

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 11

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

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

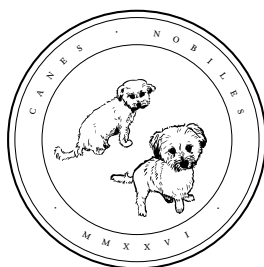


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Volume 11 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

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 Pucibot* (Paris, 1924), with Jausbert's life from Chabaneau's *Les biographies des troubadours* (Toulouse, 1885)

Set from page scans of the six editions

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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 Pucibot, 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 *tenso*s 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 sazón. Pois tolç 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 conques

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 plivenza

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-bold

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,

bettters 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 chonso 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 tercelts 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 bedges

be·s tanh [doncs!] qu'ieu me lueng d'enuieg.

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 tercel's 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 aflatz 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
Ab Wickedness not take all
 los ricx baros en ton liam,
the rich barons in thy bond
 ni Malespina ges non toc
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 essem
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 Foyz 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-presses

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' outra que seia

If through any other that be

mi pogues plus enriqueir,

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 bides

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 Buvalet.

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 faiz 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 orguoi,

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-hold-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 Buvalèl acoil

Sir Rambertin of Buvalèl 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 maintenir.

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 peyor talan;
in anything not-to-him I-bear worse will
 mas si m'alongues de morir,
but if me-be-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-bim-go more languishing

ni no·m volgues del tot aucir;

and not-me let-bim-wish of-the whole to-slay

quar no·s cug, si be·m ri ni·m chan,

for not-himself let-bim-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-bear

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 chazir.

for that he-ought to-take-care and to-beed

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-bear

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-bold

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 chalur

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 covenant

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 sofrir 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 sofrir 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-bold

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,

Ab 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' outra 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-ber-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 sufri 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. If she will not pardon him, let him be buried alive. 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-advice that-himself be-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 chazida

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 fahizo;

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-bold barm 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 sbows pride and fair looks

e ditz per guab e per bobans

and says for jest and for display

mayntas res ab cortes essay,

many tthings 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 sbamed

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 be 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 leyls 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 meilleurs 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 conseil;

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' outra 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

Alh God for what you-consent

c'om sofrals 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 sacramenz

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

long 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-be 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; sofran 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 doubles 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 sazoz,

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-bide and to-conceal

e·l ben e·l mal q'i·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 tenzo 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 sazoz;
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 precz 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 altra 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 renouvellet la bella

Nobly renewed the fair-one

mon gen cor al gent acullir

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 acullimen

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

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 pñorat 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 traissenen 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 pñorat.
asked And he carried all to Montaudon to-the his priory
Mout crec e meilluret la sòa 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 avia faich al priorat de
abbot showing the betterment that-be 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-be 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 Santa Maria e de dar l'espargier. Long 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
 feita 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 priorat 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 escien

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 Carcases

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 barm 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 Gauselm 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-beard 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 Daniël 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'avia faitz de nien.

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 escien.

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 nesciāmen

who sings very foolishly

e quan di vers ni serventes

and when he-says vers or sirventes

diriatz, 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 amors

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 be-lament

Morgues, ges eu no grazis,

Monk at-all I not thank

si'stas en claustr'a rescos,

if-thou-stayest in cloister-in biding

ni vols guerras ni tenzos

nor thou-wishest wars nor tensos

ni pelega ab tos vezis

nor quarrel with thy neighbors

per quel bailliat 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 escient mentis:

who his knowing lies

per quem part de la bargaingna.

for which-myself I-part from the bargain

Pel segle, que nom n'äis,

For-the world that not-me thereof-bate

me tornei a las leizos

myself I-turned to the lessons

e'n laissiei l'anar d'Espaigna.

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-advice that thyself-it thou-break-off

Ha! quanz bos marcs d'esterlis

Ab 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-be 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-bear 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 laisser,

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-bear

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 pesselz 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 bebooves to swim

Monges, tot las n'er a laisser,
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-bad complaint from image nor from-altar

L'autre jorn m'en pogeï el cel

4 · THE OTHER DAY I CLIMBED TO HEAVEN

Summoned to heaven by Saint Michael, the Monk bears 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 pogeï 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-bear

Sainz Julias 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 solia pregar

of morning was-wont to-pray

queill fos privat.

that-to-him I-were close

Era noil posc conseil donar

Now not-to-him I-can counsel to-give

ab los malvat.

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 amat.

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-Albigois

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

nus bernicatz».

and-yourself 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 outra 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;

whicb-is marred

de qu'eu fatz pois a manz orguoill

of whicb-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 afiatz.

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 via 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 paria.

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 companhia.

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 gualaubia».

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 dia.»

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 equal d'un rey

but boasts you-have well at equal of-a king

ja us vers no sia».

