until-to-me came in heart lady with person seemly*
qu'eu vos preies don fi gran ardimen.
*that-I you begged whence I-did great boldness*
Anc mais no fi ardit tan bem vengues
*Ever more not I-did bold-deed so well-to-me it-came*
car gazaignar posc e perdre no ges.
*for to-gain I-can and to-lose not at-all*

Pro gadaing car me datz lezer
*Enough I-gain for to-me you-give leave*
qu'eu chant de vos, bona domna, nius platz:
*that-I sing of you good lady and-to-you it-pleases*
per so, domna, si mais m'en fazïatz,
*for that lady if more to-me-thereof you-did*
vostre mezeus serïa totz l'enans,
*yours same would-be all the-advancement*
quar be petit de be for'a mi grans
*for well little of good would-be-to me great*
el gran benfait penri' eu eissamen
*and-the great benefit would-take I likewise*
e rendrïal guizardo per u cen,
*and I-would-render-the reward for one hundred*
no ges tan ric, domna, com si taisses,
*not at-all so rich lady as it befitted*
car per totz temps n'estari' ab merces.
*for for all time thereof-I-would-stay with thanks*

E pois merces nom pot valer
*And since mercy not-to-me can to-avail*
ab vos, domna, c'us messagiers privatz
*with you lady that-a messenger intimate*
parles per mi qu'eu no sui azinatz.
*speak for me for-I not am at-ease*
S'eu n'ai passat u pauc vostres comans,
*If-I thereof-have passed a little your commands*
perdonatz me, bona domna presans,
*pardon me good lady prized*
qu'eu vos tramis u messatge avinen:
*for-I to-you sent a messenger gracious*
mo cor, c'u ser me laisset endurmen,
*my heart which-one evening me left sleeping*
qu'eu tenc vas vos, dompna, et ab vos es;
*which-I hold toward you lady and with you is*
de bo luec mou, mas en meillor s'es mes.
*from good place it-moves but in better itself-is put*

E ia, domna, no vuoill aver
*And ever lady not I-wish to-have*
ab mi mo cor, mais am que vos l'ajatz;
*with me my heart more I-love that you it-have*
quar anc u jorn no poc estar en patz;
*for ever one day not it-could to-stay in peace*
tant ai en vos pauzat toz mos talans,
*so-much I-have in you set all my desires*

e pois en vos ai pauzat toz mos tans
*and since in you I-have set all my stakes*
mal estera, s'era merces nous pren,
*ill it-would-stand if-now mercy not-you takes*
es met en vos, pois sabetz veramen,
*and-itself puts in you since you-know truly*
cals es vas vos la mïa bona fes,
*what is toward you the my good faith*
o cal afan trai cel c'amors a pres.
*or what toil suffers he whom-love has taken*

Na Marïa, beus deu amar mos chans
*Lady Maria well-you ought to-love my song*
qe a la fin e al comensamen
*that at the end and at-the beginning*
se daur'ab vos e ab mais de plazen.
*itself gilds-with you and with more of pleasing*
Per vos val mais Ventadorn e Tornes
*Through you is-worth more Ventadorn and Turenne*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

## Aissi com cel qu'es en mal seignoratge

### 15 · JUST AS HE WHO IS UNDER AN EVIL LORDSHIP

*Like a tenant under a cruel lord who would move to a kinder one, the Monk wants to leave the lady who has slain him and go to another, gay and courtly, who loves him but not as a lover. He has never dared tell her his desire, fearing to lose her company. Like an escaped captive seeking his prison again, he goes back to Love, since one good among a hundred ills is sweet. He asks Love for a safe-conduct to speak to her. His eyes are his messengers, he loves all her kin, and he is a captive who would be more dead if he were released.*

Aissi com cel qu'es en mal seignoratge
*Just as he who-is in evil lordship*

e no troba merce ni chausimen
*and not finds mercy nor clemency*

ab son seingnor, ans car lo raub'el pren
*with his lord rather because him robs-and-him seizes*

si volrïa mudar de son estatge
*so would-wish to-move from his dwelling*

sobre seingnor quil fos de bon usatge:
*onto lord who-to-him were of good custom*

atressim voill mudar de sa baillïa
*likewise-I wish to-move from her power*

de lieis que m'a mort en sa seignorïa,
*of her who me-has slain in her lordship*

e sai 'n autra qui anc re no mespres,
*and I-know thereof another who ever anything not transgressed*

et es sos cors gais e bels e cortes
*and is her person gay and fair and courtly*

et amam fort mas no per drudarïa.
*and she-loves-me strongly but not for love-making*

E car anc non aic tan de vassalatge
*And because ever not I-had so-much of courage*
queil auses dir mo cor ni mo talen,
*that-to-her I-dared to-say my heart nor my desire*
ni o farai tan cum aja mo sen,
*nor it shall-I-do so-long as I-have my sense*
mas deus mi do tal mal don eu enratge
*but God to-me may-give such ill whence I rage*
que loi dïa tot per plan auranatge;
*that it-to-her I-say all through plain madness*
qu'estiers no sui tan arditz que loi dïa,
*for-otherwise not I-am so bold that it-to-her I-say*
tal paor ai que la bella parïa
*such fear I-have that the fair fellowship*
qu'eu ai ab leis nom longues nim tolgues;
*that-I have with her from-me she-distance or-from-me take*
mas ja pois mais preveire noi vengues
*but ever after more priest not-there would-come*
que ja per re viu nom aconsegrïa.
*for ever by anything alive not-me would-overtake*

D'aitan sui fols e fatz aital follatge,
*In-so-much I-am foolish and I-do such folly*
com cel que pres a estat longamen
*as he who captive has been long*
et es estortz e pois vai enqueren
*and is escaped and then goes seeking*
tal re per c'om lo torn' en presonatge:
*such thing by which-one him turn into imprisonment*

atressi vau enqueren mo dampnatge
*likewise I-go seeking my harm*
qu'ieu er' estortz d'afan e de folïa
*for-I was escaped from-toil and from folly*
e voill tornar lai on amors m'aucïa;
*and I-wish to-return there where love me-was-slaying*
mas tan m'es douz entre cen mals us bes
*but so to-me-is sweet among hundred ills one good*
que nom membra d'afan qu'eu anc agues.
*that not-to-me it-recalls of-toil that-I ever had*
Veus tot to meills per ver qu'en amor sïa.
*Behold all the best for true that-in love be*

Mas sim preses amors en so guiatge,
*But if-me took love into its safe-conduct*
que denan leis auses seguramen
*that before her I-dared securely*
dire mo cor qu'eu l'ai celadamen,
*to-say my heart which-I it-have secretly*
e qu'il vas me no camges so coratge
*and that-she toward me not changed her heart*
ni me fezes so bel solatz salvatge;
*nor to-me made her fair cheer harsh*
si aquest guit amors far me volïa
*if this safe-conduct love to-make to-me would-wish*
jamais en mi nuils hom no peccarïa
*evermore in me any man not would-sin*
qu'eu nol guies tan quan mos poders es,
*that-I not-him guided so-far as my power is*

et ab lo guit bon ostal nol fezes:
*and with the conduct good lodging not-to-him made*
aital coven, amors, vos en farïa.
*such covenant love to-you thereof I-would-make*

Bella domna, mei oill vos son messatge,
*Fair lady my eyes to-you are messenger*
que res del mon no lur es tan plasen
*for anything of-the world not to-them is so pleasing*
com vos, dompna, e tuit vostre paren
*as you lady and all your kin*
e cel qui son de vostre franc lignatge;
*and those who are of your frank lineage*
qu'eu n'ai baissat mainz oills e maint visatge
*for-I thereof-have kissed many eyes and many face*
car semblavon de vostra compaignïa.
*because they-seemed of your company*
E n'ai faita ja mainta romarïa
*And thereof-have made already many pilgrimage*
c'anc no preguei dieu que tan mi valgues,
*that-ever not I-prayed God that so-much to-me he-availed*
mas de vos, domna, que en cor vos mezes
*but of you lady that in heart to-you he-put*
que saubeses com eus am ses bausïa.
*that you-knew how you I-love without deceit*

Ses bausïaus am e ses cor volatge
*Without deceit-you I-love and without heart fickle*
per la beutat e per l'enseingnamen,
*for the beauty and for the-breeding*
per verai pretz e per l'acuillir gen
*for true worth and for the-welcoming noble*
pois forsa m'en amors per agradatge,
*since forces me-thereto love by pleasure*
a cui det deus aitan de seingnoratge,
*to whom gave God so-much of lordship*
que cui el vol destreing e pren e lïa
*that whom he wishes constrains and takes and binds*
que li mei oill m'an mostrada la vïa
*that the my eyes to-me-have shown the way*
ab que eu eis me soi lïaz e pres,
*with which I myself myself am bound and taken*
et anc no cuit mais qu'a pres avengues,
*and ever not I-think more that-to captive it-befell*
qu'eu sui mortz pres e plus mortz quim solvïa.
*that-I am dead captive and more dead if-one-me released*

## Mos sens e ma conoissenza

16 · MY SENSE AND MY UNDERSTANDING

*The Monk's understanding has made him choose a lady beyond his reach, yet he cannot leave her, and he asks God to let him come before her. Her greatness would have to forget itself, and love force her, for him to reach her; he has done half the work and she should do the other half. Loving in a high place brings more honor than a rich joy elsewhere. He does her liege homage and thanks her for the palfrey from which she let him dismount. Love, like a usurer, always seeks more. He would be content with a kind answer, if she sincerely called him her fair friend and granted herself to him, and he would not trade her house, were it his, for any king's fiefs.*

Mos sens e ma conoissenza
*My sense and my understanding*
m'an fait en tal loc chausir
*me-have made in such place to-choose*
don mi valgra mais suffrensa,
*whence to-me would-avail more forbearance*
c'ara noi posc avenir
*for-now not-there I-can to-attain*
ni ges no m'en sai partir.
*and at-all not myself-thence I-know to-part*
Donc be fatz gran faillimen,
*Then well I-do great offense*
s'eu sec so que no m'aten,
*if-I follow that which not to-me-attends*
mas deus me lais segre tan
*but God me may-let to-follow so-far*
queill sïa encar denan.
*that-to-her I-be yet before*

E ja denan noill serïa
*And ever before not-to-her I-would-be*
si la sua grans ricors
*if the her great greatness*
ves mi noill dessovenïa,
*toward me not-to-her were-forgotten*
e que la'n forses amors,
*and that her-thereto forced love*
qu'eu non ai autre socors.
*for-I not have other succor*
Pero fait n'ai la meitat
*Yet done thereof-I-have the half*
et ill fera gran bontat,
*and she would-do great goodness*
s'en l'autra part tan fezes
*if-in the-other part so-much she-did*
don alcus bes mi vengues.
*whence some good to-me came*

E ja de leis bes nom veingna
*And ever from her good not-to-me come*
totz temps li serai aclis,
*all times to-her I-shall-be bowed*
qu'amors mi mostra e m'enseingna
*for-love to-me shows and me-teaches*
c'ades en ric loc m'aizis,
*that-ever in rich place myself-I-settle*
e si del be nom jauzis,
*and if of-the good not-myself I-enjoy*

la honors m'en volra mais
*the honor to-me-thereof will-be-worth more*
que d'autre loc us rics jais.
*than of-other place a rich joy*
Donc s'eu am a grant honor
*Then if-I love at great honor*
per quem virarai aillor?
*for what-myself shall-I-turn elsewhere*

Aillors no vir mo coratge,
*Elsewhere not I-turn my heart*
ni o farai ja per re,
*nor it shall-I-do ever for anything*
qu'anz li fatz lige homenatge
*for-rather to-her I-do liege homage*
eill refer grat e merce
*and-to-her I-render gratitude and thanks*
per amor del palafre
*for love of-the palfrey*
don sim laisset davallar.
*whence so-me she-let to-dismount*
Donc noi ac pro? al mieu par
*Then not-there had profit to-the my seeming*
no. Qu'amors fai l'uzurier,
*no For-love does the-usurer*
qu'ades, on mais a, plus quier.
*for-ever the-more more he-has more he-seeks*

Pero del querrem laissera,
*Yet of-the seeking-myself I-would-leave-off*
s'amors tan no m'en forses,
*if-love so-much not me-thereto forced*
si que del tot m'en lunhera,
*so that of-the whole myself-thence I-would-withdraw*
s'aquesta amor oblides.
*if-this love I-forgot*
Mas per so l'estau de pres,
*But for that to-her-I-stand from near*
quar m'alegr'el sieu vezer,
*for myself-gladdens-the her seeing*
e preira l'en pel jazer
*and I-would-beg her-thereof for-the lying*
un dous esguart amoros
*a sweet glance loving*
e pel baissar bel respos.
*and for-the kissing fair answer*

Bel respos mi poyra faire
*Fair answer to-me could make*
la bella, vas cuy soplei,
*the fair-one toward whom I-bow*
sim disses senes cor vaire:
*if-to-me she-said without heart fickle*
bels amics, a vos m'autrey.
*fair friend to you myself-I-grant*
Qu'el mon non a duc ni rey,
*For-in-the world not has duke nor king*
qu'ieu camges per totz sos fieus
*that-I would-exchange for all his fiefs*
lo sieu ostal, s'era mieus,
*the her house if-it-were mine*
on guarda so cors novel
*where she-guards her person new*
sobre totas beutatz bel.
*above all beauties fair*

## Mas cel que vol tot jorn esser sanatz

SPURIOUS 1 · BUT HE WHO WISHES TO BE ALWAYS SOUND

---

*A single cobla on sense and folly. The man who wishes to be sensible every day is often deceived in his wisdom, for great sense has often done harm and great folly has often helped. So a man given to love should not weigh his profit or his folly, and no man can have true worth unless he sets his mind on love.*

Mas cel que vol tot jorn esser sanatz
*But he who wishes every day to-be sound*

es enganatz souen en so saber,
*is deceived often in his knowledge*

quar mantas uetz ay uist gran sen noszer
*for many times I-have seen great sense to-harm*

et adjudar mantas uetz grans foudatz;
*and to-help many times great folly*

perque nulhs homs que mante drudayrïa
*wherefore any man who maintains love-making*

non deu gardar son pro ni sa folïa,
*not ought to-heed his profit nor his folly*

ni no pot auer pret[z] ualen(t)
*and not can to-have worth worthy*

nulhs homs, s'in amor non enten.
*any man if-in love not he-aspires*

## Sobre sacramen vei obrar

SPURIOUS 2 · I SEE SOME WORK AGAINST THEIR OATH

---

*Some are breaking their sworn covenant, and the images of the saints are angry because the ladies have broken the agreement. Each lady pounds a paste kneaded with egg and plasters white lead and vermilion on chin and face, with camphor, angelica, borage, and silvering, and beans soaked in ass's milk. They gather three hundred boxes and bags of ointments. Saint Peter and Saint Lawrence were never believed about the covenants they had old women swear, whose teeth are longer than a boar's. Worse, the ladies have made saffron so dear that it would be better eaten in sauces, and they buy silk to wrap themselves in.*

Sobre sacramen vei obrar
*Against oath I-see to-work*
de tals que s'en degran laissar,
*some such who themselves-thence ought to-leave-off*
e non es gen,
*and not is noble*
c'a la chascuna vei falsar
*for-by the each-one I-see to-falsify*
lo covenen.
*the covenant*

Per so son li vout irascut
*For that are the images angered*
car hom lor a lor plait ronput,
*because one to-them has their agreement broken*

e non an grat
*and not have thanks*
queill quecha fai pisar son glut
*for-the each-one makes to-pound her paste*
am uelf pastat.
*with egg kneaded*

De blanquet e de vermeillon
*With white-lead and with vermilion*
se meton tant sobrel menton
*themselves they-put so-much upon-the chin*
et en la fatz,
*and on the face*
c'anc no vist tirantïatron
*that-ever not you-saw face-salve*
deves tot latz.
*from every side*

De cafer'e de tifeigno,
*With camphor-and with tifeigno*
d'angelot, de borrais an pro
*of-angelica of borage they-have plenty*
e d'argentat,
*and of-silvering*
de que se peingnon a bando
*with which themselves they-paint at will*
quan l'an mesclat.
*when it-they-have mixed*

En lait de sauma an temprat
*In milk of she-ass they-have tempered*
favas, ab que s'an adobat
*beans with which themselves-have adorned*
lo viel convers,
*the old convert*
eill quecha jura charitat
*and-the each swears charity*
que res non es.
*that anything not is*

Quant ellas an lor onguimenz
*When they have their ointments*
totz ajustatz per sagramentz
*all gathered by oaths*
vos veirïatz
*you would-see*
de boissas e de sacs tresenz
*of boxes and of bags three-hundred*
ensems lïatz.
*together bound*

Anc sainz Peire ni sainz Laurenz
*Ever saint Peter nor saint Lawrence*
no son crëuz dels covinenz,
*not are believed of-the covenants*

que feiron far
*which they-made to-make*
a veillas qu'an plus longas denz
*to old-women who-have more long teeth*
d'un porc cenglar.
*than-a pig boar*

Peitz an faitz, non avez auzi:
*Worse they-have done not you-have heard*
tant nos an lo safran charzi,
*so-much for-us they-have the saffron made-dear*
que oltra mar
*that beyond sea*
o conteron li pelegri:
*it told the pilgrims*
ben dei clam far.
*well I-ought complaint to-make*

Que meils vengra qu'om lo manges
*For better it-would-come that-one it ate*
en sabriers, qu'en aissil perdes,
*in sauces than-in so-it lost*
e compressan
*and they-bought*
cendals, don quecha se bendes,
*silks whence each herself would-bind*
pos talen n'an.
*since desire thereof-they-have*

## Aissi com hom que seingner occaisona

SPURIOUS 5 · JUST AS A MAN WHOM HIS LORD ACCUSES

*Just as a lord accuses a vassal without cause and holds him until he pays, the poet's lady accuses him because it pleases her and keeps him in her prison. She will get no ransom, for he would rather be her captive than go free. He does not believe she is cruel enough to kill him, and warns her that a lord who wrongs his baron fails him as a baron fails his lord. If he were king she would wear a gold crown. He has served her long in vain, but he will love her whether she likes it or not.*

Aissi com hom que seingner occaisona
*Just as man whom lord accuses*

ses tort, domna, quan l'a en son poder,
*without wrong lady when him-he-has in his power*

eil qier merce e non la'n vol aver,
*and-to-him he-asks mercy and not it-thereof he-wishes to-have*

anz lo ten tan tro qe del sieu li dona,
*rather him holds so-long until that of-the his to-him he-gives*

m'ochaisonatz quar vos platz eus sap bo,
*me-you-accuse because to-you it-pleases and-to-you tastes good*

e m'aves mes, domn' en vostra priso.
*and me-you-have put lady in your prison*

Mas ja de me non aures rezenso,
*But ever from me not you-will-have ransom*

q'enanz voill que pres mi tengatz,
*for-sooner I-wish that captive me you-hold*

domna, que sim deslivravatz,
*lady than if-me you-released*

e non cug com anc mais vis pres
*and not I-think that-one ever more saw captive*
qu'esser deslivratz non volgues.
*that-to-be released not wished*

Mas saber voill, domna, meiller de bona,
*But to-know I-wish lady better than good*
e la genser c'om anc pogues vezer,
*and the fairest that-one ever could to-see*
si m'aucires, que nous posc mal voler;
*if me-you-will-slay for not-you I-can ill to-wish*
qu'eu non o cre nim semblatz tan felona,
*for-I not it believe nor-to-me you-seem so cruel*
e vos gardatz vos en de failliso.
*and you guard yourself thereof from failing*
C'atressi faill seingner vas so baro
*For-likewise fails lord toward his baron*
col bars vas lui, sill men' outra raso.
*as-the baron toward him if-him he-leads beyond reason*
E per so que vos non failliatz,
*And for that that you not fail*
pois pres m'avez, non m'ausiaz;
*since captive me-you-have not me-slay*
vaillam ab vos ma bona fes
*may-avail-to-me with you my good faith*
e humilitatz e merces.
*and humility and mercy*

Que s'ieu fos reis, vos agratz d'aur corona;
*For if-I were king you would-have of-gold crown*
tan vos mi fai abellir e temer
*so-much you to-me makes to-please and to-fear*
vostra beutatz, on ai mes mon esper,
*your beauty in-which I-have put my hope*
si c'az autra mos cors no s'abandona,
*so that-to other my heart not itself-yields*
e membre vos, domna, del guizardo.
*and let-remind you lady of-the reward*
Que lonjamen ai servit en perdo.
*For long I-have served in vain*
Mas fe que deg a mon bel compaingno,
*But faith that I-owe to my fair companion*
d'una ren mi sui acordatz:
*of-one thing myself I-am resolved*
consi que vos en captengatz,
*however that you thereof bear-yourself*
vos amarai, vos plass'ous pes,
*you I-shall-love to-you let-it-please-or-to-you grieve*
mais mout volgra mais queus plagues.
*but much I-would-wish more that-to-you it-pleased*

## Ades on plus viu mais apren

SPURIOUS 6 · ALWAYS THE MORE I LIVE THE MORE I LEARN

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*The longer he lives the more he learns of good and ill, in himself and others. Those who blame him for not singing should blame their own discourtesy; he would sing if singing were welcome. Song is worth little unless it comes from love, and for a year love did him neither good nor harm, but now he has reached a safe harbor. His lady is the best and most pleasing; nature never made her equal, and joy, worth, and courtesy dwell with her. Rank forbids him to ask her love, so he asks only that she accept his praise of her. Lady Maria's name is welcomed above all others.*

Ades on plus viu mais apren
*Ever the-more more I-live more I-learn*
e mais sai de mal e de be
*and more I-know of ill and of good*
e meills sai conoisser en me
*and better I-know to-recognize in me*
et en autrui foldat e sen.
*and in others folly and sense*
Sel que ditz tot jorn follïa
*He who says every day folly*
e si meteis non chastïa,
*and himself same not chastens*
non obra ges a dreg garan;
*not works at-all by right warrant*
e sil quem blasmon car non chan,
*and those who-me blame because not I-sing*
degron blasmar los lur faitz deschausitz,
*ought to-blame the their deeds uncourtly*
eu chantera si chantar fos grasitz.
*I would-sing if singing were welcomed*

Qu'eu non chasti ni non repren,
*For-I not chastise and not reprove*
que chascus sap consis capte,
*for each-one knows how-himself he-bears*
mais gen fora c'on vis en se
*but nobly it-would-be that-one saw in himself*
so que conois en l'autra gen.
*that which he-knows in the-other folk*
Mas ben dic que pauc valrïa
*But well I-say that little would-be-worth*
chans si d'amor no movïa;
*song if from-love not it-moved*
e de mi a passat un an
*and of me has passed a year*
c'amors nom tenc ni pro ni dan
*that-love not-to-me held nor profit nor harm*
mas eu sui gais que jois d'amor m'es guitz;
*but I am gay for joy of-love to-me-is guide*
conven qu'eu chan, c'a dreit port son eissitz.
*it-behooves that-I sing for-to right harbor I-am come*

Qu'amors m'esmenda ben e gen
*For-love to-me-amends well and nobly*
los mals qu'eu n'ai suffertz ancse,
*the ills that-I thereof-have suffered ever*
c'amar mi fai per bona fe
*that-to-love me makes by good faith*
la meillor e la plus plasen,
*the best and the most pleasing*

e tal c'a en sa baillïa
*and such that-has in her keeping*
tot quant eu voill ni querïa.
*all that I wish or sought*
C'anc natura non obret tan
*For-ever nature not wrought so-much*
c'altra'n fasses del sieu semblan,
*that-other-thereof she-made of-the her likeness*
qu'en leis es jois restauratz e norritz
*for-in her is joy restored and nourished*
qu'era aillors sordeiatz e faillitz.
*which-was elsewhere debased and failed*

Lo cors a gai e covinen
*The person she-has gay and comely*
entier que ren noi descove,
*entire that anything not-there misbecomes*
et beutatz noi va ni noi ve
*and beauty not-there goes and not-there comes*
anz i a fait son estamen.
*rather there has made its dwelling*
Jois e pretz e cortesïa,
*Joy and worth and courtesy*
solatz senes vilanïa,
*cheer without churlishness*

convinenz ditz e faitz presan
*seemly words and deeds prized*
sojornon ab leis, et es tan
*dwell with her and she-is so*
de totz bos aibs e son gen cors garnitz,
*with all good qualities and her noble person furnished*
e de totz mals aloingnatz e faiditz.
*and from all ills removed and banished*

Lo cors el cor el pensamen
*The body and-the heart and-the thought*
ai en leis que d'als nom sove,
*I-have in her that of-else not-to-me it-recalls*
ni ja pensar non voill de re
*and ever to-think not I-wish of anything*
mas can del sieu enansamen.
*but only of-the her advancement*
Plus qu'en la mar non parïa
*More than-in the sea — would-appear*
l'aiga qui plus n'i metïa,
*the-water who more thereof-there put*
non pareis el sieu cors presan
*not appears in-the her person prized*
lo bens qu'eu dic de lei lausan.
*the good that-I say of her praising*
Pero vers es so quel proverbes ditz,
*Yet true is that which-the proverb says*
que bos pretz creis on plus loing es ausitz.
*that good worth grows the-more more far it-is heard*

Domna, nous prec ni non enten
*Lady not-you I-beg and not I-intend*
que vos m'ametz, ni nos cove,
*that you me-love and not-itself befits*
car sitot cresiatz merce,
*for although you-believed mercy*
paratges sai queus mi defen;
*rank I-know that-you from-me forbids*
mas d'aissous prec sius plasïa,
*but of-this-you I-beg if-to-you it-pleased*
domna, que s'ieu ren disïa
*lady that if-I anything said*
queus fos plasen ni benestan,
*that-to-you were pleasing or seemly*
que de vos n'aja sol aitan,
*that from you thereof-I-have only so-much*
mi voill onrar vostre gens cors chausitz;
*me wish to-honor your noble person choice*
vos non er dans el mieus jois n'er complitz.
*to-you not will-be harm and-the my joy thereof-will-be fulfilled*

Si ja rasos nom disïa
*If ever reason not-to-me said*
que de mi donz Na Marïa
*that of my lady Lady Maria*
parles re, que fos benestan,
*I-spoke anything that were seemly*
veritatz mi fai dir d'aitan,
*truth me makes to-say of-so-much*
quel sieus noms es sobr' autres noms grasitz,
*that-the her name is above other names welcomed*
eil sieu fait son de pretz sims e raïtz.
*and-the her deeds are of worth tops and roots*

---

PERDIGON

# *The Complete Songs*

# Vida

## THE LIFE OF PERDIGON

*Perdigon was a fisherman's son from Lesperon in Gévaudan who became a jongleur, skilled at fiddling, composing, and singing. His craft and good sense raised him so high that the Dauphin of Auvergne made him his knight, gave him land and revenue, and armed him. Then his fortune changed: he lost friends, worth, and wealth, entered the Cistercian order, and died. The second life says he went to Rome with Guilhem des Baux, Folquet of Marseille, and the abbot of Cîteaux to organize the crusade against Count Raimon of Toulouse, preached it in song so that people took the cross, and praised God when the French killed King Peter of Aragon, his own patron, at Muret, so that he fell from worth, honor, and wealth. His friends among the crusaders died, and when Raimon recovered his land, Perdigon dared go nowhere, the Dauphin took back his gifts, and Lambert de Monteil had him received at the Cistercian house of Silvabela, where he died.*

Perdigos fo joglars e saub trop ben violar e trobar
*Perdigon was jongleur and knew very well to-fiddle and to-compose*
e cantar. E fo de l'avescat de Gavaudan, d'un borc
*and to-sing And was of the-bishopric of Gévaudan of-a town*
que a nom Lespero e fo filhs d'un pescador. E per
*that has name Lesperon and was son of-a fisherman And through*
son trobar e per son sen s'en montet en pretz
*his composing and through his sense himself-thence rose in worth*
e en onor tan, qu'el Dalfis d'Alvernhe lo retenc per
*and in honor so-much that-the Dauphin of-Auvergne him retained for*
son cavalier, e·l det terra e renda, e·l vestic
*his knight and-to-him gave land and revenue and-him clothed*
e l'armet ab si lonc temps; e tug li bon home
*and him-armed with himself long time and all the good men*
li fazian honor; e de grans bonas aventuras ac lonc
*to-him did honor and of great good fortunes had long*

temps; (mas molt se camjet lo seus afars que mortz
*time but much itself changed the his affair for death*
li tolc las bonas aventuras e det li las malas, qu'el
*from-him took the good fortunes and gave to-him the bad for-he*
perdet los amics e las amigas, e·l pretz e l'onor e
*lost the friends and the lady-friends and-the worth and the-honor and*
l'aver; e pois se rendet en l'orde de Cistel e lai
*the-wealth and then himself gave in the-order of Cîteaux and there*
el moric).
*he died*

