

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 3

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE TROUBADOURS

Peire d'Alvernhe
Peire Rogier
Arnaut Daniel
Guilhem de Cabestanh

The Golden Age of the Troubadours
Four Poets Complete and Seven in Selection, with the Lives

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

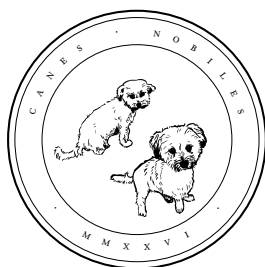


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Volume 3 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows Zenker's *Peire d'Alvernhe* (Erlangen, 1900), Appel's *Peire Rogier* (Berlin, 1882), Lavaud's *Arnaut Daniel* (Toulouse, 1910), and Hüffer's *Guilhem de Cabestanh* (Berlin, 1869); the seven poets in selection from Appel's *Provenzalische Chrestomathie* (sixth edition, Leipzig, 1930) and Bartsch-Koschwitz's *Chrestomathie provençale* (sixth edition, Marburg, 1904); the lives from Chabaneau's *Les biographies des troubadours* (Toulouse, 1885)

Set from page scans of the seven editions

Translated and composed with AI, edited by Christopher Hench
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Each poet's text and spelling are his editor's and none is harmonized to another: Zenker's, Appel's, Lavaud's, and Hüffer's for the four poets printed complete, the selections of Appel's and Bartsch-Koschwitz's chrestomathies for the other seven, and Chabaneau's for every life. An editor's italic or parentheses marking his own conjecture or a stanza he doubts are printed plain, and a row of points for matter he does not constitute prints as an ellipsis. Speech stands between « », each poem carries its edition's number, the chrestomathy's own for a poet in selection, and the English titles are this press's.

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PEIRE D'ALVERNHE

The Complete Songs



Vida

THE LIFE OF PEIRE D'ALVERNHE

The vida puts him in the diocese of Clermont, a burgher's son, and claims two firsts for him: the first good troubadour beyond the mountains, and the maker of the best tunes ever set to a vers. He wrote no cansos, it says, because in his day every song was called a vers; Giraut de Bornelh made the first canso. It grants that he praised himself and blamed the rest, quoting the cobla that calls him master of them all, and reports that he lived long in honor, then did penance and died.

Peire d'Alvernhe si fo del evesquat de Clarmon. Savis homs
Peire of-Auvergne thus was of-the bishopric of Clermont Wise a-man
fo e ben letratz, e fo fils d'un borges. Bels e avinens
he-was and well lettered and he-was son of-a burgher Fair and comely
fo de la persona; e trobet ben e cantet ben. E fo lo
he-was of the person and he-composed well and he-sang well And he-was the
premiers bons trobare que fo outra mon, e aquel que fetz
first good composer that was beyond the-mountains and he who made
los meilleurs sons de vers que anc fosson faich, el vers que ditz:
the best tunes of vers that ever were made in-the vers that says

De jostals breus jorns els loncs sers.

From beside-the short days and-the long evenings

Canson no fetz neguna, car en aquel temps negus cantars
Song not he-made any for in that time any song
no s'apellava cansos, mas vers; mas pueis en Guirautz de
not itself-called a-song but vers but afterward sir Guiraut of
Borneill fetz la primera canson que anc fos feita. Mout
Borneil made the first song that ever was made Much
fo onratz e grasitz per totz los valens barons e per
he-was honored and welcomed by all the worthy barons and by

totas las valens dompnas. Et era tengutz per lo meillor

all the worthy ladies And he-was held for the best

trobador del mon, tro que venc Guirautz de Borneill.

composer of-the world until that came Guiraut of Borneil

Mout se lauzava en sos cantars e blasmava los autres

Much himself he-praised in his songs and he-blamed the other

trobadors, si qu'el dis en una copla d'un sirventes qu'el fetz:

composers so that-he said in a cobla of-a sirventes that-he made

Peire d'Alvernhe a tal votz

Peire of-Auvergne has such a-voice

que canta de sobr' e de sotz

that he-sings from above and from below

e siei son son dous e plazen;

and his tunes are sweet and pleasing

e pois es maestre de totz,

and then he-is master of all

ab qu'un pauc esclarzis sos motz,

provided that-a little he-clarify his words

qu'a penas nulls hom los enten.

that-with difficulty any man them understands

Longamen estet e visquet el mon ad honor, segon

Long he-stayed and he-lived in-the world in honor according-to

quem dis lo Dalfins d'Alvernhe, en cui terra el nasquet;

what-to-me said the Dauphin of-Auvergne in whose land he was-born

e pois el fetz penedensa e mori.

and afterward he did penance and died

L'airs clars e·l chans dels auzelhs

1 · A VERS NOT CLOSED

Clear air, birdsong, and fresh leaf move him to take up an unclosed vers with a new tune, and he calls on knights to sing, since whoever is not gay in season loses the best of his age. Anger works no good, and whoever chases the show of joy loses the whole, like the dog that dropped its meat for a reflection in the water. He seeks a love with no swerving in it, whose gladness surpasses all joys as a rose outshines the orchard's flowers.

L'airs clars e·l chans dels auzelhs,

The-air clear and-the song of-the birds

la flors fresc' e·l fuelha

the flower fresh and-the leaf

que s'espera per los brondelhs

that itself-spreads through the boughs

e l'erba que bruelha

and the-grass that sprouts

mi mostra d'esser isnelhs

to-me shows to-be swift

qu'un vers non-clus cuelha,

that-a vers not-closed I-take-up

tal que sos sia novelhs,

such that its-tune be new

que·l chant qui ja·s vuelha;

that-it sings whoever ever-himself wishes

per qu'ara chanten cavalier

so that-now sing knights

que chans aporta alegrier,

for song brings gladness

e pert de son segle lo mais

and he-loses of his age the most

qui segon sazo non es gais.

who according-to season not is gay

Qu'ira ni grans cossiriers

For-anger nor great brooding

non obra boneza,

not works goodness

qu'ans es dans e destorbiers,

for-rather is harm and hindrance

non obra proeza;

not works prowess

que, cum totz mals encombriers

for as every evil encumbrance

mou de cobezeza,

springs from covetousness

atressi sortz totz faitz niers

likewise arises every deed black

d'embronquar, qui'l veza.

from-glooming who-it practices

Doncs qui de gaug a dezirier,

So whoever of joy has desire

tenga a dreit so semdier

let-him-bold to right his path

e l'ira e l'avol parven lais

and the-anger and the-worthless seeming let-him-leave

als malvatz malfachors savais.

to-the wicked evildoers base

Mas dels dos jois a ops: sens

But of-the two joys is need sense

e reconoissensa;

and gratitude

e l'us es abaissamens

and the-one is abasement

e l'autre creissensa.

and the-other increase

E s'om s'es lo mon seguens,

And if-a-man himself-is the world following

vir se on mais l'agensa,

let-him-turn himself where most it-pleases-to-him

qu'aiselh sos faitz es grazens

for-that-man his deed is welcome

qu'es ses repentensa;

that-is without repentance

qu'aitals es de gaug ufanier,

for-such is of joy vainglorious

qui·lh sec e defug l'autr' entier,

who-it follows and shuns the-other whole

cum del can cui cazec del cais

as of-the dog to-whom fell from-the jaw

la carns, quan l'ombra el' aigua·l trais.

the flesh when the-shadow in-the water-him drew

Perque qui del joi munda

Wherefore who of-the joy pure

s'apropch' e s'aferma

himself-approaches and himself-affirms

si: «era·l terras», non l'a,

so now-the lands not it-he-has

que, quan creis mais, merma;

which when grows more diminishes

quar, s'amors fo·m bona ja,

for if-love was-to-me good once

qui no·m pliu ni·m ferma

who not-to-me pledges nor-to-me confirms

que no m'o menta dema,

that not to-me-it lie tomorrow

don l'amars s'azerma

whence the-loving itself-prepares

fors cum volva descordier?

save as a-turn discordant

ieu no sai; e serc e quier

I not know and I-search and I-seek

l'amor on non a ren bials,

the-love where not is any swerving

on ma bon' esperansa·m pais.

where my good hope-me feeds

Que·l sieus jois gensetz esjau

For-the his joy more-nobly gladdens

selhui qui·l s'autreja

him who-it himself-grants

senes fenh' e semblant brau

without feigning and seeming harsh

e ses vair' enveja,

and without shifting envy

qu'ades a quasqun jornau

for-ever on each day

sai viu e verdeja

here lives and grows-green

sa valors ab ver lonc lau,

his merit with true long praise

cui totz pretz sopleja;

whom all worth bows-to

que, cum resplan roz' en rozier

for as shines a-rose on a-rosebush

gensetz d'autra flor de vergier,

more-nobly than-another flower of orchard

sobra sobre totz jois sos jais

surpasses above all joys his gladness

del maior gaug qu'anc nasc ni nais.

of-the greatest joy that-ever was-born or is-born

Lo vers chant qui·l sabra ses brais,

The vers let-sing whoever-it will-know without braying

on mot mi platz, de qui mas bais.

where much to-me it-pleases of whom hands I-kiss

Lo fuelhs e·l flors e·l frugz madurs

2 · LEAF, FLOWER, AND RIPE FRUIT

Leaf, flower, and ripened fruit bring him joy, and with joy come understanding and the will to grow better, since without gladness no great knowledge is chosen high. Even in dark sayings and in argument, he holds, a man must speak without broken words, and a man given tunes and words to make bad better improve them. He claims to be greedy for two things only, shunning false men and being well loved, and says the gift given him reaches as far as Tyre, thanking the lady it came from.

Lo fuelhs e·l flors e·l frugz madurs,

The leaf and-the flower and-the fruit ripe

quan es sazos,

when is season

m'ès jois e gaugz m'adutz,

to-me-is joy and gladness to-me-it-brings

e·l retins per plas e per murs

and-the ringing through plains and through walls

dels auzelhos

of-the small-birds

e·l solelhs que relutz,

and-the sun that shines-again

qu'entendemens

that-understanding

mi ven e voluntatz

to-me comes and will

d'esser sabens

to-be knowing

de mais en mielhs assatz.

from more to better greatly

Quar ses gaug grans sabers ni purs

For without joy great knowing nor pure

ni genhs ginhos

nor wit ingenious

non er aut elegutz;

not will-be high chosen

per que ie·m cre en cent augurs

wherefore that I-myself believe in a-hundred omens

jauzens jojos

rejoicing joyful

e jauzens mantengutz

and rejoicing upheld

contra tals gens

against such folk

cui falh sciensa e patz,

to-whom fails knowledge and peace

eu vi, encens

I saw incense

sobre·ls enamoratz.

upon-the enamored

Qu'ab lo plus gent joi vau segurs

For-with the most noble joy I-go secure

qu'anc entre nos

that-ever among us

sai fos aparegutz,

here had appeared

e no mi tenra dan digz durs

and not to-me will-hold harm words harsh

d'omes iros

of-men wrathful

ni lauzengiers lengutz;

nor slanderers tongued

que·l senatz sens

for-the wise sense

no·s camja ni·l beutatz

not-itself changes nor-the beauty

don sui jauzens,

whence I-am rejoicing

de bon' amor amatz.

by good love loved

E sembla·m ben als ditz escurs

And it-seems-to-me well to-the sayings dark

et en razos,

and in arguments

de dir ses motz romputz;

to speak without words broken

de que cove que mot melhurs

wherefore that it-behooves that much you-better

tu, cui det sos

you to-whom he-gave tunes

e motz far mentaugutz;

and words to-make renowned

que·l mai manens

for-the more wealthy

d'autrui part pert viatz

of-another's share loses quickly

bos covinens,

good covenants

pus no i ren dels dos gratz.

since not there he-renders of-the two thanks

Mas de mi non auja rancurs,

But of me not let-bim-bear complaints

que cobeitos

for covetous

sui sobre·ls autres drutz

I-am above-the other lovers

d'esquivar contra fals tafurs

to-shun against false rogues

e d'amoros

and of-loving

esser e ben volgut;

to-be and well wisbed

quar si trop tens

for if too-much time

mi fes fals' amistatz,

to-me made false friendship

ja·m sent tenens

now-myself I-feel holding

de fina afinatz.

by a-true-one refined

E quals qu'an contr' amor perjurs,

And whoever that-are against love perjured

ieu serai bos

I will-be good

ves l'amor que'm condutz,

toward the-love that-me guides

e francs e fermes en mos aturs,

and frank and firm in my purposes

e·l sospeissos

and-the hope

er en los sieus ajutz;

will-be in the his aids

don sapiens

whence knowing

sui e mai melhuratz

I-am and more bettered

d'autres sinc cens

than-other five hundred

d'amor enamoratz.

by-love enamored

Que cum l'aur resplan e l'azurs

For as the-gold shines and the-azure

contr' alberos

against daybreak

... sobre·ls escutz,

(lacuna) upon-the shields

mi det do, tro lai ont es Surs,

to-me he-gave a-gift as-far-as there where is Tyre

qu'ieu sobriers fos

that-I superior might-be

als grans et als menutz

to-the great and to-the small

dels esciens

of-the knowing

de trobar ses fenhs fatz,

of composing without feignings made

don sui grazens

whence I-am grateful

a cela don m'es datz.

to her whence to-me-is given

Sobre·l vielh trobar e·l novel

3 · THE OLD COMPOSING AND THE NEW

He will show his mind on the old composing and the new, and claims outright that no whole vers was made before his. He holds the bread and the knife of the craft, and mocks the men who have taken its hood without any accord to keep the path from breaking: a maker of words must be continuous and pleasing, or he falls in the middle of his own leap. To those who complain he answers that he is first in finished speech.

Sobre·l vielh trobar e·l novel

About-the old composing and-the new

vuelh mostrar mon sen als sabens,

I-wish to-show my sense to-the knowing

qu'entendon be cil que a venir so

that-understands well those that to come are

qu'anc tro per me no fo faitz vers entiers;

that-ever until by me not was made a-vers whole

e qui non cre qu'eu sia vertadiers,

and who not believes that-I am truthful

auja dese con estau a razo.

let-him-bear at-once how I-stand to reason

Qu'ieu tenh l'us e·l pan e·l coutel

For-I hold the-usage and-the bread and-the knife

de que·m platz apanar las gens;

wherewith that-to-me it-pleases to-feed the folk

que d'est mestier s'an levat capairo

for of-this craft themselves-have raised hoods

ses acordier que no's rompa·l semdiers;

without agreement so-that not-itself break-the path

qu'ieu dic dese e mostr' els faitz novers

for-I say at-once and I-show in-the deeds new-things

qu'a fol parlier ten om lui e·l sermo.

that-for a-foolish babbler holds one him and-the sermon

Qu'a un tenen ses mot borrel

For-in one holding without a-word coarse

deu de dir esser avinens;

he-must in speaking be comely

car qui trassalh de Mauri e Miro,

for who leaps from Mauri and Miro

entre·l mieg falh, si no's pren als ladriers,

between-the middle fails if not-himself he-takes to-the sides

com del trebalh quecs motz fas messatgiers;

as of-the labor each word makes messengers

qu'en divinalh met l'auzir de maiso.

for-in riddling he-puts the-bearing of the-house

E qui qu'en frima ni·n fragel,

And whoever that-of-it grumbles or-of-it breaks

pus qu'es mos trobars tan valens,

since that-is my composing so worthy

...

(lacuna)

ieu son iratz e dic qu'ieu soi primiers

I am angered and I-say that-I am first

de ditz complitz vensen mos fatz guerriers,

in sayings accomplished vanquishing my deeds warlike

que·m levon critz que ieu no m'en tenh pro.

that-to-me raise cries that I not myself-of-it hold satisfied

Doncs com qu'il sion d'un tropel

So however that-they be of-one flock

menten tot gent er per las dens:

lying all nobly will-be through the teeth

ie·m sen sertas del mielhs qu'es e que fo,

I-myself feel certain of-the best that-is and that was

enseguras de mon chant a sobriers

assured of my song in excess

vas los bauzas, e sai que dic, qu'estiers

toward the deceivers and I-know what I-say for-otherwise

no vengra·l gras, don a trop en sazo.

not would-come-the fat whence there-is much in season

Quar er m'abelis e m'es bel

For now it-pleases-to-me and to-me-is fair

qu-el mieu joi s'enant la jovens;

that-in-the my joy itself-advance the youth

e s'ieu ren dic que lur an enviro,

and if-I anything say that to-them goes around

aissi m'en gic, qu'uns gaugz mi creis doblers

thus myself-of-it I-leave for-a joy to-me grows double

d'un dous espic qu'es jojos consiriers,

from-a sweet spike that-is joyful brooding

don m'an amic ueimais li mal e'il bo.

whence me-they-have friend henceforth the bad and-the good

D'aisi-m sent ric per bona sospeiso,

From-this-myself I-feel rich through good expectation

qu'en joi m'asic e m'estau volentiers,

for-in joy myself-I-seat and myself-I-stay willingly

et ab joi pic e gaug mos deziriers

and with joy I-strike and gladness my desires

et ab joi pic e gaug vuelh dieus lo-m do.

and with joy I-strike and gladness I-wish God it-to-me give

Ab fina joia comensa

4 • NO BAD SINGER SHALL HAVE IT

The vers begins in pure joy and sounds fair words, and he does not want it learned by a bad singer who would turn his sweet tune into a bray. Of love he has the memory and the fair words and nothing else, though by good waiting he hopes for more; she grants him a kind look and no further, and he allows that so rich a joy would want an emperor. He did penance without sin, and keeps hoping because a man in despair is lost.

Ab fina joia comensa

With fine joy begins

lo vers qui bels motz assona

the vers which fair words sounds

e de ren noi a falhensa,

and of anything not-there is failing

mas no m'es bon que l'aprenha

but not to-me-is good that it-learn

tals cui mos chans no covenha;

such-a-one to-whom my song not suits

qu'ieu non vuolh, avols chantaire,

for-I not wish a-worthless singer

cel qui tot chant desfaissona,

he who every song unshapes

mon douz sonet torn'en bram.

my sweet tune turns-into braying

D'amor ai la sovinensa

Of-love I-have the remembrance

e·ls bels ditz, ren plus no·m dona,

and-the fair sayings anything more not-to-me she-gives

mas per bona atendensa

but through good waiting

esper qu'alcus jois m'en venha;

I-hope that-some joy to-me-of-it come

l segles vol qu'om se captenha

the world wishes that-one himself conduct

segon qu'el pot sempre faire,

according-as that-be can always to-do

qu'en breu temps plus asazona,

for-in short time more it-ripens

qu'a pro d'aisso don ac fam.

for-be-has enough of-that whence be-had hunger

Bel semblan n'ai en parvensa,

Fair seeming of-it-I-have in appearance

que gen m'acuolh e·m razona,

for nobly me-she-receives and-me speaks-to

mas del plus no·m fai cossensa

but of-the more not-to-me she-makes consent

ni·s tanh que tant aut me cenha

nor-itself befits that so high me she-gird

ni tant rics jois m'endevenha,

nor so rich joy to-me-befall

on coven us emperaire;

where befits an emperor

pro fai car sol gen mi sona
enough she-does since only nobly to-me she-speaks

ni car sofre qu'ieu la am.
and since she-suffers that-I her love

Mout fai ves mi gran temensa,
Much she-makes toward me great fear

car tan pauc si abandona;
since so little herself she-yields

jois qu'enaisi trop bistensa
a-joy that-thus much delays

mout mostra mal' entressenha;
much shows a-bad token

si cum li plaira mi tenha,
so as to-her it-will-please me let-her-bold

que tant no·m fai gran mal traire
for so-much not-to-me she-makes great ill endure

— sel sui que no l'encaisona —
he I-am that not her-accuses

tant no·m ten en greu liam.
so-much not-me she-holds in heavy bond

Ses pechat fis penedensa
Without sin I-did penance

et es tortz, qui no·m perdona,
and it-is wrong who not-me pardons

et ieu fatz long' entendensa
and I make long suit
 per tal perdon que no·m denha;
for such a-pardon that not-me she-deigns
 assatz cuig que mal m'en prenha,
much I-think that ill to-me-of-it come
 que perdutz es desesperaire,
for lost is a-despairer
 per qu'ai esperansa bona:
wherefore that-I-have hope good
 pel vostre don mi reclam.
by-the your gift myself I-claim

Ben es fis de gran valensa
Well is refined of great worth
 mos cors, s'aquist m'abarona
my heart if-this me-ennobles
 per cui totz pretz creis e gensa;
through whom all worth grows and betters
 e sap pauc qui so m'ensenha
and knows little who this to-me-teaches
 que ja nulh' outra·m sostenha;
that ever any other-me sustain
 tant bella filha de maire
so fair a-daughter of a-mother
 ni tant cum cels plou ni trona
nor so-far as heaven rains nor thunders
 non ac tal el linh d'Azam.
not was such in-the line of-Adam

Als comtes mand en Proensa

To-the counts I-send in Provence

lo vers e sai a Narbona,

the vers and here to Narbonne

lai on pren jois mantenensa

there where takes joy upholding

segond aquelz per cui renha;

according-to those through whom it-reigns

et ieu trob sai qui'm retenha,

and I find here who-me retains

tal dompna don sui amaire,

such a-lady whereof I-am a-lover

non ges a la lei gascona,

not at-all in the fashion Gascon

segon las nostras amam.

according-to the ours we-love

Chantarai, pus vei qu'a far m'er

5 · A NEW SONG THAT RESEMBLES NO OTHER

He will sing a new song shaped to resemble no other, since no song was ever good that resembled somebody else's. He watches the lark climb the shaft of light and drop again, and says that whoever is humble and true to Love conquers quickly, for humility and a fair look are what make a man powerful. Of the love itself he has only the burden, and that is his great joy; he closes offering service and prayers until the reward comes.

Chantarai, pus vei qu'a far m'er,

I-will-sing since I-see that-to make to-me-will-be

d'un chant nou que·m gronh dins lo cais;

of-a song new that-to-me grows within the jaw

chantars m'a tengut en pantalais,

singing me-has beld in torment

consi chantes d'aital guiza

how I-might-sing in-such a-manner

qu'autrui chantar non ressembles;

that-another's singing not it-resemble

qu'anc chans no fon valens ni bos

for-ever a-song not was worthy nor good

que ressembles autrui chansos.

that resembled another's songs

Belh m'es quan l'alauza se fer

Fair to-me-is when the-lark herself lifts

en l'air, per on dissen lo rais,

into the-air through where descends the ray

e monta, tro li·s bel que·s bais
and rises until to-her-is fair that-herself she-drop

sobre·l fuelh que branda·l biza,
upon-the leaf that shakes-the north-wind

e·l dous temps qu'anc bona nasques
and-the sweet season that-ever good was-born

enttruebre·ls becs dels auzelhos,
half-opens-the beaks of-the small-birds

don retin lur chans sus e jos.
whence rings their song up and down

Qui a doncs amor e l'enquier,
Whoever has then love and it-seeks

et amors brot' e bruelh' e nais,
and love buds and sprouts and is-born

e qui l'es umils e verais,
and who to-it-is humble and true

en breu d'ora la conquiza;
in short of-time it he-conquers

qu'umilitatz la vens ades
for-humility it vanquishes at-once

e belhs semblans ab jent respos,
and fair seemings with noble answer

qu'estiers non es om poderos.
for-otherwise not is a-man powerful

Mas de mi, las, qu'enaisi·l ser

But of me alas that-thus-her I-serve

e re non ai mas quan lo fais!

and anything not I-have save only the burden

Aiso meteis m'es lo grans jais,

This same to-me-is the great gladness

maier que qui·m dava Piza;

greater than if-to-me one-gave Pisa

e s'a lieis plagues qu'a sos pes

and if-to her it-pleased that-at her feet

vengues aclis de ginolhos

I-might-come bowed on knees

e·m disses un mot amoros!

and-to-me she-said a word loving

Amors, saber volgra com er

Love to-know I-would-wish how it-will-be

de nos dos, si·us plazia, ueimais,

of us two if-to-you it-pleased henceforth

que per re engraissar no·m lais,

that for anything to-grow-fat not-myself I-let

mas car no sai ma deviza;

but since not I-know my device

e podetz aver cor engres

and you-can to-have a-beart harsh

ves mi, qu'ieu non l'aurai ves vos,

toward me that-I not it-will-have toward you

tro que·l cors rest de l'arma blos?

until that-the body remain of the-soul bare

Ab sol qu'enaissi no m'esfer,

Provided only that-thus not myself-I-frighten

non reblan gelos ni savais;

not I-flatter jealous nor base

que ja nulh dan, si be's n'irais,

that ever any harm if well-himself of-it-be-angers

no·l pretz una pauca briza;

not-it I-value a small crumb

m'en puesca tener luenh ni pres,

myself-of-it may-be-able to-hold far nor near

sia lausengiers o gilos,

be-it a-slanderer or jealous

sol qu'ela·m sia a mos pros.

provided that-she-to-me be to my profit

Sol sia que mos cors s'esmer,

Only be-it that my heart itself-refine

que ves outra part non biais;

that toward another part not it-swerve

qu'un'amor ad autr'enquier plais,

for-one-love to another-seeks quarrel

si·n sabia esser auciza;

if-of-it it-knew to-be slain

e sapchatz, s'ieu tant non l'ames,

and know-you if-I so-much not her-loved

ja non saupra far vers ni sos

ever not I-would-know to-make vers nor tunes

ni non o feira, s'ilh no fos.

and not it I-would-do if-she not were

Peire d'Alvernhe l'er cofes

Peire of-Auvergne to-her-will-be confessed

tan de servir e d'orazos,

so-much of serving and of-prayers

tro que li·n venha guizardos.

until that to-her-of-it come a-reward

De josta·ls breus jorns e·ls loncs sers

6 · SHORT DAYS AND LONG EVENINGS

In the time of short days and long evenings, when the pale air darkens, he wants his skill to branch with a new joy. Love wants gladness and abandons the sour, and whoever can rejoice at the pinching hour has earned her friendship; he would rather keep his own portion than be an idle king of Scots or Galicians. He knows no arts but endurance and dares not ask, yet a glimpse of her makes him rich out of great poverty, more than the king of France could.