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 baylia». *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 leconiä?»

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 cofrairia».

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 bauzia».

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 bauzia».

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

Pensàrias hom que sen non ajatz

Would-think one that sense not you-have

qui nous conoyssia».

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 sia».

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 tenria».

for always be-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 sazoz,

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 acuilens.

and knights ill welcoming

Hom mensongiers mals e ginhos

Man lying wicked and crafty

m'enuēja 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'enuēja trop gelos,

And man me-irks too jealous

e sel qui es trop envejos

and he who is too envious

m'enuēja 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 messios,

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'enuaja 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'enuaja 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-be-has hated for great ill

Be m'enuaja 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 via,

Messenger go thyself-thence bold thy way

al comte, cuy dieus benezia

to-the count whom God bless

que te Toloza en baylia.

who holds Toulouse in lordship

S'y a ren qu'a lui displayria

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 enemix 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-bear at will

E platz mi be qui m'aculhïa,

And pleases to-me well who me-welcomed

e quan gaire non truep fadia;

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 enemixx 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 rosis trotaire,

and irks-me nag trotting

e ricx hom que massa vol traire.

and rich man who too-much wisbes 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

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(lacuna)

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(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 bag

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 pouca 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 còbla 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 conseil 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 Lumbardia;

here Provence nor all Lombardy

ni a Niort non agra seignoria

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 conseil 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-bears nor-it sees nor-it feels
 tro que be l'a a totz sos obs conqués,
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'enantz 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 privat,

And since to-you I-am your mercy familiar

nous sia 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' altra quem plagues,

that when I think to-see 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 conseilatz,

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 gandar 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 sia 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 darial meillor,

Of all counsels to-you I-would-give-the best

bella dompna, si vos m'en creziatz

fair lady if you me-thereof would-believe

que s'ieu vos prec, nom siatz 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 sia lai el país, 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 Maïa, 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-bear judgment

que per dreyt pert tot so que vai queren,

for by right he-loses all that which he-goes seeking

e metria 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 poirion 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 sazors.
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-bold 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 sĩa de mal

that-be 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 orgulhos

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 acusat

who is for little of misdeed accused

et en la cort non es gaire amat,

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 ber-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 amors.

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 chاوزimen

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 sia la voluntatz,

provided that of-the more be the will

el acuellirs el gaugs el bels semblans,

and-the welcome and-the joy and-the fair looks

e que sia lials 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 be-have all his intent

cel c'aitals es val mais mon escien

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 cuiariäl 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 gazaingar 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 faziatz,

for that lady if more to-me-thereof you-did

vostre mezeus seria 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 rendrial guizado 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 laissez 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 meilleur 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 Mariä, 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 baillia

likewise-I wish to-move from her power

de lieis que m'a mort en sa seignoria,

of her who me-has slain in her lordship

e sai 'n outra 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 drudaria.

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 dia tot per plan auranatge;
that it-to-her I-say all through plain madness
 qu'estiers no sui tan arditz que loi dia,
for-otherwise not I-am so bold that it-to-her I-say
 tal paor ai que la bella paria
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 folia

for-I was escaped from-toil and from folly

e voill tornar lai on amors m'aucia;

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 sia.

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 volia

if this safe-conduct love to-make to-me would-wish

jamais en mi nuils hom no peccaria

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 faria.

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 compaignia.

because they-seemed of your company

E n'ai feita ja mainta romaria

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 be-put

que saubeses com eus am ses bausia.

that you-knew how you I-love without deceit

Ses bausiaus 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 lia

that whom he wishes constrains and takes and binds

que li mei oill m'an mostrada la via

that the my eyes to-me-have shown the way

ab que eu eis me soi liaz 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 solvia.

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 sia encar denan.

that-to-her I-be yet before

E ja denan noill seria

And ever before not-to-her I-would-be

si la sua grans ricors

if the her great greatness

ves mi noill dessoventia,

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 lisset 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 còbla 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 drudayria

wherefore any man who maintains love-making

non deu gardar son pro ni sa folia,

not ought to-beed 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 laisser,

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 tirantiatron

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 sacramentz

all gathered by oaths

vos veiriatz

you would-see

de boissas e de sacs tresenz

of boxes and of bags three-hundred

ensems liatz.

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'enantz 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 deslitratz 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 outra mos cors no s'abandona,

so that-to other my heart not itself-yields

e membre vos, domna, del guizado.

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

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 follia

He who says every day folly

e si meteis non chastia,

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

degren blasmar los lur faitz deschausitz,

ought to-blame the their deeds uncourtly

eu chantera si cantar 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 baillia

and such that-has in her keeping

tot quant eu voill ni queria.