Et estant en aquella honor, el anet ab lo princep d'Aurenga,
*And being in that honor he went with the prince of-Orange*
en G. del Baus, e ab Folquet de Marseilla, evesque de
*Sir G of-the Baux and with Folquet of Marseille bishop of*
Tolosa, e ab l'abat de Cistel a Roma per mal del comte
*Toulouse and with the-abbot of Cîteaux to Rome for ill of-the count*
de Tolosa, e per adordenar crozada, e per deseretar lo
*of Toulouse and for to-ordain crusade and for to-disinherit the*
bon comte Raimon. E sos neps lo coms de Bezers fon
*good count Raimon And his nephew the count of Béziers was*
mortz e Carcasses e Albeges fon destrug; en muri
*killed and Carcassès and Albigeois was destroyed and-there died*
lo reis Peire d'Arago ab mil cavaliers denan Murel,
*the king Peter of-Aragon with thousand knights before Muret*
e pus de .xx. milia d'autres homes. Et a totz aquest
*and more than twenty thousand of-other men And at all these*
faitz far fon Perdigos, e·n fetz prezicansa en cantan
*deeds to-do was Perdigon and-thereof made preaching in singing*
per que las gens se crozeron; e·n fetz lauzors
*through which the folk themselves crossed and-thereof made praises*
a Dieu, car li Frances avian mort e desconfit lo rei
*to God because the French had killed and defeated the king*

d'Arago, lo quals lo vestia e·l dava sos dos; per qu'el
*of-Aragon the who him clothed and-to-him gave his gifts for which-he*
cazec de pretz e d'onor e d'aver. E can l'agron
*fell from worth and from-honor and from-wealth And when him-they-had*
enrequit, tug silh que remazon vieu negus no·l volgron
*enriched all those who remained alive any not-him wished*
vezer ni auzir. E tug li baro de la sua amistat foron
*to-see nor to-hear And all the barons of the his friendship were*
mort per la guerra, lo coms de Montfort, en G. del
*dead through the war the count of Montfort Sir G of-the*
Baus, e tug l'autre c'avian faita la crozada; e lo coms
*Baux and all the-others who-had made the crusade and the count*
Raimons ac recobrada sa terra; Perdigos non auzet anar
*Raimon had recovered his land Perdigon not dared to-go*
ni venir, e·l Dalfis d'Alvernhe ac li touta la terra
*nor to-come and-the Dauphin of-Auvergne had from-him taken the land*
e la renda que li avia dada. Et el s'en anet a·n
*and the revenue that to-him had given And he himself-thence went to-Sir*
Lambert de Montelh, qu'era genre d'En G. del Baus,
*Lambert of Monteil who-was son-in-law of-Sir G of-the Baux*
e preget lo qu'el fezes recebre en una maiso de Sistel
*and begged him that-he make to-receive in a house of Citeaux*
que a nom Silvabela; e el fetz lo i recebre, e lai
*that has name Silvabela and he made him there to-receive and there*
mori.
*died*

## Los mals d'Amor ai eu ben totz apres

### 1 · I HAVE LEARNED ALL THE ILLS OF LOVE

---

*He has learned every ill of love and never one day of its good, and only good hope keeps him from despair. Death would serve him better than life without his Pleasure, yet he will not give up hope, for Mercy pardons greater wrongs. His lady's beauty and merit keep him in Good Hope, and he asks only that humility and clemency take hold in her. If she once called him her friend, love would make amends that same day. The song goes to Aziman and Tostems.*

Los mals d'Amor ai eu ben totz apres,
*The ills of-Love have I well all learned*
mas anc los bes no puec un jorn saber,
*but ever the goods not I-could one day to-know*
e si no fos qu'ar ieu ai bon esper
*and if not were that-now I have good hope*
ben cujera que no·n i agues ges;
*well I-would-have-thought that not-of-them there were at-all*
et agra dreg qu'eu fos desesperatz,
*and I-would-have right that-I were despairing*
tant ai amat et anc no fui amatz;
*so-much I-have loved and ever not I-was loved*
pero si·l bes es tan dous e plazens
*yet if-the good is as sweet and pleasing*
quom es lo mals engoissos e cozens,
*as is the ill anguishing and burning*
anz vuel murir qu'eu ancar non l'atenda.
*rather I-wish to-die than-I still not it-await*

Atressi·m cug que·l mortz mais me valgues
*Likewise-myself I-think that-the death more to-me availed*
que vida sai tostemps ses mon Plazer;
*than life here always without my Pleasure*
e doncs m'es mielhs que mueir' en bon esper
*and then to-me-it-is better that I-die in good hope*
qu'aia vida que ja pro no·m tengues;
*than-I-have life that ever profit not-to-me held*
qu'assatz es mortz totz hom que viu iratz,
*for-enough is dead every man who lives grieved*
a cui non es jois ni plazers donatz;
*to whom not is joy nor pleasure given*
eu sui ben cel que negus jausimens
*I am well he whom any rejoicing*
no·m pot dar joi per que sia jausens
*not-to-me can to-give joy through which I-be rejoicing*
tro qu'a mi dons plassa qu'a merce·m prenda.
*until that-to my lady it-please that-into mercy-me she-take*

E s'ieu per so sui forfaitz ni mespres
*And if-I for that am guilty or offending*
quar sol vos aus dezirar ni voler,
*because only you I-dare to-desire or to-will*
jes per tot so no·m tuelh de bon esper,
*at-all for all that not-myself I-withdraw from good hope*
que major tort perdona ben Merces;
*for greater wrong pardons well Mercy*

pero si·l tortz mi fos a dreg jutgatz
*yet if-the wrong to-me were by right judged*
non cujera tan esser encolpatz;
*not I-would-think so-much to-be blamed*
mas vencutz es tot so que forza vens,
*but conquered is all that which force conquers*
que negus dreg no·i pot esser guirens,
*for any right not-there can to-be protector*
per que m'es ops que Merces me defenda.
*for which to-me-it-is need that Mercy me defend*

La grans beutatz e·l valors qu'en leis es
*The great beauty and-the merit that-in her is*
e tuich bon aip que dompna puesc' aver
*and all good qualities that lady can to-have*
mi fan ades estar en bon Esper;
*me make ever to-stay in good Hope*
que so non cuich que ges esser pogues
*for that not I-think that at-all to-be could*
que lai on es totz autres bes pausatz
*that there where is every other good set*
que no·i degues esser Humilitatz;
*that not-there should to-be Humility*
so·m fai sofrir mas dolors bonamens,
*that-me makes to-endure my griefs gladly*
qu'Humilitatz, Merces e Chausimens
*for-Humility Mercy and Clemency*
m'en pot valer sol qu'a midons s'enprenda.
*to-me-thereof can to-avail only that-in my-lady itself-kindle*

Eu et Amors em d'aital guis'enpres
*I and Love we-are of-such manner-engaged*
qu'ora ni jorn, nueg ni mati ni ser,
*that-hour nor day night nor morning nor evening*
no·s part de me ni eu de bon Esper;
*not-itself parts from me nor I from good Hope*
que mort m'agra la dolors, tant greus es,
*for dead me-would-have the grief so heavy it-is*
si·n bon Esper no·m fos asseguratz;
*if-in good Hope not-myself were assured*
pero mos mals no·n es en re mermatz,
*yet my ill not-thereby is in anything diminished*
que bos Espers m'aura fag longamens
*for good Hope me-will-have made long*
estar marriz et en grans pessamens
*to-stay downcast and in great thoughts*
et ancar tem que plus car no m'o venda.
*and still I-fear that more dearly — to-me-it it-sell*

Mas s'ieu un jorn fos amics apelhatz
*But if-I one day were friend called*
de tant bon cor quom ieu li·m sui donatz,
*with so good heart as I to-her-myself am given*
a la bella don no·is part mos talens,
*to the fair-one whence not-itself parts my desire*
anc tant Amors no·m destreis malamens
*ever so-much Love not-me constrained cruelly*
qu'en eis lo jorn no·m agues fach esmenda.
*that-on same the day not-to-me had made amends*

[Vas n'Azimans vuelh, chanso, que tengatz
*Toward Sir-Aziman I-wish song that you-go*
et a·N Tostems, car lur seretz plazens;
*and to-Sir Tostems for to-them you-will-be pleasing*
mais non tenhatz entre las avols gens,
*but not keep-yourself among the worthless folk*
car qui mais val, crei que mielhs vos entenda.]
*for who more is-worth I-believe that better you understand*

## Ben aio·l mal e·l afan e·l consir

### 2 · BLESSED BE THE ILL, THE TOIL, AND THE CARE

*He blesses the pains of love, since without ill no good would taste sweet. He thanks Love for the sweet desire and for making him give himself to his lady, a gift he would not trade for the whole world. She could find a richer lover, but in loving all are equal, and a poor man of sense can outdo the rich. True love asks for a true and loyal friend, not a count or an emperor, and rank without good conduct shames itself. He asks True Joy to keep him and ignore the slanderers. He praises Uc des Baux and the lord of Montpellier.*

Ben aio·l mal e·l afan e·l consir
*Well may-have-the ill and-the toil and-the care*
qu'ieu ai sufert lonjamen per amor;
*that-I have suffered long for love*
que mil aitan m'en an mais de sabor
*for thousand times to-me-thereof have more of savor*
li ben qu'Amors mi fai aras sentir,
*the goods that-Love to-me makes now to-feel*
que plus mi fai lo mals lo ben plazer;
*for more to-me makes the ill the good to-please*
que semblan m'es que si ja mals no fos
*for seeming to-me-is that if ever ill not were*
ja negus bens no fora saboros;
*ever any good not would-be savory*
donc es lo mals melhuramens del be,
*so is the ill bettering of-the good*
per qu'usquecs fai a grazir quan s'ave.
*for which-each is to thank when it-happens*

A fin' Amor grazisc lo douz dezir
*To true Love I-give-thanks-for the sweet desire*
que·m fai estar en tant fina doussor,
*that-me makes to-stay in such fine sweetness*
que non es mals don eu sentis dolor,
*that not is ill whence I felt grief*
si totz lo mons me jutjava a morir;
*if all the world me judged to die*
et aia·n grans merces, car fetz voler
*and let-her-have-thereof great thanks because she-made to-wish*
a la bella de cui fatz mas chansos
*to the fair-one of whom I-make my songs*
qu'a lieys mi des, car anc tant no·m plac dos;
*that-to her myself I-gave for ever so-much not-to-me pleased gift*
quar qui·m dones tot lo mon per jasse,
*for if-one-to-me gave all the world for ever*
no·m plagra tant cum quan li donei me.
*not-to-me would-please so-much as when to-her I-gave me*

Qu'en amador pogr' il ben avenir,
*For-in lover could she well to-attain*
tan a de pretz, de sen e de valor,
*so-much she-has of worth of sense and of merit*
on se trobera trop mais de ricor;
*where herself would-find much more of wealth*
mais als auctors ai ancse auzit dir
*but to-the authorities I-have ever heard to-say*
qu'en ben amar em chascuns d'un poder,
*that-in well loving we-are each of-one power*

et hom paubres fai hi melhurazos,
*and man poor does therein better*
quant es de sen, contra·l ric cabalos,
*when he-is of sense against-the rich supreme*
qu'aitan quan sap meins de valor en se
*for-as-much as he-knows less of merit in himself*
tant grazis mais qui l'honra ni·l mante.
*so-much thanks more who him-honors or-him upholds*

Quar fin' Amors no manda ges chauzir
*For true Love not bids at-all to-choose*
comte ni rey, duc ni emperador,
*count nor king duke nor emperor*
mas fin amic e ses cor trichador
*but true friend and without heart deceiving*
franc e leial e que·s gart de falhir;
*frank and loyal and who-himself guards from failing*
e qui no sap aquestz ayps mantenir
*and who not knows these qualities to-maintain*
paratge aunis e si mezeis met jos,
*rank shames and himself self puts down*
car ad amor non es valens ni bos;
*for to love not is worthy nor good*
qu'en paratge non conosc eu mais re
*for-in rank not know I more anything*
mas que mais n'a cel que mielhs se capte.
*but that more thereof-has he who better himself bears*

Fis jois honratz, pois tant vos faitz grazir,
*True joy honored since so-much yourself you-make welcomed*
per amor Deu aissi doblatz l'onor
*for love of-God so double the-honor*
que·m retenguatz per leyal preyador,
*that-me you-retain for loyal suitor*
e no vulhatz escoutar ni auzir
*and not wish to-listen nor to-hear*
fals lausengiers, quar en joi dechazer
*false slanderers for in joy to-decline*
ponhon totz temps, tant son contrarios,
*strive all times so they-are contrary*
e vos faitz lor morir totz enveios;
*and you make them to-die all envious*
si co·l pechat estenh hom ab merce,
*just as-the sin quenches one with mercy*
estenhetz els, quar per els no·m recre.
*quench them for through them not-myself I-give-up*

Aitan sapchatz, s'ieu ja ren cug valer,
*So-much know if-I ever anything think to-be-worth*
mos senher n'Uc del Bautz, qu'es envejos
*my lord Sir-Uc of-the Baux who-is eager*
de tot quan tanh a fin pretz cabalos,
*of all that befits to true worth supreme*
m'o fai cujer, qu'ab tal gaug mi rete
*to-me-it makes to-think for-with such joy me retains*
cum s'er' ieu pretz qu'el ama mais que re.
*as if-were I worth that-he loves more than anything*

De Monpeslier vai ben a mon Plazer,
*Of Montpellier goes well to my Pleasure*
qu'el seigner es francs e humils e bos
*for-the lord is frank and humble and good*
et en sos faitz es d'aitals guizerdos
*and in his deeds is of-such rewards*
qu'el honra Dieu et tot bon pretz mante
*that-he honors God and all good worth upholds*
per qu'el lo creis e l'enanssa e·l soste.
*for which-he it grows and it-advances and-it sustains*

## Trop ai estat mon Bon Esper no vi

### 3 · TOO LONG I HAVE STAYED FROM MY GOOD HOPE

*He has stayed away from his Good Hope too long through his own folly, and the harm falls on him alone. Like a man bathing in the middle of the water who dies of thirst, he dies of desire in a foreign land. He feels so guilty that he does not know how to come before her, and if he loses her he loses himself and his song. She cannot lose him, for his heart is set on her. His weeping eyes give the lie to the saying that the heart forgets what the eyes do not see. He tells Fair Rainier that he dies of longing.*

Trop ai estat mon Bon Esper no vi,
*Too-long I-have stayed my Good Hope not I-saw*
per qu'es ben dreitz que totz jois me sofranha,
*for which-it-is well right that all joy to-me fail*
car ieu me luenh de la soa companha
*for I myself withdraw from the her company*
per mon fol sen, don anc jorn no·m jauzi;
*through my foolish sense whereof ever day not-myself I-rejoiced*
mas sivals lieis no costa re,
*but at-least her not costs anything*
que·l dans torna totz sobre me,
*for-the harm turns all upon me*
et on ieu plus m'en vau lonhan,
*and the-more I more myself-thence go withdrawing*
meins n'ai de joi e mais d'afan.
*less thereof-I-have of joy and more of-toil*

Si ma foudatz m'enguana e m'auci,
*If my folly me-deceives and me-kills*
ben es razos que ja hom no m'en planha,
*well is reason that ever one not me-thereof pity*
qu'ieu soi com selh qu'en mieg de l'aigua·s banha
*for-I am as he who-in middle of the-water-himself bathes*
e mor de set; et es dreitz, so·us afi,
*and dies of thirst and it-is right that-to-you I-affirm*
qu'ieu mueira deziran del be
*that-I die desiring of-the good*
qu'eu aurai dezirat ancse,
*that-I shall-have desired ever*
et agra·n tot so qu'ieu deman
*and I-would-have-thereof all that which-I ask*
si quan fugi·m traisses enan.
*if when I-fled-me I-had-drawn forward*

Grans merces et qu'ieu morrai enaissi,
*Great mercy and that-I shall-die thus*
car estau sai marritz en terr' estranha,
*for I-stay here downcast in land foreign*
don ai assatz que plor e que complanha,
*whence I-have enough that I-weep and that I-lament*
car no vei lieis que de mort me gueri
*because not I-see her who from death me healed*
e·m trais de ma mala merce;
*and-me drew from my bad mercy*
ailas! quals peccatz me rete,
*alas what sin me holds*

que s'agues mortz estat un an,
*that if-I-had dead been one year*
si·l degr' ieu pueis venir denan.
*so-to-her ought I then to-come before*

Si·m sent mespres que res no sai cossi
*So-myself I-feel guilty that anything not I-know how*
an denan lieis ni no sai com remanha,
*I-go before her and not I-know how I-remain*
quar qui so fai a senhor que no·s tanha
*for who that does to lord which not-itself befits*
quant hom l'a ric, bon et lial e fi,
*when one him-has rich good and loyal and true*
paor deu aver, quan lo ve,
*fear ought to-have when him he-sees*
que perda son senhor e se;
*that he-lose his lord and himself*
e s'ieu pert lieis cui me coman,
*and if-I lose her to-whom myself I-commend*
perdut ai me e joi e chan.
*lost I-have me and joy and song*

Perdre la puesc, qu'ilh non perdra ja mi;
*To-lose her I-can for-she not will-lose ever me*
qu'eis lo jorn vuelh mai que mort me contranha
*for-same the day I-wish more that death me constrain*
qu'ieu ja mon cor departisca ni franha
*than-I ever my heart part or break*
de lieis en cui tan fermamen s'assi,
*from her in whom so firmly itself-sets*
qu'en tot autr' afar me mescre;
*that-in every other affair myself I-distrust*
mas tant la truep de bona fe
*but so-much her I-find of good faith*
que·l cor e·l saber e·l talan
*that-the heart and-the knowledge and-the desire*
i truep acordatz d'un semblan.
*there I-find accorded of-one seeming*

Selh que ditz qu'al cor no sove
*He who says that-to-the heart not it-recalls*
d'aiso qu'om ab los huelhs no ve,
*of-that which-one with the eyes not sees*
li miei l'en desmenton ploran
*the mine him-thereof give-the-lie weeping*
e·l cor planhen e sospiran.
*and-the heart lamenting and sighing*

Belhs Rainiers, de vos me sove
*Fair Rainier of you to-me it-recalls*
et de mi don mas d'autre re,
*and of my lady more of-other thing*
e quan no·us vei, cug far mon dan,
*and when not-you I-see I-think to-do my harm*
e muer per mi don deziran.
*and I-die for my lady desiring*

## Tot l'an mi ten Amors de tal faisso

4 · ALL YEAR LOVE HOLDS ME

*Love holds him like a sleeping sickness from which only making a song awakens him. Love behaved like the thief who persuades a stranger that his road lies elsewhere until the stranger asks him to guide him, and leads him into a trap: he followed Love until he was its prisoner, with no ransom but death. He will not beg mercy, any more than a man already given up to torture. He fights on like a man who has pledged a trial by combat in a court that will not hear his right. He tells Fair Hope that he grieves he ever left her for a lady who will kill him in her sweet prison.*

Tot l'an mi ten Amors de tal faisso
*All the-year me holds Love in such fashion*
cum estai cel qu'a·l mal don s'adormis
*as stands he who-has-the illness whence himself-falls-asleep*
e morria dormen, tant es conquis,
*and would-die sleeping so he-is overcome*
en breu d'ora, entro qu'om lo rissida;
*in short of-time until that-one him awakens*
atressi m'es tal dolors demezida
*likewise to-me-is such grief imparted*
que·m don'Amors que sol no·m sai ni·m sen,
*which-to-me gives-Love that at-all not-myself I-know nor-myself I-feel*
e cuich morir ab aquest marrimen,
*and I-think to-die with this sorrow*
tro que m'esfortz de far una chanso
*until that I-strive to make a song*
que·m rissida d'aquelh turmen on so.
*which-me awakens from-that torment where I-am*

Ben fetz Amors l'usatge del lairo
*Well did Love the-custom of-the thief*
quand encontra cellui d'estranh pais
*when he-meets him of-foreign country*
e il fai creire qu'aillors es sos camis,
*and to-him makes to-believe that-elsewhere is his road*
tro que li di: «Bels amics, tu mi guida»;
*until that to-him he-says Fair friend thou me guide*
et enaissi es mainta gens trahida
*and thus is many folk betrayed*
que·l mena lai on puois lo lia e·l pren;
*that-him leads there where then him binds and-him takes*
et eu puesc dir atressi veramen,
*and I can to-say likewise truly*
quez ieu segui Amor tan que·l saup bo,
*that I followed Love so-long-as to-it it-tasted good*
tant mi menet tro fui en sa preizo.
*so-far me it-led until I-was in its prison*

E te·m lai pres on non truep rezemso
*And holds-me there captive where not I-find ransom*
mas de ma mort, qu'aissi lor abelhis
*but of my death for-so to-them it-pleases*
entre mi dons et Amors cui sui fis;
*between my lady and Love to-whom I-am true*
lor platz ma mortz et lor es abelhida;
*to-them pleases my death and to-them is delightful*

mas eu sui cel que merce no lor crida
*but I am he who mercy not to-them cries*
plus que fai cel qu'es liuratz a turmen,
*more than does he who-is delivered to torment*
que sap que plus no·lh valria nien
*who knows that more not-to-him would-avail anything*
clamar merce, aia tort o razo;
*to-cry mercy he-have wrong or right*
per qu'eu m'en lais que mot no lor en so.
*for which-I myself-thence refrain that word not to-them thereof I-sound*

Pero no sai cal me fass'o cal no,
*Yet not I-know which myself I-do-or which not*
pus per mon dan m'enguana e·m trahis
*since for my harm me-deceives and-me betrays*
amors vas cui estau totz temps aclis
*love toward whom I-stand all times bowed*
al seu plazer, qu'aitals fo m'escarida;
*at-the its pleasure for-such was my-lot*
e tengr' o trop a paraula grazida
*and I-would-hold it much at word welcome*
si no·m mostres tan brau captenemen;
*if not-to-me it-showed so harsh bearing*
mas se aunis pel mieu dechazemen;
*but itself shames through-the my decline*
ben fai semblan que m'aja cor fello,
*well it-makes show that to-me-it-has heart cruel*
que per mon dan non tem far mespreizo.
*for for my harm not fears to-do misdeed*

E fatz esfortz s'ab ira joi mi do,
*And I-make effort if-with grief joy to-me I-give*
quar en aisso·m conort e m'afortis
*for in this-myself I-comfort and myself-strengthen*
contra·l dezir en qu'Amors m'a assis,
*against-the desire in which-Love me-has set*
aissi cum selh qu'a batalh' aramida,
*just as he who-has battle pledged*
que sap de plan sa razos es delida
*who knows of plain his cause is destroyed*
quant es en cort on hom dreg no·l cossen,
*when he-is in court where one right not-to-him allows*
et ab tot so se combat eissamen,
*and with all that himself fights likewise*
me combat ieu en cort on no·m ten pro,
*myself fight I in court where not-to-me holds profit*
que Amors m'a forsjugat, no sai quo.
*for Love me-has misjudged not I-know how*

Ai! Bel Esper, pros dompna eissernida,
*Ah Fair Hope worthy lady discerning*
tant grans dregs es si d'amor mal m'en pren,
*so great right is if from-love ill to-me-thereof comes*
quar anc de vos mi parti, las! dolen
*for ever from you myself I-parted alas grieving*
per cel'una que ja no·m tenra pro,
*for that-one who ever not-to-me will-hold profit*
ans m'aucira en sa doussa preisso.
*rather me-will-kill in her sweet prison*

# Entr'amor e pessamen

## 5 · BETWEEN LOVE AND THOUGHT

*Love, care, hope, and desire toss him up and down, and he fears his lady will forget the leave she granted him, since he has not returned. He prays she will keep her pledge. Now it will be seen who welcomes an abandoned man; if God protects the Baux, he will find shelter there. He asks True Joy not to judge the fallen. He praises the king of Aragon and King Alfonso and wishes them at peace with each other against the infidels. He tells his godson to finish the tower he builds, and sends the song to Sir Arias.*

Entr'amor e pessamen
*Between-love and thought*
e bon cug e greu consir
*and good hope and heavy care*
e fin joi e lonc desir
*and true joy and long desire*
mi menon levan cazen,
*me lead rising falling*
e per luec sospir e plor
*and by turns I-sigh and weep*
de paor,
*from fear*
que·l comjatz
*that-the leave*
que·m fo donatz,
*that-to-me was given*
gent acordatz
*nobly agreed*
s'oblit, car no sui tornatz.
*itself-forget because not I-am returned*

Lo bos cugs en qu'ieu enten
*The good hope in which-I aspire*
m'adui molt coral sospir,
*to-me-brings many heartfelt sigh*
tan tem el cujar faillir
*so-much I-fear in-the thinking to-fail*
qu'ai d'un ric enprendemen:
*which-I-have of-a rich undertaking*
e s'ieu trop estau aillor,
*and if-I too-long stay elsewhere*
lei qu'aor
*her whom-I-adore*
prec, si·ll platz,
*I-pray if-to-her it-pleases*
que no·s deslatz
*that not-itself be-undone*
lo plaitz fermatz
*the pact confirmed*
que·m fo per lieis autreiatz.
*that-to-me was by her granted*

Ar parra d'afortimen,
*Now will-appear of-steadfastness*
qui·m ve laissar e guerpir,
*who-me sees to-leave and to-forsake*
si autre·m vol acuillir
*if another-me wishes to-welcome*
ni·m rete per chausimen;
*or-me retains through clemency*

car li valen valedor
*for the worthy helpers*
an sabor
*have savor*
dels laissatz
*of-the abandoned*
deseretatz,
*disinherited*
don par pecatz,
*whence appears sin*
fasson captenhs acabatz.
*let-them-make conduct perfected*

Qui·m laissa ses fallimen,
*Who-me leaves without fault*
ges per tant no·m cuich delir,
*at-all for so-much not-myself I-think to-perish*
qu'ancar ai on puesc garir,
*for-yet I-have where I-can to-heal*
si Dieus lo Bautz mi deffen;
*if God the Baux for-me defend*
que lai truep fina valor
*for there I-find true merit*
ses error,
*without error*

on l'onratz
*where the-honored*
pretz esmeratz
*worth refined*
sobrepoiatz
*exalted*
ampara·ls desemparatz.
*shelters-the defenseless*

Fins Jois, dreitura·us defen
*True Joy right-to-you forbids*
que, cui que vejatz faillir,
*that whomever that you-see to-fail*
que vos no·i prendatz albir;
*that you not-therein take judgment*
mas pretz e valor e sen
*but worth and merit and sense*
vos det Dieus, que·us fetz meillor
*to-you gave God who-you made better*
e gensor
*and fairer*
dels regnatz:
*than-the reigning*
per so gardatz
*for that see*
que l'enganatz
*that the-deceived*
viu sals, e l'autr' encolpatz.
*live saved and the-other blamed*

Del rei d'Aragon m'es gen,
*Of-the king of-Aragon to-me-is seemly*
quar tan li platz enantir
*for so-much to-him pleases to-advance*
tot quan bos pretz deu grazir;
*all that good worth ought to-welcome*
e·l rei n'Anfos eissamen,
*and-the king Sir-Alfonso likewise*
qu'ab rics faitz d'emperador
*for-with rich deeds of-emperor*
creis s'onor;
*grows his-honor*
don sapchatz
*whence know*
que acordatz
*that accorded*
los volgr' en patz
*them I-would-wish in peace*
vezer contra·ls renegatz.
*to-see against-the renegades*

Fillol, si faitz vostre tor
*Godson if you-make your tower*
az onor
*to honor*
ben gardatz,
*well see*
si ben l'obratz,
*if well it-you-work*

que compliscatz
*that you-complete*
l'obr' e no la desfasatz.
*the-work and not it undo*

Ves n'Arias mon senhor
*Toward Sir-Arias my lord*
vai e cor,
*go and run*
chans mesclatz;
*song mingled*
e di·ll, si·ll platz,
*and tell-him if-to-him it-pleases*
qu'entrels regnatz
*that-among-the kingdoms*
par sos fis pretz esmeratz.
*appears his true worth refined*

## Cil cui plazon tuit bon saber

### 6 · HE WHOM ALL GOOD KNOWLEDGE PLEASES

*A man who loves knowledge learns even from ill, to guard against fault. Sense and Love keep him loyal to his lady, though heeding slanderers could strip him of love and joy. If she wrongs him and repents, he will be comforted, since pardon makes love and gratitude grow. Because he loves her more than anything alive, he should pardon her if she errs: should he not expect the most faults from what he loves most? He trusts his fair beloved to make no displeasing plea, for God reveals the man who sins in secret, and he is left shamed.*

Cil cui plazon tuit bon saber
*He whom please all good knowledge*
can mais ve, mais sap ni apren;
*the-more more he-sees more he-knows and learns*
e[l] mal neis deu hom retener
*and-the ill even ought one to-retain*
per meils gardar de fallimen,
*for better to-guard from fault*
e dels altres deu son pretz enantir,
*and from-the others ought his worth to-advance*
s'ama valor ni·s vol faire grazir;
*if-he-loves merit and-himself wishes to-make welcomed*
me plazon tug e·n son mout enveios,
*to-me please all and-thereof I-am very eager*
mas sens m'en faill e poder per sazos.
*but sense to-me-thereof fails and power at times*

Pero tan m'an dat de lezer
*Yet so-much to-me-have given of leave*
sens e fins Amors, cui mi ren,
*sense and true Love to-whom myself I-render*
c'ab mi dons mi fan remaner
*that-with my lady me make to-remain*
amic e leyal e sufren
*friend and loyal and enduring*
et a tot so c'a leis deu abelir;
*and to all that that-to her ought to-please*
e s'ieu volgues lausengiers consentir
*and if-I wished slanderers to-heed*
c'a plaitz d'amor son totz temps enueyos,
*who-to pleas of-love are all times tiresome*
leu pogr'esser d'amor e de joi blos.
*easily I-could-be of-love and of joy bare*

