

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 1

THE EARLY TROUBADOURS

Guilhem de Peitieu
Jaufre Rudel
Cercamon
Marcabru

The Early Troubadours

*The Count of Poitiers, Rudel, Cercamon,
and Marcabru, with the Lives of the Poets*

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

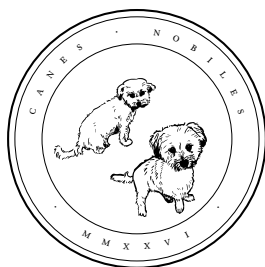


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Volume 1 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows Jeanroy's Guillaume IX
(second edition, Paris, 1927), Jaufré Rudel (1915),
and Cercamon (1922), and Dejeanne's Marcabru (Toulouse, 1909)

Set from page scans of the four editions

Translated and composed with AI, edited by Christopher Hench
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Each poet's text and spelling are his editor's, Jeanroy's for Guilhem de Peitieu, Jaufré Rudel, and Cercamon, and Dejeanne's for Marcabru, and none is harmonized to another. Brackets mark letters and words an editor supplied, round brackets letters Dejeanne would delete, and *** a verse or words the manuscripts have lost. The songs are numbered as each editor numbers them, so the four Marcabru numbers Dejeanne prints without a text are absent, and his parallel recension, the single-manuscript texts he prints after several poems, and the stanzas he prints outside his continuous text are not reproduced. The English titles of the songs are this press's.

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GUILHEM DE PEITIEU

The Songs of the Count of Poitiers



Vida

THE LIFE OF GUILHEM DE PEITIEU

The thirteenth-century life. It calls the count of Poitiers one of the most courtly men in the world and one of the greatest deceivers of ladies, a good knight at arms, generous in courting, and a man who knew how to compose and to sing. It traces his line to the wife of King Henry of England, mother of the young king, of Richard, and of Count Jaufre of Brittany.

Lo coms de Peiteius si fo uns dels majors cortes del mon, e
The count of Poitiers thus was one of the greatest courtly of the world and
dels majors trichadors de dompnas; e bons cavaliers d'armas,
of the greatest deceivers of ladies and good knight at arms
e larcs de dompnejar. E saup ben trobar e cantar; et
and generous in courting And he-knew well to-compose and to-sing and
anet lonc temps per lo mon per enganar las domnas. Et ac
he-went long time through the world to deceive the ladies And he-had
un fill que ac per moiller la duquessa de Normandia, don ac
a son who had for wife the duchess of Normandy whence he-had
una filla que fo moiller del rei Enric d'Englaterra, maire del
a daughter who was wife of the king Henry of England mother of the
rei jove, e d'en Richart, e del comte Jaufre de Bretaingna.
king young and of-lord Richard and of the count Jaufre of Brittany

Companho, faray un vers covinen

1 · TWO HORSES

The count promises a song with more folly in it than sense, mixed with love, joy, and youth. He keeps two horses for one saddle, both good under arms, and cannot hold the pair because neither will tolerate the other. He asks his fellow knights which he should hold to, Agnes or Arsen. He closes with his own holdings, the castle of Gimel and Niol, both sworn to him by oath.

Companho, faray un vers *** covinen:

Comrades I-will-make a song (lacuna) fitting

et aura-i mais de foudaz no·y a de sen,

and there-will-be-in-it more of folly than-there is of sense

et er totz mesclatz d'amor e de joy e de joven.

and it-will-be wholly mixed with-love and with joy and with youth

E tenguatx lo per vilan qui no l'enten

And hold him for (a)-churl whoever not it-understands

o dins son cor voluntiers qui non l'apren;

or within his heart willingly whoever not it-learns

greu partir si fa d'amor qui la trob'a son talen.

hardly to-part himself does from-love who it finds-to his liking

Dos cavalhs ai a ma selha ben e gen;

Two horses I-have for my saddle well and fitly

bon son e adreg per armas e valen;

good they-are and apt for arms and worthy

mas no·ls puesc amdos tener que l'us l'autre non cossen.

but not-them I-can both to-keep for the-one the-other not endures

Si·ls pogues adomesjar a mon talen,
If-them I-could to-tame to my liking
 ja no volgra alhors mudar mon guarnimen,
ever not I-would-wish elsewhere to-move my gear
 que miels for' encavalguatz de nuill autr'ome viven.
for better I-would-be horsed than any other-man living

Laüns fo dels montanhiers lo plus corren;
The-one was of-the mountain-bred the most swift
 mas aitan fer' estranhez' ha longuamen,
but so-great fierce wildness it-has long-since
 et es tan fers e salvatges que del bailar si defen.
and it-is so fierce and wild that from-the currying itself it-defends

L'autre fo noyritz sa jus, part Cofolen,
The-other was reared here below beyond Confolens
 et anc no·n vis bellazor, mon escien;
and ever not-of-them you-saw fairer my knowledge
 aquest non er ja camjatz ni per aur ni per argen.
this-one not will-be ever changed neither for gold nor for silver

Qu'ie·l doney a son senhor polin payssen;
For-I-it gave to its lord (as-a)-colt grazing
 pero si·m retinc ieu tan de covenen
yet for-myself I-reserved I so-much of agreement
 que s'el lo teni' un an qu'ieu lo tengues mais de cen.
that if-he it kept a year that-I it might-keep more than (a)-hundred

Cavallier, datz mi cosselh d'un pessamen!

Knights give me counsel on-a worry

Anc mais no fuy issarratz de cauzimen:

Ever more not I-was perplexed by choosing

ges non sai ab qual mi tengua de N'Agnes o de N'Arsen.

at-all not I-know with which me I-should-hold of Lady-Agnes or of Lady-Arsen

De Gimel ai lo castel el mandamen,

Of Gimel I-have the castle and-the lordship

e per Niol fauc ergueil a tota gen,

and over Niol I-make boast to all folk

c'ambedui me son jurat e plevit per sagramen.

for-both to-me they-are sworn and pledged by oath

Compaigno, non puosc mudar qu'eo no m'effrei

2 · THE THREE GUARDIANS

A lady has complained to the count about the men set to watch her: they will take neither right nor law, but keep her shut in, three of them at once, and make more din than the king's household. He warns the guardians that no watch stays awake forever, and that a woman kept from worth will take up with baseness, as a man denied strong wine drinks water rather than die of thirst.

Compaigno, non puosc mudar qu'eo no m'effrei

Comrades not I-can to-forbear that-I not myself-alarm

de novellas qu'ai auzidas e que vei,

at news that-I-have heard and that I-see

qu'una domna s'es clamada de sos gardadors a mei.

for-a lady herself-has complained of her guardians to me

E diz que non volo prendre dreit ni lei,

And she-says that not they-will to-take right nor law

ans la teno esserrada quada trei,

but her they-bold shut-in all three

tant l'us no-ill largua l'estaca que l'altre plus no la-ill plei.

so the-one not-to-her slackens the-tether but the-other more not it-to-her tightens

Et aquill fan entre lor aital agrei:

And those make among themselves such a-vexation

l'us es compains gens a for mandacarrei,

the-one is a-fellow courtly after the-fashion of-Mandacarrei

e meno trop major nauza que la mainada del rei.

and they-make far greater din than the household of-the king

Et eu dic vos, gardador, e vos castei,

And I say to-you guardians and you I-admonish

e sera ben grans folia qui no'm crei:

and it-will-be indeed great folly whoever not-me believes

greu veirez neguna garda que ad oras non sonei.

hardly you-will-see any guard who at times not does

Qu'eu anc non vi nulla domn' ab tan gran fei,

For-I ever not saw any lady with so great faith

qui no vol prendre son plait o sa mercei,

who not wishes to-take her suit or her mercy

s'om la loigna de proessa que ab malvestatz non plaidei.

if-one her keeps from virtue that with baseness not she-parleys

E si'l tenez a cartat lo bon conrei,

And if-her you-keep in scarcity the good fare

adoba's d'aquel que troba viron sei;

she-makes-do with-that which she-finds around her

si non pot aver caval *** compra palafrei.

if not she-can to-have a-horse (lacuna) she-buys a-palfrey

Non i a negu de vos la·m desautrei:

Not there is one of you it-to-me denies

s'om li vedava vi fort per malavei,

if-one to-him forbade wine strong for sickness

non begues enanz de l'aiga que·s laisses morir de sei.

not he-would-drink rather of the-water than-himself he-would-let to-die of thirst

Chascus beuri'ans de l'aiga que·s laisses morir de ssei.

Each-one would-drink-sooner of the-water than-himself he-would-let to-die of thirst

Companho, tant ai agutz d'avols conres

3 • WHAT CANNOT BE GUARDED

The count says what does not please him: a guarded woman, a pool without fish, the boasting of worthless men. He asks how the first man to set a guard escaped, since no watch ever served a lady worse. What is stolen from other things diminishes them; this alone increases. Doubters may go and look at a felled wood, where two or three shoots rise for every tree cut down.

Companho, tant ai agutz d'avols conres

Comrades so-much I-have had of-worthless fare

qu'ieu non puesc mudar non chan e que no'm pes;

that-I not can to-forbear not-I-sing and that not-to-me it-grieves

empero no vueill c'om sapcha mon afar de maintas res.

yet not I-wish that-one should-know my business in many things

E dirai vos m'entendensa de que es:

And I-will-tell you my-meaning of what it-is

no m'azauta cons gardatz ni gorcs ses peis,

not pleases-to-me a-cunt guarded nor a-pool without fish

ni gabars de malvatz homes com de lor faitz non agues.

nor boasting of wicked men as-though of their deeds not there-were

Senher Dieus, quez es del mon capdels e reis,

Lord God who art of-the world chief and king

qui anc premiers gardet con com non esteis?

who ever first guarded a-cunt how not he-perished

C'anc no fo mestiers ni garda c'a si dons estes sordeis.

For-ever not was service nor guard that-to his lady was worse

Pero dirai vos de con cals es sa leis,

Yet I-will-tell you of the-cunt what is its law

com sel hom que mal n'a fait e peitz n'a pres;

as that man who ill of-it has-done and worse of-it has-taken

si c'autra res en merma qui'n pana, e cons en creis.

so that-other thing thereby lessens who-of-it steals and a-cunt thereby grows

E silh qui no volran creire mos casteis

And those who not will-wish to-believe my reproofs

anho vezer pres lo bosc en un deveis:

let-them-go to-see near the wood in an enclosure

per un albre c'om hi tailla n'i naisson ho dos ho treis.

for one tree that-one there cuts of-them-there are-born either two or three

E quam lo bocx es taillatz nais plus espes,

And when the wood is cut it-grows more thick

e'l senher no'n pert son comte ni sos ses;

and-the lord not-of-it loses his count nor his rents

a revers planh hom la tala si'l dampn ***

in error laments one the damage if-the harm (lacuna)

Tortz es ca *** dan noi a ***

Wrong it-is that (lacuna) harm not-there is (lacuna)

Farai un vers de dreyt nien

4 • A SONG OF PURE NOTHING

A song about nothing at all: not about himself or other people, not about love or youth, and composed asleep on horseback. He does not know the hour he was born, whether he wakes or sleeps, or who his love is, never having seen her. He is sick and afraid of dying and knows nothing of it but hearsay. He has made the song without knowing about whom, and will send for the counter-key.

Farai un vers de dreyt nien:

I-will-make a song of sheer nothing

non er de mi ni d'autra gen,

not it-will-be of me nor of-other folk

non er d'amor ni de joven,

not it-will-be of-love nor of youth

ni de ren au,

nor of anything other

qu'enans fo trobatz en durmen

for-rather it-was composed in sleeping

sobre cheuau.

upon horseback

No sai en qual hora·m fuy natz:

Not I-know in what hour-myself I-was born

no suy alegres ni iratz,

not I-am merry nor sad

no suy estrayns ni sui privat,

not I-am a-stranger nor am-I familiar

ni no·n puesc au,

and not-of-it I-can otherwise

qu'enaissi fuy de nueitz fadatx

for-thus I-was by night fated

sobr' un pueg au.

upon a bill high

No sai quora·m suy endurmitx

Not I-know when-myself I-am asleep

ni quora·m velh, s'om no m'o ditz.

nor when-myself I-wake if-one not to-me-it says

Per pauc no m'es lo cor partitz

For little — to-me-is the heart broken

d'un dol corau:

of-a grief heartfelt

e no m'o pretz una soritz,

and not to-me-it I-value a mouse

per sanh Marsau!

by saint Martial

Malautz suy e tremi murir,

Sick I-am and I-tremble to-die

e ren no·n sai mas quan n'aug dir;

and anything not-of-it I-know but what of-it-I-bear said

metge querrai al mieu albir,

a-doctor I-will-seek at my judgment

e no sai cau;

and not I-know which

bos metges er si·m pot guerir,

a-good doctor he-will-be if-me he-can to-heal

mas non, si amau.

but not if I-worsen

Amigu' ai ieu, no sai qui s'es,

A-friend have I not I-know who she-is

qu'anc non la vi, si m'ajut fes;

for-ever not her I-saw so help-me faith

ni·m fes que·m plassa ni que·m pes,

nor-to-me she-did that-to-me pleases nor that-to-me grieves

ni no m'en cau,

and not to-me-of-it matters

qu'anc non ac Norman ni Frances

for-ever not there-was Norman nor Frenchman

dins mon ostau.

within my house

Anc non la vi et am la fort,

Ever not her I-saw and I-love her greatly

anc no n'aic dreyt ni no·m fes tort;

ever not of-her-I-had right and not-me she-did wrong

quan non la vey, be m'en deport,

when not her I-see well myself-of-it I-do-without

no·m pretz un jau,

not-me I-value a cock

qu'ie·n sai gensor et bellazor,

for-I-of-them know a-fairer and a-lovelier

e que mais vau.

and who more is-worth

Fag ai lo vers, no say de cuy;

Made I-have the song not I-know of whom

e trametrai lo a selhuy

and I-will-send it to him

que lo·m trametra per autruy

who it-to-me will-send by another

lay vers Anjau,

there toward Anjou

que·m tramezes del sieu estuy

that-to-me he-should-send of his casket

la contraclau.

the counter-key

Farai un vers, pos mi sonelh

5 · THE RED CAT

Traveling in disguise through Auvergne, the count meets two ladies who take him for a mute pilgrim and lodge him. To test whether he can speak they drag a great red cat down his back, tearing him in more than a hundred places; he does not make a sound. Satisfied, they keep him eight days and more. The song closes on a count of what he did there and the sickness it cost him.

Farai un vers, pos mi sonelh

I-will-make a song since myself I-drowse

e·m vauc e m'estauc al solelh.

and-myself I-go and myself-I-stand in-the sun

Domnas i a de mal conselh,

Ladies there are of ill counsel

e sai dir cals:

and I-know to-say which

cellas c'amor de cavalier

those that-love of a-knight

tornon a mals.

turn to ill

Domna fai gran pechat mortal

A-lady commits great sin mortal

qe no ama cavalier leal;

who not loves a-knight loyal

mas s'ama o monge o clergal,

but if-she-loves either a-monk or a-cleric

non a raizo:

not she-has reason

per dreg la deuri' hom cremar

by right her ought one to-burn

ab un tezo.

with a brand

En Alvernhe, part Lemozi,

In Auvergne beyond Limousin

m'en aniey totz sols a tapi:

myself-thence I-went all alone in secret

trobei la moller d'en Guari

I-found the wife of-lord Guari

e d'en Bernart;

and of-lord Bernart

saluderon mi simplamentz

they-greeted me simply

per san Launart.

by saint Leonard

La una·m diz en son latin:

The one-to-me said in her speech

«E Dieus vos salf, don pelerin;

Ab God you save sir pilgrim

mout mi semblatz de bel aizin,

much to-me you-seem of fair breeding

mon escient;

my knowledge

mas trop vezem anar pel mon

but too-much we-see to-go through-the world

de folla gent.»

of foolish folk

Ar auzires qu'ai respondut;

Now you-will-hear what-I-have answered

anc no li diz ni bat ni but,

ever not to-her I-said nor bat nor but

ni fer ni fust no ai mentaugut,

and iron or wood not I-have mentioned

mas sol aitan:

but only this-much

«Babariol, babariol,

Babariol babariol

babarian.»

barbarian

So diz n'Agnes a n'Ermessen:

Thus said Lady-Agnes to Lady-Ermessen

«Trobat avem que anam querem.

Found we-have what we-go seeking

Sor, per amor Deu, l'alberguem,

Sister for love of-God let-us-lodge-him

qe ben es mutz,

for truly he-is mute

e ja per lui nostre conselh

and ever through him our counsel

non er saubutz.»

not will-be known

La una·m pres sotz son mantel,

The one-me took under her mantle

menet m'en sa cambra, al forn.

she-led me-thence her chamber to-the stove

Sapchatz qu'a mi fo bon e bel,

Know-you that-to me it-was good and fair

e·l focs fo bos,

and-the fire was good

et eu calfei me volentiers

and I warmed myself gladly

als gros carbos.

at-the great coals

A manjar mi deron capos,

To eat to-me they-gave capons

e sapchatz ac i mais de dos,

and know-you there-were there more than two

e no·i ac cog ni cogastros,

and not-there was cook nor scullion

mas sol nos tres,

but only we three

e·l pans fo blancs e·l vins fo bos

and-the bread was white and-the wine was good

e·l pebr' espes.

and-the pepper thick

«Sor, aquest hom es enginhos,

Sister this man is crafty

e laissa lo parlar per nos:

and he-leaves the speaking for us

nos aportem nostre gat ros

let-us bring our cat red

de mantement,

at once

qe·l fara parlar az estros,

which-him will-make to-speak at once

si de re·nz ment.»

if of thing-us he-lies

N'Agnes anet per l'enujos,

Lady-Agnes went for the-troublesome-one

e fo granz et ab loncz guinhos:

and it-was big and with long whiskers

e eu, can lo vi entre nos,

and I when it I-saw among us

aig'n'espavent,

I-had-of-it-fright

q'a pauc non perdei la valor

that-by little — I-lost the courage

e l'ardiment.

and the-boldness

Qant aguem begut e manjat,

When we-had drunk and eaten

eu mi despoillei a lor grat.

I myself stripped at their pleasure

Detras m'aporteran lo gat

Behind they-brought-me the cat

mal e felon;

evil and cruel

la una·l tira del costat

the one-it drags along-the side

tro al tallon.

down to-the heel

Per la coa de mantenen

By the tail at once

tira·l gat et el escoissen:

she-pulls-the cat and it scratches

plajas mi feron mais de cen

wounds to-me they-made more than a-hundred

aqella ves;

that time

mas eu no'm mogra ges enguers,

but I not-myself would-have-stirred at-all then

qui m'ausizes.

though one-should-kill-me

«Sor, diz n'Agnes a n'Ermessen,

Sister said Lady-Agnes to Lady-Ermessen

mutz es, qe ben es connoissen;

mute be-is for well it-is evident

sor del banh nos apareillem

sister for-the bath ourselves let-us-make-ready

e del sojorn.»

and for-the staying

Ueit jorns ez encar mais estei

Eight days and still more I-stayed

en aquel forn.

in that oven

Tant las fotei com auzirets:

So-much them I-swived as you-shall-hear

cen e quatre vint et ueit vetz,

a-hundred and four score and eight times

q'a pauc no'i rompei mos corretz

that-by little there I-broke my straps

e mos arnes;

and my harness

e no·us puesc dir lo malaveg,

and not-to-you I-can to-say the sickness

tan gran m'en pres.

so great me-of-it took

Ges no·us sai dir lo malaveg,

At-all not-to-you I-know to-say the sickness

tan gran m'en pres.

so great me-of-it took

Ben vuelh que sapchon li pluzor

6 • THE MASTER OF THE GAME

The count claims to carry the flower of his craft, and to know sense from folly, honor from shame, and the man who speaks well of him from the man who does not. He bears the name of sure master, skilled enough to earn his bread in any market. Then a lady tells him his dice are small and raises him double; he lifts her board with both arms, throws, and finds the third die loaded.

Ben vuelh que sapchon li pluzor

Well I-wish that should-know the many

d'est vers si's de bona color,

of-this song if-it-is of good color

qu'ieu ai trag de mon obrador:

that-I have drawn from my workshop

qu'ieu port d'ayselh mestier la flor,

that-I carry of-that craft the flower

et es vertaz,

and it-is truth

e puesc ne traire-l vers auctor

and I-can of-it to-draw-the song as-witness

quant er lassatz.

when it-will-be laced

Ieu conosc ben sen e folhor,

I know well sense and folly

e conosc anta et honor,

and I-know shame and honor

et ai ardimen e paor;

and I-have boldness and fear

e si·m partetz un juec d'amor

and if-to-me you-set a game of-love

no suy tan fatz

not I-am so foolish

no·n sapcha triar lo melhor

not-of-it I-should-know to-choose the better

d'entre·ls malvatz.

from-among-the wicked

Ieu conosc ben selh qui be·m di,

I know well him who well-to-me speaks

e selh qui·m vol mal atressi,

and him who-me wishes ill likewise

e conosc ben selhuy qui·m ri,

and I-know well him who-to-me smiles

e si·l pro s'azauton de mi,

and if-the worthy delight in me

conosc assatz

I-know enough

qu'atressi dey voler lor fi

that-likewise I-ought to-wish their delight

e lor solatz.

and their cheer

Mas ben aya sel qui·m noyri,

But well may-have he who-me reared

que tan bo mestier m'eschari

who so good a-craft to-me-allotted

que anc a negu non falhi;

that ever to any not I-failed

qu'ieu sai jogar sobre coyssi

for-I know to-play upon a-cushion

a totz tocatz;

at all throws

mais en say de nulh mo vezi,

more of-it I-know than any my neighbor

qual que·m vejatz.

whatever that-me you-see

Dieu en lau e Sanh Jolia:

God for-it I-praise and Saint Julian

tant ai apres del juec doussa

so-much I-have learned of-the game sweet

que sobre totz n'ai bona ma,

that over all of-it-I-have a-good hand

e selh qui cosselh mi querra

and he who counsel of-me will-seek

non l'er vedatz,

not to-him-will-be refused

ni us de mi non tornara

and one from me not will-turn

descosselhatz.

uncounseled

Qu'ieu ai nom «maiestre certa»:

For-I have the-name master sure

ja m'amigu' anueg no m'aura

ever my-friend tonight not me-will-have

que no·m vuelh' aver l'endema;

but not-me she-will-wish to-have the-morrow

qu'ieu suy d'aquest mestier, so·m va,

for-I am in-tbis craft of-tbis-myself I-boast

tan ensenhatz

so skilled

que be·n sai guazanzhar mon pa

that well-of-it I-know to-earn my bread

en totz mercatz.

in all markets

Pero no m'auzetz tan guabier

Yét not you-bear-me so a-boaster

qu'ieu non fos rahusatz l'autr'ier,

that-I not was rebuffed the-other-day

que jogav'a un joc grossier,

when I-played-at a game coarse

que·m fon trop bos al cap premier

which-to-me was very good at-the start first

tro fuy 'ntaulatz;

until I-was at-the-board

quan guardiey, no m'ac plus mestier,

when I-looked not to-me-it-had more use

si·m fon camjatz.

so-to-me it-was changed

Mas elha·m dis un reprovier:

But she-to-me said a proverb

«Don, vostre dat son menudier,

Sir your dice are small

et ieu revit vos a doblier.»

and I challenge you at double

Fis m'ieu: «Qui·m dava Monpeslier,

Said I Who-me gave Montpellier

non er laissatz.»

not it-would-be left

E leviey un pauc son taulier,

And I-lifted a little her board

ab ams mos bratz.

with both my arms

Et quant l'aic levat lo taulier,

And when it-I-had lifted the board

empeis los datz,

I-pushed the dice

e·ill duy foron cairavallier

and-the two were true-running

e·l terz plombatz.

and-the third leaded

E fi·ls fort ferir al taulier,

And I-made-them hard to-strike on-the board

e fon joguatz.

and it-was played

Pus vezem de novelh florir

7 • OBEDIENCE

Meadows and orchards grow green again, and each man should take the joy he has. Of Love the count will say nothing but good, though he has had nothing at all from it: he has never had joy of what he loved, and never will. Whoever would love must be obedient to many people, do seemly deeds, and not speak churlishly at court. He sends the song to Narbonne and to his friend Esteve.

Pus vezem de novelh florir

Since we-see of new to-flower

pratz e vergiers reverdezir,

meadows and orchards to-grow-green-again

rius e fontanas esclarzir,

streams and springs to-run-clear

auras e vens,

breezes and winds

ben deu quascus lo joy jauzir

well ought each-one the joy to-enjoy

don es jauzens.

whereof he-is joyful

D'Amor non dey dire mas be.

Of-Love not I-ought to-say but good

Quar no n'ai ni petit ni re?

Why not of-it-I-have neither little nor anything

Quar ben leu plus no m'en cove;

For quite likely more not to-me-of-it is-fitting

pero leumens

yet readily

dona gran joy qui be·n mante

it-gives great joy to-whoever well-of-it maintains

los aizimens.

the usages

A totz jorns m'es pres enaissi

At all times to-me-it-has happened thus

qu'anc d'aquo qu'amiey non jauzi,

that-ever of-that which-I-loved not I-had-joy

ni o faray ni anc no fi.

nor it I-shall-do and ever not I-did

Qu'az esciens

For-with knowledge

fas mantas res que·l cor me di:

I-do many things that-the heart to-me says

«Tot es niens.»

All is nothing

Per tal n'ai meyns de bon saber

For this of-it-I-have less of good savor

quar vuelh so que no puesc aver,

for I-wish that which not I-can to-have

e si·l reproviers me ditz ver

and if-the proverb to-me says true

certainamens:

certainly

«A bon coratge bon poder,

To good heart good power

qui's ben suffrens.»

who-himself well endures

Ja no sera nuils hom ben fis

Ever not will-be any man well faithful

contr'Amor si non l'es aclis,

toward-Love if not to-it-he-is bowed

et als estranhs et als vezis

and to-the strangers and to-the neighbors

non es consens,

not he-is agreeable

et a totz sels d'aicels aizis

and to all those of-those dwellings

obediens.

obedient

Obediensa deu portar

Obedience he-ought to-bear

a motas gens qui vol amar,

to many folk who wishes to-love

e coven li que sapcha far

and it-behooves to-him that he-should-know to-do

faigz avinens,

deeds seemly

e que's gart en cort de parlar

and that-himself be-guard in court from speaking

vilanamens.

churlishly

Del vers vos dig que mais en vau

Of-the song to-you I-say that more of-it is-worth

qui ben l'enten ni plus l'esgau,

whoever well it-understands and more it-enjoys

que'l mot son fag tug per egau

for-the words are made all in evenness

cominalmens,

uniformly

e'l sonetz, qu'ieu mezeis me'n lau,

and-the tune that-I myself me-of-it praise

bos e valens.

good and worthy

A Narbona, mas ieu no'i vau,

To Narbonne but I not-there go

sia'l prezens

be-it presented

mos vers, e vuelh que d'aquest lau

my song and I-wish that of-this praise

·m sia guirens.

to-me it-be warrant

Mon Esteve, mas ieu no·i vau,

My Esteve but I not-there go

sia·l prezens

be-it presented

mos vers e vuelh que d'aquest lau

my song and I-wish that of-this praise

sia guirens.

it-be warrant

Farai chansoneta nueva

8 · WHITER THAN IVORY

The count will make a new song before the weather breaks, while his lady tests in what manner he loves her. He yields himself to her, to be written into her charter, and asks not to be held drunk for loving a good lady. She is whiter than ivory, and without her help he will die. He asks what she gains if she puts his love off and he cloisters himself, and bids his friend Daurostre sing and not bray.

Farai chansoneta nueva

I-will-make a-little-song new

ans que vent ni gel ni plueva;

before that it-wind or freeze or rain

ma dona m'assai' e·m prueva,

my lady me-tests and-me proves

quossi de qual guiza l'am;

how in what manner her-I-love

e ja per plag que m'en mueva

and ever for quarrel that to-me-of-it she-stirs

no·m solvera de son liam.

not-me will-she-loose from her bond

Qu'ans mi rent a lieys e·m liure,

For-rather myself I-yield to her and-myself deliver

qu'en sa carta·m pot escriure.

so-that-in her charter-me she-can to-write

E no m'en tengatz per yure

And not me-for-it bold for drunk

s'ieu ma bona dompna am,

if-I my good lady love

quar senes lieys non puesc viure,
for without her not I-can to-live
 tant ai pres de s'amor gran fam.
so-much I-have taken of her-love great hunger

Que plus ez blanca qu'evori,
For more she-is white than-ivory

per qu'ieu outra non azori.
for which-I another not adore

Si·m breu non ai ajutori,
If-to-me soon not I-have help

cum ma bona dompna m'am,
that my good lady me-love

morrai, pel cap sanh Gregori,
I-shall-die by-the head of-saint Gregory

si no·m bayz' en cambr' o sotz ram.
if not-me she-kiss in chamber or under bough

Qual pro y aurretz, dompna conja,
What profit therein will-you-have lady comely

si vostr' amors mi deslonja?
if your love me puts-far

Par queus vulhatz metre monja.
It-seems that-yourself wish to-put a-nun

E sapchatz, quar tan vos am,
And know-you for so-much you I-love

tem que la dolors me ponja,

I-fear that the grief me pierce

si no'm faitz dreg dels tortz qu'ieus clam.

if not-to-me you-do right for-the wrongs that-I-of-you complain

Qual pro y auretz, s'ieu m'enclostre

What profit therein will-you-have if-I myself-cloister

e no'm retenetz per vostre?

and not-me you-keep for yours

Totz lo joys del mon es nostre,

All the joy of-the world is ours

dompna, s'amduy nos amam.

lady if-both we love

Lay al mieu amic Daurostre

There to-the my friend Daurostre

dic e man que chan e [no] bram.

I-say and I-bid that be-sing and not bray

Per aquesta fri e tremble,

For this-one I-shiver and tremble

quar de tan bon' amor l'am;

for with so good love her-I-love

qu'anc no cug qu'en nasques semble

that-ever not I-think that-of-it was-born a-like

en semblan del gran linh n'Adam.

in likeness of-the great line of-lord-Adam

Mout jauzens me prenc en amar

9 · A JOY BEYOND PRAISE

The count sets himself gladly to love a joy that must bear seed above all others. No one could ever imagine what it is, in willing or in thought, and a year would not be enough to praise it. By his lady's joy a sick man can be healed and by her wrath a sound man killed, a wise man turned foolish, and a churl courtly. He is ready to serve her, but dares send no message for fear.

Mout jauzens me prenc en amar

Most joyful myself I-take in loving

un joy don plus mi vuelh aizir,

a joy whereof more myself I-wish to-take-ease

e pus en joy vuelh revertir

and since to joy I-wish to-return

ben dey, si puesc, al mielhs anar,

well I-ought if I-can to-the best to-go

quar mielhs onra·m, estiers cujar,

for best it-honors-me beyond thinking

qu'om puesca vezer ni auzir.

that-one may to-see or to-bear

Ieu, so sabetz, no·m dey gabar

I this you-know not-myself ought to-boast

ni de grans laus no·m say formir,

and with great praises not-myself I-know to-furnish

mas si anc nulhs joys poc florir,

but if ever any joy could to-flower

aquest deu sobre totz granar
this ought above all to-bear-seed
 e part los autres esmerar,
and beyond the others to-shine-pure
 si cum sol brus jorns esclarzir.
as when is-wont a-dark day to-brighten

Anc mais no poc hom faissonar
Ever more not could one to-imagine
 co's, en voler ni en dezir
how-it-is in willing nor in desiring
 ni en pensar ni en cossir;
nor in thinking nor in pondering
 aitals joys no pot par trobar,
such a-joy not can an-equal to-find
 e qui be·l volria lauzar
and who well-it would-wish to-praise
 d'un an no y poiri' avenir.
in-a year not there be-could to-come

Totz joys li deu humiliar,
All joy to-it ought to-bow
 et tota ricor obezir
and all lordship to-obey
 mi dons, per son belh aculhir
my lady for her fair welcoming
 e per son belh plazent esguar;
and for her fair pleasing look

e deu hom mais cent ans durar

and ought one more a-hundred years to-last

qui-l joy de s'amor pot sazir.

who-the joy of her-love can to-seize

Per son joy pot malautz sanar,

By her joy can a-sick-man to-heal

e per sa ira sas morir

and by her wrath a-sound-man to-kill

e savis hom enfolezir

and a-wise man to-grow-foolish

e belhs hom sa beutat mudar

and a-fair man his beauty to-change

e-l plus cortes vilanejar

and-the most courtly to-turn-churlish

e totz vilas encortezir.

and every churl to-grow-courtly

Pus hom gensor no-n pot trobar

Since one a-fairer not-of-them can to-find

ni huelhs vezer ni boca dir,

nor eyes to-see nor mouth to-tell

a mos ops la vuelh retenir,

for my need her I-wish to-keep

per lo cor dedins refrescar

to the heart within to-refresh

e per la carn renovellar,

and to the flesh to-renew

que no puesca envellezir.

so-that not it-can to-grow-old

Si·m vol mi dons s'amor donar,

If-me wishes my lady her-love to-give

pres suy del penr' e del grazir

ready I-am for-the taking and for-the thanking

e del celar e del blandir

and for-the concealing and for-the flattering

e de sos plazers dir e far

and of her pleasures to-say and to-do

e de sos pretz tener en car

and of her worth to-bold in dearness

e de son laus enavantir.

and of her praise to-advance

Ren per autruy non l'aus mandar,

Anything by another not to-her-I-dare to-send

tal paor ay qu'ades s'azir,

such fear I-have that-at-once she-anger

ni ieu mezeys, tan tem falhir,

nor I myself so-much I-fear to-fail

no l'aus m'amor fort assemblar;

not to-her-I-dare my-love strongly to-show

mas elha·m deu mo mielhs triar,

but she-for-me ought my best to-choose

pus sap qu'ab lieys ai a guerir.

since she-knows that-with her I-have to to-be-healed

Ab la dolchor del temps novel

10 • THE HAWTHORN BRANCH

With the sweetness of the new season the woods leaf and the birds sing, but from the place he cares about the count sees neither messenger nor seal, and dares not press forward until he knows how it will end. Their love goes like the hawthorn branch that stands trembling in rain and frost all night until the sun spreads through the leaves. He remembers the morning she gave him her love and her ring.