De josta·ls breus jorns e·ls loncs sers,

From beside-the short days and-the long evenings

quan la blanc' aura brunezis,

when the white air darkens

vuelh que branc e bruelh mos sabers

I-wish that branch and sprout my knowings

d'un nou joi que·m fruech' e·m floris;

with-a new joy that-me fruits and-me flowers

car del doutz fuelh vei clarzir los garrics,

for of-the sweet leaf I-see to-strip the oaks

per que·s retrai entre las neus e·ls freis

wherefore itself draws-back among the snows and-the frosts

lo rossinhols e·l tortz e·l gais e·l pics.

the nightingale and-the thrush and-the jay and-the woodpecker

Contr'aisso m'agrada-l parers

Against-this pleases-me-the appearing

d'amor lonhdan' e devezis

of-love far-off and set-apart

quar pauc val levars ni jazers

for little is-worth rising or lying-down

a lui ses lieis cui es aclis;

to him without her to-whom he-is bowed

qu'amors vol gaug e guerpis los enics,

for-love wills gladness and abandons the sullen

e qui s'esjau a l'ora qu'es destreis,

and who himself-rejoices at the-hour that-is straitened

be-m par qu'a dreit li vol esser amics.

well-to-me it-seems that-by right to-him it-wills to-be a-friend

Ieu vei e crei e sai qu'es vers

I see and believe and know that-it-is true

qu'amors engraiss' e magrezis

that-love fattens and makes-lean

l'un ab trichar, l'autr' ab plazers

the-one with cheating the-other with pleasures

e l'un ab plor e l'autr' ab ris;

and the-one with weeping and the-other with laughter

lo cals que's vol n'es manens o mendics,

the which that-itself wills of-it-is wealthy or a-beggar

per qu'ieu n'am mais so qu'en ai qu'esser reis

wherefore that-I of-it-love more what that-of-it I-have than-to-be king

assatz non-re d'Escotz ni de Galics.

enough of-nothing of-Scots or of Galicians

Ges ieu no sai los capteners,

At-all I not know the bearings

mas sofre, qu'una m'a conquis

but I-endure for-one me-has conquered

don reviu jois e nais valers,

whence revives joy and is-born worth

tals que denant li·m trassalhis;

such that before her-myself I-tremble

quar no m'enquier de dir, m'en ven destrics,

for not myself-I-ask to speak of-it-to-me comes hurt

tan tem que·l mielhs lais e prenda·l sordeis;

so-much I-fear that-the better I-leave and I-take-the worse

on plus n'ai cor, mi pens: car non t'en gics?

the-more most of-it-I-have heart to-myself I-think why not yourself-of-it you-leave

A! car si fos dels mieus volers

Ab for if it-were of-the my wishings

lo sieus rics coratges devis,

the her rich heart apportioned

desque ma dompna·m tol poders

since my lady-from-me takes power

de so de qu'ieu plus l'ai requis!

of that of which-I most her-have asked

Mas no·il sai dir lausengas ni prezics,

But not-to-her I-know to-say flatteries nor sermons

mas melhor cor l'ai trop que non pareis;

but better heart to-her-I-have much than — appears

s'ella no·l sap, morrai m'en totz antics.

if-she not-it knows I-shall-die myself-of-it all worn-out

Tant m'es doutz e fis sos vezers

So-much to-me-is sweet and fine her seeing

pel joi que·m n'es al cor assis

for-the joy that-to-me of-it-is at-the heart set

e sobre tot lo bons espers

and above all the good hope

qu'ieu n'ai, per que m'en enriquis;

that-I of-it-have wherefore that myself-of-it it-enriches

qu'anc tant no fui mais coartz ni mendics,

that-ever so-much not I-was more coward nor a-beggar

ab qu'ieu la vis alques, aqui mezeis

provided that-I her saw at-all there itself

no·m saubes far de gran paubretat rics.

not-me she-knew to-make from great poverty rich

So es gaugz e jois e plazers

That is gladness and joy and pleasure

que a moutas gens abelhis,

which to many folk pleases

e sos pretz mont' a grans poders

and her worth climbs by great powers

o sos jois sobrenenhors;

or her joy over-lords

qu'ensenhamens e beutatz l'es abrics,

for-instruction and beauty to-her-is a-shelter

dompneis d'amor, qu'en lieis s'esper e creis,

courting of-love that-in her itself-spreads and grows

plens de doussor, vertz e blancs, cum es nics;

full of sweetness green and white as is snow

per qu'ieu mi pens: ja no t'en desrazics,

wherefore that-I to-myself think ever not yourself-of-it uproot

quan mi conquis en luec ont ilh me seis

when me she-conquered in a-place where she me girded

plus, que se·m des Fransa lo reis Loïcs.

more than if-to-me she-gave France the king Louis

En aquest vers sapchan vilan, Audrics,

In this vers let-them-know churls Audrics

que d'Alvernhe manda qu'om ses dompneis

that of-Auvergne he-sends that-a-man without courting

no val ren plus que bels malvatz espics.

not is-worth anything more than a-fair wicked ear-of-corn

En estiu, quan crida'l jais

7 • FALSE LOVE LEFT TO THE COWARDS

In summer, when the jay cries and youth revives with the flower, it is time to leave false and cheating love to the crouching cowards, who take the best of it and the least of the burden. He will love all the same, knowing he will be betrayed. He has been held in a castle he dares not stay in, and fears the porter's oath will make a fool of him; he asks God for a love he can never trust, since she holds him cured only when she lies in all she says.

En estiu, quan crida'l jais

In summer when cries-the jay

e reviu per mieg los plais

and revives through amid the thickets

jovens ab la flor que nais,

youth with the flower that is-born

adoncs es razos qu'om lais

then is reason that-one leave

fals' amor enganairitz

false love deceiving

als volpilhos acropitz.

to-the cowards crouched

Li sordeior e'il savais

The worst and-the base

n'an lo mielhs e'l menhs del fais,

of-it-have the better and-the less of-the burden

pauc so prezon, qui's n'irais;

little it they-prize whoever-himself of-it-angers

amarai, mas non puesc mais,

I-shall-love but not I-can more

que de tal amor sui guitz

for by such love I-am led

don sai que serai trahitz.

whence I-know that I-shall-be betrayed

Pres ai estat en caslar

Taken I-have been in a-castle

ab so que noi aus estar,

with this that not-there I-dare to-stay

e pero non puesc mudar

and yet not I-can to-help-it

de mos enemics no'l gar;

from my enemies it I-guard

ja non serai assalhitz,

ever not I-shall-be assailed

qu'en auta roca es bastitz.

for-on a-high rock it-is built

Si'l portiers me vol jurar

If-the porter to-me wills to-swear

qu'autre non i lais intrar,

that-another not there he-let enter

segur poirai guerreiar;

secure I-shall-be-able to-make-war

mas al sacrament passar
but at-the oath passing
 tem que serai escarnitz,
I-fear that I-shall-be mocked
 que mil vetz i sui falhitz.
for a-thousand times there I-am failed

Lai sui plevitz e juratz,
There I-am pledged and sworn
 qu'ieu non am vas autre latz,
that-I not love toward another side
 mas d'aisso es grans pechatz
but of-this is great sin
 qu'ieu am e no sui amatz;
that-I love and not I-am loved
 totz temps ai fag plaitz e ditz
all times I-have made pleas and sayings
 per qu'ieu sui gen acuilhitz.
wherefore that-I am nobly welcomed

A domnidieu quier solatz
From lord-God I-ask cheer
 per qu'ieu sia enamoratz,
wherefore that-I be enamored
 qu'en aital ora fui natz
for-in such an-hour I-was born
 qu'anc non puec amar en patz,
that-ever not I-could to-love in peace

e platz me quar sui issitz

and it-pleases to-me since I-am gone-out

de la terra on fui noiritz.

from the land where I-was reared

Amor mi lais dieus trobar

A-love to-me let God to-find

on ja no'm puesca fiar,

where ever not-myself I-can to-trust

e quant ieu la tenrai car,

and when I it shall-hold dear

il pens de mi enganar;

she thinks of me to-deceive

qu'adoncs mi ten per garitz,

for-then me she-holds for cured

quan mi ment tot quan me ditz.

when to-me she-lies all that to-me she-says

Assatz a a cavalgar

Enough he-has to ride

qui la cuida altra trobar,

who her thinks another to-find

qu'aissi co'l cels clau la mar,

for-thus as-the sky closes the sea

non pot om gaire trobar

not can one much to-find

que non sion camiairitz

that not they-be changeable

vas drutz e vas lor marritz.

toward lovers and toward tbeir husbands

Totz temps deu esser marritz

All times must to-be grieved

qui d'aital amor es guitz.

who by-such love is led

Al dessebrar del país

8 · LEAVING THE COUNTRY

At leaving the country where love had conquered him, he sets out what gladdens and grieves him. He was true to one love until it pleased her to let him go, and it is her wrong that drew him from a sweet land; nowhere among Franks or Saracens has he found gladness better sought or true worth better loved. Since loving embitters him, he abandons her, and she will never see him again. He warns Sir Estrieu that whoever does not check too much human joy does ill.

Al dessebrar del país

At-the parting from-the country

on m'avi' amors conquis

where me-had love conquered

aprendetz, si no·us es fais,

learn if not-to-you it-is burdensome

so don m'alegr' e m'irais,

that whence myself-I-gladden and myself-I-grieve

on que·m vir;

wherever that-myself I-turn

mas tan cum sui ab gent conha,

but so-long as I-am with folk gracious

no·m dei per ira marrir

not-myself I-ought for grief to-be-sad

qu'on mais puesc, apres no·m ponha.

for-where most I-can afterward not-myself it-stings

Mas vers un'amor fui fis,

But toward one-love I-was true

tro qu'a lieis plac que'm giquis,

until that-to her it-pleased that-me she-forsook

e quar al sieu tort mi trais

and since at-the her wrong me she-drew

...

(lacuna)

ab ben dir;

with good speaking

quar de doussa terra conha

for from a-sweet country gracious

mi trais e'm fetz dessalhir;

me she-drew and-me made to-depart

mas, quan que tric, l'er vergonha.

but however-much she delay to-her-will-be shame

Anc non anei tans camis

Ever not I-went so-many roads

ves Francs ni ves Sarrazis

toward Franks nor toward Saracens

on mielhs fos demandatz jais

where better was sought gladness

ni plus amatz pretz verais

and more loved worth true

ab servir;

with serving

e'l gens qu'es corteza e conha,

and-the folk that-is courteous and gracious

silh que·m veiran tart venir,

those that-me will-see late to-come

tan mal m'es qui m'en deslonha.

so ill to-me-is whoever me-from-it estranges

Si l'amor don fui vezis,

If the-love whence I-was a-neighbor

dont ara m'esfredezis,

whereof now myself-I-chill

amer' ieu plus que Roais,

I-would-love I more than Edessa

e si no·m fos per fols brais

and if not-to-me it-were through foolish cries

trassalhir,

to-leap-away

et a la mia doussa conha

and to the my sweet gracious-one

si m'eschazes a mentir,

if to-me-it-befell to lie

vos agratz d'aital messonha.

you would-have of-such a-falsehood

D'esser ueimais m'esbaudis,

Of-being henceforth myself-I-cheer

pus amars m'enamarzis;

since loving me-embitters

qu'ara·m sent de totz assais

for-now-myself I-feel of all trials

vertz e blancs e brus e bais,

green and white and brown and bay

e m'albir

and myself-I-consider

e dic vos d'amor nems conha

and I-tell you of-love too gracious

qu'en paor es de perir,

that-in fear it-is of perishing

lai on li es ops que lonha.

there where to-it is need that it-withdraw

Er an ses cors e·l fals ris

Now they-have her heart and-the false laugh

tot aissi cum l'abelhis;

all thus as to-her-it-pleases

qu'ieu mi gurg de lieis e·m lais

for-I myself abandon of her and-myself I-leave

e mi no veira jamais.

and me not she-will-see ever-again

A partir

To depart

m'ave de la terra conha;

to-me-befalls from the country gracious

si no·m fos per que·s n'azir,

if not-to-me it-were for-what that-herself of-it-she-angers

mes mi fora en la canonha.

put me I-would-be in the chapter

Senher n'Estrieu, qui s'aconha

Lord sir-Estrieu who himself-devotes

de trop uman joi jauzir,

to too-much human joy to-enjoy

mal fai, qui non lo calonha.

ill be-does who not it challenges

«Rossinhol, el seu repaire

9A · THE NIGHTINGALE SENT

He sends the nightingale to his lady's dwelling to tell his case and bring back hers, asking that no plea keep the bird there. It flies straight, sees her beauty, breaks into the song it sings toward evening, and delivers the message: her faithful lover has sent it into her power to please her, and it will read her sign and carry back what it means. It ends on its own plea, that whoever puts hope in love should not delay, since white falls quickly into brown.

«Rossinhol, el seu repaire

Nightingale to-the her dwelling

m'iras ma domna vezer,

for-me-you-will-go my lady to-see

e digas li-l meu afaire

and tell to-her-the my business

et ilh diga-t del seu ver,

and let-her tell-you of-the hers true

e man sai

and let-her-send here

com l'estai,

how to-her-it-stands

mas de mi-l sovenha,

but of me-to-her let-it-remember

que ges lai

that at-all there

per nul plai

for any plea

ab si no-t retenha,

with herself not-you she-retain

qu'ades no·m tornes retraire

that-at-once not-to-me you-return to-report

son star e son captener,

her state and her bearing

qu'ieu non ai paren ni fraire

for-I not have kinsman nor brother

don tant o vuelha saber.»

whereof so-much it I-wish to-know

Ar s'en vai

Now himself-of-it goes

l'auzels gai

the-bird gay

dreit vas on ilh renha,

straight toward where she reigns

ab essai

with essaying

ses esglai,

without terror

tro qu'en trob l'ensenha.

until that-of-it he-find the-token

Quan l'auzeletz de bon aire

When the-little-bird of good breeding

vi sa beutat aparer,

saw her beauty appear

dous cant comenset a braire,

sweet song he-began to utter

si com sol far contra·l ser;

so as he-is-wont to-do toward-the evening

pois se tai,

then himself be-quiets

que non brai,

so-that not be-cries

mas de lei s'engenha,

but of her himself-be-contrives

co·l retrai

how-it be-report

ses pantai

without wandering

so qu'ilh auzir denha.

that which-she to-hear deigns

«Cel que·us es fizels amaire,

He who-to-you is faithful a-lover

volc qu'eu en vostre poder

willed that-I into your power

vengues sai esser cantaire,

should-come here to-be a-singer

per so que·us fos a plazer;

for this that-to-you it-were a pleasure

e sabrai,

and I-shall-know

quan veirai,

when I-shall-see

per qu'er l'entresenha;

wherefore that-will-be the-signal

que·il dirai,

that-to-him I-shall-say

si ren sai,

if anything I-know

per qu'el lai s'en fenha.

wherefore that-he there himself-of-it feign

E si'l port per que's n'esclaire,

And if-it I-carry wherefore that-himself of-it-be-brighten

gran gaug en devetz aver,

great gladness of-it you-must to-have

qu'anc om no nasquet de maire,

for-ever a-man not was-born of a-mother

tan de be·us posca voler;

so-much of good-to-you might to-wish

ie·m n'irai

I-myself of-it-shall-go

e·m mourai

and-myself shall-move

ab joi, on que·m venha; —

with joy where that-to-me it-come

no farai,

not I-shall-do

quar non ai

for not I-have

dig qual plag en preinha.

said what plea of-it he-take

D'aisso·m farai plaidejaire:

Of-this-myself I-shall-make a-pleader

qui·n amor a son esper,

whoever-in love has his hope

no·s deuria tardar gaire,

not-himself ought to-delay long

tan com l'amors n'a lezer;

so long-as the-love of-it-has leisure

que tost cai

for soon falls

blancs en bai,

white into bay

com flors sobre lenha;

as a-flower upon a-branch

e val mai

and is-worth more

qui·ls fagz fai,

whoever-the deeds does

ans qu'als la·n destrenha.»

before that-something-else her-of-it constrain

Ben a tengut dreg viatge
9B · THE NIGHTINGALE'S ANSWER

The bird has kept a straight road, and she sends her answer back by it: the bird's speech pleases her, and there is something she wants told him. His going is hard to bear, for she has seen no joy of any lineage that pleased her so, and the leave was taken too quickly; even half asleep she has play and laughter in his company. Good love, she says, is like fine gold, refined by whoever serves it with goodness; she bids the bird return at morning.

Ben a tengut dreg viatge

Well he-has held a-straight journey

l'auzels lai on e·l tramis,

the-bird there where I-him sent

et il envia·m messatge

and she sends-to-me a-message

segon que de mi formis:

according-as that of me he-delivers

«Molt mi platz,

Much to-me it-pleases

so sapchatz,

this know-you

vostra parladura;

your speaking

et aujatz,

and hear-you

que·il digatz

that-to-him you-say

so don mi pren cura.

that whereof to-me takes care

Fort mi pot esser salvatge

Strongly to-me it-can to-be harsh

quar s'es lonhatz mos amis,

since himself-is departed my friend

qu'anc joi de negun linhatge

for-ever a-joy of any lineage

no vi que tan m'abelis;

not I-saw that so-much to-me-pleases

trop viatz

too swiftly

fo·l comjatz,

was-the leave-taking

mas s'ieu fos segura,

but if-I were secure

mais bontatz

more kindnesses

n'agr' assatz,

of-it-I-would-have enough

per que n'ai rancura.

wherefore that of-it-I-have complaint

Que tan l'am de bon coratge,

For so-much him-I-love with good heart

qu'ades, si entredormis,

that-ever if I-half-sleep

ab lui ai en guidonatge

with him I-have in guidance

joc e joi e gaug e ris;

play and joy and gladness and laughter

e·l solatz

and-the cheer

qu'ai em patz

that-I-have in peace

no sap creatura,

not knows a-creature

tan quan jatz

so-long as he-lies

e mos bratz,

in my arms

tro que's trasfigura.

until that-himself he-transfigures

Tostemps mi fo d'agradatge,

Always to-me he-was of-pleasure

pos lo vi et ans que·l vis,

since him I-saw and before that-him I-saw

e ges de plus ric linhatge

and at-all of more rich lineage

no vuelh autr' aver conquis;

not I-wish another to-have won

mos cuidatz

my thinking

es bos fatz;

is a-good deed

no·m pot far tortura

not-to-me it-can to-make torture

vens ni glatz

wind nor ice

ni estatz

nor summer

ni cautz ni freidura.

nor beat nor cold

Bon' amors a un uzatge

Good love has a usage

co·l bos aurs, quan ben es fis,

as-the good gold when well it-is fine

que s'esmera de bontatge,

that itself-refines by goodness

qui ab bontat li servis;

whoever with goodness to-it serves

e crezatz

and believe-you

qu'amistatz

that-friendship

cascun jorn melhura,

each day betters

melhuratz

bettered

et amatz

and loved

es cui jois s'aura.

is he-whom joy will-have

Dous auzels, vas son estatge

Sweet bird toward his dwelling

m'iretz, quan venra·l matis,

for-me-you-will-go when will-come-the morning

e digatz l'en dreg lengatge

and tell to-him-of-it in-straight speech

de qual guiza l'obedis.»

in what manner to-him-she-is-obedient

Abrivat

Hastened

n'es tornatz,

of-it-he-is returned

trop per gran mesura,

much by great measure

doctrinat,

instructed

emparlatz

well-spoken

de bon' aventura.

of good fortune

Bel m'es, quan la roza floris

10 · A VERS AT VENTURE

When the rose flowers it pleases him to make a vers at venture, for the nightingale singing in the dark has left his heart in the balance. He turns to the king: laughter fails while the Almohads press, and no count or duke could strike better with a lance than the king. He urges him to ride against the pagans without fear, take Labadol, and press on to Morocco, blames the man who destroys the world's joy, and names Marcabru as the maker of just such a likeness.

Bel m'es, quan la roza floris

Fair to-me-is when the rose flowers

e·l gens terminis s'enansa,

and-the noble season itself-advances

fass' un vers a m'aventura

let-me-make a vers at my-venture

don mos cors es en balansa

whereof my heart is in balance

pel dous chan del rossinhol,

for-the sweet song of-the nightingale

qu'aug chantar la nueit escura

that-I-hear to-sing the night dark

per los vergiers e pels plais.

through the orchards and through-the thickets

Reis, per Crist! ja nos falh lo ris,

King by Christ now to-us fails the laughter

quar Masmut nos fan sobransa;

for Almohads to-us make oppression

coms ni dux non senh sentura

count nor duke not girds a-belt

mielhs de vos feira de lansa.

better than you might-strike with a-lance

Per l'emperador me dol,

For the-emperor to-me it-grieves

qu'a moutas gens fai fraitura;

who-to many folk makes lack

tals en plora que n'a jais.

such of-it weeps that of-it-has gladness

Vostre coratges s'esclarzis,

Your heart itself-brightens

quar n'avetz bon' esperansa;

for of-it-you-have good hope

sobre pagans, gen tafura,

upon pagans folk knavisb

cavalgatz senes duptansa;

ride-you without doubting

premiers penretz Labadol,

first you-will-take Labadol

e si anatz a dreitura

and if you-go in straightness

tro a Marroc, feiran lais.

as-far-as to Morocco they-will-make laments

Sel que·l joi del setgle delis

He who-the joy of-the world destroys

vei que son pretz dezenansa;

I-see that his worth declines

fls es d'avol criatura,

son he-is of-a-worthless creature

que fai avol demostransa,

who makes a-worthless showing

e per tan non baisa·l col,

and for so-much not he-lowers-the neck

quar gitatz es a noncura:

for cast he-is to heedlessness

estai mais entre·ls savais.

he-stands more among-the base

Per mi non dic, tan m'abelis,

For myself not I-say so-much it-pleases-to-me

quan vei molt gran alegransa.

when I-see much great gladness

Amors vol, quan longias dura,

Love wills when long it-lasts

e non pot aver fizansa,

and not it-can to-have assurance

si·l carnal amar non vol;

if-the carnal to-love not it-wills

quar vei que cors non a cura

for I-see that a-heart not has care

mas de senhor que engrais.

but of a-lord who fattens

Chantador, lo vers vos fenis;

Singer the vers to-you it-ends

aprendetz la comensansa!

learn-you the beginning

Marcabrus per gran dreitura

Marcabru by great straightness

trobet d'altretal semblansa,

composed of-just-such a-likeness

e tengon lo tug per fol

and bold him all for a-fool

qui no conois sa natura

who not knows its nature

e no·ill membre per que·s nais.

and not-to-him it-remember for what-itself it-is-born

Belh m'es qui a son bon sen

11 • GOOD SENSE IN A GOOD COURT

A man with good sense should present it in a good court, for a known craft is worth most where it is most spoken of. Newly come, he will show what he has learned, and he looks to the count of Barcelona for a noble gift, believing that if the count is not practiced in giving, his court holds hunger and true shrinking. He warns that a hindrance is on them unless accord comes out of France, since a worthy youngster makes war on them without fear.

Belh m'es qui a son bon sen

Fair to-me-is whoever has his good sense

qu'en bona cort lo prezen,

that-in a-good court it he-present

qu'us bes ab autre s'enansa

for-a good with another itself-advances

e rics mestiers conogutz,

and a-rich craft known

lai on pus es mentaugutz

there where most it-is renowned

val mais qu'a la comensansa.

is-worth more than-at the beginning

Doncs aissi·m dei far parven

So thus-myself I-ought to-make show

ieu que venc novellamen

I who come newly

demonstrar en detriansa

to-show in discernment

lo saber que·m n'es cregutz;

the knowing that-to-me of-it-is grown

quar qui vas dos locs es drutz,

for whoever toward two places is a-lover

leu l'en sort granz alegransa.

easily to-him-of-it springs great gladness

Per que d'aquest comt' aten

Wherefore that from-this count I-await

de Barsalon' un don gen

of Barcelona a gift noble

que pro·m fassa e lui onransa;

that profit-to-me it-make and to-him honor

e cre, si del dar no dutz,

and I-believe if of-the giving not he-doubts

qu'en sa cort on sui vengutz

that-in his court where I-am come

es fams e vera mermansa.

is hunger and true shrinking

De baron m'es avinen

Of a-baron to-me-is comely

qu'a vergonhos pessamen;

that-with shamefaced thinking

tals o conois que romansa:

such-a-one it knows who tells-it

ans que s'en leu mager brutz,

before that itself-of-it rise greater noise

aitals afars trop saubutz

such an-affair too much-known

non es grans mas per semblansa.

not is great but through seeming

Ara us es ops, e non len,

Now-to-you is need and not slow

esforsar contra joven,

to-strive against youth

qu'us encombriers vos sobransa

for-a hindrance you oppresses

de sai, on lo solelh lutz,

from here where the sun shines

en que seretz decebutz,

in which you-will-be deceived

s'acortz noi ven debes Fransa.

ifaccord not-there comes from France

Qu'ab un jovencel valen

For-with a youngster worthy

avetz lai guerr' e conten,

you-have there war and strife

tal que fier si de sa lansa

such that he-strikes so with his lance

que d'aquelhs Engles coütz

that of-those English blows

ni dels vostres esternutz

nor of-the yours sneezes

non a paor ni doptansa.

not he-has fear nor doubting

Lai es lo vers remazutz,

There is the vers left

on espazas sobr' escutz

where swords upon shields

penran del forfag venjansa.

will-take of-the misdeed vengeance

Chantarai d'aquestz trobadors

12 · THE GALLERY OF TROUBADOURS

He will sing of these troubadours who sing in so many colors, since he bears a hundred shepherds meddling in it and not one knows whether he is going up or down. Twelve are named and dispatched in a stanza each, from Peire Rogier, who would do better carrying a psalter, to an old Lombard called Cossezen, by way of Giraut de Bornelh, a wineskin dried in the sun, and Bernart de Ventadorn, whose mother heated the oven. The thirteenth is himself, master of them all if only his words were clearer.