Mas d'aitan ai apres lo ver
*But of-so-much I-have learned the truth*
que, si·m fai tort ni·m fraing coven
*that if-to-me she-does wrong or-to-me breaks covenant*
cela qui·m ten en son poder,
*she who-me holds in her power*
conort m'en sera, s'en repen.
*comfort to-me-thereof will-be if-thereof she-repents*
per qu'ieu non voill, si a·l tort, m'avenir?
*for what-I not wish if she-has-the wrong to-come-to-terms*

car cel que·s vol francamen repentir
*for he who-himself wishes frankly to-repent*
tem faillir pois, tant li platz lo perdos
*fears to-fail then so-much to-him pleases the pardon*
e·n creis amors e gratz e gazardos.
*and-thereof grows love and thanks and reward*

E pus li jur e·l faz parer
*And since to-her I-swear and-to-her I-make to-appear*
que l'am mais d'autra re viven,
*that her-I-love more than-other thing living*
be·m par, s'el'o deinha voler,
*well-to-me seems if-she-it deigns to-wish*
que·l dei perdonar, s'il meinspren
*that-to-her I-ought to-pardon if-she errs*
no cugei doncs tantas colpas sofrir
*not I-thought then so-many faults to-suffer*
com a la res que pus am e desir?
*as from the thing that most I-love and desire*
car tot lo mon vei com trob'ochaisos,
*for all the world I-see how finds-occasions*
mas meins n'an cel qui plus son temeros.
*but less thereof-have those who more are fearful*

Bell'ami', al vostre valer,
*Fair-beloved to-the your worth*
cui fina lauzor no repren,
*whom true praise not reproves*

me fi tan, per qu'eu non esper
*myself I-trust so-much for which-I not hope*
que fassas nuill plait desplazen;
*that thou-make any plea displeasing*
c'al meins a Dieu non s'en pot ges cobrir,
*for-at-the least to God not himself-thence can at-all to-hide*
cel c'a rescos no·s garda de faillir;
*he who-in secret not-himself guards from failing*
pois mostra Dieus lui el blasme amdos
*then shows God him and-the blame both*
don cel remain aunits e vergonhos.
*whence he remains shamed and ashamed*

## Ir' e pezars e dompna ses merce

7 · GRIEF, SORROW, AND A LADY WITHOUT MERCY

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*Grief and a lady without mercy have taken away his joy and song. Like a ship driven to a bad port, a bad love has led him astray; had he served God as loyally he would stand above an emperor. His heart is burned, and he leaves her through no fault of his own, unless it is that he knows nothing of hunting or hawks. He hates even the land that sustains him, yet it is not right to curse love. The damaged last stanza praises a strong castle that upholds all good worth, the only place he wants joy from.*

Ir' e pezars e dompna ses merce
*Grief and sorrow and lady without mercy*
m'an tolt solatz e chantar e deport,
*from-me-have taken cheer and singing and delight*
e s'ieu pogues alonguar aital mort,
*and if-I could to-prolong such death*
hie·m n'anera, mas sabetz que·m rete?
*I-myself thence-would-go but know-you what-me holds*
On pus me luenh, on pus m'auci e·m te,
*The-more more myself I-withdraw the-more more me-kills and-me holds*
e pus non truep mas captienh ni senhor,
*and since not I-find more protection nor lord*
hie·m prenc ades ab ambas mas lo fre
*I-myself take at-once with both hands the rein*
e remanrai ses merce ab Amor.
*and I-shall-remain without mercy with Love*

Totz mos chantars lais, qu'anc no·m feron be,
*All my songs I-leave for-ever not-to-me they-did good*
et ab tot joi m'azir e·m dezacort;
*and with all joy myself-I-anger and-myself I-disagree*
aissi cum naus cui vens men' a mal port,
*just as ship which wind leads to bad port*
m'a mal'amors menat, no sai per que;
*me-has bad-love led not I-know for what*
quar s'ieu portes a Dieu tan lial fe,
*for if-I bore to God so loyal faith*
el m'agra fag plus aut d'emperador,
*he me-would-have made more high than-emperor*
e qui ama mala dompna ni cre
*and who loves bad lady and believes*
luenh es de joi e pres es de folhor.
*far is from joy and near is to folly*

Lo cors es ars mas eras no·m reve;
*The heart is burned but now not-to-me revives*
e ja no·s cug qu'ueimais aital fais port,
*and ever not-herself let-her-think that-henceforth such burden I-bear*
qu'aissi li lays e non ges al mieu tort;
*for-so to-her I-leave and not at-all at-the my wrong*
e no mi cal guiren, qu'ilh o sap be;
*and not to-me matters witness for-she it knows well*
e pus servirs ni preyars pro no·m te,
*and since serving nor entreating profit not-to-me holds*
fols serai hieu si mais sospir ni plor,
*foolish shall-be I if more I-sigh or weep*

quar res no sai per qu'aisso m'endeve,
*for anything not I-know for which-this to-me-befalls*
mas quar no sai de cassa ni d'austor.
*but because not I-know of hunt nor of-goshawk*

Mas manhs afars que no·l costera re
*But many affairs that not-her would-cost anything*
pogra mi dons tornar al mieu acort;
*could my lady to-turn to-the my accord*
mas ja de lieys no vuelh aver conort,
*but ever from her not I-wish to-have comfort*
per que·m deslonh de s'amor e·m recre,
*for which-myself I-remove from her-love and-myself give-up*
tant qu'ieu n'azir la terra que·m soste,
*so-much that-I thereof-hate the land that-me sustains*
quar er en fas a tot lo mon clamor,
*for now thereof I-make to all the world complaint*
mas jauzimen m'o tol, quan me sove
*but rejoicing from-me-it takes when to-me it-recalls*
que maldire non tanh res ad amor.
*that to-curse not befits anyone to love*

E·l ricx noms cars que ab lieys no s'ave
*And-the rich name dear that with her not itself-agrees*
a bon castelh ferm e segur e fort
*to good castle firm and secure and strong*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
don datz es tortz a cui lo bes cove;
*whence given is wrong to whom the good befits*
e si d'aquest castelh joi no m'ave
*and if from-this castle joy not to-me-comes*
ja dieus no·m do qu'elh me venha d'alhor,
*ever God not-to-me let-give that-it to-me come from-elsewhere*
quar tot quan tanh a bon pretz lo mante;
*for all that befits to good worth it maintains*
veus las armas que defendon la ator.
*behold the arms that defend the tower*

## Mais no·m cug que sons gais

### 8 · NO LONGER DO I THINK I CAN MAKE GAY TUNES

*Love's sighs have so confused him that he can no longer make gay tunes and does not know what he says. He will not complain to his lady, since a lover who is too eager or jealous never enjoys love. Her harsh answer one evening nearly killed him, and he seeks no more pacts with her. He leaves his joy and grief to her pleasure. If her word proves untrue, as he suspects, he will give up singing, and she will have killed him by delaying her help. He warns his lord Sir Uc to beware of slanderers, to whom honor is a burden and baseness a joy.*

Mais no·m cug que sons gais
*More not-myself I-think that tunes gay*
ni motz plans ni ginhos
*nor words plain nor subtle*
sapia far, quar l'esmais
*I-know to-make for the-dismay*
e·l sospirs angoissos
*and-the sighs anguished*
d'amor m'an si camjat
*of-love me-have so changed*
e·l saber esserrat
*and-the knowledge locked-up*
que res no sai que·m dic;
*that anything not I-know what-myself I-say*

eissi mi notz paors
*so to-me harms fear*
en aquestas errors
*in these errors*
e desirs e volers
*and desire and will*
e cujars e temers.
*and thinking and fearing*

Pero no·m ditz volers,
*Yet not-to-me says will*
sitot si·m venz folors,
*although so-me conquers folly*
qu'eu de totz mos dolers
*that-I of all my griefs*
fass' a mi dons clamors;
*make to my lady complaints*
car per aisso m'en gic
*for for this myself-thence I-refrain*
qu'aug dir qu'anc no·s jausic
*for-I-hear to-say that-ever not-himself enjoyed*
drutz d'amor a celat
*lover of-love in secret*
qui·s fezes trop cuchos
*who-himself made too eager*
ni·s demostres gelos;
*or-himself showed jealous*

mas ab totz los esglais
*but with all the terrors*
puin con ab jois m'apais.
*I-strive how with joy myself-I-feed*

Ni convinentz ni plais
*Neither covenants nor pleas*
que si' entre nos dos
*that be between us two*
no·l cug querre ja mais,
*not-it I-think to-seek ever more*
si be·m viu cossiros,
*though well-myself I-live anxious*
que·l brau respos irat
*for-the harsh answer angry*
ab semblan de comjat
*with seeming of dismissal*
on per pauc no moric
*where by little — I-died*
m'an mes en tals temors
*me-have put in such fears*
que no m'es mais sabors
*that not to-me-is more savor*
de nuils coventz querers,
*of any covenants seeking*
que·m remembr' aquel sers.
*for-to-me recalls that evening*

Anz lais als seus plazers
*Rather I-leave to-the her pleasures*
mos gaugs e mas dolors,
*my joys and my griefs*
mas ja·m par desespers
*but already-to-me seems despair*
lo desirs e l'amors
*the desire and the-love*
qui·m parec, can plevic
*which-to-me appeared when she-pledged*
que·m fezes de joi ric;
*that-me she-would-make of joy rich*
pus en tan gran desgrat
*since in so great displeasure*
no·s tenc cel qu'es cochos
*not-himself held he who-is eager*
de so don muir' aissos,
*of that whence I-die anxious*
qu'ab tals covens m'estrais
*for-with such covenants from-me-she-withdrew*
qu'anc leials cors no frais.
*that-ever loyal heart not broke*

Si·l ditz non es verais,
*If-the saying not is true*
don es ma sospeissos,
*whereof is my suspicion*

solatz e chantar lais
*cheer and singing I-leave*
e totz faitz amoros,
*and all deeds loving*
car en sa segurtat
*for in her safekeeping*
m'aura mort e sobrat
*me-she-will-have killed and overcome*
cil qui m'a fin amic,
*she who me-has true friend*
si·m tarda·l seu socors;
*if-to-me delays-the her succor*
qu'amics, qu'ilh tan aut sors
*for-friend whom-she so high raised*
e·l tol sos bos espers,
*and-from-him takes his good hope*
mor d'aquels mals sabers.
*dies of-those ill knowings*

De lui on es pretz vers
*Of him in-whom is worth true*
e complida valors,
*and complete merit*
tem que·s luin mos vezers
*I-fear that-itself remove my seeing*
per fals lausengadors,
*through false slanderers*

on escobre l'esdic
*where I-uncover the-denial*
e mon senhor chastic,
*and my lord I-warn*
n'Uc, que Dieus ten honrat
*Sir-Uc whom God holds honored*
sobre·ls autres baros,
*above-the other barons*
que·s gard de lurs sermos,
*that-himself he-guard from their speeches*
qu'a lor es honor fais
*for-to them is honor burden*
et avolesa jais.
*and baseness joy*

## Be·m dizon, s'en mas chanssos

### 9 · THEY TELL ME THAT IF MY SONGS

*People tell him his songs would be worth more if their tunes were plain and gay, but he fits words and tunes to his matter, which is the ill of love, and gladness does not go with sorrow. He is eager for every courtly trial and knows this irks the base, which makes him value it twice as much. The lazy and wicked will not take his gain from him if he can win merit with the lady he adores. He cares nothing for jealous men and slanderers.*

Be·m dizon, s'en mas chanssos
*Well-to-me they-say if-in my songs*
fezez sonetz plas e gais,
*I-made tunes plain and gay*
que mos chans en valgra mais;
*that my song thereof would-be-worth more*
et eu segon mas razos,
*and I according-to my matters*
taing que fassa motz et sos;
*it-befits that I-make words and tunes*
qu'il auzon ben qu'ancse·m plaing
*for-they hear well that-ever-myself I-lament*
en chantan del mal d'amor;
*in singing of-the ill of-love*
e s'ieu chan de ma dolor,
*and if-I sing of my grief*

non lor deu esser estraing
*not to-them ought to-be strange*
si no·m fatz sos coindes ni galaubiers,
*if not-myself I-make tunes gracious nor splendid*
qu'ab marimen no s'acorda alegriers.
*for-with sorrow not itself-accords gladness*

E, car eu sui envejos
*And because I am eager*
de totz avinens assais,
*of all comely trials*
conosc qu'enoia als savais,
*I-know that-it-irks to-the base*
per qu'ieu m'o pretz per un dos;
*for which-I myself-it prize by one two*
e ja malvaz nuaillos
*and ever wicked slothful*
no·m tolran tant ric gazaing
*not-from-me will-take so rich gain*
si puosc conquerre valor
*if I-can to-win merit*
ab sola lieis cui ador
*with only her whom I-adore*
qu'es aurs en poder d'estaing;
*who-is gold in power of-tin*
plassa·l mos bes, puois sieus sui domengiers,
*let-please-to-her my good since hers I-am liegeman*
a mon dan met gelos e lausengiers.
*at my harm I-put jealous and slanderers*

## Perdigons, vostre sen digatz

10 · PERDIGON, TELL YOUR MIND

*A tenso with Gaucelm Faidit. Of two jealous husbands, one with a fair and courtly wife and one with an ugly and churlish one, which deserves more blame for guarding her? Perdigon says the husband of the ugly wife, since only ugliness and folly drive him to it, while a fair wife desired by all is a reason to guard. Gaucelm answers that a wise lady's sense guards her, and the ugly wife should be kept out of sight so no one sees her follies. Perdigon replies that a man who guards worthless treasure is master of worthless treasure, and doubts Gaucelm loves at all. They put the case to the Dauphin.*

*Gaucelm*

Perdigons, vostre sen digatz:
*Perdigon your mind tell*

que·us par de dos maritz gelos?
*what-to-you seems of two husbands jealous*

l'us a moller qu'es bella e pros,
*the-one has wife who-is fair and worthy*

franca e cortesa e chausida,
*frank and courteous and choice*

e l'autre laida e marrida,
*and the-other ugly and wretched*

villana e d'avol respos;
*churlish and of-worthless answer*

quascuns es gardaire d'ambos:
*each is keeper of-both*

e pos tan fols mestiers lor platz,
*and since so foolish craft to-them pleases*

ni aital es lor voluntatz,
*and such is their will*
quals en deu plus esser blasmatz?
*which thereof ought more to-be blamed*

*Perdigon*

Gaucelm Faidit, ben vuelh sapchatz
*Gaucelm Faidit well I-wish you-know*
que de dompn' ab bellas faissos
*that of lady with fair features*
don totz lo mons es enveios,
*whereof all the world is desirous*
qui l'a pres de si aizida,
*who her-has near of himself close*
non fai ges tan gran fallida,
*not makes at-all so great fault*
si la garda e·n es cobeitos,
*if her guards and-thereof is covetous*
cum l'autres desaventuros
*as the-other luckless*
qu'es tan de totz mals aips cargatz
*who-is so with all bad qualities laden*
qu'en gardar no·l forsa beutatz
*that-in guarding not-him forces beauty*
ni res mas laideza e cors fatz.
*nor anything but ugliness and heart foolish*

*Gaucelm*

Perdigons, en fol razonatz;
*Perdigon like fool you-reason*
e com auzetz anc dire vos
*and how heard ever to-say you*
qu'om tenga so qu'es belh rescos
*that-one keep that which-is fair hidden*
ni qu'om gart domna eissernida,
*or that-one guard lady discerning*
bella, de valor complida?
*fair of merit complete*
Doncs non la garda sos sens bos?
*Then not her guards her sense good*
Mas la laida ab digz enoios
*But the ugly-one with words tiresome*
deu gardar lo maritz senatz,
*ought to-guard the husband sensible*
per qu'om no veia sas foudatz
*so that-one not see her follies*
ni cum el es mal molleratz.
*nor how he is badly wived*

*Perdigon*

Gaucelm, entrels nescis agratz
*Gaucelm among-the fools you-would-have*
gent cubert blasme vergoignos;
*nobly covered blame shameful*

pero mal cossellatz l'espos
*yet ill you-counsel the-husband*
quan disetz qu'aia tal vida
*when you-say that-he-have such life*
que gart sa mala escarida
*that he-guard his bad lot*
ni fassa d'un malastre dos;
*and make of-one misfortune two*
mielhs a de gardar ochaizos
*better has of guarding occasion*
bona dompna on es granz beutatz,
*good lady in-whom is great beauty*
don par qu'om sia enamoratz,
*whence appears that-one be enamored*
e·n deu esser menhs encolpatz.
*and-thereof ought to-be less blamed*

*Gaucelm*

Perdigons, on plus en parlatz,
*Perdigon the-more more thereof you-speak*
plus desmentetz vostras chansos,
*more you-belie your songs*
que gelosia es fols ressos,
*for jealousy is foolish repute*
don totz lo mons brai' e crida
*whereof all the world brays and cries*
que hom gart dompna eissernida,
*that one guard lady discerning*
et es lagz blasmes entre nos:
*and is foul blame among us*

mas l'autres gardars es razos
*but the-other guarding is reason*
ses gelosia e ses peccatz,
*without jealousy and without sin*
qu'om resconda so qu'es malvatz,
*that-one hide that which-is wicked*
e mostre so dont es honratz.
*and show that whereof he-is honored*

*Perdigon*

Gaucelm, s'avol aver gardatz,
*Gaucelm if-worthless treasure you-guard*
d'avol thezaur etz poderos;
*of-worthless treasure you-are master*
e no par ges sens cabalos
*and not appears at-all sense supreme*
qui pretz pert e joi oblida
*who worth loses and joy forgets*
per malvaiza cauza aunida;
*for wicked thing shamed*
mas quan per bel aver joios
*but when for fair treasure joyful*
falh ni trebalh'en a sazos,
*one-fails and toils-thereof at times*
d'amor par que sia forsatz.
*by-love it-appears that he-be forced*
e si d'aquo·us meravilhatz,
*and if at-this-yourself you-marvel*
be·m meravilh si vos amatz.
*well-myself I-marvel if you love*

*Gaucelm*

Totz temps duraria·l tensos,
*All time would-last-the tenso*
Perdigons, per qu'ieu vuelh e·m platz
*Perdigon for which-I wish and-to-me it-pleases*
qu·el Dalfin sia·l plaitz pauzatz
*that-in-the Dauphin be-the plea set*
qu'el jutge e l'acort en patz.
*that-he judge and it-settle in peace*

*Perdigon*

Gaucelm, tant es vera·l razos
*Gaucelm so is true-the case*
qu'ieu defen e elh tan senatz
*which-I defend and he so wise*
que, s'en lui es lo plaitz pauzatz,
*that if-in him is the plea set*
vuel que per lui sia jutjatz.
*I-wish that by him it-be judged*

# Perdigos, ses vassallage

## 11 · PERDIGON, WITHOUT PROWESS

*A partimen between Perdigon and the Dauphin of Auvergne. The Dauphin knows cowardly and villainous knights and courtly, generous, and bold men of churlish birth, and asks which a lady should love. Perdigon says a noble lady should love her equal, since favoring a churl brings her shame. The Dauphin answers that a noble heart makes nobility, since all share one root, and a lady should love the worthy. Perdigon says a churl always loses his courage at need, like a cat that loses its head over a mouse. The Dauphin proposes Gaucelm Faidit as judge, and Perdigon ends by saying that knight and lady make each other, and a hoe suits the churl.*

*Lo Dalfin*

Perdigos, ses vassallage
*Perdigon without prowess*
sai cavailhiers e baros
*I-know knights and barons*
laiz e malvaz e fellos
*foul and wicked and felonious*
e sai de villan linhage
*and I-know of churlish lineage*
omes cortes e chauzitz,
*men courtly and choice*
larcs e lials et arditz;
*generous and loyal and bold*

e digatz m'al vostre semblan
*and tell me-by-the your seeming*
qal d'aqels deu amar enan
*which of-those ought to-love rather*
donna, pos la destreinh amors?
*lady since her constrains love*

*Perdigon*

Seinher, segon bon usage
*Lord according-to good usage*
par miells costuma e razos,
*seems better custom and reason*
si'l donna es valentz ni pros,
*if-the lady is worthy or noble*
que am egal son parage;
*that she-love equal her rank*
qar del vilan ll'eis mals critz,
*for from-the churl to-her-comes ill outcry*
so tot si par eissernitz,
*that all so he-seems discerning*
si iosta si l'acueilh ni·l blan
*if near herself him-she-welcomes or-him flatters*
e blasman la·n li pauc e·l gran,
*and they-blame her-thereof the small and-the great*
don li creis anta e deiçonors.
*whence to-her grows shame and dishonor*

*Lo Dalfin*

Perdigos, gentil corage
*Perdigon noble heart*
fan los gentils e·ls ioios,
*make the noble and-the joyful*
e·l gentileza de nos
*and-the nobility of us*
non val mais a eretage,
*not is-worth more by inheritance*
pos tut em d'una razitz;
*since all we-are of-one root*
e·l donna cui pretz es guitz,
*and-the lady whom worth is guide*
deu amar lo pro e·l prezan,
*ought to-love the worthy and-the prized*
qe mil son enpachat del bran
*for thousand are hampered with-the sword*
que fai plus bell baisar un ors.
*that makes more fair to-kiss a bear*

*Perdigon*

Seinher, greu m'es e salvage
*Lord grievous to-me-is and harsh*
de so qe auch dir a vos,
*of that which I-hear to-say from you*

c'az un vilan paraios
*that-to a churl upstart*
dizes qe·l donna s'engage
*you-say that-the lady herself-pledge*
ni ia per vilan mestitz
*and ever for churl mongrel*
sia cavailhiers giqitz;
*be knight forsaken*
lo nom de la donna desman,
*the name of the lady unmakes*
que·l nom pert, pos met en soan
*for-the name she-loses since she-puts in scorn*
cavalhiers, don lo noms li sors.
*knights whence the name to-her rose*

*Lo Dalfin*

Perdigos, vostre dampnage
*Perdigon your harm*
razonatz ab fals respos;
*you-plead with false answer*
cais cortes es Perdigos!
*as-if courtly is Perdigon*
a donx noms tan d'avantage
*has then name so-much of-advantage*
q'uns malauratz aunitz
*that-a wretch shamed*
sia per donn' acuilhitz
*be by lady welcomed*
egal al pron et al prezan,
*equal to-the worthy and to-the prized*

pos d'un paire son tut l'enfan?
*since of-one father are all the-children*
doncs val lo noms mais qe valors?
*then is-worth the name more than merit*

*Perdigon*

Ar entendes mon lengage,
*Now hear my language*
seinher, sia·m dans o pros:
*lord be-it-to-me harm or profit*
c'uei non es vilans tan bos
*for-today not is churl so good*
q'als ops non perda·l barnage;
*that-at-the needs not loses-the courage*
aissi co·l chatz gen noiritz
*just as-the cat nobly reared*
s'esperdet per la suritz,
*itself-lost-its-head for the mouse*
s'esperdon lai on mais d'ops an,
*themselves-lose there where most of-need they-have*
e·l plus vils cavailhiers c'uei an,
*and-the most base knight that-today they-have*
val, pos donna·l vol far socors.
*is-worth since lady-to-him wishes to-make succor*

*Lo Dalfin*

Perdigos, Gaucelms Faiditz
*Perdigon Gaucelm Faidit*
nos parta de nostres ditz,
*us let-part in our sayings*

que cill son pro qe bon cor an,
*that those are worthy who good heart have*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

*Perdigon*

Seinher, sol pel ver s·il ditz,
*Lord only by-the truth if-he says*
no·s teinha per envelzitz;
*not-himself let-him-hold for debased*
si tot s'es vilans, no·l soan;
*though all he-is churl not-him I-scorn*
mas cavailliers e domna·s fan,
*but knight and lady-each-other make*
et al vilain tanh us fossors.
*and to-the churl befits a hoe*

## Senher n'Aymar, chauzetz de tres baros

### 12 · SIR AIMAR, CHOOSE AMONG THREE BARONS

*A three-way tenso. Raimbaut asks Aimar and Perdigon to choose among three barons: one generous and showy; one wise, a good landholder, and generous without show; and one good at feasting, jousting, and fine equipment. Aimar prefers the man of measure. Perdigon defends the lavish one, since display and spending are the head of prowess. Raimbaut backs the well-equipped knight, feared more with a hundred men than another with three thousand. They trade insults: Raimbaut's man spends only on sauces, Perdigon talks like a jongleur out for gain, and Raimbaut looks more like a jongleur than a knight in arms.*

*Raymbaut*

Senher n'Aymar, chauzetz de tres baros
*Lord Sir-Aimar choose of three barons*
qual prezatz mays, e respondetz primiers,
*which you-prize more and answer first*
et apres vos responda·n Perdigos:
*and after you let-answer-Sir Perdigon*
que l'us es larcs e guays et ufaniers,
*for the-one is generous and gay and showy*
e·l segons es savis e bos terriers
*and-the second is wise and good landholder*
et alques larcs, mas non d'aital semblansa,
*and somewhat generous but not of-such seeming*
e·l terz es bos per condug e per lansa
*and-the third is good for feasting and for lance*
e gen guarnens, quals a melhors mestiers?
*and nobly equipped which has better crafts*

*Aymar*

En Raymbaut, d'aquelh dic qu'es plus pros,
*Sir Raimbaut of-that-one I-say who-is more worthy*
qu'ab mezura fa totz sos faitz entiers,
*who-with measure does all his deeds entire*
e n'es sos pretz longamens cabalos,
*and thereof-is his worth long supreme*
e·n pot esser als enemicx sobriers;
*and-thereby can to-be to-the enemies superior*
quar s'elh es francx, adregz e plazentiers,
*for if-he is frank upright and pleasing*
aquelh val mais, segon la mia esmansa,
*that-one is-worth more according-to the my judgment*
qu'els autres dos truep tan de peiuransa
*for-in-the others two I-find so-much of worsening*
per que negus no l'es de pretz pariers.
*for which any not to-him-is of worth equal*

*Perdigon*

Baros, be sai qu'ie·us venserai amdos,
*Barons well I-know that-I-you shall-conquer both*
quar mantenh so don suy plus galaubiers:
*for I-uphold that whereof I-am more lavish*
grans ufana es caps e messios
*great display is head and outlay*
de proeza e pretz plus bobansiers;
*of prowess and worth more showy*
e mosenher aya terra e deniers,
*and my-lord let-have land and pence*

mas largueza no·ylh val ni no·l enansa;
*but largesse not-to-him avails and not-him advances*
e·n Raymbautz mantengua selhs de Fransa,
*and-Sir Raimbaut let-uphold those of France*
qu'armas e vis es totz lurs cossiriers.
*for-arms and wine is all their care*

*Raymbaut*

Senher n'Aymar, trop n'a melurazos
*Lord Sir-Aimar much thereof-has betterment*
lo gen-guarnens, quant es bos cavaillers,
*the nobly-equipped when he-is good knight*
qu'elh es temsutz mais ab cent companhos
*for-he is feared more with hundred companions*
que s'us autres n'avia tres milliers;
*than if-one other thereof-had three thousands*
et ufana non es mas sens leugiers
*and display not is but sense light*
e fols cors vas, qu'ab non-poder balansa,
*and foolish heart empty which-with not-power wavers*
e ricx volpils no pot aver onransa
*and rich coward not can to-have honor*
per menutz dos ni per digz messongiers.
*by petty gifts nor by words lying*

*Aymar*

En Raymbaut, ricx hom braus orgulhos
*Sir Raimbaut rich man harsh proud*
es los votres, quar es bos cavalliers.
*is the yours because he-is good knight*

per que sos pretz non es tan cars ni bos?
*for what his worth not is so dear nor good*
que pauc ni pro no met, mas en sabriers.
*for little nor much not he-spends but on sauces*
e'n Perdigos ditz cum ioglars laniers,
*and-Sir Perdigon speaks like jongleur slovenly*
qu'en penr' aver a tota s'esperansa.
*for-in taking wealth has all his-hope*
e·l mieus es pros e de bella cuynhdansa,
*and-the mine is worthy and of fair grace*
si tot no·s vol pretz d'orps ni d'escassiers.
*though all not-himself wishes praise of-blind-men nor of-cripples*

*Perdigon*

A mosenhor vey qu'enueia·l tensos,
*To my-lord I-see that-vexes-the tenso*
qu'ades capte los sieus faigz menudiers,
*for-ever he-maintains the his deeds petty*
e vol ufana e boban metre ios,
*and wishes display and pomp to-put down*
quar elh no'n es vezatz ni costumiers.
*because he not-thereof is practiced nor accustomed*
e·n Raymbautz mantenha·ls colps pleniers
*and-Sir Raimbaut let-uphold-the blows full*
e·l fort mazanh, es qu'elh a sa fiansa,
*and-the strong din is that-he has his trust*
mas si·l marques fo d'aital acoynhdansa,
*but if-the marquis were of-such bearing*
enquer fora ioglars o escudiers.
*still he-would-be jongleur or squire*

*Raymbaut*

Senher n'Aymar, vos etz vencutz primiers;
*Lord Sir-Aimar you are conquered first*
e·n Perdigos viule descortz o dansa
*and-Sir Perdigon let-fiddle descorts or dance*
que contrafa n'Estornel ab sa lansa,
*who imitates Sir-Estornel with his lance*
e no fara de luy aitals mestiers.
*and not will-do of him such crafts*
* * *
*(lacuna)*

*Perdigon*

A mon senhor tanh aissi pretz entiers
*To my lord befits so worth entire*
cum a mi fay lo regisme de Fransa;
*as to me does the realm of France*
e'n Raymbautz, quant ab armas s'eslansa,
*and-Sir Raimbaut when with arms himself-hurls*
sembla trop mielhs ioglars que cavalliers.
*seems much better jongleur than knight*