Ab la dolchor del temps novel

With the sweetness of-the season new

foillo li bosc, e li aucl

leaf-out the woods and the birds

chanton chascus en lor lati

sing each in their tongue

segon lo vers del novel chan;

after the verse of-the new song

adonc esta ben c'om s'aisi

then it-is well that-one himself-eases

d'acho don hom a plus talan.

in-that whereof one has most desire

De lai don plus m'es bon e bel

From there whence most to-me-is good and fair

non vei mesager ni sagel,

not I-see messenger nor seal

per que mos cors non dorm ni ri,

for which my heart not sleeps nor laughs

ni no m'aus traire adenan,

and not myself-I-dare to-draw forward

tro qe sachá ben de la fi
until that I-know well of the end
 s'el' es aissi com eu deman.
if-it is thus as I ask

La nostr' amor vai enaissi
The our love goes thus
 com la branca de l'albespi
as the branch of the-hawthorn
 qu'esta sobre l'arbre tremblan,
which-stands upon the-tree trembling
 la nuoit, a la ploja ez al gel,
the night in the rain and in-the frost
 tro l'endeman, que·l sols s'espan
until the-morrow when-the sun spreads
 per las fueillas verz e·l ramel.
through the leaves green and-the bough

Enquer me membra d'un mati
Still to-me it-remembers of-a morning
 que nos fezem de guerra fi,
when we made of war an-end
 e que·m donet un don tan gran,
and when-to-me she-gave a gift so great
 sa drudari' e son anel:
her love and her ring

enquer me lais Dieus viure tan
still me may-let God to-live so-long
 c'aja mas manz soz so mantell!
that-I-have my hands under her mantle

Qu'eu non ai soing d'estraing lati
For-I not have care of-strange talk
 que·m parta de mon Bon Vezi,
that-me would-part from my Good Neighbor
 qu'eu sai de paraulas com van
for-I know of words how they-go
 ab un breu sermon que s'espel,
with a brief speech that spreads-itself
 que tal se van d'amor gaban,
that such themselves go of-love boasting
 nos n'avem la pessa e·l coutel.
we of-it-have the piece and-the knife

Pos de chantar m'es pres talentz

11 • THE FAREWELL

The count is going into exile and will serve no longer in Poitou or Limousin. He leaves his son in war and his land in the ward of Folco of Anjou; if Folco and the king do not help, the Gascons and Angevins will bring the boy low. He asks pardon of his companion, gives up knighthood and pride, and asks all his friends to come and honor him at his death.

Pos de chantar m'es pres talentz,

Since of singing to-me-has taken the-will

farai un vers, don sui dolenz:

I-will-make a song whereof I-am grieving

mais non serai obedienz

more not I-shall-be a-servant

en Peitau ni en Lemozi.

in Poitou nor in Limousin

Qu'era m'en irai en eisil:

For-now myself-hence I-shall-go into exile

en gran paor, en gran peril,

in great fear in great peril

en guerra laisserai mon fil,

in war I-shall-leave my son

e faran li mal siei vezi.

and will-do to-him harm his neighbors

Lo departirs m'es aitan grieus

The parting to-me-is so grievous

del seignoratge de Peiteius!

from-the lordship of Poitiers

En garda lais Folcon d'Angieus

In ward I-leave Folco of-Anjou

tota la terra e son cozi.

all the land and his cousin

Si Folcos d'Angieus no'l socor,

If Folco of-Anjou not-him succors

e'l reis de cui ieu tenc m'onor,

and-the king from whom I hold my-fief

faran li mal tut li plusor,

will-do to-him harm all the greater-part

felon Gascon et Angevi.

treacherous Gascons and Angevins

Si ben non es savis ni pros,

If well not be-is wise nor valiant

cant ieu serai partiz de vos,

when I shall-be parted from you

vias l'auran tornat en jos,

quickly him-they-will-have brought to low

car lo veiran jov' e mesqui.

for him they-will-see young and weak

Merce quier a mon compaignon

Mercy I-ask of my companion

s'anc li fi tort qu'il m'o perdon;

if-ever to-him I-did wrong that-he to-me-it forgive

et ieu prec en Jesu del tron

and I pray lord Jesus of-the throne

et en romans et en lati.

both in romance and in Latin

De proeza e de joi fui,

Of prowess and of joy I-was

mais ara partem ambedui;

but now we-part both

et eu irai m'en a scellui

and I shall-go myself-hence to him

on tut peccador troban fi.

where all sinners find peace

Mout ai estat cuendes e gais,

Much I-have been gracious and gay

mas nostre Seigner no-l vol mais;

but our Lord not-it wishes more

ar non puesc plus soffrir lo fais,

now not I-can more to-bear the burden

tant soi aprochatz de la fi.

so-far I-am drawn-near to the end

Tot ai guerpit cant amar sueill,

All I-have forsaken what to-love I-used

cavalaria et orgueill;

knighthood and pride

e pos Dieu platz, tot o acueill,

and since God it-pleases all it I-accept

e prec li que-m reteng' am si.

and I-pray him that-me he-keep with himself

Toz mos amics prec a la mort

All my friends I-beg at the death

que vengan tut e m'onren fort,

that they-come all and me-honor greatly

qu'eu ai avut joi e deport

for-I have had joy and delight

loing e pres et e mon aizi.

far and near and in my dwelling

Aissi guerpisc joi e deport

Thus I-forsake joy and delight

e vair e gris e sembeli.

and vair and gray and sable

JAUFRE RUDEL

The Songs of Jaufre Rudel



Vida

THE LIFE OF JAUFRE RUDEL

The thirteenth-century life. It says Jaufre Rudel, prince of Blaye, fell in love with the countess of Tripoli without seeing her, on the report of pilgrims from Antioch, and made many songs about her with good tunes and poor words. He took the cross to see her, fell sick at sea, and was brought to Tripoli for dead. He died in her arms, and she buried him in the house of the Temple and became a nun.

Jaufres Rudels de Blaia si fo mout gentils om, princes
Jaufre Rudel of Blaye thus was most noble a-man prince
de Blaia; et enamoret se de la comtessa de Tripol,
of Blaye and enamored himself of the countess of Tripoli
ses vezer, per lo ben qu'el n'auzi dire als pelegrins
without seeing for the good that-he of-her-heard to-tell from-the pilgrims
que venguen d'Antiocha; e fetz de lleis mains vers ab
who came from-Antioch and he-made of her many songs with
bons sons, ab paubres motz. E per voluntat de lleis
good tunes with poor words And through desire of her
vezer el se crozet e mes se en mar; e pres
to-see he himself took-the-cross and put himself to sea and took
lo malautia en la nau e fo condug a Tripol en un
him sickness in the ship and he-was brought to Tripoli into an
alberc per mort. E fo fait a saber a la comtessa, et
inn for dead And it-was made to know to the countess and
ella venc ad el, al sieu leit, e pres lo entre sos bratz;
she came to him at-the bis bed and took him between her arms
et el saup qu'ella era la comtessa, si recobret l'auzir
and he knew that-she was the countess so he-recovered the-hearing
e-l flairar; e lauzet Dieu e-l grazi que l'avia la
and-the smelling and he-praised God and-him thanked that to-him-had the

vida sostenguda tro qu'el l'agues vista. Et enaissi el mori
life sustained until that-he her-had seen And thus he died
 entre sos braz, et ella lo fez a gran honor sepellir
between her arms and she him had with great honor buried
 en la maion del Temple. E pois en aquel dia ella se
in the house of-the Temple And then on that day she herself
 rendet morga per la dolor qu'ella ac de la mort de
gave a-nun for the grief that-she had at the death of
 lui.
him

Quan lo rossinhols el folhos

1 · THE NIGHTINGALE

The nightingale gives and takes love in the leaves and gazes on its mate, and great joy comes to the poet's heart. He desires a love worthier than any joy he knows, and thinks of it waking and sleeping, though her beauty avails him nothing since no friend teaches him how to have it. He ends doubting that those who stay behind in pleasure and do not follow God to Bethlehem can be saved.

Quan lo rossinhols el folhos

When the nightingale in-the leafage

dona d'amor e'n quier e'n pren

gives of-love and-of-it seeks and-of-it takes

e mou son chan jauzent joyos

and stirs his song rejoicing joyful

e remira sa par soven

and gazes-on his mate often

e'l riu son clar e'l prat son gen

and-the streams are clear and-the meadows are fair

pel novel deport que renha,

for-the new delight that reigns

mi ven al cor grans joys jazer.

to-me comes to-the heart great joy to-lodge

D'un' amistat suy enveyos,

Of-a love I-am desirous

quar no sai joya plus valen,

for not I-know joy more worthy

c'or e dezir, que bona·m fos
which-I-pray-for and I-desire that good-to-me it-were
 si·m fazia d'amor prezen,
if-to-me she-made of-love a-gift
 que·l cors a gras, delgat e gen
for-the body she-has full slender and noble
 e ses ren que·y descovenha,
and without anything that-in-it is-unseemly
 e s'amors bon' ab bon saber.
and her-love good with good savor

D'aquest' amor suy cossiros
Of-this love I-am anxious
 vellan e pueys sompnhan dormen,
waking and then dreaming sleeping
 quar lai ay joy meravelhos,
for there I-have joy wondrous
 per qu'ieu la jau jauzitz jauzen;
for which-I her enjoy enjoyed enjoying
 mas sa beutatz no·m val nien,
but her beauty not-to-me avails anything
 quar nulhs amicx no m'essenha
for any friend not me-teaches
 cum ja n'aia bon saber.
how ever of-it-I-have good savor

D'aquest' amor suy tan cochos

Of-this love I-am so eager

que quant ieu vau ves lieys corren

that when I go toward her running

vejaire m'es qu'a reüsos

it-seems to-me that-at backwards

m'en torn e qu'ela's n'an fugen;

myself-thence I-turn and that-she-herself thence-goes fleeing

e mos cavals i vai tan len

and my horse there goes so slow

greu er qu'oïmais i atenha

hardly it-will-be that-henceforth there I-arrive

s'Amors no la·m fa remaner.

if-Love not her-for-me makes to-remain

Amors, alegres part de vos

Love glad I-part from you

per so quar vau mo miells queren,

for this that I-go my better seeking

e suy en tant aventuros

and I-am in so-much fortunate

qu'enqueras n'ay mon cor jauzen,

that-already of-it-I-have my heart rejoicing

la merce de mon bon guiren

the mercy of my good protector

que·m vol e m'apell' e·m denha

who-me wants and me-calls and-me deigns

e m'a tornat en bon esper.

and me-has turned to good hope

E qui sai rema deleytos

And who here remains delighting

e Dieu non siec en Belleen

and God not follows to Betblehem

no sai cum ja mais sia pros

not I-know how ever more he-be worthy

ni cum ja venh' a guerimen,

nor how ever he-come to salvation

qu'ieu sai e crei, mon escien,

for-I know and believe my knowledge

que selh qui Jhesus ensenha

that he whom Jesus teaches

segur' escola pot tener.

a-sure school can to-hold

Quan lo rius de la fontana

2 · LOVE FROM AFAR

When the brook of the spring runs clear and the nightingale refines his singing, it is right that the poet take up his own. His whole body aches for a love from a far country, and he can find no remedy unless he hears her call. No fairer Christian woman was ever born, nor Jewess nor Saracen. He sends the song without a letter of parchment, in plain Romance, by Filhol to Hugo Bru.

Quan lo rius de la fontana

When the brook of the spring
s'esclarzis, si cum far sol,
runs-clear just as to-do it-is-wont
e par la flors aigentina,
and appears the flower of-the-eglantine
e'l rossinholetz el ram
and-the little-nightingale on-the branch
volf e refranh ez aplana
turns and modulates and smooths
son dous chantar et afina,
his sweet singing and refines
dreitz es qu'ieu lo mieu refranha.
right it-is that-I the mine should-modulate

Amors de terra lonhdana,

Love of a-land far-off
per vos totz lo cors mi dol;
for you all the body to-me aches

e non puesc trobar meina

and not I-can to-find remedy

si non au vostre reclam

if not I-bear your call

ab atraich d'amor doussana

with the-draw of-love sweet

dinz vergier o sutz cortina

within an-orchard or under a-curtain

ab dezirada companha.

with a-longed-for companion

Pus totz jorns m'en falh aizina,

Since all days to-me-of-it fails the-chance

no·m meravilh s'ieu n'aflam,

not-myself I-wonder if-I of-it-burn

quar anc genser crestiana

for ever a-fairer Christian-woman

non fo, ni Dieus non la vol,

not there-was and God not her wills

juzeva ni Sarrazina;

Jewess nor Saracen-woman

ben es selh pagutz de mana,

well is he fed with manna

qui ren de s'amor guazanha!

who anything of her-love gains

De dezir mos cors no fina
From desire my heart not ceases
 vas selha ren qu'ieu pus am;
toward that thing that-I most love
 e cre que volers m'enguana
and I-believe that willing deceives-me
 si cobezeza la·m tol;
if covetousness her-from-me takes
 que pus es ponhens qu'espina
for more it-is piercing than-a-thorn
 la dolors que ab joi sana;
the pain that with joy heals
 don ja non vuelh qu'om m'en planha.
whereof ever not I-wish that-one me-for-it pity

Senes breu de parguamina
Without a-letter of parchment
 tramet lo vers, que chantam
I-send the song that we-sing
 en plana lengua romana,
in plain tongue Romance
 a·n Hugo Bru per Filhol;
to-lord Hugo Bru by Filhol
 bo·m sap, quar gens Peitavina
good-to-me it-tastes that folk of-Poitou
 de Berri e de Guiana
of Berry and of Guyenne
 s'èsgau per lui e Bretanha.
rejoice for him and Brittany

Pro ai del chan essenhadors

3 · THE CASTLE AND THE TOWER

The poet has teachers enough around him in meadows, orchards, birdsong, and cries, but pipes belong to shepherds and small children; he wants a love he can have joy of. Far off are the castle and the tower where she lies beside her husband. His heart is so wholly there that it has neither crown nor root elsewhere, and in sleep his spirit goes to her. A single kiss would keep him sound and safe.

Pro ai del chan essenhadors

Enough I-have of-the song teachers

entorn mi et ensenhairitz:

around me and teachers-women

pratz e vergiers, albres e flors,

meadows and orchards trees and flowers

voutas d'auzelhs e lays e critz,

trills of-birds and lays and cries

per lo dous termini suau,

through the sweet season gentle

qu'en un petit de joy m'estau,

so-that-in a little of joy I-stand

don nulhs deportz no·m pot jauzir

whereof any pastime not-me can to-gladden

tan cum solatz d'amor valen.

so-much as the-cheer of-love worthy

Las pimpas sian als pastors

The pipes let-them-be to-the shepherds

et als enfans burdens petitz,

and to-the children frolicking small

e mias sion tals amors

and mine let-them-be such loves

don ieu sia jauzens jauzit!

whereof I am rejoicing rejoiced

Qu'ieu la sai bona tot'aitau

For-I her know good wholly-such

ves son amic en greu logau;

toward her friend in hard a-place

per so'm sen trop soen marrir

for this-myself I-feel too often to-grieve

quar no n'ai so qu'al cor n'aten.

for not of-it-I-have that which-at heart of-it-I-await

Luenh es lo castelhs e la tors

Far is the castle and the tower

on elha jay e sos maritz,

where she lies and her husband

et si per bos cosselladors

and if by good counselors

cosselhan no suy enantitz

counseling not I-am advanced

— Q'autre cosselhs petit m'en vau,

For-other counsel little to-me-of-it is-worth

aitant n'ay fin talan corau, —

so-much of-it-I-have pure desire heartfelt

alres noy a mais del murir,

else not-there is more than-the dying

s'alqun joy non ay en breumen.

if-some joy not I-have in short-while

Totz los vezis apel senhors

All the inhabitants I-call lords

del renh on sos joys fo noyritz,

of-the realm where her joy was reared

e crey que·m sia grans honors

and I-believe that-to-me it-be great honor

quar ieu dels plus envilanitz

for I of-the most churlish

cug que sion cortes lejau:

think that they-are courtly loyal

ves l'amor qu'ins el cor m'enclau

toward the-love that-within in-the heart shuts-me

ai bon talant e bon albir,

I-have good desire and good judgment

et say qu'ilh n'a bon escien.

and I-know that-she of-it-has good knowledge

Lai es mos cors si totz c'alhors

There is my heart so wholly that-elsewhere

non a ni sima ni raïtz,

not it-has neither crown nor root

et en dormen sotz cobertors

and in sleeping under coverlets

es lai ab lieis mos esperitz;

is there with her my spirit

et s'amors mi revert a mau

and if-love to-me turns to ill

car ieu l'am tant e liei non cau:

because I her-love so-much and to-her not it-matters

tost veirai ieu si per sofrir
soon shall-see I if by enduring
 n'atendrai mon bon jauzimen.
of-it-I-shall-await my good joying

Ma voluntatz s'en vai lo cors,
My will itself-thence goes at-the run
 la nueit el dia esclaritz,
the night and-the day brightened
 laïntz per talant de son cors,
in-there through longing for her body
 mas tart mi ve e tart mi ditz:
but late to-me she-comes and late to-me speaks
 «Amicx, fa s'elha, gilos brau
Friend says she jealous fierce
 an comensat tal batestau
have begun such a-brawl
 que sera greus a departir,
that it-will-be hard to to-part
 tro qu'abdui en siam jauzen.»
until that-both of-it we-be rejoicing

Per so m'en creis plus ma dolors
For this to-me-of-it grows more my pain
 car non ai lieis en luecs aizitz,
because not I-have her in places easy

que tan no fau sospirs e plors

for so-much not I-make sighs and tears

qu'us sols baizars per escaritz

that-a single kiss by itself

lo cor no'm tengues san e sau.

the heart not-to-me would-keep sound and safe

Bona es l'amors e molt pro vau,

Good is the-love and very much is-worth

e d'aquest mal mi pot guerir

and of-this ill me it-can to-beal

ses gart de metge sapien.

without the-care of a-physician learned

Belhs m'es l'estius e'l temps floritz

4 • WINTER THE FAIRER

Summer is fair when the birds sing under the blossom, but the poet holds winter fairer, because more joy is granted him then. He has been long in grief and is now returned to his joy; he will believe no slanderer, and knows well that pure love never betrayed a man. He would rather lie clothed than stripped under a coverlet, and counts himself rich for being unburdened of a foolish load.

Belhs m'es l'estius e'l temps floritz

Fair to-me-is the-summer and-the season flowering

quan l'auzelh chanton sotz la flor,

when the-birds sing beneath the blossom

mas ieu tenc l'ivern per gensor

but I hold the-winter for fairer

quar mais de joy m'i es cobitz,

for more of joy to-me-there is granted

et quant hom ve son jauzimen

and when one sees his joying

es ben razos e d'avinen

it-is well reason and of-seemly

qu'om sia plus coyndes e guays.

that-one be more gracious and gay

Er ai ieu joy e suy jauzit

Now have I joy and I-am rejoiced

e restauratz en ma valor,

and restored in my merit

e non iray jamai alhor

and not I-shall-go ever elsewhere

ni non querrai autrui conquistz,

and not I-shall-seek another's conquests

qu'eras say ben az escien

for-now I-know well with knowledge

que selh es savis qui aten

that he is wise who waits

e selh es fols qui trop s'irays.

and he is foolish who too-much himself-angers

Lonc temps ai estat en dolor

Long time I-have been in grief

et de tot mon afar marritz,

and in all my state downcast

qu'anc no fuy tant fort endurmitz

that-ever not I-was so deeply asleep

que no·m rissides de paor.

that not-myself I-woke from fear

Mas aras vey e pes e sen

But now I-see and I-think and I-feel

que passat ai aquelh turmen,

that passed I-have that torment

e non hi vuelh tornar ja mays.

and not there I-wish to-return ever more

Mout mi tenon a gran honor

Much me they-hold in great honor

tug silh cui ieu n'ey obeditz

all those whom I of-it-have obeyed

quar a mon joi suy revertitz:

for to my joy I-am returned

e laus en lieys e Dieu e lor,

and I-praise for-it her and God and them

qu'er an lur grat e lur prezen,

for-now they-have their pleasure and their reward

e, que qu'ieu m'en anes dizen,

and whatever that-I myself-of-it went saying

lai mi remanh e lay m'apays.

there myself I-remain and there myself-I-content

Mas per so m'en sui encharzitz,

But for this myself-of-it I-am grown-dear

ja no·n creyrai lauzenjador,

ever not-of-it I-shall-believe a-slanderer

qu'anc no fuy tan lunhatz d'amor

that-ever not I-was so far-off from-love

qu'er no·n sia sals e gueritz.

that-now not-of-it I-be saved and healed

Plus savis hom de mi mespren,

More wise a-man than me errs

per qu'ieu sai ben az escien

for which-I know well with knowledge

qu'anc fin'amors home non trays.

that-ever pure-love a-man not betrayed

Mielhs mi fora jazer vestitz

Better to-me it-would-be to-lie clothed

que despolhatz sotz cobertor

than stripped under a-coverlet

e puesc vos en traire auctor

and I-can you of-it to-draw as-witness

la nueyt quant ieu fuy assalhit.

the night when I was assailed

Totz temps n'aurai mon cor dolen,

All time of-it-I-shall-have my heart grieving

quar aissi's n'aron rizen,

for thus-themselves thence-went laughing

qu'enquer en sospir e'n pantays.

that-still of-it I-sigh and-of-it I-am-troubled

Mais d'una re soi en error

But in-one thing I-am in doubt

e'n estai mos cors esbaïtz

and-of-it stands my heart astonished

que tot can lo fraire'm desditz

that all that the brother-to-me denies

aug autrejar a la seror;

I-bear granted to the sister

e nulhs hom non a tan de sen,

and any man not has so-much of sense

que puesc' aver cominalmen,

that he-can to-have in-common

que ves calque part non biais.

that toward some side not he-leans

El mes d'abril e de pascor

In-the month of-April and of Eastertide

can l'auzel movon lur dous critz

when the-birds stir their sweet cries

adoncs vuelh mos chans si' auzitz,

then I-wish my song be heard

et aprendetz lo, chantador!

and learn-you it singers

E sapchatz tug cominalmen

And know-you all in-common

qu'ie'm tenc per ric e per manen

that-I-myself hold for rich and for wealthy

car soi descargatz de fol fais.

because I-am unburdened of foolish load

Lanquan li jorn son lonc en may

5 • THE LONG DAYS OF MAY

In the long days of May the sweet song of birds from far off pleases the poet, and reminds him of a love from far away. He would be a pilgrim there, so that his staff and cloak might be looked at by her eyes, and asks God for the power to see her; then the chamber and the garden would seem to him a palace. His godfather fated him to love and not be loved.

Lanquan li jorn son lonc en may

When the days are long in May

m'es belhs dous chans d'auzelhs de lonh,

to-me-is fair the-sweet song of-birds from afar

e quan mi suy partitz de lay

and when myself I-am departed from there

remembra·m d'un' amor de lonh:

it-reminds-me of-a love from afar

vau de talan embroncx e clis

I-go with longing downcast and bent

si que chans ni flors d'albespis

so that song nor flower of-hawthorn

no·m platz plus que l'yverns gelatz.

not-to-me pleases more than the-winter frozen

Be tenc lo senhor per veray

Well I-bold the Lord for true

per qu'ieu veirai l'amor de lonh;

through whom-I shall-see the-love from afar

mas per un ben que m'en eschay
but for one good that to-me-of-it falls
 n'ai dos mals, quar tant m'es de lonh.
of-it-I-have two ills for so to-me-it-is from afar
 Ai! car me fos lai pelegris,
Ah would myself I-were there a-pilgrim
 si que mos fustz e mos tapis
so that my staff and my cloak
 fos pels sieus belhs huelhs remiratz!
were by-the her fair eyes beheld

Be·m parra joys quan li querray,
Well-to-me will-seem joy when of-her I-shall-ask
 per amor Dieu, l'alberc de lonh:
for love of-God the-lodging from afar
 e, s'a lieys platz, alberguarai
and if-to her it-pleases I-shall-lodge
 pres de lieys, si be·m suy de lonh:
near to her though well-myself I-am from afar
 adoncs parra·l parlamens fis
then will-seem-the discourse fine
 quan drutz lonhdas er tan vezis
when a-lover far-off will-be so near
 qu'ab bels digz jauzira solatz.
that-with fair words he-will-enjoy cheer

Iratz e gauzens m'en partray,

Sad and joyful myself-thence I-shall-part

s'ieu ja la vey, l'amor de lonh:

if-I ever her see the-love from afar

mas non sai quoras la veyrai,

but not I-know when her I-shall-see

car trop son nostras terras lonh:

for too are our lands far

assatz hi a pas e camis,

enough there are passes and roads

e per aisso no'n suy devis...

and for this not-of-it I-am a-prophet

Mas tot sia cum a Dieu platz!

But all be-it as to God it-pleases

Ja mais d'amor no'm jauziray

Ever more of-love not-myself I-shall-rejoice

si no'm jau d'est'amor de lonh,

if not-myself I-enjoy of-this-love from afar

que gensor ni melhor no'n sai

for fairer or better not-of-them I-know

ves nulha part, ni pres ni lonh;

toward any side neither near nor far

tant es sos pretz verais e fis

so is her worth true and pure

que lay el reng dels Sarrazis

that there in-the realm of-the Saracens

fos hieu per lieys chaitius clamatz!

were I for her a-captive called

Dieus que fetz tot quant ve ni vai
God who made all that comes and goes
 e formet sest'amor de lonh
and formed this-love from afar
 mi don poder, que cor ieu n'ai,
to-me may-give power for the-will I of-it-have
 qu'ieu vey a sest'amor de lonh,
that-I see this-love from afar
 verayamen, en tals aizis,
truly in such dwellings
 si que la cambra e'l jardis
so that the chamber and-the garden
 mi resembles tos temps palatz!
to-me might-seem all time a-palace

Ver ditz qui m'apella lechay
True says who me-calls greedy
 ni deziron d'amor de lonh,
and longing for-love from afar
 car nulhs autres joys tan no'm play
for any other joy so-much not-to-me pleases
 cum jauzimens d'amor de lonh.
as the-joying of-love from afar
 Mas so qu'ieu vuelh m'es atahis.
But that which-I wish to-me-is denied
 Qu'enaissi'm fadet mos pairis
For-thus-me fated my godfather
 qu'ieu ames e no fos amatz.
that-I should-love and not should-be loved

Mas so q'ieu vuoill m'es atahis.

But that which-I wish to-me-is denied

Totz sia mauditz lo pairis

Wholly be cursed the godfather

qe·m fadet q'ieu non fos amatz!

who-me fated that-I not should-be loved

No sap chantar qui so non di

6 · HE WHO NEVER SAW HER

*No one can sing who does not give the tune, nor make a song who makes no words.
Let no man marvel that the poet loves what will never see him: his heart has joy
of no other love than hers, whom he never saw. She never told him truth and
never lied to him, and he does not know whether she ever will. He commends
the song to Bertran and the count in Toulouse.*

No sap chantar qui so non di,

Not knows to-sing who a-tune not says

ni vers trobar qui motz no fa,

nor a-song to-make who words not makes

ni conois de rima co's va

nor knows of rhyme how-itself it-goes

si razo non enten en si.

if sense not he-understands in himself

Mas lo mieus chans comens' aissi

But the my song begins thus

com plus l'auziretz, mais valra, a a.

as more it-you-will-hear the-more it-will-be-worth ab ab

Nuils hom no's meravill de mi

Any man not-himself let-marvel at me

s'ieu am so que ja no'm veira,

if-I love that which ever not-me will-see

que'l cor joi d'autr'amor non ha

for-the heart joy of-other-love not has

mas de cela qu'ieu anc no vi,

but of her whom-I ever not saw

ni per nuill joi aitan no ri,
and for any joy so-much not laughs
 e no sai quals bes m'en venra, a a.
and not I-know what good to-me-of-it will-come ah ah

Colps de joi me fer, que m'ausi,
A-blow of joy me strikes that me-kills
 et ponha d'amor que·m sostra
and a-pang of-love that-me drains
 la carn, don lo cors magrira;
the flesh whereof the body will-waste
 et anc mais tan greu no·m feri,
and ever more so sorely not-me it-struck
 ni per nuill colp tan no langui,
and for any blow so-much not I-languished
 quar no cove ni no s'esca, a a.
for not it-is-fitting and not it-befalls ah ah

Anc tan suau no m'adurmi
Ever so softly not myself-I-fell-asleep
 mos esperitz tost no fos la,
my spirit at-once not was there
 ni tan d'ira non ac de sa
and so-much of-grief not had on this-side
 mos cors ades no fos aqui:
my heart straightway not was there

e quan mi resveill al mati
and when myself I-wake in-the morning
 totz mos bos sabers mi desva, a a.
all my good savor to-me fails ah ah

Ben sai c'anc de lei no·m jauzi,
Will I-know that-ever of her not-myself I-rejoiced
 ni ja de mi no·s jauzira,
and ever of me not-herself will-rejoice
 ni per son amic no·m tenra
and for her friend not-me will-bold
 ni coven no·m fara de si;
and covenant not-to-me will-make of herself
 anc no·m dis ver ni no·m menti
ever not-to-me she-said true and not-to-me lied
 e no sai si ja s'o fara, a a.
and not I-know if ever herself-it will-do ah ah

Bos es lo vers, qu'anc no·i falhi,
Good is the song that-ever not-in-it I-failed
 et tot so que·i es ben esta;
and all that which-in-it is well stands
 e sel que de mi l'apenra
and he who from me it-will-learn
 gart se no·l franha ni·l pessi;
let-guard himself not-it he-break nor-it shatter

car si l'auran en Caersi

for so it-they-will-have in Quercy

en Bertrans e·l coms en Tolza, a a.

lord Bertran and-the count in Toulouse ab ab

Bos es lo vers, e faran hi

Good is the song and they-will-make there

calque re don hom chantara, a a.

some thing whereof one will-sing ab ab

Qui no sap esser chantaire

7 • LET HIM BARK

Jeanroy prints this among Jaufre's songs as an appendix and holds it apocryphal. Its long lines are answered by one-word lines that carry the rhyme. It opens by telling the man who cannot sing to bark. The singer dares neither show that he loves nor cease loving; no king or emperor dares touch her mantle. He will go to her dwelling as into the peril of the sea, and will tell her the truth whatever lies others tell her.

Qui no sap esser chantaire

Who not knows to-be a-singer

laire

let-him-bark

quant aug los vergiers sonar

when I-hear the orchards to-sound

clar

clear

e [quan] son per tot mesclat

and when are through all mingled

prat

meadows

e·l rozatz del matin s'espan

and-the dew of-the morning spreads

blan

soft

sobre l'erba josta·l sauza.

upon the-grass beside-the willow

Non aus semblan ni vejaire

Not I-dare show nor seeming

faire

to-make

q'eu l'am, ni l'aus desamar,

that-I her-love nor her-I-dare to-cess-loving

ar

now

q'en amor son drut intrat

for-into love are lovers entered

fat

foolish

e·il fals amador ab engan

and-the false lovers with deceit

van

go

cui Amors engann' e bauza.

whom Love deceives and cheats

Non es reis ni emperaire

Not is-there king nor emperor

gaire

any

que l'aus el mantel tochar

who her-dares in-the mantle to-touch

var,

vair

ni far q'agues acatat

nor to-do that-he-bad obtained

grat;

favor

ric me fai la noig en somnjan

rich me makes the night in dreaming

can

when

m'es vis q'e mos bratz l'enclauza.

to-me-it-is seen that-in my arms her-I-enclose

Lai m'irai el seu repaire,

There myself-I-shall-go to-the her dwelling

laire,

stealthily

em peril qom de passar

in peril as-one of to-cross

mar;

sea

si de mi no'l pren pitat,

if of me not-her takes pity

bat

I-beat

fer freg. Las! tan la vau pregan,

iron cold Alas so-much her I-go entreating

qan

though

qe ja de leis no m'en jauza!

that ever of her not myself-of-it I-enjoy

Si no·m vol amar m'amia,

If not-me wishes to-love my-beloved

dia,

let-her-say

pos eu l'am, s'il m'amara

since I her-love if-she me-will-love

ja,

ever

q'eu sui al seu mandamen

for-I am at her command

gen,

nobly

e·il serai, si·m vol retener;

and-to-her I-shall-be if-me she-wishes to-keep

ver

true

li dirai, q'autres li menta.

to-her I-shall-say that-another to-her may-lie

CERCAMON

The Poems of Cercamon



Vida

THE LIFE OF CERCAMON

The thirteenth-century life, the shortest of the four in this book. It says Cercamon was a jongleur out of Gascony who made vers and pastorelas in the old manner, and that he searched the whole world wherever he could go; that, it says, is why he had himself called Cercamon, search-the-world. Marcabru's life, later in this book, adds that Marcabru stayed with Cercamon long enough to learn to compose.