Chantarai d'aquestz trobadors

I-will-sing of-these troubadours

que chantan de manhtas colors

who sing in many colors

e·l piejer cuida dir mout gen;

and-the worst thinks to-speak very nobly

mas a chantar lor er alhors,

but to sing to-them it-will-be elsewhere

qu'entremetre n'aug .C. pastors

that-to-meddle of-it-I-hear a-hundred shepherds

qu'us no sap que's monta o's dissen.

that-one not knows whether-himself rises or-himself descends

D'aisso mer mal Peire Rogiers,

Of-this deserves ill Peire Rogiers

per que n'er encolpatz premiers,

for which of-it-he-will-be blamed first

quar chanta d'amor a prezen;

since he-sings of-love in public

e valgra li mais us sautiers

and it-would-be-worth to-him more a psalter

en la gleir' oz us candeliers

in the church or a candlestick

portar ab gran candel' arden.

to-carry with a-great candle burning

E·l segonz: Guirautz de Bornelh,

And-the second Guiraut de Bornelh

que sembl' odre sec al solelh

who seems a-wineskin dried in-the sun

ab son cantar magre dolen,

with his singing thin doleful

qu'es cans de vielha portaselh;

which-is a-song of an-old-woman pail-carrier

e si's vezia en espelh,

and if-himself he-saw in a-mirror

no·s prezaria un aguilen.

not-himself he-would-value a rose-hip

E·l ters: Bernartz de Ventadorn,

And-the third Bernart de Ventadorn

qu'es menres de Bornel un dorn;

who-is lesser than Bornelh by-a hand's-breadth

en son paire ac bon sirven

in his father he-had a-good servant

per trair' ab arc manal d'alborn,

for to-shoot with a-bow hand-held of-laburnum

e sa maire calfava-l forn

and his mother heated-the oven

et amassava l'issermen.

and she-gathered the-vine-shoots

E·l quartz de Briva·l Lemozis,

And-the fourth of Briva-the Limousin

us joglars qu'es pus querentis

a jongleur who-is more beggarly

que sia tro qu'en Benaven;

than there-is as-far as-to Benaven

e semblaria us pelegris

and he-would-seem a pilgrim

malautes, quan canta·l mesquis,

sick when sings-the wretch

qu'a pauc pietatz no m'en pren.

that-for little pity — to-me-of-it takes

E·n Guillems de Ribas lo quins,

And-Sir Guillem de Ribas the fifth

qu'es malvatz defors e dedins

who-is wicked outside and inside

e ditz totz sos vers raucamen;

and he-says all his verses hoarsely

per que es avols sos retins,

for which is worthless his ringing

qu'atrestan se'n faria us pins,
that-as-much itself-of-it would-make a pine
 e l'uelh semblan de vout d'argen.
and the-eyes seeming of a-figure of-silver

E·l seizes Grimoartz Gausmars,
And-the sixth Grimoart Gausmar
 qu'es cavayers e vai joglars,
who-is a-knight and goes a-jongleur
 e fai o mal qui loi cossen
and does it badly whoever to-him-it allows
 ni·l dona vestirs vertz ni vars;
and-to-him gives garments green or variegated
 que tals er adobatz sem pars,
for such-a-one will-be outfitted lacking peers
 qu'enjoglarit s'en seran cen.
that-turned-jongleur themselves-of-it will-be a-hundred

E Peire Bermon se baisset,
And Peire Bermon himself lowered
 pus que·l coms de Toloza·l det
since that-the count of Toulouse-him gave
 qu'anc no soanet d'avinen;
who-ever not refused becomingly
 per que fon cortes qui·l raubet,
for which was courteous whoever-him robbed

e fe o mal quar no·l talhet

and did it badly since not-him he-cut

aquo que om porta penden.

that which one carries hanging

E l'oches: Bernartz de Sayssac,

And the-eighth Bernart de Saissac

que anc un bon mestier non ac

who ever a good trade not had

mas d'anar menutz dos queren;

but of-to-go small gifts begging

et anc pueis no·l prezei un brac,

and ever afterward not-him I-valued a speck

pus a'n Bertran de Cardalhac

since from-Sir Bertran de Cardalhac

ques un vielh mantelh suzolen.

he-asked-for an old cloak filthy

E·l noves es en Raimbautz,

And-the ninth is Sir Raimbaut

que·s fai de son trobar trop bauz;

who-himself makes of his composing too proud

mas ieu lo torne a nien,

but I it turn to nothing

qu'el non es alegres ni cautz;

for-he not is joyful nor warm

per so pretz aitan los pipautz

for that I-value as-much the pipers

que van las almornas querén.

who go the alms begging

E·n Ebles de Sagna·l dezes,

And-Sir Eble de Sagna-the tenth

a cui anc d'amor non venc bes,

to whom ever from-love not came good

si tot se canta de coiden;

though wholly himself he-sings of grace

us vilanetz enflatz plages,

a little-peasant puffed-up quarrelsome

que dizon que per dos poges

for they-say that for two pennies

lai se loga e sai se ven.

there himself he-bires and here himself he-sells

E l'onzes Guossalbo Roitz,

And the-eleventh Gonzalvo Ruiz

que·s fai de son trobar formitz,

who-himself makes of his composing accomplished

per qu'en cavallairia·s fen;

for that-in knightbood-himself he-feigns

et anc per lui non fo feritz

and ever by him not was struck

bos colps, tant ben no fon garnitz,

a-good blow so well not was be-armed

si doncs no'l trobet en fugen.

if then not-him be-found in fleeing

E'l dozes es us vielhs Lombartz,

And-the twelfth is an old Lombard

que clama sos vezis coartz,

who calls his neighbors cowards

et elh eis sent del espaven;

and he himself feels of-the fear

pero us sonetz fai galhartz

yet a little-tune he-makes lively

ab motz marabotz e bastartz;

with words foreign and bastard

e lui apel' om Cossezen.

and him calls one Cossezen

Peire d'Alvernhe a tal votz

Peire d'Alvernhe has such a-voice

que canta desobre e desotz

that he-sings above and below

e sei so son dous e plazen;

and his tunes are sweet and pleasing

pero majestres es de totz,

yet a-master he-is of all

ab qu'un pauc esclarzis sos motz,

provided that-a little he-clarify his words

qu'a penas nulhs om los enten.

for-with difficulty any man them understands

Lo vers fo faitz als enflabotz

The vers was made to-the bagpipes

a Puoich-vert tot jogan rizen.

at Puoich-vert all playing laughing

Belh m'es qu'ieu fass' ueimais un vers

13 • WORTH GONE MUTE AND DEAF

It is fair to make a vers now that the fair weather has cleansed away the foul. He turns on the age: Worth is mute, deaf, and squinting, Prowess broken and led crosswise, a vile people has confounded them, and each man has cut his collar so tight that nothing can be uncovered. A long catalog of abuse follows for the degenerate sons of worthless fathers, after which he withdraws from their suit; whoever wants prowess should keep watch and not delay.

Belh m'es qu'ieu fass' ueimais un vers,

Fair to-me-is that-I make henceforth a vers

pus la flors e'l fuelha brota

since the flower and-the leaf buds

e'l belh temps nos a del lag ters

and-the fair weather to-us has of-the foul cleansed

que giet' e plou e degota;

which hurls and rains and drips

e pus l'aura renovelha,

and since the-breeze renews

be's tanh que renovel mos cors,

well-itself befits that renew my heart

si que flurisca e bruelh defors

so that it-flower and sprout outside

aisso que dins mi gragella.

that which within me chatters

Ai pretz, quon iest mutz, sortz e guers,

Ab worth how you-are mute deaf and squinting

proeza, cossi-us vei rota

prowess how-you I-see broken

e menar de tort en travers!

and led from wrong into crosswise

Quar selh qui's pot vos sabota;

For he who-himself can you tramples

qu'una puta gens fradelha

that-a vile folk degenerate

que tir' e ban' e pren a mors

which pulls and horns and takes by bite

vos a confundat e destors,

you has confounded and twisted

que-us afolha e-us descapdelha.

that-you maddens and-you misguides

Greu m'es qu'estiers sera trop paucs

Grievous to-me-is that-otherwise will-be too small

lo pretz d'aquest segle aora,

the worth of-this age now

et ieu sui del castiar raucs,

and I am from-the chiding hoarse

e no-m val ges una mora;

and not-to-me it-avails at-all a blackberry

qu'usquecs a facha gonelha

that-each has made a-gown

corta resciza de mal vetz

short cut of bad custom

et a·l fait tant estreit cabetz

and has-it made so narrow a-collar

que ja res non lai espelha.

that ever anything not there it-uncovers

S'als malvatz no fos tan grans gaucs,

If-to-the wicked not were so great joy

avoleza ja no fora,

worthlessness ever not would-be

et es aitant ubertz lo traucs

and is so-much open the hole

que sobre rocas laora

that upon rocks he-plows

cui jai lo cors e·l martelha;

in-whom lies the heart and-it hammers

qu'aissi·lh ten enredatz lo retz

that-so-them holds ensnared the net

non lur pot escantir lo setz

not to-them can to-quench the thirst

ni·l crims; tan los rascizelha.

nor-the guilt so-much them frets

Aquest engres, envers, estrait

This harsh perverse mean

fals e fat filh d'avols paires,

false and foolish son of-worthless fathers

felo embronc, sebenc mal fait,

felon sullen bastard ill made

ser resignat d'avols maires,

serf resigned of-worthless mothers

malauros' escudelha,

ill-fated bowl

volpilhos, blau d'enueja, sec,

cowardly livid with-vexation dry

fan quascus que a endec,

make each who has a-blemish

don nais e bruelha pustelha.

whence is-born and sprouts a-pustule

Ara·m tuelh ueimais de lur plait

Now-myself I-withdraw henceforth from their dispute

dels forlinhatz d'avols aires,

from-the degenerate of-worthless stock

mas qui proeza vol, agait

but whoever prowess wishes let-him-watch

cum pros es e non tric guaires;

how worthy he-is and not delay much

que si s'esforsa e's revelha,

that if himself-he-exerts and-himself rouses

atretan tost, s'anc esser dec,

just-as soon if-ever to-be it-was-owed

sera ben pros om malvatz lec,

will-be indeed worthy a-man wicked greedy

si no fos d'avol uzelha.

if not he-were of-worthless brood

On plus om mos vers favelha,

The more one my vers recites

fe que vos deg, mais plazon ilh,

faith that to-you I-owe more please they

e noi a mot fals que i rovilh

and not-there is a-word false that there rusts

desobre dolat d'astelha.

above hewn of-splinter

Be m'es plazen

14 • WORDS SHUT AND SEALED

It pleases him, and is fitting, that a man should sing with words closed and sealed, of the kind nobody need be ashamed of. Whoever cannot govern the world by measure goes down, like a man who leaps too far to turn back. He would rather have one enclosed garden than a hundred vine-arbors on open hills, and having loved too much in the past, he leaves off for one heart and one friend.

Be m'es plazen

Well to-me-is pleasing

e cossezen

and fitting

qui s'aizina de chantar

whoever himself-prepares to sing

ab motz alquus

with words some

serratz e clus

closed and sealed

que om tem ja de vergonhar.

that one fears ever of shaming

Van chai em bas

They-go down and-in low

qui per compas

whoever by measure

no sap lo segle demenar;

not knows the world to-conduct

aquelh i falh

that-one in-it fails

que tan trassalh

who so-much leaps-beyond

que non puesca atras tornar.

that not he-can back to-turn

Ben es auras

Well is crazed

totz crestias

every Christian

qu'el mezeis si vol encombrar

that-be same himself wisbes to-burden

ni sobre·l cais

and upon-the jaw

leva tal fais

lifts such a-load

que corren no·l puesca portar.

that running not-it he-can to-carry

Qu'ieu cug e sen

For-I think and feel

mon escien —

my knowing

ieu vuelh vos a totz castiar —

I wish you to all to-chide

per trop captens

through too-much bearing

val om mot mens

is-worth a-man much less

e·n ten om plus vilh son afar.

and-of-it holds one more vile bis affair

Mai am un ort

More I-love a garden

serrat e fort

enclosed and strong

on om no·m puesca ren emblar

where one not-from-me can anything to-steal

que cent parras

than a-hundred vine-arbors

sus en puegz plas

up on hills flat

qu'autre las tenha ez ieu las gar.

that-another them hold and I them guard

Qu'arreira temps

For-backward time

ai amat nemps,

I-have loved too-much

e vuelh m'en atrazach laisser;

and I-wish myself-of-it altogether to-leave

non aura grat

not will-have thanks

qui m'a amat

whoever me-has loved

ni en cor m'avia d'amar.

and in heart me-had of-to-love

Qu'ieu ai un cor

For-I have one heart

et un demor

and one delight

et un ardit et un pessar

and one boldness and one thought

et un amic

and one friend

et un abric

and one shelter

et a cui me vuelh autrejar.

and to whom myself I-wish to-grant

Si mal m'en pren,

If ill to-me-of-it takes

per eis mon sen

by very my sense

cug a ma vida folleiar;

I-think for my life to-play-the-fool

apres ma mort

after my death

no·m fass' om tort

not-to-me let-do one wrong

d'aquo qu'ieu ai ad oblidar.

of-that which-I have to to-forget

Gent es, mentr' om n'a lezer

15 • WHILE A MAN HAS LEISURE

It is fitting, while a man still has leisure, to advance in his own best, for the presumptuous man is generous only in wishing. He values knowledge little unless it serves at need, so his own learning is now to be tested. He has taken his pleasure in the world and is glad to withdraw, since whoever looks to God only at evening will not brighten afterward; he tells Love that only God could part him from it, but courtly love cannot last, and he will hold where the Holy Spirit wills.

Gent es, mentr' om n'a lezer,

Fitting it-is while one of-it-has leisure

s'enans de son mielhs a faire,

himself-advance of his best to do

que, quan s'aizin a'l cuidaire,

for when itself-presents to-the presumer

tal or' es larcs del voler,

such an-hour he-is generous of-the wishing

e qui enans es avertitz

and whoever beforehand is warned

que l'agaitz li sia issitz,

that the-ambush to-him be come-out

non es ges del tot muzaire.

not is at-all of-the all a-dawdler

Contr' aiso deu aparer

Against this ought to-appear

en cui sens es albergaire,

in whom sense is a-lodger

que sciensa no pretz gaire,

for knowledge not I-value much

s'als ops non la vei valer:

if-at-the need not it I-see avail

doncs ar er de mi sentitz

then now will-be by me felt

lo sabers don sui techitz,

the knowledge whereof I-am woven

s'er fis o mesclatz de vaire.

whether-it-will-be pure or mixed with motley

Qu'el segl' ai fag mon plazer

For-in-the world I-have done my pleasure

tan qu'en sui de trop peccaire;

so-much that-of-it I-am of too-much a-sinner

et ar agrada·m n'estraire,

and now it-pleases-to-me of-it-to-withdraw

pus dieus pro·m n'a dat lezer;

since God enough-to-me of-it-has given leisure

qu'esser pot om descauzitz,

that-to-be can one uncouth

e non es ops n'an delitz

and not is need of-it-they-go destroyed

per oltracujat vejaire.

through presumptuous seeming

Pois dieus so·m laissa vezer

Since God that-to-me lets to-see

en que puesc esser miraire

in which I-can to-be a-mirror

de mo mielhs e·l sordeis raire:

of my best and-the worse to-scrape

on om plus a de saber,

where one more has of knowing

on mager sens l'es quesitz,

there greater sense to-him-is required

et aquelh par mais falhitz

and that-one seems more failed

qu'a sos ops n'es enganaire.

who-for his needs of-it-is a-deceiver

Mas si·n sabia dieus mover,

But if-of-it knew God to-move

be sai, for' encar confraire

well I-know I-would-be still a-brother

de joven et enquistaire,

of youth and a-seeker

si·l ric, cui degre cazer

if-the rich to-whom it-ought to-fall

en grat, fan vis esbauditz;

in favor make a-face gladdened

mas si·l fals segl' es mestitz

but if-the false world is mixed

que·l fait son pauc contra·l braire.

that-the deeds are little against-the braying

E mentr' usquecs pot querer

And while each can to-see

lui qu'es vers reis e salvaire,

him who-is true king and savior

totz es endreg si bauzaire,

all is toward himself a-cheat

pus o met e nonchaler;

since it he-puts in unconcern

que mager gratz n'es cobitz

for greater thanks of-it-is coveted

qui fer ses colps que feritz;

who strikes without blows than struck

d'aitan sui ben esperaire.

of-so-much I-am well a-boper

So feira plus a temer,

That would-be more to fear

per qu'ieu sui meravelhaire,

for which-I am a-marveler

qu'om non es dieu regardaire,

that-one not is God a-beholder

tro qu'es tan prosmatz al ser

until that-be-is so drawn-near to-the evening

que'l jornals l'es escurzitz;

that-the day to-him-is darkened

e s'adoncs no'l ven complitz,

and if-then not-to-him it-comes fulfilled

non cug que ja pueis s'esclaire.

not I-think that ever after itself-it-brightens

Amors, be-us degra doler,

Love well-to-you it-ought to-grieve

si negus autr' enginhaire

if no other contriver

mas lo dreituriers jutjaire

but the righteous judge

de vos me pogues mover,

from you me could to-move

que per vos er' enriqueitz,

for through you I-was enriched

essausatz et enantitz

exalted and advanced

e pel senhor de Belcaire.

and by-the lord of Beaucaire

Mas so non pot remaner,

But that not can to-remain

cortez' amors de bon aire,

courtly love of good stock

don mi lais esser amaire,

whereof me let to-be a-lover

tan m'agrad' er a tener

so-much to-me-it-pleases now to bold

lai on vol sanhs esperitz;

there where wills the-holy spirit

e mas el mezeis m'es guitz,

and since he himself to-me-is a-guide

no-us pes s'ab vos non repaire.

not-to-you let-it-weigh if-with you not I-dwell

Qu'ieu sai, tan ricx governaire

For-I know so powerful a-governor

no·m denhes en guit aver —

not-me he-would-deign as guide to-have

Peire d'Alvernhe so ditz —

Peire d'Alvernhe this says

no de·us for' enquer partitz

not from-you I-would-be yet parted

ni per autr' amor camjaire.

nor for another love an-exchanger

Cui bon vers agrad' a auzir

16 • WHOEVER LIKES A GOOD VERS

He counsels whoever likes to hear a good vers to listen, for once the heart is set on the tunes and the words he will never say he has heard better made. He rebukes the mockers who turn what is above beneath, and asks the man with a great store of wealth to make it serve him, since a bushel of gold coins is not worth two nuts once the priest shakes the hyssop. Count, duke, king, and marquis go the same way.

Cui bon vers agrad' a auzir,

To-whom a-good vers pleases to hear

de mi cosselh ben que l'escout,

from me I-counsel well that it-be-hear

aquest qu'aras comens a dir;

this which-now I-begin to say

que pos li er sos cors assis

for since to-him will-be his heart set

en ben entendre·ls sos e·ls motz,

on well to-hear-the tunes and-the words

ja non dira que anc auzis

ever not he-will-say that ever he-heard

melhors ditz trobatz luenh ni prop.

better sayings composed far or near

Ges ben no fai az escarnir

At-all well not does to mock

qui l'au, ans deu agradar mout,

whoever it-bears rather ought to-please much

si tot d'outracujat albir

though wholly of-presumptuous judgment

ab lur nesci feble fat ris

with their foolish feeble silly laugh

tornon so qu'es d'amon desotz;

they-turn that which-is from-above beneath

e·l be vezem que s'enantis

and-the good we-see that itself-advances

e l'esquerns resta de galop.

and the-mockery stops from gallop

E per tal fai sen bon gequir,

And for such makes sense good to-forsake

quant esquerns ni coratge estout,

when mockery or spirit baughty

si broilhet no sai vim florir;

if a-thicket not I-know an-osier to-flower

e par d'avol respeit jardis,

and seems of-worthless expectation a-garden

quan vei que la cima ni·l brotz

when I-see that the top nor-the shoot

non gieta fuelha ni tequis,

not casts leaf nor bud

e li traitor neisson tug clop.

and the traitors are-born all lame

Era's vuelh alre devezir:

Now I-wish other to-distinguish

qui d'aver sai a gran comout

whoever of-wealth here has great store

ben s'en deuria far servir;

well himself-of-it he-ought to-make to-serve

qu'en un mueg de marabotis

for-in a busbel of gold-coins

non donaria doas notz,

not I-would-give two nuts

pus a la boca venra'l fis

once to the mouth will-come-the end

ni'l prestre secodra l'isop.

and-the priest will-shake the-hyssop

A quec deuria sovenir

To each it-ought to-recall

que non agues coratge estout

that not he-have spirit baughty

del be don nos devem jauzir,

of-the good whereof we ought to-rejoice

qu'en petit d'ora es om conquis,

for-in little of-hour is one conquered

e cant ven als derriers sanglotz,

and when comes to-the last sobs

non li val oncles ni cozis

not to-him avails uncle nor cousin

ni metges ab son issarop.

nor physician with his syrup

Ben deuria pessar morir

Well he-ought to-think to-die

qui dregz uelhs guarda sus·lo vout

who with-straight eyes looks upon-the image

cossi dieus per nos a guerir

how God for us to heal

receup mort, e pus mort aucis

received death and then death slew

selhui que per nos venc en crotz;

him who for us came on a-cross

tug morrem, qu'avers no·ns gueris

all we-will-die for-wealth not-us heals

negun al temps plus que fes Jop.

any at-the time more than did Job

Mout son intrat en lonc cossir

Much are entered into long care

cil qui son al derrier escout,

those who are at-the last bearing

qu'a la mort no·s pot escrimir

for-from the death not-himself can to-defend

coms ni ducs ni reis ni marquis

count nor duke nor king nor marquis

e s'enanz no·s nedeia totz

and if-beforehand not-himself he-cleanses wholly

que la mortz li serre lo vis,

before the death to-him close the face

ben si pot, si·s vol, trigar trop.

well himself he-can if-himself he-wishes to-delay too-much

Tot jorn vos poiria legir;

All day to-you I-could to-read

mas preguem cel qu'es caps e fis

but let-us-pray him who-is head and end

que·ns garde del enferral potz

that-us be-guard from-the infernal pit

e que·ns met' el sieu paradís

and that-us be-put in-the his paradise

lai on mes Isac e Jacop.

there where be-put Isaac and Jacob

De dieu non puesc pauc ben parlar

17 • OF GOD I CANNOT SPEAK A LITTLE

He cannot speak of God briefly and well, since a great deal would be left unsaid and the little is more than it looks. He asks how a man takes no thought that however long he delays he must die and pass by the ancestral gate, into a stench where the most boastful come back. A man who holds a fief of another's land, he says, is far too sparing with the gift of the best; and two paths divide at the great judgment.

De dieu non puesc pauc ben parlar

Of God not I-can little well to-speak

ni mout no·us en sai issernir,

and much not-to-you of-it I-know to-discern

quar gran res restari' a dir

for a-great deal would-remain to say

e·l paucs es plus que non apar;

and-the little is more than — it-seems

mas pus ilh m'abriv' en valor

but since he me-spurs into merit

al belh sen si cuma parier,

to-the fair sense thus as a-partner

ben tanh dir adreg per s'amor

well it-befits to-say aright for his-love

so qu'al sieu poble a mestier.

that which-to-the his people has need

Don dic cossi deu esgarar

Whence I-say how he-ought to-consider

quals es ni que deu devenir,

what he-is and what he-ought to-become

e s'om so meti' en cossir,

and if-one that would-put in thought

ja res no-s deuria prezar;

ever at-all not-himself he-ought to-value

mas los uelhs ten en tenebror

but the eyes he-holds in darkness

e l'esgart glot en desirier

and the-gaze greedy in desire

e-l cors cossenten la folhor

and-the body consenting-to the folly

guida l'arma a mal destorbier.

guides the-soul to evil ruin

De que·m puesc pro maravilhar

At which-myself I-can much to-marvel

cum per se non pren om albir;

how by himself not takes one judgment

que, quan que-l tric, l'er a murir

that however that-to-him delay to-him-it-will-be to die

e pel pas anessor passar;

and through-the pass ancestral to-pass

et en tan estranha flairor

and into so strange a-stench

reverton li pus bobansier

return the most showy

qu'als auzens i a gran feror,

that-to-the bearers there is great terror

mas uei oblidon aquo d'ier.

but today they-forget that of-yesterday

Mout es grieu e fort et amar

Much it-is grievous and hard and bitter

als trespasans de desgiquir

to-the dying-ones to abandon

d'aisso de que·s degran aizir,

of-this of which-themselves they-ought to-prepare

ans que·ns sobrevengues afar;

before that-us should-overtake the-business

qu'ieu sai que tart, si contra·l cor,

for-I know that late if against-the heart

no·s cobri om ben del arquier

not-himself covers one well from-the archer

que del colp senta la vigor,

so-that from-the blow he-feel the force

quar mout val garda de primier.

for much avails a-guard from first

Per qu'es fort grieu a castiar

Wherefore is very hard to chide

qui trop ama son dan chazir;

whoever too-much loves his harm to-choose

mas qui·s volgues tant enantir

but whoever-himself would-wish so-much to-advance

vas ben cum contra mal obrar,

toward good as against evil to-work

ja no perdera·l renh aussor

ever not he-would-lose-the realm highest

pel joi d'aquest mon messongier;

for-the joy of-this world lying

quan la carn caitiv' a sabor,

when the flesh wretched has savor

l'esperitz pren en encombrier.

the-spirit takes in hindrance

E que·us puesc per peyor contar

And what-to-you I-can for worse to-tell

d'ome, si·l vei ben resplandir

of-a-man if-him I-see well to-shine

de ren qu'el segl' aj' a formir,

in anything that-in-the world he-have to furnish

mas ab dieu no·s sap acordar;

but with God not-himself he-knows to-accord

et tot l'als es dezanador

and all the-rest is passing

e desrefugent e corsier,

and fleeing and swift

per qu'om ren a son creator,

for which-one renders to his creator

pus mor, dels faitz respost entier.

since he-dies of-the deeds an-answer whole

E pus dieus nos denha donar

And since God to-us deigns to-give

vezer, entendre et auzir

to-see to-understand and to-bear

e sen e saber e sentir

and sense and knowledge and to-feel

e tanta riqueza ad uzar,

and so-much wealth to use

be·ns degr' esser sovenidor

well-to-us it-ought to-be a-reminder

quar qui ten lieu d'autrui terrier,

for whoever holds a-fief of-another's land

del pus ric e del frug melhor

of-the most rich and of-the fruit best

n'es escas al don a sobrier.

of-it-is sparing in-the gift to excess

Per qu'er escur so qu'ar es clar

Wherefore will-be dark that which-now is bright

lai on dieus mostrara·l martir

there where God will-show-the martyrdom

qu'elh sostenc per nos a guerir,

that-be endured for us to heal

on nos sera totz a tremblar,

where to-us it-will-be all to tremble

lo jorn del jutjamen major,

the day of-the judgment greatest

on non aura ren d'ufanier;

where not there-will-be anything of-boastful

qu'ab gran joi et ab gran dolor

for-with great joy and with great sorrow

se deveziran dui semdier.

themselves will-divide two paths

A! co·s pot pauc quascus fiar

Ab how-himself can little each to-trust

en quan sai lascia al transir,

in how-much here he-leaves at-the passing

si·lh eis no so sap devezir

if-he himself not it knows to-apportion

tan gen que·s puesca profichar;

so well that-himself he-can to-profit

e tan breu vid' an li pluzor,

and so brief a-life have the most

vilan e clerc e cavalier,

peasant and clerk and knight

e tan tost torn' en amargor

and so soon turns into bitterness

lo joi d'aquest segle leugier.

the joy of-this world fickle

Mas dieus per la sua doussor

But God through the his sweetness

nos don cum siam sei obrier,

to-us grant that we-be his workmen

que·ns acuelha en resplandor

that-us be-receive in splendor

on li sieu sanh son eretier.

where the his saints are heirs

Dieus, vera vida, verais

18 • GOD, TRUE LIFE

He addresses God as true life, named savior in Latin and above Hebrew, born and dead and seen alive and risen, and confesses himself guilty in thought, in hard words, and in mad deeds. He then recites the deliverances he asks to be counted among: Shadrach and his fellows, Daniel in the pit, Jonah, Susanna, the loaves and fishes, Lazarus four days dead, the water made wine, Pharaoh confounded, Peter's hands and feet loosed when the angel roused him. It closes on the Latin formula of the Trinity.