## Anc non cujei que·m pogues far Amors

### 13 · I NEVER THOUGHT LOVE COULD PLEASE ME SO

---

*He never thought Love could please him enough to make him its subject, but now he cannot leave it, for Love has conquered him and made him choose a lady worth a thousand times more than he can say. The look she gives him and her words when he is before her give him more gladness than any other lady Love might give him, and he will serve her always and do whatever pleases her, since he knows no lady in the world whom the discerning prize so highly.*

Anc non cujei que·m pogues far Amors
*Ever not I-thought that-to-me could to-do Love*
tan de plaser qu'eu fos al sieu coman;
*so-much of pleasure that-I were at-the his command*
mas ara vec qu'eu no·m posc tan ni can
*but now behold that-I not-myself can so-much nor how-much*
partir de lui, tan es grans sa valors;
*to-part from him so is great his merit*
qu'il m'a conques e·m ten en sa bailia,
*for-he me-has conquered and-me holds in his power*
si que mon grat partir no m'en volria,
*so that my will to-part not myself-thence I-would-wish*
qu'en tal dopna m'a fait Amors chausir
*for-in such lady me-has made Love to-choose*
que val mil tans qu'eu non sabria dir.
*who is-worth thousand times than-I — would-know to-say*

Mais que d'autra del mon que·m des Amors
*More than of-other of-the world that-to-me gave Love*
ai alegrier e·m conort del senblan
*I-have gladness and-myself comfort from-the look*
que·m fai e·m diz can eu li sui denan,
*that-to-me she-makes and-to-me says when I to-her am before*
per qu'eu tuz temps li serai servidors
*for which-I all times to-her shall-be servant*
e farai tut zo qu'a plaiser li sia,
*and I-shall-do all that which-to pleasure to-her be*
s'eu n'ai poder, qu'esters far no·l poria,
*if-I thereof-have power for-otherwise to-do not-it I-could*
qu'eu no sai dopn' el mond al meu albir
*for-I not know lady in-the world to-the my judgment*
que tan se fass' al conosenz grasir.
*who so-much herself makes to-the discerning to-be-welcomed*

## Verges, en bon' hora

14 · VIRGIN, IN A GOOD HOUR

*A song to the Virgin, who bore the Savior in a good hour. The people who would be given over to torment pray to her, and he asks her to guard from grief and terror the worst thief who turns to her. He begs her to help and pardon him, to guard him from shame and wrongdoing, and to plead with her Father that his sins may not harm him when he leaves the world. Mary, full of grace, frees from pain whoever cries to her. She is queen of majesty and lordship, a rose in full bloom with every goodness. He asks to come to the realm where Saint Peter stays.*

Verges, en bon' hora
*Virgin in good hour*
portes lo Salvaire,
*thou-borest the Savior*
que selh vos honora
*for he you honors*
e·us fai joia faire,
*and-you makes joy to-make*
e·l pobol que fora
*and-the people who would-be*
liuratz a mal traire
*delivered to ill suffering*
vos pregues ahora,
*to-you prayed now*
santa plazen maire;
*holy pleasing mother*

quar d'ir' e d'esmai
*for from-grief and from-dismay*
e de tot esglai
*and from all terror*
guardatz lo pus laire
*guard the most thief*
que vas vos s'atrai.
*who toward you himself-draws*

Domna doussa e bona,
*Lady sweet and good*
humil, de bon aire,
*humble of good breeding*
ajud' e perdona
*help and pardon*
ad aquest peccaire;
*to this sinner*
guarda ma persona
*guard my person*
d'ant' e de mal faire,
*from-shame and from ill doing*
e m'arma razona
*and my-soul plead-for*
ab lo tieu car paire;
*with the thy dear father*

que·ls peccatz qu'ieu ai
*that-the sins that-I have*
fatz ni ditz ni sai
*done or said or know*
no·m puescan mal faire
*not-to-me may ill to-do*
quan del segl' irai.
*when from-the world I-shall-go*

De gracia plena,
*Of grace full*
avetz nom Maria,
*you-have name Mary*
car getatz de pena
*for you-cast from pain*
cui merce vos cria;
*whom mercy of-you cries*
liam ni cadena
*bond nor chain*
no·l te ni·l tenria
*not-him holds nor-him would-hold*
pus qu'ab quarantena
*since that-with Lent-fast*
gen vos humilia;
*nobly to-you himself-humbles*
penedensa fai
*penance does*
hom just e verai,
*man just and true*

e per aital via
*and by such way*
va senes esmai.
*goes without dismay*

Regina d'auteza
*Queen of-highness*
e de senhoria,
*and of lordship*
la vostra franquesa
*the your nobleness*
a·l mon en bailia;
*has-the world in keeping*
de tota boneza
*of all goodness*
etz roz' espandia,
*you-are rose spread*
car en vos s'es meza
*for in you itself-is set*
gracia floria,
*grace flowered*
aissel frug verai
*that fruit true*
qu'intret ab lo rai
*which-entered with the ray*
en vos, dona pia,
*in you lady kindly*
quan l'angel venc sai.
*when the-angel came here*

Verges, en efansa
*Virgin in childhood*
nasquet lo dous Sire
*was-born the sweet Lord*
de vos ses duptansa
*of you without doubt*
de qui sui servire;
*of whom I-am servant*
la sua pitansa
*the his pity*
ma fissa jauzire
*me may-make enjoyer*
ab gran alegransa
*with great gladness*
del bes qu'ieu dezire,
*of-the good that-I desire*
car gran dezir ai
*for great desire I-have*
qu'ieu fos el renc lai
*that-I were in-the realm there*
senes tot cossire
*without all care*
on sanh Peir'estai.
*where saint Peter-stays*

ELIAS DE BARJOLS

# *The Complete Songs*

# Vida

## THE LIFE OF ELIAS DE BARJOLS

*Sir Elias de Barjols came from a castle called Perols in the Agenais and was a merchant's son. He sang better than any man of his time. He became a jongleur and traveled the courts for a long while with another jongleur named Oliver. Count Alfonso of Provence kept them with him and gave them wives and land at Barjols, which is why they were called Elias and Oliver of Barjols. After the count died in Sicily, Elias fell in love with his widow, the countess Garsenda, and made fine songs about her as long as she lived. Then he gave himself to the hospital of Saint Benezet at Avignon and died there.*

N'Elias de Bariols si fo d'Agenes, d'un castel qe a
*Sir-Elias of Barjols so was of-Agenais of-a castle that has*
nom Perols. Fils fo d'un mercadier. E cantet miels de
*name Perols Son he-was of-a merchant And sang better than*
negun home qe fos en aqella sason. E fetz se ioglars.
*any man that was in that season And made himself jongleur*
E acompaingnet se con un autre ioglar qe avia nom
*And accompanied himself with an other jongleur who had name*
Oliver et aneron lonc temps ensems per cortz. E·l
*Oliver and went long time together through courts And-the*
coms Anfos de Proensa si los retenc ab se, e det
*count Alfonso of Provence so them retained with himself and gave*
lor moillers a Bariols e terra, e per so los clamavan
*to-them wives at Barjols and land and for that them they-called*
N'Elias et Oliver de Bariols. E N'Elias s'enamoret de
*Sir-Elias and Oliver of Barjols And Sir-Elias himself-enamored of*
la comtessa madompna Garsenda, moiller del comte, quant
*the countess my-lady Garsenda wife of-the count when*
el fo mortz en Cesilia e fetz de lleis suas cansos
*he was dead in Sicily and made of her his songs*

bellas e bonas, tant quant ella visqet. Et el s'en
*fair and good as-long as she lived And he himself-thence*
anet rendre al hospital de saint Beneic d'Avignon.
*went to-give-himself to-the hospital of saint Benezet of-Avignon*
E lai definet. E fetz aquellas cansos qui son escritas
*And there died And made those songs which are written*
aici.
*here*

## Belhs-Guazanhs, s'a vos plazia

### 1 · FAIR GAIN, IF IT PLEASED YOU

*Since no one is bold enough to court his Fair Gain, he offers to assemble a perfect knight for her from the finest qualities of others. He will borrow Aimar's grace, Trencaleon's nobility, Randon's giving, the Dauphin's fair answers, the boasting of Peire de Monleon, Brian's knighthood, Bertran's sense, the courtesy of his Fair Castilian, Eble's feasting, Miraval's songs, the gaiety of Pons de Capduelh, and the uprightness of Bertran de La Tor. She will have a knight gay, loving, handsome, and joyful, and it is only right that they love each other, as long as she does not believe the slanderers.*

Belhs-Guazanhs, s'a vos plazia,
*Fair-Gain if-to you it-pleased*

ben fora sazos
*well would-be season*

que·l vostre cors belhs e bos,
*that-the your person fair and good*

humils, de doussa paria,
*humble of sweet company*

fos d'amor tan cobeitos!:
*were of-love so desirous*

pus negus non es tan pros
*since any not is so worthy*

que·us o digua ni que ia sapcha·i tan
*that-to-you it say nor that ever know-therein so-much*

que vos o aus dir ni que vos o man.
*that to-you it dares to-say nor that to-you it sends*

Qu'ieu sai qu'a vos tanheria
*For-I know that-to you would-befit*
amics cabalos,
*friend supreme*
tals don res a dir no fos,
*such whereof anything to say not were*
aitals cum ieu chauziria;
*such as I would-choose*
farai n'un tot nou qu'er bos:
*I-shall-make thereof-one all new who-will-be good*
e penrai de las faissos
*and I-shall-take of the features*
de quadaun, de las melhors qu'auran,
*of each-one of the best that-they-will-have*
tro vos aiatz cavalier benestan.
*until you have knight seemly*

N'Aymars me don sa coindia,
*Sir-Aimar to-me let-give his grace*
En Trencaleos
*Sir Trencaleon*
sa gensozi', En Randos
*his nobility Sir Randon*
donar, qu'es la senhoria,
*giving which-is the mastery*
e·l Dalfis sos belhs respos;
*and-the Dauphin his fair answers*

En Peyr cui es Monleos
*Sir Peire whose is Monleon*
do·m son guabar, e volrai d'En Brian
*let-give-me his boasting and I-shall-wish of-Sir Brian*
cavallairi', e·l sen vuelh d'En Bertran.
*knighthood and-the sense I-wish of-Sir Bertran*

Bels Castellas, cortezia
*Fair Castilian courtesy*
vuelh aver de vos
*I-wish to-have from you*
e volrai que·m do N'Eblos
*and I-shall-wish that-to-me give Sir-Eble*
covit, que plus no·n penria;
*feasting for more not-thereof would-take*
En Miravalh sas chansos,
*Sir Miraval his songs*
En Pons de Capduelh do nos
*Sir Pons of Capduelh let-give us*
sa guaieza; En Bertran La Tor man
*his gaiety Sir Bertran La Tor I-bid*
sa drecheza mi do e no·m soan.
*his uprightness to-me give and not-me scorn*

Aital l'auretz, ses fadia,
*Such him-you-will-have without fail*
guai et amoros,
*gay and loving*

belh e ben fait e ioyos
*fair and well made and joyful*
e ple de cavallairia;
*and full of knighthood*
et es ben dreytz e razos
*and it-is well right and reason*
que vos l'ametz et elh vos,
*that you him-love and he you*
qu'assatz seretz ambeduy d'un semblan,
*for-enough you-will-be both of-one seeming*
sol no crezatz fals lauzengiers truan.
*only not believe false slanderers knavish*

## Amors, que vos ai forfag

### 2 · LOVE, WHAT WRONG HAVE I DONE YOU

*He asks Love what he has done wrong, since the lady he loves most is haughty toward him and is killing him. A little favor would heal him, as a small gift would a man in need. Yet she once gave him a sweet evening, and he did not know how to keep that joy: when she had set him in good hope, he fled and broke the pact he had with her. He admits his folly, since a fool learns only when his folly bruises him, and trusts her sense, worth, and humility to help him. He sees his Without-Deceit grow more worthy every day in Saintonge.*

Amors, que vos ai forfag
*Love what to-you have-I misdone*
o per qual desastre·m ve,
*or by which misfortune-to-me comes*
que la belha qu'am mais que re
*that the fair-one whom-I-love more than anything*
∗∗∗ mi mostr' orguelh e m'aucia?
*(lacuna) to-me shows pride and me-slays*
Vos o faitz tot quar vos platz qu'aissi sia.
*You it do all because to-you it-pleases that-so it-be*
Pero, amors, tan m'avetz fag doler
*Yet love so-much me-you-have made to-grieve*
qu'assatz es mais avinen, si·us plazia,
*that-much is more fitting if-to-you it-pleased*
que·m fezessetz contra·l maltrag aver
*that-me you-made against-the suffering to-have*
de ma belha dompna un belh plazer.
*from my fair lady a fair pleasure*

Quar, si deziros de benfag
*For if desiring of favor*
muer, retrag vos sera iasse;
*I-die reproach to-you will-be ever*
qu'ieu guerir pogr'ab pauc de be:
*for-I to-heal could-with little of good*
cum sofraitos que non a manentia
*as needy-man who not has wealth*
a cuy grans ops bona vida seria,
*to whom great need good life would-be*
auria pro sol que pogues vezer,
*would-have enough only that I-could to-see*
amors, que vos entre tostemps un dia
*love that you among all-time one day*
accetz en lieys qui m'auci tal poder
*had in her who me-kills such power*
que·l fezessetz en grat mos precx tener.
*that-her you-made in favor my prayers to-hold*

Mas, no·us platz que·us sia retrag
*But not-to-you it-pleases that-to-you be reproached*
qu'ieu aya tan de ioy ab me
*that-I have so-much of joy with me*
de lieys que·m trebalhet ancse,
*from her who-me tormented ever*
quar m'a trobat ferm en sa senhoria.
*for me-she-has found firm in her lordship*
Pero, per pauc non dic que dreg auria,
*Yet by little — I-say that right she-would-have*

quar, si be·m planh, be·m membra qu'un dous ser
*for though well-myself I-lament well-to-me it-recalls that-one sweet evening*
mi det, dont es dregz si mals m'en venia,
*to-me she-gave whence is right if ill to-me-thereof came*
quar no saubi l'onrat ioy retener;
*for not I-knew the-honored joy to-retain*
donc, quant ieu dic que no·m det, non dic ver.
*then when I say that not-to-me she-gave not I-say truth*

Tan m'a dat per que·us quier son plag,
*So-much to-me-she-has given for which-to-you I-ask her plea*
amors, si tot lieys non cove,
*love though all her not befits*
don dols e vergonha·m rete,
*whence grief and shame-me holds*
quar l'ai passat son coven; qu'ieu l'avia
*for to-her-I-have passed her covenant which-I to-her-had*
e degr' esser la magers cocha mia;
*and ought to-be the greater need mine*
∗∗∗ qu'anc, pus m'ac fag de men ric parer,
*(lacuna) for-ever after me-she-had made of me rich to-seem*
non torniey lai; guardatz, qual vilania!
*not I-returned there see what churlishness*
que, quant ylh m'ac pauzat en bon esper,
*for when she me-had set in good hope*
ieu m'en fugi, e degra remaner.
*I myself-thence fled and ought to-remain*

∗∗∗ Ben conosc que fols ai fag,
*(lacuna) Well I-know that foolishly I-have done*
mas mi reconosc, so cre;
*but myself I-acknowledge that I-believe*
quar fols hom a greu sen ab se
*for foolish man has hardly sense with himself*
tro sa foudatz lo maca e·l castia;
*until his folly him bruises and-him chastens*
castiatz suy, si ma dona·s volia;
*chastened I-am if my lady-herself wished*
mas non aus dir qu'ilh o deya voler,
*but not I-dare to-say that-she it should to-wish*
pero sos sens, sos pretz, sa cortezia,
*yet her sense her worth her courtesy*
l'umilitatz qu'ilh a e·l ric saber,
*the-humility that-she has and-the rich knowledge*
si es vers que res mi valha, ·m deu valer.
*if is true that anything to-me avail to-me ought to-avail*

Mon Ses-Enjan vey totz iorns mais valer
*My Without-Deceit I-see all days more to-be-worth*
en Sanhtongier, per qu'am la senhoria,
*in Saintonge for which-I-love the lordship*
que qual que·s lays baissar ni decazer,
*for whoever that-himself lets to-sink or to-decline*
els an bon cor de bon pretz mantener.
*they have good heart of good worth to-maintain*

## Una valenta

3 · A WORTHY LADY

*A worthy and gracious lady wants him to make a gay descort. She is fair and noble, but will not grant him her love, and she sins in refusing. He loves her loyally and will never leave her, wherever he is, yet dares not show it, fearing she would take it ill. Hoping too long is heavy misery, and he has long hung in the balance. If she granted him what a lover has from his beloved, he would want no other wealth; if she does not relent, he met her to his sorrow. He wishes Sir Agout enough wealth to give whatever he liked, for it would be well spent.*

Una valenta,
*A worthy-one*
car sol' es avinenta
*because alone she-is gracious*
e de plazers plazenta,
*and of pleasures pleasing*
vol qu'eu fass' un descort gai.
*wishes that-I make a descort gay*
Bell'es e genta,
*Fair-she-is and noble*
mas no·l platz que·m consenta
*but not-to-her it-pleases that-to-me she-grant*
s'amor, ni l'atalenta,
*her-love nor it-to-her-appeals*
don il peccat e tort fai.
*whereof she sin and wrong does*

Qu'eu l'am ses bausia,
*For-I her-love without deceit*
ab lial cor fin e verai
*with loyal heart true and genuine*
e ses tricharia;
*and without trickery*
qu'eu de lleis no·m loing ni·m estrai,
*for-I from her not-myself remove nor-myself withdraw*
[sieo son on qu'eo sia,
*hers I-am wherever that-I be*
que s'amor non fui ni desfai]
*that her-love not I-flee nor undo*
c'aissi fos il mia
*that-so were she mine*
com eu l'am totz iornz mielz e mai.
*as I her-love all days better and more*

Mas per doptansa
*But for fear*
no l'aus far semblansa
*not to-her-I-dare to-make show*
con l'am finamen;
*how her-I-love truly*
tant tem s'onransa,
*so-much I-fear her-honor*
qe·ill torn a pesansa
*that-to-her it-turn to grief*
s'ie·l dic mon talen.
*if-I-to-her say my desire*

Greu malanansa
*Heavy misery*
trop long' esperansa,
*too long hope*
s'on ioi non aten!
*if-one joy not awaits*
En tal balansa
*In such balance*
ai per sobramansa
*I-have through excess-of-love*
estat longamen.
*stayed long*

Pero s'ieu un dia
*Yet if-I one day*
so c'amics d'amia
*that which-lover of-beloved*
n'agues,
*thereof-had*
c'a midons plagues,
*that-to my-lady it-pleased*
ia tan no volria
*ever so-much not I-would-wish*
nuilla manentia
*any wealth*
[·m] vengues;
*to-me came*

si non s'umelia
*if not herself-humbles*
mal vi sa paria
*ill I-saw her company*
e sos bes,
*and her goods*
si no·m val merces
*if not-to-me avails mercy*
e sa cortezia,
*and her courtesy*
pos no·m val l'amia
*since not-to-me avails the-beloved*
ni res.
*nor anything*

D'En Agout volria
*Of-Sir Agout I-would-wish*
tant de manentia
*so-much of wealth*
·l vengues
*to-him came*
que donar pogues
*that to-give he-could*
tot so que·l plairia,
*all that which-to-him would-please*
car sai que seria
*for I-know that it-would-be*
ben mes.
*well spent*

## Si·l belha·m tengues per sieu

### 4 · IF THE FAIR ONE HELD ME AS HERS

*If his fair one held him as hers he would lack nothing. He will not tell her so, and she would be merciful to give him joy without grief, but his sighs matter little to her, and she is killing him because he loves her. He begs her to let him love her faithfully and not make him suffer so, since he cannot leave her. She drew him to her so skillfully that he must praise her worth as long as he lives, though he does not know whether he dares to cry mercy. He praises the worthy Queen Eleanor as the fairest and best lady in the world.*

Si·l belha·m tengues per sieu,
*If-the fair-one-me held for hers*
ia bes no·m falhira.
*ever good not-to-me would-fail*
Dirai li o doncs? Non ieu,
*Shall-I-tell to-her it then Not I*
quar ben so albira.
*for well that she-judges*
E feira merce, per Dieu,
*And she-would-do mercy by God*
si·m des gaug ses ira,
*if-to-me she-gave joy without grief*
mas a lieis es vil e lieu
*but to her is cheap and light*
quar mos cors sospira.
*that my heart sighs*

Mas ges tant no·l cal de mi
*But at-all so-much not-to-her matters of me*
que·m don alegransa,
*that-to-me she-give gladness*
ans sai que per so m'ausi
*rather I-know that for that me-she-slays*
quar l'am ses doptansa;
*because her-I-love without doubt*
e s'aisi·m lonha de si
*and if-so-me she-removes from herself*
e non a membransa,
*and not has remembrance*
ben puesc dir que mala vi
*well I-can to-say that ill I-saw*
sa guaya semblansa.
*her gay seeming*

Belha res coind'e guaya,
*Fair creature gracious-and gay*
plazens e debonaire,
*pleasing and gentle*
per merce·us prec que·us playa
*for mercy-you I-pray that-to-you it-please*
qu'ieu vos am ses cor vaire;
*that-I you love without heart fickle*
no vulhatz qu'ieu dechaia
*not wish that-I decline*
ni·m fassatz tan mal traire,
*nor-me make so-much ill to-suffer*

que per nulh mal quie·n traya
*for for any ill that-I-thereof suffer*
de vos no·m puesc estraire.
*from you not-myself I-can to-withdraw*

Quar tan gent mi saubest traire
*For so nobly me you-knew to-draw*
del mieu poder et atraire
*from-the my power and to-attract*
vas vos per qu'ieu dei retraire
*toward you for which-I ought to-recount*
vostre pretz et enantraire.
*your worth and to-exalt*

Et o farai, tan cum viurai,
*And it I-shall-do as-long as I-shall-live*
qu'aissi s'eschai e si cove;
*for-so itself-befits and so behooves*
mas en esmai sui car non sai
*but in dismay I-am for not I-know*
si·us auzarai clamar merce.
*if-to-you I-shall-dare to-cry mercy*
A! cum serai rics, quan veirai
*Ah how I-shall-be rich when I-shall-see*
vostre gen cors qu'am mais de re;
*your noble person which-I-love more than anything*

mas pero sai suy e serai
*but yet here I-am and shall-be*
vostres, si·us platz, membre·us de me.
*yours if-to-you it-pleases let-remind-you of me*

La valens reina mante,
*The worthy queen maintains*
Elihonors, pretz e·l reve,
*Eleanor worth and-it restores*
que·l genser et ab mays de be
*for-the fairest and with most of good*
es del mon e·l mielhs se capte;
*is of-the world and-the best herself bears*
et es mal crezens qui no cre
*and is ill believing who not believes*
qu'ilh no sia·l genser c'om ve.
*that-she — be-the fairest that-one sees*

## Pus la belha que·m fai doler

### 5 · SINCE THE FAIR ONE WHO MAKES ME GRIEVE

*Since his lady deigns to hear his songs, he should rejoice and show that he sings for her alone, for he is not one of the false lovers, and the proverb says honor is won by suffering. Love tells him that with good hope he can reach true joy, and Sense calls him a fool; he will love her whether it pleases her or not, like a man condemned to die whom mercy cannot help. He asks her mercy, which has made many poor men rich: she can raise him or ruin him, and having made a good beginning she should not draw back, since good deeds show at the end. His heart is in her power, and if she wrongs him he will not complain. He praises the worthy countess.*

Pus la belha que·m fai doler
*Since the fair-one who-me makes to-grieve*
denh'en grat mas chansos auzir,
*deigns-in favor my songs to-hear*
be·m dey en chantans esbaudir
*well-myself I-ought in singing to-cheer*
e mostrar e far aparer
*and to-show and to-make to-appear*
que per autra no suy guays ni chantaire
*that for another not I-am gay nor singer*
mas quant per lieys cuy suy obediens;
*but only for her to-whom I-am obedient*
qu'ieu no suy ges dels fals drutz debatens
*for-I not am at-all of-the false lovers quarreling*
que de mal loc cujon fals' amor traire,
*who from bad place think false love to-draw*

qu'ie·l repropchier que·l savi[s] ditz enten
*for-I-the proverb which-the wise-man says understand*
qu'onor e pretz conquer hom mal-trazen.
*that-honor and worth wins one suffering-ill*

Amors me ditz que bon esper:
*Love to-me says that good hope*
puesc leu ab fin ioy avenir.
*I-can easily to true joy to-attain*
E sens ditz me: «fol[s], vols t'auzir,
*And sense says to-me fool wilt-thou thyself-to-slay*
que preyar tostemps mal parer.»
*for to-pray always ill to-seem*
Amors me ditz qu'ieu sia fis amaire
*Love to-me says that-I be true lover*
e sens ditz me: «fols yest, e si t'entens!»
*and sense says to-me fool thou-art and so thou-aspirest*
Ara·m diguatz, amors, e vos e sens:
*Now-to-me tell love and you and sense*
co farai doncx, pus no m'en puesc estraire?
*how shall-I-do then since not myself-thence I-can to-withdraw*
Amarai, hoc, si li platz, ni·l es gen
*I-shall-love yes if to-her it-pleases and-to-her is pleasing*
e, si no·l platz, amar l'ai eyssamen.
*and if not-to-her it-pleases to-love her-I-shall likewise*

Amar m'er tot outra poder,
*To-love to-me-will-be all beyond power*
pus estiers no m'en puesc partir;
*since otherwise not myself-thence I-can to-part*
cum selh qu'es iutjatz a murir
*as he who-is judged to die*
e merce[s] no·l pot pro tener
*and mercy not-to-him can profit to-hold*
e·l demandon mil tans que no pot faire
*and-of-him they-ask thousand times what not he-can to-do*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
aysselh suy ieu, que sobramar[s] me vens.
*that-one am I whom over-loving me conquers*
Bona dompna, cortez' e debonaire
*Good lady courteous and gentle*
ar es ben dregz qu'ieu vos am per un cen,
*now is well right that-I you love for one hundred*
quar tot[z] lo mon[s] vos ten per plus valen.
*for all the world you holds for most worthy*

Dona, merce[s] me deu valer
*Lady mercy to-me ought to-avail*
qu'a faitz manhs paupres enriquir;
*which-has made many poor to-grow-rich*
vos me podetz far o delir,
*you me can to-make or to-destroy*
o aut pujar o bas chazer.
*either high to-rise or low to-fall*

Et es honors, qui en frevol repaire
*And is honor who in feeble dwelling*
fa fort castelh ni tors ni bastimens;
*makes strong castle or towers or buildings*
e pus faitz es lo bos comensamens,
*and since made is the good beginning*
bona dompna, no vo·n vulhatz estraire,
*good lady not yourself-thence wish to-withdraw*
quar comensar pot hom leugeiramen
*for to-begin can one lightly*
mas a la fin son tug bon fag parven.
*but at the end are all good deeds apparent*

En vos son pauzat miey voler
*In you are set my wishes*
e miey talan e miey dezir
*and my desires and my longings*
e mon cor: on qu'ieu an ni·m vir
*and my heart wherever that-I go or-myself turn*
reman sai en vostre poder.
*remains here in your power*
Doncs, pus no·us aus dir so que·us vuelh retraire,
*Then since not-to-you I-dare to-say that which-to-you I-wish to-recount*
vostre gen cors amoros e plazens
*your noble person loving and pleasing*
deu esguardar quals es mos pessamens,
*ought to-regard what is my thought*
quar, si·m faitz mal, ia non serai clamaire,
*for if-to-me you-do ill ever not I-shall-be complainer*

que contra vos non auria guiren,
*for against you not I-would-have witness*
mas tot sia e·l vostre chauzimen.
*but all let-be in-the your clemency*

Pros comtessa, qui·l ver en vol retraire,
*Worthy countess who-the truth thereof wishes to-tell*
vos etz dona de pretz e de ioven
*you are lady of worth and of youth*
e guitz d'amor e caps d'ensenhamen.
*and guide of-love and head of-breeding*

## Ben fui conoyssens a mon dan

6 · I WAS DISCERNING TO MY HARM

---

*It was to his harm that he recognized her loving look and gay person, for since then he cannot leave her or turn to another, and he dares not cry mercy. His comfort is that a good lord rewards loyal service, and he has served her faithfully. He will not change, though he dares not tell her his heart; he will endure as a loyal lover. He asks her to judge for herself how much he loves her, and then his suffering would be light. He praises the worthy countess of Provence and trusts that the count, his lord, will take his father's place.*

Ben fui conoyssens a mon dan,
*Well I-was discerning to my harm*
dona, quand conuc en vos
*lady when I-knew in you*
lo plazen semblan amoros
*the pleasing look loving*
e·l vostre guai cors prezan!
*and-the your gay person prized*
Qu'anc pueys non aic poder en me
*For-ever since not I-had power in me*
que·m pogues de vos estraire
*that-myself could from you to-withdraw*
ni vas negun' autra traire,
*nor toward any other to-draw*
ni vos non aus clamar merce.
*and you not I-dare to-cry mercy*

Mas, bon conort ai de l'afan,
*But good comfort I-have of the-toil*
dona, quez ieu trac per vos,
*lady that I bear for you*
quar bos senher ren guizardos,
*for good lord renders rewards*
qui be·l serf de bon talan;
*who well-him serves with good will*
servida·us ai per bona fe
*served-you I-have in good faith*
de ben-amar ses cor vaire
*with well-loving without heart fickle*
e, si pus hi pogues faire,
*and if more therein I-could to-do*
ia no m'en tarzera en re.
*ever not myself-thereof would-delay in anything*