Cercamons si fo uns joglars de Gascoinha e trobet vers
Cercamon thus was a minstrel of Gascony and he-made songs
e pastoretas a la usanza antiga e cerquet tot lo mon lai
and pastourelles in the fashion ancient and he-searched all the world there
on el poc anar e per so fez se dire Cercamons.
where he could to-go and for this he-made himself to-be-called Cercamon

Quant l'aura doussa s'amarzis

1 • WHEN THE SWEET AIR TURNS BITTER

The air sours, the leaf falls, the birds change their speech, and the poet sighs and sings of a Love that holds him snared and that he never had in his power. He has won nothing from it but trouble and toil. When he is with her he is too dazed to say what he wants; when he leaves he seems to lose his senses. He will serve two years or three and then she will know the truth.

Quant l'aura doussa s'amarzis

When the-air sweet turns-bitter

e·l fuelha chai de sul verjan

and-the leaf falls from upon-the branch

e l'auzelh chanjan lor latis,

and the-birds change their speech

et ieu de sai sospir e chan

and I from here sigh and sing

d'Amor que·m te lassat e pres,

of-Love which-me holds snared and taken

qu'ieu anc no l'agui en poder.

for-I ever not it-had in power

Las! qu'ieu d'Amor non ai conquis

Alas for-I of-Love not have won

mas cant lo trebalh e l'afan,

but only the trouble and the-toil

ni res tant greu no·s covertis

and anything so hardly not-itself turns

com fai so qu'ieu vau deziran;

as does that which-I go desiring

ni tal enveja no·m fai res
and such longing not-to-me makes anything
 cum fai so qu'ieu non posc aver.
as does that which-I not can to-have

Per una joja m'esbaudis
For one joy I-am-gladdened
 fina, qu'anc re non amiey tan;
pure that-ever anything not I-loved so-much
 quan suy ab lieys si m'esbahis
when I-am with her so I-am-dazed
 qu'ieu no·ill sai dire mon talan,
that-I not-to-her know to-say my desire
 e quan m'en vauc, vejaire m'es
and when myself-thence I-go it-seems to-me
 que tot perda·l sen e·l saber.
that wholly I-lose-the sense and-the knowing

Tota la genser qu'anc hom vis
All the fairest that-ever one saw
 encontra lieys no pretz un guan;
against her not I-value a glove
 quan totz lo segles brunezis,
when all the world grows-dark
 delai on ylh es si resplan.
there where she is so it-shines

Dieu prejarai qu'ancar l'ades

God I-shall-pray that-yet her-I-touch

o que la vej' anar jazer.

or that her I-see to-go to-lie

Totz trassalh e bran et fremis

Wholly I-start and quake and shudder

per s'amor, durmen o velhan.

for her-love sleeping or waking

Tal paor ai qu'ieu mesfalhis

Such fear I-have that-I die

no m'aus pessar cum la deman,

not myself-I-dare to-think how her I-ask

mas servir l'ai dos ans o tres,

but to-serve her-I-shall two years or three

e pueys ben leu sabra'n lo ver.

and then quite likely she-will-know-of-it the truth

Ni muer ni viu ni no guaris,

Neither I-die nor I-live and not I-am-healed

ni mal no'm sent e si l'ai gran,

and ill not-myself I-feel and yet it-I-have great

quar de s'amor no suy devis,

for of her-love not I-am a-diviner

non sai si ja l'aurai ni quan,

not I-know if ever it-I-shall-have nor when

qu'en lieys es tota la merces

for-in her is all the mercy

que·m pot sorzer o decazer.

that-me can to-raise or to-cast-down

Bel m'es quant ilh m'enfolhetis

Fair to-me-is when she me-makes-foolish

e·m fai badar e·n vau muzan;

and-me makes to-gape and-of-it I-go musing

de leis m'es bel si m'escarnis

of her to-me-is fair if me-she-mocks

o·m gaba dereir' o denan,

or-me jeers behind or before

qu'après lo mal me venra bes

for-after the ill to-me will-come good

be leu, s'a lieys ven a plazer.

quite likely if-to her it-comes to pleasure

S'elha no·m vol, volgra moris

If-she not-me wishes I-would-wish I-had-died

lo dia que·m pres a coman;

the day that-me she-took as a-servant

ai, las! tan suavet m'aucis

ah alas so softly me-she-kills

quan de s'amor me fetz semblan,

when of her-love to-me she-made show

que tornat m'a en tal debes

that turned me-she-has into such a-preserve

que nuill' altra no vuelh vezer.

that any other not I-wish to-see

Totz cossiros m'en esjauzis,

Wholly anxious myself-of-it I-rejoice

car s'ieu la dopti o la blan,

for if-I her fear or her flatter

per lieys serai o fals o fis,

through her I-shall-be either false or true

o drechuriers o ples d'enjan,

or upright or full of-guile

o totz vilas o totz cortes,

or wholly churlish or wholly courtly

o trebalhos o de lezer.

or toiling or at leisure

Mas, cui que plass' o cui que pes,

But whom that it-please or whom that it-grieve

elha·m pot, si·s vol, retener.

she-me can if-herself she-wishes to-keep

Cercamons ditz: greu er cortes

Cercamon says hardly will-be courtly

hom qui d'amor se desesper.

a-man who of-love himself despairs

Ab lo temps qe fai refreschar

2 · THE CURTAINED CHAMBER

With the season that freshens the world the poet begins a new song of a love grown so distant he cannot reach her, and blames the slanderers who parted them. She is fairer than he knows how to say, white without darkening, and never wished to betray her friend; he was the fool, for believing what he heard. He sends a messenger to say he cannot live long unless he may hold her in a curtained chamber.

Ab lo temps qe fai refreschar

With the season that makes to-freshen

lo segle [els pratz] reverdezir

the world and-the meadows to-grow-green

vueil un novel chant comenzar

I-wish a new song to-begin

d'un amor cui am e dezir;

of a-love whom I-love and desire

mas tan s'es de mi loignada

but so she-is from me grown-distant

q'ieu non la puesc aconseguir,

that-I not her can to-attain

ni de mos digz no s'agrada.

and with my words not herself-pleases

Ja mai res no·m pot conortar,

Ever again anything not-me can to-comfort

abanz mi laissarai morir,

rather myself I-shall-let to-die

car m'an fag de mi donz sebrar

for they-have made from my lady to-sever

lauzenjador, cui Deus azir!

slanderers whom God hate

Las! tan l'aurai desirada

Alas so-much her-I-shall-have desired

que per lei plaing, plor e sospir,

that for her I-lament weep and sigh

e vau cum res enaurada.

and I-go like a-thing driven-mad

Aquesta don m'auzetz chantar

This-one of-whom you-bear-me to-sing

es plus bella q'ieu no sai dir;

is more fair than-I not know to-say

fresc' a color e bel esgar

fresh she-has color and fair a-look

et es blancha ses brunezir;

and she-is white without darkening

oc, e non es vernisada,

yes and not is-she varnished

ni om de leis non pot mal dir,

and one of her not can ill to-say

tant es fin' et esmerada.

so-much she-is pure and refined

E sobre tota's deu prezar

And above all-herself ought to-prize

de dig ver, segon mon albir,

in speaking true according-to my judgment

d'ensegnamen e de parlar,

for-good-breeding and for speaking

c'anc non volc son amic traïr;

for-ever not she-wished her friend to-betray

et ieu fols fui la vegada

and I a-fool was that time

can crezei ren q'en auzis dir,

when I-believed anything that-of-it I-heard said

ni'l fis so don fos irada.

nor-to-her I-did that whereof she-was angry

Anc ieu de lei no'm volc clamar,

Ever I of her not-myself wished to-complain

q'enquer, si's vol, me pot jauzir,

for-still if-herself she-wishes me she-can to-gladden

et a ben poder de donar

and she-has full power of giving

d'aqo don me pot enrequir;

of-that whereof me she-can to-enrich

no posc far lonja durada,

not I-can to-make a-long endurance

qe'l manjar en pert e'l dormir,

for-the eating of-it I-lose and-the sleeping

car no m'es plus aizinada.

because not to-me-she-is more at-hand

Amors es douza a l'intrar

Love is sweet at the-entering

et amara al departir,

and bitter at-the departing

q'en un jorn vos fara plorar,

for-in one day you it-will-make to-weep

et autre jogar e burdir,

and another to-play and to-sport

q'eu sai d'amor enseigniada,

for-I know of-love instructed

on plus la cujava servir,

the-more more her I-thought to-serve

ilh s'es vas mi cambiada.

she herself-has toward me changed

Messatges, vai, si Deus ti guar,

Messenger go so God thee keep

e sapchas ab mi donz furmir,

and know-you with my lady to-accomplish

qu'eu non puesc lonjamen estar

that-I not can long to-stay

de sai vius ni de lai guerir,

from here alive nor from there to-be-healed

si josta mi despoliada

if beside me unclothed

non la puesc baizar e tenir

not her I-can to-kiss and to-bold

dins cambra encortinada.

within a-chamber curtained

Assatz es or' oimai q'eu chan

3 · TIME TO WAKE AND SING

It is time the poet sang, having lain so long lulled that his song was never heard far off. He is waking now and will recover his joy against the winter. He has never been furnished with joy a single day, and goes sighing among people. He praises God and Saint John for a love that never changed him for another, and says the song is plain, without a churlish or counterfeit word.

Assatz es or' oimai q'eu chan;

Quite it-is time henceforth that-I sing

tant ai estat acondurmitz

so-long I-have stayed lulled-asleep

c'anc mos chanz non fon lueing auzitz,

that-ever my song not was far heard

mas era'm vau ja reveilhan,

but now-myself I-go already awakening

et irai mon joi recobran

and I-shall-go my joy recovering

contre l'ivern e'l freig aurei.

against the-winter and-the cold breeze

De joi no'm cal fugir enan,

Of joy not-to-me it-behooves to-flee henceforth

c'anc un sol jorn no'n fui garnitz,

for-ever one single day not-of-it I-was furnished

et es m'al cor prion sorzitz,

and it-is to-me-at-the heart deep sprung

si qu'entre gens vau sospiran

so that-among folk I-go sighing

lo dezirier c'ai d'amor gran,

the longing that-I-have of-love great

ni dorm ni veil, ni aug ni vei.

nor I-sleep nor I-wake nor I-hear nor I-see

S'anc per amor anei velhan,

If-ever for love I-went waking

ni'n fui anc fols ni trassailitz,

or-of-it I-was ever foolish or bewildered

ni cambiatz per chamjairitz,

or changed by a-fickle-woman

era'n lau Dieu e saint Joan,

now-of-it I-praise God and saint John

c'ab tal amor vau amoran

for-with such a-love I-go loving

c'anc non chamjec per autre mei.

that-ever not it-changed for another me

Cesta non cug qe ja m'engan

This-one not I-think that ever me-deceives

s'ieu ja de leis no soi grazitz,

if-I ever by her not am favored

ni no'n soi tant afolatitz

and not-of-it I-am so crazed

que ja re'il qeira ni'l deman,

that ever anything-to-her I-seek nor-of-her demand

petit ni pro, ni tan ni qan,
little or much or so-much or how-much
 ni mal ni be, ni so ni qei.
or ill or good or this or that

Tant la vei coinda e prezan,
So-much her I-see comely and worthy
 e'l faigz de leis es tant eslitz
and-the deed of her is so choice
 qe sai me tenc per enreqitz
that here myself I-bold for enriched
 e lai serai en son coman
and there I-shall-be at her command
 la nueh e'l jorn e'l mes e l'an,
the night and-the day and-the month and the-year
 c'aissi soi sieus com esser dei.
for-thus I-am hers as to-be I-ought

Plas es lo vers, vauc l'afinan
Plain is the song I-go it-refining
 ses mot vila, fals, apostitz,
without word churlish false counterfeit
 e es totz enaissi bastitz
and it-is wholly thus built
 c'ap motz politz lo vau uzan,
that-with words polished it I-go employing

e tot ades va·s meilluran

and all continually it-goes-itself bettering

s'es qi be·l chant ni be·l desplei.

if-there-is who well-it sings and well-it unfolds

Ab lo Pascor m'es bel qu'eu chan

4 • WHO STRIKES WITH THE SWORD

Eastertide comes, but the courtly season is worth little to a man without joy. Youth flees and Baseness takes its place; the married men make themselves merry and go courting, and their reward is the peasant's proverb: who strikes with the sword is struck by the same blow. Lover, wife, and husband will share the sin in the fire that does not pass away. He asks the Savior for lodging where his lady lives.

Ab lo Pascor m'es bel qu'eu chan

With the Eastertide to-me-is fair that-I sing

en estiu, a l'entran de mai,

in summer at the-entering of May

can par la flors sobre·l verjan,

when appears the flower upon-the branch

e son reverdezit li glai;

and are grown-green-again the gladiolus

mout mi val pauc lo temps cortes,

much to-me avails little the season courtly

q'eu non ai joi ni non l'ades,

for-I not have joy and not it-I-touch

ni de sa compagnia no·m lau,

and of her company not-myself I-praise

per qe d'amor an atretan

for that of-love have as-much

li malvas enojos savai

the wicked tiresome base

com li meillor e·l plus prezan

as the best and-the most worthy

Jovens s'en fuig, fraing e dechai,

Youth itself-thence flees breaks and declines

e Malvestatz a son luec pres

and Baseness has its place taken

en amistat, c'amics non es

in friendship for-a-friend not is

amatz ni d'amigua no·s jau.

loved and of-a-mistress not-himself rejoices

Ben sai qe lor es mal estan

Well I-know that to-them it-is ill becoming

als moilleratz car se fan gai

to-the married-men because themselves they-make merry

domnejador ni drudejan,

courting and wooing

e·l guizado qe lor n'eschai

and-the reward that to-them of-it-falls

ditz el reprovier lo pajes:

says in-the proverb the peasant

Q'a glazi fer, a glazi es

That-who-with sword strikes with sword is

feritz d'eis lo seu colp mortau.

struck with-that-same the his blow mortal

Fals amador, al meu semblan,

False lovers to my seeming

vostr' er lo danz e no'n pueis mai;

yours will-be the harm and not-of-it I-can more

de gran folor es acordan

of great folly you-are agreeing

can l'us l'autre gali' e trai;

when the-one the-other beguiles and betrays

e pos vos o aves enques,

and since you it have sought

drut, moiller e marit, tug tres,

lover wife and husband all three

sias del pechat comunau.

be-you of-the sin partners

El fuec major seretz creman

In-the fire greater you-shall-be burning

en la pena qe non trasvai,

in the pain that not passes-away

enganador fals e truan,

deceivers false and knavish

al juzizi del derrer plai,

at-the judgment of-the last pleading

on sera totz lo mals e'l bes

where will-be all the ill and-the good

jutjat; e no clam ja merces

judged and not let-claim ever mercy

domna c'aja drut desleiau.

a-lady that-has a-lover disloyal

Non a valor d'aissi enan

Not has merit from-this forward

cela c'ab dos ni ab tres jai;

she who-with two nor with three lies

et ai n'enquer lo cor tristan,

and I-have of-it-still the heart saddened

qe Dieus tan falsa no'n fetz sai;

for God so false not-of-them made here

miels li fora ja non nasques

better for-her it-would-be ever not she-were-born

enans qe'l failliment fezes

rather than-the fault she-should-do

don er parlat tro en Peitau.

whereof will-be spoken as-far as Poitou

Saint Salvaire, fai m'albergan

Holy Savior make me-lodging

lai el renh on mi donz estai,

there in-the realm where my lady dwells

ab la genzor, si q'en baizan

with the fairest so that-in kissing

sien nostre coven verai

are our covenants true

e qe'm do zo que m'a promes;

and that-to-me she-give that which to-me-she-has promised

pueis al jorn s'en ira conques,

then at-the day himself-thence will-go conquered

si be l'es mal al gelos brau.

though well to-him-it-is ill to-the jealous fierce

Amics, diguas li·m, can la ves,

Friend say to-her-for-me when her you-see

si passa·l terme q'avem pres,

if passes-the term that-we-have taken

q'ieu soi mortz, per sain Nicolau!

that-I am dead by saint Nicholas

Puois nostre temps comens' a brunezir

5 · THE CITY OF ABASEMENT

As the season darkens and the sun's rays drop, joy of love should gladden us. Troubadours who mix truth and lies ruin lovers, wives, and husbands, and by saying Love goes crooked they make husbands jealous and ladies distressed. Miserliness holds the keys of the barons and has shut many inside the city of Abasement, from which Baseness lets none out. A man who is worthy will go toward Edessa and free himself of the burden that makes so many perish.

Puois nostre temps comens' a brunezir,

Since our season begins to to-darken

e li verjan son de lor fuelhas blos,

and the branches are of their leaves bare

e del solelh vei tant bayssatz los rays,

and of-the sun I-see so lowered the rays

per que'l jorn son escur e tenebros

for which-the days are dark and shadowy

et hom non au d'auzelhs ni chans ni lays,

and one not bears of-birds neither songs nor lays

per joy d'amor nos devem esbaudir.

for joy of-love ourselves we-ought to-gladden

Aquest amor no pot hom tan servir

This love not can one so-much to-serve

que mil aitans no'n doble'l gazarados:

but a-thousand as-much not-of-it doubles-the reward

que Pretz e Joys e tot quant es, e mays,

for Worth and Joy and all that is and more

n'auran aisselh qu'en seran poderos;
of-it-will-have those who-of-it will-be masters
 qu'anc non passet covinens ni·ls enfrays;
for-ever not it-broke covenants nor-them infringed
 mas per semblan greus er a conquerir.
but by seeming bard it-will-be to to-win

Per lieys deu hom esperar e sofrir,
For her ought one to-hope and to-endure
 tant es sos pretz valens e cabalos,
so is her worth worthy and supreme
 qu'anc non ac suenh dels amadors savays,
that-ever not she-bad care of-the lovers base
 de ric escars ni de paubr' ergulhos;
of a-rich miser nor of a-poor proud-man
 qu'en plus de mil no·n a dos tan verays
for-among more than a-thousand not-of-them are two so true
 que fin'Amors los deja obezir.
that pure-Love them should to-obey

Ist trobador, entre ver e mentir,
These troubadours between truth and lying
 afollon drutz e molhers et espos,
ruin lovers and wives and husbands
 e van dizen qu'Amors vay en biays,
and they-go saying that-Love goes in crookedness
 per que·l marit endevenon gilos,
for which-the husbands become jealous

e dompnas son intradas en pantays,
and ladies are entered into trouble
 cui mout vol hom escoutar et auzir.
whom much wishes one to-listen-to and to-hear

Cist sirven fals fan a plusors gequir
These servants false make to many to-forsake
 Pretz e Joven e lonhar ad estros,
Worth and Youth and to-put-far at once
 don Proeza no·n cug que sia mais,
whereof Prowess not-of-it I-think that is more
 qu'Escarsetaz ten las claus dels baros,
for-Miserliness holds the keys of-the barons
 manhs n'a serratz dins las ciutat d'Abais,
many of-them-she-has shut within the city of-Abasement
 don Malvestatz no·n laissa un issir.
whence Baseness not-of-them lets one to-go-out

Ves manhtas partz vei lo segle faillir,
Toward many quarters I-see the world to-fail
 per qu'ieu n'estauc marritz e cossiros,
for which-I of-it-stand downcast and anxious
 que soudadiers non truep ab cui s'apays,
that a-mercenary not finds with whom himself-be-feeds
 per lauzengiers qu'an bec malahuros,
because-of slanderers who-have a-beak ill-omened

qui son peyor que Judas, qui Dieu trays;

who are worse than Judas who God betrayed

ardre·ls deyr' om o totz vius sebellir.

to-burn-them ought one or all alive to-bury

Nos no·ls podem castiar ni cobrir;

We not-them can to-chasten nor to-cover

tollam nos d'elhs e Dieus acosselh nos!

let-us-take ourselves from-them and God counsel us

Qu'us joys d'amor me reverdis e·m pays,

For-a joy of-love me makes-green-again and-me feeds

e puesc jurar qu'anc ta bella no fos:

and I-can to-swear that-ever so fair not there-was

petit la vey, mas per ella suy gays

little her I-see but for her I-am gay

et jauzions, e Dieus m'en do jauzir.

and joyful and God to-me-of-it may-give to-rejoice

Ara·s pot hom lavar et esclarzir

Now-himself can one to-wash and to-make-clear

de gran blasme, silh qu'en son encombros;

of great blame those who-of-it are encumbered

e si es pros yssira ves Roays,

and if he-is worthy he-will-go-out toward Edessa

e gupira lo segle perilhos,

and he-will-forsake the world perilous

et ab aitan pot si liurar del fays

and with so-much he-can himself to-free of-the burden

qu'assatz en fai trabucar e perir.

which-many of-them makes to-stumble and to-perish

Cercamon dis: «Qi vas Amors s'irais

Cercamon says Who toward Love himself-angers

meravill' es com pot l'ira souffrir.»

a-marvel it-is how he-can the-anger to-bear

Q'ira d'amor es paors et esglais

For-anger of-love is fear and terror

e be'n pot hom trop viure ni murir.

and well-of-it can one too-much to-live or to-die

Fagz es lo vers, e non deu veillezir,

Made is the song and not it-ought to-grow-old

segon aisso qe monstra la razos,

according-to this that shows the reason

q'anc bon'Amors non galiet ni trais,

that-ever good-Love not beguiled nor betrayed

anz dona joi als arditz amoros.

rather it-gives joy to-the bold loving

Lo plaing comenz iradamen

6 • THE LAMENT FOR THE COUNT OF POITIERS

The planb for the count of Poitiers. Since the Poitevin died, merit and praise have ceased to come out of Poitou; Baseness climbs and Joy goes down. The poet cries to God for taking those he loves, and asks that the count be kept from hell's bond. Normans and French lament him, and so should the king to whom he left his land. Cercamon sends the lament to Lord Eblo, and asks Saint James to remember the baron.

Lo plaing comenz iradamen

The lament I-begin sorrowfully

d'un vers don hai lo cor dolen;

of-a song whereof I-have the heart grieving

ir' e dolor e marrimen

wrath and grief and sorrow

ai, car vei abaissar Joven:

I-have because I-see to-sink Youth

Malvestatz puej' e Jois dissen

Baseness climbs and Joy descends

despois muric lo Peitavis.

since died the Poitevin

Remazut son li prez e-ill lau

Ceased are the merits and-the praises

qi solon issir de Peitau.

that were-wont to-come from Poitou

Ai! com lo plagno li Barrau.

Ab how him lament the Barrau

Peza·m s'a longas sai estau.

It-grieves-to-me if-for long here I-stay

Segner, lo baro q'ieu mentau

Lord the baron that-I name

metetz, si·us platz, em paradis!

set if-to-you it-pleases in paradise

Del comte de Peitieu mi plaing

For-the count of Poitiers myself I-lament

q'era de Proeza compaing;

who-was of Prowess a-companion

despos Pretz et Donars soffraing,

since Worth and Giving fail

peza·m s'a lonjas sai remaing.

it-grieves-to-me if-for long here I-remain

Segner, d'efern lo faitz estraing,

Lord from-hell him make a-stranger

qe molt per fon genta sa fis.

for much indeed was noble his end

Glorios Dieus, a vos me clam,

Glorious God to you myself I-cry

car mi toletz aqels qu'ieu am;

because from-me you-take those whom-I love

aissi com vos formetz Adam,

even as you formed Adam

lo defendetz del fel liam

him defend from-the cruel bond

del foc d'efern, qe non l'aflam,

from-the fire of-hell that not it-burn-him

q'aquest segles nos escharnis.

for-this world us mocks

Aquest segle teing per enic

This world I-hold for wicked

qe·i paubre non aten ni·l ric.

for-in-it the-poor not it-beeds nor-the rich

Ai! com s'en van tuit mei amic,

Ah how themselves-thence go all my friends

e sai remanem tuit mendic.

and here we-remain all beggars

Pero sai ben q'al ver afic

Yet I-know well that-at-the true reckoning

seran li mal dels bos devis.

will-be the evil from-the good sundered

Gasco cortes, nominatiu,

Gascons courtly renowned

perdut avez lo segnoriu,

lost you-have the lordship

fer vos deu esser et esqui,

hard to-you it-ought to-be and grievous

don Jovenz se clama chaitiu,

whereof Youth himself calls wretched

qar un non troba on s'aiziu,
for anyone not it-finds where itself-it-shelters
 mas qan n'Anfos, q'a joi conquis.
save only lord-Anfos who-has joy won

Plagnen lo Norman e Franceis,
Lament him the-Normans and French
 e deu lo be plagner lo reis
and ought him well to-lament the king
 cui el laisset la terr' e'l creis;
to-whom he left the land and-the increase
 pos aitan grans honors li creis,
since so great honor to-him grows
 mal l'estara si non pareis
ill to-him-it-will-stand if not he-appears
 chivauchan sobre Serrazis.
riding against Saracens

Aqil n'an joja, cui que pes,
Those of-it-have joy whom that it-grieve
 de Limozi e d'Engolmes;
of Limousin and of-Angouleme
 si el visques ni Deu plagues,
if he had-lived and God it-had-pleased
 el los agra dese conques;
he them would-have forthwith conquered

estort en son car Dieus lo pres,

escaped of-it they-are because God him took

e·l dols n'es intratz en Aunis.

and-the grief of-it-is entered into Aunis

Lo plainz es de bona razo

The lament is of good matter

qe Cercamonz tramet n'Eblo.

that Cercamon sends to-lord-Eblo

Ai! com lo plaigno li Gasco,

Ab how him lament the Gascons

cil d'Espaign' e cil d'Arago.

those of-Spain and those of-Aragon

Sant Jacme, membre·us del baro

Saint James remember-you of-the baron

que denant vos jai pelegris.

who before you lies a-pilgrim

Car vei fenir a tot dia

7 · THE DEBATE WITH GUILHALMI

A tenso. Seeing love and joy end and getting no help from the clergy, the poet comforts himself as the swan does at its death. Guilhalmi tells him to wait, since the count of Poitiers is coming and will give him a palfrey or a rent. He answers that he would rather hold a quail tight in his own bosom than a colt in another man's lock-up, and that whoever waits on another's goods often gapes.

«Car vei fenir a tot dia

Because I-see to-end at every day

[l'amor], lo joy e·l deport,

the-love the joy and-the delight

e no·m socor la clerzia,

and not-me succors the clergy

non puesc mudar no·m confort

not I-can to-forbear not-myself I-comfort

co fay, can conois sa mort,

as does when he-knows his death

lo signes, que bray e cria

the swan that brays and cries

e·n mou son sonet per fort,

and-of-it stirs his little-song by force

que·l cove fenir sa via,

for-to-him it-behooves to-end his way

e plus no·i a de conort.»

and more not-in-it is of comfort

— «Maïstre, si Dieus me valha,

Master so God me help

ben dizetz so que cove;

well you-say that which is-fitting

mas ja d'aisso no vos calha

but ever of-this not to-you let-it-matter

car li clerc no vos fan be;

because the clerks not to-you do good

car lo bos temps ve, so cre,

for the good time comes this I-believe

que auretz aital guazalha

that you-will-have such a-partnership

que vos dara palafre

that to-you will-give a-palfrey

o renda que mais vos valha,

or a-rent that more to-you be-worth

car lo coms de Peitieus ve.»

for the count of Poitiers comes

— «Guilhalmi, non pretz mealha

Guilbalmi not I-value a-halfpenny

so que·m dizes, per ma fe;

that which-to-me you-say by my faith

mais volria una calha

more I-would-wish a quail

estreg tener en mon se

tight to-bold in my bosom

no faria un polhe

than I-would-do a colt

qu'estes en autrui sarralha,

that-stood in another's lock-up

c'atendes la lor merce:

that-awaited the their mercy

car soven, so cug, badalha

for often this I-think he-gapes

qui s'aten a l'autrui be.»

who himself-waits on the-another's good

— «Maïstre, gran benanansa

Master great prosperity

podetz aver si sofretz.»

you-can to-have if you-endure

— «Guilhalmi, vostra vanansa

Guilhalmi your boasting

non crei, si com vos dizetz.»

not I-believe so as you say

— «Maïstre, car no'm crezetz?

Master why not-me you-believe

Gran be vos venra de Fransa

Great good to-you will-come from France

si atendre lo voletz.»

if to-await it you-wish

— «Guilhalmi, tal esperansa

Guilhalmi such a-hope

vos don Dieus com vos m'ufretz.»

to-you may-give God as you to-me-offer

— «Maïstre, n'ajatz coratge

Master not-have the-heart

d'efan ni d'ome leugier.»

of-a-child nor of-a-man light

— «Guilhalmi, sobre bon guatge

Guilhalmi upon good pledge

vos creyria volontier.»

you I-would-believe willingly

— «Maïstre, man bon destrier

Master many-a good warhorse

an li home de paratge

have the men of rank

per sufertar al derrier.»

for to-suffer at-the last

— «Guilhalmi fort e salvatge

Guilhalmi hard and wild

***»

(lacuna)

— «Maïstre, josca la brosta

Master up-to the foliage

vos pareis al teit novel.»

to-you it-appears at-the roof new

— «Guilhalmi, ben pauc vos costa

Guilhalmi full little to-you costs

lo mieus ostals del castel.»

the my lodging of-the castle

— «Maistre, conte novel

Master a-count new

aurem nos a Pantacosta,

we-shall-have we at Pentecost

que·us pagara ben e bel.»

who-you will-pay well and fair

— «Guilhalmi, fols qui·eus escota:

Guilhalmi a-fool who-you listens-to

vos pagatz d'autrui borcel.»

you pay from-another's purse

Per fin'Amor m'esjauzira

8 · THROUGH PURE LOVE

Jeanroy prints this last, in an appendix, and doubts the attribution. The singer would rejoice through pure love and will be bowed toward her always, but cannot yet know whether she will keep him for hers. He would forsake lords and ladies to serve her, and her word alone would enrich him if she would only say she was his lady. No fairer lady is seen in the world; one kiss would make him fight his neighbors and give freely.

Per fin'Amor m'esjauzira

Through pure-Love I-should-rejoice

tant quant fai chaut ni s'esfrezis;

as long-as it-makes beat or grows-cold

toz tems serai vas lei aclis,

all time I-shall-be toward her bowed

mas non puosc saber enquera

but not I-can to-know yet

si poirai ab joi remaner,

if I-shall-be-able with joy to-remain

o'm voldra per seu retener

or-me she-will-wish for hers to-keep

cella cui mos cors dezira.

she whom my heart desires

Seignors e dompnas guerpira

Lords and ladies I-would-forsake

s'a lei plagues qu'eu li servis;

if-to her it-pleased that-I her should-serve

e qui·m diria m'en partis
and who-to-me would-say myself-thence I-should-part
 faria·m morir desera,
he-would-make-me to-die straightway
 qu'en outra non ai mon esper,
for-in another not I-have my hope
 nuoit ni jorn ni maitin ni ser,
night nor day nor morning nor evening
 ni d'als mos cors no consira.
and of-aught-else my heart not thinks

Ges tant leu no l'enquesira
At-all so lightly not her-I-should-have-sought
 s'eu sabes cant greu s'afranquis.
if-I had-known how hardly she-yields
 Anc res no fo no s'umelis
Ever anything not was not itself-humbles
 vas Amor, mas ill n'es fera;
toward Love but she of-it-is fierce
 e domna non pot ren valer
and a-lady not can anything to-be-worth
 per riquesa ni per poder
by riches nor by power
 se jois d'amor no l'espira.
if joy of-love not her-inspires

Ja de sos pes no'm partira

Ever from her feet not-myself I-would-part

s'il plagues ni m'o consentis,

if-to-her it-pleased and to-me-it she-allowed

e sivals d'aitant m'enrequis

and at-least with-so-much me-she-enriched

que disses que ma domna era,

that she-might-say that my lady she-was

e del plus fos al seu plaçer,

and of-the more it-were at her pleasure

de la menzonja o del ver,

whether-of the lie or of-the truth

c'ab sol son dig m'enrequira.

for-with only her word me-she-would-enrich

Entre joi remaing et ira

Between joy I-remain and grief

ades quant de lei mi partis,

ever-since when from her myself I-parted

qu'anc pois no la vi qu'ela'm dis

for-ever since not her I-saw that-she-to-me said

que si l'ames ill m'amera;

that if her-I-loved she me-would-love

al re no sai de son voler;

other thing not I-know of her will

mas ben pot ma domna saber

but well can my lady to-know

qu'eu morrai si ganre'm tira.

that-I shall-die if much-me she-torments

Genser domn' el mon no's mira,

A-fairer lady in-the world not-herself is-seen

bell' e blancha plus c'us hermis,

fair and white more than-an ermine

plus fresca que rosa ne lis;

more fresh than rose or lily

ren als no m'en desespera,

anything else not me-of-it makes-despair

Dieus! si poirai l'ora veder

God if I-shall-be-able the-hour to-see

qu'eu puosca pres de lei jazer!

that-I am-able near to her to-lie

Eu non, quar vas mi no's vira.