Dieus, vera vida, verais

God true life truthful

e dreitz entre clers e lais

and just among clerks and laymen

e nomnatz salvaire Cristz

and named savior Christ

en latin e sobre ebrais

in Latin and above Hebrew

e natz e pueis mortz vius vistz

and born and then dead alive seen

e sorsetz, don laissezz tristz

and you-rose whence you-left sad

aquels que pueis fezes jauzens.

those whom then you-made joyful

Senher reis, ieu falhi fals,

Lord king I sinned false

dont es issitz tan grans mals

whence is come-out so great evil

en cossir et en digz durs

in thought and in words hard

et en fols faitz infernals

and in mad deeds infernal

ab brondils d'estrans aturs,

with twigs of-strange bents

et en tals talens tafurs

and in such desires base

mi·us ren colpables penedens.

myself-to-you I-render guilty repenting

De tot so qu'ieu fesi anc,

Of all that which-I did ever

e si non ai cor ferm franc

and if not I-have a-heart firm frank

de dir si cum agra ops,

to say as as it-would-have need

prec a vos al cal mi·n planc,

I-pray to you to-the whom myself-of-it I-lament

per cui tan fon fizels Jops,

for whom so was faithful Job

que non gardetz mos torts trops,

that not you-regard my wrongs too-many

mas gratia·m sia sofrens.

but grace-to-me be forbearing

Qu'ieu no·m sen si savis sai

For-I not-myself feel so wise here

que puesca conquerre lai

that I-can to-win there

lo renh on nulh set ni fam

the realm where any thirst nor hunger

ni freg non a ni esmai,

nor cold not there-is nor dismay

si·ll vostra vertutz cui clam

if-the your power whom I-call

no·m don' esfortz qu'ieu dezam

not-to-me gives strength that-I unlove

lo joi d'aquest segle giquens,

the joy of-this world forsaking

que·m fai falhir ves vos sol,

which-me makes to-fail toward you only

per que·l cors m' intr' en tremol,

for which-the body to-me enters into trembling

e si·m servatz mos forfaitz

and if-to-me you-keep my misdeeds

tro lai al derrier trebol

until there at-the last turmoil

qu'enans no·ls m'ajatz far fraitz,

that-before not-them to-me-you-have made broken

senher, ges bos no·m n'er plaitz,

lord at-all good not-to-me of-it-will-be the-plea

si doncs merces no·us sobrevens,

if then mercy not-to-you comes-over

de vos qu'estorsetz Sidrac

from you who-rescued Shadrach

d'ardent flama e Misac

from-burning flame and Mesbach

essemes et Abdenago

together and Abednego

e Daniel dinz del lac

and Daniel within of-the pit

e Jonas ab utero

and Jonah from the-womb

e·ls tres reis contra Ero

and-the three kings against Herod

e Suzanna entre·ls fals guirens,

and Susanna among-the false witnesses

e pasques, senher sobras,

and you-fed lord in-abundance

tanz de dos peis e cinc pas,

so-many with two fish and five loaves

e·l Lazer suscites vos,

and-the Lazarus raised you

qu'era ja quatredias;

who-was already four-days

de vos ac per bel respos

from you he-had for a-fair answer

so serf sal Centurios

his servant safe the-Centurion

e gites del mon mains turmens.

and you-cast from-the world many torments

E fezetz de l'aiga vi

And you-made from the-water wine

al covit d'Archetricli

at-the feast of-the-Architriclinus

e d'autres meravilh moutz,

and of-other marvels many

don om carnals non sap fi,

whereof a-man carnal not knows the-end

ni no-us en mostretz estoutz

and not-yourself of-it you-showed proud

e parlet per vos lo voutz

and spoke through you the image

de Luca, rics reis resplandens.

of Lucca rich king resplendent

E fesetz la terra e'l tro

And you-made the earth and-the sky

et tot quant es ni anc fo

and all as-much is and ever was

d'un sol seinh e'l sol e'l cel

with-a single sign and-the sun and-the heaven

e cofondetz Farao

and you-confounded Pharaoh

e detz als filhs d'Israël

and you-gave to-the sons of-Israel

lach e bresca, manna e mel,

milk and honeycomb manna and honey

e dampnes per serpen serpens;

and you-damned by a-serpent serpents

qu'als vostres fon requies,

that-to-the yours was rest

quan vos plac que Moises

when to-you it-pleased that Moses

l'issausses lai el dezert,

it-raise there in-the desert

e solsetz las mas e·ls pes,

and you-loosed the hands and-the feet

quand us angels l'ac espert,

when an angel him-had roused

sanh Peire e·l fezes cert

saint Peter and-him you-made sure

dels vostres destrics destrenhens.

of-the your straits binding

E·us queziron la lor plebs

And-you sought the their people

tro lai on es mont Orebs

as-far there where is mount Horeb

aucien dinz Bethleem,

killing within Bethelehem

quan vos en fugi Jozeps

when you thence fled Joseph

en Egipte, so sabem,

into Egypt that we-know

e pueis en Iherusalem

and then into Jerusalem

vengues entre·ls vostres parens.

you-came among-the your kin

A Nazare reis Jhesus,

At Nazareth king Jesus

pair' en tres personas us

father in three persons one

e filhs e sainz esperitz,

and son and holy spirit

ador en trinitat sus

I-adore in trinity above

qu'etz cims e rams e razitz

who-are summit and branch and root

e dieus e de quant qu'es guitz,

and God and of all that-is guide

siatz me, si-us platz, defendens.

be to-me if-to-you it-pleases defending

E sai obra ab bon talan

And here work with good will

mi detz a far entretan,

to-me give to do meanwhile

que, quan venretz en las nius

so-that when you-will-come in the clouds

jutjar lo segle el jorn gran,

to-judge the world on-the day great

doutz dieus, no'm siatz esquius

sweet God not-to-me be harsh

e qu'ieu, clars reis, regum pius

and that-I bright king of-kings merciful

m'en an ab los gausitz gauzens.

myself-thence go with the joyful rejoicing

E senher, no·m oblidetz gens,

And lord not-me forget at-all

que ses vos non sui sostenens

for without you not I-am sustaining

e senh m'en vostres noms crezens:

and I-sign myself-there-with your name believing

in nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti Amen.

in the-name of-the-Father and of-the-Son and of-the-Spirit holy Amen

Lauzatz sia Emanuel

19 · PRAISED BE EMMANUEL

Praise of Emmanuel, king of earth and heaven, threefold and one, one name and one guide, God and man in a single Trinity with the substance undivided. He holds neither person greater nor lesser and adores one God only, who had no beginning and will have no end and made light over darkness. He recounts the sinless one who came to suffer humanity, died under Pontius Pilate, rose the third day, appeared to Thomas, ascended, and sent the Holy Spirit.

Lauzatz sia Emanuel,

Praised be Emmanuel

lo reis de terr' e de cel,

the king of earth and of heaven

qu'es trinus et unitatz

who-is threefold and unity

e filhs e sant esperitz

and son and holy spirit

e cascus paire complitz,

and each father complete

si qu'us noms es e us guitz

so that-one name is and one guide

e dieus e oms apelatz,

and God and man called

en divers ditz assemblatz

in diverse sayings joined

totz e una trinitatz,

all in one trinity

ses sustantia partir;

without substance to-divide

qu'aisi tenc l'un per major,

for-thus I-hold the-one for greater

quom l'autre non dic menor,

as the-other not I-call lesser

mas un sol dieu ieu azor

but one only God I adore

e·l prec que·m denh' eissauzir,

and-him I-pray that-me he-deign to-bear

selui qu'el mon volc venir

him who-into-the world willed to-come

per nostres peccatz delir

for our sins to-blot-out

e per que·l .III. elemen

and for which-the three elements

agro dessemblatz semblans;

bad unlike likenesses

qu'alre noi era estans

for-anything-else not-there was standing

mais dieus qu'es pueis e denans,

but God who-is after and before

qu'anc non ac comensamen,

who-ever not had a-beginning

ni ja fin en negun sen
and ever an-end in any sense
 non aura, que·l resplanden
not he-will-have for-the shining
 de prim destinet, anceis
from first he-appointed beforehand
 qu'el fetz sobr' escur la lutz,
for-he made over darkness the light
 quar tan ferma·s sa vertutz
for so firm-is his power
 qu'esser non pot descrezutz
that-to-be not it-can disbelieved
 ni ren pus aver decreis
nor anything more to-have it-decreases

en lui que det si meteis,
in him who gave himself same
 per que·l mals premiers s'esteis,
for which-the evil first itself-quenched
 qu'era mot grans desconortz
which-was very great dismay
 quar selh qu'anc no fes peccat
for he who-ever not did sin
 venc sufrir umanitat
came to-suffer humanity
 e mort desotz Pons Pilat
and death under Pontius Pilate
 e sobre sos vestirs sortz.
and over his garments lots

Mais jamais non l'er faitz tortz

But ever not to-him-will-be done wrong

ni-l senhorejara mortz,

nor-him will-lord-over death

lui qu'al ters jorn sors del vas,

him who-on-the third day rose from-the tomb

aissi com era promes,

just as it-was promised

per qu'el quels d'ifern mespres,

for which-he those of-hell despised

quant als dissipols crec fes

when to-the disciples grew faith

e parec a sant Tomas.

and he-appeared to saint Thomas

Pueis non sai estet tan bas

Then not I-know he-stayed so low

que de la val Jozafas

that from the valley Jehoshaphat

d'un pueg desobre un peiro

from-a hill above a stone

no montes el cel e pus;

not he-mounted into-the heaven and more

pueis venc l'onzen jorn de sus

then he-came the-eleventh day from above

vitz soptans e clars e clus

swift sudden and bright and bidden

als sieus dins una maizo.

to-the his within a house

Per aver melhor razo

For to-have better reason

ab bona entensio

with good intention

lur laisset ses ocaizo

to-them he-left without cause

lo sant esperit sa jus,

the holy spirit here below

don cascus discipulus

whence each disciple

fos forz e ferms sos estrus,

was strong and firm his zeal

com dieu benedictio.

with of-God blessing

Aquelh cre ieu per cui so,

Him believe I through whom I-am

que per nos pres passio

who for us took passion

e perdonet al lairo

and forgave to-the thief

e qu'es trinitatz e us,

and who-is trinity and one

selh que la maire Jhesus

he who the mother Jesus

cosselhet en la crotz sus

counseled on the cross above

e qu'es a venir el tro,

and who-is to come in-the sky

pus lo segle er confus,

when the world will-be confounded

per jutjar los blancs e·ls brus;

to judge the white and-the dark

aquel prec ieu que es sus

him pray I who is above

e mon cor e m'arma·l do.

and my heart and my-soul-to-him I-give

PEIRE ROGIER

The Complete Songs

Vida

THE LIFE OF PEIRE ROGIER

The vida makes him an Auvergnat, a canon of Clermont, well born, handsome, learned, and a good singer, who left the canonry to turn jongleur and go the round of the courts. He came to Narbonne to Ermengarda, who received and honored him and did him great good; he fell in love with her, made his verses of her, and called her Tort-n'avetz. She gave him leave for fear of what people were saying, and he went to Raimbaut d'Aurenga, then into Spain, and ended in the order of Grandmont.

Peire Rotgiers si fo d'Alvernhe, canorgues de Clarmon; e
Peire Rogier thus was of-Auvergne a-canon of Clermont and
fo gentils hom, bels e avinens, e savis de letras e de sen
he-was a-noble man fair and comely and wise in letters and in sense
natural; e trobava e cantava be. E laissat la canorga e
natural and he-composed and he-sang well And he-left the canonry and
fes se joglars, e anet per cortz, e foron grazit li sieu
he-made himself a-jongleur and he-went through courts and were welcomed the his
cantar. E venc s'en a Narbona en la cort de madomna
songs And he-came himself-thence to Narbonne into the court of my-lady
Ermengarda, qu'era adoncs de gran valor e de gran pretz, e
Ermengarda who-was then of great merit and of great esteem and
ella l'aculhit fort e l'onret, el fetz grans bes. Et el
she him-received warmly and him-honored and-bim did great benefits And he
s'enamoret d'ella en fetz sos vers e sas cansos; e ella
himself-fell-in-love with-her of-her he-made his verses and his songs and she
los receup els pres en grat; e appellava la Tort n'avetz.
them received and-them took in favor and he-called her Wrong of-it-you-have
Lonc temps estet ab ella en cort; e si fon cregut qu'el
Long time he-stayed with her in court and thus it-was believed that-he
agues d'ella joi d'amor, don ella en fo blasmada de las gens
had from-her joy of-love whence she of-it was blamed by the folk

d'aquella encontrada; e per temor del dit de la gen sil
of-that region and for fear of-the talk of the folk thus-him
 det comjat el parti de si, e el s'en anet dolens
she-gave leave and-he departed from her and he himself-thence went grieving
 e pensius e consiros e marritz an Raembaut d'Aurenga,
and pensive and anxious and downcast to-Sir Raimbaut of-Aurenga
 si com el dis el sirventes que fetz de lui que ditz:
thus as he says in-the sirventes which he-made about him which says

Senhen Raimbaut, per vezer

Lord Raimbaut for to-see
 de vos lo conort el solatz.
of you the comfort and-the cheer

Lonc temps estet ab en Raembaut d'Aurenga, e puis
Long time he-stayed with Sir Raimbaut of-Aurenga and then
 s'en partic de lui e anet en Espanha ab lo bon
himself-thence he-parted from him and went into Spain with the good
 rei n'Anfos de Castela, e ab lo rei n'Anfos d'Arago, e
king Sir-Alfonso of Castile and with the king Sir-Alfonso of-Aragon and
 puis estet ab lo bon comte Raimon de Toloza, tant
then he-stayed with the good count Raimon of Toulouse so-long
 quant li plac e el volc. Mout ac gran onor el
as to-him it-pleased and he wished Much he-had great honor in-the
 mon tan com el i estet; mas pois se rendet a l'ordre
world as-long as he there stayed but then himself he-gave to the-order
 de Granmon, e lai el fenic.
of Grandmont and there he ended

Al pareyssen de las flors

1 · AT THE APPEARING OF THE FLOWERS

When the flowers appear and the trees load themselves with leaf, love is good to those who hold it in peace without rancor. A good lover should not believe informers, nor even his own eyes, about any misdeed his lady is charged with: let him believe what she says and disown what he saw. Love wants lovers who can bear pride in peace, since a man who takes offense soon finds she has looked for someone else; he would rather have thirty dishonors than one honor that took her from him.

Al pareyssen de las flors,

At-the appearing of the flowers

quan l'albre's cargon de fuelh,

when the-trees-themselves load with leaf

e'l tempz gens' ab la uerdura

and-the weather grows-fair with the greenery

per l'erba, que creys e nays:

through the-grass which grows and is-born

doncx es a selhs bon' amors,

then is to those good love

qui l'an em-patz ses rancura,

who it-have in-peace without rancor

q'us ues l'autre non s'erguelha.

that-one toward the-other not himself-puffs-up

Bos drutz non deu creir' auctors

A-good lover not ought to-believe informers

ni so que ueiran sey huelh

nor that which will-see his eyes

de neguna forfaitura,

of any misdeed

don sap que sa dona·l trays;

whereof he-knows that his lady-him betrays

so que ditz qu'a fait alhors,

that which she-says that-she-has done elsewhere

creza, si tot non lo iura,

let-him-believe though wholly not it she-swears

e-sso que·n ui dezacuelha.

and-that which-of-it he-saw let-him-disown

Qu'ieu uei de totz los melhors

For-I see of all the best

qui senpr' en deuenon fuelh,

who always of-it become mad

qu'enqueron tan lur dreitura

who-demand so-much their right

tro que lur dompna·s n'irays.

until that their lady-herself of-it-grows-angry

e·l ris torna·ls pueys en plors;

and-the laughter turns-them then into tears

e·l folhs per mal' auentura

and-the fool through ill fortune

uai queren lo mal que·l duelha.

goes seeking the harm that-to-him grieves

Qu'amors uol tals amadors,

For-love wants such lovers

que sapchon sufrir erguelh

who know to-suffer pride

en patz e gran desmezura;

in peace and great excess

si tot lor dompna·ls sostrays,

though wholly their lady-them withdraws

paucs plagz lur en sia hónors,

small complaint to-them of-it be honor

quar si·l sap mal ni·s atura,

for if-to-him it-tastes ill and-himself he-persists

ylh querra tost qui l'acuelha.

she will-seek soon who her-receives

Per aquest sen suy ieu sors

By this sense am I risen

et ai d'amor tan quan uuelh,

and I-have of-love as-much as I-wish

quar s'elha·m fay gran laidura,

for if-she-to-me does great outrage

quant autre·s planh, ieu m'apays.

when another-himself complains I myself-feed

si tot s'es grans ma dolors,

though wholly thus-is great my grief

sofier tro qu'elha·m melhura

I-endure until that-she-to-me betters

ab un plazer qual que·s uuelha.

with a pleasure whichever that-itself wishes

Mais uuelh trenta dezonors

More I-want thirty dishonors

q'un' onor, si lieys mi tuelh,

than-one honor if her from-myself I-take

qu'ieu suy hom d'aital natura,

for-I am a-man of-such nature

no uuelh l'onor que'l pro lays.

not I-want the-honor that-the profit leaves

ni ges no·m laissa·l paors,

and at-all not-me leaves-the fear

don mos cors non s'asegura,

whereof my heart not itself-assures

qu'ades cug qu'autre la·m tuelha.

that-always I-think that-another her-from-me takes

De mon dan prec mos senhors,

For my harm I-pray my lords

mas l'amor de midons uuelh,

but the-love of my-lady I-want

e que'l prenda de mi cura,

and that-she take of me care

que trop es grans mos esmay.

for too is great my dismay

molt mi fera gen secors,

much to-me she-would-do noble succor

s'una uetz ab nueg escura

if-one time in night dark

mi mezes lai, o·s despuelha.

me she-put there where-herself she-undresses

Peir Rogiers li quier secors,

Peire Rogier from-her asks succor

e si·l mals longueitz li dura,

and if-the sickness long to-him lasts

pauc uiura, qu'ades rauguelha.

little be-will-live for-already he-grows-boarse

Tan no plou ni uenta

2 · NO RAIN NOR WIND

No rain or wind is heavy enough to stop him thinking of song, since Love guides and holds and feeds him and nothing else makes him live. His lady is rich in what he most wants and slow in the giving, and thinks little of him while he draws a mortal pain from her. Still nobody can warrant that another is so noble, and he does not believe she would wrong her true friend, since a lady who comes into worth ought to have a pure and loyal heart.

Tan no plou ni uenta,

So-much not it-rains nor it-blows

qu'ieu de chan non cossire,

that-I of song not think

frei' aura dolenta

cold breeze painful

no·m tolh chantar ni rire,

not-from-me takes singing nor laughing

qu'amors me capdelh' e·m te

for-love me guides and-me holds

mon cor en fin ioy natural,

my heart in pure joy natural

e·m pais e·m guida e·m soste,

and-me feeds and-me leads and-me sustains

qu'ieu non suy alegres per al

for-I not am glad for anything-else

ni alres no·m fai uiure.

and anything-else not-me makes to-live

Ma dompna es manenta

My lady is rich

de so qu'ieu plus dezire;

in that which-I most desire

del donar m'es lenta,

of-the giving to-me-she-is slow

qu'anc no·n fuy may iauzire;

for-ever not-of-it I-was more an-enjoyer

ben sai que pauc l'en soue,

well I-know that little to-her-of-it recalls

e ges no·m part ioc cominal,

and at-all not-to-me she-deals a-game equal

qu'ilh pensa petit de me

for-she thinks little of me

et ieu trac per lieys mal mortal,

and I draw for her pain mortal

tal qu'a penas puesc uiure.

such that-with difficulty I-can to-live

No trop qui·m guirenta

Not I-find who-me warrants

ni qui m'o auze dire,

nor who to-me-it dare to-say

q'un' altra tan genta

that-one other so noble

e·l mon se li ni·s mire;

in-the world itself to-her nor-itself compare

ni d'autra non s'esdeue,

and of-another not it-happens

mas qu'om digua que re no ual,
but that-one says that anything not is-worth
 qu'elha ditz e fai tan be,
for-she says and does so well
 q'una contra lieys no sap sal;
that-one against her not knows a-leap
 tal domna fai a uiure.
such a-lady makes to live

Si s'en fenhon trenta,
If themselves-of-it feign thirty
 ges per so no-m n'ahire;
at-all for that not-myself of-it-I-anger
 cuy que's uol si's menta,
whoever that-himself wishes if-himself he-lies
 qu'a mi's denh' escondire;
who-to me-herself deigns to-excuse
 qu'adonc sai ieu ben e cre
for-then know I well and believe
 q'us non a dompna tan cabal,
that-one not has a-lady so excellent
 quan quecx la lauza per se,
however-much each her praises for himself
 que s'el n'auia un' aital
that if-he of-it-had one such
 ben pogra ses lieys uiure.
well he-could without her to-live

Greu planh mal que'n senta

Hardly he-laments ill that-of-it he-feels

drutz, quant es bos sofrir,

a-lover when he-is a-good sufferer

qu'amors es ualenta

for-love is worthy

seluy que n'es chausire;

to-him who of-it-is a-chooser

erguelh no uol ni mante,

pride not she-wants nor upholds

ans qui lo·lh mostra, lieys non cal,

rather whoever it-to-her shows to-her not it-matters

que mais n'auria ab merce

for more of-it-he-would-have with mercy

en un iorn qu'en dos ans ab mal

in one day than-in two years with ill

sel qu'ab erguelh uol uiure.

he who-with pride wishes to-live

Si uns s'i presenta,

If one himself-there presents

que·l denh lonc sé assire,

whom-she deign beside herself to-seat

ges no m'espauenta,

at-all not me-it-frightens

qu'ab mi l'ai a deuire,

for-with me it-I-have to share

que dona, quant en pretz ue,

for a-lady when into worth comes

deu auer fin cor e leyal;

ought to-have a-pure heart and loyal

e non crezatz que's malme

and not believe that-herself she-mars

contra son bon amic coral

against her good friend hearty

als dias, qu'ay' a uiure.

in-the days that-she-have to live

E s'il fay paruenta

And if-she makes a-show

que'l guinh ni'l huel lor uire,

that-the wink or-the eye to-them she-turn

per so no's guaimenta

for that not-itself laments

mos cors ni's mand' aucire;

my heart nor-itself orders to-kill

que dompna fai manta re

for a-lady does many a-thing

per que plass' a totz per engual,

for which she-please to all in equal

e quasq'un cum li coue

and each-one as to-him it-suits

deu aculhir dins son ostal,

she-ought to-receive within her house

s'ab gran bontat uol uiure.

if-with great goodness she-wishes to-live

Peir Rogiers per bona fe

Peire Rogier in good faith

tramet lo uers denant nadal

sends the vers before Christmas

a sidons, que·l fai uiure;

to his-lady who-him makes to-live

clama li per gran merce

he-cries to-her for great mercy

qu'aprenda·l uers denant nadal,

that-she-learn-the vers before Christmas

s'ab ioy de lui uol uiure.

if-with joy of him she-wishes to-live

Per far esbaudir mos uezis

3 · TO GLADDEN THE NEIGHBORS

To gladden the neighbors who are angry that he does not sing, he will unfold a new tune, and sings the more for his Tort-n'auetz, since everything here declines while joy grows there with her. From his lady he has the jest and the laughter and is a fool to ask for more. He is the most faithful of lovers because he asks her for nothing and courts her hidden and quiet, so that she does not know the good it does him.

Per far esbaudir mos uezis,

To make to-rejoice my neighbors

que's fan irat quar ieu no chan,

who-themselves make angry because I not sing

no mudarai deserenan,

not I-will-forbear from-now-on

qu'ieu no despley

that-I not unfold

un so nouelh, que'ls esbaudey;

a tune new that-them I-gladden

e chant mais per mon Tort-n'auetz,

and I-sing more for my Wrong-You-Have

quar trop dechai

for too-much declines

tot quan uey sai,

all as-much I-see here

mas lai ab lieys creys ioys e pretz,

but there with her grows joy and worth

per que'l sieus conortz m'es plus bos

for which-the her comfort to-me-is more good

que tot quan uey far entre nos.

than all as-much I-see done among us

De midons ai lo guap e·l ris
From my-lady I-have the jest and-the laughter

e suy fols, si plus li deman,
and I-am mad if more from-ber I-ask

ans dey auer gran ioy d'aitan;
rather I-ought to-have great joy of-so-much

a dieu m'autrey —
to God myself-I-grant

non ai donc pro, quar sol la uey? —
not have-I then enough since only her I-see

del uezer suy ieu bautz e letz,
from-the seeing am I bold and glad

plus no m'eschai,
more not to-me-befalls

que ben o say,
for well it I-know

mas d'aitan n'ai ieu ioy e pretz
but of-so-much of-it-have I joy and worth

e m'en fauc ricautz a sazoz
and myself-of-it I-make lordly at times

a guiza de paubr' ergulhos.
in the-manner of a-poor-man proud

De totz drutz suy ieu lo plus fis,
Of all lovers am I the most faithful

qu'a midons no dic re ni man
for-to my-lady not I-say anything nor send

ni·l quier gen fait ni bel semblan;
nor-from-ber I-ask a-noble deed nor a-fine look

cum qu'ilh m'estey,

however that-she to-me-is

sos drutz suy et ab lieys dompney

her lover I-am and with her I-court

totz celatz e cubertz e quetz,

all hidden and covered and quiet

qu'ilh no sap lay

for-she not knows there

lo ben que'm fai,

the good that-to-me it-does

ni cum ai per lieys ioy e pretz;

nor how I-have through her joy and worth

ni's tanh que ia'l sapch' enuios,

nor-itself befits that ever-it know an-envious-one

qu'ieu suy sai sos drutz en rescos.

for-I am here her lover in secret

Anc ieu ni autre no'lh o dis,

Ever I nor another not-to-her it said

ni elha non saup mon talan,

and she not knew my desire

mas a celat l'am atretan —

but in secret her-I-love just-as-much

fe qu'ieu li dey —

by-the-faith that-I to-her owe

cum s'agues fait son drut de mey;

as if-she-had made her lover of me

re no·m qual, que ia l'am eis setz —
anything not-to-me matters that ever her-I-love even thus

doncs amaraï

then I-will-love

so qu'ieu non ai? —

that which-I not have

oc, qu'eyssamen n'ay ioy e pretz

yes for-likewise of-it-I-have joy and worth

e son alegres e ioyos,

and I-am glad and joyful

quant res non es, cum si uers fos.

when anything not is as if true it-were

Per s'amor uiu, e se·n moris,

For her-love I-live and if-of-it I-died

qu'om disses qu'ieu fos mortz aman,

that-one might-say that-I were dead loving

fait m'agr' amors honor tan gran,

done to-me-would-have love honor so great

qu'ieu say e crey

that-I know and believe

qu'anc a nulh drut maior non fey;

that-ever to any lover a-greater not she-did

vos jutgatz, dompna, e destrenhetz!

you judge lady and constrain

car s'ieu m'esmay

for if-I myself-dismay

e si mal tray

and if ill I-draw

ni muer per uos, ioyes m'es e pretz:

or I-die for you joy to-me-it-is and worth

de uos m'es totz mals bes, dans pros,

from you to-me-is all ill good harm profit

foldatz sens, tortz dregz e razos.

folly sense wrong right and reason

Ieu mai que mai

I more than more

ma donn' ieu sai

my lady I know

que uos mi donatz ioy e pretz;

that you to-me give joy and worth

e uuelh mais morir ad estros

and I-wish rather to-die at once

ia·l sapcha negus hom mas uos.

ever-it know any man but you

Bastart, tu uay

Bastart you go

e porta·m lay

and carry-for-me there

mon sonet a mon Tort-n'auetz;

my little-song to my Wrong-You-Have

e di·m a n'Aimeric lo tos

and say-for-me to Sir-Aimeric the youth

membre·lh dont es e sia pros.

let-recall-to-him whence he-is and let-him-be worthy

Non sai don chant, e chantars plagra·m fort

4 · I DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO SING OF

Most of the vers is a dialogue he holds with himself. He does not know what to sing of, and singing is hard when a man does not know of what; a man shows natural sense when he can bear his own harm gracefully. The two voices press each other — what do you value, then? nothing — and argue whether to leave off loving, whether she will ever know her wrong, and whether he would rather have her lying than another's truth.