Ges no·m vir e no·m vau chanjan,
*At-all not-myself I-turn and not-myself go changing*
avinens dona, de vos,
*gracious lady from you*
ni non es mais del cel en ios
*and not is more from-the heaven on down*
nulh'autra quez ieu am tan;
*any-other that I love so-much*
e fas esfortz quar no·m recre,
*and I-make effort for not-myself I-give-up*
valentz dona debonaire,
*worthy lady gentle*

pus no·us aus mon cor retraire
*since not-to-you I-dare my heart to-tell*
ni preyar que·m fassatz nulh be.
*nor to-pray that-to-me you-do any good*

Ben podetz far vostre coman
*Well you-can to-do your command*
qu'ieu non ai poder en vos
*for-I not have power in you*
e no suy d'aitan poderos!
*and not am of-so-much capable*
Que mon fin cor ses enjan
*That my true heart without deceit*
no·us aus far saber ni·s cove,
*not-to-you I-dare to-make known nor-itself befits*
mas ieu cum bos sufertaire
*but I as good endurer*
e cum fis leyals amaire
*and as true loyal lover*
sofrirai qu'a sofrir m'ave.
*I-shall-endure what-to endure to-me-falls*

E quar no vos aus far semblan
*And since not to-you I-dare to-make show*
que·us am, dregz fora de vos,
*that-you I-love right would-be of you*
donna, si vostra merces fos,
*lady if your mercy were*

que·us anassetz albiran
*that-yourself you-went judging*
quo vos am e vos vuelh e·us cre
*how you I-love and you want and-you trust*
e·us suy de ben razonaire
*and-to-you am of good advocate*
quar adoncx no·m tengra guaire
*for then not-to-me would-hold much*
le maltraitz que per vos mi ve.
*the suffering that through you to-me comes*

La valen[s] comtess' ha en se,
*The worthy countess has in herself*
de Proencha, debonaire
*of Provence gentle*
cho don chascus es lauszaire
*that whereof each is praiser*
de fina valor de tot be.
*of fine merit of all good*

E·l conte, mon seignor, ai fe,
*And-in-the count my lord I-have faith*
que si' en loc de son paire,
*that be-be in place of his father*
qu'a totz aug dir e retraire
*for-from all I-hear to-say and to-tell*
que mais l'am' hom on plus lo ve.
*that more him-loves one the-more more him sees*

## Amors, ben m'avetz tengut

7 · LOVE, YOU HAVE LONG HELD ME

---

*Love has long held him and shown him no mercy, and it is his own fault, since he dares not show his lady his pain. If Love gave him the courage to reveal his heart just once, he would ask nothing more. Before her he is like a mute and hides his love for fear. He has not forgotten the pleasure she showed him at the beginning, with which she deceived him, and he has paid dearly for knowing her beauty, like a fair rose and fair crystal. He asks her to see how truly he loves her and how he was never false to her. A natural lord has come to Provence who hates deceit and greed, and Sir Blacatz's worth is equal to all merits.*

Amors, ben m'avetz tengut
*Love well me-you-have held*
en vostre poder loniamen,
*in your power long*
qu'eu anc no·i trobei chauzimen
*for-I ever not-there found clemency*
ni merces no m'a valgut
*and mercy not to-me-has availed*
ab vos, per que fatz fallensa,
*with you for which I-do fault*
quar a lieis no mostre mos mals
*because to her not I-show my ills*
cuy suy hom litges naturals,
*whose I-am man liege natural*
pos eu no n'aus far parvensa.
*since I not thereof-dare to-make show*

Et auriatz m' ereubut,
*And you-would-have me enraptured*
amors, e fag ric e manen,
*love and made rich and wealthy*
si·m donavatz tan d'ardimen
*if-to-me you-gave so-much of-boldness*
que mon fin cor esperdut
*that my true heart distraught*
per sobras de benvolensa
*through excess of good-will*
li mostres una vetz savals;
*to-her I-showed one time at-least*
ia pueys no·us quezera ren als,
*ever then not-of-you would-I-ask anything else*
si·m fessetz d'aitan valensa.
*if-to-me you-did of-so-much service*

Qu'ieu fatz semblansa de mut,
*For-I make likeness of mute*
quan vei son bel cors avinen
*when I-see her fair person gracious*
de la bella en cui m'enten;
*of the fair-one in whom myself-I-set*

si·l tenc mon cor escondut
*so-from-her I-keep my heart hidden*
qu'ieu no l'aus dir per temensa
*that-I not to-her-dare to-say for fear*
co·l sui francs e fis e leials
*how-to-her I-am frank and true and loyal*
et amicx en totz locs cabals,
*and friend in all places perfect*
que d'als non ai sovinensa.
*that of-else not I-have remembrance*

Ges no·m son dessovengut
*At-all not-to-me are forgotten*
dona·l vostre plazer plazen
*lady-the your pleasure pleasing*
qu'ieu conuc al comensamen
*which-I knew at-the beginning*
don m'avetz viu deceubut.
*whence me-you-have alive deceived*
Car comprey ma conoyssensa
*Dearly I-bought my acquaintance*
e vostra beutat qu'es aitals
*and your beauty which-is such*
com belha roz' e belhs cristals,
*as fair rose and fair crystal*
pos ab vos non truep guirensa!
*since with you not I-find protection*

Dona, si Dieus vos aiut,
*Lady so God you may-help*
pos so conoissetz que·us es gen,
*since that you-know which-to-you is seemly*
conoscatz quo·us am finamen
*know how-you I-love truly*
ni com mi tenetz vencut
*and how me you-hold conquered*
ni com trac greu penedensa
*and how I-bear heavy penance*
ni com suy vostr' amicx corals
*and how I-am your friend heartfelt*
ni com anc ves vos no fuy fals
*and how ever toward you not I-was false*
ni com vostr' onors m'agensa.
*and how your honor to-me-pleases*

Al senhoriu de Proensa
*To-the lordship of Provence*
es vengutz senher naturals
*is come lord natural*
a cuy no platz enjans ni mals
*to whom not pleases deceit nor ill*
ni cobeytatz no l'agensa
*and covetousness not to-him-pleases*

En Blacatz, vostra valensa
*Sir Blacatz your worth*
es de totas valors eguals,
*is of all merits equal*
e sapchatz: s'ades etz aitals
*and know if-ever you-are such*
non trobaretz qui ia·us vensa.
*not you-will-find who ever-you conquer*

## Car compri vostras beutatz

8 · DEARLY I BOUGHT YOUR BEAUTY

---

*He has paid dearly for her beauty and her loving look, since he dares not tell his desire and cannot leave her. She is so high and he so low that only humility can make her desire him, and without it he cannot heal. He has never told her plainly how he loves her, yet thinks she knows. He is both glad when he looks at her and grieved because he cannot speak. A man is as good as dead who lives longing for what is never granted, and if she hates him, the whole world will. The countess holds a court of service and cheer, and he will never leave off praising Sir Blacatz.*

Car compri vostras beutatz
*Dearly I-bought your beauty*
e vostras plazens faissos,
*and your pleasing features*
don', e·l belh semblan amoros
*lady and-the fair look loving*
e·l vostr' avinen solatz,
*and-the your gracious cheer*
pos no·us aus mon talan dire
*since not-to-you I-dare my desire to-say*
ni de vos no·m puesc partir
*and from you not-myself I-can to-part*
ni d'als no son mey dezir
*and of-else not are my desires*
ni nulh ioi tan no dezire.
*and any joy so-much not I-desire*

A tart serai deziratz,
*At late I-shall-be desired*
avinens dompna, per vos, —
*gracious lady by you*
tant etz aut et ieu suy tan ios, —
*so you-are high and I am so low*
si no·us vens humilitatz
*if not-you conquers humility*
vostre gen cors don sospire
*your noble person for-which I-sigh*
qu'ieu n'ai fag maynt greu sospir
*for-I thereof-have made many heavy sigh*
e say que non puesc guerir,
*and I-know that not I-can to-heal*
s'umelitatz n'es a dire.
*if-humility thereof-is to lack*

Anc no·us dis, — ben acordatz
*Ever not-to-you I-said well resolved*
dona, — tan suy temeros, —
*lady so I-am fearful*
con e·us am e·n suy enveios;
*how I-you I-love and-thereof am desirous*
tant no fui de vos privatz;
*so-much not I-was of you intimate*

pero, be·m pens e·m cossire
*yet well-myself I-think and-myself consider*
que tot sabetz mon albir
*that all you-know my thought*
ves so que·m fai esiauzir,
*toward that which-me makes to-rejoice*
qu'ieu no suy del plus iauzire.
*for-I not am of-the more enjoyer*

Ben suy iauzens e iratz
*Well I-am rejoicing and grieved*
del vostre gen cors ioios:
*of-the your noble person joyful*
iratz suy car eu a rescos
*grieved I-am because I in secret*
no·us aus dir mas volontatz
*not-to-you I-dare to-say my wishes*
e suy iauzens quan remire
*and I-am rejoicing when I-behold*
vos qu'est la genser que·s mir
*you who-art the fairest that-herself mirror*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
* * *
*(lacuna)*

Ben es mortz qui apensatz
*Well is dead who thoughtful*
viu ni dezaventuros
*lives and unlucky*
d'aisso don plus es cobeitos,
*of-that whereof most he-is desirous*
quant no·l n'es nulhs bes iutiaz;
*when not-to-him thereof-is any good adjudged*
d'aital mort suy ieu soffrire
*of-such death am I sufferer*
per vos don no·m tuelh ni·m vir,
*through you whence not-myself I-withdraw nor-myself turn*
e si·m metetz en azir,
*and if-me you-put in hatred*
totz lo mons cre que m'azire.
*all the world I-think that me-hate*

Comtessa, nulh mal cossire
*Countess any ill thought*
non es, hom de vos cossir,
*not is one of you think*
anz tenetz cort de servir
*rather you-hold court of serving*
e de solatz e de rire.
*and of cheer and of laughing*

D'En Blacatz no·m tuelh ni·m vire
*From-Sir Blacatz not-myself I-withdraw nor-myself turn*
ni de son pretz enantir,
*nor from his worth to-advance*
que tan no·n puesc de ben dir
*for so-much not-thereof I-can of good to-say*
qu'ades mays no·y truep a dire.
*that-ever more not-there I-find to say*

## Bon' aventura don Dieus

9 · GOOD FORTUNE MAY GOD GIVE

---

*He asks God to bless his eyes and heart, which have chosen the fairest and most gracious lady in the world, and swears it is true. He will be hers loyally, for no lady equals her beauty or breeding, and the man who is hers stands in the richest lordship. Without her the whole world would give him no joy. Andrew, who died so nobly, loved no better than he does, and he asks Love to pardon his folly in aiming so high, for he would rather die than give her up. No toil for her is hard, and he begs that if her rank forbids her, humility may keep her for him. The song greets the worthy countess of Savoy and the marquis.*

Bon' aventura don Dieus
*Good fortune may-give God*
a mos huelhs et a mon cor,
*to my eyes and to my heart*
quar an la gensor chauzida
*for they-have the fairest chosen*
del mon e la plus avinen;
*of-the world and the most gracious*
e no·y menti, mon escien,
*and not-therein I-lied my knowing*
ans sai e conosc que vers es;
*rather I-know and recognize that true it-is*
qu'enaissi·m venha de lieys bes
*that-so-to-me may-come from her good*
cum ieu cug y ver dire,
*as I think therein truth to-say*
e si eu men, ia no·n sia iauzire.
*and if I lie ever not-thereof may-I-be enjoyer*

E pero vuel esser sieus
*And yet I-wish to-be hers*
lialmen e de bon cor,
*loyally and with good heart*
quar es la plus yssernida
*for she-is the most discerning*
e ia non trobara conten
*and ever not will-find contest*
de beutat ni d'ensenhamen,
*of beauty nor of-breeding*
ans puesc ben dire: que sieus es
*rather I-can well to-say that hers is*
qu'e·l plus ric senhoriu s'es mes
*who-in-the most rich lordship himself-is put*
qu'en tot lo mon se mire,
*that-in all the world itself mirror*
per qu'ieu li suy leyals hom e servire.
*for which-I to-her am loyal man and servant*

Si totz lo mons era mieus,
*If all the world were mine*
no·n auria gaug mon cor
*not-thereof would-have joy my heart*
ses lieys que tant es grazida,
*without her who so-much is welcomed*
cuy am e dezir finamen;
*whom I-love and desire truly*

e si erguelh ni falhimen
*and if pride or offense*
fas, quar la prec ni·l clam merces,
*I-do because her I-beg or-to-her cry mercy*
ia·l sieú gen cors guai e cortes,
*ever-the her noble person gay and courteous*
s'a luy plai, no·s n'azire
*if-to her it-pleases not-herself thereof-may-anger*
qu'al fol deu hom sas foldatz laissar dire.
*for-to-the fool ought one his follies to-let to-say*

Si tan gen muri Andrieus
*If so nobly died Andrew*
non amet miels en son cor
*not loved better in his heart*
qu'ieu fas lieys qu'ai encobida;
*than-I do her whom-I-have coveted*
no sai si·m fas foldat o sen
*not I-know if-myself I-do folly or sense*
quar en tan honrat loc enten;
*for in so honored place I-aspire*
per Dieu, amors, si foldatz es,
*by God love if folly it-is*
me perdonatz: est nescies,
*me pardon this foolishness*
qu'ie·m laissari' aucire
*for-I-myself would-let to-slay*
ans que·n partis mon cor ni mon dezire.
*before that-thence I-parted my heart or my desire*

Nulhs afans no m'en es grieus,
*Any toil not to-me-thereof is heavy*
tan la dezir e mon cor!
*so-much her I-desire in my heart*
E quar tan l'aurai servida,
*And since so-much her-I-shall-have served*
prec li per son belh chauzimen,
*I-pray her by her fair clemency*
si paratges la·n defen,
*if rank her-thereof forbids*
q'umilitatz la·n retengues,
*that-humility her-thereto held*
qu'amors m'a si lassat e pres
*for-love me-has so snared and taken*
que no sai on me vire
*that not I-know where myself I-turn*
ni no sai ieu de que me puesca rire.
*and not know I at what myself I-could to-laugh*

Chanso, la comtessa valen
*Song the countess worthy*
de Savoia, on fin pretz es,
*of Savoy where true worth is*
me saluda, e·l pro marques,
*for-me greet and-the worthy marquis*
e sapchas li ben dire
*and know to-her well to-say*
que·l genser es qu'en tot lo mon se mire.
*that-the fairest she-is that-in all the world herself mirror*

## Pus vey que nulh pro no·m te

10 · SINCE I SEE THAT NO PROFIT COMES TO ME

---

*Since Love does him no good, he is forced to give it up, having lost hope of recovery. Love casts down its own and advances the false. He was Love's in good faith, but now each must look after himself, and he takes back his heart and his hope. He will never ask Love for mercy again, having stayed with a stingy lord and had nothing but grief. It would be folly to go back, yet his fair lady's worth does not decline. He blesses Savoy, whose flower promises worthy fruit, and praises Sir Isnart's generosity and Sir Blacatz's growing worth.*

Pus vey que nulh pro no·m te
*Since I-see that any profit not-to-me holds*
amors, ni nul be no·m fai,
*love and any good not-to-me does*
no fas nul esfors si·m n'estrai;
*not I-make any effort if-myself thence-I-withdraw*
pero, forsatz m'en recre,
*yet forced myself-thence I-give-up*
quar non puesc tan lonjamen
*for not I-can so long*
sufrir tan grieu malanansa
*to-suffer so heavy misery*
e quar non ai esperansa
*and because not I-have hope*
en calque revenimen.
*in any recovery*

Nulh' esperansa de be
*Any hope of good*
ni nulh bon conort no sai
*nor any good comfort not I-know*
en amor, quar los sieus dechai
*in love for the its-own it-casts-down*
e·ls fals enans' e mante,
*and-the false advances and maintains*
qu'il n'an tot lo iauzimen;
*for-they thereof-have all the enjoyment*
pero, qui·ls sieus dezenansa,
*yet who-the his-own lowers*
el dezenans pren mermansa
*in-the lowering takes diminishment*
part lo blasme qui·l n'aten.
*beyond the blame that-him thereof-awaits*

Ben fui sieus per bona fe,
*Well I-was its in good faith*
mas pus tan mal m'en estai,
*but since so ill to-me-thereof stands*
d'amor, que negun ben no·n ai,
*with-love that any good not-thereof I-have*
pes quascus hueymais de se,
*let-think each henceforth of himself*
qu'ie·n part mon entendemen
*for-I-thence part my intent*
e mon cor e m'esperansa,
*and my heart and my-hope*

forsatz, pos re no m'enansa
*forced since anything not me-advances*
ni no·y truep nulh chauzimen.
*and not-there I-find any clemency*

Anc iorn no·y trobey merce,
*Ever day not-there I-found mercy*
en amor, ni·l plac ni·l plai,
*in love nor-to-it pleased nor-to-it pleases*
per qu'eu ia merce no·lh querrai
*for which-I ever mercy not-of-it shall-ask*
quar pes que no·m valgues re;
*for I-think that not-to-me would-avail anything*
qu'ap senhor avar, tenen
*for-with lord avaricious tight-fisted*
ai estat ses alegransa,
*I-have stayed without gladness*
qu'anc ren mas ir' e pezansa
*for-ever anything but grief and sorrow*
no·n ayc ab greu pessamen.
*not-thereof I-had with heavy thought*

E pus enaissi·s capte
*And since so-itself bears*
amors vas los sieus que·ls tray,
*love toward the its-own that-them betrays*
be suy folhs s'ieu pus m'i atray;
*well am foolish if-I more myself-there draw*

que negus bes no m'en ve,
*for any good not to-me-thereof comes*
si fai d'aitan solamen,
*so does in-so-much only*
que·l bell' en cui ai fiansa
*that-the fair-one in whom I-have trust*
de que·m don gran benanansa
*of that-to-me she-give great happiness*
de son bon pretz no deissen.
*from her good worth not declines*

Savoia e·l tenemen
*Savoy and-the domain*
sal Dieus, car nos creis d'onransa
*may-save God for to-us grows of-honor*
que flors n'ieis de tal senblansa
*for flower thereof-issues of such likeness*
don esperam frug valen.
*whence we-hope fruit worthy*

N'Isnart, donan e meten
*Sir-Isnart giving and spending*
creissetz de terr' e d'onransa,
*you-grow in land and in-honor*
En Blacatz no·s dezenansa,
*Sir Blacatz not-himself lowers*
qu'ades lo truep plus valen.
*for-ever him I-find more worthy*

## Morir pogr'ieu, si·m volgues

11 · I COULD DIE, IF LOVE WISHED

---

*Love could let him die, for it never helped him, and a man is a fool who does not turn away from what he cannot enjoy. He is no longer Love's captive and will turn elsewhere, fleeing sighs and tears, though he grieves at the parting. It was partly his fault for thinking a lady of such worth would deign to love him; his eyes made him choose her, and he hates them for it. Love never helps its best friends and gives joy to deceivers who scorn it. Since Love does not care for his good, he takes another road. He praises Beatrice, the worthy countess, as the fairest lady.*

Morir pogr'ieu, si·m volgues
*To-die could-I if-me wished*

e·l vostre poder, amors,
*in-the your power love*

que ia no·m volgratz far socors
*for ever not-to-me you-would-wish to-give succor*

en tal loc m'aviatz mes;
*in such place me-you-had put*

per qu'es fols qui no·s desvia
*for which-is foolish who not-himself turns-aside*

de so don no·s pot iauzir,
*from that whereof not-himself can to-enjoy*

e selh qu'o met en sufrir
*and he who-it puts in suffering*

es fols e sec sa folhia.
*is foolish and follows his folly*

Hueymay no suy vostre pres,
*Henceforth not am your captive*
per que·m puesc virar alhors,
*for which-myself I-can to-turn elsewhere*
e fug a·ls sospirs et als plors
*and I-flee from-the sighs and from-the tears*
et a las malas merces
*and from the bad mercies*
de vostra grieu senhoria,
*of your heavy lordship*
amors, tan qu'alhors me vir;
*love so that-elsewhere myself I-turn*
e suy iratz del partir
*and I-am grieved at-the parting*
si be·l colpa non es mia.
*though well-the fault not is mine*

Ses colpa no suy ieu ges,
*Without fault not am I at-all*
qu'a la belh'on es valors
*for-to the fair-one-in-whom is merit*
e fin pretz e vera lauzors
*and true worth and true praise*
cugey amar me degnes;
*I-thought to-love me she-deigned*
ben aigui pauc sen lo dia!,
*well I-had little sense the day*

mas amors la·m fetz chauzir
*but love her-to-me made to-choose*
e miey huelh per que·ls n'azir
*and my eyes for which-them thereof-I-hate*
e ia mais no·ls ne creyria.
*and ever more not-them thereof I-would-believe*

Amors, anc pro non tengues
*Love ever profit not you-held*
als vostres amics melhors,
*to-the your friends best*
mas als fenhens gualiadors
*but to-the feigning deceivers*
que vos meton en disses
*who you put in contempt*
donatz de ioy manentia,
*you-give of joy wealth*
amors, e faus escarnir,
*love and yourself-make to-mock*
e ia no·us degr' abelhir
*and ever not-to-you ought to-please*
fals amics ni fals' amia.
*false friend nor false beloved*

Amors, pus no·us plai mos bes
*Love since not-to-you pleases my good*
a mi no plai vostr' onors;
*to me not pleases your honor*

pero, forsatz en fas clamors
*yet forced thereof I-make complaints*
e no·us pessetz que·m tolgues
*and not-yourself think that-myself I-took-away*
de vos, si bes m'en venia;
*from you if good to-me-thereof came*
e quar no m'en pot venir
*and since not to-me-thereof can to-come*
ni no·n ai mas lo dezir,
*and not-thereof I-have but the desire*
tuelh m'en e tenc autra via.
*I-remove myself-thence and I-hold other way*

Pros comtessa, on que sia,
*Worthy countess where that it-be*
Biatritz, puesc per ver dir,
*Beatrice I-can for truth to-say*
que·l genser dompn'es que·s mir
*that-the fairest lady-you-are that-herself mirror*
e pretz per melhor vos tria.
*and worth for best you chooses*

## Ben deu hom son bon senhor

### 12 · A MAN OUGHT TO LOVE HIS GOOD LORD

*A man ought to love and obey a good lord, and leave a bad one who ruins his own people. In the same way a man should leave Love when he cannot enjoy it, so he is forced to give up Love, which never did him good. He is free of the error and the long desire and feels no grief; though he suffered much, he keeps such faith with Love that he is loath to tell its harm. Deceiving looks and his own foolish eyes will not kill him again. He tells the emperor that God hates everyone but his servant, so the emperor should serve God. He praises Countess Beatrice's beauty and Sir Blacatz's growing worth.*

Ben deu hom son bon senhor
*Well ought one his good lord*
amar e servir
*to-love and to-serve*
et honrar, et obezir
*and to-honor and to-obey*
a tota s'onor,
*to all his-honor*
e de mal senhor ses merce,
*and from bad lord without mercy*
quant ponha·ls sieus en desfaire,
*when drives-the his-own in undoing*
se deu hom qui pot estraire,
*himself ought one who can to-withdraw*
quant sos servizis pro no·lh te.
*when his service profit not-to-him holds*

Atressi·s deu hom d'amor
*Likewise-himself ought one from-love*
per bon dreg partir,
*by good right to-part*
quant ve que no·n pot iauzir
*when he-sees that not-thereof he-can to-enjoy*
ni·l val ni·l acor;
*nor-to-him avails nor-him succors*
per qu'ie·m part forsatz e·m recre
*for which-I-myself part forced and-myself give-up*
d'amor cuy suy merceyaire,
*from-love to-whom I-am suppliant*
car anc iorn no·m volc ben faire
*for ever day not-to-me it-wished good to-do*
ni non ac chauzimen de me.
*and not had clemency of me*

Partitz me suy de l'error,
*Parted myself I-am from the-error*
en que·m sol tenir
*in which-me was-wont to-hold*
amors, e del lonc dezir,
*love and from-the long desire*
don non sen dolor;
*whence not I-feel grief*
e s'eu anc dels mals trais granre
*and if-I ever of-the ills bore great-deal*
e dels bes no·m lausei guaire,
*and of-the goods not-myself pleased much*

sos dans m'es greus a retraire
*its harm to-me-is heavy to recount*
aitan li port de bona fe.
*so-much to-it I-bear of good faith*

Ia mais semblant trichador
*Ever more looks deceiving*
no·m poiran ausir
*not-me will-be-able to-slay*
ni·ll meu no·m faran languir
*nor-the mine not-me will-make to-languish*
huelh gualiador,
*eyes deceiving*
quar folhs es qui sos folhs huelhs cre,
*for foolish is who his foolish eyes believes*
mayntas vetz, so m'es veiaire,
*many times so to-me-is seeming*
e fols qui trop es guardaire
*and foolish who too-much is keeper*
d'aisso que no·l tanh ni·l cove.
*of-that which not-to-him befits nor-to-him behooves*

Al valent emperador
*To-the worthy emperor*
vuelh mostrar e dir
*I-wish to-show and to-say*
que totz met Dieus en azir
*that all puts God in hatred*
mas son servidor;
*except his servant*
e pus Dieus l'a donat de que,
*and since God to-him-has given of what*
serva·l a dreg l'emperaire
*let-serve-him by right the-emperor*
qu'om del mon no pot plus traire
*for-one from-the world not can more to-draw*
mas tant quant aura fach de be.
*but so-much as he-will-have done of good*

Comtessa Beatris, gran be
*Countess Beatrice great good*
aug de vos dir e retraire,
*I-hear of you to-say and to-recount*
quar del mon etz la belaire
*for of-the world you-are the fairest*
de las autras dompnas qu'om ve.
*of the other ladies that-one sees*

En Blacas ies no se recre
*Sir Blacatz at-all not himself gives-up*
de son fin pretz enan-traire
*from his true worth to-advance*
ans val mais que no sol faire
*rather is-worth more than — was-wont to-do*
e melhur' e creys so que te.
*and betters and increases that which he-holds*

## Amors, be·m platz e·m sap bo

13 · LOVE, IT PLEASES ME WELL

*It pleases him that all the worthy now blame Love for its churlish, lying, and base conduct, and that everyone flees and forgets it. Love was once flower and grain, but now it is lying and fickle, and disserves those who obeyed it. No baron would serve Love without reward, and those who served it longest have left it, since the most loyal enjoy it least. He says no to Love, and asks God to keep him from its prison and torments. He sends the song to the worthy king of León and Castile, whose friend he is. After a damaged passage, he says he has not forgotten the merit of the countess Beatrice.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amors, | be·m | platz | e·m | sap | bo |
| *Love* | *well-to-me* | *it-pleases* | *and-to-me* | *tastes* | *good* |
| quar | per | vostres | faitz | vilas | |
| *because* | *for* | *your* | *deeds* | *churlish* | |
| mensongiers | e | soteiras | | | |
| *lying* | *and* | *base* | | | |
| vos | mesprendon | tug | li | pro; | |
| *you* | *blame* | *all* | *the* | *worthy* | |
| tot | per | la | vostra | faillida | |
| *all* | *for* | *the* | *your* | *failing* | |
| vos | fui | cascus | e·us | oblida | |
| *you* | *flees* | *each* | *and-you* | *forgets* | |
| e | pe·ls | fols | captenemens | | |
| *and* | *for-the* | *foolish* | *conducts* | | |
| que | faitz | tan | dezavinens. | | |
| *that* | *you-do* | *so* | *unseemly* | | |

Amors, ieu vi la sazo
*Love I saw the season*
que vos eratz flors e gras!
*that you were flower and grain*
ar vei dels plus sobeiras
*now I-see of-the most high*
qe·n tenon tug mal resso;
*that-thereof hold all ill repute*
c'aissi·us es enmalezida
*for-so-yourself you-are made-wicked*
q'a cels qi·us an obezida
*for-to those who-you have obeyed*
es mensongeir' e volvens
*you-are lying and fickle*
e sirvetz·los dessirvens.
*and you-serve-them disserving*

Amors, ieu no sai baro
*Love I not know baron*
tant sia ioves efas
*so-much be young child*
que mezes dos astezas
*who would-spend two Asti-pennies*
ni·us servis ses guizardo;
*or-you would-serve without reward*
per que cil vos aun gequida
*for which those you have forsaken*
qi·us an longuamen servida,
*who-you have long served*

car meins n'a de iauzimens
*for less thereof-has of enjoyment*
qui plus vos ser lialmens.
*who more you serves loyally*

Amors, aissi·us dic de no,
*Love so-to-you I-say of no*
qu'ieu no soi en vostras mas
*for-I not am in your hands*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
qui·s met en vostra preizo;
*who-himself puts in your prison*
e gart me Dieus d'aital vida,
*and may-guard me God from-such life*
que ia no·m si' escarida
*that ever not-to-me be allotted*
qu'ieu vos si' obediens
*that-I to-you be obedient*
ni·m torn e·ls vostres turmens.
*nor-myself turn into-the your torments*

Al valen rei de Leo
*To-the worthy king of León*
qu'es senher dels Castellas
*who-is lord of-the Castilians*
cui eu soi amicx sertas
*whose I am friend certain*
tramet, si·ll platz, ma chanso;
*I-send if-to-him it-pleases my song*
e si er per lui grazida
*and if it-will-be by him welcomed*
meils n'er cantad' et auzida
*better thereof-will-be sung and heard*
qu'el es sobre·ls plus valens
*for-he is above-the most worthy*
lars e adrei[z] e plazens.
*generous and upright and pleasing*