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 cortesia,

Joy and worth and courtesy

solatz senes vilania,

cheer without churlishness

convinenz ditz e faitz presan

seemly words and deeds prized

sojornon ab leis, et es tan

dwelt 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'aisous 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 diſia

If ever reason not-to-me said

que de mi donz Na Maria

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 Silvabala, 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 tolç 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 neys 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 feita la cruzada; 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 toute 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 ancor 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 Mercés;

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 Mercés 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, Mercés 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'ènpres
I and Love we-are of-such manner-engaged
 qu'ora ni jorn, n'ueg 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 melhramens 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 chاوزir
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 maintenir
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 miells 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 mepres 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 be-sees

que perda son senhor e se;

that be-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 puec, 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'estrany 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 puous 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 laisser e guerpir,

who-me sees to-leave and to-forsake

si autre·m vol acuellir

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 deffèn;

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 deseparatz.

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

Filloi, 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-beed

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

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; bad 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-ball-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

luen·h 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 preysars 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 barsb 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 vrais,

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 be-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 bear 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 envejós

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 Faïdit. 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-be-have such life

que gart sa mala escarida

that be-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 reputation

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 sazoz,
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-be 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 chاوزitz,

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 deïgonors.

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 giquitz;

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

cavallhiers, don lo noms li sors.

knights whence the name to-her rose

Lo Dalphin

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-bold 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, chautetz 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, chautetz de tres baros

Lord Sir-Aimar choose of three barons

qual prezatx mays, e respondetz primiers,

which you-prize more and answer first

et apres vos ressonda·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 enemixx 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 venserei 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 cavailleurs,
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'enucia-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 pleners

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-be me-bas 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-bas 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-barest 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-bold

pus qu'ab quarantena

since that-with Lent-fast

gen vos humilia;

nobly to-you himself-humbles

penedensa fai

penance does

hom just e vrai,

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 aquela sason. E fetz se ioglar.
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 ensem 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 visquet. 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 chاوزiria;

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.

knightbood 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'Ebllos

and I-shall-wish that-to-me give Sir-Eble

covit, que plus no·n penria;

feasting for more not-thereof would-take

En Miravall 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 dreitz 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 misdane

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' orgueh e m'auca?

(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 fezesetz 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

[sieu 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 outra 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 chاوزimen.

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 amors

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' outra 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 leyls 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 he-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 chاوزimen

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' erebut,

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 sovინensa.

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-bold 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 amors

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'umelitat 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 voluntatz

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-bold 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 chاوزida

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 leyls 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 chاوزimen,

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-thereunto 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 bis 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 chاوز

but love her-to-me made to-choose

e miey huelh per que·ls n'azir

and my eyes for which-them thereof-I-bate

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 outra 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 desfaiure,

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 gualiator,

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 guardaie

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'empeaire

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-bear 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 guizado;

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 chanzo

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 chanzo

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-bold 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
 outra 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 be 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 Biatrix, 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 chاوزir 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 Iaufrezet 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'atures 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

laufrezet

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 començar 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 Iaufrezet 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

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 befaït, 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

Ab 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 Mercès!

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 reprechia;

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 tolç 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 chاوز

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 bush

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-bold 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

Husb 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 ritors;

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

aia 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 folleiar

but reviling and fooling

qu'ad autrui notz te gazaiga:

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-bold 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 faina.

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 mesclaïna.

without dispute and without quarrel

Et si nuills d'els te mou laïna,

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 plaïna.

and not will-be who-thee weep nor-thee lament

Dels maestres t'acompaña,

With-the masters thyself-accompany

Gasc, que d'elhs te jauzirás,

Gascon for of-them thyself thou-wilt-enjoy

e si'l sirventes retrás

and if-the sirventes thou-recite

a lor nebotz, ben sabrás

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 descobrir 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-be-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-bold well for dolt

e no vos tenc per leiau;

and not you I-bold 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 vengut,

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 gazaigar;

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'orguoiil 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 suffren en patz

concealing and enduring in peace

l'afan e-l turmen.

the-toil and-the torment

Mas er quan m'en vauç 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 vauç vos sufren,

but I-go you enduring

qu'aicel que s'irais greumen,

for-be 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 privatiz,

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 chاوزimen,

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-bush

anz sufrirai pezansos

rather I-shall-endure sorrowful

tro venha mielher sazoz.

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

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 chاوزida! —

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-be-fool

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 chاوزir

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 preyzò,

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-kinde

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' altra 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 perpenda

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

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' enaïssi 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
 puous 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'orguouills 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 vencerei enans

For-I-you shall-conquer sooner

merce claman, Amors,

mercy crying Love

ab precz 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 reprehendedors,

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 trebails 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 sebratz

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 amors

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 be-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 peyor;

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 Mercés 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-yeild

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 alegan,

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 privatx
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 essen,
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 descós;

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 bad 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