I not for toward me not-herself she-turns

Toz mos talenz m'aemplira

All my desires to-me-would-fulfill

ma domna, sol d'un bais m'aizis,

my lady only with-a kiss me-she-eased

qu'en guerrejera mos vezis,

for-of-it I-would-war-on my neighbors

et fora larcs e donera,

and I-would-be generous and I-would-give

e·m fera grazir e temer

and-myself I-would-make to-be-praised and to-be-feared

e mos enemics bas chader

and my enemies low to-fall

e tengra·l meu e·l garnira.

and I-would-hold-the mine and-it I-would-furnish

E pot ben ma domna saber

And can well my lady to-know

que ja nulz hom de mon poder

that ever any man of my power

de meillor cor no·ill servira.

with better heart not-her would-serve

E si·m fezes tant de plazer

And if-to-me she-did so-much of pleasure

que·m laisses pres de si jaser,

that-me she-let near to herself to-lie

ja d'aquest mal non morira.

ever of-this ill not I-should-die

MARCABRU

The Poems of Marcabru



Vida

THE LIFE OF MARCABRU

Dejeanne prints both lives. The first says Marcabru was left at a rich man's door, that no one knew whose son he was, that Aldric del Vilar had him reared, and that he learned to compose from Cercamon; he was called Lost-bread before he was called Marcabru, and the castellans of Guyenne destroyed him for his tongue. The second makes him the son of a poor woman called Marcabruna, and quotes his own stanza for it.

Marcabrunsi fo gitatz a la porta d'un ric home, ni
Marcabru thus was cast at the door of-a rich man and
anc no'n saup hom qui-l fo ni d'on. E n'Aldrics del
ever not-of-it knew one who-him was nor whence And lord-Aldric of-the
Vilar fetz lo noirir. Apres estet tant ab un trobador, que
Vilar had him reared After he-stayed so-long with a troubadour who
avia nom Cercamon, qu'el comensset a trobar: Et adoncs
had the-name Cercamon that-be began to to-compose And then
el avia nom Panperdut; mas d'aqui enan ac nom
he had the-name Lost-bread but from-there onward he-had the-name
Marcabrun. Et en aquel temps non appellava hom canson,
Marcabru And in that time not called one canso
mas tot quant hom cantava eron vers. E fo mout
but all that one sang were vers And he-was much
cridatz et auzitz pel mon, e doptatz per sa lenga;
acclaimed and heard through-the world and feared for his tongue
car el fo tant mal dizens que a la fin lo desfeiron
because he was so evil speaking that at the end him undid
li castellan de Guian[a], de cui avia dich mout gran mal.
the castellans of Guienne of whom he-had said very great ill

Marcabrunsi fo de Gascoingna, fils d'una paubra femna

Marcabru thus was of Gascony son of-a poor woman

que ac nom Marcabruna, si com el dis en son chantar:

who had the-name Marcabruna just as he said in his singing

«Marcabrunsi, lo fills na Bruna, fo engendraz en tal

Marcabru the son of-lady Bruna was begotten under such

luna qu'el saup d'amor cum degruna — escoutatz! —

a-moon that-he knew of-love how it-shells-away listen

que anc non amet neguna, ni d'autra no fo amatz.»

for ever not he-loved any-woman and by-another not was loved

Trobaire fo dels premiers c'om se recort. De caitivetz

A-troubadour he-was of-the first that-one himself recalls Of wretched

serventes fez e dis mal de las femnas e d'amor.

serventes he-made and said ill of the women and of-love

A la fontana del vergier

1 · THE GIRL AT THE SPRING

At a spring in an orchard, among white flowers and birdsong, the poet finds a girl alone, a castellan's daughter, weeping. Her friend has gone with the king to the crusade, and she is left with the great distress, the longing, and the weeping. He tries to comfort her: the one who makes the wood leaf can give her joy enough. She answers that she believes in mercy in the next world, but this one has taken what she had.

A la fontana del vergier,

At the spring of-the orchard

on l'erb' es vertz josta'l gravier,

where the-grass is green beside-the gravel

a l'ombra d'un fust domesgier,

in the-shade of-a tree garden-grown

en aiziment de blancas flors

in the-adornment of white flowers

e de novelh chant costumier,

and of new song customary

trobey sola, ses companhier,

I-found alone without a-companion

selha que no vol mon solatz.

her who not wishes my cheer

So fon donzelh' ab son cors belh

This was a-maiden with her body fair

filha d'un senhor de castelh;

daughter of-a lord of a-castle

e quant ieu cugey que l'auzelh

and when I thought that the-birds

li fesson joy e la verdors,

to-her should-make joy and the greenness

e pel dous termini novelh,

and through-the sweet season new

e quez entendes mon favelh,

and that she-should-bear my speech

tost li fon sos afars camjatz.

soon for-her was her case changed

Dels huelhs ploret josta la fon

From-the eyes she-wept beside the spring

e del cor sospiret preon.

and from-the heart she-sighed deep

«Ihesus», dis elha, reys del mon,

Jesus said she king of-the world

per vos mi creys ma grans dolors,

through you to-me grows my great grief

quar vostra anta mi cofon,

for your shame me undoes

quar li mellor de tot est mon

for the best of all this world

vos van servir, mas a vos platz.

you go to-serve but to you it-pleases

Ab vos s'en vai lo meus amicx,

With you himself-thence goes the my friend

lo belhs e·l gens e·l pros e·l ricx;

the fair and-the noble and-the valiant and-the powerful

sai m'en reman lo grans destricx,

here to-me-of-it remains the great distress

lo deziriers soven e·l plors.

the longing often and-the weeping

Ay! mala fos reys Lozoicx

Ab in-an-evil-hour may-be king Louis

que fay los mans e los prezicx

who makes the commands and the preachings

per que·l dols m'es en cor intratz!

for which-the grief to-me-is into heart entered

Quant ieu l'auzi desconortar,

When I her-heard to-despair

ves lieys vengui josta·l riu clar:

toward her I-came beside-the stream clear

«Belha, fi·m ieu, per trop plorar

Fair-one said-I I through too-much weeping

afolha cara e colors;

it-spoils face and color

e no vos cal dezesperar,

and not to-you it-is-needful to-despair

que selh qui fai lo bosc fulhar,

for he who makes the wood to-leaf

vos pot donar de joy assatz.»

to-you can to-give of joy enough

«Senher, dis elha, ben o crey

Lord said she well it I-believe

que Deus aya de mi mercey

that God has on me mercy

en l'autre segle per jassey,

in the-other world for ever

quon assatz d'autres peccadors;

as enough of-other sinners

mas say mi tolh aquela rey

but here from-me takes that thing

don joys mi crec; mas pauc mi tey

whereof joy to-me grew but little to-me it-holds

que trop s'es de mi alonhatz.

for too-far himself-has from me gone

A l'alena del vent doussa

2 · THE BREAD-WASTERS

The sweet wind and the reddening meadows please the poet, but from here he smells a stench: the bread-wasters have grown dear, and the ladies are guarded by them, so that no stranger but the lord may touch. If the jealous men and their watchers are reassured, he does not sing in tune with them. Marcabru knows who they are; they make bold partners of themselves and put our wives in play.

A l'alena del vent doussa

At the-breath of-the wind sweet

que Dieus nos tramet, no sai d'on,

that God to-us sends not I-know whence

ai lo cor de joy sazion

I-have the heart with joy sated

contra la dou[s]sor del frescum

against the sweetness of-the coolness

quant li prat son vermelh e groc.

when the meadows are red and yellow

Belh m'es quan son ombriu li mon

Fair to-me-is when are shadowy the hills

e l'auzel desotz la verdon

and the-birds beneath the greenery

mesclon lur(s) critz ab lo chanton,

mingle their cries with the singing

e quascus, ab la votz que a(n),

and each with the voice that he-has

jauzis son parelh en son loc.

delights his mate in his place

De sai sen un pauc de feton

From here I-feel a little of stench

que lai torno·l pel al bussa,

that there they-turn-the hair to-the bush

qu'encarit(z) son li guasta-pa,

for-grown-dear are the bread-wasters

quais per els son gardat li don,

as-if by them are guarded the ladies

qu'estrays mas lo senher no·y toc.

that-a-stranger but the lord not-there touch

Si·l gilos s'en van seguran

If-the jealous themselves-thence go reassured

e li guardador jauzion,

and the watchers rejoicing

ges egal no chant e respon;

at-all alike not I-sing and answer

qu'ilh van a clardat e ses lum,

for-they go in brightness and without light

quan vols t'en pren ab eis lo broc.

when you-wish yourself-of-it take with that-same the jug

D'aquestz sap Marcabrus qui son,

Of-these knows Marcabru who they-are

que ves luy no van cobeitan

that toward him not they-go coveting

li guandilh vil e revolum:

the shirkers vile and whirling

gilos que·s fan baut guazalhan

jealous-men who-themselves make bold partners

meton nostras molhers en joc.

they-put our wives in play

Greu cug mais que ja lur don

Hardly I-think henceforth that ever to-them I-give

aquist soldat uay qu'estraitz pla;

this pay goes that-drawn flat

seguon la natura del ca,

after the nature of-the dog

pus lo guos ro e·l lebriers gron

since the cur gnaws and-the greyhound growls

desus ves del plat bufa·l foc

above toward of-the dish blows-the fire

qu'entr' els non a clau ni meia

that-among them not is key nor means

qu'el(s) non aion del plus preon

that-they not have of-the most deep

e del frug lo prim e·l segon,

and of-the fruit the first and-the second

cist fan la malvestat[z] rebon

these make the wickedness to-be-hidden

quan nos fan donar non per oc.

when us they-make to-give no for yes

Gilos pus de sa foudat bon

Jealous-man since of his folly leaps

enfla, ades, enfla e refon;

swells at-once swells and melts-again

saber deu qu'a'l vet(z) a puta,

to-know he-ought that-he-has-the times a whore

si non, digua que mays non poc.

if not let-him-say that more not he-could

Al departir del brau tempier

3 · THE ORCHARD

When the sap climbs and the frog sings, the poet is set on making a song, and is thoughtful about a great orchard of fair saplings whose fruits are hollow: the grafts look like apple, and bear willow and elder. The good trees died first, and the living are twigs and straw, busy at jousting and boastful with promises but paying in willow. May God save the worthy; the wicked rich look like elders.

Al departir del brau tempier,

At the-parting of-the rough weather

quan per la branca pueja·l succs

when through the branch rises-the sap

don reuiu la genest' e·l brucx

whereby revives the broom and-the beather

e floreysson li presseguier

and blossom the peach-trees

e la rana chant' el vivier

and the frog sings in-the pond

e brota·l sauzes e·l saucx,

and buds-the willow and-the elder

contra·l termini qu'es yssucs

toward-the season that-is dry

suy d'un vers far en cossirier.

I-am of-a song to-make in thought

Cossiros suy d'un gran vergier

Anxious I-am of-a great orchard

ont a de belhs plansos mans lucs;

where there-are of fair saplings many places

gent sont l'empeut e·l frugs bacucs,

fair are the-grafts and-the fruits hollow

selh qu'esser degran sordegier,

those that-to-be ought worse

fuelhs e flors paron de pomier,

leaves and flowers appear of apple-tree

son al fruchar sautz' e saucs,

they-are at-the fruiting willow and elder

e pus lo caps es ba[da]lucs,

and since the head is gaping

dolen(s) son li membr' estremier.

ailing are the limbs outermost

Mort(z) son li bon arbre primier,

Dead are the good trees first

e·l(s) viu(s) son ramils e festucs,

and-the living are twigs and straws

dels fortz assays los vey damnucx,

in-the hard trials them I-see harmed

mas de bordir son fazendier(s),

but at jousting they-are busy

de promessas son bobansier(s),

with promises they-are boastful

al rendre sauzes e saucx,

at-the paying willow and elder

don los claman flacs e baudux

whence them we-call slack and idle

ieu e tug l'autre soudadier.

I and all the-other mercenaries

Quan son la nueg josta·l foguier

When they-are the night beside-the hearth

n'Esteves, en Constans, en Ucs

lord-Esteve lord Constans lord Ucs

(lacuna)

mais que Berartz de Monleydier;

more than Berart of Montdidier

tota nueg joston a doblrier,

all night they-joust at backgammon

el jorn a l'ombra dels saucx

and-the day in the-shade of-the elders

auzir(i)atz nausas e bauducx

you-would-bear brawls and uproars

e doblar entr'els l'escaquier(s).

and to-double among-them the-chessboard

Doncx no pairejon li derrier;

Then not match-their-fathers the latter

en totz bos sens ab los faducs,

in all good senses with the doltish

e log si Cozer' e Sarlux

and where if Couserans and Sarlat

valon Toloz' e Monpeslier?

are-worth Toulouse and Montpellier

Qu'ieu sai qual(s) mort(z) foron premier!

For-I know which dead were first

E·l mais dels vius son vers saucx,

And-the most of-the living are true elders

e podetz dir qu'es benastrucx

and you-can to-say that-he-is fortunate

qui troba laur ni olivier.

who finds laurel or olive-tree

Neys l'ortolas ab lo clavier,

Even the-gardener with the key-keeper

jos ab un vent, s'en fuy huelhs cucx,

down with a wind himself-thence fled eyes shut

per esclavina e per trabucx

for a-pilgrim-cloak and for a-stumble

an laissat mantelh e caussier.

they-have left mantle and bosc

Ni ren non ai del estagier.

And anything not I-have from-the dweller

Tal hira·m fan sautz' e saucx!

Such wrath-to-me make willow and elder

Si no·ls ten reys o coms o ducx

If not-them holds king or count or duke

totz temps seran mais caminier.

all time they-will-be henceforth wayfarers

Los pros sal Dieus qu'an pretz entier,

The worthy may-save God who-have worth whole

que·l(s) ric(s) malvatz paron saucx,

for-the rich wicked seem elders

per que'l segles es badalucx,

for which-the world is gaping

don malavey' e desturbier.

whence sickness and trouble

Al prim comens de l'ivernail

4 • AT WINTER'S FIRST BEGINNING

When the acorns rain from the wood, a man should array himself with Prowess. Instead every worthless man complains of the cold, and men who look fair are deceived by Baseness: they promise a thousand attempts, and only the boast remains. They have the custom of the cur that will build a house when the light comes. The married men would be the best in the world if each did not make himself a lover.

Al prim comens de l'ivernail

At the-first beginning of the-winter

qand plovon del bosc li glandutz,

when rain-down from-the wood the acorns

vuoiill c'om s'engaill

I-wish that-one himself-array

de Proeza, que non tressaill,

with Prowess which not starts-aside

e que n'esti' amanoïtz

and that of-it-be-stand ready

aissi cum s'era·l temps herbutz.

even as if-it-were-the season grassy

Ladoncs quecs avols hom se plaing

Then every worthless man himself complains

qand ve·l temps frei e las palutz,

when he-sees-the weather cold and the marshes

contra·l regaing,

against-the aftermath

que·is avil' e met en bargaing

who-himself debases and puts in pawn

qu'en estiu que non es vestitz

for-in summer when not he-is clothed

pot anar d'una peilla nutz.

he-can to-go of-a rag naked

Aquist fant semblan a tahi

These make likeness to a-badger

al ser quan son plen e pagutz,

at-the evening when they-are full and fed

apres lo vi(n),

after the wine

e no lor ne soue·l maiti(n),

and not to-them of-it recalls-the morning

anz jura·l senros acropitz

rather swears-the ash-stained squatter

c'anc tan lagz temps non fo vehutz.

that-ever so foul weather not was seen

Joves homes de bel semblan

Young men of fair seeming

vei per Malvestat deceubutz;

I-see by Baseness deceived

que van gaban

who go boasting

dizo, mil essais encogan:

they-say a-thousand attempts this-year

«Farem qan lo temps er floritz»,
We-shall-do when the season will-be flowering
 mas lai reman lo gabs e'l brutz.
but there remains the boast and-the noise

Cill ant l'usatge del gosso
These have the-custom of-the cur
 que ditz qand sera a la lutz
who says when it-will-be at the light
 fara maio,
he-will-make a-house
 puois qand es lai qui l'en somo,
then when he-is there who him-of-it summons
 non er escoutatz ni auzitz,
not he-will-be listened-to nor heard
 anc per lui non fo dolatz fustz.
ever by him not was bewn timber

Moillerat, li meillor del mon
Married-men the best of-the world
 foratz, mas chascus vos faitz drutz,
you-would-be but each yourselves you-make lovers

que vos confon

which you confounds

e son acaminat li con

and are set-on-the-road the cunts

per qu'es Jovens forabanditz

for which-is Youth banished

e vos en appell'om cornutz.

and you for-it one-calls cuckolds

Lo pretz del dan e del barat,

The price of-the harm and of-the cheat

de calque part sia vengutz,

from whatever side it-be come

ant moillerat;

have married-men

et ieu ai lo lor autreiat,

and I have it to-them granted

e Jois es entr' els esbauditz

and Joy is among them gladdened

e Donars alqes mantengutz.

and Giving somewhat upheld

A tort o a dreig vant dessus

In wrong or in right they-go above

e Jovens se clama vencutz;

and Youth himself calls conquered

li mais e·l plus

the more and-the most

a penas trobo qui·l[s] gratus;

with difficulty they-find who-them scratches

capel s'a levat d'avols critz

a-hat himself-has raised of-worthless cries

uns per un bou que n'a agutz.

one for one ox that of-it-he-has had

Poissas non es poestatz pros

Then not is a-power worthy

qan non sap garir dels sanglutz

when not it-knows to-heal of-the hiccup

ni d'una tos

nor of-a cough

c'om fai, cainz regardara nos?

that-one makes then will-protect us

Donas, si Marcabrus o ditz

Ladies if Marcabru it says

desanat li gran los menutz.

undo the great the small

En Castell' e vas Portegau

In Castile and toward Portugal

on anc no fo trames salutz

where ever not was sent greeting

e Dieus los sau!

and God them save

E vas Barcelon' atretau;

And toward Barcelona likewise

puis lo Peitavis m'es faillitz

since the Poitevin to-me-has failed

serai mai cum Artur perdutoz.

I-shall-be henceforth like Arthur lost

Al son desviat, chantaire

5 • FALSE FRIENDSHIP

To a wayward tune the poet tries a song about petty false Friendship, which takes and refuses lightly, selling here and buying there. It shaves without water, and once it has shaved it moves on. He can hardly find a lady in whom white friendship does not vary. Married men are brothers in one folly. While good Youth was father and pure Love mother, Prowess was upheld; now dukes, kings, and emperors have debased it.

Al son desviat, chantaire,

To-the tune wayward singing

veirai si puosc un vers faire

I-shall-see if I-can a song to-make

de fals' Amistat menuda,

of false Friendship petty

c'aissi leu pren e refuda,

which-thus lightly takes and refuses

puois sai ven e lai mercada,

now here it-sells and there it-buys

e morrai si no·m n'esclaire.

and I-shall-die if not-myself of-it-I-clear

Cest' amors sap engan faire,

This love knows deceit to-do

ab engan ses aigua raire,

with deceit without water to-shave

puois, quand l'a ras, se remuda
then when it-has shaved it removes-itself
 e quier autrui cui saluda,
and seeks another whom it-greets
 a cui es douss' e privada,
to whom it-is sweet and familiar
 tant que'l fols deven musaire.
so-much that-the fool becomes a-gaper

Non puosc dompnas trobar gaire
Not I-can ladies to-find many
 que blanch' amistatz no-i vaire,
that white friendship not-in-them varies
 a presen o a saubuda
in open or in common-knowledge
 n'aja vergoingna perduda,
of-it-she-may-have shame lost
 si que la meins afrontada
so that the least brazen
 n'a laissat cazer un caire.
of-it-has let to-fall a corner

Moillerat, per saint Ylaire,
Married-men by saint Hilary
 son d'una foldat confratre,
are of-one folly brothers

qu'entr'els es guerra moguda

for-among-them is war stirred

tals que cornutz fa cornuda,

such that a-cuckold makes a-cuckoldess

e cogotz copatz copada,

and cuckold horned horned-woman

puois eis la coa de braire.

then goes-out the tail of braying

Tals cuid' esser ben gardaire

Such thinks to-be a-good keeper

de la so' e de l'autrui laire,

of the his and of the-another's thief

c'atretals es devenguda

that-just-so she-has become

d'aicel de sai que la cuda;

of-that-one from here who her covets

si l'us musa, l'autre bada

if the-one gapes the-other stares

e ieu sui del dich pechaire.

and I am of-the saying a-sinner

De nien sui chastiaire

Of nothing I-am a-chastiser

e de foudat sermonaire,

and of folly a-preacher

car puous la flam' es nascuda

for once the flame is born

del fol drut e de la druda,

of-the foolish lover and of the mistress

si'l fols art per l'abrasada,

if-the fool burns by the-kindled-woman

non sui mal meire ni laire.

not I-am ill doer nor thief

Tant cant bos Jovens fon paire

So-long as good Youth was father

del segle e fin' Amors maire,

of-the world and pure Love mother

fon Proeza mantenguda

was Prowess upheld

a celat et a saubuda,

in secret and in the-open

mas er l'ant avilanada

but now it-they-have made-vile

duc e rei et emperaire.

duke and king and emperor

Qu'ieu sui assatz esprovaire,

For-I am enough a-prover

deffendens et enquistaire,

defendant and a-plaintiff

e vei cum Jovens se tuda,

and I-see how Youth itself quenches

per que Amors es perduda

for which Love is lost

e de Joi deseretada

and of Joy disinherited

e cum Amors es cujaire.

and how Love is a-deemer

L'amors don ieu sui mostraire

The-love whereof I am a-displayer

nasquet en un gentil aire,

was-born in a noble place

e·l luoc[s] on ill es creguda

and-the spot where it is grown

es claus de rama branchuda

is closed with branchage boughy

e de chaut e de gelada,

and from heat and from frost

qu'estrains no l'en puosca traire.

so-that-a-stranger not it-thence may to-draw

Desirat per desiraire

Desired by a-desirer

a nom qui·n vol Amor traire.

has the-name who-of-it wishes Love to-draw

Amic(s) Marchabrun, car digam

6 · THE DEBATE WITH UGO CATOLA

A tenso between Marchabru and Ugo Catola, whose name stands over the first stanza; the speakers alternate, each naming the other. Catola asks for a song of Love; Marchabru complains of false friendship and asks whether Catola does not know how Love betrayed Samson. Marchabru cites Ovid; Catola pleads the comfort of a good beloved's welcome. Marchabru answers that for love of the winepress a fool's wealth leaps his threshold and goes off before his eyes.

Amic(s) Marchabrun, car digam

Friend Marchabru come let-us-tell
un vers d'Amor, que per cor am
a song of-Love that by heart I-love
q'a l'hora qe nos partiram
so-that-at the-hour that we shall-part
en sia loing lo chanz auziz.
of-it is far the song heard

Ugo Catola, er fazam,

Ugo Catola now let-us-do
mas de faus' amistat me clam,
but of false friendship myself I-complain
q'anc pos la serps baisset lo ram
for-ever since the serpent lowered the bough
no foron tant enganairiz.
not were-they so deceitful

Marcabrun, ço no m'es pas bon

Marcabru this not to-me-is at-all good

qe d'Amor digaz si ben non;

that of-Love you-should-say if well not

per zo·us en mou e[u] la tenson,

for this-to-you of-it I-move I the debate

qe d'Amor fui naz e noiriz.

for of-Love I-was born and reared

Catola, non entenz razon,

Catola not you-grasp reason

non saps d'Amor cum trais Samson?

not you-know of-Love how it-betrayed Samson

Vos cuidaz e·ill autre bricon

You think and-the other fools

qe tot sia vers quant vos diz.

that all be true whatever to-you it-says

Marcabrun, no·s troban auctor

Marcabru not-themselves find authors

de Sanso·l fort e de s(a)' uxor

of Samson-the strong and of his wife

q'ela n'avia ostat s'amor

that-she of-him-had taken-away her-love

a l'or[a] que ce fo deliz.

at the-hour when he was undone

Catola, qar a sordejor

Catola because to a-worse-man

la det e la tolc al meillor,

it she-gave and it took-away from-the better

lo dia perdet sa valor,

that day she-lost her merit

qe'l seus fo per l'estraing traïz.

for-the his was for the-stranger betrayed

Marcabrun, si cum declinaz

Marcabru if as you-argue

qu'Amors si' ab engan mesclaz,

that-Love be with deceit mingled

dunc es lo almosna pechaz,

then is the almsgiving a-sin

la cima devers la raïz!

the crown toward the root

Catola, l'Amors dont parlaz

Catola the-Love whereof you-speak

camja cubertament los daz,

changes covertly the dice

aprop lo bon lanz vos gardaz,

after the good throw yourself guard

ço diz Salomons e Daviz.

this says Solomon and David

Marcabrun, amistaz dechai,

Marcabru friendship declines

car a trobat Joven savai;

because it-has found Youth base

eu n'ai al cor ir' et esclai,

I of-it-have at-the heart wrath and dismay

qar l'en a levaz tan laiz criz.

for of-it it-has raised so foul cries

Catola, Ovides mostra chai

Catola Ovid shows here

e l'ambladura o retrai

and the-ambling-gait it recounts

que non soana brun ni bai,

that not it-scorns brown nor bay

anz se trai plus aus achaiz.

rather itself it-draws more to-the fallen

Marchabrun, anc non cuit t'ames

Marcabru ever not I-think thee-loved

l'Amors, ves cui es tant engres,

the-Love toward whom thou-art so fierce

ni no fo anc res meinz prezes

and not was ever anything less prized

d'aitals joglars esbaluiz.

than-such minstrels bewildered

Catola, anc de ren non fo pres
Catola ever of anything not was near
 un pas, que tost no s'en loignes,
one step that soon not himself-thence removed
 et enquer s'en loingna ades,
and still himself-thence removes ever
 e fera, tro seaz feniz.
and will-do until you-be ended

Mar[ca]brun, quant sui las e·m duoill,
Marcabru when I-am weary and-myself I-grieve
 e ma bon' amia m'acuouill
and my good beloved me-welcomes
 ab un baisar, quant me despuouill,
with a kiss when myself I-strip
 m'en vau sans e saus e garitz.
myself-thence I-go sound and safe and healed

Catola, per amor deu truoill
Catola through love of-the winepress
 tressaill l'avens al fol lo suoill,
leaps the-wealth to-the fool the threshold
 e puous mostra la via a l'uoill
and then shows the way to the-eye
 aprop los autres escharniz.
after the others mocked

Ans que·l terminis verdei

7 • LOVE I NEITHER WISH NOR DESIRE

The poet will sing before the season greens, and has every right to: whoever delights in Love, he has neither note nor complaint of it. He neither wishes for Love nor desires it: it knows too much of deceit, and he could never rejoice in it. Love is full of guile, changes for wealth, and turns the worthy to scorn so that the wicked have it first. He commends to the devils a love that goes trafficking.

Ans que·l terminis verdei

Before that-the season grows-green

chantarai et ai ben drei;

I-shall-sing and I-have full right

qui que d'Amor s'esbaudei,

whoever that in-Love himself-gladdens

eu no·n ai ni so ni quei.

I not-of-it have neither note nor complaint

A nuill home que dompnei

To any man who courts

no quier peyor malavei;

not I-seek a-worse sickness

be mor de fam e de frei

well he-dies of hunger and of cold

qui d'Amor es en destrei.

who in-Love is in straits

Amor no vueill ni dezir,

Love not I-wish nor desire

tan sap d'engan ab mentir;

so-much it-knows of-deceit with lying

per aiso vos ho vueill dir

for this to-you it I-wish to-say

c'anc d'Amor no·m puec jauzir.

that-ever of-Love not-myself I-could to-rejoice

Tan l'en vueill mal e l'azir

So-much to-it-of-it I-wish ill and it-I-hate

can m'en membra·m fai languir.

when to-me-of-it it-recalls-me it-makes to-languish

Fols fui per Amor servir,

A-fool I-was for Love to-serve

mas vengut em al partir.

but come we-are to-the parting

Per Amor sueill esser guais,

Through Love I-am-wont to-be gay

mas [eu] no·n serai jamais

but I not-of-it shall-be ever-again

c'una·m n'enguanet e·m trais

for-one-me of-it-deceived and-me betrayed

per que m'en gurg e m'en lais.

for which myself-of-it I-forsake and myself-of-it I-leave

Ben es cargatz de fol fais

Well is laden with foolish burden

qui d'Amor es en pantais.

who in-Love is in turmoil

Senher Deus quan mala nais

Lord God how ill is-born

qui d'aital foudat se pais!

who on-such folly himself feeds

C'Amors es plena d'enguan,

For-Love is full of-deceit

per aver se vai camjan,

for wealth itself it-goes changing

e·ls plus pros torn' en soan,

and-the most worthy it-turns to scorn

que·l malvatz l'aura enan.

so-that-the wicked it-will-have first

Ja non anetz domnejan

Ever not go-you courting

ses deners et ab afan.

without money and with toil

Amors que vai mercadan

Love that goes trafficking

a diables la coman.

to the-devils it I-commend

D'Amor(s) vos dirai com es:

Of-Love to-you I-shall-tell how it-is

si valiatz un marques

if you-were-worth a marquis

ja no·us en fasatz cortes,

ever not-yourself of-it make-you courtly

pos d'aver non auretz ges.

since of-wealth not you-will-have any

Si n'avetz donat e mes

If of-it-you-have given and spent

no·us er prezat un poges;

not-to-you it-will-be valued a farthing

ja no·us hi valra merces

ever not-to-you there will-avail mercy

pos vos er faillitz l'avens.

once to-you will-be failed the-wealth

Qu'ieu dic als dompnejadors

For-I say to-the courtiers

que van d'Amor consiros

who go of-Love anxious

no s'en fasson cobeitos;

not themselves-of-it let-them-make covetous

e poiri' esser lur pros

and it-might to-be to-them profit

c'asatz es ben abduros

for-enough is well ill-fated

qui d'amar es talantos,

who of-loving is desirous

que qui trop es amoros

for who too-much is amorous

ben torna del caul au tros.

well returns of-the cabbage to-the stump

La chansoneta rema

The little-song remains

no·n dic plus a en Perma;

not-of-it I-say more to lord Perma

tal s'en fan d'Amor casla

such themselves-of-it make of-Love castellans

deurion trichar de pla.

they-ought to-cheat in the-open

Drutz que·s fai semblar Baza

A-lover who-himself makes to-seem Baza

per Amor que fols i fa.

through Love that a-fool there makes

Ja el nos senh ab sa ma

Ever he not-himself sign with his hand

cui Amors enguanara!

whom Love will-deceive

Assatz m'es bel del temps essuig

8 • COWARDICE AND BOLDNESS

The dry season pleases the poet, but Youth's flight grieves him. Deceivers are destroyed in the fire of the evil spirit, and a wise man keeps that fire from ruling him against his will. He warns married men of what is coming. He recalls a cowardice and a boldness: out of fear alone he made himself a bridle that has made him stronger than an Arabian horse, and his cowardice teaches him whom to guard against.