Non sai don chant, e chantars plagra·m fort,

Not I-know whereof I-sing and to-sing would-please-to-me greatly

si saubes don, mas de re no·m sent be,

if I-knew whereof but of anything not-myself I-feel well

et es greus chans, quant hom no sap de que; —

and it-is hard singing when one not knows of what

mas adoncx par qu'om a natural sen,

but then it-seems that-one has natural sense

quan sap son dan ab gen passar suffrir,

when he-knows his harm with grace to-pass to-endure

quar no·s deu hom per ben trop esiauzir,

for not-himself ought one for good too-much to-rejoice

ni ia per mal hom trop no·s desesper. —

and ever for ill one too-much not-himself despair

mas tot quant es s'aclina uas la mort,

but all that is itself-bends toward the death

que prezas tu tot quan fas? ieu no re; —

what value you all as-much you-do I not anything

mas so ditz hom, qu'auols es qui's recre,
but that says one that-worthless is whoever-himself gives-up

per qu'om deu far tan gen contenemen,
for which-one ought to-make so noble a-bearing

que no'l puesc' hom mal dir ni escarnir;
that not-him can one ill to-say nor to-mock

per so dic ieu que no's deu hom giquir
for that say I that not-himself ought one to-abandon

aissi del tot, qui'l segle uol tener.
thus of-the all whoever-the world wishes to-hold

Fort estai be qu'om chant e que's deport. —
Very it-stands well that-one sing and that-himself he-disport

oc, quan n'es luecx ni temps que s'esdeue. —
yes when of-it-is place or time that itself-occurs

e quoras doncx? uols o dir ges per me? —
and when then you-wish it to-say at-all for me

sapchas qu'ieu hoc, quar us grans dols m'en pren,
know that-I yes for a great grief to-me-of-it takes

quar ditz totz iorns que rir uols e bordir,
for you-say all days that to-laugh you-wish and to-jest

tol te d'aisso, ia t'er tost a morir. —
take yourself from-this soon to-you-it-will-be quickly to die

e laisserai per so mon ioy-auer?
and shall-I-leave for that my joy-having

Si ioy non ai, don aurai doncx confort? —

If joy not I-have whence shall-I-have then comfort

e qual ioy quiers? — de lieys cuy clam merce. —

and what joy you-seek from her to-whom I-cry mercy

folhs yest. — per que? — per dieu, trebalhas te,

mad you-are for what by God you-trouble yourself

ni per aquo ... — fai doncx! — mas per nien

nor for that (lacuna) do then but for nothing

te'n entremetz. — tu que saps? — aug lo dir. —

yourself-of-it you-meddle you what you-know I-hear it to-say

saps tu que? — fai! — lascia me tot guerir. —

know you what do let me all to-heal

ieu uoluntiers, e fai tot ton plazer. —

I willingly and do all your pleasure

Tost uenra temps, que conostra son tort. —

Soon will-come a-time when she-will-know her wrong

aqui t'aten. — si fatz ieu per ma fe. —

there yourself-wait yes do I by my faith

fas ton talan, mas ieu non cug ni cre

you-do your will but I not think nor believe

tan quan uiuras n'ayas nulh iauzimen. —

so-long as you-will-live of-it-you-have any enjoyment

non dis per als, mas quar m'en uols partir. —

not you-say for anything-else but because me-of-it you-wish to-part

ieu hoc, per so quar no t'en uey iauzir. —

I yes for that because not you-of-it I-see to-enjoy

e ia saps tu qu'als non ai en poder.

and indeed know you that-anything-else not I-have in power

Mos cors no·m ditz qu'ieu ab outra m'acort. —

My heart not-to-me says that-I with another myself-accord

quar ben as dreg pel gran ben, que t'en ue. —

for well you-have right for-the great good that to-you-of-it comes

el' o fara. — e quoras? — erasse. —

she it will-do and when straightway

ben estara si uers es, mas si't men,

well it-will-stand if true it-is but if-to-you she-lies

tu que·n faras? — am mai lo sieu mentir

you what-of-it will-you-do I-love more the her lying

qu'autra uertat. — mal hi saubist cauzir,

than-another truth ill there you-knew to-choose

qu'ieu non pretz ren mesorgua contra uer.

for-I not value at-all a-lie against truth

Per s'amor uiu, e s'amors m'a estort

For her-love I-live and her-love me-has rescued

de la preizon, e s'amors m'a mes fre,

from the prison and her-love to-me-has put a-bridle

que no·m eslays uas outra, si·m rete;

that not-myself I-dart toward another so-me she-holds

e per s'amor ai tot mon cor iauzen,

and through her-love I-have all my heart rejoicing

e·m part d'enueg, e·m platz quan puesc servir,

and-myself I-part from-vexation and-to-me it-pleases when I-can to-serve

e ualon mais de lieys li lonc dezir

and are-worth more of her the long desires

que s'auia d'autra tot mon uoler.

than if-I-had of-another all my wish

Lo uers tramet e uuelh que si prezen

The vers I-send and I-wish that itself present

mon Tort-n'auetz, si·l play que·l denh auzir,

to-my Wrong-You-Have if-to-her it-pleases that-it she-deign to-bear

que totz lo mons li deuri' obezir,

for all the world to-her ought to-obey

quar mai que tot uol bon pretz mantener.

for more than all she-wishes good worth to-uphold

E si dons Santz m'a fag descauzimen,

And if lord Sanz to-me-has done discourtesy

mieus es lo dans et er lo·m a sofrir,

mine is the harm and it-will-be it-to-me to endure

et el no·s poc de plus enuilanir,

and be not-himself could of more to-debase

e per uilan lo deu hom ben tener.

and for a-churl him ought one well to-bold

Tant ai mon cor en ioy assis

5 · MY HEART SO SET IN JOY

His heart is so set in joy that he cannot help singing of it, for joy has nourished him and without it he would be nothing. The age is divided: what the worthless do is lost, worth goes forward with the worthy, and love keeps with the courtly. If the joy of love were not so pure it would not have lasted; the harm of it is profit and the ill is good, since mercy is what a man waits for afterward.

Tant ai mon cor en ioy assis,

So-much I-have my heart in joy set

per que no puesc mudar no·n chan,

for which not I-can to-forbear not-of-it I-sing

que ioy s m'a noirit pauc e gran;

for joy me-has nourished small and great

e ses luy non seria res,

and without it not I-would-be anything

qu'assatz uey que tot l'als qu'om fay

for-plenty I-see that all the-rest that-one does

abaiss' e sordey' e dechai,

sinks and worsens and declines

mas so qu'amors e ioy soste.

but that which-love and joy sustains

Lo segles es aissi deuis

The world is thus divided

que perdut es quant l'auol fan,

that lost is what the-worthless do

mas ab los pros uay pretz enan;

but with the worthy goes worth forward

et amors ten se ab los cortes,
and love holds itself with the courtly
 e d'aqui son drut cuend' e guay,
and from-there are lovers gracious and gay
 perque·s te ioys que tost non chai,
for-which-itself holds joy that soon not it-falls
 qu'estiers d'els mais hom no·l mante.
for-otherwise than-them more one not-it upholds

Si·l ioys d'amor no fos tan fis,
If-the joy of-love not were so pure
 ia non agra durat aitan,
ever not it-would-have lasted so-much
 mas no y a d'ira tan ni quan,
but not there is of-wrath so nor how-much
 que·l dans n'es pros e·l mals n'es bes
for-the harm of-it-is profit and-the ill of-it-is good
 e soiorns, qui plus mal en tray;
and rest for-whoever most ill of-it draws
 demandatz cum! qu'ie·us o diray:
ask how for-I-to-you it will-say
 quar apres n'aten hom merce.
for afterward of-it-awaits one mercy

Pauc pren d'amor qui no sofris
Little takes of-love whoever not endured
 l'erguelh e·l mal e·l tort e·l dan,
the-pride and-the ill and-the wrong and-the harm

qu'aissi o fan silh que re n'an;
for-thus it do those who anything of-it-have
 guerra·m sembra, qu'amors non ges,
war-to-me it-seems that-love not at-all
 quan son li mal e sai e lai,
when are the ills both here and there
 e non ai dreg e·l fieu qu'ieu ay,
and not I-have right in-the fief that-I have
 s'al senhor don mou, mals en ue.
if-to-the lord whence it-moves ill of-it comes

Amors ditz uer et escarnis,
Love says true and mocks
 e dona pauza e gran afan
and gives rest and great toil
 e franc cor apres mal talan;
and a-frank heart after ill will
 huey fai que platz, deman que pes. —
today it-does what pleases tomorrow what weighs
 e doncx que·n directz qu'aissi uay? —
and then what-of-it will-you-say for-thus it-goes
 que costa? que tot torn' en iay,
what does-it-cost that all turns into gladness
 pueys apres no y a re mas be.
then afterward not there is anything but good

Membra·m aras d'un mot qu'ieu dis. —

It-recalls-to-me now of-a word that-I said

e qual? — non uuelh qu'om lo·m deman. —

and which not I-wish that-one it-of-me ask

no l'auzirem doncx? — non onguan;

not it-shall-we-hear then not this-year

no·us er digz ni sabretz quals es. —

not-to-you it-will-be said nor will-you-know which it-is

no m'en qal, qu'atressi·m uiuray. —

not to-me-of-it matters for-likewise-myself I-shall-live

si·us niuetz o·us moretz, so say,

if-yourselfes you-vex or-yourselfes you-die that I-know

no costa re midons ni me.

not it-costs anything my-lady nor me

Mon Tort-n'auetz en Narbones

To-my Wrong-You-Have in Narbonne's-land

man salutz, si tot luenh s'estai,

I-send greetings though wholly far she-stays

e sapcha qu'em-breu la ueyray,

and let-her-know that-in-short her I-shall-see

si trop grans afars no·m rete.

if too great business not-me holds-back

Lo senher, que fetz tot quant es,

The lord who made all as-much as-is

salu e guart son cors cumsi·s fay,

save and keep her body as-itself it-does

qu'ilh mante pretz e ioy ueray,

for-she upholds worth and joy true

quan tot' altra gens s'en recre.

when all other folk themselves-of-it give-up

Ges non puesc en bon uers fallir

6 • NO FAILING IN A GOOD VERS

He cannot fail in a good vers at any hour that he sings of his lady, since a man would have to be ill taught not to turn courtly after two words with her. He thinks of nothing else and wants nothing but to serve her, and can mock the others because he knew how to choose the best in the world. Two stanzas break into a rapid dialogue with himself, in which he is told to be humble, frank, generous, and worthy, and to bear ill in peace.

Ges non puesc en bon uers fallir

At-all not I-can in a-good vers to-fail

nulh' hora que de midons chan;

any hour that of my-lady I-sing

cossi poiri' ieu ren mal dir?

how could I anything ill to-say

qu'om non es tan mal essenhatz,

for-one not is so ill taught

si parl' ab lieys un mot o dos,

if he-speaks with her a word or two

que totz uilas non torn cortes;

that all a-churl not he-turn courtly

per que sapchatz be que uers es,

for which know well that true it-is

que-l ben qu'ieu dic tot ai de liey.

that-the good that-I say all I-have from her

De ren als no pes ni cossir
Of anything else not I-think nor I-brood
 ni ai dezirier ni talan,
nor I-have desire nor longing
 mas de lieys quo·l pogues servir
but of her how-to-her I-might to-serve
 e far tot quant l'es bon ni·l platz,
and to-do all as-much to-her-is good and-to-her pleases
 qu'ieu non cre qu'ieu anc per als fos
for-I not believe that-I ever for anything-else was
 mais per lieys far so que·l plagues,
but for her to-do that which-to-her might-please
 que be say qu'onors m'es e bes
for well I-know that-honor to-me-is and good
 tot quan fas per amor de liey.
all as-much I-do for love of her

Ben puesc los autres escarnir,
Well I-can the others to-mock
 qu'aissi·m suy sauputz trair' enan
for-thus-myself I-am known to-bring forward
 que·l mielhs del mon saupi chاوزir;
for-the best of-the world I-knew to-choose
 ieu o dic e sai qu'es uertatz;
I it say and know that-it-is truth
 ben leu manz n'i aura gelos,
very easily many of-them-there will-be jealous
 que diran: menz e non es res;
who will-say you-lie and not it-is anything

no m'en cal ni d'aco no m'es,
not to-me-of-it matters and of-that not to-me-it-is

qu'ieu say ben cossi es de liey.
for-I know well how it-is of her

Greus m'es lo mals tragz a sofrir
Grievous to-me-is the ill drawn to endure
 e·l dolors, qu'ay de lieys tan gran,
and-the sorrow that-I-have of her so great

don lo cors no·m pot reuenir;
whereof the heart not-to-me can to-recover

pero no·m platz autr' amistatz,
yet not-to-me pleases another friendship
 ni mais iois no m'es dous ni bos,
and any-other joy not to-me-is sweet nor good

ni no uuelh que·m sia promes,
and not I-wish that-to-me be promised

que, s'ieu n'auia cent conques,
for if-I of-them-had a-hundred won
 ren no·ls pretz mais aquels de liey.
anything not-them I-value more-than those of her

Bona dompna, souen sospir
Good lady often I-sigh
 e trac gran pena e gran afan
and I-draw great pain and great toil
 per uos, cuy am mout e dezir;
for you whom I-love much and desire

e car no·us uey, non es mos graz;

and because not-you I-see not it-is my will

e si be m'estau luenh de uos,

and although well I-stand far from you

lo cor e·l sen uos ai trames,

the heart and-the mind to-you I-have sent

si qu'aissi no suy on tu·m ues,

so that-thus not I-am where you-me see

...

(lacuna)

ailas! — que plangz? — ia tem morir. —

alas what do-you-lament indeed I-fear to-die

que as? — am. — e trop? — ieu hoc, tan

what have-you I-love and too-much I yes so-much

que·n muer. — mors? — oc. — non potz guerir? —

that-of-it I-die you-die yes not you-can to-heal

ieu no. — e cum? — tan suy iratz. —

I no and how so I-am grieved

de que? — de lieys, don sui aissos. —

of what of her whereof I-am anxious

sofre. — no·m ual. — clama·l merces. —

endure not-to-me it-avails cry-to-her mercy

si·m fatz. — no·y as pro? — pauc. — no·t pes,

thus-myself I-do not-there you-have profit little not-to-you let-it-weigh

si·n tras mal. — no? — qu'o fas de liey.

if-of-it you-draw ill no for-it you-do for her

Cosselh n'ai. — qual? — uelh m'en partir. —

Counsel of-it-I-have which I-wish myself-of-it to-part

no far! — si faray. — quers ton dan. —

not to-do yes I-shall-do you-seek your harm

que'n puesc als? — uols t'en ben iauzir? —

what-of-it can-I else you-wish yourself-of-it well to-enjoy

oc mout. — crei mi. — era diguatz. —

yes much believe me then tell

sias humils, francs, larcx e pros. —

be humble frank generous and worthy

si'm fai mal? — sufr' en patz. — suy pres? —

if-to-me she-does ill endure in peace I-am taken

tu oc, s'amar uols; mas si'm cres,

you yes if-to-love you-wish but if-me you-believe

aissi't poiras iauzir de liey.

thus-yourself you-will-be-able to-enjoy of her

Mon Tort-n'auetz mant, s'a lieys platz,

To-my Wrong-You-Have I-send if-to her it-pleases

qu'aprenda lo uers, s'il es bos;

that-she-learn the vers if-it is good

e puous uelh que sia trames

and then I-wish that it-be sent

mon Dreit-n'auetz lai en Saues,

to-my Right-You-Have there in Savès

dieus salu e gart lo cors de liey.

God save and keep the body of her

Entr' ir' e ioy m'an si deuis

7 · BETWEEN GRIEF AND JOY

Grief and joy have divided him so that grief takes away his eating and sleeping while joy makes him laugh; the grief passes at good comfort and the joy stays. He asks himself whether he has a lady and answers no, since he cannot enjoy her — and yet he will, however long it drags. He rebukes his own mouth for saying she is in the wrong, and asks why she kills him. From far off he is her near neighbor, since no man can part friends whose hearts consent.

Entr' ir' e ioy m'an si deuis,

Between grief and joy me-they-have so divided

qu'ira-m tolh maniar e dormir,

for-grief-from-me takes eating and sleeping

e ioy's mi fai rir' e bordir;

and joy me makes to-laugh and to-jest

mas l'ira-m pass' al bon conort,

but the-grief-from-me passes at-the good comfort

e-l ioy's rema, don suy iauzens

and-the joy remains whereof I-am rejoicing

per un' amor qu'ieu am e uuelh.

through a love that-I love and wish

Dompn' ay. — non ay. — ia-n suy ieu fis! —

A-lady have-I not have-I indeed-of-it am I sure

no suy, quar no m'en puesc iauzir. —

not I-am for not myself-of-it I-can to-enjoy

tot m'en iauzirai, quan que tir. —

yet myself-of-it I-shall-enjoy however-much it drag

oc, ben leu, mas sempre n'a tort. —

yes very easily but always of-it-she-has wrong

tort n'a? qu'ai dig! boca, tu mens

wrong of-it-she-has what-have-I said mouth you lie

e dis contra midons erguelh.

and you-said against my-lady pride

Bona dompna, per que m'aucis? —

Good lady for what me-you-kill

ara·m podetz auzir mentir,

now-me you-can to-bear to-lie

que re no·m fai per que m'azir. —

for anything not-to-me she-does for which I-be-angry

non re, si m'a per pauc tot mort? —

not anything yes me-she-has for little all killed

ben suy folhs e fatz es mos sens,

well I-am mad and foolish is my sense

quar ia dic so per que la·m tuelh.

for ever I-say that for which her-from-me I-take

Molt am selieys que m'a conquis. —

Much I-love her who me-has conquered

et elha me? — oc, so l'au dir. —

and she me yes that her-I-hear to-say

creirai son dig senes pleuir? —

shall-I-believe her word without pledging

oc ben, ab sol que·l fagz s'acort,

yes well provided only that-the deed itself-accord

e m'atenda totz mos couens
and to-me-she-keep all my covenants
 e qu'ieu n'aya plus qu'ieu no suelh.
and that-I of-it-have more than-I — am-used

Per lieys aic ieu ioy, ioc e ris,
Through her bad I joy play and laughter
 mas ara·n planh, plor e sospir;
but now-of-it I-lament I-weep and I-sigh
 e·l mals, que m'es greus a sofrir,
and-the ill which to-me-is grievous to endure
 torna·m a doble en deport;
turns-for-me to double into delight
 pauc pretz lo mal que·l bes o uens,
little I-value the ill for-the good it conquers
 que plus m'en ri que no m'en duelh.
for more myself-of-it I-laugh than — myself-of-it I-grieve

De luenh li suy propdas uezis,
From afar to-her I-am a-near neighbor
 qu'amicx non pot nulhs hom partir,
for-friends not can any man to-part
 si·l cor se uolon cossentir;
if-the hearts themselves wish to-consent
 tot m'es bon quant hom m'en aport,
all to-me-is good whatever one to-me-of-it brings

mais am quan cor de lai lo uens,

more I-love when runs from there the wind

que d'autra si pres si m'acuelh.

than of-another so near thus she-me-receives

Ja no dira hom, qu'anc la uis,

Ever not will-say a-man who-ever her saw

que tan belha'n pogues chاوزir,

that so fair-of-them he-could to-choose

qu'om no la ue que no s'i mir;

for-one not her sees who not himself-in-her mirrors

e sa beutaz resplan tan fort,

and her beauty shines so strongly

nuegz n'esdeue iorns clars e gens

night of-it-becomes a-day bright and fair

a selh que l'esgard' ab dreyt huelh.

to him who her-beholds with straight eye

Lo uers uuelh qu'om midons me port,

The vers I-wish that-one to-my-lady for-me carry

e que'l sia conortamens,

and that-to-her it-be a-comfort

tro que'ns esguardem de dreyt huelh.

until that-ourselves we-behold with straight eye

Senh' en Raymbaut, per uezer

8 · TO RAIMBAUT D'AURENGA

He has come quickly to Raimbaut d'Aurenga to see for himself the comfort people report, and not for his wealth, so that he can say when he leaves whether the boast is as big as the telling. Then the advice: a man who has climbed high falls the further, and it is easy to be softly wicked with enough food and rest. Let him be a fool with fools and bear himself well with the wise; and will he be called lover or husband?

Senh' en Raymbaut, per uezer

Lord Sir Raimbaut for to-see

de uos lo conort e'l solatz

of you the comfort and-the cheer

suy sai uengutz tost e uiatz,

I-am here come quickly and swiftly

mais que no suy per uostr' auer;

more than — I-am for your wealth

que sapcha dir, quan m'en partray,

that I-know to-say when myself-thence I-shall-part

cum es de uos ni cum uos uay,

how it-is of you and how to-you it-goes

qu'enqueron m'en lai entre nos.

for-they-asked me-of-it there among us

Tant ai de sen e de saber

So-much I-have of sense and of knowledge

e tan suy sauis e membratz,

and so I-am wise and mindful

quant aurai uostres faigz guardatz,

when I-shall-have your deeds observed

qu'al partir en sabrai lo uer,
that-at-the parting of-it I-shall-know the truth
 s'es tals lo guaps quon hom retray,
whether-is such the boast as one reports
 si n'i a tant o meinhs o may,
whether of-it-there is so-much or less or more
 cum aug dir ni comtar de uos.
as I-bear to-say and to-tell of you

Gardatz que uos sapchatz tener
Take-care that you know to-bold
 en aisso qu'ara comensatz,
in this which-now you-begin
 quar hom, on plus aut es poiatz,
for a-man the more high he-is climbed
 plus bas ue, si's laissa chazer;
more low comes if-himself he-lets to-fall
 pueys dizon tug que mal l'estay:
then say all that ill to-him-it-stands
 «per que fetz, pueys era no fay?»
for what he-did since now not he-does
 qu'era no ten condugz ni dos.
for-now not he-keeps entertainments nor gifts

Qu'ab pro maniar et ab iazer
For-with enough eating and with lying
 pot hom estar suau maluatx,
can a-man to-stay softly wicked

mas de gran afan es carguatz

but with great toil is loaded

selh que bon pretz uol mantener;

he who good worth wishes to-uphold

obs l'es que·s percas sai e lai

need to-him-is that-himself he-bestir here and there

e tolha e do, si cum s'eschai,

and take and give thus as it-befits

quan ueira qu'er luecx e sazoz.

when he-will-see that-will-be place and season

No·us fassatz de sen trop temer,

Not-yourself make of sense too-much to-fear

per qu'om digua: «trop es senatz»,

for which-one says too he-is sensible

qu'en tal luec uos ualra foudatz

for-in such a-place to-you will-avail folly

on sens no·us poyria ualer;

where sense not-to-you could to-avail

tant quant aurez pel saur e bai

so-long as you-will-have hair golden and bay

e·l cors aissi fresquet e gai,

and-the body thus fresh and gay

grans sens no·us er honors ni pros.

great sense not-to-you will-be honor nor profit

Si uoletz al segle plazer,

If you-wish to-the world to-please

siatz en luec folhs ab los fatz,

be in place mad with the fools

et aqui meteys uos sapchatz

and there same yourself know

ab los sauis gen captener;

with the wise nobly to-bear

qu'aissi coue qu'om los assay:

for-thus it-behooves that-one them try

l'un ab ira, l'autre ab iay,

the-one with wrath the-other with gladness

ab mal los mals, ab ben los bos.

with ill the ill-ones with good the good-ones

D'aisso uuelh que·m digatz lo uer,

Of-this I-wish that-to-me you-say the truth

s'auretz nom drutz o molheratz,

whether-you-will-have name lover or married-man

o per qual seretz apellatz,

or by which you-will-be called

o si·ls uolrez ams retener;

or whether-them you-will-wish both to-keep

ueiaire m'es al sen qu'ieu ai,

it-seems to-me-is by-the sense that-I have

segon qu'ieu cug, mas non o sai,

according as-I think but not it I-know

qu'a dreg los auretz ambedos.

that-by right them you-will-have both

Senh' en Raymbaut, ie·m n'iray,

Lord Sir Raimbaut I-myself thence-shall-go

mas uostre respost auzirai,

but your answer I-shall-hear

si·us platz, anz que·m parta de uos.

if-to-you it-pleases before that-myself I-part from you

Peire Rogier, a trassalhir

8A · RAIMBAUT D'AURENGA'S ANSWER

Raimbaut answers in the same form. Peire Rogier makes him break the covenant he made to give up singing, and since a guest has come he will sing. He asks that wealth be no shield for him: if he is worthless and craven, let the truth be said, since worth is known in deeds. As for the question, he is not a lover, because he is not wanted; he loves alone, his lady now hates him, and unless her power raises him up she may as well hang him.

Peire Rogier, a trassalhir

Peire Rogier to overleap

m'er per uos los ditz e·ls couens,

to-me-it-will-be through you the words and-the covenants

qu'ieu fis a midons totz dolens,

that-I made to my-lady all grieving

de chantar que·m cuygey sofrir;

of singing which-myself I-thought to-forgo

e pus sai n'etz a mi uengutz,

and since here of-it-you-are to me come

chantarai si n'ai estat mutz,

I-shall-sing though of-it-I-have been mute

que non uuelh remaner cofes.

for not I-wish to-remain confessed

Mout uos dei lauzar e grazir,
Much you I-ought to-praise and to-thank
 quar anc uos uenc cors ni talens
for ever to-you came a-heart and a-wish
 de saber mos captenemens,
of to-know my bearings
 e uuelh que'n sapchatz alques dir;
and I-wish that-of-it you-know something to-say
 e ia l'auers no'm sia escutz,
and ever the-wealth not-to-me be a-shield
 s'ieu suy auols ni recrezutz,
if-I am worthless and craven
 que pel uer non passetz ades.
that for-the truth not you-pass at-once

Quar qui per auer uol mentir,
For whoever for wealth wishes to-lie
 aquelh lauzars es blasmamens
that praising is blaming
 e tortz e mals essenhamens,
and wrong and bad teaching
 e fai's als autres escarnir,
and he-makes-himself by-the others to-mock
 qu'en digz non es bos pretz sauputz,
for-in words not is good worth known
 mais els fagz es reconogutz,
but in-the deeds it-is recognized
 e pels fagz ueno'l dig apres.
and through-the deeds come-the words after

Per mi uoletz mon nom auzir,

From me you-wish my name to-bear

quals sui o drutz; er clau las dens,

which I-am or a-lover now I-close the teeth

qu'ades pueja mos pessamens,

for-ever climbs my thought

on pus de preon m'o cossir;

the more of deeply to-me-it I-ponder

ben uuelh sapchatz que no suy drutz

well I-wish you-know that not I-am a-lover

tot per so quar no suy uolgutz,

all for that because not I-am wanted

mas ben am, sol midons m'ames.

but well I-love if-only my-lady me-loved

Peire Rogier, cum puesc sufrir

Peire Rogier how can-I to-endure

que ieu am aissi solamens?

that I love thus alone

merauilh me s'iesc uius d'auens; —

I-marvel me if-I-come-out alive from-Advent

tortz es si·m fai midons murir. —

a-wrong it-is if-me makes my-lady to-die

s'ieu muer per lieys faray uertutz,

if-I die for her I-shall-do miracles

per qu'ieu cre que, s'i fos perdutoz,

for which-I believe that if-there I-were lost

dreitz fora, que plus m'enoges.

right it-would-be that more me-it-irked

Ara·l uen en cor que m'azir,

Now-to-her comes in heart that me-she-hate

mas ia fo qu'er' autres sos sens

but once it-was that-was other her mind

qu'aitals, e-ssos entendemens,

than-such and-her intents

per qu'ieu li dey totz temps servir;

for which-I to-her ought all time to-serve

pel ben que·m n'es escazegutz,

for-the good which-to-me of-it-is fallen

iamais no·m n'auengues salut,

ever not-to-me of-it-came greeting

li dey tostemps estar als pes.

to-her I-ought always to-stand at-the feet

Si·m uolgues sol tan cossentir

If-me she-would-wish only so-much to-allow

que fos tostemps sos entendens,

that I-were always her suitor

ab belhs digz n'estera iauzens,

with fair words of-it-I-should-stand rejoicing

e fera·m ses fagz esiauzir;

and she-would-make-me without deeds to-rejoice

e degra·n ben esser crezutz,

and I-ought-of-it well to-be believed

qu'ieu non dic tan que·m fos creguz

for-I not say so-much that-to-me it-were granted

mas d'un bon respieg don uisques.

but of-a good respite whereof I-might-live

Bon respieg, d'aut bas son cazuz,

Good respite from-high low I-am fallen

e si no·m erep sa uertutz,

and if not-me raises-up her power

per cossel li do, que·m pendes.

for counsel to-her I-give that-me she-hang

Dous' amiga no·n puesc mais

9 · SWEET BELOVED, I CAN NO MORE

A short poem of parting. He can do no more, and it weighs on him to leave her without embracing or kissing her; he never loved a woman so much and dares not show it, and commends her to God as he goes. He is going into a strange land and would rather have cold and mountain than fig and chestnut; his heart goes there while the spirit stays here, and his eyes ache to the roots.