∗∗∗ don vida
*(lacuna) whence life*
car au ∗∗∗
*for he-has (lacuna)*
∗∗∗
*(lacuna)*
∗∗∗
*(lacuna)*

Ies sa valor(s) no·m oblida
*At-all her merit not-to-me is-forgotten*
de la comtessa grazida,
*of the countess welcomed*
Biatris, ni sos bos senz
*Beatrice nor her good sense*
ni sos bels captenemenz.
*nor her fair bearings*

## Mas comiat ai de far chanso

14 · SINCE I HAVE LEAVE TO MAKE A SONG

*His lady has given him leave to sing, so any good word or gay tune he makes is owed to her. Since he is her man and no one else can protect him, it would be churlish of her to let him die of desire when she can relieve him. He loves her more than he can say; he has lost sleep and laughter, and now sings of what he has wept for a thousand times. He would rather stay in her disfavor than enjoy another, and will never be content until he kisses her mouth and chin. He will never stop loving her. The song goes to tell her he wants no other lady, though he does not know whether he will ever have her.*

Mas comiat ai de far chanso
*Since leave I-have to make song*
de midons cuy am e dezir
*from my-lady whom I-love and desire*
a lieys o deuri'om grazir,
*to her it ought-one to-thank*
s'ieu ia fas bos motz ni guai so;
*if-I ever make good words or gay tune*
oc!, e s'ieu ren de ben fazia,
*yes and if-I anything of good did*
grazit fos a ma douss' amia,
*thanked were to my sweet beloved*
car de lieys tenc un pauc de ioi qu'ieu ai;
*for from her I-hold a little of joy which-I have*
pero, si·l platz, encaras n'aurai mai.
*yet if-to-her it-pleases still thereof-I-shall-have more*

Bona dompna, mas vostr'om so,
*Good lady since your-man I-am*
qu'autr' e no·us no·m pot guerentir,
*for-other and not-you not-me can to-protect*
laissaretz mi del tot murir
*will-you-let me of-the whole to-die*
d'aisso don mi podetz far do;
*of-that whereof to-me you-can to-make gift*
si o faitz, faretz vilania,
*if it you-do you-will-do churlishness*
e parra us rams de feunia,
*and will-appear a branch of rancor*
qui son franc home leyal murir fai
*who his frank man loyal to-die makes*
de dezirier ni·l pot gitar d'esmai.
*of desire and-him can to-cast from-dismay*

Amia, si Dieus mi perdo,
*Beloved so God me may-pardon*
trop vos am mais qu'ieu no sai dir,
*much you I-love more than-I — know to-say*
qu'ie·n pert lo solatz e·l durmir
*for-I-thereby lose the cheer and-the sleeping*
e·l ris, ni als no mi sab bo;
*and-the laughter nor else not to-me tastes good*
mas tan que tornatz suy en via
*but so-much that returned I-am on way*
de chantar, dont ieu me partria,
*of singing whence I myself would-part*

qu'ieu chant aras d'aisso don mil vetz ai
*for-I sing now of-that whereof thousand times I-have*
plorat; — be·s tanh, mas a ma dona plai.
*wept well-itself befits since to my lady it-pleases*

Anc hom mais tan forsatz no fo
*Ever man more so forced not was*
d'amor, e no m'en puesc partir;
*by-love and not myself-thence I-can to-part*
e, si·m faitz finament languir,
*and if-me you-make truly to-languish*
mais vueilh en vostra sospeiso
*more I-wish in your suspicion*
estar que si d'autra iauzia:
*to-stay than if of-another I-enjoyed*
iauzir non es, car no·m poiria
*enjoying not it-is for not-me could*
autra dompna tener iauzent ni guai
*other lady to-keep joyful nor gay*
ni totz lo monz, dompna, de vos en lai.
*nor all the world lady from you on beyond*

No sai far mon at ni mon pro
*Not I-know to-make my liking nor my profit*
vas nulha part; tant no m'albir,
*toward any side so-much not myself-I-judge*

e ia no·y vuelh esdevenir
*and ever not-there I-wish to-arrive*
s'ieu no·us bays la boc' e·l mento,
*if-I not-you kiss the mouth and-the chin*
de vos, cuy am senes bauzia,
*of you whom I-love without deceit*
e no crey mays tals amors sia
*and not I-believe more such love be*
que mal grat vostre·us am e·us amarai
*that ill will your-you I-love and-you shall-love*
e mal grat mieu, mas amors m'o atrai.
*and ill will mine but love me-it draws*

En vostra bona merce sia
*In your good mercy may-be*
[e totz mos sens e ma paria]
*and all my sense and my company*
qu'ieu no·m recre, dona, ni·m recreyrai
*for-I not-myself give-up lady nor-myself shall-give-up*
de vos amar ni nulh poder no·n ai.
*from you to-love and any power not-thereof I-have*

Chanzos, vai t'en e ten ta via,
*Song go thyself-thence and hold thy way*
a la bella·m di senz bauzia
*to the fair-one-for-me say without deceit*
qu'autra dompna no voil ni qier ni ai
*that-other lady not I-wish nor seek nor have*
ni vos non ai ni sai si ia·us aurai.
*and you not I-have nor know if ever-you I-shall-have*

## En Iaufrezet, si Dieus ioi vos aduga

15 · SIR JAUFREZET, SO MAY GOD BRING YOU JOY

*A partimen between Elias and Jaufrezet. Elias offers a choice: three bowls of rocket every day as rent, or the three ladies Beatrice, Mabile, and Uga. Jaufrezet takes the rocket, since the ladies would do him no good nor he them, and he wants no disputes over them. Elias mocks him for holding love's joy a torment and wanting only laughter, and leaves him the rocket as long as he eats bread with it. Jaufrezet says he cannot serve even one lady, let alone three, and sends Elias through Provence to seek his need. In the tornadas Elias says that Sir Blacatz will never side with Jaufrezet, though he has only love's desire, and Jaufrezet answers that Blacatz's courtship is long and he ought to finish what he begins.*

*Elias*

En Iaufrezet, si Dieus ioi vos aduga,
*Sir Jaufrezet so God joy to-you may-bring*
ara prenetz d'aqetz dos partimenz:
*now take of-these two choices*
tres gradaletz podetz aver d'eruga
*three little-bowls you-can to-have of-rocket*
si·us abelis, mas a totz iornz rendenz
*if-to-you it-pleases but for all days rendering*
Na Biatris, Na Mabil' e N'Uga,
*Lady Beatrice Lady Mabile and Lady-Uga*
que chascun' es bella domn' e plazenz.
*for each-one is fair lady and pleasing*
La qal razon tenretz per plus astruga?
*The which side will-you-hold for more fortunate*

Car eu sai ben qe totz hom conoiscenz
*For I know well that every man discerning*
pot ben chauzir lo miels se·ls oils no cluga.
*can well to-choose the best if-the eyes not he-shuts*

*Iaufrezet*

Pueis tan voletz, N'Elyas, qu'eu i prenda
*Since so-much you-wish Sir-Elias that-I therein take*
dels partimenz penrai cel qui·m sab bo:
*of-the choices I-shall-take that which-to-me tastes good*
l'eruga voil aver qeg iorn de renda,
*the-rocket I-wish to-have each day for rent*
q'a las domnas non tenri'eu nul pro
*for-to the ladies not would-hold-I any profit*
ne las a mi, per q'es dregz qu'ie·m defenda,
*nor they to me for which-it-is right that-I-myself defend*
q'al maior ops lur diri'eu de no;
*for-at-the greatest need to-them would-say-I of no*
ni ia no vol qe neguna contenda
*and ever not I-wish that any contest*
un iorn per so mi trueb eu en tenzo;
*one day for that myself find I in dispute*
ar ai trop dig ad home che m'entenda.
*now I-have too-much said to man who me-understand*

*Elias*

Ben nos enten, amics, qe voletz dire,
*Well us I-understand friend what you-wish to-say*
En Iaufrezet, tant m'o dizetz vos plan:
*Sir Jaufrezet so-much to-me-it tell you plainly*

lo ioi d'amor tenetz a grieu martire —
*the joy of-love you-hold for heavy martyrdom*
qi vi anc mais [tan estrain crestian —
*who saw ever more so strange Christian*
qe] non voletz mais lo solatz e·l rire,
*that not you-wish but the cheer and-the laughter*
qe l'autre ioi tenetz per soteiran,
*for the-other joy you-hold for base*
qe d'una vetz n'aures pro, so m'albire;
*for of-one time thereof-you-will-have enough so I-judge*
l'eruga·us lais ab qe manges de pan
*the-rocket-to-you I-leave provided that you-eat of bread*
q'eu no la vueill, ia Dieus tan no m'azire.
*for-I not it wish ever God so-much not me-hate*

*Iaufrezet*

Mais am estar en tan grieu penedenza
*More I-love to-stay in so heavy penance*
q'eu non fera si l'autre agues pres,
*than-I — would-do if the-other I-had taken*
q'a sol' una non puesc eu far valenza,
*for-to only one not can I to-do service*
donc qi eu·s sembla qu'eu lo conplis de tres?
*then who to-you seems that-I it fulfill of three*
Enan voil far de mon cor estenenza
*Rather I-wish to-make of my heart restraint*
qe comenzar so q'eu far non pogues.
*than to-begin that which-I to-do not could*

E vos, N'Elias, anas per Proenza
*And you Sir-Elias go through Provence*
qeren vostr' ops e de mi non penses,
*seeking your need and of me not think*
car ieu ai pres tot zo qe plus m'agenza.
*for I have taken all that which most to-me-pleases*

*Elias*

En Iaufrezet, ben vos puesc en ver dire
*Sir Jaufrezet well to-you I-can in truth to-say*
qe ia·N Blacatz ab vos no s'en tenra,
*that ever-Sir Blacatz with you not himself-thereof will-hold*
si tot non a d'amor mais lo dezire.
*though all not he-has of-love but the desire*

*Iaufrezet*

Mais En Blacatz fai, truep, long' entendenza,
*But Sir Blacatz makes I-find long courtship*
amics N'Elias, trop ben l'i n'es pres,
*friend Sir-Elias very well to-him-there thereof-is taken*
car el degra fenir so qe comenza.
*for he ought to-finish that which he-begins*

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JAUSBERT DE PUYCIBOT

# *The Complete Songs*

# Vida

## THE LIFE OF JAUSBERT DE PUYCIBOT

*Jausbert de Puycibot, son of the castellan of Puycibot in the Limousin, was a nobleman put in the monastery of Saint-Léonard as a child. He knew letters, singing, and composing. For desire of a woman he left the monastery and went to Savaric de Mauléon, who fitted him out as a jongleur. He fell in love with a noble damsel who would not love him unless he became a knight and married her, so Savaric knighted him and gave him land. While he was in Spain an English knight carried her off, kept her, and abandoned her. Returning, Jausbert went one night to a poor woman's house to find a fair girl and found his own wife there. After a night of grief and shame he placed her in a nunnery, and gave up composing and singing.*

Gausbertz de Puegsibot fo gentils hom e fon de l'avescat
*Jausbert of Puycibot was noble man and was of the-bishopric*
de Lemozi, filhs del castela de Puegsibot; e fo mes monges
*of Limousin son of-the castellan of Puycibot and was put monk*
cant era efans en un monestier de San Launart. E saup
*when he-was child in a monastery of Saint Leonard And he-knew*
ben letras e ben cantar e trobar. E per voluntat de femna
*well letters and well to-sing and to-compose And for desire of woman*
issic del monestier, e venc s'en a celui on venian tuit
*went-out of-the monastery and came himself-thence to him where came all*
aquil que per cortesia volion onor ni befait, al pros, al valen
*those who for courtesy wished honor or benefit to-the worthy to-the valiant*
en Savaric de Malleo; e el arnesquet lo a joglar de vestir
*Sir Savaric of Mauléon and he equipped him as jongleur with clothing*
e d'arnes. Et anet per cortz, e fetz mantas bonas cansos.
*and with-gear And he-went through courts and made many good songs*
Et enamoret se d'una gentil donzela bela; e d'ela fetz sas
*And enamored himself of-a noble damsel fair and of-her made his*

cansos; e ela nol volia amar, si nos fezes cavaliers e
*songs and she not-him wished to-love if not-himself he-made knight and*
no la tolgues per molher. Et el contet o tot an Savaric, e
*not her took for wife And he told it all to-Sir Savaric and*
el lo fetz cavalier e donet li alberc, terra e renda; e
*he him made knight and gave to-him lodging land and revenue and*
el pres la donzela per molher e tenc la a gran honor. Et
*he took the damsel for wife and held her in great honor And*
avenc se qu'el anet en Espanha, e la dona remas. Et us
*befell itself that-he went into Spain and the lady remained And a*
cavaliers d'Englaterra si entendia en ela, e fetz e dis tan
*knight of-England so courted in her and did and said so-much*
que ab se lan menet; e tenc la longa sazo per druda,
*that with himself her-thence led and kept her long season for mistress*
e pueis la layset malamens anar. E cant Gausbertz tornava
*and then her let wretchedly to-go And when Jausbert was-returning*
d'Espanha, el alberguet un ser en la ciutat on ela era. E
*from-Spain he lodged one evening in the city where she was And*
cant venc lo ser, el anet defora per voluntat de femna, e
*when came the evening he went outside for desire of woman and*
intret en l'alberc d'una paubra femna, quel fon dig que lainz
*entered in the-house of-a poor woman for-to-him was said that within*
avia una bela donzella. Et el intret e trobet que aquela era
*there-was a fair damsel And he entered and found that that-one was*
la soa molher; e can la vi, fon grans dols entr'els e grans
*the his wife and when her he-saw was great grief between-them and great*
vergonha. Ab leis estet aquela nueg, e l'endeman s'en
*shame With her he-stayed that night and the-next-day himself-thence*
anet ab ela, e menet la en una mongia, e aqui la fetz
*went with her and led her into a nunnery and there her made*
rendre. E per aquela dolor el laysset lo trobar el cantar.
*to-give-herself And for that grief he left the composing and-the singing*

# Amors, s'a vos plagues

## 1 · LOVE, IF IT PLEASED YOU

*He asks Love for one good after a hundred ills, so that his song might be worth more. His song began in a high place and aims at a high place, and it should show that it comes from a worthy one; he would make fit words and gay tunes if he were joyful. But Love, which taught him to sing, now unteaches him, having set his heart where it does not belong. Since Love dared lift his thought so high, his lady should bend her pride toward him. He begs that her greatness not harm him and that Mercy help where Right cannot. The song goes to the lord of Craonnais, and Lady Maria's merits are beyond telling.*

Amors, s'a vos plagues
*Love if-to you it-pleased*
e non fos desrazos
*and not were unreason*
c'apres cen mals m'en fos
*that-after hundred ills to-me-thereof were*
escaritz us sols bes,
*allotted one single good*
dreitz fora qu'eu l'agues,
*right it-would-be that-I it-had*
mas vos no·n platz nien.
*but to-you not-thereof pleases at-all*
Pero si·us fora gen
*Yet if-to-you it-would-be seemly*
c'alcus jois m'en vengues
*that-some joy to-me-thereof came*
don mos chans mais valgues.
*whereby my song more were-worth*

C'aissi cum d'aut luoc pres
*For-just as from-high place took*
mos chans comensamen,
*my song beginning*
et en aut luoc s'enten,
*and in high place itself-aspires*
et autz luocs m'a conques,
*and high place me-has conquered*
covengra qu'eu fezes
*it-would-befit that-I made*
de tan autas razos
*of so high matters*
tant avinens chansos,
*such gracious songs*
c'a mon chant paregues
*that-in my song it-appeared*
que de valen luoc es.
*that from worthy place it-is*

E non faillira ges
*And not would-fail at-all*
en mi, s'eu fos joios,
*in me if-I were joyful*
c'adreitz motz e gais sos
*that-fit words and gay tunes*
ben faire non saubes.
*well to-make not I-knew*

Mas Amors, que m'apres
*But Love who me-taught*
chantar, me desapren,
*to-sing me unteaches*
que m'a lo cor e·l sen
*for to-me-has the heart and-the sense*
per fors' en tal luoc mes
*by force in such place put*
don no·m par que·m taisses.
*whence not-to-me seems that-to-me it-befitted*

E car anc s'entremes
*And since ever itself-undertook*
d'aitan fol ardimen
*of-so foolish boldness*
c'ausses mon pessamen
*that-it-raised my thought*
tan qu'en lieis lo meses,
*so-far that-in her it put*
covengra qu'il degues
*it-would-befit that-she ought*
lo sieu cor orgoillos
*the her heart proud*
tant aclinar en jos
*so-much to-bend on down*
c'a orguoill no·s tengues
*that-for pride not-herself she-held*
si vas mi s'afraisses.
*if toward me herself-she-softened*

Ai Dompna! no·m nogues
*Ah Lady not-me may-harm*
pretz ni Ricors ab vos!
*worth nor Greatness with you*
E pus Dreitz no m'es bos,
*And since Right not to-me-is good*
sivals vailla·m Merces!
*at-least let-avail-to-me Mercy*
Qu'estiers vos d'als non pes.
*For-otherwise-than you of-else not I-think*
Tan vos sai d'auta gen
*So you I-know of-high folk*
que joi tant avinen
*that joy so gracious*
negus dreitz m'aduisses,
*no right to-me-would-bring*
ja tan servir pogues.
*ever so-much to-serve I-could*

Lai on Pretz s'es empres
*There where Worth itself-is kindled*
e Valors eissamen,
*and Merit likewise*
vai, chansos, per prezen,
*go song for present*
tot dreit en Creones,
*all straight into Craonnais*
al seignor del paes.
*to-the lord of-the country*

Na Maria, tant es
*Lady Maria so is*
vostre pretz cars e bos,
*your worth dear and good*
qu'en comtan ni ab sos
*that-in telling nor with tunes*
non cre hom dir pogues
*not I-think one to-say could*
las grans valors ni·ls bes.
*the great merits nor-the goods*

## Be·s cujet venjar Amors

### 2 · LOVE THOUGHT TO TAKE REVENGE

*Love thought to take revenge by leaving him when he reproached it, but did him an honor instead, for he feels no grief and has recovered the sense Love took. Folly had made him love a senseless lady whom he thought the flower of beauty and worth. A true lover should never believe his lady fails, and he praised her falsely while he loved her; now, to repent of the lie, he tells the truth, that she is worth nothing. His heart was never elsewhere while he loved her, and he praised a worth she did not have. He tells her that she by her deeds and he by his words are both working her ruin.*

Be·s cujet venjar Amors,
*Well-itself thought to-avenge Love*
qand si parti sopdamen
*when itself parted suddenly*
de mi, car son faillimen
*from me because its offense*
li blasmav' e·il reprendia;
*to-it I-blamed and-to-it reproached*
pero si·m fetz tan d'onor
*yet so-to-me it-did so-much of-honor*
que plus far no m'en podia,
*that more to-do not to-me-thereof it-could*
car no·n sent mal ni dolor
*for not-thereof I-feel ill nor grief*
ni no·m planc si cum solia.
*and not-myself I-lament so as I-was-wont*
Puois ai mais de jauzimen,
*Since I-have more of rejoicing*

que·l sen e l'entendemen
*for-the sense and the-understanding*
que·m tolc Amors al venir,
*which-from-me took Love at-the coming*
ai tot cobrat al partir.
*I-have all recovered at-the parting*

C'aissi m'entrepres follors
*For-so me-seized folly*
c'Amors me forset mon sen,
*that-Love from-me forced my sense*
tan c'una desconoissen
*so-much that-an undiscerning-one*
amiei per fort car crezia
*I-loved by force because I-believed*
qu'il agues de beutat flor
*that-she had of beauty flower*
e de pretz la seignoria.
*and of worth the lordship*
Mas er sui ses baillidor
*But now I-am without governor*
e sai segre dreita via.
*and I-know to-follow straight way*
Don conosc al sieu non-sen
*Whence I-know by-the her non-sense*
que lieis amar no m'es gen;
*that her to-love not to-me-is seemly*

qu'en dompna deu hom chauzir
*for-in lady ought one to-choose*
que·s fass' ab bos faitz grazir.
*who-herself makes with good deeds welcomed*

Mas dels corals amadors
*But of-the heartfelt lovers*
non deu nuils creir' a nuil sen
*not ought any to-believe in any sense*
de sidonz en cui s'enten
*of his-lady in whom himself-he-sets*
que failla neis si faillia;
*that she-fail even if she-failed*
anz deu l'anta per onor
*rather ought the-shame for honor*
e per sen prendre·il follia.
*and for sense to-take-her folly*
Per qu'ieu ab ditz de lauzor
*For which-I with words of praise*
lauziei lieis que no valia,
*I-praised her who not was-worth*
tant cant l'amiei coralmen;
*so-long as her-I-loved heartily*
e s'anc failli en menten,
*and if-ever I-failed in lying*
aras dic ver ses faillir,
*now I-say truth without failing*
pe·l messonja penedir.
*for-the lie to-repent*

C'om no·s salva ni no·s sors
*For-one not-himself saves and not-himself rises*
del pechat qu'om fai quan men,
*from-the sin that-one does when he-lies*
estiers mas en ver dizen;
*otherwise but in truth saying*
per qu'ieu car antan dizia,
*for which-I because formerly I-said*
cum fis amics ses error,
*as true friend without error*
lauzor de lieis que tot dia
*praise of her who all day*
poignav' a sa desonor,
*strove to her dishonor*
en luoc d'aisso car mentia,
*in place of-that because I-lied*
dic ver qu'il non val nien,
*I-say truth that-she not is-worth anything*
e sai qu'un pauc i mespren;
*and I-know that-a little therein I-transgress*
mas per la colp' escantir
*but for the fault to-extinguish*
vuoill la vertat descobrir.
*I-wish the truth to-uncover*

Pero·l cors no m'er'aillors
*Yet-the heart not to-me-was-elsewhere*
tant cant l'amiei finamen,
*so-long as her-I-loved truly*

mas cum mostres a la gen
*but how I-might-show to the folk*
ab mos lauzars qu'il valia,
*with my praisings that-she was-worth*
car no'i cujava·l follor
*for not-there I-thought-the folly*
que totz lo mons o sabia;
*that all the world it knew*
anz grazia la valor
*rather I-thanked the merit*
e lo pretz qu'il non avia.
*and the worth that-she not had*
Donc per ella eissamen
*Then for her likewise*
dels bes qu'ieu l'ai ditz garen
*of-the goods that-I her-have said guarantor*
no·n ai negun desmentir,
*not-thereof I-have any to-deny*
mas car cujava ver dir.
*except that I-thought truth to-say*

Dompna, s'ieu vos dic follia,
*Lady if-I to-you say folly*
e vos la faitz eissamen;
*and you it do likewise*
aissi decairetz breumen,
*so you-will-decline soon*
qu'amdui poignam al delir,
*for-both we-strive toward-the destroying*
vos ab far et ieu ab dir.
*you with doing and I with saying*

## Car no m'abellis solatz

### 3 · SINCE CHEER DOES NOT PLEASE ME

*He often keeps silent when he would sing, but Love teaches him to sing his lady's praises, and he counts himself paid for his pains that she lets him speak well of her. It is presumptuous even to hope for so honored a joy, though true friendship should count for more than greatness. He fears her riches too much to ask anything, but would gladly take a gift unasked and thank her twice over. A gift given quickly earns more thanks than one delayed. He will take waiting as a gift and refusal in good part, but she would do better to help him before Love kills him. Sir Amalric's praise keeps growing, and the song carries his good worth forward.*

Car no m'abellis solatz
*Since not to-me-pleases cheer*
aitan cum deuria,
*so-much as it-ought*
e vei que chans no plairia,
*and I-see that song not would-please*
me·n refren e·m tatz
*myself-thence I-restrain and-myself hush*
maintas vetz qu'ieu chantaria;
*many times that-I would-sing*
e qand m'en sui totz lassatz,
*and when myself-thereof I-am wholly desisted*

so m'enseign' Amors
*that me-teaches Love*
qu'enansar vostras lauzors
*that-to-advance your praises*
dei, dompn', en chantan,
*I-ought lady in singing*
per que soven dic mon chan.
*for which often I-say my song*

E teing mi fort per pagatz
*And I-hold myself strongly for paid*
del mal qu'ieu sofria,
*for-the ill that-I suffered*
car per vostra cortesia
*for through your courtesy*
sol sofrir deignatz
*only to-suffer you-deign*
que ieu ben-dizens vos sia,
*that I well-speaking to-you be*
e si bens mi faziatz
*and if goods to-me you-did*
enqueras majors.....
*still greater*
Tais te, qu'orguoills e follors
*Hush thyself for-pride and folly*
es de querre tan,
*it-is to ask so-much*
e no·n puesc passar ses dan.
*and not-thereof I-can to-pass without harm*

Sol de l'esper sai que fatz
*Only of the-hope I-know that I-do*
gran sobransaria,
*great presumption*
que a mi no·s taigneria
*for to me not-itself would-befit*
nuills jois tant honratz.
*any joy so honored*
Pero qui·l dreich jutgaria,
*Yet who-the right would-judge*
mieills mi deu fin' amistatz
*better to-me ought true friendship*
valer que ricors;
*to-avail than greatness*
qu'enans deu trobar socors
*for-sooner ought to-find succor*
paubres hom que blan,
*poor man who entreats*
que·l rics d'orgoillos semblan.
*than-the rich of-proud seeming*

Mas tan tem vostras rictatz
*But so-much I-fear your riches*
que ren no·us querria.
*that anything not-of-you I-would-ask*

Pero tant arditz seria
*Yet so bold I-would-be*
que, si·m donavatz
*that if-to-me you-gave*
ses querre, ben o penria
*without asking well it I-would-take*
e doblaria·us lo gratz;
*and I-would-double-to-you the thanks*
que dobla valors
*for double merit*
es de far bens et honors
*it-is to do goods and honors*
lai on mestier an,
*there where need they-have*
anz c'om quieira ni deman.
*before that-one seek or ask*

Bella dompna, ben sapchatz
*Fair lady well know*
que mil tans valria
*that thousand times would-be-worth*
us dos que hom fort volria
*a gift that one strongly would-wish*
s'era tost donatz,
*if-it-were soon given*
que qui trop lo tardaria;
*than if-one too-much it would-delay*

car cel qui dona viatz
*for he who gives quickly*
fai sos gratz meillors,
*makes his thanks better*
e qui·l don no fai de cors,
*and who-the gift not makes in haste*
no·il es grazitz tan,
*not-to-him is welcomed so-much*
e pois costa·il atretan.
*and yet costs-him as-much*

Mas ieu sui cel qui en patz
*But I am he who in peace*
grazirai tot dia
*shall-thank all day*
l'atendre cum si prendia,
*the-waiting as if I-received*
e per dos privatz
*and for gift private*
penrai en grat la fadia.
*I-shall-take in good-part the refusal*
Mas fora us plus bel assatz,
*But would-be to-you more fair much*
si·m fessetz socors,
*if-to-me you-did succor*
anz c'ab forsa·m fortz Amors,
*before that-with force-me kill Love*

languen esperan,
*languishing hoping*
de sofrait' e de talan.
*from want and from desire*

N'Amalric, totz jors
*Sir-Amalric all days*
meillura vostra lauzors,
*betters your praise*
per qu'ieu en chantan
*for which-I in singing*
trac vostre bon pretz enan.
*I-draw your good worth forward*

## Gasc, pecs, laitz joglars e fers

4 · GASCON, DULLARD, FOUL JONGLEUR

---

*A sirventes against a Gascon jongleur who has asked him for one. The Gascon is a foul, decrepit, and fierce dullard, liege to every vice and cut off from every good quality, and praise would do him no good: his only gain is from reviling and buffoonery, the one craft he has. He is old, dry, greedy, gluttonous, and feeble as a cripple, so that Mercy asks that one soften toward him. The king will give him something, since he comes cheap, but if he goes to Sir Balian he will be beaten and dragged through the mud a thousand times. His grave awaits him in August, and no one will mourn him. If he recites this sirventes, he will know it was no spider's work.*

Gasc, pecs, laitz joglars e fers,
*Gascon dullard foul jongleur and fierce*
dechatz e faitz a revers,
*decayed and made in reverse*
a totz mals liges e sers,
*to all ills liege and serf*
qu'us non cre que t'en soffraigna,
*that-one not I-think that to-thee-thereof lacks*
et de totz bos aips esters,
*and from all good qualities apart*
si tu ver dire·m sofers,
*if thou truth to-say-me permittest*
fellon sirventes que·m quers
*felon sirventes that-of-me thou-seekest*
aias tal com a te taigna.
*have such as to thee befits*

Tan pauc vals en tos affars
*So little thou-art-worth in thy affairs*
que no·t valria lauzars;
*that not-to-thee would-avail praising*
mas laidirs e folleiars
*but reviling and fooling*
qu'ad autrui notz te gazaigna:
*which-to others harms to-thee profits*
que d'alre non iest joglars,
*for in-other not thou-art jongleur*
vieils, secs, plus fels qu'us Navars,
*old dry more vicious than-a Navarrese*
comols de totz mals estars
*heaped of all bad states*
e ses tota bona maigna.
*and without all good manner*