Assatz m'es bel del temps essuig,

Well to-me-is fair of-the season dry

quand la douz gem e la fonz bruig

when the conduit groans and the spring murmurs

e son li prat reverdezit,

and are the meadows grown-green-again

pesa·m de Joven car s'en fuig,

it-grieves-to-me for Youth because itself-thence flees

c'a penas troba qui·l convit.

for-with difficulty it-finds who-it invites

Ben son l'enganador destrug,

Well are the-deceivers destroyed

can l'uns pechat a l'autr' aduig,

when the-one sin has the-other brought

el fuoc del malign esperit,

in-the fire of-the malign spirit

que fai dir de l'enfan: «so·m cuig,

which makes to-say of the-child thus-to-me I-think

mieus es», ditz cel que l'a noirit.

mine he-is says he who him-has reared

Savis es qui lo fuoc destreing,

Wise is who the fire constrains

qu'estra grat sobre lui non reing,

that-against will over him not it-reign

que puois a lo fuocs envazit

for once has the fire invaded

son ardimen, c'ad el si gleing,

his boldness that-to him itself clings

tart remanra senes mal crit.

late it-will-remain without ill outcry

Moillerat, segon l'endeveing,

Married-men according-to the-outcome

que·us es a venir vos enseing,

which-to-you is to to-come to-you I-show

mas si m'avetz espaorit

but so me-you-have frightened

c'usquecs n'a son coratge feing,

that-each of-it-has his heart feigned

per que no m'es engal grazit.

for which not to-me-it-is equally thanked

A! cum fo tan fer ni esquiui

Ab how was-it so harsh or strange

q'estrains quezes en autrui niu!

that-a-stranger should-see in another's nest

Mas aras s'en son esbaudit

But now themselves-of-it they-are grown-glad

si qu'el camin descobertiu

so that-on-the road open

van assegurat e plevit.

they-go assured and pledged

Tant cremon lo feu qu'ieu vos diu,

So-much they-burn the fire that-I to-you say

la flama la bras' e'l caliu

the flame the embers and-the ash

c'ar de tant se son enferzit

that-now with so-much themselves they-are grown-fierce

que bravas en son e braidui

that wild of-it they-are and clamorous

las moillers e'il drut e'il marit.

the wives and-the lovers and-the husbands

Qui m'entend[r]ia s'ieu dic be?

Who me-would-hear if-I say well

Q'ara-m membra de que-m sove,

For-now-to-me it-recalls of what-to-me comes-to-mind

d'un volpillatge e d'un ardit

of-a cowardice and of-a boldness

c'ai agut, puis fui pros anse

that-I-have had since I-was worthy ever

et ancaras no m'a giquit.

and still not me-it-has forsaken

De sol la paor ai faich fre

Of only the fear I-have made a-bridle

que majormen aura faich me

which chiefly will-have made me

plus fort d'un caval arabit,

more strong than-a horse Arabian

e si l'agues faich d'autra re,

and if it-I-had made of-other thing

mos ardimens m'agr' enriquit.

my boldness me-would-have enriched

Mon volpillatge teing tant car

My cowardice I-hold so dear

qu'el m'enseigna de cui mi gar

that-it teaches-me of whom myself I-guard

de gran fol e d'enfan petit,

of a-great fool and of-a-child small

e dei me tres vetz doctrinar

and I-ought myself three times to-school

mon affar anz que si' auzit.

my business before that it-be heard

Mon ardimen non dei laisser

My boldness not I-ought to-leave

ni creire de tot mon affar,

nor to-trust in all my business

ni nuills autre no m'a desdit

and any other not to-me-has gainsaid

que leu de mon privat disnar

that I-raise from my private dining

(c')aventura de joi partit.

chance of joy shared

Moillerat tuich estatz a frau

Married-men all you-stand in fraud

que chascus rendetz mau per mau

for each you-render ill for ill

mas tot vos er contramerit

but all to-you will-be requited

et ieu guiarai ves Angau.

and I shall-guide toward Anjou

Guianna! cridon en Peitau

Guyenne they-cry in Poitou

valia dissend contr' avau!

worth descends toward below

E qui d'escaravaich fai guit

And who of-a-beetle makes a-guide

en avol luoc perpren ostau.

in a-worthless place takes lodging

Per so, son Angevin aunit,

For this are Angevins shamed

e qui d'escarabot fai guit

and who of-a-beetle makes a-guide

en avol loc perpren ostau.

in a-worthless place takes lodging

Aujatz de chan com enans' e meillura

9 · HOW SONG IMPROVES

Marcabru knows how to lace matter and song so that no other man can draw a word out of it. He sighs because so many take their omen from a baseness that grows and worsens. The worst have the fortune of giving and the best gape at the painting; right and reason are hardly upheld when a knave is emperor for money. He names the count of Poitiers and Lord Anfos, and asks that Scripture guard them.

Aujatz de chan com enans' e meillura,

Hear of song how it-advances and improves

e Marcabrus, segon s'entensa pura,

and Marcabru according-to his-intent pure

sap la razon e'l vers lassar e faire

knows the matter and-the song to-lace and to-make

si que autr' om no l'en pot un mot traire.

so that another man not from-it can one word to-draw

Per so sospir car mouta gens ahura

For this I-sigh because much folk takes-omen

de malvestat c'ades creis e pejura;

from baseness which-ever grows and worsens

so m'en somon que sia guerrejaire,

this me-of-it summons that I-be a-warrior

c'a lieis sap bo qan m'au cridar e braire.

for-to her tastes good when me-she-hears to-cry and to-bray

Li sordeior an del dar l'aventura

The worst have of-the giving the-fortune

e li meillor badon ves la penchura;

and the best gape toward the painting

la retraissos fai trist e sospiraire

the telling makes sad and sighing

c'a rebuzos fant li ric lor afaire.

for-at backwards do the rich their business

No·i a conort en Joven, mas trop fura,

Not-in-it is comfort in Youth but too-much it-steals

ni contra mort ressort ni cobertura,

nor against death appeal nor covering

qu'ist acrupit l'an gitat de son aire

for-these crouchers it-have cast from its eyrie

e de cami, per colpa de la maire.

and from the-road through the-fault of the mother

Qui per aver pert vergonh' e mezura

Who for wealth loses shame and measure

e giet' honor e valor a non cura

and casts honor and merit to no care

segon faisson es del semblan confraire

according-to fashion he-is of-the likeness a-brother

a l'erisson et al gos et al laire.

to the-hedgehog and to-the dog and to-the thief

Proeza's franh et avoleza's mura

Prowess-itself breaks and vileness-itself walls

e no vol Joi cuillir dinz sa clauzura;

and not it-wishes Joy to-gather within its enclosure

dreit ni razon no vei mantener gaire

right or reason not I-see to-uphold much

quan per aver es uns gartz emperaire.

when through wealth is a knave an-emperor

Coms de Peitieux, vostre Pretz s'assegura

Count of Poitiers your Worth itself-secures

et d'en Anfos de sai, si gair' ill dura,

and of-lord Anfos of here if long it lasts

car Avignon e Proenssa e Belcaire

for Avignon and Provence and Beaucaire

te miels per sieu no fes Tolzan sos paire.

he-holds better for his than did Toulouse his father

S'aquest n'Anfos fai contenensa pura

If-this lord-Anfos makes bearing pure

ni envas mi fai semblan de frachura,

or toward me makes show of lack

lai vas Leo en sai un de bon aire

there toward Leon of-them I-know one of good stock

franc de razo, cortes e larc donaire.

noble of speech courtly and free a-giver

De Malvestat los gart Sanct' Escriptura,

From Baseness them may-guard Holy Scripture

que no lur fassa casloquet ni pintura;

that not to-them it-make tuft nor painting

sel qu'es e fo regom recx e salvaire

he who-is and was of-kings king and savior

la sospeiso del rei n'Anfos m'esclaire.

the doubt of-the king lord-Anfos to-me-clear

Bel m'es quan la rana chanta

11 · THE CASTLE BESIEGED

The frog sings, the sap climbs, and the nightingale calls his mate. The poet dare not say what he thinks of a wanton folk: among a thousand he cannot find forty whom Prowess loves. They have besieged her in a castle with a hundred mangonels and cry for Joy and Youth to be beheaded and Prowess slain. Dukes and kings have shut her mouth, their courts show no silver cup or fur, and the husband who courts another's wife may know his own is courted too.

Bel m'es quan la rana chanta

Fair to-me-is when the frog sings

e'l sucs pueja per la rusca,

and-the sap climbs through the bark

per que'l flors e'l fueilhs e'l busca

for which-the flower and-the leaf and-the twig

e'l frugz reuiu en la planta,

and-the fruit revives in the plant

e'l rossinhols crid' e brama

and-the nightingale cries and calls

sa par qu'a per joi conquisa,

his mate whom-he-has through joy won

ples d'orgueilh car el no sen

full of-pride because he not feels

freg ni gel ni glaz ni bisa.

cold nor frost nor ice nor north-wind

Non aus so que m'atalanta

Not I-dare that which pleases-to-me

dir d'una gen que's fa cusca,

to-say of-a folk that-itself makes wanton

cui Malvestatz franh e frusca;

whom Baseness breaks and crushes

qu'entre mil no'n trueb quaranta

for-among a-thousand not-of-them I-find forty

de cells cui Proeza ama.

of those whom Prowess loves

Qu'en un castell l'an assiza

For-in a castle her-they-have besieged

e trazon i ben ab cen

and they-shoot there full with a-hundred

peiriers cill qui l'an revisa.

mangonels those who her-have hated

Pres es lo castells e'l sala,

Taken is the castle and-the hall

mas qu'en la tor es l'artilla

but that-in the tower is the-engine

on Jois e Jovens e silla

where Joy and Youth and she

son jutjat a pena mala;

are judged to penalty evil

qu'usquecs crida «fuec e flama!

for-each cries fire and flame

Via dinz e sia prisa!

Way within and let-her-be taken

Degolem Joi e Joven

Let-us-behead Joy and Youth

e Proeza si' aucisa.»

and Prowess let-her-be slain

Senher, ben hi a gran tala

Lord truly therein is great havoc

si mor ses fill o ses filha!

if she-dies without son or without daughter

Retengam per maravilha

Let-us-keep for a-marvel

lo bec o l'ongl' o l'ala,

the beak or the-claw or the-wing

quar de pauc albr' eis grantz rama

for from a-little tree comes great branchage

quan bona pugn' i es misa,

when good striving there is put

per qu'ieu n'esper e n'aten

for which-I of-it-hope and of-it-await

lo frut aprop la semisa.

the fruit after the sowing

Non vueilh far paraula lonja:

Not I-wish to-make speech long

preza es la francha causa

taken is the noble thing

e non troba fin ni pauza

and not it-finds end nor rest

si no's met reclus' o monja,

if not-herself she-puts recluse or nun

e pos chascus la derama

and since each her tears

e las denz li franh e brisa,

and the teeth to-her breaks and shatters

ieu non i trueb mas paren

I not there find but kin

de Portogal tro en Friza.

from Portugal as-far as Frisia

Duc e rei senes messonja

Duke and king without lie

ll'an primier la boca clausa,

to-her-have first the mouth closed

qu'ill fan de pauc fag gran nauza

for-they make of small deed great din

quar Donars lur fai vergonha;

for Giving to-them makes shame

tan tem quecs que falha trama

so-much fears each that fail the-weft

per qu'en lur cortz non es visa

for which-in their courts not is seen

copa ni enaps d'argent,

cup nor goblet of-silver

mantells vairs ni pena griza.

mantles vair nor fur gray

Maritz qui l'autrui con grata

A-husband who the-another's cunt scratches

ben pot saber que'l sieus pescha

well can to-know that-the his is-fished

e mostra com hom li mescha,

and he-shows how one to-him should-mix

qu'ab eis lo sieu fust lo bata,

that-with that-same the his staff him one-beat

et aura'n tort si s'en clama,

and he-will-have-of-it wrong if himself-of-it he-complains

car drech e raços deviza

for right and reason ordains

que qui car compra car ven,

that who dear buys dear sells

ar, segon la lei de Piza.

now after the law of Pisa

D'aqui nais l'avols barata,

From-here is-born the-worthless traffic

ric cui mortz e Dieus descresca!

rich-men whom death and God diminish

Qu'us non fai condug ni tresca;

For-one not makes feast nor dance

non sia lauzenja plata

not let-there-be praise flat

cell qui sa maisnad' afama;

he who his housebold starves

cest vest la blancha camiza

this-one wears the white shirt

e fai son seinhor sufren

and makes his lord enduring

e ten si dons a sa guiza.

and holds his lady at his pleasure

Alegretz, folls, en qual quiza

Alegret fool in what manner

cuja far d'avol valen

you-think to-make of-a-worthless-man a-worthy

ni de gonella camiza?

or of a-gown a-shirt

Antz co's pot? levam cazen

Rather how-itself it-can rising falling

qual gonella qual camiza.

such gown such shirt

Bel m'es can s'esclarzis l'onda

12 BIS • WHEN THE WAVE BRIGHTENS

The brightening wave and the birds in the garden please the poet, but he says he finds better than any of them. Joyful knowledge taught him to praise the day at sunset and the host in the morning, and not to answer every fool. Envy will never be sated, nor Covetousness. If the lordship of Gironde rises, let it think how to confound the pagans, as Jesus commands it.

Bel m'es can s'esclarzis l'onda

Fair to-me-is when brightens the-wave

e qecs auzels pel jardin

and each bird through-the garden

s'esjauzis segon son latin;

rejoices after his tongue

lo chanz per lo[s] becs toronda,

the song through the beaks resounds

mais eu trop miels qe negus.

but I find better than any

Qe scienza jauzionda

For knowledge joyful

m'apres c'al soleilh declin

taught-me that-at-the sun setting

laus lo jorn, e l'ost' al matin,

I-praise the day and the-host in-the morning

et a qec fol non responsda

and to every fool not I-answer

ni contra musar[t] no mus.

and against a-gape not I-gape

Car l'Avole(n)za reco(i)nda

For the-Vileness surges

a semblan del flot marin,

in likeness of-the tide sea

per q'ieu segnhorei mo[n] vezin,

for which-I lord-it-over my neighbor

e no vueil ges de mi bonda

and not I-wish at-all from me it-spring

so don hom m'apel caüs.

that whereof one me-calls an-owl

Ia non er mais sazionda

Ever not will-be more sated

enveia tro en la fin,

envy until at the end

ni Cobezeza atressi,

nor Covetousness likewise

q'evajos e dizironda

for-envious and greedy

vai e reven al pertus.

it-goes and returns to-the hole

Ni non cug mai que·s resconda

And not I-think more that-herself hides

Malvestatz, c'a plen camin

Baseness for-on full road

segon ja li ric son traïn,

follow now the rich her train

e can[c] Avolez' ab(l)onda

and when Vileness abounds

e[s] Malvestatz crup de sus.

is Baseness squatting on top

A! greu aura ia vergonda

Ab hardly will-have ever shame

Putia de gros bosin,

Whoredom of coarse morsel

mas nafrot baldit baboïn

but a-wounded wanton baboon

ja acueilh, car li aprionda

ever she-welcomes for to-her he-deepens

soven, qi qe s'en graüs.

often who that himself-of-it grieves

Car el n'a la clau segonda

For he of-it-has the key second

per qe'l segner, so·us afin,

for which-the lord this-to-you I-assure

porta capel cornut conin,

wears a-bat horned rabbity

c'ab sol un empeu[t] redonda

that-with only one graft rounds

si donz, lo ditz Marcabrus.

his lady it says Marcabru

E non puesc mudar non gronda

And not I-can to-forbear not I-grumble

del vostre dan moillerzin,

at-the your harm wifely

e pos re[s] non reman per mi

and since anything not remains through me

si l'us pela l'autre tonda

if the-one plucks the-other shears

e reuerc contra raüs.

and turns-back against the-rasp

Que·l vostre domnei[s] sobronda

For-the your courting overflows

e sembra joc azenin

and resembles play asinine

e de loc en loc ris canin

and from place to place a-laugh doggish

e qer com Dieus lo confonda

and it-asks how God him confound

qi sobre tot be vol plus.

who above all good wishes more

Se·l segnoriu[s] de Gironda

If-the lordship of Gironde

poia, encar poiara plus,

rises still it-will-rise more

* * *

(lacuna)

ab qe pense com confonda

provided that he-think how he-confound

paia, so·ilh manda Jhezus.

pagans this-to-him commands Jesus

Bel m'es quan son li fruch madur

13 · LOVE DOES NOT WORSEN

Ripe fruit and the birds lowering their voices please the poet, and his heart advances so that he sings for joy of pure Love. False friends lower Love and raise the crime, but nobody should think Love worsens: it is worth as much as at the first, always of one color and one seeming. He ventures on a Love in which there is no deceit, and blames the friendship of Cain's lineage.

Bel m'es quan son li fruch madur

Fair to-me-is when are the fruits ripe

e reverdejon li gaïm,

and grow-green-again the aftermaths

e l'auzeill, per lo temps escur,

and the-birds for the season dark

baisson de lor votz lo reffrim,

lower of their voice the trilling

tant redopton la tenebror;

so-much they-dread the gloom

e mos coratges s'enansa,

and my heart itself-advances

qu'ieu chant per joi de fin' Amor

for-I sing for joy of pure Love

e vei ma bon' esperansa.

and I-see my good hope

Fals amic, amador tafur,

False friends lovers knavish

baisson Amor e levo-l crim,

lower Love and raise-the crime

e no-us cuidetz c'Amors pejur,
and not-yourselves think that-Love worsens
 c'atrestant val cum fetz al prim;
for-just-as-much it-is-worth as it-did at-the first
 totz temps fon de fina color,
all time it-was of pure color
 et ancse d'una semblansa;
and ever of-one seeming
 nuills hom non sap de sa valor
any man not knows of its merit
 la fin ni la comensansa.
the end nor the beginning

Qui's vol si creza fol agur,
Who-himself wishes so let-him-believe foolish omen
 sol Dieus mi gart de revolim!
only God me may-guard from whirling
 Qu'en aital Amor m'aventur
For-in such Love I-venture
 on non a engan ni reprim;
where not is deceit nor discord
 qu estiu et invern e pascor
that summer and winter and spring
 estau en grand alegransa,
I-stand in great gladness
 et estaria en major
and I-should-stand in greater
 ab un pauc de seguransa.
with a little of assurance

Ja non creirai, qui que m'o jur,

Ever not I-shall-believe who that to-me-it swears

que vins non iesca de razim,

that wine not comes-out of grape

et hom per Amor no meillur;

and a-man through Love not betters

c'anc un pejurar non auzim,

for-ever one worsening not we-heard

qu'ieu vaill lo mais per la meillor,

for-I am-worth the more through the best

empero si·m n'ai doptansa,

yet so-myself of-it-I-have doubt

qu'ieu no·m n'aus vanar, de paor

that-I not-myself of-it-I-dare to-boast for fear

de so don ai m'esperansa.

of that whereof I-have my-hope

Greu er ja que fols desnatur,

Hardly will-be ever that a-fool change-nature

et a follejar non recim

and at to-play-the-fool not he-begin-again

e folla que no·is desmesur;

and a-foolish-woman that not-herself run-riot

e mals albres de mal noirim,

and an-ill tree of ill nurture

de mala branca mala flor
from an-ill branch an-ill flower
 e fruitz de mala pesansa
and fruit of ill thought
 revert al mal outra'l peyor,
turns-back to-the ill beyond-the worse
 lai on Jois non a sobransa.
there where Joy not has mastery

Que l'Amistat[s] d'estraing atur
For the-Friendship of-strange stay
 falsa del lignatge Caïm
false of-the lineage of-Cain
 que met los sieus a mal ahur,
that puts the hers to ill fortune
 car non tem anta ni blastim,
because not she-fears shame nor blame
 los trai d'amar ab sa doussor,
them she-draws from-loving with her sweetness
 met lo fol en tal erransa
she-puts the fool in such wandering
 qu'el non remanria ab lor
that-be not would-remain with them
 qui'l donava[n] tota Fransa.
if-to-him one-gave all France

[Co]ntra [l'i]vern que s'e[n]ansa

14 • AGAINST THE ADVANCING WINTER

With winter coming on and a care already assailing him, the poet would rather advance his song than let another care get in first. He is seated in trouble and held in the balance by a lady who baits sweet words with felon bait. His longing and her seeming are and are not of one carving. He hopes only through supposing, and ends saying that whoever made the dance does not know where the dance began.

[Co]ntra [l'i]vern que s'e[n]ansa,

Against the-winter that itself-advances

ab cossi[ri]er que m'as[sa]ilh

with a-care that me-assails

m'es belh [q]ue del chant [m]'enans,

to-me-is fair that of-the song I-advance

ans [q]u'autre cossiriers m'assalha,

before that-another care me-assail

pus per un cosseilh descresc

since through one counsel I-lessen

no m'es ops qu'autre m'encresca.

not to-me-is need that-another me-increase

Qu'ieu sui assis en trebalh

For-I am seated in trouble

e levatz en la balansa

and raised in the balance

d'aquesta say que·m trebalha

by-this-one here that-me troubles

e·m ten en aquest balans

and-me holds in this swaying

qu'ab doussa sabor azesca

who-with sweet savor baits

sos digz de felho[n] azesc.

her words with felon bait

Mos talans e sa semblansa

My longing and her seeming

so e no so d'un entalh,

are and not are of-one carving

pueys del talent nays semblans

then from-the longing is-born a-seeming

e pueys ab son dig l'entalha,

and then with her word it-carves-it

quar si l'us trai ab mal vesc

for if the-one draws with ill birdlime

lo brico, l'autre l'envesca.

the fool the-other him-limes

L'amar[s] d'aquesta no·m falh

The-bitterness of-this-one not-to-me fails

pels tricx enojos d'amansa,

through-the tricks tiresome of-loving

ab sol qu'en amar no·m falha

with only that-in loving not-to-me it-fail

e·m sia d'amar amans

and-to-me she-be of-loving a-lover

ab guizardon que·m paresca

with a-guerdon that-to-me appears

plus tozetz que non paresc.

more boyish than — I-appear

Per cujatz n'ay esperansa

Through supposings of-it-I-have hope

qu'enquer ab mi s'engualh,

that-still with me she-take-partnership

mas tan n'ay bons esperans

but so-much of-it-I-have good hopings

estranhs de corta guasalha

strange of sbort partnership

qu'en mieg mon afar folesc

that-in midst-of my business foolish

non dic paraula folesca.

not I-say a-word foolish

La musa port' e·l badalh

The vain-waiting he-bears and-the yawn

selh qu'en amar a fizansa

he who-in loving has trust

qu'estra grat mus' e badalh[a]

that-against pleasure he-gapes and yawns

soven, so vos afizans,

often this to-you assuring

qu'amors adoncx entrebresca;

that-love then entangles

enginhos desentrebresc.

a-crafty-man let-him-disentangle

Ab felhona deziransa

With felon desiring

ed estranhatge baralh

and estrangement strife

pays Amors los dezirans

feeds Love the desiring-ones

cuy vir e vol[v] e·m baralha,

whom I-turn and I-roll and-me confounds

qu'una·m n'a en ufanesc

that-one-of-them-me has in boastfulness

pagut d'aital ufanesc.

fed with-such boastfulness

D'esta qu'ieu chant sobransa

Of-this-one that-I sing surpasses

sos pretz, senes devinalh,

her worth without divining

et en valor es sobrans

and in merit she-is surpassing

neychas segon devinalha,

even according-to divination

quar si per lieys no m'espresc

for if through her not myself-I-kindle

non aten qu'autra m'espresca.

not I-await that-another me-kindle

Selh qui fes lo vers e'l tresp

He who made the song and-the dance

no sap don si mou la tresca.

not knows whence itself moves the dance

Marcabrus a fag lo tresp

Marcabru has made the dance

e no sap don mou la tresca.

and not knows whence moves the dance

Cortesamen vuoill comenssar

15 • COURTESY AND MEASURE

The poet begins courteously, for anyone who cares to hear. A man plays the churl who blames Courtesy: the wisest and best taught cannot do so much that he could not be shown a little more. Whoever would boast of Courtesy must keep Measure; measure is noble speech and courtesy is loving. He sends the song and its tune to Jaufre Rudel overseas, and wishes the French to hear it.

Cortesamen vuoill comenssar

Courteously I-wish to-begin

un vers si es qui l'escout'ar,

a song if there-is who it-hears-now

e puois tant m'en sui entremes,

and since so-much myself-of-it I-am engaged

veirai si'l poirai affinar,

I-shall-see if-it I-shall-be-able to-refine

qu'eras vuoill mon chan esmerar,

for-now I-wish my song to-purify

e dirai vos de maintas res.

and I-shall-tell you of many things

Assatz pot hom villanejar

Enough can one to-play-the-churl

qui Cortezia vol blasmar,

who Courtesy wishes to-blame

que'l plus savis e'l mieills apres

for-the most wise and-the best taught

non sap tantas dire ni far,

not knows so-many to-say nor to-do

c'om no li posca ensinar

that-one not to-him may to-teach

petit o pro, tals hora es.

little or much such an-hour is

De Cortesia·is pot vanar

Of Courtesy-himself can to-boast

qui ben sap Mesur' esgardar;

who well knows Measure to-heed

e qui tot vol auzir quant es,

and who all wishes to-hear that is

ni tot cant ve cuid' amassar,

and all that he-sees thinks to-gather

del tot l'es ops a mesurar,

of-the whole to-him-is need to to-measure

o ja non sera trop cortes.

or ever not he-will-be very courtly

Mesura es de gen parlar,

Measure is of noble speaking

e cortesia es d'amar;

and courtesy is of-loving

e qui non vol esser mespres

and who not wishes to-be misprized

de tota vilania·is gar,

from all churlishness-himself let-guard

d'escarnir e de folleiar,

from-mocking and from playing-the-fool

puois sera savis ab qu'el pes.

then he-will-be wise provided that-be think

C'aissi pot savis hom reinar,

For-thus can a-wise man to-reign

e bona dompna meillurar;

and a-good lady to-better

mas cella qu'en pren dos ni tres

but she who-of-them takes two nor three

e per un non si vol fiar,

and on one not herself wishes to-trust

ben deu sos pretz asordeiar,

well ought her worth to-worsen

e sa valors a chascun mes.

and her merit at each month

Aitals amors fai a prezar

Such a-love makes to to-prize

que si meteissa ten en car;

which itself same holds in dear

e s'ieu en dic nuill vilanes

and if-I of-it say any churlish-word

per mal que la·n vueilh encolpar,

for ill that her-of-it I-wish to-blame

be·ill lauzi fassa·m pro muzar,

well-to-her I-grant let-her-make-me much to-gape

qu'ieu n'aurai so que·m n'a promes.

for-I of-it-shall-have that which of-it-she-has promised

Lo vers e·l son vuoill enviar

The song and-the tune I-wish to-send

a·n Jaufre Rudel outra mar,

to-lord Jaufré Rudel beyond sea

e vuoill que l'aujon li Frances

and I-wish that it-bear the French

per lor coratges alegrar;

for their hearts to-gladden

que Dieus lor o pot perdonar,

for God to-them it can to-pardon

o sia pechatz o merces.

whether it-be a-sin or a-mercy

D'aisso laus Dieu

16 • FIRE HERE AND WATER THERE

The poet praises God and Saint Andrew that no man has better judgment than he, and will say why. He is rich in crafty senses and hard to mock: he eats the fool's warm bread and lets his own cool. He hunts in another man's thicket when he pleases, holds his freehold in a closed preserve, and carries fire in one hand and water in the other, knowing how to quench the flame.

D'aisso laus Dieu

For-this I-praise God

e saint Andrieu

and saint Andrew

c'om non es de major albir

that-one not is of greater judgment

qu'ieu sui, so'm cuig,

than-I am thus-to-me I-think

e no'n fatz bruig

and not-of-it I-make noise

e volrai vos lo per que dir.

and I-will you the for what to-tell

C'assatz es lait,

For-quite it-is ugly

s'intratz en plait

if-you-enter into a-plea

don non sabretz a lutz issir;

whence not you-will-know to light to-issue

e non es bo

and not it-is good

digatz razo

you-say a-reason

si non la sabetz defenir.

if not it you-know to-define

De gignos sens

Of crafty senses

sui si manens

I-am so rich

que mout sui greus ad escarnir,

that much I-am hard to to-mock

lo pan del fol

the bread of-the fool

caudet e mol

warm and soft

manduc e lais lo mieu frezir.

I-eat and I-leave the mine to-cool

Tant quant li dur,

So long-as to-him it-lasts

li pliu e'il jur

to-him I-pledge and-to-him I-swear

c'om no'm puosca de lui partir;

that-one not-me may from him to-part

e quan li faill

and when to-him it-fails

mus e badaill

I-gape and yawn

e prenda del mieu lo dezir...

and let-him-take of-the mine the desire

Qu'ieu jutg'a drei

For-I judge-by right

que fols follei

that a-fool play-the-fool

e'l savis si gart al partir;

and-the wise-man himself guard at-the parting

qu'a doubl'es fatz

for-in double-be-is a-fool

e dessenzatz

and witless

qui's laiss'a fol enfolletir.

who-himself lets-by a-fool to-be-befooled

D'estoc breto

Of-thrust Breton

ni de basto

nor of cudgel

no sab om plus ni d'escrimir;

not knows one more nor of-fencing

qu'ieu fier autrui

for-I strike another

e·m gart de lui

and-myself I-guard from him

e no·is sap del mieu colp cobrir.

and not-himself he-knows from-the mine blow to-cover

En l'autrui broill

In the-another's thicket

chatz cora·m voill

I-hunt when-me I-wish

e·i fatz mos dos canetz glatir;

and-there I-make my two little-dogs to-yelp

e·l tertz s'ahus

and-the third himself-rouses

eis de rahus

comes-out of a-din

bautz et aficatz per ferir.

bold and eager for to-strike

Mos alos es

My freebold is

en tal debes

in such a-preserve

res mas ieu non s'en pot jauzir,

anyone but I not itself-of-it can to-enjoy

aissi l'ai claus

so it-I-have closed

de pens navaus

with stakes of-ships

que nuills no lo'm pot envazir.

that any not it-to-me can to-invade

De pluzors sens

Of many senses

sui ples e prens

I-am full and laden

de cent colors per mieills chاوزir;

of a-hundred colors for better to-choose

fog porti sai

fire I-carry here

et aigua lai,

and water there

ab que sai la flam' escantir.

with which I-know the flame to-quench

Cascuns si gart,

Each-one himself guard

c'ab aital art

for-with such art

m'er a viure o a morir;

to-me-it-will-be to to-live or to to-die

qu'ieu sui l'auzels

for-I am the-bird

c'als estornels

that-by-the starlings

fatz los mieus auzellos noirir.

I-make the mine little-birds to-nourish

Dirai vos en mon lati

17 · IN MY OWN TONGUE

The poet will speak in his own tongue of what he sees and has seen. He does not think the world will last long: the son fails the father and the father the son. Youth declines and Giving flees in secret. He quotes the miller at his mill and the peasant behind his plow — good fruit comes of a good garden, and a worthless son of a worthless mother — and tells the married men to look at their sense.

Dirai vos en mon lati

I-will-tell you in my tongue

de so qu'ieu vei e que vi;

of that which-I see and that I-saw

non cuich que'l segles dur gaire

not I-think that-the world last long

segon qu'escriptura di,

according-to that-scripture says

qu'eras fail lo fills al paire

for-now fails the son to-the father

e'l pair' al fill atressi.

and-the father to-the son likewise

Desviatz de son cami

Turned-aside from his road

Jovens se torn' a decli,

Youth himself turns to decline

e Donars qu'era sos fraire,

and Giving who-was his brother

va s'en fugen a tapi,

goes himself-thence fleeing in secret

c'anc dons Costans l'enganaire

for-ever lord Costans the-deceiver

Joi ni Joven non jauzi.

Joy or Youth not enjoyed

Soven de pan e de vi

Often with bread and with wine

noiris rics hom mal vezi,

nourishes a-rich man an-ill neighbor

e si'l tengues de mal aire

and if-him be-held of ill stock

segurs es de mal maiti,

sure he-is of an-ill morning

si no'i ment lo gazainaire

if not-in-it lies the husbandman

don lo reproviers issi.

whence the proverb issued

Lo mouniers jutg'al moli:

The miller judges-at-the mill

Qui ben lia ben desli;

Who well binds well unbinds

e'l vilans ditz tras l'araire:

and-the peasant says behind the-plow

Bons fruitz eis de bon jardi,

Good fruit comes of a-good garden

et avols fills d'avol maire

and a-worthless son of-a-worthless mother

e d'avol caval rossi.

and of-a-worthless horse a-nag

Eras naisson dui poilli

Now are-born two colts

beill, burden, ab saura cri

fair prancing with tawny mane

que-is van volven de blanc vaire

that-themselves go turning from white dappled

e fan semblan aseni;

and make a-seeming asinine

Jois e Jovens n'es trichaire

Joy and Youth of-it-is a-cheat

e malvestatz eis d'aqui.

and baseness comes-out from-there

Moillerat, ab sen cabri,

Married-men with sense goatish

atal paratz lo coissi

so you-array the cushion

don lo cons esdeven laire;

whence the cunt becomes a-thief

que tals ditz: «Mos fills me ri»

for such says My son to-me laughs

que anc ren no·i ac a faire:

who ever anything not-in-it had to to-do

gardatz sen ben bedoï.

look-you sense full silly

Re no·m val s'ieu los chasti,

Anything not-to-me avails if-I them chastise

c'ades retornan aqui,

for-at-once they-return there

e puous un non vei estraire

and since one not I-see to-withdraw

Marcabrus d'aquel trahi,

Marcabru from-that treachery

an lo tondres contra·l raire,

let-go the shearing against-the shaving

moillerat, del joc coni.

married-men of-the game cunnish

An lo tondres contra·l raire,

Let-go the shearing against-the shaving

moillerat, del joc coni.

married-men of-the game cunnish

Dirai vos senes duptansa

18 · LISTEN!