Dous' amiga no·n puesc mais,

Sweet beloved not-of-it I-can more

mout me pesa qar uos lais

much to-me it-weighs that you I-leave

e ... esmais;

and (lacuna) dismay

e teng m'o a gran pantais,

and I-bold to-me-it for great anguish

qar no·us abras e no·us bais

that not-you I-embrace and not-you I-kiss

e departen nostr' amor.

and we-part our love

D'aitant sabchas mon talan,

Of-so-much know my desire

qe anc femna non amei tan,

that ever a-woman not I-loved so-much

e no·us en aus far semblan

and not-to-you of-it I-dare to-make show

ni trob per cui uos o man;

nor I-find through whom to-you it I-send

vau m'en; a dieu uos coman,

I-go myself-thence to God you I-commend

al espirital seinhor.

to-the spiritual lord

Non puesc mudar qe no·m plagna,

Not I-can to-forbear that not-myself I-lament

qar se part nostra compagna;

that itself parts our company

eu m'en uauc en terra estragna;

I myself-thence go into a-land strange

mais am freidura e montagna

more I-love cold and mountain

no fas figa ni castagna

than I-do fig or chestnut

ni ribeira ni calor.

or riverbank or warmth

Lai s'en uai mos cors marritz,

There itself-thence goes my heart downcast

e çai reman l'esperiz;

and here remains the-spirit

et ai tant los uls fronçitz

and I-have so the eyes wrinkled

qe m'en dolon las raïtz;

that to-me-of-it ache the roots

mal o fai qⁱns a partitz,

ill it does who-us has parted

e non puesc auer baudor.

and not I-can to-have gladness

Sans e sals fora eu gueritz,

Sound and safe would-be I bealed

qant serai acondormiz,

when I-shall-be fallen-asleep

si fos de leis tant aisiz,

if I-were of her so at-ease

q'en semblant d'una perniz

that-in the-likeness of-a partridge

li baises sos oils uoltitz

to-her I-kissed her eyes arched

e la fresqetta color.

and the fresh color

Dous estars lai m'es ardura,

Sweet staying there to-me-is burning

e bons conortz desmesura,

and good comfort excess

e saziõntas fraitura,

and satiety want

e dñas clars noitz oscura;

and days bright night dark

per mon iouent qar peiura

for my youth because it-worsens

ai marriment e dolor.

I-have sadness and grief

ARNAUT DANIEL

The Complete Songs

Vida

THE LIFE OF ARNAUT DANIEL

The vida places him in the same country as Arnaut de Maruelh, at a castle named Ribérac in the diocese of Périgord, and calls him well born. He learned letters well, made himself a jongleur, and took delight in composing in precious rhymes, which is why his songs are not easy to understand or to learn. He loved a high lady of Gascony, the wife of Guillem de Bouvila, though it was not believed she ever did him pleasure — for which, it says, he wrote the lines about gathering the wind.

Arnautz Daniels si fo d'aquella encontrada don fo
Arnaut Daniel thus was of-that region whence was
n'Arnautz de Marueill, de l'evescat de Peiregorc, d'un
Sir-Arnaut of Maruelh of the-bishopric of Périgord of-a
chastel que a nom Ribairac; e fo gentils hom.
castle which has name Ribérac and he-was a-noble man
Et amparet ben lettras e fetz se joglars e deleitet
And he-learned well letters and made himself a-jongleur and delighted
se en trobar en caras rimas; per que las soas
himself in composing in precious rhymes for which the his
chanssos non son leus ad entendre ni ad aprendre.
songs not are easy to understand nor to learn
Et amet una auta dompna de Guascoigna, moiller d'en
And he-loved a high lady of Gascony wife of-Sir
Guillem de Bouvila; mas non fo crezut que anc la
Guillem of Bouvila but not it-was believed that ever the

dompna li fezes plazer en dreg d'amor; per que el
lady to-him did pleasure in right of-love for which he
 ditz:

says

Eu sui Arnautz qu'amas l'aura

I am Arnaut who-gather the-wind

e catz la lebre ab lo bou

and I-hunt the hare with the ox

e nadi contra suberna.

and I-swim against the-flood

Lonc temps estet en aquela amor en fetz motas

Long time he-stayed in that love of-it he-made many

bonas chansos; e el era mot avinens hom e

good songs and he was very comely a-man and

cortes.

courtly

Puois en Raimons e·n Trucs Malecs

1 • THE HORN

Since Raimon and Truc Malec uphold Lady Ena and her commands, he says he will be old and hoary before he agrees to such requests. What follows is a sustained refusal in the coarsest terms: the horn would need a long sharp beak to be sounded, it is never dry, and no lady should kiss a man who has sounded it. He tells Bernart the stench would have killed him, and that he should sound it only with a great spigot to stop the hole.

Puois en Raimons e·n Trucs Malecs

Since Sir Raimon and-Sir Truc Malec

chaptén na Ena e sos decs,

uphold Lady Ena and her commands

enans serai vieills e canecs

sooner shall-I-be old and hoary

ans que m'acort en aitals prec

before that myself-I-agree to such requests

don puosca venir tant grans pecs;

whence might come so great a-fault

c'al cornar l'agra mestier becs

For-at-the horning to-him-would-have need a-beak

ab que·il traisses del corn los grecs;

with which-to-him he-might-draw from-the horn the dregs

e pois pogra ben issir secs,

and then he-could well to-come-out dry

que·l fums es fortz qu'ieis dinz dels plecs.

for-the smoke is strong that-issues within from-the folds

Ben l'agra obs que fos becutz

Well to-him-would-have need that be-were beaked

e·l becs que fos loncs et agutz,

and-the beak that it-were long and sharp

que·l corns es fers, laitz e pelutz

for-the horn is fierce ugly and hairy

e nul jorn no estai essutz,

and any day not it-stands dry

et es prions dins la palutz,

and is deep within the marsh

per que relent' en sus lo glutz

for which oozes thence upward the slime

c'ades per si cor ne rendutz;

for-always by itself it-runs thence rendered

e non taing que mais sia drutz

and not it-befits that ever be-be a-lover

cel que sa boch' al corn condutz.

he who his mouth to-the horn leads

Pro hi agra d'autres assais,

Enough there would-be of-other trials

de plus bels e que valgron mais,

of more fair and which would-be-worth more

e si en Bernartz s'en estrais,

and if Sir Bernart himself-of-it withdrew

per Crist, anc no·i fetz que savais

by Christ ever not-in-it he-did as a-base-man

car l'en pres paors et esglais.

for him-of-it took fear and terror

Car, si·l vengues d'amon lo rais,

For if-to-him came from-above the stream

tot l'escaldera·l col e·l cais;

all it-would-scald-him-the neck and-the jaw

e no·i·s cove que dompna bais

and not-in-it-itself befits that a-lady kiss

aquel qui cornes corn putnaïs.

him who horned a-born stinking

«Bernart, ges eu no m'en acort

Bernart at-all I not myself-of-it agree

al dig de Raimon de Durfort

to-the saying of Raimon of Durfort

que vos anc mais n'aguessetz tort;

that you ever more of-it-had wrong

que si cornavatz per deport

for if you-horned for sport

ben trobavatz fort contrafort,

well you-found a-strong counterforce

e la pudors agra·us tost mort,

and the stench would-have-you soon killed

que peiz oil non fa fems en ort;

for worse smells than does dung in a-garden

e vos, qui que·us en desconort,

and you whoever that-you of-it dissuades

lauzatz en Deu que·us n'a estort.»

praise for-it God who-you of-it-has rescued

Ben es estortz de gran perill,

Well he-is rescued from great peril

que retraich fora a son fill

which recounted would-be to his son

et a totz aicels de Cornill;

and to all those of Cornil

mieills li fora fos en issill

better to-him it-would-be he-were in exile

qu'el la cornes en l'efonill

than-that-be her horned in the-funnel

entre l'eschina e'l penchenill,

between the-spine and-the groin

per on se segon li rovill;

by where themselves follow the rusts

ja non saubra tant de gandill

ever not he-would-know so-much of dodging

no·i·l compisses lo groing e'l cill.

not-there-him she-bepissed the snout and-the brow

Dompna, ges Bernartz non s'atill

Lady at-all Bernart not himself-prepare

del corn cornar ses gran dozill

of-the horn to-born without a-great spigot

ab que seire·l trauc del penill;

with which he-stop-the hole of-the groin

puois poira cornar ses perill.

then he-will-be-able to-horn without peril

Chanson do·ill mot son plan e prim

2 · WORDS PLAIN AND FINE

He will make a song whose words are plain and fine now that the osiers bud and the birdsong is in the thicket. He works and files words of merit with the art of Love, and follows her on a leash the more she prides herself against him; a lover's pride is worth little, since it topples its own master from the height to the earthwork. He does not turn elsewhere for all the yapping, and for fear of the guessers pretends not to want her.

Chanson do·ill mot son plan e prim

A-song whereof-the words are plain and fine

farai, puois que botono·ill vim,

I-shall-make since that bud-the osiers

e l'aussor cim

and the-highest tops

son de color

are of color

de mainta flor

of many a-flower

e verdeia la fuoilla,

and greens the leaf

e·il chant e·il braill

and-the songs and-the cries

son, a l'ombraill,

are in the-shade

dels auzels per la bruoilla.

of-the birds through the thicket

Pel bruoill aug lo chan e·l refrim,

Through-the thicket I-hear the song and-the trilling

e, per tal que no·m fassa crim,

and for such that not-to-me one-make blame

obre e lim

I-work and file

motz de valor

words of merit

ab art d'Amor,

with the-art of-Love

don non ai cor que·m tuoilla;

whereof not I-have a-heart that-myself I-withdraw

ans si be·m faill

rather though well-to-me she-fails

la sec a traill

her I-follow on a-leash

on plus vas mi s'orguoilla.

the more toward me herself-she-prides

Val orguoill petit d'amador,

Avails pride little of-a-lover

que leu trabucha son seignor

for lightly it-topples its master

del luoc aussor

from-the place highest

jus al terraill,

down to-the earthwork

per tal trebaill

through such trouble

que de joi lo despuoilla;

that of joy it-him strips

dreitz es lagrim

right it-is he-weep

et arda e rim

and let-him-burn and crack

qui contra amor janguoilla.

who against love yaps

Per janguoill ges no·m vir aillor,

For yapping at-all not-myself I-turn elsewhere

bona dompna, ves cui ador;

good lady toward whom I-adore

mas per paor

but for fear

del devinaill,

of-the guessing

don jois trassaill,

whereof joy startles

fatz semblan que no·us vuoilla;

I-make a-show that not-you I-wish

c'anc no·ns gauzim

for-ever not-ourselves we-enjoyed

de lor noirim:

of their fostering

mal m'es que lor acuoilla.

ill to-me-is that them one-receive

Si be m'acuouill tot a esdail,

Though well she-me-receives all at random

mos pessamens lai vos assail;

my thought there you assails

qu'ieu chant e vaill

for-I sing and am-worth

pel joi que·ns fim

for-the joy that-ourselves we-made

lai o·ns partim;

there where-ourselves we-parted

dont sovens l'uoills mi muoilla

whereof often the-eye to-me grows-wet

d'ira e de plor

with-grief and with weeping

e de doussor,

and with sweetness

car per joi ai que·m duoilla.

for through joy I-have what-to-me grieves

Ges no·m duoill d'amor don badaill

At-all not-myself I-grieve of-love whereof I-gape

ni no sec mesura ni taill;

and not I-follow measure nor cut

sol m'o egail

only to-me-it it-match

que anc no vim

for ever not we-saw

del temps Caim

from-the time of-Cain

amador meins acuoilla

a-lover less receive

cor trichador

a-heart cheating

ni bauzador:

nor deceiving

per que mos jois capduoilla.

for which my joy leads

Bella, qui que·i·s destuoilla,

Fair-one whoever that-there-himself turns-away

Arnautz drech cor

Arnaut straight runs

lai o·us honor,

there where-you be-honors

car vostre pretz capduoilla.

for your worth leads

Can chai la fueilla

3 · WHEN THE LEAF FALLS

*When the leaf falls from the highest boughs the cold rises and the thicket grows dull,
but a new love makes his heart green again and he cannot freeze. Life is good
while joy upholds it, and he has no complaint to make of his lot, since he has his
share of the best. He will not double his beloved with another's company, for no
lady appears who would not be second to her; Paris, he says, had less joy of Helen.*

Can chai la fueilla

When falls the leaf

dels ausors entresims

from-the highest topmost-boughs

e·l freitz s'ergueilla

and-the cold itself-raises

don secha·l vais e·l vims,

whereby dries-the hazel and-the osier

dels dous refrims

of-the sweet trillings

au sordezir la brueilla,

I-bear to-grow-dull the thicket

mas ieu soi prims

but I am keen

d'amor, qui que s'en tueilla

for-love whoever that himself-of-it withdraws

tot quant es gela,

all as-much is freezes

mas ieu non puesc frezir,

but I not can to-be-cold

c'amors novela

for-love new

mi fa·l cor reverdir,

to-me makes-the heart to-grow-green-again

non dei fremir,

not I-ought to-shiver

c'Amors mi cuebr' e·m cela

For-Love me covers and-me hides

e·m fai tenir

and-me makes to-hold

ma valor e·m cabdela.

my merit and-me guides

Bona es vida

Good is life

pos joia la mante,

since joy it upholds

que tals n'escrida

for such-a-one of-it-cries-out

cui ges no vai tan be:

to-whom at-all not it-goes so well

no sai de re

not I-know of anything

coreillar m'escarida,

to-complain my-lot

que per ma fe

for by my faith

del mieills ai ma partida.

of-the best I-have my share

De drudaria

Of love-service

no·m sai de re blasmar,

not-myself I-know of anything to-blame

c'autrui paria

for-another's company

torn ieu en reirazar;

turn I into refusing

ges ab sa par

at-all with her equal

no sai dobrar m'amia,

not I-know to-double my-beloved

c'una non par

for-one not appears

que segonda no·ill sia.

who second not-to-her be

No vueil s'assemble

Not I-wish itself-join

mos cors ab autr' amor

my heart with another love

si que ja·il m'emble

so that ever-to-her me-it-steal

ni volva·l cap aillor;

nor turn-the head elsewhere

non ai paor

not I-have fear

que ja cel de Pontremble

that ever he of Pontremble

n'aia gensor

of-them-have a-fairer

de lieis ni que la semble.

than her or who her resembles

Ges non es croia

At-all not is vile

cella cui soi amis;

she whose I-am friend

de sai Savoia

from this-side-of Savoy

plus bella no's noiris;

a-more fair not-herself is-nurtured

tals m'abelis

such-a-one to-me-pleases

don ieu plus ai de joia

whereof I more have of joy

non ac Paris

than had Paris

d'Elena, cel de Troia.

of-Helen he of Troy

Tan pareis genta

So-much appears noble

cella que·m te joios,

she who-me keeps joyful

las gensors trenta

the fairest thirty

vens de belas faisos;

she-conquers in fair features

ben es razos

well it-is reason

doncas que mos chans senta,

then that my song she-bear

quar tant es pros

for so-much she-is worthy

e de ric pretz manenta.

and of rich worth wealthy

Vai t'en, chansos,

Go yourself-thence song

denan lieis ti presenta;

before her yourself present

que s'ill nos fos

for if-she not were

no·i metr' Arnautz s'ententa.

not-in-it would-put Arnaut his-effort

Lancan son passat li giure

4 • WHEN THE FROSTS ARE PAST

When the frosts are past and the flower trembles in the orchard, the season teaches him to press on with joy — and yet joy is hard to find free, since false Love turns and tumbles to so many sides and never joins where loyalty is. He does not find one lady in a thousand without a false word, and says the wisest go about drunk, robbed in secret while the fool believes better than a nun. Whoever follows Love must take a cuckoo for a dove.

Lancan son passat li giure

When are passed the frosts

e no·i reman puois ni comba,

and not-there remains bill nor valley

et el verdier la flors trembla,

and in-the orchard the flower trembles

sus el entrecim on poma,

up on-the topmost-fork where it-fruits

la flors e li chan e·il clar quil

the flower and the songs and-the clear calls

ab la sazon doussa e coigna

with the season sweet and pretty

m'enseignon c'ab joi m'apoigna

to-me-teach that-with joy myself-I-press

sai al temps de l'intran d'april

here at-the time of the-entering of-April

ben greu trob' om joi desliure,

very hardly finds one joy free

c'a tantas partz volv e tomba,

for-to so-many sides turns and tumbles

fals' Amors, que no s'asembla

false Love which not itself-joins

lai on leiautatz asoma,

there where loyalty crowns

qu'ieu non trob jes dona en mil

for-I not find at-all a-lady in a-thousand

ses falsa paraulla loigna,

without a-false word far

e puous c'a travers non poigna

and then that-to across not she-press

e no torne sa cartat vil.

and not turn her dearness cheap

Totz li plus savis en va hiure

All the most wise of-it go drunk

ses muiol e ses retomba,

without yolk and without a-flask

cui ill, gignos', en cel embla

from-whom she crafty in secret steals

la crin que'il pend a la coma

the hair that-to-him hangs at the mane

e plus pres li brui de l'auzil

and more near to-him rustles of the-ear

on plus gentet s'en desloigna;

the more prettily herself-of-it she-removes

e·l fols cre mieills d'una moigna

and-the fool believes better than-a nun

car a simple cor e gentil.

for he-has a-simple heart and noble

Ses fals' Amor cuidiei viure,

Without false Love I-thought to-live

mas ben vei c'un dat mi plomba

but well I-see that-a die to-me she-loads

quand ieu mieills vei qu'il m'o embla;

when I best see that-she to-me-it steals

car tuich li legat de Roma

for all the legates of Rome

no son jes de sen tant sotil;

not are at-all of sense so subtle

que n'a devisa Messoigna,

as of-it-has devised Falsehood

que tant soaument calogna,

who so softly contends

que m'en posca falsar un fl.

that to-me-of-it she-can to-falsify a thread

Qui Amor sec, per tal's liure:

Whoever Love follows for so-himself let-him-yield

cogul tenga per colomba;

a-cuckoo let-him-hold for a-dove

s'ill o ditz ni ver li sembla,

if-she it says and true to-him it-seems

fassa·il plan del Puoi de Doma;

let-him-make-for-her a-plain of-the Puy of Dôme

quan d'el plus prop es tant s'apil;

when to-him more near he-is so-much himself-be-piles

si co·l proverbis s'acoigna,

thus as-the proverb itself-fits

si·l trai l'uoill, sel puois lo·il oigna;

if-to-him she-draws the-eye he then it-to-her let-him-anoint

sofra e sega ab cor humil.

let-him-suffer and follow with a-heart humble

Ben conosc ses art d'escriure

Well I-know without the-art of-writing

qui plan o qui es de tomba,

who is-flat or who is of a-tomb

qu'ieu sai drut que si assembla

for-I know a-lover who himself joins

don blasm' a leis, el col groma;

whence blame to her and-the neck grumbles

qu'ieu n'ai ja perdut ric cortil,

for-I of-it-have already lost a-rich courtyard

car non vuoill gabs ab vergoigna

for not I-want boasts with shame

ni blasme ab honor loigna,

nor blame with honor far

per que ieu loing son seignoril.

for which I keep-far his lordship

Bertran, non cre de sai lo Nil

Bertran not I-believe of this-side-of the Nile

mais tant de fin joi m'apoigna,

but so-much of pure joy me-presses

de sai on lo soleills poigna

from here where the sun pricks

tro lai on lo soleills plovil.

to there where the sun sinks

Lanquan vei fueill' e flor e frug

5 · LEAF, FLOWER, AND FRUIT

When leaf and flower and fruit appear and the frogs and birds set up their noise, Love makes his heart leaf and flower and fruit so gently that it wakes him at night while other people sleep. Love has led him into her most secure castle, on which he owes neither rent nor tribute. He withdraws from deceit, flees vexation, values slanderers very little, and would tell the world that Joy lifts his heart to the sky if he dared.

Lanquan vei fueill' e flor e frug

When I-see leaf and flower and fruit

parer dels albres eill ramel

to-appear of-the trees and-the branches

e aug lo chan que faun e'l brug

and I-hear the song that make and-the noise

ranas el riu, el bosc l'auzel.

frogs in-the stream in-the wood the-birds

Doncs mi fueill' e'm floris e'm fruch' Amors

Then to-me leafs and-me flowers and-me fruits Love

el cor tan gen que la nueit me retsida

in-the heart so gently that the night me it-wakes

quant altra gens dorm e pauz' e sojorna.

when other folk sleep and rest and stay

Ar sai ieu c'Amors m'a condug

Now know I that-Love me-has led

el sieu plus seguran castel

into-the her most secure castle

don non dei renda ni trahug,

whereof not I-owe rent nor tribute

ans m'en ha fait don e capdel;

rather to-me-of-it she-has made gift and lordship

non ai poder ni cor que'm vir' aillors

not I-have power nor heart that-myself I-turn elsewhere

qu'ensenhamens e fizeutatz plevida

for-breeding and fidelity pledged

jai per estar, c'a bon pretz s'i atorna.

lies for to-stay for-to good worth itself-there turns

Amors, de vos ai fag estug

Love of you I-have made a-shrine

lonjamen verai e fizel,

long true and faithful

c'anc no fis guanda ni esdug

for-ever not I-made a-dodge nor delay

d'amar, ans m'era bon e bel;

of-loving rather to-me-it-was good and fair

e vos faitz m'en dels grans afans socors!

and you make to-me-of-it from-the great toils succor

Merces d'aitan, que'l mieils ai ad eslida

Mercy of-so-much that-the best I-have at choice

d'on part soleils duesc' al jorn quez ajorna.

from-where departs the-sun as-far-as to-the day that dawns

D'enguan mi tueill e d'enueg fug

From-deceit myself I-withdraw and from-vexation I-flee

per l'amor ab que m'atropel,

for the-love with which myself-I-band

don ai un tal ver dig adug

whereof I-have a such true word brought

re no sai que mentirs espel;

anything not I-know that lying utters

hueimais pretz ieu ben pauc lauzenjadors

henceforth value I very little slanderers

per so qu'ieu vueill e'm vol sill c'ai cobida,

for that which-I wish and-me wishes she that-I-have desired

et ieu soi cel que'ls sieus digz non trastorna.

and I am he who-the her words not overturns

Si l'auzes dir, ben saubron tug

If it-I-dared to-say well would-know all

que Jois mi monta'l cor el cel,

that Joy to-me mounts-the heart into-the sky

quar deport mi creis e desdug

for delight to-me grows and pastime

la bela que d'amor apel;

the fair-one whom of-love I-call

mon bon esper mi dotbla sa valors,

my good hope to-me doubles her merit

quar qui mais val mais dopta far faillida

for whoever more is-worth more fears to-do a-fault

et ill non es de re trista ni morna.

and she not is of anything sad nor gloomy

D'aquest' amor son lunh forsdug

From-this love are far cast-out

dompneiador fenhén, fradel;

courtiers feigning false

pero si's n'an maint pretz destrug

yet thus-themselves of-it-have many a-worth destroyed

tal que's fan cueinte et isnel;

such-ones who-themselves make dainty and nimble

et ieu que soi dels leials amadors

and I who am of-the loyal lovers

estau jauzens, c'Amors e Jois me guida

I-stand rejoicing for-Love and Joy me guides

lo cor en joi, que aillors no's trastorna.

the heart in joy which elsewhere not-itself turns

Vai t'en, chansos, a la bela de cors

Go yourself-thence song to the fair-one of body

e diguas li c'Arnautz met en oblida

and say to-her that-Arnaut puts into forgetting

tot' autr' amor per lieis vas cui s'adorna.

all other love for her toward whom himself-be-adorns

D'autra guiza et d'autra razon

6 • IN ANOTHER MANNER

It falls to him to sing in another manner and on another theme, and nobody should expect a good song out of his grief. Mercy once saved the thief whom no other good could save, and if his right does not avail him, let mercy avail. Has a man any right in love? No, he answers himself — only fools would think so. He could never unlove her, and begs his lords and companions to ask her mercy for Arnaut.