Dregz no·t daria ni plagz
*Right not-to-thee would-give nor plea*
qu'aver deguesses ben-fagz,
*that-to-have thou-oughtest benefits*
qu'a tota gen iest empagz
*for-to all folk thou-art hindrance*
cui enueja ta compaigna,
*whom irks thy company*
qu'enfrus e glotz iest e lagz;
*for-greedy and glutton thou-art and foul*

mas car iest vieils e defragz
*but because thou-art old and broken*
e frevols cum us contragz,
*and feeble as a cripple*
vol Merces qu'om s'i afraigna.
*wishes Mercy that-one himself-therein soften*

Gasc malastrucs, ab sen pec,
*Gascon ill-starred with sense dull*
puois tan grans paubreira·t sec,
*since so great poverty-thee follows*
ja lo sieu no·t tenra nec,
*ever the his not-from-thee will-hold denied*
sitot d'autres s'en estraigna,
*although from-others himself-thence withdraw*
lo reis qu'om no·i aconsec,
*the king whom-one not-there overtakes*
si trop non a forbit bec;
*if much not he-has polished beak*
mas a te dara ses pec,
*but to thee will-give without fault*
car iest de pauca bargaigna.
*for thou-art of little bargain*

E s'a·N Balian t'en vas,
*And if-to-Sir Balian thyself-thence thou-goest*
joglars caitius, dolens, las,
*jongleur wretched doleful weary*

mil vetz per portas iras
*thousand times through doors thou-wilt-go*
batutz e tiratz per faigna.
*beaten and dragged through mire*
De lui mi tenc per certas,
*Of him myself I-hold for certain*
que non a·l cor flac ni bas,
*that not has-the heart slack nor low*
qu'un don de ton pretz n'auras
*that-a gift of thy worth thereof-thou-wilt-have*
ses tenzon e ses mesclaigna.
*without dispute and without quarrel*

Et si nuills d'els te mou laigna,
*And if any of-them to-thee moves quarrel*
en l'ostal ton seignor as
*in the-house thy lord thou-hast*
tos ops so pauc que viuras,
*thy needs the little that thou-wilt-live*
qu'en aost t'aten lo vas,
*for-in August thee-awaits the grave*
e non er qui·t plor ni·t plaigna.
*and not will-be who-thee weep nor-thee lament*

Dels maestres t'acompaigna,
*With-the masters thyself-accompany*
Gasc, que d'elhs te jauziras,
*Gascon for of-them thyself thou-wilt-enjoy*
e si·l sirventes retras
*and if-the sirventes thou-recite*
a lor nebotz, ben sabras
*to their nephews well thou-wilt-know*
que non er' obra d'araigna.
*that not was work of-spider*

# Jausbert, razon ai adrecha

## 5 · JAUSBERT, I HAVE A RIGHT CASE

*A partimen between Jausbert and Bertran on whether an old or a young lady is better to love. Bertran argues for the old: love-making is dead among the young, and an old woman gives rest, spiced wine, capons, and breakfast before she lets him go. Jausbert defends youth, which brings joy, and wishes hanged whoever kisses an old woman. The quarrel grows coarse: Bertran says young women live by robbing and sell themselves by fraud, and Jausbert that a man who lies with an old woman might as well lie with a sow, and he would rather ride a good horse than a cow. In the tornadas Jausbert will not be kissed by a blue-lipped old woman for her house.*

*Bertran*

Jausbert, razon ai adrecha
*Jausbert case I-have right*
s'auses descubrir mon sen
*if-I-dared to-uncover my mind*
ni demostrar a prezen
*or to-show in presence*
d'Amor cum cuoill fola decha.
*of-Love how it-gathers foolish flaw*
Ben sai qu'a son dan esplecha
*Well I-know that-to his harm works*
druz qu'en dona jove·s pren;
*lover who-in lady young-himself takes*
mas qui en veilla s'enten
*but who in old-woman himself-sets*
mord ades qant lo fols lecha.
*bites ever when the fool licks*

*Jausbert*

Bertran, en vida destrecha
*Bertran in life narrow*
avez estat lonjamen;
*you-have been long*
mas eu mantendrai joven
*but I shall-uphold youth*
e vostra razos er brecha.
*and your case will-be broken*
Car dona veilla ni secha
*For lady old or dry*
non a prez mest nostra gen,
*not has worth among our folk*
e disez tal faillimen
*and you-say such fault*
dont devez morir ab flecha.
*whence you-ought to-die with arrow*

*Bertran*

Jausbert, drudari' es morta
*Jausbert love-making is dead*
en las joves, qu'eu o sai,
*in the young for-I it know*
e proesa no·i es mai,
*and prowess not-there is more*
abans n'es la claus estorta.
*rather thereof-is the key escaped*

Mas qui ab veilla·s deporta
*But who with old-woman-himself sports*
suavet sojorn' e jai;
*softly rests and lies*
et eis d'afan e d'esmai
*and goes-out from-toil and from-dismay*
cui veilla met dins sa porta.
*whom old-woman puts within her door*

*Jausbert*

Bertran, ben sec via torta
*Bertran well follows way crooked*
qui de veilla·s met en plai;
*who of old-woman-himself puts in plea*
mas cui las joves fan jai,
*but whom the young make joy*
jois e jovens lo conorta.
*joy and youth him comforts*
E fos penduz ab redorta
*And may-he-be hanged with withe*
qui ja met en veilla bai!
*who ever puts on old-woman kiss*
Qu'eu conosc que meils l'estai
*For-I know that better to-him-stands*
qui ab joves se conforta.
*who with young himself comforts*

*Bertran*

Jausbert, qui las joves prega
*Jausbert who the young woos*
non es loing de follejar,
*not is far from fooling*
qu'elas vivon de raubar
*for-they live by robbing*
plus qu'Aspes qui cor ab ega;
*more than-Aspes who runs with mare*
per que mos cors las abnega,
*for which my heart them renounces*
mas de tal veilla m'ampar
*but of such old-woman myself-I-seize*
que·m fassa matin disnar,
*who-me make morning to-dine*
ans que·m lais ir una lega.
*before that-me she-let to-go one league*

*Jausbert*

Bertran, ben es causa pega
*Bertran well is thing silly*
qui, per son cors esfruchar,
*who for his body to-reap*
se vol en veilla logar,
*himself wishes in old-woman to-hire*
per qu'eu ab lor no voill trega;
*for which-I with them not wish truce*

e fa mal qui drut non nega
*and does ill who lover not denies*
qui mais vol prendre que dar
*who more wishes to-take than to-give*
et ab veilla·s vol colgar.
*and with old-woman-himself wishes to-lie*
Que no jaz ab una sega?
*Why not lies with a sow*

*Bertran*

Jausbert, diables l'agacha
*Jausbert devil him-watches*
qui de las veillas dis mau,
*who of the old-women says ill*
car tant an lor prez cabau
*for so-much have their worth full*
que las joves n'an sofracha;
*that the young thereof-have lack*
car putia las empacha
*for whoredom them hinders*
e vendon lor cons a frau,
*and sell their cunts by fraud*
e tot s'emporta la clau
*and all himself-carries-off the key*
qui plus deniers i destacha.
*who more pence there unties*

*Jausbert*

Bertran, fols es qui s'estacha
*Bertran fool is who himself-ties*
ab veill' e tira jornau,
*with old-woman and pulls day-work*
qu'eu am mais un bon chivau
*for-I love more a good horse*
cavalgar que una vacha
*to-ride than a cow*
ni roncin ab sella fracha;
*or nag with saddle broken*
e vos tenc ben per babau
*and you I-hold well for dolt*
e no vos tenc per leiau;
*and not you I-hold for loyal*
ans mentez cum s'eraz gacha.
*rather you-lie as if-you-were watchman*

*Bertran*

Jausbert, per veillas m'esjau
*Jausbert through old-women myself-I-rejoice*
que·m dan vin esperitau
*who-to-me give wine spiced*
e capons ab carn de vacha.
*and capons with meat of cow*

*Jausbert*

Bertran, ja veill' ab pot blau
*Bertran ever old-woman with lip blue*
no·m baise per son ostau,
*not-me let-kiss for her house*
car la pel a mol e flacha.
*for the skin she-has soft and flabby*

## Merces es e chauzimens

6 · IT IS MERCY AND CLEMENCY

*Mercy raises the humble and brings down the proud, yet Love casts him down, though he is humble and faithful, and does not bend the proud lady who turns her shield against them both. It is nobler to lose by humility than to win by pride. He argues with himself about whose fault it is, and concludes that Love forced him to love her without forcing her to love him. Love bends the highest, and he still hopes Love will show its power on her hard heart. Mistreating one's own is excess, and Love harms itself. The song goes to the lady of Aubusson, and he praises the lord of Mauléon.*

Merces es e chauzimens
*Mercy is and clemency*
d'umil sorzer et aussar
*of-humble to-raise and to-exalt*
e d'orguoill sobrebaissar,
*and of-pride to-bring-low*
don faill, Amors, vostre sens;
*whence fails Love your sense*
car me, cui trobatz vencut,
*for me whom you-find conquered*
humil e de bona fe,
*humble and of good faith*
dechazetz ancse,
*you-cast-down ever*
e lieis, que vira l'escut
*and her who turns the-shield*
vas vos e vas me,
*toward you and toward me*

que no·us tem ni·us blan,
*who not-you fears nor-you flatters*
non voletz destreigner tan
*not you-wish to-constrain so-much*
que l'orguoill baisses
*that the-pride she-lowered*
e vas vos s'umilies.
*and toward you herself-humbled*

Pero ressos es plus gens
*Yet repute is more noble*
perdre per umiliar
*to-lose by humbling*
que per orguoill gazaignar;
*than by pride to-gain*
que l'orgoillos, si be·s vens,
*for the-proud-one though well-himself conquers*
n'a blasme per tot saubut,
*thereof-has blame for all known*
e l'umils, s'om tot lo te
*and the-humble-one if-one all him holds*
vil e bas sotz se,
*cheap and low beneath himself*
n'a dreig sivals conogut.
*thereof-has right at-least acknowledged*
Donc m'es mieills, so cre,
*Then to-me-is better so I-believe*

qu'ieu umilian
*that-I humbling*
si' enganatz qu'ab engan
*be deceived than-with deceit*
midonz galies,
*my-lady I-cheated*
que·l tortz rema sieus ades.
*for-the wrong remains hers ever*

Tortz? Qu'ai dich? Grans ardimens
*Wrong What-I-have said Great boldness*
es car la n'aus encolpar.
*it-is that her thereof-I-dare to-blame*
Noca·s taing que·m dei' amar.
*Not-at-all-itself befits that-me she-ought to-love*
Cui es doncs lo faillimens?
*Whose is then the fault*
Mieus, car am ar, en perdut,
*Mine because I-love now in loss*
lieis que no·m taing ni·m cove?
*her who not-to-me befits nor-to-me behooves*
No n'es. E per que?
*Not thereof-it-is And for what*
Car ieu no n'ai mais pogut,
*For I not thereof-have more been-able*
ans me pesa be.
*rather to-me grieves well*
Qui·m vai doncs forsan?
*Who-me goes then forcing*

Amors, que·m forset d'aitan
*Love who-me forced in-so-much*
que volc qu'ieu l'ames
*that it-willed that-I her-loved*
forsatz, que lieis no·n forses.
*forced that her not-thereto it-forced*

Pero pois las aussors gens
*Yet since the highest folk*
fai Amors vas si clinar,
*makes Love toward itself to-bend*
pens qu'aissi leu pot forsar
*I-think that-so easily it-can to-force*
lieis per far sos mandamens.
*her for to-do its commands*
Per qu'ai lonc temps atendut
*For which-I-have long time waited*
et ancars no m'en recre
*and still not myself-thence I-give-up*
qu'el seu dur cor ple
*that-in-the her hard heart full*
d'orguoill mostres sa vertut
*of-pride showed its virtue*
amors per merce;
*love through mercy*
e fer' honor gran
*and would-do honor great*
s'a mi, cui vens ses afan,
*if-to me whom it-conquers without toil*

venser si laisses,
*to-conquer itself let*
e lieis que·s defen venques.
*and her who-herself defends conquered*

Amors, non etz tan sabens
*Love not you-are so knowing*
qu'aitan no·us puosc enseignar
*that-so-much not-to-you I-can to-teach*
qu'ades lo sieu malmenar
*that-ever the one's-own to-ill-treat*
es demesur' e no-sens;
*is excess and non-sense*
donc, vos er a mal tengut.
*then to-you will-be at ill held*
E que·s taing ni don s'ave
*And what-itself befits nor whence itself-happens*
qu'om celui malme
*that-one him ill-treat*
qu'aura pel sieu retengut?
*whom-he-will-have for-the his retained*
Per me no·n dic re,
*For me not-thereof I-say anything*
mas car m'es semblan
*but because to-me-is seeming*
que vos fassatz vostre dan;
*that you do your harm*

qu'anc hom que greves
*for-ever man who grieved*
lo sieu, no fo no·i perdes.
*the his not was not-therein lost*

Vas Albuso te,
*Toward Aubusson hold*
chansos, a lieis qu'a vencut
*song to her who-has conquered*
las meillors en be,
*the best in good*
qu'il sap e val tan
*for-she knows and is-worth so-much*
qu'ieu no sai dir en lauzan;
*that-I not know to-say in praising*
mas d'aitan ades
*but of-so-much ever*
retrac son pretz luenh e pres.
*I-recount her worth far and near*

Al seignor prezan
*To-the lord prized*
de Malleon mand aitan,
*of Mauléon I-send so-much*
qu'ieu cre que·s perdes
*that-I believe that-itself would-be-lost*
valors, si lui no trobes.
*merit if him not it-found*

## Hueimais de vos non aten

### 7 · HENCEFORTH I EXPECT NO JOY FROM YOU

*He expects no more joy from Love, which has long refused him. Complaining does no good, except that the blame falls on Love. He holds back his anger, for immoderate anger is a vice, and warns Love that if it does not mend, both Love and his songs will decline. The more he rebukes Love the worse it grows, and whoever is not ashamed will never be worthy. If he speaks discourteously, the fault is Love's, which drives him to it. He knows it is folly to spend his rebukes on Love's cruelty, but he will endure until a better season. He praises Champagne, whose peerless lady makes both Spain and Champagne esteemed on every side.*

Hueimais de vos non aten
*Henceforth from you not I-expect*
aver jauzimen,
*to-have rejoicing*
amors, pois tan lonjamen
*love since so long*
mi sui fadiatz,
*myself I-am refused*
celan e sufren en patz
*concealing and enduring in peace*
l'afan e·l turmen.
*the-toil and-the torment*
Mas er quan m'en vauc planhen
*But now when myself-thereof I-go lamenting*
ni m'en clam, no·m val nien;
*or myself-thereof complain not-to-me avails anything*

mas del clam qu'ieu fatz
*but of-the complaint that-I make*
mi tenh per pagatz
*myself I-hold for paid*
d'aitan que s'o no m'es pros,
*of-so-much that if-it not to-me-is profit*
blasmes er sivals a vos.
*blame will-be at-least to you*

Blasmar vos degr' ieu fortmen,
*To-blame you ought I strongly*
mas vauc vos sufren,
*but I-go you enduring*
qu'aicel que s'irais greumen,
*for-he who himself-angers grievously*
plus quant es iratz,
*more than is angered*
es fels e desmezuratz.
*is vicious and immoderate*
Doncs tem s'ieu mespren
*Then I-fear if-I transgress*
que vos e mei chan plazen
*that you and my songs pleasing*
en seretz trop meins valen;
*thereof will-be much less worthy*
per que vuelh sapchatz,
*for which I-wish you-know*
se no·us melhuratz,
*if not-yourself you-better*

qu'anz dechairi' ambedos,
*that-sooner would-decline both*
amors, vos e mas chansos.
*love you and my songs*

Ben sui fols quar i enten
*Well I-am foolish because therein I-expect*
nul melhuramen,
*any betterment*
qu'ades on plus vos repren
*for-ever the-more more you I-reprove*
cum amics privatz,
*as friend intimate*
vos creissetz e pejuratz
*you increase and worsen*
vostre falhimen;
*your offense*
e qui per castiamen
*and who for chiding*
ni per blasme de la gen
*nor for blame of the folk*
no tem far foudatz,
*not fears to-do folly*
es desvergonhatz;
*is shameless*
e qui non es vergonhos,
*and who not is ashamed*
non er ja valens ni bos.
*not will-be ever worthy nor good*

E si sai que no m'es gen
*And so I-know that not to-me-is seemly*
quar ab vos conten,
*that with you I-contend*
mas fatz lo forsadamen
*but I-do it perforce*
quar mi malmenatz;
*because me you-ill-treat*
don ieu sui tan forsenatz
*whence I am so maddened*
qu'ieu no puesc dir sen.
*that-I not can to-say sense*
E s'ieu dic deschauzimen
*And if-I say discourtesy*
contra vos, pois forsatz m'en,
*against you since you-force me-thereto*
er tortz e peccatz
*it-will-be wrong and sin*
s'ieu en sui blasmatz,
*if-I thereof am blamed*
qu'a vos tanh lo mals ressos
*for-to you belongs the ill repute*
don mou·l tortz e·l ochaizos.
*whence moves-the wrong and-the occasion*

Ben sui fols ad essien
*Well I-am foolish with knowing*
quar gast e despen
*for I-waste and spend*
en vos mon castiamen,
*on you my chiding*
amors, que·il maltatz
*love for-the wickedness*
e·il follors e·il crueltatz
*and-the folly and-the cruelty*
qui en vos s'empren,
*which in you itself-kindles*
no·us laiss' aver chauzimen,
*not-you lets to-have clemency*
anz vos tolh e vos desfen
*rather from-you takes and you forbids*
que re no crezatz;
*that anything not you-believe*
mas per so no·m tatz,
*but for that not-myself I-hush*
anz sufrirai pezansos
*rather I-shall-endure sorrowful*
tro venha mielher sazos.
*until come better season*

Campanha, be·us pren
*Champagne well-to-you befalls*
quar dompn' avetz ses conten
*for lady you-have without contest*
ses par de pretz e de sen,
*without peer of worth and of sense*
don vos melhuratz;
*whence you better*
qu'il fai vas totz latz
*for-she makes toward all sides*
ab son ric pretz cabalos
*with her rich worth supreme*
Espanha grazir e vos.
*Spain to-welcome and you*

## Partitz de joi e d'amor

8 · PARTED FROM JOY AND FROM LOVE

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*Parted from joy and love and given over to suffering, he would die if he could; song and cheer now bring only grief, and he weeps where he used to sing. His lady deceived him with a fair look until he became her servant, and within a year she had taken many foolish suitors under her coverlet, to her own shame. He repents his folly, trusting God pardons the repentant, but his heart is so heavy that he fears losing himself. He cannot leave her, and would be humble even to such a discourteous lady. He ends with a play on heat and cold: if her heat chills true lovers, he would be warmed by her coldness, since her heat leaves him cold.*

Partitz de joi e d'amor
*Parted from joy and from-love*
e liuratz a mal soffrir,
*and delivered to ill suffering*
volgra, si poges, morir;
*I-would-wish if I-could to-die*
mas per creisser ma dolor
*but for to-increase my grief*
e l'ira que no m'oblida,
*and the-grief that not me-forgets*
me creis mal mo grat ma vida.
*to-me grows against my will my life*

Que solatz e chanz
*For cheer and song*
m'es dols et affanz
*to-me-is grief and toil*
e nuls jois no m'a sabor,
*and any joy not to-me-has savor*
per qu'eu que soill chantar plor.
*for which-I who am-wont to-sing weep*

Cella que·m ten en error
*She who-me holds in error*
me saup tant en grat servir
*me knew so-much in favor to-serve*
que tot sol no·m volc delir,
*that all alone not-me wished to-destroy*
anz poign' en sa desonor;
*rather strives in her dishonor*
e platz li — tant es chauzida! —
*and it-pleases to-her so she-is refined*
pos m'a mort, qu'ill si' aunida.
*since me-she-has killed that-she be shamed*
Qu'anta·l fora granz
*For-shame-to-her would-be great*
de mi sol l'enjanz,
*of me alone the-deceit*
per que·s tol pretz et honor,
*for which-herself takes-away worth and honor*
car blasmes no·il fai paor.
*for blame not-to-her makes fear*

Ab bel semblan trichador
*With fair look deceiving*
me saup gent enfolletir
*me knew nobly to-befool*
e sa falsedat cubrir
*and her falsehood to-cover*
tro m'ac pres per servidor;
*until me-she-had taken for servant*
pos qant fo de mi aizida,
*then when she-was of me assured*
no·m poc plus far de gandida
*not-to-me could more to-make of evasion*
sos leugiers talanz,
*her fickle desires*
qu'anz que passes l'anz,
*for-before that passed the-year*
sofri maint fol prejador
*she-suffered many foolish suitor*
ab si sotz son cubertor.
*with herself under her coverlet*

Eras penet ma follor,
*Now I-repent my folly*
car trop saubi mal chauzir
*for too-much I-knew ill to-choose*
e s'anc Dieus per repentir
*and if-ever God for repenting*
perdonet a peccador,
*pardoned to sinner*

ja per aquesta faillida
*ever for this failing*
m'arma no sera delida;
*my-soul not will-be destroyed*
mas mos cors pesanz
*but my heart heavy*
n'es tan malananz
*thereof-is so distressed*
qu'ieu tem, si Dieus no·m socor,
*that-I fear if God not-me succors*
perdre mi e ma valor.
*to-lose me and my merit*

Qu'ieu non ai sens ni vigor
*For-I not have sense nor vigor*
que·m puesca de leis partir
*that-myself I-can from her to-part*
ni·l cor loignar ni frezir
*nor-the heart to-remove nor to-chill*
que ja no feira clamor;
*that ever not I-would-make complaint*
anz es aitals m'escarida
*rather is such my-lot*
qu'ab tot aital deschauzida
*that-with all such discourteous-one*
for' humilianz;
*I-would-be humble*

per que totz clamanz
*for which all complaining*
volgra termenes, seignor,
*I-would-wish ended lords*
del greu mal de sa calor.
*of-the heavy ill of her heat*

Si sa calors granz
*If her heat great*
frezis fins amanz,
*chills true lovers*
fora cautz per sa freidor,
*I-would-be hot through her coldness*
car soi fregz per sa calor.
*for I-am cold through her heat*

## Per amor del belh temps suau

### 9 · FOR LOVE OF THE GENTLE SEASON

*For love of the gentle season and at True Love's summons he begins a song, though he has no gay matter. His lady could easily make him and his songs joyful. He would gladly exchange her harsh husband, who beats her whenever the poet comes or goes, for a kind one. A day away from her seems a year; she holds the key to his joy and the cure for his ill, but will say neither yes nor no. He begs a reward for his long suffering: a kiss he asked for last year would have freed him. He grieves more for her harm than his own, since a fair lady who lives without love's joy does wrong. He praises Sir Savaric's generosity.*

Per amor del belh temps suau
*For love of-the fair season gentle*
e quar Fin' Amors m'en somo,
*and because True Love me-thereto summons*
don mos cors s'alegr' e s'esjau,
*whence my heart itself-gladdens and itself-rejoices*
ai comensad' una chanso,
*I-have begun a song*
sitot no n'ai gaya razo.
*although not thereof-I-have gay matter*
La belha cui m'autrey e·m do
*The fair-one to-whom myself-I-grant and-myself I-give*
me poiria leu dar joy gran
*to-me could easily to-give joy great*
don fossem jay ieu e mey chan.
*whence were joyful I and my songs*

De gaug camgera·l marit brau
*With joy I-would-exchange-the husband harsh*
per un avinen, franc e bo,
*for a gracious frank and good-one*
que la bat quan ieu venc ni vau
*who her beats when I come or go*
ni sap mon cor en sa maiso.
*or knows my heart in his house*
Dompna, que·m tenetz en preyzo,
*Lady who-me hold in prison*
vejatz quo·us fi gran donazo,
*see how-to-you I-made great gift*
que quan no·us puesc esser denan,
*for when not-to-you I-can to-be before*
us sols jorns me sembla un an.
*one single day to-me seems a year*

Elha ten del mieu joy la clau
*She holds of-the my joy the key*
e·m pot dar del mal guerizo,
*and-to-me can to-give of-the ill healing*
que sol quar la dezir m'en lau.
*for only because her I-desire myself-thereof I-praise*
Jauzens suy de l'entencio.
*Rejoicing I-am of the-intent*

Mas tan a vas me cor fello
*But so has toward me heart cruel*
que no vol dire oc ni no
*that not she-wishes to-say yes nor no*
de nulha re qu'ieu li deman,
*of any thing that-I of-her ask*
et aissi auci·m deziran.
*and so kills-me desiring*

Dompna, on joys et pretz se clau
*Lady in-whom joy and worth itself encloses*
e tug be complidamen so,
*and all goods completely are*
merce·us clam ab fin cor liau,
*mercy-of-you I-cry with true heart loyal*
que·l mal qu'ai suffert gran sazo
*that-the ill that-I-have suffered great season*
m'aleugetz ab un guazardo;
*for-me-you-lighten with a reward*
qu'autre joys no·m pot tener pro,
*for-other joy not-to-me can to-hold profit*
qu'ab un dous bays que·us quis antan
*for-with a sweet kiss that-of-you I-asked yesteryear*
m'auriatz estort de l'afan.
*me-you-would-have freed from the-toil*

Bona dompna, vostre dan mau
*Good lady your harm ill*
planc mais que mi e·l mal resso
*I-lament more than me and-the ill repute*
qu'anc non aguetz pretz naturau;
*for-ever not you-had worth natural*
si perdetz lo segl' en perdo.
*if you-lose the world in vain*
Que la gens ditz qu'anc mala fo
*For the folk says that-ever wicked was*
cors belhs ni ab gaya faisso
*person fair or with gay fashion*
qu'aissi ses joy d'amor s'en an:
*that-so without joy of-love itself-thence go*
vos faitz tort mas ieu prenc lo dan.
*you do wrong but I take the harm*

Senhe·N Savaric, larc e bo
*Lord-Sir Savaric generous and good*
vos troba hom tota sazo,
*you finds one every season*
que·l vostre ric fag son prezan
*for-the your rich deeds are prized*
e·l dig cortes e benestan.
*and-the words courteous and seemly*

## Pres soi et en greu pantais

### 10 · I AM CAPTIVE AND IN HEAVY ANGUISH

*He is captive and in anguish, but a man of good sense does not despair over harm or rejoice too much over gain. He still reproaches Love, not in hope of good, but because whoever tolerates another's wrong becomes a partner in it. Singing is a burden to him, since song is not pleasing unless it comes from love, and he sings against his own wish to please others. Love has turned right revenue into cheap anguish, giving into selling, and right into wrong. False suitors take great wages from Love, while the true lover gets only quarrels and sighs. He praises the young king of Aragon.*

Pres soi et en greu pantais,
*Captive I-am and in heavy anguish*
pero mals ni dans qu'ieu prenda
*yet ill nor harm that-I take*
no·m tol qu'en joi no m'enprenda
*not-from-me takes that-in joy — myself-kindle*
e ves chantar no m'eslais;
*and toward singing — myself-I-launch*
c'om no deu, per dan qu'il pren,
*for-one not ought for harm that-he takes*
c'aia leu cor ni bon sen,
*who-has light heart or good sense*
dar esmai ni marrimen;
*to-give dismay nor sorrow*
e si·l gazanhs es sobriers,
*and if-the gain is excessive*
no s'en tanh grans alegriers.
*not itself-thereof befits great gladness*

Doncs qual que·m dei' avenir,
*Then whatever that-to-me must befall*
no·m n'esjau fort ni·m n'azir.
*not-myself thereof-rejoice much nor-myself thereof-anger*

Mas ancar, Amors, no·m lais
*But still Love not-myself I-refrain*
qu'ieu vostres tortz no reprenda,
*that-I your wrongs — reprove*
no ges per tal c'o entenda
*not at-all for such that-it I-expect*
que·m voillatz ges [ben] hueimais,
*that-me you-wish at-all good henceforth*
tan vos sai desconoissen.
*so you I-know undiscerning*
Quar qui consen faillimen
*For who allows offense*
d'autrui e no l'en repren,
*of-another and not him-thereof reproves*
companh n'er e parsoniers,
*companion thereof-will-be and partner*
per qu'ieu vostres faitz leugiers
*for which-I your deeds fickle*
no voill em patz consentir
*not I-wish in peace to-allow*
per me gardar de faillir.
*for me to-guard from failing*

Qu'estiers m'es enueis e fais,
*For-otherwise to-me-is vexation and burden*
pos non am, qu'en chan m'entenda,
*since not I-love that-in song myself-I-set*
quar per nuill' autra fazenda
*for for any other business*
non es plazentiers ni gais
*not is pleasing nor gay*
chans, si d'amor non deisen;
*song if from-love not it-descends*
per qu'ieu chan forsadamen
*for which-I sing perforce*
e per far grat a la gen,
*and for to-do pleasure to the folk*
qu'ieu vueill esser plazentiers
*for-I wish to-be pleasing*
tan qu'en sui ves mi guerriers,
*so-much that-thereof I-am toward me enemy*
qu'ieu fauc per els esbaudir
*for-I do for them to-cheer*
so que no·m pot abelir.
*that which not-to-me can to-please*

Tornatz es en vil pantais
*Turned is into cheap anguish*
so que ja fo dreita renda
*that which once was right revenue*
e plazer donars en venda
*and pleasure giving into sale*
e la dreitur' en biais,
*and the right into slant*
amors, per que vos repren.
*love for which you I-reprove*

* * *

*(lacuna)*

Et en dan ni jauzimen
*And in harm or rejoicing*
si amars es bos mestiers
*if loving is good calling*
don sol venir pretz entiers,
*whence is-wont to-come worth entire*
quar leialtatz per traïr
*for loyalty by betraying*
se pert, e vers per mentir.
*itself loses and truth by lying*