Every stanza of this song breaks at the cry Listen! Youth fails and breaks, and Love takes tribute of all who are subject to it, so that each takes his portion and is never quit of it. Love runs like the spark that broods in the soot, looks one way and winks the other, licks where it cannot bite, and has killed a thousand men without a sword. Whoever rules by a woman's sense will suffer for it.

Dirai vos senes duptansa

I-will-tell you without doubting

d'aquest vers la comensansa;

of-this song the beginning

li mot fan de ver semblansa;

the words make of truth a-likeness

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Qui ves Proeza balansa

Who toward Prowess wavers

semblansa fai de malvatz.

a-likeness makes of a-wicked-man

Jovens faill e fraing e brisa,

Youth fails and breaks and shatters

et Amors es d'aital guisa

and Love is of-such a-fashion

de totz cessals a ces prisa,

from all tributaries has tribute taken

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Chascus en pren sa devisa,

Each of-it takes his portion

ja pois no·n sera cuitatz.

ever after not-of-it will-be quit

Amors vai com la belluja

Love goes like the spark

que coal fuec en la suja

that broods-the fire in the soot

art lo fust e la festuja,

burns the timber and the straw

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

E non sap vas qual part fuja

And not he-knows toward what side to-flee

cel qui del fuec es gastatz.

he who by-the fire is wasted

Dirai vos d'Amor com signa;

I-will-tell you of-Love how it-signs

de sai guarda, de lai guigna,

on this-side it-looks on that-side it-winks

sai baiza, de lai rechigna,

here it-kisses on there it-grimaces

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Plus sera dreicha que ligna

More it-will-be straight than a-line

quand ieu serai sos privat.

when I shall-be its intimate

Amors soli' esser drecha,

Love used to-be straight

mas er'es torta e brecha

but now-it-is crooked and notched

et a coillida tal decha

and it-has gathered such a-flaw

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Lai ou non pot mordre, lecha

There where not it-can to-bite it-licks

plus aspramens no fai chatz.

more roughly than does a-cat

Greu sera mais Amors vera

Hardly will-be more Love true

pos del mel triet la cera

since from-the honey it-sorted the wax

anz sap si pelar la pera;

rather it-knows for-itself to-peel the pear

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Doussa·us er com chans de lera

Sweet-to-you it-will-be as song of a-lyre

si sol la coa·l troncatz.

if only the tail-to-it you-lop

Ab diables pren barata

With devils he-takes traffic

qui fals' Amor acoata,

who false Love cherishes

no·il cal c'au·tra verga·l bata;

not-to-him it-needs that-another rod-him beat

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Plus non sent que cel qui·s grata

More not he-feels than he who-himself scratches

tro que s'es vius escorjatz.

until that himself-be-has alive flayed

Amors es mout de mal avi;

Love is much of ill ancestry

mil homes a mortz ses glavi,

a-thousand men it-has killed without sword

Dieus non fetz tant fort gramavi;

God not made so strong a-sorcerer

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Que tot nesci del plus savi

That wholly a-fool of-the most wise

non fassa, si·l ten al latz.

not it-make if-him it-holds in-the noose

Amors a uzatge d'ega

Love has the-custom of-a-mare

que tot jorn vol c'om la sega

that all day wishes that-one her follow

e ditz que no·l dara trega

and says that not-to-him she-will-give truce

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Mas que puej de leg'en lega,

But that he-climb from league-to league

sia dejus o disnatz.

be-be fasting or dined

Cujatz vos qu'ieu non conosca

Think you that-I not know

d'Amor s'es orba o losca?

of-Love if-she-is blind or one-eyed

Sos digz aplan'et entosca,

Her words she-smooths-and she-poisons

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Plus suau poing qu'una mosca

More gently she-stings than-a fly

mas plus greu n'es hom sanatz.

but more hardly of-it-is one healed

Qui per sen de femna reigna

Who by the-sense of a-woman rules

dreitz es que mals li'n aveigna,

right it-is that ill to-him-of-it come

si cum la letra·ns enseigna;

just as the letter-us teaches

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Malaventura·us en veigna

Ill-fortune-to-you of-it may-come

si tuich no vos en gardatz!

if all not yourselves of-it you-guard

Marcabrus, fills Marcabruna,

Marcabru son of-Marcabruna

fo engenratz en tal luna

was begotten under such a-moon

qu'el sap d'Amor cum degruna,

that-he knows of-Love how it-shells-away

— Escoutatz! —

Listen

Quez anc non amet neguna,

That ever not be-loved any-woman

ni d'autra non fo amatz.

and by-another not was loved

Doas cuidas ai compaignier

19 · TWO SUPPOSINGS

The poet keeps two supposings for company, one that gladdens him and one that casts him down, and the whole world is filled with such supposing, sweet and bitter. He would be among the dismayed if he did not know good from ill. Fickle supposers of love are of a foolish household, and among a thousand he cannot find one heartfelt; yet supposing must not be wholly blamed, or Youth would be shamed.

Doas cuidas ai compaignier

Two supposings I-have as-company

que·m donon joi e destorbier,

that-to-me give joy and trouble

per la bona cuida m'esjau

for the good supposing myself-I-gladden

e per l'avol sui aburzitz;

and for the-worthless I-am stupefied

d'aital cuidar

of-such supposing

doutz et amar

sweet and bitter

es totz lo segles replenitz,

is all the world filled

si qu'ieu for' ab los esmaïtz

so that-I would-be with the dismayed

si tant no saubes ben e mau.

if so-much not I-knew good and ill

En dos cuidars ai conssier

In two supposings I-have care

a triar lo frait de l'entier,

to to-sort the broken from the-whole

be·l teing per devin naturau

well-him I-hold for a-diviner natural

qui de cuit conoisser es guitz;

who in supposing to-know is a-guide

de fol cuidar

from foolish supposing

no·m sai gardar,

not-myself I-know to-guard

que s'ieu cuich esser de bon fiz

for if-I think to-be of good trust

e·l fols m'en bruig long los auzitz,

and-the fool to-me-of-it dins along the ears

e·m tornara(n) d'amon d'avau.

and-me they-will-turn from-above from-below

La uostra cuida, soudadier,

The your supposing mercenaries

fai eluschar los bals Gaifier

makes to-dislocate the dances of-Gaifier

qu'envi si balans' enegau

that-bardly itself balances unevenly

la cuid'e·l prometres faillitz;

the supposing-and-the promising failed

nostre cuidar

our supposing

fai desviar

makes to-stray

lo mon[s] don issic la soritz,

the mountain whence came-out the mouse

c'aissi vei los rics sordezitz,

for-thus I-see the rich grown-vile

c'un pro contra donar non au.

that-one profit against giving not I-hear

Ai! fo natz e bateiatz ier

Ab was born and baptized yesterday

cil qui'm cuiet far enconbrier

he who-me thought to-make hindrance

als vezis man que jes no·l lau

to-the neighbors I-send-word that at-all not-him I-praise

can cuia contrafar soritz,

when he-thinks to-counterfeit a-mouse

que per cuidar

who through supposing

cuich esser bar

thinks to-be a-baron

la cuid'es long' e·l faitz blasitz,

the supposing-is long and-the deed withered

car de folla cuid' e[i]s fols critz,

for from foolish supposing comes foolish outcry

leu notz a presen et a frau.

lightly it-harms in open and in secret

Cuiador d'amor volatgier

Supposers of-love fickle

son de folla cuida mainier,

are of foolish supposing household

qu'en mil no'n trob una corau

for-among a-thousand not-of-them I-find one heartfelt

d'aquestas amors cuidairitz,

of-these loves supposing

pero cuidar

yet supposing

non dei blasmar

not I-ought to-blame

del tot, que Jovens for' aunitz;

of-the whole for Youth would-be shamed

si cuiars d'Amor fos oblitz

if supposing of-Love were forgotten

Jois fora tombatz en canau.

Joy would-be fallen into a-gutter

Moillerat cuidan volontier

Married-men suppose willingly

e seguentre·l vin e·l sabrier

and after-the wine and-the sauce

mouta folla cuida esgau,

many-a foolish supposing gladdens

per que·l segles deven mestitz;

for which-the world becomes mongrel

tals vol cuidar

such wishes to-suppose

en bona part,

in good part

non enten que Marcabrus ditz

not he-grasps what Marcabru says

que femnas et enfans petitz

that women and children small

ant una menda comunau.

have one flaw in-common

Dompnas follas de fol mestier

Ladies foolish of foolish trade

son per cuit e fol cavallier,

are through supposing and foolish knights

paubr' orgoillos de cuida brau

poor proud-men of supposing fierce

acolza Dieus acaitivitz!

may-uphold God the-wretched

C'anc per cuidar

For-ever through supposing

non vim granar

not we-saw to-bear-seed

la cima plus que la razitz;

the crown more than the root

qu'en bona cuid'es hom peritz

for-in good supposing-is one undone

si mieiller obra no-i abau.

if better work not-in-it avails

Cuidan s'en van lo tort sentier

Supposing themselves-thence go the crooked path

siulan tavan per esparvier

whistling a-gadfly for a-sparrowhawk

e laisson la dreita carrau

and they-leave the straight road

per lo conseil dels garaignitz

for the counsel of-the snarlers

que fant cuidar

who make to-suppose

al ric avar

to-the rich miser

so don Jovens es marchezitz,

that whereof Youth is withered

e Jois es entre·ls francs faillitz,

and Joy is among-the noble failed

tornatz de Basan en Bertau.

turned from Basan into Bertau

Tot a estru

20 · THE DEBATE WITH AUDRIC

A tenso with Audric, whose name Dejeanne prints over the first stanza. Audric sees that Marcabru means to ask leave, and is not troubled by the parting, so well does Marcabru know how to keep Measure. He tells him his sense will be great if he takes anything here, and that had he wealth he would have furnished him; since he has none, let Marcabru take a broom. He recognizes him as Lost-bread.

Tot a estru

Wholly in earnest

vei, Marcabru,

I-see Marcabru

que comjat voletz demandar.

that leave you-wish to-ask

Del mal partir

Of-the ill parting

non ai cossir,

not I-have care

tant sabetz Mesur' esgardar.

so-well you-know Measure to-beed

Ia non creiretz

Ever not you-will-believe

d'aquesta vetz

of-this time

cels qui nos volrian mesclar.

those who us would-wish to-embroil

No·t teing per mois

Not-thee I-hold for dull

si non conois

if not thou-knowest

qual te vol far refolleiar.

who thee wishes to-make to-play-the-fool

Grans er tos sens,

Great will-be thy sense

si ren sai prens,

if anything here thou-takest

per nuilla paor de chantar

for any fear of singing

en rauca vots

in a-boarse voice

que ruich e glotz

that rasps and gulps

e non glafilla n'aut ni clar.

and not pipes neither-high nor clear

S'agues aver

If-I-had wealth

e mon poder,

in my power

garnitz vos fora del donar,

furnished you would-be with-the giving

e car non l'ai,

and since not it-I-have

prendetz balai,

take-you a-broom

que non podetz ren al portar.

for not you-can anything else to-carry

Petitz enfans

Small children

m'as trobatz tans

to-me-thou-hast found so-many

que l'uns non pot l'autre levar;

that the-one not can the-other to-raise

cill m'an escos,

these to-me-have shaken-off

fe que dei vos,

faithb that I-owe you

tot quant eu solia gabar.

all that I was-wont to-boast

De gran folles

In great folly

t'es entremes,

thyself-thou-hast engaged

cum fes lo moutos de lairar,

as did the sheep of barking

quan sai de Bles

when here from Blois

a mi vengues

to me thou-camest

per negun aver conquistar.

for any wealth to-win

Reconogut

Recognized

t'ai, Pan-perdut,

thee-I-have Lost-bread

e cuidavas ton nom celar;

and thou-thoughtest thy name to-hide

quan tornarás,

when thou-shalt-return

segurs seras

sure thou-shalt-be

de seignor et ieu de joglar.

of a-lord and I of a-minstrel

Seigner n'Audric

20 BIS • LORD AUDRIC ANSWERED

Marcabru's reply to Lord Audric. Audric is stripped bare of wealth, since he says he has none: in September the grain fails him, at Christmas the meat and wine and bread, and at Easter he reads the omens of the hawks. Marcabru knows all his ways, and his best drudgery is filling his belly, mocking, and pandering to whores. At wagging the tongue against a minstrel he is sharper than a kite.

Seigner n'Audric,

Lord Audric

al vostr' afic

at your insisting

mout etz d'aver secos e plans,

much you-are of-wealth shaken-out and flat

puois so dizetz

since this you-say

que no-n avetz,

that not-of-it you-have

qu'en setembre vos faill lo grans.

that-in September to-you fails the grain

Lai, ves Nadal

There toward Christmas

tot atretal

all just-so

vos faill la carns e-l vins e-l pans

to-you fails the flesh and-the wine and-the bread

et en Pascor,

and in Eastertide

seguon l'auctor,

after the-author

crezetz en l'agur dels albens.

you-believe in the-omen of-the hobby-hawks

S'a destre vai,

If-to-the right it-goes

conosc e sai,

I-know and I-am-sure

qu'etz de bon ostal segurans,

that-you-are of good lodging assured

si l'agurs faill

if the-omen fails

venon badaill,

come yawns

et es blasmatz sains Julians.

and is blamed saint Julian

Totz vestres us

All your ways

sap Marcabrus,

knows Marcabru

e totz vostre meiller bians

and all your best drudgery

del ventr' emplir,

of-the belly to-fill

e d'escarnir

and of-mocking

es, e de cossentir putans.

it-is and of consenting-to whores

Quan vos totz sols

When you all alone

etz ben sadols,

are full sated

non vos es ges rics gaps loindans;

not to-you is at-all a-rich boast far-fetched

segon tas leis

according-to thy laws

as plus conquere[i]s

thou-hast more conquered

que non fetz Cesar als Romans.

than — did Caesar for-the Romans

De lengueiar

Of wagging-the-tongue

contra joglar

against a-minstrel

etz plus aflatz que milans;

you-are more sharpened than a-kite

del vostre bec,

of-the your beak

n'Artimalec,

lord-Artimalec

no·is jauzira ja crestians.

not-himself will-rejoice ever a-Christian

Bel m'es quan la fuelh'ufana

21 • THE CROSSWISE TONGUE

The swelling leaf on the high branch pleases the poet, and the nightingale labors beneath the twigs. Every bird with a sound voice trims itself for singing, the frog strains by the spring, and the owl grumbles. The vain creatures pair for love, and their joy follows the level way while ours stumbles, for among us whoever can, deceives. A cowardly crosswise tongue lays waste with its piebald lie; Youth turns false, Giving totters, and Baseness goes uppermost.

Bel m'es quan la fuelh'ufana

Fair to-me-is when the leaf-swells

e[n] l'auta branquilha

on the-high little-branch

e-l rossinholet[s] s'afana

and-the little-nightingale itself-labors

desotz la ramilha

beneath the twiggerly

que-l platz frims, a la luguana,

that-to-him pleases the-frost at the dawn-light

del chant que grezilha.

of-the song that crackles

Quecx auzel[s] quez a votz sana

Every bird that has a-voice sound

de cantar s'atilha,

for singing itself-trims

e s'esforsa si la rana

and itself-strains so the frog

lonc la fontanilha,

along the little-spring

e-l chauans ab sa chauana,

and-the screech-owl with his owlet

s'als non pot, grondilha.

if-else not he-can he-grumbles

Sesta creatura vana

This creature vain

d'amor s'aparilha,

for-love itself-pairs

lur joys sec la via plana

their joy follows the way level

e-l nostre bruzilha;

and-the ours stumbles

quar nos, qui plus pot enguana,

for among-us who most can deceives

per qu'usquecx buzilha.

for which-each bungles

Volpils lengua traversana

Cowardly a-tongue crosswise

qu'a lairo cossilha,

that-in thieving counsels

ab sa messorgua baussana

with its lie piebald

desert' ez essilha,

it-lays-waste and ruins

so per qu'amor segurana

that for which-love secure

non truep ses ruyilha.

not I-find without rust

Jovens feuney' e trefana

Youth turns-false and treacherous

e Donars becilha,

and Giving totters

saubud' es causa certana

known is the-thing certain

que Valors guancilha,

that Merit staggers

e Maluestatz va sobrana

and Baseness goes uppermost

la mair' e la filha.

the mother and the daughter

Pieger es que gualiana

Worse it-is than a-cheat

Amors que guespilha,

Love that stings-like-a-wasp

cruzels cozens e baiana

cruel burning and insipid

calens e frezilha

scalding and it-chills

quar molt tratz mal e safrana

for much it-draws ill and saffrons

selhuy cui estrilha.

him whom it-curries

Sist falsa gent crestiana

This false folk Christian

qu'en crim pec fremilha,

that-in crime stupid swarms

a la fi ves Corrossana

at the end toward Khorasan

vira l'escobilha,

turns the-sweepings

que'l baptismes de Jordana

for-the baptism of Jordan

lur notz e·ls perilha.

them barns and-them imperils

Emperaire, per mi mezeis

22 • THE CRUSADE IN SPAIN

To the emperor. Marcabru has not delayed his coming, since Joy feeds the emperor and Worth increases him. The Son of God summons him to avenge Him on Pharaoh's line, and the barons fail at the passes. The emperor ought to bear the toil for Spain and the Sepulcher. The rich who love soft lying take the blame, while we here will win honor, wealth, and reward from God. With Portugal, Navarre, and Barcelona turned toward Toledo, the pagans could be routed.

Emperaire, per mi mezeis,

Emperor for myself own

sai quant vostra proeza creis,

I-know how-much your prowess grows

no·m sui jes tarzatz del venir,

not-myself I-am at-all delayed in-the coming

que Jois vos pais e Pretz vos creis,

for Joy you feeds and Worth you increases

e Jovens vos ten baud e freis

and Youth you holds bold and fresh

que fai vostra valor doucir.

which makes your merit to-sweeten

Pois lo fills de Dieu vos somo

Since the Son of God you summons

que·l vengetz del ling Farao,

that-him you-avenge on-the line of-Pharaoh

ben vos en devetz esbaudir;

well yourselves of-it you-ought to-gladden

contra·ls portz faillon li baro,
toward-the passes fail the barons
 li plus de conduich e de do,
the most in entertainment and in gift
 e ja Dieus no·ls en lais jauzir!
and ever God not-them of-it let to-rejoice

Mais en cels de lai es remas
But on those of yonder is left
 ad ops d'Espaigna e del vas,
for the-need of-Spain and of-the Sepulcher
 en devetz ben l'afan soffrir,
of-it you-ought well the-toil to-bear
 e·ls Sarrazis tornar atras,
and-the Saracens to-turn back
 e de l'aut orguoill forvenir,
and of the-high pride to-overcome
 e Dieus er ab vos al fenir.
and God will-be with you at-the ending

Als Amoravis fai conort
To-the Almoravids gives comfort
 per las poestatz d'outra·l port
through the powers from-beyond-the pass
 qu'ant pres una tel' ad ordir
who-have begun a web to to-warp
 de drap d'enveia e de tort,
of cloth of-envy and of wrong

e ditz cadaüs qu'a sa mort

and says each-one that-at his death

s' fara de sa part desvestir.

himself he-will-make of his share to-strip

Mas de lai n'ant blasme li ric

But from yonder of-it-have blame the rich

c'amon lo sojorn e l'abric

who-love the sojourn and the-shelter

mol jazer e soau dormir.

soft lying and gentle sleeping

E nos sai, segon lo prezic,

And we here according-to the preaching

conquerrem de Dieu per afic

shall-win from God through striving

l'onor e l'aver e'l merir.

the-honor and the-wealth and-the reward

Trop s'en van entr'els cobeitan

Too-much themselves-thence go among-them coveting

aicill que vergoigna non an,

those who shame not have

e's cuion ab l'aver cobrir;

and-themselves think with the-wealth to-cover

et ieu dic lor, segon semblan,

and I say to-them according-to seeming

que·l cap derrier e·ls pes denan

that-the head behind and-the feet before

los coven dels palaitz issir.

them it-behooves from-the palaces to-issue

Per pauc Marcabrus non trasaiill

For little Marcabru — starts

de Joven, can per aver fail,

for Youth when for wealth it-fails

e cel qui plus l'am' acullir,

and he who most it-loves to-welcome

quan venra al derrier badaill,

when will-come to-the last gasp

en mil marcs non dari' un aill,

for a-thousand marks not he-would-give a garlic

si li fara la mortz pudir.

so to-him will-make the death to-stink

Ab la valor de Portegual

With the merit of Portugal

e del rei Navar atretal

and of-the king of-Navarre likewise

ab sol que Barsalona's vir

provided only that Barcelona-itself turn

ves Toleta l'emperial,

toward Toledo the-imperial

segur poirem cridar: reial!

surely we-shall-be-able to-cry royal

E paiana gen desconfir.

And pagan folk to-rout

Si non fosson tant gran li riu

If not were so great the rivers

als Amoravis for' esquiui;

to-the Almoravids it-would-be grievous

e pogram lor o ben plevir,

and we-could to-them it well to-pledge

e s'atendon lo recaliu

and they-await the fresh-beat

e de Castella·l seignoriui,

and of Castile-the lordship

Cordova·il farem magrezir.

Cordova-to-them we-shall-make to-grow-lean

Mas Franssa Peitau e Beiriu

But France Poitou and Berry

aclina un sol seignoriui,

bends one single lordship

venga sai Dieu son fieui servir!

let-him-come here God his fief to-serve

Qu'ieu non sai per que princes viu

For-I not know for what a-prince lives

s'a Dieu no vai son fiev servir.

if-to God not he-goes his fief to-serve

Emperaire per vostre prez

23 · TO THE EMPEROR

A short piece to an emperor. Marcabru has come for his worth and his prowess and does not repent it; he will make known far and near the joy that is coming to the emperor. He asks who is pleased that he is so sharp with the wicked and the recreant, quotes the proverb that what a lord gives and a serf weeps over is tears wasted, and asks the empress to pray for him.

Emperaire per vostre prez

Emperor for your worth

e per la proeza q'avez

and for the prowess that-you-have

sui a vos venguz, zo sabez,

I-am to you come this you-know

e no m'en dei ges penedir.

and not myself-of-it I-ought at-all to-repent

Meillz m'en degra lo pels sezer

Better to-me-of-it ought the hair to-sit

car chai vinc vostra cort vezer,

because hither I-came your court to-see

q'eu farai loing e pres saber

for-I shall-make far and near to-know

lo joi que vos es a venir.

the joy that to-you is to to-come

S'anc per vos demenei orgoill

If-ever for you I-displayed pride

tot m'es tornat en autre fuoill,

all to-me-is turned into another leaf

qe tals mena bon fait en l'uoill

for such leads a-good deed in the-eye

qe no s'en auza descobrir.

who not himself-of-it dares to-uncover

Qi-l sa[p] bon q'eu sui tant poinenz

Who-it finds good that-I am so pricking

als malvats et als recredenz,

to-the wicked and to-the recreant

per qe n'a serrada[s] las denz

for which of-it-he-has clenched the teeth

e non ausa lo criz eissir?

and not dares the cry to-issue

Emperaire, si ben enquers,

Emperor if well you-inquire

lo reprovers es fis e mers:

the proverb is fine and pure

Ço qe dons dona e plora sers

That which a-lord gives and weeps a-serf

las lacrimas devon perir.

the tears must to-perish

(Emperaire si Dieus me gart)

Emperor so God me keep

s'eu me faill al vostre donar

if-I myself fail at-the your giving

jamais a gorc qu'auza lauzar

ever-more to a-pool that-one-dares to-praise

non ira Marcabrunz pescar

not will-go Marcabru to-fish

c'ades cuidaria faillir.

for-at-once he-would-think to-fail

Per aquela fe q'eu vos dei,

By that faith that-I to-you owe

anc mes emperador ni rei

ever more emperor nor king

non agron tal merchat de mei,

not bad such a-bargain of me

con vos, e D[i]eus m'en lais jauzir.

as you and God to-me-of-it let to-rejoice

Emperairiz, pregaz per mei,

Empress pray for me

qu'eu farai vostre prez richir.

for-I shall-make your worth to-grow-rich

En abriu, s'esclairò·il riu contra·l Pascor

24 · ONE COLOR

April brightens the streams and the leaves come out above the flower. Whoever has an acknowledged lover of one color should hold him white without darkening, for dappled love has a traitor's custom: to your face it makes a fine show, and repays noble service with worse. God curse pied love, which, like too much wine, takes the drinker's strength. Before the poet three pass at the passage, and he knows nothing until the fourth.

En abriu, s'esclairò·il riu contra·l Pascor,

In April themselves-brighten-the streams toward-the Eastertide

e per lo bruoiil naisso·il fuoiil sobre la flor;

and through the thicket are-born-the leaves above the flower

bellamen, ab solatz gen, e·m conort de fin' Amor.

fairly with cheer noble and-myself I-cheer with pure Love

Qui a drut reconogut d'una color

Who has a-lover acknowledged of-one color

blanc lo teigna, puois lo deigna ses brunor;

white him let-her-bold since him she-deigns without darkening

c'amors vair' al mieu veiair' a l'usatge trahidor.

for-love dappled to my seeming has the-custom of-a-traitor

Denan vos fara semblan bon per meillor,

Before you she-will-make a-show good for better

per servir gen, a talen mal per peyor;

through serving nobly at will ill for worse

vers es, per ben fait, cap frait e mainz laisitz per honor.

true it-is for well done a-head broken and many reviled for honor

Dieus maldiga amor piga e sa valor;

God curse love pierce and its merit

per sa lecha pren delech' al bevedor,

through its lick it-takes delight in-the drinker

qui trop beu plus que non deu lo vins li tol la vigor.

who too-much drinks more than — he-ought the wine from-him takes the vigor

Si l'amia non crezi' enganador

If the-beloved not believed a-deceiver

lauzengier ni mal parlier acusador,

a-slanderer nor ill speaker accuser

sieus seria, si-m volia, ses bauzi' e ses error.

hers I-would-be if-me she-wished without guile and without error

Puois qu'ieu vei qu'ella non crei castiador,

Since that-I see that-she not believes a-chastiser

anz de totz malvatz pren patz, cals la groissor

rather from all wicked she-takes peace such the swelling

a la den torna soven la leng' on sent la dolor.

to the tooth turns often the tongue where it-feels the pain

Denan mei n'i passon trei al passador,

Before me of-them-there pass three at-the passage

non sai mot tro·l quartz la fot e·l quinz lai cor.

not I-know a-word until-the fourth her swives and-the fifth there runs

Enaissi torn' a decli l'amors e torn' en negror.

Thus turns to decline the-love and turns into blackness

Aquist con son deziron e raubador,

These cunts are greedy and robbing

tuit cill gartz i clamon partz et ill en lor,

all those knaves there claim shares and they in them

e qui mieills fa sordeitz a, cum de l'agnel an pastor.

and who best does worst has as of the-lamb they-have a-shepherd

A dur auzel tol la pel cel qui escorja voutor.

From a-hard bird takes the skin he who flays a-vulture

Estornel, cueill ta volada

25 · THE STARLING SENT

The poet sends a starling as his messenger. It is to fly tomorrow morning to a region where he thought he had a love, find her, and ask why she unbinds herself; one meeting, had she wished it, would have made a great morning. He warns it of her gilded speech and her leaded dice, and tells it to say he will die unless he knows how she lies, naked or clothed.

Estornel, cueill ta volada:

Starling take thy flight

deman, ab la matinada,

tomorrow with the morning

iras m'en un' encontrada,

thou-shalt-go for-me-thence to-a region

on cugei aver amia;

where I-thought to-have a-beloved

trobaras

thou-shalt-find

e veiras

and thou-shalt-see

per que vas;

for what thou-goest

comtar l'as

to-tell it-thou-shalt

e·ill diras

and-to-her thou-shalt-say

en eis pas

in that-same step

per que se traslia.

for what herself she-unbinds

No sai s'aissi's fo fadada

Not I-know if-thus-berself she-was fated

que no m'am e si' amada;

that not me-she-love and is loved

c'ab una sola vegada

for-with one single time

fora grans la matinia,

would-be great the morning

si'll plagues

if-to-her it-pleased

ni volgues

and she-wished

qu'o fezes;

that-it she-did

per un mes

for one month

n'agra tres,

of-it-I-would-have three

aqui es

there is

de sa companhia.

of her company

Ai! com es encabalada

Ah how is perfected

la falsa razos daurada,

the false speech gilded

denan totas vai triada;

before all it-goes chosen

va! ben es fols qui s'i fia,

go-to truly is a-fool who himself-in-it trusts

de sos datz

of her dice

c'a plombatz

that-she-has leaded

vos gardatz,

yourselves guard

qu'enganatz

for-deceived

n'a assatz,

of-them-she-has enough

so sapchatz,

this know-you

e mes en la via.

and put on the road

Per semblant es veziada,

In seeming she-is crafty

plus que veilla volps cassada;

more than an-old fox hunted

l'autrier mi fetz far la bada

the-other-day me she-made to-do the watch

tota nueg entruesc' al dia.

all night until to-the day

Sos talans

Her desires

es volans

are flying

ab enguans;

with deceits

mas us chans

but a song

fa·n enfans

makes-of-them children

castians

chastening

de lor felonia.

of their felony

Selui fadet gentils fada

Him fated a-noble fairy

a cui fo s'amors donada;

to whom was her-love given

no fo tals cretianada

not was such-a-one christened

de sai lo peiron Elia;

on this-side the stone of-Elia

vol' e vai

fly and go

tot dreit lai,

all straight thither

e·l retrai

and-to-her recount

qu'ieu morrai,

that-I shall-die

si no sai

if not I-know

consi jai

how she-lies

nuda o vestia.

naked or clothed

Sa beutatz fon ab leis nada

Her beauty was with her born

ses fum de creis ni d'erbada;

without fume of cress or of-herb-bath

de mil amicx es cazada

by a-thousand friends she-is hunted

e de mil senhors amia.

and of a-thousand lords the-beloved

Marcabrus

Marcabru

ditz que l'us

says that the-door

non es clus;

not is shut

bad e mus

let-him-gape and muse

qui·ll vol plus

who-of-her wishes more

c'a raüs

that-with a-rasp

part de la fraia.

he-parts from the spawn

De fin' amor dezirada

Of pure love desired

az una flor pic vairada

to a flower pied dappled

plus que d'autruna pazuada.

more than of-another set

Paucs fols fai tost gran folia.

A-little fool makes soon great folly

Perdo·l grat

I-lose-the favor

de l'abat

of the-abbot

Saint Privat;

Saint Privat

m'ai pensat

myself-I-have bethought

ses cujat

without supposing

si·m ditz: mat,

if-to-me she-says mate

que l'amors embria.

that the-love intoxicates

Del deslei

Of-the wrong

que me fei

that to-me she-did

li fauc drei,

to-her I-do right

e·il m'autrei,

and-to-her I-grant-myself

mas sotz mei

but under me

aplat sei,

let-her-flatten herself

qu'ela·m lass' e·m lia.

that-she-me snares and-me binds

Ges l'estornels non s'oblida

26 • THE STARLING RETURNS

The starling does not forget its errand: it flies straight, finds the place, and sings on a flowering branch until she opens the door. It reports what is said of her beyond Lerida. She answers that she is wrongly assailed, that she never pledged herself, and that she loves another. Then she sends the bird back with a message: let him come in the morning, and under a pine they will make an end of this ill will.

Ges l'estornels non s'oblida,

At-all the-starling not himself-forgets

quant ac la razon auzida,

when he-had the message heard

c'ans ha sa vida cuillida,

for-before he-has his food gathered

del dreg volar no s'alensa.

from-the straight flying not himself-he-slackens

Tant anet

So-far he-went

e violet

and he-flew

e seguet

and he-followed

lo devet,

the refuge

orguanet,

he-contrived

e trobet,

and he-found

a chantar comensa.

to to-sing he-begins

Sobr' una branca florida

Upon a branch flowering

lo francx auzels brai e crida;

the noble bird brays and cries

tant ha sa votz esclarzida,

so-much he-has his voice cleared

qu'ela n'a auzit l'entensa.

that-she of-it-has heard the-intent

L'us declui,

The-door she-unlocks

lai s'esdui

thither himself-he-betakes

truesc' a lui.

straight to her

«Auzels sui,»

A-bird I-am

ditz: — «Per cui

he-says For whom

fas tal brui

makest-thou such a-noise

ho cal[s] amor[s] tensa?»

or what love strains-thee

Di l'estornels: «Part Lerida

Says the-starling Beyond Lerida

a pros es tan descremida,

with the-worthy she-is so skirmished

c'anc no saup plus de gandida,

that-ever not I-knew more of shelter

plena de falsa crezensa.

full of false belief

Mil amic

A-thousand friends

s'en fan ric:

themselves-of-it make rich

per l'abric

for the-shelter

que·us servic,

that-to-you served

lo meric

the reward

del chairic

of-the fall

n'aura ses faillensa.»

of-it-he-will-have without failing

— «Auzels, a tort m'a' nvazida;

Bird in wrong me-he-has assailed

mas pos amor no·m ressida,

but since love not-me awakens

mas qu'ieu no sui sa plevida,

since that-I not am his pledged

en cug aver m'entendensa.

of-it I-think to-have my-inclination

L'autr'am ieu,

The-other-I-love I

so vueill ieu,

this wish I

e badi[e]u

and a-gaper

ses aisi[e]u

without ease

don m'eschi[e]u

whence myself-I-shun

tug de bri[e]u,

all of briefly

ses far contenensa.»

without to-make countenance

Az una part es partida

To one side is gone

ma fin' amistatz plevida,

my pure friendship pledged

son joc revit, si·l m'envida.

his game I-raise if-be me-invites

Auzels, per ta conoisensa,

Bird by thy discernment

so·l diguatz

this-to-him say-you

qu'en un glatz

that-in an ice

lev' e jatz,

be-rises and lies

desiratz

desired

er l'abatz

will-be the-abbot

ans asatz

rather enough

que n'ajam lezensa.

that of-it-we-have leave

La cambr'er de cel guarnida,

The chamber-will-be with sky furnished

d'un ric jauzir per jauzida,

with-a rich joying for enjoyed

c'ab dous baizar s'es sentida

that-with sweet kissing herself-has felt

desotz se plat de plazensa.

beneath herself it-pleases of pleasure

Vai e'l di

Go and-to-him say

qu'el mati

that-in-the morning

si·aisi,

let-him-be-here

que sotz pi

that under a-pine

farem fi,

we-shall-make an-end

sotz lui mi,

under him me

d'esta malvolensa.»

of-this ill-will

Gent ha la razon fenida,

Nobly he-has the message finished

estornels cui l'aura guida

the-starling whom the-breeze guides

[vas] son senhor, com qu'estia;

toward his lord however that-it-be

«Vos ai amor de valensa.