D'autra guiza et d'autra razon

In-another manner and on-another theme

m'aven a chantar que no sol,

to-me-it-falls to sing than — is-usual

e no-us cugetz que de mon dol

and not-yourselves think that from my grief

esper a far bona chanson,

I-hope to make a-good song

mas mestiers m'es qu'eu fassa merceiar

but need to-me-is that-I make to-plead-mercy

a mans, chantan leis que m'encolp' a tort,

to many singing her who me-blames at wrong

qu'ieu n'ai lezer, qu'estiers non parl' ab tres.

for-I of-it-have leisure since-otherwise not I-speak with three

Merce dei trobar e perdon

Mercy I-ought to-find and pardon

si'l dreit usatge no'm destol

if-the right usage not-me turns-away

tal que de merceiar no'm tol.

such that of pleading-mercy not-me it-bars

Ja salvet merces lo lairon

Once saved mercy the thief

quez autre bes no·l podia salvar;

whom another good not-him could to-save

ieu non ai plus vas ma vida cofort

I not have more toward my life comfort

que, si·l dreitz qu'ai no·m val, vailla·m merces.

than if-the right that-I-have not-to-me avails let-avail-to-me mercy

Donc ha hom dreg en amor? Non;

Then has one right in love No

mas cuidarion so li fol;

but would-think it the fools

qu'ela·us encolpara, si·s vol,

for-she-you will-blame if-herself she-wishes

quar li Frances no son Guascon

because the French not are Gascons

e quar la naus frais ans que fos a Bar.

and because the ship broke before that it-were at Bari

Las! per aital colpa sui pres de mort,

Alas for such a-fault I-am near of death

que d'als, per Crist, no sai qu'anc tort l'agues.

for of-else by Christ not I-know that-ever wrong to-her-I-had

Ar conosc ieu e sap mi bon

Now know I and it-tastes to-me good

c'om no's part leu de so que vol

that-one not-himself parts lightly from that which he-wishes

ans n'a cor plus humil e mol

rather of-it-has a-beart more humble and soft

sitot l'estrai un tems son don;

although from-him-withdraws a time its gift

per me·us o dic, qu'anc non puec desamar

by myself-to-you it I-say that-ever not I-could to-unlove

celha que·m tol del tot joi e deport,

her who-from-me takes of-the all joy and delight

anz m'afortis ades on peger m'ès.

rather myself-I-strengthen ever the worse to-me-it-is

Hueimais, senhor e companhon,

Henceforth lords and companions

per Dieu, ans que del tot m'afol,

by God before that of-the all myself-I-ruin

preiatz lieis don m'amors no's tol

beg her from-whom my-love not-itself withdraws

qu'en aia merce cum del son;

that-of-it she-have mercy as of-the her-own

e diguas tug, pos ieu non l'aus nomnar:

and say all since I not her-dare to-name

bela, prendetz per nos d'Arnaut acort

fair-one take for us of-Arnaut an-accord

e no metatz son chantar en defes.

and not put his singing under ban

Anc ieu non l'aic, mas ella m'a

7 · I NEVER HAD HER

He never had her, but Love has had him always, and makes him sad and glad and wise and mad by turns. If he says little, it is because fear keeps him still: the tongue feigns while the heart wants, and nowhere between sea and land is there so noble a gift as the one he has desired. He dares not say who inflames him, and the eyes have the food of it; against slanderers he defends himself by feigning.

Anc ieu non l'aic, mas ella m'a

Ever I not her-had but she me-has

totz temps en son poder, Amors,

all time in her power Love

e fai·m irat, let, savi, fol,

and makes-me sad glad wise mad

cum cellui qu'en re no·is torna,

like him who-in anything not-himself turns

c'om no·is deffen qui ben ama;

for-one not-himself defends who well loves

c'Amors comanda

For-Love commands

c'om la serva e la blanda,

that-one her serve and her flatter

per qu'ieu n'aten

for which-I of-it-await

soffren,

suffering

bona partida

a-good share

quand m'er escarida.

when to-me-it-will-be allotted

S'ieu dic pauc, inz el cor m'està,

If-I say little within in-the heart to-me-it-stands

qu'estar mi fai temen paors;

for-to-stay me makes fearing dread

la lenga·is feign, mas lo cors vol

the tongue-itself feigns but the heart wishes

so don dolens si sojorna;

that whereof grieving itself it-dwells

qu'el languis, mas no s'en clama,

for-it languishes but not itself-of-it complains

qu'en tant a randa

for-in so-much at bound

cum mars terra garanda,

as sea land encircles

non a tant gen

not there-is so noble

presen

a-gift

cum la chausida

as the chosen-one

qu'ieu ai encobida.

whom I-have desired

Tant sai son pretz fin e certa

So-much I-know her worth pure and sure

per qu'ieu no·m posc virar aillors;

for which-I not-myself can to-turn elsewhere

per so fatz eu que·l cors m'en dol,

for that do I so-that-the heart to-me-of-it aches

que quan sols clau ni s'ajorna

for when the-sun closes and itself-dawns

eu non aus dir qui m'aflama;

I not dare to-say who me-inflames

lo cors m'abranda

the body me-kindles

e·ill huoill n'ant la vianda,

and-the eyes of-it-have the food

car solamen

for only

vezen

seeing

m'estai aizida:

to-me-stands ready

ve·us que·m ten a vida!

behold-you what-me keeps in life

Fols es qui per parlar en va

Mad is-he who through speaking in vain

quier cum sos jois sia dolors!

seeks how his joy be sorrow

Car lausengier, cui Dieus afol,

For slanderers whom God confound

non ant jes langueta adorna:

not have at-all a-little-tongue adorned

l'us conseilla e l'autre brama,

the-one counsels and the-other bellows

per que·is desmanda

for which-itself is-undone

amors tals fora granda.

a-love such would-be great

Mas ieu m'deffen,

But I myself-defend

feignen,

feigning

de lor brugida

from their clamor

e am ses faillida.

and I-love without failing

Pero gauzen mi ten e sa

Yet rejoicing me she-keeps and healthy

ab un plazer de que m'a sors,

with a pleasure of which to-me-she-has risen

mas mi no passara ja·l col

but to-me not it-will-pass ever-the throat

per paor qu'il no·m fos morna,

for fear that-she to-me were gloomy

qu'enquera·m sent de la flama

for-still-myself I-feel of the flame

d'Amor, qui·m manda

of-Love who-me commands

que mon cor non espanda;

that my heart not I-spread

si fatz, soven

thus I-do often

temen,

fearing

puois vei per crida

since I-see through outcry

maint' amor delida.

many a-love destroyed

Maint bon chantar levet e pla

Many a-good song light and plain

n'agr' ieu plus fait, si·m fes socors

of-them-would-have I more made if-to-me she-did succor

cella que·m da joi e·l mi tol;

she who-to-me gives joy and-it from-me takes

qu'er sui letz, er m'o trastorna,

for-now I-am glad now to-me-it she-overturns

car a son vol me liama.

for at her will me she-binds

Ren no·il demanda

Anything not-of-her asks

mos cors, ni no·il fai ganda,

my heart and not-to-her makes a-dodge

ans franchamen

rather frankly

li·m ren:

to-her-myself I-render

doncs, si m'oblida,

so if me-she-forgets

merces es perida.

mercy is perished

Mieills-de-ben ren,

Better-than-Good render

si·t pren,

if-yourself it-take

chanssos, grazida,

a-song welcomed

c'Arnautz non oblida.

for-Arnaut not forgets

Autet e bas, entr' els prims fuoills

8 • HIGH AND LOW AMONG THE FIRST LEAVES

High and low among the first leaves the boughs are new with flowers and every bird sings, and for that joy he sings, though Love assails him. He thanks God and his eyes that joy came to him, and thanks Love for receiving him, late though it was. He stays closed because of the people who groan at another man's joy, and keeps his love hidden: she has him alone and he her alone, and Arnaut says little, since Love bridles his cheek.

Autet e bas, entr' els prims fuoills,

High and low among in-the first leaves

son nou de flors els rams li renc,

are new with flowers on-the boughs the rows

e no·i ten mut bec ni gola

and not-there holds mute beak nor throat

nuills auzels, anz braia e chanta

any bird rather it-cries and sings

cadahus

each-one

en son us:

in his way

pel joi qu'ai d'els e del tems

for-the joy that-I-have of-them and of-the season

chant, mas amors mi assauta,

I-sing but love me assails

qui·ls motz ab lo son acorda.

who-the words with the tune attunes

Dieu o grazisc e a mos huoills,

God for-it I-thank and to my eyes

que per lor conoissensa·m venc

for through their knowing-to-me came

jois, qu'adreich auci e fola

joy that-straightway kills and tramples

l'ira qu'ieu n'agui e l'anta.

the-grief that-I of-it-had and the-shame

Er vau sus,

Now I-go up

qui qu'en mus,

whoever that-of-it gapes

d'Amor, don sui fis e frems;

by-Love whereof I-am faithful and firm

c'ab lieis c'al cor plus m'azauta

for-with her who-to-the heart most to-me-pleases

sui liatz ab ferma corda.

I-am bound with a-firm cord

Merces, Amors, c'aras m'acuoiills!

Mercy Love that-now me-you-receive

Tart mi fo, mas en grat m'o prenc,

Late to-me it-was but in favor to-me-it I-take

car, si m'art dinz la meola,

for if me-it-burns within the marrow

lo fuocs non vuoill que s'escanta;

the fire not I-wish that itself-quench

mas pels us

but for-the some

estauc clus

I-stay closed

que d'autrui joi fant greus gems,

who of-another's joy make heavy groans

e pustell' ai' en sa gauta

and a-blister let-him-have on his cheek

cel c'ab lieis si desacorda.

he who-with her himself disagrees

De bon' amor falsa l'escuoills,

From good love falsifies the-welcome

e drutz es tornatz en fadenc,

and a-lover is turned into a-fool

qui di qu'el parlars no·il cola

who says that-the speaking not-to-him flows

nuilla re c'al cor creanta

any thing that-to-the heart it-pledges

de pretz l'us;

of worth the-use

car enfrus

for greedy

es d'aco qu'eu mout ai crems.

he-is of-that which-I much have feared

Et qui de parlar trassauta

And whoever of speaking oversteps

dreitz es qu'en la lenga·is morda.

right it-is that-on the tongue-himself he-bite

Vers es qu'ieu l'am, et es orguoills,

True it-is that-I her-love and it-is pride

mas ab jauzir celat lo trenc;

but with enjoying hidden it I-cut

qu'anc, pos Sainz Pauls fetz pistola

for-ever since Saint Paul made an-epistle

ni nuills hom dejus caranta,

or any man fasted forty-days

non poc plus

not could more

neis Jhesus

even Jesus

far de tals, car totz essem

to-make of such for all together

a'l bos aips don es plus auta

she-has-the good qualities whereof she-is more high

cella c'om per pros recorda.

she whom-one for worthy records

Pretz e Valors, vostre capduoills

Worth and Merit your chief

es la bella c'ab si-m retenc,

is the fair-one who-with herself-me retained

qui m'a sol et ieu lei sola,

who me-has alone and I her alone

c'autra el mon no m'atalanta;

for-another in-the world not to-me-pleases

anz sui brus

rather I-am dour

et estrus

and blunt

ad autras e-l cor teing prems,

to others and-the heart I-hold pressed

mas pel sieu joi trepa e sauta:

but for-the her joy it-capers and leaps

no vuoill c'otra m'o comorda.

not I-wish that-another to-me-it bite

Arnautz ama e no di nems,

Arnaut loves and not says too-much

c'Amors l'afrena la gauta

for-Love to-him-bridles the cheek

que fols gabs no la-ill comorda.

so-that a-mad boast not it-to-him bite

L'aura amara

9 • THE BITTER AIR

The bitter air thins the branchy thickets that the mild air thickens with leaves, and holds the birds' beaks stammering and mute; for that he exerts himself to do and say pleasing things for the woman who has turned him low from high. He tells Love he is well beaten. He is a true lover, and would need one kiss, for all the snow, to cool his hot heart. Only hope keeps him alive, and he sends the song to the king.

L'aura amara

The-breeze bitter

fa·ls bruoills brancutz

makes-the thickets branchy

clarzir

to-thin

que·l doussa espeissa ab fuoills,

which-the sweet thickens with leaves

e·ls letz

and-the glad

becs

beaks

dels auzels ramencs

of-the birds branch-dwelling

ten balps e mutz,

it-bolds stammering and mute

pars

paired

e non-pars;

and unpaired

per qu'eu m'esfortz

for which-I myself-exert

de far e dir

to do and say

plazers

pleasures

a mains, per liei

to many for her

que m'a virat bas d'aut,

who me-has turned low from-high

don tem morir

whereof I-fear to-die

si·ls afans no m'asoma.

if-the toils not to-me-she-sums

Tant fo clara.

So-much was clear

Ma prima lutz

My first light

d'eslir

of-choosing

lieis don cre·l cors los huoills,

her whereof believes-the heart the eyes

non pretz

not I-value

necs

dark

mans dos agovencs

many gifts easy

d'autra s'es dutz

of-another itself-is led

rars

rare

mos preiars:

my praying

pero deportz

yet delight

m'es ad auzir

to-me-is to bear

volers,

wishes

bos motz ses grei

good words without grief

de liei, don tant m'azaut

of her whereof so-much myself-I-delight

qu'al sieu servir

that-to-the her service

sui del pe tro c'al coma.

I-am from-the foot up to-the crown

Amors, gara,

Love beware

sui ben vencutz,

I-am well conquered

c'auzir

for-to-bear

tem far, si·m desacuolls,

I-fear to-do if-me you-reject

tals d'etz

such of-you-are

pecs

foolish

que t'es mieills que·t trencs;

that to-you-is better that-yourself you-break

qu'ieu soi fis drutz,

for-I am a-faithful lover

cars

dear

e non vars,

and not fickle

ma·l cors fermes fortz

but-the heart firm strong

mi fai cobrir

me makes to-cover

mains vers;

many truths

c'ab tot lo nei

for-with all the snow

m'agr' ops us bais al chaut

to-me-would-have need one kiss for-the beat

cor refrezir,

the-heart to-cool

que no·i val outra goma.

for not-there avails another balm

Si m'ampara

If me-protects

cill cui·m tradutz,

she to-whom-me you-deliver

d'aizir,

of-easing

si qu'es de pretz capduoills,

thus that-she-is of worth the-chief

dels quetz

of-the quiet

precs

prayers

c'ai dedinz a rences,

which-I-have within in rows

l'er for rendutz

to-her-it-will-be forth rendered

clars

clear

mos pensars:

my thinking

qu'eu fora mortz,

for-I would-be dead

mas fa·m sofrir

but makes-me to-endure

l'espers,

the-hope

que·ill prec que·m brei,

that-to-her I-pray that-me she-shorten

c'aisso·m ten let e baut;

for-this-me keeps glad and bold

que d'als jauzir

that of-else to-enjoy

no·m val jois una poma.

not-to-me is-worth joy an apple

Doussa car', a

Sweet face has

totz aips volgut,

all qualities wished

sofrir

to-endure

m'er per vos mainz orguolls,

to-me-it-will-be for you many prides

car etz

for you-are

decs

the-bound

de totz mos fadencs,

of all my follies

don ai mains brutz

whereof I-have many rumors

pars,

equal

e gabars

and boastings

de vos no-m tortz

from you not-me turns

ni-m fai partir

nor-me makes to-part

avers,

wealth

c'anc non amei

for-ever not I-loved

ren tan ab meins d'ufaut,

anything so-much with less of-vaunting

anz vos desir

rather you I-desire

plus que Dieu cill de Doma.

more than God those of Doma

Era-t para

Now-yourself prepare

chans e condutz

song and music

formir,

to-furnish

al rei que t'er escuoills;

to-the king who to-you-will-be a-welcome

car Pretz,

for Worth

secs

dry

sai, lai es doblencs,

here there is double

e mantengutz

and upheld

Dars

Giving

e Manjars:

and Feasting

de joi la-t portz,

of joy there-yourself you-bear

son anel mir

his ring I-behold

si-l ders:

if-it he-raises

c'anc non estei

for-ever not I-stayed

jorn d'Aragon qu'el saut

a-day from-Aragon that-in-the leap

no-i volgues ir,

not-there I-wished to-go

mas sai m'a-n clamat Roma.

but here me-has-thence called Rome

Faitz es l'acortz,

Made is the-accord

qu'el cor remir

that-in-the heart I-gaze-upon

totz sers

every evening

lieis cui domnei

her whom I-court

ses parsonier Arnaut;

without a-sharer Arnaut

qu'en autr' albir

for-in another judgment

n'es fort m'entent' a soma.

of-it-is strong my-intent at sum

En cest sonet coind' e leri

10 • I HEW AND PLANE

In this graceful little song he hews and planes words and files them true, for Love smooths and gilds his singing. He serves the fairest in the world, hers from foot to crown, and her love keeps him warm in winter. He hears a thousand masses for her, would not have Rome's empire without her, and says that unless she beats him with a kiss before the new year she kills him. He ends on gathering the wind.

En cest sonet coind' e leri

In this little-song graceful and gay

fauc motz e capuig e doli,

I-make words and I-hew and I-plane

e serant verai e cert

and they-will-be true and sure

quan n'aurai passat la lima;

when of-them-I-shall-have passed the file

qu'Amors marves plan' e daura

for-Love straightway smooths and gilds

mon chantar, que de liei mou

my singing which from her moves

qui pretz manten e governa.

who worth upholds and governs

Tot jorn meillur et esmeri

Every day I-improve and I-refine

car la gensor serv e coli

for the fairest I-serve and I-honor

del mon, so-us dic en apert.

of-the world that-to-you I-say in open

Sieus sui del pe tro qu'en cima,

Hers I-am from-the foot up that-to-the crown

e si tot venta·ill freid' aura,

and though wholly blows-the cold breeze

l'amors qu'inz el cor mi plou

the-love which-within in-the heart to-me rains

mi ten chaut on plus iverna.

me keeps warm the more it-winters

Mil messas n'aug e·n proferi

A-thousand masses of-it-I-bear and-of-it I-offer

e·n art lum de cera e d'oli

and-of-it I-burn a-light of wax and of-oil

que Dieus m'en don bon issert

that God to-me-of-it give a-good issue

de lieis on no·m val escrima;

of her where not-to-me avails fencing

e quan remir sa crin saura

and when I-gaze-at her hair golden

e·l cors gai, grailet e nou

and-the body gay slender and new

mais l'am que qui·m des Luserna.

more her-I-love than whoever-to-me gave Luserna

Tant l'am de cor e la queri

So-much her-I-love from heart and her I-see

c'ab trop voler cug la-m toli

that-with too-much wishing I-think her-from-me I-take

s'om ren per ben amar pert.

if-one anything through well to-love loses

Qu'el sieus cors sobretracima

For-the her heart overtops

lo mieu tot e non s'aisaura;

the mine wholly and not itself-airs

tant a de ver fait renou

so-much it-has of true made usury

c'obrador n'a e taverna.

that-a-workshop of-it-it-has and a-tavern

No vuoill de Roma l'emperi

Not I-want of Rome the-empire

ni c'om m'en fassa apostoli,

nor that-one me-of-it make pope

qu'en lieis non aia revert

if-in her not I-have a-return

per cui m'art lo cors e-m rima;

through whom to-me-burns the heart and-me cracks

e si'l maltraich no-m restaura

and if-the suffering not-to-me she-repairs

ab un baisar anz d'annou

with a kiss before of-new-year

mi auci e si enferna.

me she-kills and herself damns

Ges pel maltraich qu'ieu soferi

At-all for-the suffering that-I endure

de ben amar no·m destoli

from well to-love not-myself I-turn

si tot me ten en desert.

though wholly me she-keeps in a-desert

C'aissi·n fatz los motz en rima.

For-thus-of-it I-make the words in rhyme

Pieitz trac aman c'om que laura,

Worse I-draw loving than-a-man who plows

c'anc plus non amet un ou

for-ever more not loved an egg

cel de Moncli n'Audierna.

be of Moncli Lady-Audierna

Ieu sui Arnautz qu'amas l'aura,

I am Arnaut who-gather the-wind

e chatz la lebre ab lo bou

and I-hunt the hare with the ox

e nadi contra suberna.

and I-swim against the-flood

En breu brisara·l temps braus

11 · SOON THE HARSH WEATHER WILL BREAK

Soon the harsh weather will break and the north wind trumpet in the boughs, and since no bird sings there Love teaches him to make a song that will be neither second nor third but first at softening a sour heart. Love is the key of worth and a pool of prowess, from which all good fruits are born for whoever gathers them loyally. He fears so much for not daring that he turns black and white, and nothing can part him from her.

En breu brisara·l temps braus,

In brief will-break-the weather harsh

e·ill bisa busina els brancs

and-the north-wind trumpets in-the boughs

qui s'entreseignon trastauch

which themselves-sign-together all

de sobreclaus rams de fuoilla;

with over-closed boughs of leaf

car no·i chanta auzels ni piula

for not-there sings a-bird nor pipes

m'enseign' Amors qu'ieu fassa adonc

to-me-teaches Love that-I make then

chan que non er segons ni tertz

a-song which not will-be second nor third

ans prims d'afrancar cor agre.

rather first at-softening a-heart sour

Amors es de pretz la claus,

Love is of worth the key

e de proesa us estancs

and of prowess a pool

don naisson tuich li bon fruich,

whence are-born all the good fruits

s'es qui leialmen los cuoilla;

if-there-is who loyally them gathers

qu'un non delis gel ni niula

for-one not destroys frost nor cloud

mentre que's noiris el bon tronc;

while that-itself it-feeds on-the good trunk

mas si'l romp trefans ni culvertz

but if-it breaks a-traitor or a-villain

peris tro leials lo sagre.

it-perishes until a-loyal-one it consecrate

Faillirs esmendatz es laus;

Failing amended is praise

et eu senti·m n'ams los flancs

and I feel-myself of-it-in-both the flanks

que mais n'ai d'amor ses cuich

for more of-it-I-have of-love without thought

que tals qu'en parla e·is n'orguoilla;

than such-a-one who-of-it speaks and-himself of-it-prides

que pieitz mi fa·l cor de friula.

for worse to-me makes-the heart than a-fiddle

Mentr' ella·m fetz semblan embronc,

While she-to-me made a-look sullen

mais volgr' ieu trair pena els desertz

rather would-wish I to-draw pain in-the deserts

on anc non ac d'auzels agre.

where ever not there-was of-birds a-nest

Bona doctrina e soaus

A-good teaching and gentle

e cors clars, sotils e francs

and a-heart bright subtle and frank

m'an d'Amor al ferm conduich

me-have of-Love to-the firm led

de lieis don plus vuoill que'm cuoilla;

of her whereof most I-wish that-me she-receive

car si'm fo fera et estriula

for if-to-me she-was fierce and barsb

er jauzimens breuja'm temps long,

now enjoying shortens-for-me time long

qu'il m'es plus fina et ieu lieis certz

for-she to-me-is more true and I to-her sure

que Talant' e Meleagre.

than Atalanta and Meleager

Tant dopti que per non-aus

So-much I-fear that through not-daring

devenc sovens niers e blancs;

I-become often black and white

si m'a·l seus desirs forsduich

so me-has-the her desire led-stray

no sap lo cors trep o·is duoilla;

not knows the heart whether-it-caper or-itself grieve

mas Jois que d'esper m'afiula

but Joy which with-hope me-girds

m'encolpa car no la somonc;

me-blames because not her I-summon

per qu'ieu sui d'est prec tant espertz

for which-I am of-this prayer so alert

non ai d'als talen neis magre.

not I-have of-else a-wish even a-lean

Pensar de lieis m'es repaus,

To-think of her to-me-is rest

e traga·m ams los huoills crancs

and let-draw-out-me both the eyes crabs

s'a lieis vezer no·ls estuich;

if-for her to-see not-them I-keep

e·l cor non crezatz qu'en tuoilla,

and-the heart not believe that-of-it I-remove

car orars ni jocs ni viula

for praying nor games nor fiddle

no·m pot de leis un travers jonc

not-me can from her a breadth rush

partir... C'ai dig? Dieus, tu·m somertz

to-part... What-have-I said God you-me submerge

o·m peris el peleagre!

or-me I-perish in-the open-sea

Arnautz vol sos chans sia ofertz

Arnaut wishes his song be offered

lai on doutz motz mou en agre.

there where a-sweet word moves into sour

Doutz brais e critz

12 • SWEET WARBLER AND CRIES

Sweet warbles and cries he hears from the birds making their prayers each with his mate, as men do to the women they are intent on; so he owes a song of fair work with no false word and no unpaired rhyme. He remembers the day they kissed and she made him a shield of her indigo mantle against the slanderers, and prays God to let them lie in the chamber they appointed. The last stanzas turn political, on the lord of the Galicians and King Ferdinand.

Doutz brais e critz,

Sweet warbles and cries

lais e cantars e voutas

lays and songs and turns

aug dels auzels qu'en lur latin fant precs

I-hear of-the birds who-in their tongue make prayers

quecs ab sa par, atressi cum nos fam

each with his mate just as we do

a las amigas en cui entendem;

to the beloveds on whom we-are-intent

e doncas ieu qu'en la genssor entendi

and then I who-on the fairest am-intent

dei far chansson sobre totz de bell' obra

ought to-make a-song above all of fair work

que no-i aia mot fals ni rima estrampa.

that not-in-it be a-word false nor a-rhyme unpaired

Non fui marritz

Not I-was downcast

ni non presi destoutas

and not I-took detours

al prim qu'intriei el chastel dinz los decs,

at-the first that-I-entered in-the castle within the bounds

lai on estai midonz, don ai gran fam

there where stays my-lady whereof I-have great hunger

c'anc non l'ac tal lo nebotz Sain Guillem;

for-ever not it-had such the nephew of-Saint William

mil vetz lo jorn en badaill e·m n'estendi

a-thousand times the day of-it I-gape and-myself of-it-I-stretch

per la bella que totas autras sopra

for the fair-one who all others surpasses

tant cant val mais fis gaugz qu'ira ni rampa.

so-much as is-worth more a-pure joy than-wrath or cramp

Ges rams floritz

At-all a-bough flowered

de floretas envoutas

with little-flowers wrapped

cui fan tremblar auzelhon ab lurs becs

which make to-tremble little-birds with their beaks

non es plus frescs, per qu'ieu no volh ... am

not is more fresh for which-I not wish (lacuna) Rouen

aver ses lieis ni tot ... em

to-have without her nor all (lacuna) Jerusalem

pero totz fis, mas juntas, a li·m rendi,

yet all faithful bands joined to to-her-myself I-yield

qu'en liei amar agr' ondra'l reis de Dobra

for-in her to-love would-have honor-the king of Dover

o celh cui es l'Estel, e Luna-pampa.

or he whose is the-Star and Moon-vine

Ben fui grazitz

Well I-was welcomed

e mas paraulas coutas,

and my words gathered

per so que jes al chausir no fui pecs,

for that that at-all at-the choosing not I-was foolish

anz volgui mais prendre fin aur que ram,

rather I-wished more to-take pure gold than copper

lo jorn quez ieu e midonz nos baizem

the day that I and my-lady ourselves kissed

e·m fetz escut de son bel mantel endi

and-to-me she-made a-shield of her fair mantle indigo

que lauzengier fals, lenga de colobra,

so-that slanderers false tongue of a-snake

non o visson, don tan mals motz escampa.

not it might-see whence so ill a-word spreads

Dieus lo chautitz,

God the chosen

per cui foron assoutas

through whom were absolved

las faillidas que fetz Longis lo cecs,

the faults which did Longinus the blind

voilla, si·l platz, qu'ieu e midonz jassam

let-him-wish if-to-him it-pleases that-I and my-lady lie

en la chambra on amdui nos mandem

in the chamber where both-of-us ourselves appointed

uns rics convens don tan gran joi atendi,

a rich covenant whereof so great joy I-await

que·l seu bel cors baisan rizen descobra

that-the her fair body kissing laughing I-uncover

e que·l remir contra·l lum de la lampa.

and that-it I-behold against-the light of the lamp

Bocca, que ditz?