Amors, dans vos er hueimais
*Love harm to-you will-be henceforth*
que·l vostre bos pretz deisenda
*that-the your good worth descend*
e·l blasmes pueg e perprenda
*and-the blame rise and spread*
per avols faitz e savais
*for worthless deeds and base*
que faitz desconoissemen.
*that you-do undiscerningly*
Qu'ieu vei — gardatz si·us es gen! —
*For-I see see if-to-you it-is seemly*
que·ill fals prejador fenhen
*that-the false suitors feigning*
prendon de vos grans loguiers,
*take from you great wages*
e·l fis amans dreituriers
*and-the true lover righteous*
no·n pren per son ben servir
*not-thereof takes for his well serving*
mas plag e pen' e sospir.
*but quarrel and pain and sigh*

Qui be s'albira·l joven
*Who well himself-considers-the youth*
e la cortezi' e·l sen
*and the courtesy and-the sense*
del rei d'Arago valen,
*of-the king of-Aragon worthy*
l'esbaudimens es sobriers,
*the-cheer is surpassing*
qu'es tozetz e tan premiers
*for-he-is a-boy and so foremost*
sap tan plazer far e dir
*knows so-much pleasure to-do and to-say*
c'als meillors se fai grazir.
*that-to-the best himself makes welcomed*

## S'ieu anc jorn dis clamans

11 · IF I EVER COMPLAINED

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*If he ever spoke against Love in pride or dishonor, he must now humble himself and his song twice over, since the worthy Queen Eleanor bids it, and he thanks Love even for the harm. He surrenders to Love, confessing that error and a slandering tongue made him Love's enemy, and he will now utter a hundred praises for each insult and become Love's loyal friend. He will win Love by crying mercy and do penance for his disloyalty. From now on his grief will be sweet, his toil rest, and his tears laughter. The song goes to the king of the Germans, who curbs vile deeds, and he hopes the young king of Aragon will grow in worth.*

S'ieu anc jorn dis clamans
*If-I ever day said complaining*
encontra vos, Amors,
*against you Love*
orguoill ni desonors,
*pride or dishonor*
ara·m dei e mos chans
*now-myself I-ought and my song*
humiliar dos tans
*to-humble two times*
e laissar mas clamors,
*and to-leave my complaints*
pois ma dompn' Elionors,
*since my lady Eleanor*
la pros reïna prezans,
*the worthy queen prized*
o deign' enaissi voler;
*it deigns thus to-wish*

e sitot ieu de vos grat non esper,
*and although I from you thanks not hope*
be·us dei grazir lo dan e·l mal,
*well-to-you I-ought to-thank the harm and-the ill*
puois ill m'o manda que tan val.
*since she to-me-it bids who so-much is-worth*

Humils e merceians
*Humble and suppliant*
mi rend a vos, Amors,
*myself I-render to you Love*
car mi forset errors
*for me forced error*
e·ill lenga malparlans
*and-the tongue evil-speaking*
qu'ie·us fos contrarians
*that-I-to-you were contrary*
ab digz maldizedors,
*with words slandering*
et ieu vos dirai lauzors
*and I to-you shall-say praises*
et de plazers cent aitans
*and of pleasures hundred as-many*
que non vos dis desplazer;
*as — to-you I-said displeasure*
c'orguoills sai ben que no m'i pot valer,
*for-pride I-know well that not to-me-therein can to-avail*

per c'oimais d'enemic mortal
*for which-henceforth of-enemy mortal*
m'auretz amic fin et leial.
*me-you-will-have friend true and loyal*

Qu'ie·us vencerai enans
*For-I-you shall-conquer sooner*
merce claman, Amors,
*mercy crying Love*
ab precs et ab temors;
*with prayers and with fears*
que s'ieu ab braus semblans
*that if-I with harsh looks*
vos era contrastans
*to-you was opposing*
ni·us dizia folors
*or-to-you said follies*
ab fals digs reprendedors,
*with false words reproachful*
et si mos leugiers talans
*and if my fickle desire*
mi fetz orgoillos parer
*me made proud to-appear*
encontra vos ni dire non-dever,
*against you or to-say non-duty*
ben dei far penedensa tal
*well I-ought to-do penance such*
cum taing a forfaich desleial.
*as befits to misdeed disloyal*

Sabetz cal? Als mieus ans
*Know what In-the my years*
m'er totz temps mais, Amors,
*to-me-will-be all time more Love*
doussa ma greus dolors
*sweet my heavy grief*
e bes e pros mos dans
*and good and profit my harm*
e sojorns mos affans
*and rest my toils*
e gabs e ris mos plors
*and jest and laughter my tears*
e mos loncs trebaills legors
*and my long travails leisure*
e totz mos destrics enans
*and all my hindrances advancement*
e tuich miei enoi plazer,
*and all my vexations pleasure*
e despendrai mo sen e mo saber
*and I-shall-spend my sense and my knowledge*
en vos gen servir a jornal
*in you nobly to-serve at day-work*
cum hom serv seignor natural.
*as man serves lord natural*

Al rei dels Alamans;
*To-the king of-the Germans*
cap dels emperadors,
*head of-the emperors*

vai, chansos, cui valors
*go song to-whom merit*
dona sobre·ls prezans
*gives above-the prized*
tant de pretz cum es grans
*so-much of worth as is great*
sobre totz sa ricors;
*above all his greatness*
e del sieu pretz es autors
*and of-the his worth is warrant*
lo sieus noms rics benestans,
*the his name rich seemly*
qu'el a fre de ric per ver;
*for-he has bridle of rich for truth*
per refrenar vils faitz e retener
*for to-curb vile deeds and to-restrain*
qu'us non toc a son pretz cabal,
*that-one not touch to his worth supreme*
fre de ric e man port' aital.
*bridle of rich and hand carries such*

Del rei d'Aragon esper
*Of-the king of-Aragon I-hope*
qu'ades meillur e sapcha mais valer
*that-ever he-better and know more to-be-worth*
qand el aura sen natural,
*when he will-have sense natural*
puois joves sap tant e tant val.
*since young he-knows so-much and so-much is-worth*

## S'ieu vos voill tan gent lauzar

### 12 · IF I WISH TO PRAISE YOU SO NOBLY

*Praising Lady Maria as her worth deserves would take all his life. Discernment, joy, worth, and seemliness suit her. She speaks so well and bears herself so fairly that no one who sees her can help wanting to spread her praise, and seeing her is itself payment for the good he must then tell of her. Whoever is paid in advance should do his part more willingly and quickly. Her youth, beauty, humility, and gay loving person make her so pleasing to the worthy that each advances her honor, and whoever sees her feels no sorrow that day.*

S'ieu vos voill tan gent lauzar
*If-I you wish so nobly to-praise*
con taing a vostra valenza,
*as befits to your worth*
Na Maria, cui Dieus gar
*Lady Maria whom God guard*
d'enueis, ben sai ses faillenza
*from-vexations well I-know without failing*
que toz temps m'er a pensar;
*that all time to-me-will-be to think*
pero conoissenza
*yet discernment*
e jois e prez vos agenza
*and joy and worth to-you suits*
e tuit benestar.
*and all seemliness*

E sabez tant gen parlar
*And you-know so nobly to-speak*
e mostrar bella parvenza,
*and to-show fair appearance*
lai on la devez mostrar,
*there where it you-ought to-show*
e far bella captenenza,
*and to-make fair bearing*
que qui·us ve non pot estar
*that who-you sees not can to-stay*
senes entendenza
*without desire*
de vostre prez qu'ades genza
*of your worth which-ever grows-fair*
dir et enanzar.
*to-say and to-advance*

Et anz qu'hom sia sebraz
*And before that-one be parted*
denan vos, qu'i esta gaire,
*from-before you who-there stays at-all*
es ab lo veder pagaz
*is with the seeing paid*
del ben qu'en deu pois retraire.
*for-the good that-thereof he-ought then to-recount*

Qu'ab bels diz amesuraz
*For-with fair words measured*
vos faiz prez atraire
*yourself you-make worth to-draw*
tal, qu'en vos a son repaire
*such that-in you has its dwelling*
tot so qu'als bos plaz.
*all that which-to-the good pleases*

Et aicel qui es pagaz
*And he who is paid*
premiers de so que deu faire,
*first of that which he-ought to-do*
ab plus fermas voluntaz,
*with more firm will*
segon so que m'es vejaire,
*according-to that which to-me-is seeming*
o deu far e plus viaz;
*it ought to-do and more quickly*
e neis d'autr' afaire
*and even from-other business*
se deu per aquel estraire,
*himself ought for that-one to-withdraw*
si gen n'es pregaz.
*if nobly thereof-he-is begged*

Jovenz e bellas faizos
*Youth and fair features*
e jois e humils semblanza
*and joy and humble seeming*
e bels cors gais amoros
*and fair person gay loving*
plazens ab dolz' acoindanza
*pleasing with sweet acquaintance*
vos fan tan plazer als pros
*you make so-much to-please to-the worthy*
que chascuns enanza
*that each-one advances*
vostre prez e vostr' onranza,
*your worth and your honor*
dont nais bos ressos.
*whence is-born good repute*

Tant a de ric ben en vos
*So-much has of rich good in you*
con hom plus ve, ses doptanza,
*the-more one more sees without doubt*
vostre bel cors gai joios,
*your fair person gay joyful*
plen de joi e d'alegranza,
*full of joy and of-gladness*
e plus n'es hom desiros,
*and more thereof-is one desirous*
e non a pesanza
*and not has sorrow*
la jorn que·us ve ni erranza
*the day that-you he-sees nor straying*
ni es consiros.
*nor is anxious*

## Si res valgues en amor

13 · IF ANYTHING AVAILED IN LOVE

*If faithful service counted in love, it should count for him before any lover, since he has obeyed his lady and suffered worse than any man. If she only thanked him, his suffering would not grieve him. Other men who suffered had some joy to sing of, but he is so true a lover that pain only makes his song better. A happy man's gay song is no marvel, but he sings joyfully of what makes him wretched. He would be dead but that she knows his loyalty, and he hopes she will give him as many pleasures as griefs. Her scorn is worth more than another's help. She lacks only mercy.*

Si res valgues en amor
*If anything availed in love*
gen servir ses totz enjans,
*nobly to-serve without all deceits*
mi degra valer enans
*to-me ought to-avail sooner*
per dreit qu'a nulh amador,
*by right than-to any lover*
qu'ieu l'ai faitz totz sos comans,
*for-I to-her-have done all her commands*
sufren los maltraitz e·ls dans
*enduring the sufferings and-the harms*
qu'anc hom mal no·n trais pejor;
*that-ever man ill not-thereof bore worse*

e s'ilh sol tan me grazis
*and if-she only so-much me thanked*
que·l fosson dous e plazen
*that-to-her were sweet and pleasing*
li miei dur maltrait cozen,
*the my hard sufferings burning*
no·m grevera s'ie·lh servis.
*not-to-me would-grieve if-I-her served*

Non es hom qu'anc mais sufris
*Not is man who-ever more suffered*
per amor tan greu turmen
*for love so heavy torment*
senes qualque jauzimen,
*without some rejoicing*
que ja solatz l'abelhis
*that ever cheer to-him-pleased*
ni chantars l'agues sabor.
*or singing to-him-had savor*

Mas ieu sui tan fis amans
*But I am so true lover*
que lo maltraitz ni l'afans
*that the suffering nor the-toil*
ni·l plang ni·l sospir ni·l plor
*nor-the lament nor-the sighs nor-the tears*
no·m tenon qu'ades mos chans
*not-me hold that-ever my song*
no·s melhur e no s'enans,
*itself better and — itself-advance*
on plus trac pen' e dolor.
*the-more more I-bear pain and grief*

E selh qu'es en tal error
*And he who-is in such error*
ni suefr' aitals mazans,
*and suffers such tumults*
si per so val dos aitans
*if for that is-worth two times-as-much*
sos chans, no·i a gran honor?
*his song not-therein has great honor*
Que d'ome qu'es benenans
*For of-man who-is happy*
non es meravilha grans
*not is marvel great*
si fai de son joy major
*if he-makes of his joy greater*
guay so e motz ben assis;
*gay tune and words well set*

mas ieu chan joyozamen
*but I sing joyfully*
de so que·m ten tan dolen
*of that which-me holds so doleful*
non es hom mais no·n moris.
*not is man ever not-thereof died*

Mortz fora, so m'es avis,
*Dead I-would-be so to-me-is opinion*
mas una res m'en defen,
*but one thing me-thereof defends*
quar sap silh en cui m'enten
*for knows she in whom myself-I-set*
cum li sui leials e fis
*how to-her I-am loyal and true*
e l'am ses cor trichador;
*and her-I-love without heart deceiving*
per qu'ieu esper qu'un dels ans
*for which-I hope that-one of-the years*
me fassa de plazers tans
*to-me she-make of pleasures so-many*
cum ar me grev' ab dolor.
*as now me she-grieves with grief*
E quar el' es tan prezans
*And because she is so prized*
val me plus lo sieus soans
*avails me more the her scorn*
no fai d'autra si·m secor.
*than does of-other if-me she-succors*

Ges son sen ni sa valor
*At-all her sense nor her merit*
ni son car pretz ni·ls bobans
*nor her dear worth nor-the splendors*
ni·ls belhs digz ni·ls faigz prezans
*nor-the fair words nor-the deeds prized*
no·us sai dir ni sa ricor;
*not-to-you I-know to-say nor her greatness*
qu'ilh es guay' e gen parlans,
*for-she is gay and nobly speaking*
de totz bos aips ben estans,
*in all good qualities well standing*
et agra mais de valor
*and she-would-have more of merit*
sol que merces no·i falhis,
*only that mercy not-there failed*
e mas merces solamen
*and since mercy only*
failh del sieu ric pretz valen,
*fails of-the her rich worth worthy*
gen l'estera si·l complis.
*nobly to-her-it-would-stand if-it she-fulfilled*

## Una grans amors corals

### 14 · A GREAT HEARTFELT LOVE

*A great love so constrains him that he thinks only of crying mercy, and it shows in company. Love should let Mercy conquer it, as befits a conqueror. Since Love harms him without cause, he will take revenge by telling everyone Love's conduct, so it will have fewer servants. He could turn disloyal, but he would rather suffer with loyal lovers than make a show of joy with deceivers. Love's name is false: he is true to Love and Love is bad to him, so he should be called Love, and Love Ill-Will. He praises the viscountess of Aubusson and Savaric, and calls on others who complain of Love as witnesses.*

Una grans amors corals
*A great love heartfelt*
mi destreing e·m te,
*me constrains and-me holds*
si que no pens de ren als
*so that not I-think of anything else*
mas clamar merce;
*but to-cry mercy*
e pois mi d'als no sove,
*and since to-me of-else not it-recalls*
sembl'en fatz entre las gens
*seeming-thereof I-make among the folk*
e·n par menre ma sabensa.
*and-thereby appears less my knowledge*
Doncs Amor que·m fors' e vens
*Then Love who-me forces and conquers*
degra venser ma clamors,
*ought to-conquer my complaint*

qu'al vensedor es honors
*for-to-the conqueror is honor*
que Merces lo vensa.
*that Mercy him conquer*

A tort mi ven de vos mals
*By wrong to-me comes from you ill*
e no·n sai per que;
*and not-thereof I-know for what*
mas d'aitan, Amors, sivals
*but of-so-much Love at-least*
m'en venjarai be;
*myself-thereof I-shall-avenge well*
qu'a cels que no sabon re
*for-to those who not know anything*
cum vos etz desconoissens,
*how you are undiscerning*
dirai vostra captenensa,
*I-shall-tell your conduct*
don vos seretz meins valens
*whence you will-be less worthy*
e n'auretz meins servidors,
*and thereof-you-will-have fewer servants*
cui sera ma greus dolors
*to-whom will-be my heavy grief*
recels e temensa.
*wariness and fear*

E pois no·m val car sui tals
*And since not-to-me avails that I-am such*
com a drut cove,
*as to lover befits*
si·m fazia deslials
*if-myself I-made disloyal*
auria·n ja be.
*I-would-have-thereof ever good*
Ben leu lai virera·l fre,
*Well likely there I-would-turn-the rein*
mas no dei, so·m ditz mos sens,
*but not I-ought so-to-me says my sense*
far per faillimen faillensa.
*to-do for offense failing*
Mais vuoill sufrir loncs turmens
*More I-wish to-suffer long torments*
ab los leials amadors
*with the loyal lovers*
qu'ab los fals galiadors
*than-with the false deceivers*
far de joi parvensa.
*to-make of joy show*

Amors, vostre noms es fals,
*Love your name is false*
car non amatz me,
*for not you-love me*

qu'ieu vos sui fis e leials
*for-I to-you am true and loyal*
e vos am ancse;
*and you I-love ever*
e pois aissi s'esdeve
*and since so itself-befalls*
qu'ieu vos sui obediens
*that-I to-you am obedient*
d'amor e de benvolensa,
*in-love and in good-will*
e vos m'etz mal' e cozens,
*and you to-me-are bad and burning*
ses benfach e ses secors,
*without benefit and without succor*
per dreich seri' ieu Amors
*by right would-be I Love*
e vos Malvolensa.
*and you Ill-Will*

Vostr' usatges es aitals
*Your custom is such*
qu'a celui que·us cre
*that-to him who-you believes*
merma de joi sos captals,
*lessens of joy his capital*

car de vos no ve
*for from you not comes*
mas engans ses tota fe
*but deceit without all faith*
e mals senes gauzimens
*and ill without rejoicing*
e senes benfach cozenza.
*and without benefit burning*
Trop faitz d'autres faillimens;
*Too-many you-do of-other offenses*
mas calar m'en fai temors,
*but to-be-silent me-thereof makes fear*
qu'orguoills es grans e follors
*for-pride is great and folly*
qui ab plus fort tensa.
*who with more strong contends*

Pros vescomtessa plazens
*Worthy viscountess pleasing*
d'Albusson, tant vos agensa
*of-Aubusson so-much to-you suits*
pretz que·us taing grazimens
*worth that-to-you befits thanks*
part las autras e lauzors,
*beyond the others and praise*
qu'en vos a son luec Valors
*for-in you has its place Merit*
ses tota faillensa.
*without all failing*

Savaric, part los valens
*Savaric beyond the worthy*
faitz valer vostra valensa;
*you-make to-be-worth your worth*
e vos qu'etz a dreit plagnens
*and you who-are by right complaining*
d'Amor, siatz m'en actors
*of-Love be for-me-thereof witness*
s'es tals cum ieu dis Amors
*if-is such as I said Love*
e sa captenensa.
*and its conduct*

## Uns joys sobriers mi somo

### 15 · A SURPASSING JOY SUMMONS ME

*A joy beyond compare summons him to a joyful song, which he gives to true lovers. He shares its words and tune with them but keeps his joy and its cause hidden, for a friend is foolish who tells his secret to one who will boast of it. Love, which once wronged him, has now done him a hundred times more good, fixing his desire on a lady who won his heart with her laughter at first sight. God made her with blond hair, gray eyes, and a well-cut mouth, nose, brows, and chin, so that the work resembles its maker, and gave her sense, beauty, and a fine complexion. After a gap, the song ends on her figure, cut to a new pattern by compass and measure.*

Uns joys sobriers mi somo,
*A joy surpassing me summons*
qu'anc mais sos pars joys no fo,
*that-ever more its equal joy not was*
de far joyosa chanso
*to make joyful song*
don s'alegron fin aman,
*whereof themselves-gladden true lovers*
cui fauc honor en mon chan.
*to-whom I-do honor in my song*
Mas de mon joy vertadier
*But of my joy true*
qu'ieu vuelh aver tot entier,
*which-I wish to-have all entire*
ses [lor dar] saber parier,
*without them to-give to-know share*

lor fauc partida d'aitan
*to-them I-make portion of-so-much*
qu'ilh s'en alegron chantan.
*that-they themselves-thereof gladden singing*

De mon chan lor abando
*Of my song to-them I-yield*
senes plus los motz e·l so;
*without more the words and-the tune*
mas mon joy e ma razo,
*but my joy and my matter*
don chan e·m vauc alegran,
*whereof I-sing and-myself go gladdening*
vuelh a totz cubrir celan,
*I-wish from all to-cover concealing*
quar tem qu'en fosson parlier;
*for I-fear that-thereof they-were talkative*
qu'amic tenh trop per leugier
*for-friend I-hold very for light*
que ditz son car cossirier
*who tells his dear brooding*
a tal que·s n'anes guaban,
*to such who-himself thereof-would-go boasting*
so don pueys plaisses ploran.
*that whereof then he-might-lament weeping*

Si Amors nulha sazo
*If Love any season*
mi fes tort a desrazo,
*to-me did wrong at unreason*
ar m'a fait cent tans de pro
*now to-me-has done hundred times of profit*
qu'anc nulh temps no·m tenc de dan;
*than-ever any time to-me held of harm*
qu'en tal qu'a pretz ses enjan
*for-in such who-has worth without deceit*
a fermat mon desirier,
*has fixed my desire*
que·m saup ades en primier,
*who-me knew at-once at first*
quan vi son cors plazentier,
*when I-saw her person pleasing*
trayr, gentet rizen joguan,
*to-draw nicely laughing playing*
lo cor e·l sen e·l talan.
*the heart and-the sense and-the desire*

Dieus la fes que·l det del so
*God her made who-to-her gave of-the his*
pels blons et huelhs vars en do,
*hair blond and eyes gray in gift*
boqu'e nas, silh e mento,
*mouth-and nose brows and chin*
de bon talh e benestan;
*of good cut and seemly*

e volc en lieys obrar tan
*and he-wished in her to-work so-much*
que l'obra sembles l'obrier;
*that the-work resembled the-worker*
qu'ab honrat fait vertadier
*for-with honored deed true*
et ab maynt valen mestier
*and with many worthy craft*
saup gen s'honor trair avan,
*knew nobly her-honor to-draw forward*
don sos pretz lutz e resplan.
*whence her worth shines and gleams*

E quan Dieus vi sa faisso,
*And when God saw her fashion*
det li per melhurazo
*gave to-her for improvement*
sen e beutat de razo,
*sense and beauty of reason*
plazen solatz, guay semblan,
*pleasing cheer gay look*
cors ben fait e ben estan,
*body well made and well standing*
color tan fina sobrier,
*color so fine surpassing*
qu'aitals es cum ieu la quier,
*that-such she-is as I her seek*
* * *
*(lacuna)*
faita d'un nou talh prezan,
*made of-a new cut prized*
a compas et a guaran.
*by compass and by measure*

# Peire Bremon, maint fin entendedor

## 16 · PEIRE BREMON, MANY TRUE SUITORS

*A partimen between Jausbert and Peire Bremon. A lady loves two worthy suitors: one has her loving look, jests, laughter, and cheer in public, the other only a kiss in secret. Which fares better? Peire Bremon takes the secret lover, who is loved and honored in sweet pleasure. Jausbert defends the first: a lady of merit can love a suitor no more nobly while keeping her honor than by welcoming him openly, even at the cost of gossip. Peire answers that he values the fruit above the flower, since a kiss is love's fruit, and a true friend should guard his lady from ill repute.*

*Jausbert*

Peire Bremon, maint fin entendedor
*Peire Bremon many true suitor*
prejon de cor una dona plazen;
*woo from heart a lady pleasing*
mas li dui son tan bel e tan valen
*but the two are so fair and so worthy*
per c'a leis plai c'az amdos fass' amor.
*for which-to her it-pleases that-to both she-make love*
L'us ha de lei lo semblan amoros
*The-one has from her the look loving*
e gaps e ris e l'esgart e·l solatz,
*and jests and laughter and the-glance and-the cheer*
per c'om cuja qu'el aia mais assatz;
*for which-one thinks that-he has more much*
l'autre ses plus un baizar en rescos.
*the-other without more a kiss in secret*

L'us ha de lei honor e l'autre pro.
*The-one has from her honor and the-other profit*
Diguatz a qual vai meils segon razo.
*Tell to which goes better according-to reason*

*Peire Bremon*

Pos tan vos platz, En Josbert, ses temor
*Since so-much to-you it-pleases Sir Jausbert without fear*
farai ab vos tenso de partimen,
*I-shall-make with you tenso of partimen*
et si·m vensetz tenrai vos per saben,
*and if-me you-conquer I-shall-hold you for wise*
que sel vos lais que ten per fenhedor
*for that-one to-you I-leave whom she-holds for feigner*
e prenc l'amic leial e temoros
*and I-take the-friend loyal and fearful*
qui en celat viu jauzens et honratz
*who in secret lives rejoicing and honored*
ab dous plazer quar sap qu'es ben amatz.
*with sweet pleasure for he-knows that-he-is well loved*
Per so·il vai meils c'a l'autre per un dos
*For that-to-him goes better than-to the-other by one two*
que·us ai laissat; e si Dieus mi perdo,
*whom-to-you I-have left and so God me may-pardon*
si·l razonatz, vei vos pejurazo.
*if-him you-plead I-see to-you worsening*

*Jausbert*

Peire Bremon, dona de gran valor
*Peire Bremon lady of great merit*
no pot amar son prejador plus gen,
*not can to-love her suitor more nobly*
salva s'onor, que s'il mostr' en parven
*saving her-honor than if-to-him she-shows in seeming*
que sos vezers e sos precx l'an sabor
*that his seeing and his prayers to-her-have savor*
e l'acueill gen e l'es de bel respos
*and him-welcomes nobly and to-him-is of fair answer*
et tan sofre qu'el sia tan privatz
*and so-much allows that-he be so intimate*
que crims l'en sor de mals dizedors fatz,
*that charge to-her-thereof rises from ill talkers foolish*
qu'ill pren em patz por lui tener joyos.
*which-she takes in peace for him to-keep joyful*
Valon trop mais tals honors a bando
*Are-worth much more such honors at will*
qu'a l'autre uns bais ses plus de sospeiso.
*than-to the-other a kiss without more of hope*

*Peire Bremon*

Mil tans pretz mais, En Josbert, fruit que flor,
*Thousand times I-prize more Sir Jausbert fruit than flower*
per que ai pres lo fruit mon essien,
*for which I-have taken the fruit my knowing*

quar baizars es fruitz d'amor veramen
*for kissing is fruit of-love truly*
e penre·l deu l'amics en tal dousor
*and to-take-it ought the-friend in such sweetness*
que no·ill sia nuills jois tan saboros;
*that not-to-him be any joy so savory*
e qui·n vol mas la bruida dels malvatz
*and who-thereof wishes more the noise of-the wicked*
qu'un dous baizar, no par enamoratz,
*than-a sweet kiss not appears enamored*
que fis amics deu esser volontos
*for true friend ought to-be eager*
que sa dona garde de mal resso,
*that his lady be-guard from ill repute*
per qu'el baizar vei gran meillurazo.
*for which-in-the kiss I-see great betterment*

## Fin' Amors a cui me sui datz

17 · TRUE LOVE, TO WHOM I HAVE GIVEN MYSELF

*True Love and the loving season give him cause to sing and to show that he is at their command. He has learned to endure in peace without his will coming apart, and this plainly shows that he loves and is not loved; may those he sings of never help him unless he keeps growing better at loving her faithfully. He begs his lady for mercy, since he never wronged her: if right cannot help him, let humility, for right counts for little where force has its will. Her worth is sealed in his heart, so he cannot turn elsewhere, and wants help from no one but her, for whom he sings.*

Fin' Amors a cui me sui datz
*True Love to whom myself I-am given*
e·l gens terminis amoros,
*and-the noble season loving*
quascus d'aquestz m'es ochaizos
*each of-these to-me-is occasion*
don dei esser enamoratz;
*whence I-ought to-be enamored*
per qu'es dreitz qu'ab lo lur aon
*for which-it-is right that-with the their help*
fassa conoisser en chantan
*I-make to-know in singing*
cum ieu sui faitz a lur coman.
*how I am made at their command*

Quar mielhs sai suffertar em patz
*For better I-know to-endure in peace*
si que mos volers no·s descos;
*so that my will not-itself unsews*

e par be ja per als no fos
*and appears well ever for else not were*
mas quar am e no sui amatz;
*but because I-love and not am loved*
e ja cilh don chan no m'aon
*and ever those whereof I-sing not may-help-me*
s'a totz jorns no vau melhuran
*if-at all days not I-go bettering*
de lieis ben amar ses engan.
*in her well to-love without deceit*

Per que·us prec que merce n'aiatz
*For which-you I-pray that mercy thereof-you-have*
ses tort qu'ieu anc non aic vas vos;
*without wrong that-I ever not had toward you*
e si·l dreitz, qu'es tan cabalos,
*and if-the right which-is so supreme*
no·m pot valer, Humilitatz
*not-to-me can to-avail Humility*
mi valh' ab vos, dompn', e m'aon,
*to-me let-avail with you lady and me-help*
quar nuls dreitz non a valor gran
*for any right not has merit great*
lai on Forsa fai son talan.
*there where Force does its desire*

Qu'aissi m'es el cor sagelhatz
*For-so to-me-is in-the heart sealed*
vostre rics pretz verais e bos
*your rich worth true and good*
per qu'ieu no sui ges poderos
*for which-I not am at-all able*
que·m biaisse ves autre latz,
*that-myself I-swerve toward other side*
ni no vuelh ja qu'autra m'aon
*and not I-wish ever that-another me-help*
mas vos, dompna, per cui ieu chan
*but you lady for whom I sing*
et am e dezir e reblan.
*and love and desire and entreat*