You I-have love of worth

C'als mil drutz

For-to-the thousand lovers

ha rendutz

she-has rendered

mil salutz

a-thousand greetings

e pagutz

and fed

per condutz

with fare

ses traütz

without tribute

de falsa semensa.»

of false seed

S'al mati

If-in-the morning

l'es aqui

to-her-you-are there

on vos di

where to-you she-says

e·us mandi,

and-to-you she-sends

qu'el ardi

that-in-the ardor

del jardi

of-the garden

e que·us mat e·us vensa!

and that-you she-mate and-you she-vanquish

Lanquan fuelhon li boscatge

28 · WHEN THE WOODLANDS LEAF

When the woodlands leaf and the flower appears in the meadow, the birds' song under the shade pleases the poet, and the birds have won their joy. The frost takes it back, but he sings every day, and Love and Joy are one measure to him in heat or cold. The lady who should send him a message either fears to lower her rank or is angered, or Pride has come between them.

Lanquan fuelhon li boscatge

When leaf-out the woodlands

e par la flors en la prada,

and appears the flower in the meadow

m'es belhs dous chanz per l'ombratge,

to-me-is fair the-sweet song through the-shade

que fan desus la ramada

that make above the foliage

l'auzelet per la verdura;

the-little-birds through the greenery

e pus lo temps si melhura,

and since the weather itself betters

elh s'an lur joya conquiza.

they themselves-have their joy won

Ara perdon l'alegragge

Now they-lose the-gladness

pel frey e per la gilada;

through-the cold and through the frost

mas ieu ai pres tal uzatge:

but I have taken such a-custom

totz iorns chant, qu'ara m'agrada;

all days I-sing for-now it-pleases-to-me

e fassa caut o freidura,

and be-it heat or cold

trastot m'es d'una mezura

wholly to-me-it-is of-one measure

Amors e Joys, d'eyssa guiza.

Love and Joy of-that-same fashion

On plus n'ay melhor coratge

The more of-it-I-have better heart

d'amor, mielhs m'es deslonhada,

for-love the-more from-me-it-is put-far

per qu'ieu no·m planc mon dampnatge?

for which-I not-myself lament my harm

Qu'aitals es ma destinada

For-such is my destiny

que Joys e Bon'Aventura

that Joy and Good-Fortune

mi tolh un pauc de rancura

from-me take a little of bitterness

que m'es ins el cor assiza.

which to-me-is within in-the heart seated

Selha que·m degra messatge

She who-to-me ought a-message

enviar de ss'encontrada,

to-send from her-region

o tem bayssar son paratge,

either fears to-lower her rank

o s'es ves mi azirada,

or herself-is toward me angered

o no vol, o no endura,

or not she-wishes or not she-endures

ben leu Orguelhs, o Non-Cura

quite likely Pride or Not-Caring

s'es entre nos entremiza.

herself-has between us intruded

Ges no-l sera d'agradatge

At-all not-to-her will-be of-pleasure

la merces qu'ieu l'ai clamada.

the mercy that-I of-her-have claimed

S'ieu lieys pert per son folhatge,

If-I her lose through her folly

ieu n'ay outra espiada,

I of-them-have another spied

fina, esmerada e pura,

fine refined and pure

qu'aitals amors es segura

for-such a-love is sure

que de fin joy es empriza.

which of pure joy is kindled

Per lieys am tot son linhatge

For her I-love all her lineage

e totz selhs que l'an lauzada,

and all those who her-have praised

quar anc no·m fes estranhatge,

because ever not-to-me she-made estrangement

mas quora·m vi, fon privada.

but whenever-me she-saw she-was familiar

Quar ieu l'am senes falsura,

Because I her-love without falseness

ja no·m deu esser escura

ever not-to-me she-ought to-be dark

d'aquo don tan l'ay enquiza.

of-that whereof so-much her-I-have besought

Be·m tengratz per folhatura,

Well-me you-would-hold for folly

si be·m fai e mielhs m'ahura,

if well-me she-does and better me-befalls

s'ieu ja m'en planc quar l'ai viza.

if-I ever myself-of-it lament because her-I-have seen

L'autrier, a l'issida d'abriu

29 · THE SHEPHERD AND THE GIRL

At the end of April the poet hears a shepherd lad singing with a girl and finds her under a shady beech. He proposes that they pair; she answers that her heart and her business are elsewhere, and that Worth and Youth and Joy are declining so that no one can trust another. She goes on about rich men and barons who shut their wives in and set churls to guard them.

L'autrier, a l'issida d'abriu,

The-other-day at the-going-out of-April

en uns pastoraus lonc un riu,

in some pastures along a stream

et ab lo comens d'un chantiu

and with the beginning of-a singing

que fant l'auzeill per alegrar,

that make the-birds for to-gladden

auzi la votz d'un pastoriu

I-heard the voice of-a shepherd-lad

ab una mancipa chantar.

with a girl to-sing

Trobei la sotz un fau ombriu:

I-found her under a beech shady

«Bella, fich m'ieu, pois Jois reviu

Fair-one said myself-I since Joy revives

(lacuna)

ben nos devem apareillar.»

well ourselves we-ought to-pair

— «Non devem, don, que d'als pensiu

Not we-ought sir for on-other-things thoughtful

ai mon coratg' e mon affar.»

I-have my heart and my business

— «Digatz, bella, del pens cum vai

Say fair-one of-the thought how it-goes

on vostre coratges estai?»

where your heart stands

— «A ma fe, don, ieu vos dirai,

By my faith sir I to-you shall-tell

s'aisi es vers cum aug comtar,

if-thus it-is true as I-hear to-be-told

Pretz e Jovens e Jois dechai

Worth and Youth and Joy decline

c'om en autre no·is pot fiar.

that-one in another not-himself can to-trust

D'autra manieira cogossos,

Of-another manner cuckolds

hi a rics homes e baros

there are rich men and barons

qui las enserron dinz maios

who them shut-up within houses

qu'estraïns non i posca intrar

so-that-a-stranger not in-it may to-enter

e tenon guirbautz als tisos

and they-keep churls at-the firesides

cui las comandon a gardar.

whom them they-command to to-guard

E segon que ditz Salamos,

And according-to what says Solomon

non podon cill pejors lairos

not can those worse thieves

acuillir d'aquels compaignos

to-welcome than-those companions

qui fant la noïrim cogular,

who make the offspring to-be-mongrel

et aplanon los guirbaudos

and they-stroke the little-churls

e cujon lor fills piadar.»

and think their sons to-dandle

L'autrier jost' una sebissa

30 • THE SHEPHERDESS

The pastorela. The poet meets a shepherdess by a hedge and offers his company; she answers every approach. He praises her birth and her beauty, offers to lie with her, and calls her heart wild but tameable. She tells him that a man pressed by folly swears and pledges, but she will not change her maidenhead for the name of a whore, and that where measure is not kept, sense is lacking.

L'autrier jost' una sebissa

The-other-day beside a hedgerow

trobei pastora mestissa,

I-found a-shepherdess of-mixed-birth

de joi e de sen massissa,

of joy and of sense solid

si cum filla de vilana,

just as a-daughter of a-peasant-woman

cap' e gonel' e pelissa

cape and gown and pelisse

vest e camiza treslissa,

she-wears and a-shift of-coarse-weave

sotlars e caussas de lana.

shoes and stockings of wool

Ves lieis vinc per la planissa:

Toward her I-came across the plain

«Toza, fi-m ieu, res faitissa,

Girl said-me I a-thing well-made

dol ai car lo freitz vos fissa.»

grief I-have because the cold you pierces

— «Seigner, so·m dis la vilana,

Lord thus-to-me said the peasant-girl

merce Dieu e ma noirissa,

thanks-to God and my nurse

pauc m'o pretz si·l vens m'erissa,

little to-me-it I-value if-the wind me-ruffles

qu'alegreta sui e sana.»

for-merry I-am and sound

— «Toza, fi·m ieu, cauza pia,

Girl said-me I a-thing kindly

destors me sui de la via

turned-aside myself I-am from the way

per far a vos compaignia;

for to-make to you company

quar aitals toza vilana

for such-a girl peasant

no deu ses pareill paria

not ought without an-equal companion

pastorgar tanta bestia

to-shepherd so-many beasts

en aital terra, soldana.»

in such a-land lonely

— «Don, fetz ela, qui que·m sia,

Sir said she whoever that-I be

ben conosc sen e folia;

well I-know sense and folly

la vostra pareillaria,

the your companionship

seigner, so-m dis la vilana,

lord thus-to-me said the peasant-girl

lai on se tang si s'estia,

there where itself it-befits so let-it-keep

que tals la cuid' en bailia

for such her thinks in keeping

tener, no-n a mas l'ufana.»

to-bold not-of-it has but the-show

— «Toza de gentil afaire,

Girl of noble bearing

cavaliers fon vostre paire

a-knight was your father

que-us engenret en la maire,

who-you begot in the mother

car fon corteza vilana.

because she-was a-courtly peasant-woman

Con plus vos gart, m'etz belaire,

The more you I-behold to-me-you-are the-fairer

e per vostre joi m'esclaire,

and through your joy myself-I-brighten

si-m fossetz un pauc humana!»

if-to-me you-were a little kind

— «Don, tot mon ling e mon aire

Sir all my line and my stock

vei revertir e retraire

I-see to-turn-back and to-withdraw

al vezoig et a l'araire,

to the-billbook and to the-plow

seigner, so·m dis la vilana;

lord thus-to-me said the peasant-girl

mas tals se fai cavalgaire

but such himself makes a-rider

c'atrestal deuria faire

who-just-so ought to-do

los seis jorns de la setmana.»

the six days of the week

— «Toza, fi·m ieu, gentils fada,

Girl said-me I a-noble fairy

vos adastret, quam fos nada,

you endowed when you-were born

d'una beutat esmerada

with-a beauty refined

sobre tot' outra vilana;

above every other peasant-girl

e seria·us ben doblada,

and it-would-be-to-you well doubled

si·m vezi' una vegada,

if-me I-saw-myself one time

sobira e vos sotrana.»

uppermost and you undermost

— «Seigner, tan m'avetz lauzada,

Lord so-much me-you-have praised

que tota·n sui enojada;

that wholly-of-it I-am wearied

pois en pretz m'avetz levada,

since in worth me-you-have raised

seigner, so·m dis la vilana,

lord thus-to-me said the peasant-girl

per so n'auretz per soudada

for this of-it-you-will-have for wages

al partir: bada, fols, bada,

at-the parting gape fool gape

e la muz'a meliana.»

and the vain-waiting-at noonday

— «Toz', estraing cor e salvatge

Girl an-aloof heart and wild

adomesg' om per uzatge.

tames one through use

Ben conosc al trespasatge

Well I-know at-the passing

qu'ab aital toza vilana

that-with such-a girl peasant

pot hom far ric compaignatge

can one to-make a-rich fellowship

ab amistat de coratge,

with friendship of heart

si l'us l'autre non engana.»

if the-one the-other not deceives

— «Don, hom coitatz de follatge

Sir a-man pressed by folly

jur' e pliu e promet gatge:

swears and pledges and promises a-gage

si·m fariatz homenatge,

so-to-me you-would-do homage

seigner, so·m dis la vilana;

lord thus-to-me said the peasant-girl

mas ieu, per un pauc d'intratge,

but I for a little of-entry-fee

non vuoil ges mon piucellatge,

not I-wish at-all my maidenbead

camjar per nom de putana.»

to-change for the-name of a-whore

— «Toza, tota creatura

Girl every creature

revertis a sa natura:

turns-back to its nature

pareillar pareilladura

to-pair a-pairing

devem, ieu e vos, vilana,

we-ought I and you peasant-girl

a l'abric lonc la pastura,

in the-shelter beside the pasture

car plus n'estaretz segura

for the-more of-it-you-will-be secure

per far la cauza doussana.»

for to-do the thing sweet

— «Don, oc; mas segon dreitura

Sir yes but according-to right

cerca fols sa follatura,

seeks a-fool his folly

cortes cortez' aventura,

a-courtly-man courtly adventure

e-il vilans ab la vilana;

and-the peasant with the peasant-woman

en tal loc fai sens fraitura

in such a-place makes sense a-lack

on hom non garda mezura,

where one not keeps measure

so ditz la gens anciana.»

this says the folk ancient

— «Toza, de vostra figura

Girl of your figure

non vi outra plus tafura

not I-saw another more sly

ni de son cor plus trefana.»

nor of her heart more false

— «Don, lo cavecs vos ahura,

Sir the owl you augurs

que tals bad' en la peinture

for such gapes at the painting

qu'autre n'espera la mana.»

that-another of-it-awaits the manna

L'iverns vai e'l temps s'aizina

31 • YES AND NO

Every stanza is broken twice, by a cry and by the word yes. Winter goes and each draws toward his mate. Loving torments with a greedy heart; good Love carries medicine to heal its companion, while Loving scourges its own and shows love only while the wealth lasts. A lady who loves a churl of the house mongrelizes her will. The poet will pledge no more for Lord Eblo's verse-making, which upholds a foolish judgment against reason.

L'iverns vai e'l temps s'aizina

The-winter goes and-the season itself-settles

e reverdej' il boisso,

and grow-green-again the bushes

e par la flors en l'espina

and appears the flower on the-thorn

don s'esjauzen l'auzello:

whereat rejoice the-little-birds

ai!

ah

Ja deven hom d'amor gai,

Now becomes one with-love gay

chascus vas sa par s'atrai,

each toward his mate himself-draws

hoc,

yes

segon plazenssa corina.

according-to pleasure of-the-heart

Lo freitz frim e la bruina

The cold shivers and the drizzle

contra la gentil sazo;

against the gentle season

pels plais e per la gaudina

through-the hedges and through the woodland

aug del chan la contensso;

I-hear of-the song the contention

ai!

ah

Ieu·m met de trobar en plai,

I-myself set of composing in debate

e dirai d'amor cum vai,

and I-shall-tell of-love how it-goes

hoc,

yes

si·m vuoill e cum revolina.

if-me I-wish and how it-whirls

Amars creis et atahina

Loving grows and torments

tric' ab coratje gloto

it-cheats with a-heart greedy

per una dolssor conina

for a sweetness cunnish

que·is compren d'un fuoc fello;

which-itself kindles with-a fire cruel

ai!

ah

Ja non er nuills s'i dechai

Ever not will-be any himself-in-it falls

d'averas o per assai;

in-earnest or for trial

hoc,

yes

no·i lais del pel en l'arsina.

not-in-it he-leaves of-the hair in the-burning

Bon' Amors porta meizina

Good Love carries medicine

per garir son compaigno,

for to-heal her companion

Amars lo sieu disciplina

Loving the his-own scourges

e·l met en perdicio;

and-him puts into perdition

ai!

ah

Tant cant l'avens dura, sai,

So long-as the-wealth lasts here

al fol, semblan d'amor fai,

to-the fool a-show of-love it-makes

hoc,

yes

e quan l'avens faill buzina.

and when the-wealth fails it-blares

Gent cembel fai que trahina

A-fine lure it-makes that draws

ves son agach lo brico,

toward its ambush the fool

del cim tro qu'en la racina,

from-the crown down to-in the root

entrebescat hoc e no;

interlaced yes and no

ai!

ah

Tal amei blanc brun e bai

Such I-loved white brown and bay

ab si farai no farai?

with yes I-shall-do not I-shall-do

Hoc,

Yes

fai al fol magra l'esquina.

it-makes to-the fool lean the-back

Dompna non sap d'amor fina

A-lady not knows of-love pure

c'ama girbaut de maiso,

who-loves a-churl of the-house

sa voluntatz la mastina

her will her mongrelizes

cum fai lebrieir' ab gosso;

as does a-greyhound-bitch with a-cur

ai!

ah

D'aqui naisso·ill ric savai

From-here are-born-the rich base

que no fant conduit ni pai;

who not make entertainment nor fare

hoc,

yes

si cum Marcabrus declina.

just as Marcabru sets-forth

Aquest intr' en la cozina

This-one enters into the kitchen

coitar lo fuoc el tizo

to-urge the fire and-the brand

e beu lo fum de la tina

and he-drinks the smoke of the vat

de si donz na Bonafo;

of his lady dame Bonafo

ai!

ah

Ieu sai cum sojorn' e jai

I know how he-sojourns and lies

e part lo gran e·l balai,

and he-parts the grain and-the chaff

hoc,

yes

son seignor engirbaudina

bis lord he-makes-a-churl

Qui bon' Amor a vezina

Who good Love has as-neighbor

e viu de sa liurazo,

and lives on her allowance

honors e Valors l'aclina

honor and Valor to-him-bows

e Pretz sens nuill' ochaio;

and Worth without any reproach

ai!

ah

Tant la fai ab dig verai

So-much her he-makes with speech true

que no·il cal aver esmai

that not-to-him it-needs to-have dismay

hoc,

yes

del trut dullurut n'Aiglina.

of-the trut dullurut dame-Aiglina

Ja non farai mai plevina

Ever not I-shall-make more a-pledge

ieu per la troba n'Eblo,

I for the verse-making of-lord-Eblo

que sentenssa follatina

which a-judgment foolish

manten encontra razo;

upholds against reason

ai!

ah

Qu'ieu dis e dic e dirai

For-I said and I-say and I-shall-say

quez amors et amars brai,

that love and loving bray

hoc,

yes

e qui blasm' Amor buzina.

and who blames Love blares

Lo vers comenssa

32 · TO AN OLD TUNE

The song begins to an old tune with ancient sense. The poet can hardly find shelter without ill will except in a baron, and cheating rises. Around the plow peasants make themselves courtly. True Love is hard to find pure: love is base to the base and good to the good, and whoever would lodge Love must strew his house with courtesy. Youth slumbers, Baseness climbs, and Marcabru complains of this scourge alone.

Lo vers comenssa

The song begins

a son veil, sen antic;

to a-tune old with-sense ancient

segon l'entenssa

according-to the-intent

de so qu'ieu vei e vic,

of that which-I see and saw

n'ai sapienssa

of-it-I-have knowledge

don ieu anc no·m jauzic;

whereof I ever not-myself rejoiced

greu puosc abric

hardly I-can shelter

trobar ses malvolenssa,

to-find without ill-will

mais en baro.

save in a-baron

Tant creis durenssa

So-much grows hardness

c'alegr' en son li ric;

that-glad of-it are the rich

avols cossenssa

worthless consent

fai sobremontar tric;

makes to-rise-above cheating

sofren sofrenssa

enduring endurance

esdevenon amic,

they-become friends

al ver afic,

at-the true test

segon la penedenssa

according-to the penitence

n'auran perdo.

of-it-they-will-have pardon

Non sai que faire,

Not I-know what to-do

tant fort sui empres,

so strongly I-am beset

qu'entorn l'aire

for-around the-plow

si fant villan cortes,

themselves make peasants courtly

e' il just pechaire

and the just sinners

de so qu'en lor non es.

of that which-in them not is

Si m'ajut fes,

So me-help faith

tals mil en auzetz braire

such a-thousand of-them you-hear to-bray

c'anc res non fo.

that-ever anything not was

Ges no m'esclaire,

At-all not myself-I-brighten

ni o farai d'est mes,

nor it I-shall-do of-this month

ni o dei faire

nor it I-ought to-do

pels fills que fant laides;

for-the sons that they-make ugly

trop tem mal traire

too-much I-fear ill to-endure

per atendre sordeis;

through waiting-for worse

mout nais espes

much is-born thick

Malvestatz de sa maire

Baseness of her mother

senes razo.

without reason

Lo cors m'esglaia,

The heart me-dismays

ja non o celarai,

ever not it I-shall-conceal

Amors veraia

Love true

trob'ar greu fina sai,

finds-now hard pure here

qu'en lieis non aia

that-in her not there-be

c'a falsedat retrai;

what-to falsehood tends

contra'l savai

toward-the base

es leu amors savaia

is readily love base

e bon' al bo.

and good to-the good

Mout pretz m'en aia

Much worth to-me-of-it may-there-be

d'amor que no mesfai,

from-love that not does-wrong

qu'es ver' e gaia

which-is true and gay

contra'l ver amic gai,

toward-the true friend gay

tant cant vol braia
so much-as it-wishes let-it-bray
 lausengiers et abai,
the-slanderer and let-him-bark
 qu'ieu sai on jai
for-I know where lies
 l'amors que no s'esmaia
the-love that not itself-dismays
 de lor sermo.
at their preaching

Qui ses bauzia
Who without guile
 vol Amor albergar,
wishes Love to-lodge
 de cortesia
with courtesy
 deu sa maion jonchar;
ought his house to-strew
 get fors feunia
let-him-cast out malice
 e fol sobreparlar;
and foolish over-talking
 Pretz e donar
Worth and giving
 deu aver en bailia,
he-ought to-have in keeping
 ses ochaio.
without reproach

C'Amors s'embria

For-Love itself-quickens

lai on conois son par,

there where it-knows its equal

blanch' e floria

white and flowered

e presta de granar,

and ready to to-seed

ses fellonia

without malice

fai contr' amic ausar;

it-makes toward a-friend to-dare

ops l'es que·is gar

need to-him-is that-himself he-guard

cel cui bon' Amors guia,

he whom good Love guides

de mespreiso.

from contempt

Jovens someilla,

Youth slumbers

greu prendra mais revel,

hardly will-take more revel

e par qu'espeilla

and it-seems that-be-mirrors

lo seignor Daucadel,

the lord Daucadel

tot jorn conseilla

all day he-counsels

ab son dous caut morsel;

with his sweet warm morsel

prop del tessell

near to-the clasp

Malvestatz li pendeilla

Baseness to-him dangles

al capairo.

on-the hood

Dolors m'esveilla

Grief me-wakes

de fresc e de novel,

of fresh and of new

cals meraveilla

what a-marvel

que greu trob qui m'apel?

that hardly I-find who me-calls

Malvestatz treilla

Baseness trellises

e Jois torn'en paissel,

and Joy turns-into a-stake

al plus isnel

to-the most swift

fer tal vetz lonc l'aureilla

it-strikes such a-time along the-ear

qu'el non ditz no.

that-he not says no

D'aquest flagel

Of-this scourge

Marcabrus si coreilla

Marcabru himself complains

ses compaigno.

without a-companion

Lo vers comens quan vei del fau

33 · FLINT AND STEEL

The poet begins when he sees the beech stripped and hears neither bird nor frog. Composing by nature, he carries the flint, the tinder, and the steel, but petty makers, hornets, and interlacers mock his song. Worth has fallen into the sweepings since wealth made Rome venal, and Vileness casts Prowess into exile. Marcabru says no one who rummages his song will find a word of rust in it.

Lo vers comens quan vei del fau

The song I-begin when I-see of-the beech

ses foilla lo cim e'l branquill,

without leaf the crown and-the branchlet

c'om d'auzel ni raina non au

that-one of-bird or frog not hears

chan ni grondill,

song nor croak

ni fara jusqu' al temps soau

nor will-do-so until to-the season mild

qu'el nais brondill.

when-it is-born a-shoot

E segon trobar naturau

And according-to composing natural

port la peir' e l'esc' e'l fozill,

I-bear the flint and the-tinder and-the steel

mas menut trobador bergau

but petty makers hornets

entrebesquill,

interlacers

mi tornon mon chant en badau

to-me turn my song into gaping

en fant gratill.

of-it they-make a-mockery

Pretz es vengutz d'amont aval

Worth is come from-above below

e casegutz en l'escobill,

and fallen into the-sweepings

puois avers fai Roma venau,

since wealth makes Rome venal

ben cuig que cill

well I-think that those

non jauziran, qui'n son colpau

not will-rejoice who-of-it are guilty

d'aquest perill.

of-this peril

Avoleza porta la clau

Vileness carries the key

e geta Proez' en issill;

and casts Prowess into exile

greu parejaran mais igau

hardly will-match-each-other more equal

paire ni fill;

father and son

que non aug dir, fors en Peitau,

for not I-bear to-be-said save in Poitou

c'om s'en atill.

that-one himself-of-it trims

Li plus d'aquest segle carnau

The most of-this world carnal

ant tornat joven a nuill,

have turned youth to any

qu'ieu non trob, de que molt m'es mau,

for-I not find of which much to-me-is ill

qui maestrill

who masters

Cortesia ab cor leiau,

Courtesy with a-heart loyal

que no-is ranquill.

that not-itself limps

Passat ant lo saut vergondau

Passed they-have the leap shameful

ab semblan d'usatge captill;

with a-show of-custom captious

tot cant que donant fant sensau,

all that which giving they-make a-due

plen de grondill,

full of grumbling

e non prezon blasme ni lau

and not they-prize blame nor praise

un gran de mill.

a grain of millet

Cel prophetizet ben e mau

He prophesied well and ill

que ditz c'om iri' en becill,

who said that-one would-go into ruin

seigner sers e sers seignorau,

lord serf and serf lordly

e si fant ill,

and so make they

que-i ant fait li buzat d'Anjau,

that-in-it have done the buzzards of-Anjou

cal desmerill.

what a-dishonor

Si amars a amic corau,

If loving has a-friend heartfelt

miga nonca m'en meravill

a-bit never myself-of-it I-marvel

s'il se fai semblar bestiau

if-be himself makes to-seem bestial

al departill,

at-the parting

greu veiretz ja joc comunau

hardly you-will-see ever a-game common

al pelacill.

at-the flaying

Marcabrus ditz que noil l'en cau,

Marcabru says that not-to-him of-it it-matters

qui quer ben lo vers e'l foill

who seeks well the song and-it rummages

que no'i pot hom trobar a frau

that not-in-it can one to-find in secret

mot de roïll;

a-word of rust

intrar pot hom de lonc jornau

to-enter can one of a-long day's-work

en breu doïll.

into a-small bunghole

Hueymais dey esser alegrans

34 • TO CABREIRA

The poet ought to be glad, since the sweet air comes and the birds sing, but he sees Youth worsening every day. He marvels that Meanness and Deceit seed and flower while Courtesy, Fair Bearing, Worth, Valor, and Delight reign nowhere. Slanderers put Prowess in the balance; ladies cheat and have another man's children reared by their husbands. He sends the song by a courtly messenger to Lord Cabreira in Urgel.

Hueymais dey esser alegrans

Henceforth I-ought to-be joyful

pus l'aura doussa vey venir

since the-breeze sweet I-see to-come

et auch lays e voutas e chans

and I-bear lays and warblings and songs

dels auzelhs que·m fan esbaudir;

of-the birds that-me make to-rejoice

lo gen[s] temps me fai alegrar,

the gentle season me makes to-gladden

mas per Joven me desconort

but for Youth myself I-dishearten

quar totz jorns lo vey sordeyar.

because all days it I-see to-worsen

D'una ren suy meravelhans

At-one thing I-am marveling

qu'ades vey granar e florir

that-ever I-see to-seed and to-flower

Escassetatz, oc! et Enjans:

Meanness yes and Deceit

vas qualche part me torn ni·m vir
toward whatever side myself I-turn or-myself I-veer

Cortezia ni Bel Estar

Courtesy or Fair Bearing

ni Pretz ni Valor ni Deport

or Worth or Valor or Delight

vas nulha part no vey renhar.

toward any side not I-see to-reign

Ist lauzengier, linguas trencans

These slanderers tongues cutting

cuy Dieus cofonda et azir,

whom God confound and hate

meton Proeza en balans

put Prowess in the-balance

e fan Malvestat enantir;

and make Baseness to-advance

mais als pros dic e vuelh pregar

but to-the worthy I-say and I-wish to-pray

que ja us ab elhs no·s n'acort

that ever one with them not-himself of-it-agree

si en proeza vol estar.

if in prowess he-wishes to-stand

Eyssamens son domnas trichans

Likewise are ladies cheating

e sabon trichar e mentir,

and they-know to-cheat and to-lie

per que fan los autrus enfans

for which they-make the another's children

als maritz tener e noyrir;

by-the husbands to-be-held and to-be-reared

d'aqui naisso·l malvat avar

from-here are-born-the wicked misers

qu'us non ama Joy ni Deport

that-one not loves Joy nor Delight

ni n'auza hom entr'elhs parlar.

nor of-it-dares one among-them to-speak

Ja Dieus no·l sia perdonans

Ever God not-to-him be pardoning

qui las vol onrar ni servir,

who them wishes to-honor nor to-serve

estas putas ardens cremans

these whores burning blazing

pejors que ieu no·us saubra dir;

worse than I not-to-you should-know to-say

tan lor sap bo lo clau copar,

so to-them tastes good the nail to-cover

que non hi guardon dreg ni tort,

that not therein they-beed right nor wrong

mas selh que mielhs las sap ronsar!

but him who best them knows to-tumble

Qui anc fon prezats ni amans

Who ever was prized or loving

per dompnas, ben s'en deu gequir!

by ladies well himself-of-it ought to-quit

Qu'aytan s'en aura us truans

For-as-much himself-of-it will-have a knave

o mais, si mais li post bastir;

or more if more to-him one-can to-build

et ieu poiri'o ben proar

and I could-it well to-prove

per ma domna na Cropa fort

by my lady dame Crupper strong

mas ja no la vuelh decelar.

but ever not her I-wish to-disclose

Messatge[s] cortes, ben parlans,

Messenger courtly well speaking

vai t'en en Urgel ses falhir,

go thyself-hence into Urgel without failing

e sias del vers despleyans

and be-thou of-the song unfolding

a'n Cabrieira, que lo remir,

to-lord Cabreira that it be-behold

e potz li dir senes gabar

and thou-canst to-him to-say without boasting

qu'en tal loc ai tornat ma sort

that-in such a-place I-have turned my lot

on elh poiria pro muzar.

where he could much to-gape

Pax in nomine Domini!

35 · THE WASHING-PLACE

The crusade song, opening in Latin and naming Marcabru as maker of both words and tune. God has set a washing-place near us, such as there never was save overseas, and we should wash morning and evening while we are whole. Meanness and No-faith part Youth from his companion. Those who go will have honor and the name of emperor; the French are degenerate if they say no. He commends the count's soul to that washing-place.

Pax in nomine Domini!

Peace in the-name of-the-Lord

Fetz Marcabrus los motz e·l so.

Made Marcabru the words and-the tune

Aujatz que di:

Hear what he-says

Cum nos a fait, per sa doussor,

How us has made through his sweetness

lo Seingnoriüs celestiaus

the Lordship heavenly

probet de nos un lavador,

near to us a washing-place

c'anc, fors outramar, no·n fon taus,

that-ever save overseas not-of-it was such

en de lai debes Josaphas:

there over yonder toward Jehoshaphat

e d'aquest de sai vos conort.

and of-this from here you I-exhort

Lavar de ser e de maiti

To-wash at evening and at morning

nos deuriam, segon razo,

ourselves we-ought according-to reason

ie·us o afi.

I-to-you it affirm

Chascus a del lavar legor;

Each has of-the washing leisure

domentre qu'el es sas e saus,

while that-he is whole and safe

deuri' anar al lavador,

he-ought to-go to-the washing-place

que·ns es verais medicinaus;

which-to-us is a-true medicine

que s'abans anam a la mort,

for if-before we-go to the death

d'aut en sus aurem alberc bas.

from-high on above we-shall-have lodging low

Mas Escarsedatz e No-fes

But Meanness and No-faith

part Joven de son compaigno.

parts Youth from his companion

Ai! cals dols es,

Al what a-grief it-is

que tuich volon lai li plusor,

that all fly thither the most

don lo gazaings es enfernaus!

whence the gain is bellish

S'anz non correm al lavador

If-before not we-run to-the washing-place

c'ajam la boca ni·ls huoills claus,

so-that-we-have the mouth and-the eyes shut

non i a un d'orguoill tant gras

not there is one of-pride so fat

c'al morir non trob contrafort.

that-at-the dying not he-find a-counterforce

Que·l Seigner que sap tot quant es

For-the Lord who knows all that is

e sap tot quant er e c'anc fo,

and knows all that will-be and that-ever was

nos i promes

to-us therein promised

honor e nom d'emperador.

honor and the-name of-emperor

E·il beutatz sera, — sabetz caus —

And-the beauty will-be know-you what-sort

de cels qu'iran al lavador?

of those who-will-go to-the washing-place

Plus que l'estela gauzignaus;

More than the-star of-dawn

ab sol que vengem Dieu del tort

provided only that we-avenge God of-the wrong

que·ill fan sai, e lai vas Domas.

that-to-him they-do here and there toward Damascus

Probet del lignatge Caï,

Near of-the lineage of-Cain

del primeiran home felho,

of-the first man felon

a tans aissi

are so-many here

c'us a Dieu non porta honor;

that-one to God not bears honor

veirem qui'll er amics coraus;

we-shall-see who-to-him will-be a-friend heartfelt

c'ab la vertut del lavador

for-with the virtue of-the washing-place

nos sera Jhesus comunaus;

to-us will-be Jesus a-fellow

e tornem los garssos atras

and let-us-turn the knaves back

qu'en agur crezon et en sort!

who-in augury believe and in lot

E·il luxurios corna-vi,

And-the lecherous horn-the-wine

coita-disnar, bufa-tizo,

hurry-the-dinner blow-the-brand

crup-en-cami

squat-in-the-road

remanran inz el felpidor;

will-remain within in-the rag-heap

Dieus vol los arditz e·ls suaus

God wishes the bold and-the gentle

assajar a son lavador;

to-try at his washing-place

e cil gaitaran los ostaüs;

and those will-watch the houses

e trobaran fort contrafort,

and will-find a-strong counterforce

so per qu'ieu a lor anta·ls chas.

that for which-I to their shame-them chase

En Espaigna, sai, lo Marques

In Spain here the Marquis

e cill del temple Salamo

and those of-the temple of-Solomon

sofron lo pes

suffer the weight

e·l fais de l'orguoill paganor,

and-the burden of the-pride of-pagans

per que Jovens cuoill avol laus.

for which Youth gathers worthless praise

E·l critz per aquest lavador

And-the outcry for this washing-place

versa sobre·ls plus rics captaus

falls upon-the most rich chieftains

fraitz, faillitz, de proeza las,

broken failed of prowess weary

que non amon Joi ni Deport.

who not love Joy nor Delight

Desnaturat son li Frances,

Degenerate are the Frenchmen

si de l'afar Dieu dizon no,

if of the-business of-God they-say no

qu'ie-us ai comes.

that-I-to-you have summoned

Antiocha, Pretz e Valor

Antioch Worth and Valor

sai plora Guiana e Peitaus.

here weeps Guyenne and Poitou

Dieus, Seigner, al tieu lavador

God Lord at thy washing-place

l'arma del comte met en paus:

the-soul of-the count set in peace

e sai gart Peitieu e Niort

and here may-guard Poitiers and Niort

lo Seigner qui ressors del vas!

the Lord who rose from-the tomb

Per l'aura freida que guida

36 • THE COLD WIND

Through the cold wind that guides an angry winter, no bird brays or cries, yet the poet has heard a strange outcry: Joy lamenting the discipline of Baseness. Prowess is banished and the best are wicked; shame has fled from among the ladies, and their base seed casts wicked fruit. As long as Marcabru had life he had no love from that ill-bred folk, mixers of worthless doctrine through France and Guyenne.

Per l'aura freida que guida

Through the-breeze cold that guides

l'invern qu'es tant plens d'iror,

the-winter that-is so full of-wrath

l'auzeill qu'us no·n brai ni·n crida

the-birds that-one not-of-them brays nor-of-them cries

sotz foilla ni per verdor,

under leaf nor through greenery

car l'estiu, a bell' aizida

because the-summer at fair ease

mesclon lor joia certana.

they-mingle their joy certain

Non auch chant ni retentida

Not I-bear song nor echo

ni non vei brondel ab flor,

and not I-see a-branchlet with flower

empero si ai auzida

yet indeed I-have heard

una estraigna clamor,

a strange outcry

de Joi que·is plaing, ses ufana,
of Joy that-itself laments without boasting
 cui Malvestatz disciplina.
whom Baseness disciplines

Proeza es forbandida,
Prowess is banished
 e son malvatz li meillor;
and are wicked the best
 lonc temps auran cossentida
long time they-will-have consented
 els maritz lor desonor,
in-the husbands their dishonor
 als acropitz lenguas planas
to-the crouchers tongues smooth
 torbadors d'amistat fina.
troublers of-friendship pure

D'entre dompnas es fugida
From-among ladies is fled
 vergoigna e non sai cor;
shame and not here she-runs
 las plus ant coa forbida
the most have the-tail burnished
 e mes lo segl' en error,
and put the world into error

mas lor semensa frairina

but their seed base

geta malvatz fruit quan grana.

casts wicked fruit when it-seeds

Drudari' es trassaillida

Gallantry is overleapt

e creis Putia s'onor,

and increases Whoredom her-honor

e·il moillerat l'ant sazida

and-the married-men it-have seized

e so·is fait dompnejador;

and themselves-have made courtiers

tant m'es bel quand us s'en vana

so to-me-is fair when one himself-of-it boasts

cum de can quant prist farina.

as of a-dog when it-took flour

Tant cum Marcabrus ac vida,

So-long as Marcabru had life

us non ac ab lui amor

one not had with him love

d'aicella gen descauzida,

of-that folk ill-bred

que son malvatz donador,

who are wicked givers

mesclador d'avol doctrina

mixers of-worthless doctrine

per Frans' e per Guiana.

through France and through Guyenne

N'Amfos, ab patz segurana

Lord-Anfos with peace secure

que tengua, Valors l'aclina.

that he-bold Merit to-him-bows

Per savi·l tenc ses doptanssa

37 · THE DARK WORD

The poet holds wise the man who divines from his song what each word declares, since he is himself in error over clearing a dark word. Makers with a child's sense vex the worthy and set false Love level with pure. He says the man who takes up with Loving wars with his own self, and that the well-being of lovers is Joy, Enduring, and Measure. Sermonizing is not worth a hen's egg to a base man.

Per savi·l tenc ses doptanssa

For wise-him I-hold without doubting

cel qui de mon chant devina

him who of my song divines

so que chascus motz declina,

that which each word declares

si cum la razos despleia,

just as the matter unfolds

qu'ieu mezeis sui en erranssa

for-I myself am in error

d'esclarzir paraul' escura.

in-clearing a-word dark

Trobador, ab sen d'enfanssa,

Makers with sense of-childhood

movon als pros atahina,

stir to-the worthy vexation

e tornon en disciplina

and they-turn into constraint

so que veritatz autreia,

that which truth grants

e fant los motz, per esmanssa,
and they-make the words by guesswork
 entrebeschatz de fraichura.
interlaced with breakage

E meton en un' eganssa
And they-put in one equality
 falss' Amor encontra fina,
false Love against pure
 qu'ieu dic que d'Amar s'aizina
for-I say that of-Loving himself-disposes
 ab si mezesme guerreia;
with himself same be-wars
 c'apres la borsa voianssa
for-after the purse emptiness
 fai fols captenenssa dura.
makes a-fool countenance hard

Per so'n port ir' e pesanssa
For this-of-it I-bear wrath and grief
 c'aug dir a la gen frairina
for-I-bear to-say to the folk base
 c'Amors engan' e trahina
that-Love deceives and betrays
 cellui cui Amars reneia;
him whom Loving denies

menton, que lor benananssa

they-lie for their well-being

es Jois, Sofrirs e Mesura.

is Joy Enduring and Measure

Aitals pareills fai mostranssa,

Such a-pair makes showing

s'en doas partz non camina,

if-into two parts not it-walks

pois bon'Amors n'es vezina,

then good-Love of-it-is neighbor

ab dos desirs d'un' enveia

with two desires of-one longing

ab segurana fianssa

with secure trust

blanca cara ver' e pura.

white dear true and pure

C'Amors a signifiasssa

For-Love has the-signifying

de maracd' o de sardina,

of emerald or of sardonyx

e[s] de Joi cim' e racina,

is of Joy crown and root

c'ab veritat seignoreia,

that-with truth it-lords

e sa poestatz sobranssa

and its power surpassing

sobre mouta creatura.

over many-a creature

Segon dich, faich e semblanssa,

According-to word deed and seeming

es de veraia corina

it-is of true heart

car se promet e's plevina,

for itself it-promises and-itself pledges

ab sol que·l dos no sordeia,

with only that-the gift not worsens

e qui vas lieis no s'enanssa

and who toward her not himself-advances

porta nom de follatura.

bears the-name of folly

Sermonars ni predicanssa

Sermonizing nor preaching

non val un ou de gallina

not is-worth an egg of a-ben

vas cellui de qu'es frairina

toward him of whom-is base

follia de cor correia;

folly of heart a-strap

qu'ieu sai s'Amars es amanssa,

for-I know if-Loving is affection

qu'a mains es fals' e tafura.

that-to many it-is false and knavish

Fols pos tot cant au romanssa;

A-fool since all that he-bears he-recounts

non sec razo, mas bozina,

not he-follows reason but he-blames

car s'Amors viu de rapina,

for if-Love lives on rapine

autrei c'Amors s'amoreia

I-grant that-Love itself-loves

e que Costans es costanssa

and that Costans is constancy

e fals usatges dreitura.

and false usage rightness

La defenida balanssa

The ending sways

d'aquest vers e revolina

of-this song and whirls

sobr' un' avol gen canina

upon a worthless folk doggish

cui malvatx astres ombreia,

whom a-wicked star shadows

c'ab folla cuida bobanssa

who-with foolish supposing boasts

ses faich de bon aventura.

without deed of good fortune

La cuida per qu'el bobanssa

The supposing for which-he boasts

li sia malaventura.

to-him be ill-fortune

Pois la fuoilla reviola

38 • WINTER CLEANSSES

Since the leaf twirls and falls and the wind breaks it, the poet prizes the cold season above a summer full of shirking, from which whoredom and envy are born. The woodpecker and nightingale turn their song to silence, and pride runs to the gutter through grumbling knaves. Toads, serpents, flies, and beetles give him no fright; he neither hears nor smells them, and kindly winter cleanses us of them.

Pois la fuoilla reviola

Since the leaf twirls

que vei d'entre·ls cims cazer,

that I-see from-among-the crowns to-fall

que·l vens deromp e degola,

which-the wind breaks and casts-down

que no·is pot mais sostener,

so-that not-itself it-can more to-sustain

mais pretz lo freich temporau

more I-prize the cold season

que l'estiu plen de gandill

than the-summer full of shirking

don nais puti' et enveja.

whence is-born whoredom and envy

Lo pics e la rossignola

The woodpecker and the nightingale

tornon lor chant en tazer,

turn their song into silence

si·s fa·l gais e l'auriola,

so-himself does-the jay and the-oriole

don l'inverns fai son plazer;

whereof the-winter makes its pleasure

e l'orgoills torn' en canau

and the-pride turns into a-gutter

per garssos plens de grondill,

through knaves full of grumbling

qu'en estiu contradenteia.

who-in summer snarl-back

Graissans ni serps que s'amola

Toads nor serpents that themselves-sharpen

no-m fant espaven ni mau,

not-me make fright nor ill

mosca ni tavans que vola,

fly nor gadflies that fly

escaravait ni bertau,

beetle nor hornet

aquist malvatz volatill

this wicked winged-thing

non sent bruir ni oler,

not I-perceive to-buzz nor to-smell

don francs inverns nos neteia.

whereof kindly winter us cleanses

Ges l'aflatz bec d'aissola

At-all the-sharpened beak of-adze

non pert son loc al fogau,

not loses its place at-the hearth

anz porta pic e massola

rather it-bears pick and maul

don son gran li dui mau.

whereof are great the two ills

Cest tol si donz al jazer

This-one takes his lady at-the lying

la dolor del penchinill,

the pain of-the groin

pel feminiu don se breia.

through-the feminine whereof itself it-frets

Cest trai del mieill la briola

This-one draws from-the best the bowl

plen' al maitin et al ser,

full at-the morning and at-the evening

e sobre·l faire faissola,

and over-the doing he-swaddles

car pot la coa mover;

because he-can the tail to-move

cest fai la nuoich son jornau,

this-one makes the night his day's-work

don engenrra un bel fill,

whence he-begets a fair son

per que sobreseignoreia.

for which he-over-lords

Cazen levan trobaiola

Falling rising tumbling

va·l segles e no m'en chau.

goes-the world and not to-me-of-it it-matters

Aissi cum la seguignola,

Just as the swipe-well

poi' amon e chai avau.

it-climbs upward and falls downward

Pois l'inverns d'ogan es anatz

39 · THE TREE THAT OVERRUNS THE WORLD

Winter is gone and the flowered season come, and the poet has taken up song. The whole world is overrun by a tree grown to a marvel, so that he cannot turn without seeing two or three of its boughs. It has crossed the passes into France and Poitou, and its root is Baseness. Counts, kings, emirs, and princes hang on it by the noose of meanness, and Youth, once bold, is outlawed and exiled.

Pois l'inverns d'ogan es anatz

Since the-winter of-this-year is gone

e·l douz temps floritz es vengutz,

and-the sweet season flowered is come

de moutas guisas pels plaissatz

in many fashions through-the hedgerows

aug lo refrim d'auzels menutz;

I-hear the trilling of-birds small

li prat vert e·il vergier espes

the meadows green and-the orchards thick

m'ant si fait ab joi esbaudir,

me-have so made with joy to-gladden

per qu'ie·m sui de chant entremes.

for which-I-myself am with song engaged

Totz lo segles es encombratz

All the world is encumbered

per un albre que·i es nascutz,

by a tree that-there is born

autz e grans, brancutz e foillatz,

high and great branched and leaved

et a meravilla cregutz,
and to a-marvel grown
 et a si tot lo mon perpres
and has so all the world overrun
 que vas neguna part no·m vir,
that toward any side not-myself I-turn
 no·n veia dels rams dos o tres.
not-of-it I-see of-the boughs two or three

Empero aissi es levatz,
Yet thus it-is raised
 e vas totas partz expandutz
and toward all sides spread
 que lai d'outra·ls portz es passatz
that there beyond-the passes it-is passed
 en Franss' et en Peitau vengutz;
into France and into Poitou come
 qu'ieu sai qu'el es en tal defes,
for-I know that-it is in such a-preserve
 e dic ver, segon mon albir,
and I-say true according-to my judgment
 qu'en tenra sa verdor jasses.
that-of-it it-will-hold its greenness forever

E per so s'es enrazigatz
And for this itself-has rooted
 car greu sera mais abatutz;
for hardly it-will-be more felled

que la razitz es Malvestatz,

for the root is Baseness

per que Jovens es confondutz,

for which Youth is confounded

e tornatz en tal contrapes

and turned into such a-counterweight

per cels qui·l degran obezir,

by those who-it ought to-obey

que tant non cridon c'us l'ades.

that so-much not they-cry that-one it-touches

Meravill me de poestatz

I-marvel myself at powers

on a tans joves e canutz,

where there-are so-many young and hoary

comtes e reis, et amiratz

counts and kings and emirs

e princes en l'albre pendutz;

and princes on the-tree hanged

mas lo latz escarsetatz es

but the noose meanness is

que lor fai si lo col flaquir

which to-them makes so the neck to-weaken

c'us non esperetz ja·is mogues.

that-one not expect-you ever-himself should-stir

Jovens fo ja bautz apellatz,
Youth was once bold called
 mas aras es si recreutz
but now he-is so recreant
 que jamais non er tant honratz
that ever not he-will-be so honored
 per que Jois li sia rendutz,
for which Joy to-him be rendered
 c'Avoleza l'a si conques
for-Worthlessness him-has so conquered
 c'anc de pois no'n poc erebir
that-ever from then not-of-it he-could to-recover
 que-is parti de lui Dreitz ni Fes.
since-themselves parted from him Right nor Faith

Loncs temps a que no'l fo donatz
Long time it-is that not-to-him was given
 sai entre-ls baros mentaugutz;
here among-the barons renowned
 faiditz es e loing issillatz;
outlawed he-is and far exiled
 en lai on el es remasutz,
in yonder where he is remained
 Marcabrus li manda per mes
Marcabru to-him sends-word by a-messenger
 [qu]e no-il calia tant fugir,
that not-to-him it-behooved so-much to-flee
 que jamais, no, sai sera pres.
for ever not here he-will-be taken

Non puosc sofrir qu'als moilleratz

Not I-can to-forbear that-to-the married-men

non diga lor forfaitz saubutz;

not I-say their misdeeds known

non sai la cals auctoritatz

not I-know the which authority

lor mostra c'om los apel drutz;

to-them shows that-one them call lovers

semblan fant de l'ase cortes,

a-likeness they-make of the-ass courtly

c'ab son seignor cuidet bordir,

that-with his lord thought to-frolic

cant lo vic trepar ab sos ches.

when him he-saw to-frisk with his dogs

De tals sa'n vei enrazigatz,

Of such here-of-them I-see rooted

los fols, e'ls savis deceubutz

the fools and-the wise deceived

per los acropitz penchenatz

by the crouchers combed

que tot jorn demandon salutz,

who all day demand greetings

e demandon aco per ces;

and they-demand that as tribute

c'anc nuills francs hom non dec sofrir

that-ever any free man not ought to-suffer

c'aitals gastaus fumos tengues.

that-such stewards smoky be-keep

Pus mos coratges s'es clarzitz

40 · WHO WILL BURN

The poet's heart has cleared through a Joy he rejoices in, and he must refine his song so that no one can give it the lie. Whoever pure Love has chosen lives glad and wise; whoever it refuses it destroys. He lists who will burn: false judges and robbers, perjurers and slanderers, homicides, simoniacs, usurers, sorcerers, false priests, and false recluses. He asks pure Love for mercy, and constrains his own heart before reproving others.

Pus mos coratges s'es clarzitz

Since my heart itself-has cleared

per selh Joy don ieu suy jauzens,

through that Joy whereof I am rejoicing

e vey qu'Amors part e cauzis,

and I-see that-Love divides and chooses

per qu'ieu n'esper estre manens,

for which-I of-it-hope to-be rich

ben dey tot mon chan esmerar,

well I-ought all my song to-refine

qu'om re no mi puesca falsar,

that-one anything not to-me may to-falsify

que per pauc es hom desmentitz.

for for little is one given-the-lie

Aicel cui fin' Amors causitz

He whom pure Love has-chosen

viu letz, cortes e sapiens,

lives glad courtly and wise

e selh cui refuda delis
and him whom she-refuses she-destroys
 e met a totz destruzemens;
and puts to utter ruin
 car qui fin' Amor vol blasmar
for who pure Love wishes to-blame
 elha-l fai si en folh muzar
she-him makes so in foolish to-gape
 que per art cuid' esser peritz.
that through craft he-thinks to-be undone

Cill son fals jutg'e raubador,
These are false judges-and robbers
 fals molherat e jurador,
false married-men and perjurers
 fals home tenh e lauzengier,
false men dyed and slanderers
 lengua-loguat, creba-mostier,
tongue-for-hire minster-breakers
 et aissellas putas ardens
and those whores burning
 qui son d'autrui maritz cossens;
who are of-another's husbands consenting
 cyst auran guazanh ifernau.
these will-have gain hellish

Homicidi e traïdor,

Homicides and traitors

simoniaic, encantador,

simoniacs enchanters

luxorios e renovier,

lechers and usurers

que vivon d'enujos mestier,

who live by-loathsome trade

e cill que fan faitilhamens,

and those who make sorceries

e las faitileiras pudens

and the sorceresses stinking

seran el fuec arden engau.

will-be in-the fire burning alike

Ebriaic et escogossat,

Drunkards and cuckolds

fals preveire e fals abat,

false priests and false abbots

falsas recluzas, fals reclus,

false recluses-women false recluses

lai penaran, ditz Marcabrus,

there they-will-suffer says Marcabru

que tuit li fals y an luec pres,

for all the false there have a-place taken

car fin' Amors o a promes,

for pure Love it has promised

lai er dols dels dezesperatz.

there will-be grief of-the despairing

Ai! fin' Amors, fons de bontat,

Ab pure Love fount of goodness

c'a[s] tot lo mon illuminat,

that-hast all the world lighted

merce ti clam, d'aquel grahus

mercy of-thee I-cry from-that wailing

e·m defendas qu'ieu lai no mus;

and-me defend that-I there not gape

qu'en totz luecx me tenh per ton pres,

for-in all places myself I-hold for thy prisoner

per confortat en totas res,

as comforted in all things

per tu esper estre guidatz.

through thee I-hope to-be guided

Mon cor per aquest vers destrenh

My heart through this song I-constrain

quar mi plus que·ls autres reprenh,

for myself more than-the others I-reprove

que qui autrui vol encolpar

for who another wishes to-accuse

dregs es que si sap[c]ha guardar

right it-is that himself he-know to-guard

que no sia dels crims techitz

that not he-be with-the crimes stained

de que lieys encolpa e ditz,

of which her he-accuses and speaks

pois poira segurs castiar.

then he-will-be-able safely to-chastise

Pero si es asatz cauzitz

Yet so is enough discerning

sel que ben sap dire e·l ditz,

he who well knows to-say and-it says

que pot si se vol remembrar.

who can if himself he-wishes to-remember

Pus s'enfulleysson li verjan

41 • THE MUTILATED SONG

Since the branches leaf out, the poet thinks while others rest. Cuckoldry has spread so far that he will not give two pence to settle the cuckolds' quarrels, and alone he cannot quench the fire of the vainglorious. Trafficking women destroy Worth and Youth. He sows his chastisements on bare rock and sees neither seed nor flower. The last stanzas survive in one manuscript only, mutilated where a vignette was cut out.

Pus s'enfulleysson li verjan

Since themselves-leaf-out the branches

e·l glaujol de lonc lo riu blan,

and-the gladiolus from along the stream white

qui que paus, ieu pes e cossir

who that rests I ponder and consider

de moutas cauzas a sobriers,

of many things to excess

segon natura et estiers,

according-to nature and otherwise

de qu'auzem lo poble brugir.

whereof we-bear the people to-murmur

Pus la cogossia s'espan

Since the cuckoldry itself-spreads

e l'us cogos l'autre non blan,

and the-one cuckold the-other not flatters

laissem los anar e venir.

let-us-leave them to-go and to-come

Cuy cal quals que chaps an primiers?

To-whom matters which that heads have first

Qu'ieu non daria dos deniers

For-I not would-give two pence

per lor mesclanhas devezir.

for their quarrels to-adjudge

Qu'aissi's vai lo pretz menuzan

For-thus-itself goes the worth diminishing

e'l folhatges hieis de garan,

and-the folly comes-out of bounds

non puesc, sols, lo fuec escantir

not I-can alone the fire to-quench

dels seglejadors ufaniers,

of-the worldlings vainglorious

qui fan los criminals doblers,

who make the criminals double

pejors que no·us aus descobrir.

worse than not-to-you I-dare to-disclose

Las baratairitz baratan,

The cheating-women cheat

frienz del barat corbaran,

quivering of-the cheating they-will-bend

que fan Pretz e Joven delir,

who make Worth and Youth to-perish

baraton ab los baratiers

they-traffic with the cheaters

fundens qu'estiers lor deziriers

melting so-that-otherwise their desires

no·m podon celar de frezir.

not-me they-can to-hide from burning

E s'ieu cug anar castian

And if-I think to-go chastising

la lor folhia, quier mon dan;

the their folly I-seek my harm

pueys s'es pauc prezat si·m n'azir,

then itself-is little esteemed if-me of-it-I-anger

semenan vau mos castiers

sowing I-go my chastisements

de sobre·ls naturals rochiers

from upon-the natural rocks

que no vey granar ni florir.

that not I-see to-seed nor to-flower

S'anc fui de la mus' en afan,

If-ever I-was of the vain-waiting in toil

lo musatg' ai rendut musan,

the vain-waiting I-have rendered waiting

tro per aillor non puosc' issir.

until through elsewhere not I-can to-issue

Tans n'i vei dels contraclaviers,

So-many of-them-there I-see of-the counter-key-bearers

greu sai remanra conz entiers

hardly here will-remain a-cunt whole

a crebar ni a meich partir.

from bursting or from midway to-split

A Dieu m'autrey, quo's pot fisan,

To God myself-I-yield as-itself it-can trusting

lo segle cazen e levan!

the world falling and rising

Mas a tart mi vuelh penedir,

But too late myself I-wish to-repent

pero si'n suy plus viausiers

yet so-of-it I-am more hasty

que chatz o mostre'l reprobiers

than a-cat or shows-the proverb

cuy(?) lo savis fetz lon...

whom the wise-man made long

Qu'aissi va

For-thus goes

Marcabrus

Marcabru

del tot uol... ir

of-the whole he-wishes to-go

elhas els fal... ie

they them fails (corrupt)

no sia coaze

not be squatting

del aculhir.

of-the welcoming

Si non foss * * * an

If not it-were (lacuna) year

ricx fora, prenden e donan,

rich I-would-be taking and giving

mas de luenh m'an fayt magrezir,

but from afar me-they-have made to-grow-lean

ja mai non lur serai guerriers,

ever more not to-them I-shall-be a-warrior

* * *

(lacuna)

que no·m puesc la guerra sofrir.

for not-myself I-can the war to-suffer

Quan l'aura doussana bufa

42 • THE TWO BOLTS

When the sweet breeze blows and the jay makes a cuckold of pride, a man should choose a true love that does not quarrel with its friend. Choice Youth has no life, struck by two bolts, Baseness and Covetousness, lodged between heart and gall. The jealous man gapes and gawks: whoever hews another's cunt sends his own to the shambles, and whoever would taste another's makes his own a dish for all.

Quan l'aura doussana bufa,

When the-breeze sweet blows

e·l gais, desotz lo brondel,

and-the jay beneath the branchlet

fai d'orguoil cogot e bufa

makes of-pride a-cuckold and puffs

e son ombriu li ramel;

and are shadowy the boughs

ladoncs deuri' hom chausir

then ought one to-choose

verai' amor ses mentir

a-true love without lying

c'ab son amic non barailla.

that-with its friend not quarrels

Jovens triatz non a vida,

Youth choice not has life

que ferit l'an dui cairel

for struck him-have two bolts

Malvestatz e Cobeïda,

Baseness and Covetousness

laïnz entre·l cor e·l fel;

within between-the heart and-the gall

et es ne greus ad issir,

and it-is of-it hard to to-issue

que no s'en laissa garir

so-that not itself-of-it it-lets to-be-healed

d'avolez' e de nuaila.

of-vileness and of sloth

E·l jelos bada e musa

And-the jealous-man gapes and muses

e fai badiu badarel,

and makes a-gaping gawk

car qui l'autrui con capusa

for who the-another's cunt hews

lo sieu tramet al mazel,

the his sends to-the shambles

e qui l'estraing vol sentir,

and who the-strange wishes to-taste

lo sieu fai enleconir

the his makes to-grow-dainty

e·l met en la comunaila.

and-it puts into the commonalty

Ges non viu de manna dreicha

At-all not he-lives on manna straight

cum fetz lo trips d'Israel,

as did the tribe of-Israel

flaira fum qui non s'apreicha,
he-smells smoke who not himself-approaches

e·l tornes en bufarel,
and-it let-him-turn into a-puff

ni li plus non volon dir
and the most not wish to-say

vertat, tant volon mentir,
truth so-much they-wish to-lie

per conseil de garsonailla.
by counsel of knave-rabble

Laig torn' en ufanaria
Foully turns into vainglory

dompneiar ist cornudel,
to-court these little-cuckolds

mantenon la drudaria
they-uphold the gallantry

e·il tol' e·il vesto·l capel;
and-to-her take and-to-her put-on-the bat

pois no m'en aus esclarzir
since not myself-of-it I-dare to-clear

ni mon talan ademplir,
nor my desire to-fulfill

an puous co·is pot, Dieus m'en vailla!
let-it-go then as-itself it-can God to-me-of-it avail

Soudadier, per cui es Jovens

44 • THE CHIMAERA

Marcabru warns the soldiers, who uphold Youth and Joy, against false burning whores. Solomon is his warrant: she is sweet as spiced wine at first and, at the parting, more biting than a serpent. She has the shape of the Chimaera, serpent behind, lion before, an ox between. The rich man who follows her train she leaves destitute, and when the money fails she thrusts him away.

Soudadier, per cui es Jovens

Mercenaries by whom is Youth

mantengutz e Jois eisamens,

upheld and Joy likewise

entendetz los mals argumens

bear-you the evil arguments

de las falsas putas ardens;

of the false whores burning

en puta qui si fia

in a-whore who himself trusts

es hom traïtz;

is a-man betrayed

lo fols, quan cuid' il ria,

the fool when he-thinks she laughs

es escarnitz.

is mocked

Salamos ditz et es guirens,

Solomon says and is a-warrant

c'al prim es dousa cum pimens,

that-at-the first she-is sweet as spiced-wine

mas al partir es plus cozens,

but at-the parting she-is more biting

amar' e cruzels cum serpens;

bitter and cruel as a-serpent

tant sap de tricharia

so-much she-knows of trickery

la pecairitz

the sinner-woman

que cel qu'ab leis se lia,

that he who-with her himself binds

s'en part marritz.

himself-thence parts downcast

De [G]uimerra porta semblan

Of Chimaera she-bears the-likeness

qu'es serps detras, leos denan,

that-is serpent behind lion before

bous en miei loc, que'l fai trian

ox in mid place which-her makes distinguishing

de caval bai e d'aurifan;

from a-horse bay and from-an-elephant

qui de peis la bestia

who of fish the beast

non es faillitz

not is failed

d'aquo que entendia

of-that which he-intended

de la trairitz.

of the betrayer-woman

Puta sembla leo d'aitan:

A-whore resembles a-lion in-so-much

fers es d'ergueill al comensan,

fierce she-is with-pride at-the beginning

mas pueis quan n'a fag son talan,

but then when of-it-she-has done her will

tro que son mil, no's prez'un gan.

until that they-are a-thousand not-herself she-values-a glove

Quar soven per putia

For often through whoredom

put la metritz,

stinks the harlot

cum fai per bocaria

as does through a-butchery

carnils poiritz.

carcasses rotted

En talant ai que vos decli

In desire I-have that to-you I-set-forth

l'us de putana serpenti

the-way of a-whore serpentine

que pan' a l'auzel son pouzi;

who steals from the-bird its chick

[e] sab l'auzels [s]'ab leis s'afi,

and knows the-bird if-with her himself-be-trusts

can l'a feita bauzia

when to-him-she-has done deceit

de sos noiritz,

of his nurslings

aten com per leis sia

he-waits how by her he-be

mortz o delitz.

killed or destroyed

Savis senatz lai no s'enpen,

A-wise sensible-man there not himself-thrusts

si lo ten car ni l'onra ben,

if him she-holds dear and him-she-honors well

quan l'aura fag de blanc moren,

when him-she-will-have made from white dark

no'l torn de roal en bazen.

not-him she-turn from roal into bazen

Totz es de garsonia

Wholly he-is of knavery

(lacuna)

qui met gran manentia

who puts great wealth

pel cap puditz.

through-the head stinking

Eisamen qui sec son traï

Likewise who follows her train

fai del ric putana frairi;

makes of-the rich-man a-whore destitute

quan n'a trag la bresch' e-l saï,

when of-it-she-has drawn the honeycomb and-the fat

li fai de la lengua bossi;

to-him she-makes of the tongue a-morsel

ben es de gran folia

well he-is from great folly

sals e gueritz

saved and healed

qui's destol de sa via

who-himself turns-aside from her way

ans qu'ela·l fitz.

before that-she-him fixed

Putan' es de tan mal engenh

A-whore is of so ill contrivance

c'ab dous parlar cueill et asenh

that-with sweet speaking she-gathers and marks

totz cels que pot metr' en congrenh;

all those whom she-can to-put in a-vise

quan l'avens faill, de si·l[s] enpenh;

when the-wealth fails from herself-them she-thrusts

donx qui de sa paria

then who of her company

es encobitz

is coveted

soven mud' e cambia

often changes and shifts

l'enfoletitz.

the-befooled-one

Putà per usatge's defen

A-whore by custom-herself defends

al ric si grand loguier no'n pren,

from-the rich-man if great hire not-of-it she-takes

lai on l'arbalesta desten;

there where the-crossbow unbends

on sap lo pa e vi aten.

where she-knows the bread and wine she-awaits

Molt fai gran glotonia

Much does great gluttony

la trichairitz

the cheater-woman

quan los pros lais' e tria

when the worthy she-leaves and picks

los achaitz.

the degraded