Mouth what say-you

Qu'eu crei que·m auras toutes

For-I believe that-from-me you-will-have taken

tals promessas don l'empeaire grecs

such promises whereof the-emperor Greek

en for' onratz o·l senher de Roam

of-them would-be honored or-the lord of Rouen

o·l reis que ten Sur e Jerusalem;

or-the king who holds Tyre and Jerusalem

doncs ben sui fols que quier tan que·m rependi,

then well I-am mad who seek so-much that-myself I-repent

que jes Amors non a poder que·m cobra,

for at-all Love not has power that-me it-recovers

ni savis es nuls om qui joi acampa.

nor wise is any man who joy drives-away

Los deschauzitz

The uncouth

ab las lengas esmoutas

with the tongues whetted

non dupt' ieu jes, si'l seignor dels Galecs

not fear I at-all if-the lord of-the Galicians

an fag faillir, per qu'es dreitz si'l blasmam,

they-have made to-fail for which-is right if-him we-blame

que son paren pres romieu, so sabem,

for his kinsman he-took a-pilgrim that we-know

Raimon lo filh al comte, et aprendi

Raimon the son to-the count and I-learn

que greu fara'l reis Ferrans de pretz cobra

that hardly will-make-the king Ferdinand of worth a-recovery

si mantenen no'l solv e no'l escampa.

if at-once not-him he-frees and not-him he-releases

Eu l'agra vist, mas estiei per tal obra

I him-would-have seen but I-stayed for such a-work

c'al coronar fui del bon rei d'Estampa.

for-at-the crowning I-was of-the good king of-Étampes

Er vei vermeills, vertz, blaus, blancs, gruocs

13 · RED, GREEN, BLUE, WHITE, YELLOW

He sees reds, greens, blues, whites, and yellows — orchards, plains, hedges, hills, and valleys — and the birds sounding in sweet accord, which puts it in his heart to color his song with a flower whose fruit is love. Love asks her people to be true, frank, faithful, and forgiving, since at her court pride harms and coaxing avails. He would rather be her cook than handle all the wealth the Tigris and Meander enclose.

Er vei vermeills, vertz, blaus, blancs, gruocs

Now I-see reds greens blues whites yellows

vergiers, plans, plais, tertres e vaus,

orchards plains hedges hills and valleys

e-il votz dels auzels sona e tint

and-the voices of-the birds sound and ring

ab doutz acort maitin e tart.

with sweet accord morning and late

So-m met en cor qu'ieu colore mon chan

That-to-me puts in heart that-I color my song

d'un' aital flor don lo fruitz sia amors,

with-a such flower whereof the fruit be love

e jois lo grans, e l'olors d'enoï gandraes.

and joy the grain and the-scent from-vexation a-shield

D'amor mi pren penssan lo fuocs

From-love me takes thinking the fire

e-l desiriers doutz e coraus;

and-the desire sweet and heartfelt

e·l mal es savoros qu'ieu sint

and-the ill is savory that-I feel

e·il flama soaus on plus m'art:

and-the flame gentle the more me-it-burns

c'Amors enquier los sieus d'aital semblan,

for-Love requires the hers of-such a-fashion

verais, francs, fis, merceians, parcedors,

true frank faithful merciful forgiving

car a sa cort notz orguoills e val blandres.

for at her court harms pride and avails coaxing

Mas mi non camja temps ni luocs,

But me not changes time nor place

cosseils, aizina, bes ni maus;

counsel occasion goods nor ills

e s'ieu al meu enten vos mint,

and if-I in-the my intent to-you lie

jamais la bella no m'esgart

ever the fair-one not me-look-at

on m'esta·l cors e·l sens dormen veillan;

where to-me-stands-the heart and-the mind sleeping waking

qu'eu non vuoill jes quan pens sas grans valors,

for-I not wish at-all when I-think her great merits

valer ses lieis on plus valc Alixandres.

to-be-worth without her where most was-worth Alexander

Mout desir qu'enquer li fos cuocs

Much I-desire that-still to-her I-were a-cook

e m'avengues aitals jornaus,

and to-me-came such day-wages

qu'ie·n viuria ben d'anz plus vint,

that-I-of-it should-live well of-years more twenty

tant me te·l cort baut e gaillart.

so-much me keeps-the heart bold and lively

Vai! Ben sui fols! E que vau donc cercan?

Go Well I-am mad And what go-I then seeking

Qu'ieu non vuoill jes, (mas per geing treu aillors,)

For-I not wish at-all but through craft I-draw elsewhere

baillir l'aver que clau Tigre e Meandres.

to-handle the-wealth that enclose Tigris and Meander

Maintas vetz m'es solatz enuocs

Many times to-me-is cheer vexation

ses liei, car de liei vuoill sivaus

without her for of her I-wish at-least

ades dir lo cart mot o·l quint,

always to-say the fourth word or-the fifth

que·l cor non vir vas outra part:

so-that-the heart not I-turn toward another side

qu'ieu non ai d'als desirier ni talan,

for-I not have of-else desire nor longing

per so qu'il es dels bos sabers sabors,

for that that-she is of-the good knowings the-savor

e vei l'el cor s'era en Poilla o en Flandres.

and I-see her-in-the heart if-I-were in Apulia or in Flanders

En autres faitz soven feing juocs,

In other deeds often I-feign games

e·l jorns sembla·m us anoaus;

and-the day seems-to-me a year

e pesa·m car Dieus no·m cossint

and it-weighs-to-me that God not-to-me consents

com pogues temps breujar ab art,

how I-might time to-shorten with craft

que lonc respieich fant languir fin aman.

for long waitings make to-languish a-true lover

Luna e soleills, trop faitz lonc vostres cors!

Moon and sun too you-make long your courses

Pesa·m car plus sovens no·us faill resplandres.

It-weighs-to-me that more often not-to-you fails shining

A lieis, cui son, vai, chanssos, derenan,

To her whose I-am go song henceforth

c'Arnautz non sap comptar sas grans ricors,

for-Arnaut not knows to-count her great riches

que d'aussor sen li auria ops expandres.

for of-a-higher sense to-him would-have need spreading

Amors et jois e liocs e tems

14 · LOVE AND JOY AND PLACE AND TIME

Love, joy, place, and time bring his senses back from the madness of the year he hunted the hare with the ox; now he fares better in love and worse, since he loves well and is not loved. A man who loses every good at once needs a rich lord to repair the loss, which is why he chose where he did, with heart and eyes open. He knows no hermit or monk so firm in God as he is in her.

Amors et jois e liocs e tems

Love and joy and place and time

mi fan tornar lo sen e derc

to-me make to-return the sense and I-raise

d'aquel fol c'avia l'autr' an

from-that madness which-I-had the-other year

can cassava·l lebr' ab lo bou;

when I-hunted-the hare with the ox

era·m vai mieltz d'amor e pieis,

now-to-me it-goes better in-love and worse

car ben am, d'aiso·m nom «astrucs»,

for well I-love of-this-myself I-name lucky

ma non amatz joi gau en cers,

but not loved joy I-enjoy in certainty

s'Amors no vens son dur cor, e·l mieus prec.

if-Love not conquers her hard heart and-the my prayers

Cel que totz bes pert a ensems

He who all goods loses at once

mestiers l'es que ric segnor cerc

need to-him-is that a-rich lord he-seek

per restaurar la perda e'l dan,

to restore the loss and-the harm

que'l paubres no'il valria un uou;

for-the poor-one not-to-him would-be-worth an egg

per so m'ai ieu causit e lieis,

for that to-myself-have I chosen in her

don non aic lo cor ni'ls uoills clucs;

whereof not I-had the heart nor-the eyes shut

e pliu-t, Amors, si la-m conquers,

and I-pledge-you Love if her-for-me you-win

trevas totz temps ab totas, fors dels decs.

a-truce all time with all outside of-the bounds

Pauc pot hom valer de joi sems:

Little can a-man to-be-worth of joy deprived

per me'l sai que l'ai agut berc,

by myself-it I-know for it-I-have had chipped

car per un sobrefais d'afan

for through an overload of-toil

dins la dolor del cor no's mou;

within the sorrow of-the heart not-itself it-moves

e s'ab deliure non for eis

and if-with a-deliverance not I-were gone-out

tost m'aura pareian faducs;

soon me-will-have seeming feeble

pero tals a mon cor convers

yet such-a-one has my heart converted

qu'en liei amar volgra murir senecs.

that-in her to-love I-would-wish to-die aged

Non sai un tan sia e Dieu frems,

Not I-know one so may-be in God firm

ermita ni monge ni clerc,

a-hermit nor a-monk nor a-clerk

cum ieu sui e leis de cui can,

as I am in her of whom I-sing

et er proat ans de l'annou.

and it-will-be proved before of the-new-year

Liges soi sieus mieltz que demieis:

Liege I-am hers better than by-half

si·m for' ieu si fos reis o ducs;

so-myself would-be I if I-were king or duke

tant es e leis mos cors esmers

so-much is in her my heart refined

que s'autra·n voil ni·n deing, donc si' eu secs!

that if-another-of-it I-wish nor-of-it deign then be I blind

D'aiso c'ai tant duptat e crems

Of-this which-I-have so-much feared and dreaded

creis ades e meillur e·m derc,

I-grow ever and I-better and-myself I-raise

que'l reproers c'auzi aitan

for-the proverb which-I-heard so-much

me dis que tant trona tro plou;

to-me says that so-much it-thunders until it-rains

e s'ieu mi pec cinc ans o sieis,

and if-I myself err five years or six

ben leu, can sera blancs mos sacs,

very likely when will-be white my sack

gausirai so per qu'er soi sers,

I-shall-enjoy that for which-now I-am a-serf

c'aman preian s'afranca cors ufecs.

for-loving praying itself-softens a-heart proud

De luencs sospirs e de grieus gems

From long sighs and from heavy groans

mi pot trair cella cui m'aerc,

me can to-draw she to-whom myself-I-cling

c'ades sol per un bel semblan

for-at-once only for a fair look

n'ai mogut mon chantar tot nou.

of-it-I-have moved my singing all new

Contra mon vauc e no m'encreis,

Against the-world I-go and not to-me-it-irks

car gent mi fai pensar mos cucs.

for nobly me makes to-think my care

Cor, vai sus: ben sai, si-t suffers,

Heart go up well I-know if-yourself you-endure

sec tant qu'en lieis, c'ai encubit, no-t pecs.

follow so-much that-in her whom-I-have desired not-yourself you-err

Ans er plus vils aurs non es fers

Sooner will-be more cheap gold than is iron

c'Arnautz desam lieis ont es fermanz necs.

than-Arnaut ceases-to-love her where he-is a-pledge silent

Sols sui qui sai lo sobrafan que·m sortz

15 · I ALONE KNOW

He alone knows the excess of suffering that springs in his heart from loving too much, since his will has never parted from the woman he desired at first sight. Away from her he says eager words to her; in her presence he cannot say what he has. To see others he is blind and to hear them deaf, and this is no flattery, since the heart wants more than the mouth says. He asks her to guess what he will not say.

Sols sui qui sai lo sobrafan que·m sortz

Alone I-am who know the over-suffering that-to-me springs

al cor, d'amor sofren per sobramar,

in-the heart from-love suffering through over-loving

car mos volers es tant fermes et entiers

for my will is so firm and whole

c'anc no s'esduis de celliei ni s'estors

that-ever not itself-parted from her nor itself-wrenched

cui encubic al prim vezer e puous;

whom it-desired at-the first seeing and since

qu'ades ses lieis dic a lieis cochos motz,

so-that-ever without her I-say to her eager words

pois quan la vei non sai, — tant l'ai, — que dire.

then when her I-see not I-know so-much her-I-have what to-say

D'autras vezer sui secs e d'auzir sortz,

Of-others to-see I-am blind and of-to-hear deaf

qu'en sola lieis vei et aug et esgar;

for-in alone her I-see and I-hear and I-look

e jes d'aisso no·ill sui fals plazentiers
and at-all of-this not-to-her I-am a-false flatterer
 que mais la vol non ditz la boca·l cors;
for more her wishes than says the mouth-the heart
 qu'eu no vau tant chams, vauz ni plans ni puois
for-I not go so-much fields valleys nor plains nor hills
 qu'en un sol cors trob aissi bos aips totz:
that-in one single body I-find thus good qualities all
 qu'en lieis los volc Dieus triar et assire.
for-in her them willed God to-choose and to-set

Ben ai estat a maintas bonas cortz
Well I-have been at many good courts
 mas sai ab lieis trob pro mais que lauzar:
but here with her I-find plenty more to praise
 mesura e sen et autres bos mestiers,
measure and sense and other good arts
 beutat, joven, bos faitz e bels demors.
beauty youth good deeds and fair delights
 Gen l'enseignet Cortesia e la duois;
Nobly her-taught Courtesy and her trained
 tant a de si totz faitz desplazens rotz
so-much she-has from herself all deeds displeasing broken
 de lieis no cre rens de ben sia a dire.
of her not I-believe anything of good be to be-lacking

Nuils jauzimens no·m fora breus ni cortz

Any enjoying not-to-me would-be brief nor short

de lieis, cui prec qu'o vuoilla devinar,

of her whom I-pray that-it she-wish to-guess

que ja per mi non o sabra estiers

for ever through me not it she-will-know otherwise

si·l cors, ses digz, no·s presenta de fors;

if-the heart without words not-itself presents from outside

que jes Rozers, per aiga que l'engrois,

for at-all the-Rhône for water that it-swells

non a tal briu c'al cor plus larga dotz

not has such a-rush as-in-the heart a-more wide spring

no·m fassa estanc d'amor, quand la remire.

not-to-me makes a-pool of-love when her I-behold

Jois e solatz d'autra·m par fals e bortz,

Joy and cheer of-another-to-me seems false and bastard

c'una de pretz ab lieis no·is pot egar,

for-one in worth with her not-herself can to-match

que·l sieus solatz es dels autres sobriers.

for-the her cheer is of-the others surpassing

Ai! si no l'ai, las! tant mal m'a comors!

Ab if not her-I-have alas so ill me-has bitten

Pero l'afans m'es deportz, ris e jois,

Yet the-toil to-me-is delight laughter and joy

car en pensan sui de lieis lecs e glotz:

for in thinking I-am of her greedy and gluttonous

ai Dieus, si ja·n serai estiers jauzire!

ab God if ever-of-it I-shall-be otherwise an-enjoyer

Anc mais, so·us pliu, no·m plac tant treps ni bortz,
Ever more this-to-you I-pledge not-to-me pleased so-much capering nor jousting

ni res al cor tant de joi no·m poc dar
nor anything to-the heart so-much of joy not-to-me could to-give

cum fetz aquel, don anc feinz lausengiers
as did that whereof ever a-feigning slanderer

no s'esbrugic, qu'a mi sol so·s tresors.
not itself-noised for-to me alone that-is a-treasure

Dic trop? Eu non, sol lieis non sia enois.
Say-I too-much I no provided her not it-be a-vexation

Bella, per dieu, lo parlar e la votz
Fair-one by God the speaking and the voice

vuoill perdre enans que diga ren que·us tire.
I-wish to-lose sooner than I-say anything that-you vexes

Ma chansos prec que no·us sia enois,
My song I-pray that not-to-you it-be a-vexation

car si voletz grazir lo son e·ls motz
for if you-wish to-welcome the tune and-the words

pauc preza Arnautz cui que plassa o que tire.
little values Arnaut whom it pleases or it vexes

Ans que·l cim reston de branchas

16 • BEFORE THE TOPS STAND BARE

Before the tops of the branches stand bare he will make a brief song on a far-fetched theme, since Love has taught him so well that he makes the stream stop flooding and his ox outrun the hare. Love tells him to be no violet, which changes lightly, but a laurel or juniper, to shun every other suit, and not to be a coward. For his lady he has crossed bridges gladly; no fairer woman dresses from the Nile to Sanchas, and she kisses and embraces him.

Ans que·l cim reston de branchas

Before that-the tops remain of branches

sec, ni despoillat de fuoilla,

dry and stripped of leaf

farai, c'Amors m'o comanda,

I-shall-make for-Love to-me-it commands

breu chansson de rason loigna,

a-brief song of matter far

que gen m'a duoich de las artz de s'escola;

for nobly me-she-has taught of the arts of her-school

tant sai que·l cors fatz restar de suberna

so-much I-know that-the stream I-make to-stop from flooding

e mos bous es pro plus correns que lebres.

and my ox is plenty more running than a-hare

Ab razos coindas e franchas

With reasons graceful and frank

m'a mandat qu'ieu no m'en tuoilla

to-me-she-has commanded that-I not myself-of-it withdraw

ni outra'n serva ni'n blanda

nor another-of-it I-serve nor-of-it flatter

puois tant fai c'ab si m'acoigna;

since so-much she-does that-with herself me-she-joins

e'm di que flors no'il semble de viola,

and-to-me she-says that a-flower not-to-her I-seem of violet

qui's camja leu, sitot nonca s'iverna,

which-itself changes lightly although never itself-winters

ans per s'amor sia laurs o genebres.

rather for her-love let-me-be a-laurel or juniper

Ditz: «Tu c'aillors non t'estanchas

She-says You who-elsewhere not yourself-you-stay

per outra qui't deing ni't vuoilla,

for another who-you deigns nor-you wishes

totz plaitz esquiva e desmanda,

all suits shun and countermand

sai e lai qui que't somoigna;

here and there whoever that-you summons

que fol plag fai qui se meteus afola,

for a-mad suit makes who himself same ruins

e tu no far failla don hom t'esquerna,

and you not make a-fault whereof one you-mock

mas apres Dieu lieis honors e celebres.»

but after God her honor and celebrate

E: «Tu, coartz, non t'afranchas

And You coward not yourself-free

per respeich c'amar no·t vuoilla;

for expectation that-to-love not-you she-wish

sec, s'il te fuig ni·t fai ganda,

follow if-she you flees and-you makes a-dodge

que greu er c'om no·i apoigna

for hardly it-will-be that-one not-there presses

qui s'afortis de preiar e no cola,

who himself-strengthens in praying and not slackens

qu'en passara part las palutz d'Uzerna

for-of-it he-will-pass beyond the marshes of-Uzerna

con peregrins o lai jos on cor Ebres.»

like a-pilgrim or there below where runs the-Ebro

S'ieu n'ai passatz pons ni planchas

If-I of-it-have passed bridges and planks

per lieis, cuidatz qu'ieu m'en duoilla?

for her think-you that-I myself-of-it grieve

Non eu, c'ab joi ses vianda

No I for-with joy without food

m'en sap far meizina coigna,

to-me-of-it she-knows to-make a-medicine pretty

baisan tenen; e·l cors, sitot si vola,

kissing holding and-the heart although itself it-flies

no·is part de lieis que·l capdella e·l governa.

not-itself parts from her who-it leads and-it governs

Cors, on qu'ieu an, de lieis no·t loinz ni·t sebres!

Heart wherever that-I go from her not-yourself remove nor-yourself sever

De part Nil entro c'a Sanchas

From beyond the-Nile as-far as-to Sanchas

gensser no·is viest ni·s despuoilla,

a-fairer not-herself dresses nor-herself undresses

car sa beutatz es tant granda

for her beauty is so great

que semblaria·us messoigna.

that it-would-seem-to-you a-lie

Be·m vai d'amor, qu'ela·m baisa e m'acola,

Well-to-me it-goes in-love for-she-me kisses and me-embraces

e no·m frezitz freitz ni gels ni buerna,

and not-me chills cold nor ice nor sleet

ni·m fai dolor mals ni gota ni febres.

nor-me makes pain sickness nor gout nor fevers

Sieus es Arnautz del cim tro en la sola,

Hers is Arnaut from-the crown down to the sole

e senes lieis no vol aver Lucerna

and without her not he-wishes to-have Lucerna

ni·l senhoriu del renc per on cor Ebres.

nor-the lordship of-the realm through where runs the-Ebro

Si·m fos Amors de joi donar tant larga

17 · IF LOVE WERE AS FREE WITH JOY

If Love were as free with joy as he is with a pure and frank heart toward her, he would never have needed to make a hindrance for himself, since he now loves so high that the thought lifts him and weighs him down at once. Long waiting does not hinder him, because he has set himself in so rich a place; he is not the man to leave gold for lead. He curses the false slanderers, then closes on his own long waiting, which wins a worthy man a rich conquest.

Si·m fos Amors de joi donar tant larga

If-to-me were Love of joy to-give so generous

com ieu vas lieis d'aver fin cor e franc,

as I toward her of-having a-pure heart and frank

ja per gran ben no·m calgra far embarc;

ever for great good not-to-me would-need to-make a-hindrance

qu'er am tant aut que·l pes mi poia e·m plomba,

for-now I-love so high that-the thought me lifts and-me weighs

mas quand m'albir cum es de pretz al som

but when to-myself-I-consider how she-is of worth at-the summit

mout m'en am mais car anc l'ausiei voler,

much myself-of-it I-love more for ever her-I-dared to-wish

c'aras sai ieu que mos cors e mos sens

for-now know I that my heart and my mind

mi farant far, lor grat, rica conquesta.

to-me will-make to-make their thanks a-rich conquest

Pero s'ieu fatz lonc esper, no m'embarga,

Yet if-I make a-long waiting not me-it-hinders

qu'en tant ric luoc me sui mes e m'estanc

for-in so rich a-place myself I-am put and myself-I-stay

c'ab sos bels digz mi tengra de joi larc

for-with her fair words me she-would-bold of joy generous

e segrai tant qu'on mi port a la tomba

and I-shall-follow so-much that-one me carry to the tomb

qu'ieu non sui ges cel que lais aur per plom;

for-I not am at-all he who leaves gold for lead

e pois en lieis no's taing c'om ren esmer,

and since in her not-itself befits that-one anything refine

tant li serai fis et obediens

so-much to-her I-shall-be faithful and obedient

tro de s'amor, si'l platz, baisan m'envesta.

until of her-love if-to-her it-pleases kissing me-she-invest

Us bons respieitz mi reven e'm descarga

A good respite me revives and-me unburdens

d'un doutz desir don mi dolon li flanc:

of-a sweet desire whereof to-me acbe the flanks

car en patz prenc l'afan e'l sofr' e'l parc

for in peace I-take the-toil and-it I-suffer and-it I-spare

pois de beutat son las autras en comba,

since in beauty are the others in a-borrow

que la gensser par c'aia pres un tom

that the fairest seems that-she-have taken a tumble

plus bas de liei, qui la ve, et es ver;

more low than her whoever her sees and it-is true

que tuig bon aip, pretz e sabers e sens
for all good quality worth and knowledge and sense
 reingnon ab liei, c'us non es meins ni'n resta.
reign with her that-one not is lacking nor-of-it remains

E pois tant val, no·us cujetz que s'esparga
And since so-much she-is-worth not-yourselves think that itself-scatters
 mos ferms volers ni que·is forc ni s'embranc,
my firm will or that-itself forks or itself-branches
 car no serai sieus ni mieus si m'en parc,
for not I-shall-be hers nor mine if myself-of-it I-part
 per cel Seignor que·is mostret en colomba,
by that Lord who-himself showed in a-dove
 qu'el mon non ha home de negun nom
that-in-the world not there-is a-man of any name
 tant desires gran benanansa aver
so desiring great well-being to-have
 cum ieu fatz lieis, e tenc a noncalens
as I do her and I-hold as of-no-account
 los enoios cui dans d'Amor es festa.
the vexatious to-whom harm of-Love is a-feast

Na Micills-de-ben, ja no·m siatz avarga,
Lady Better-than-Good ever not-to-me be niggardly
 qu'en vostr' amor me trobaretz tot blanc,
for-in your love me you-will-find all white

qu'ieu non ai cor ni poder que·m descarc
for-I not have heart nor power that-myself I-unburden
 del ferm voler que non es de retomba;
of-the firm will which not is of glass
 que quan m'esveill ni clau los huoills de som
for when myself-I-wake and I-close the eyes in sleep
 a vos m'autrei, quan leu ni vau jazer;
to you myself-I-grant when I-rise and I-go to-lie
 e no·us cujetz que·is merme mos talens;
and not-yourselves think that-itself lessens my longing
 non fara jes, qu'ara·l sent en la testa.
not it-will-do at-all for-now-it I-feel in the head

Fals lausengier, fuocs las lengas vos arga,
False slanderers fire the tongues you burn
 e que perdatz ams los huoills de mal cranc,
and that you-lose both the eyes from an-ill canker
 que per vos son estraich cavail e marc:
for through you are lost horse and mark
 amor toletz, c'ab pauc del tot non tomba;
love you-take-away for-with little of-the all — it-falls
 confonda·us Dieus que ja non sapchatz com,
confound-you God so-that ever not you-know how
 que·us fatz als drutz maldire e viltener;
that-you I-make to-the lovers to-curse and to-bold-cheap
 malastres es que·us ten, desconoissens,
ill-fortune it-is that-you keeps undiscerning
 que peior etz, qui plus vos amonesta.
for the-worse you-are whoever more you admonishes

Arnautz a faitz e fara loncs atens,

Arnaut has made and will-make long waitings

qu'atenden fai pros hom rica conquesta.

for-waiting makes a-worthy man a-rich conquest

Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra

18 • THE SESTINA

The sestina, on six words that turn through the stanzas: enters, nail, soul, rod, uncle, chamber. No beak or nail of any slanderer can tear the firm will that enters his heart, and since he dare not beat him with a rod he will enjoy his joy in secret, in an orchard or within a chamber. Every limb trembles at the thought of that chamber, as a child trembles before the rod; his heart holds to her as the bark to the rod.

Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra

The firm will which-in-the heart to-me-enters

no-m pot jes becs escoissendre ni ongla

not-from-me can at-all beak to-tear nor nail

de lausengier, qui pert per mal dir s'arma;

of a-slanderer who loses through ill to-speak his-soul

e car non l'aus batr' ab ram ni ab verga,

and since not him-I-dare to-beat with a-branch nor with a-rod

sivals a frau, lai on non aurai oncle,

at-least in stealth there where not I-shall-have an-uncle

jauzirai joi, en vergier o dinz cambra.

I-shall-enjoy joy in an-orchard or within a-chamber

Quan mi soven de la cambra

When to-me it-recalls of the chamber

on a mon dan sai que nuills hom non intra

where to my harm I-know that any man not enters

anz me son tuich plus que fraire ni oncle,

rather to-me they-are all more than a-brother or an-uncle

non ai membre no·m fremisca, neis l'ongla,
not I-have a-limb not-to-me trembles even the-nail

aissi cum fai l'enfas denant la verga,
just as does the-child before the rod

tal paor ai que·ill sia trop de m'arma.
such fear I-have that-to-her be too-much of my-soul

Del cors li fos, non de l'arma,
Of-the body to-her I-were not of the-soul

e cossentis m'a celat dins sa cambra!
and she-consented to-me-in in-secret within her chamber

Que plus mi nafra·l cor que colps de verga
For more me wounds-the heart than a-blow of a-rod

car lo sieus sers lai on ill es non intra;
for the her serf there where she is not enters

totz temps serai ab lieis cum carns et on gla,
all time I-shall-be with her as flesh and nail

e non creirai chastic d'amic ni d'oncle.
and not I-shall-believe rebuke of-a-friend nor of-an-uncle

Anc la seror de mon oncle
Ever the sister of my uncle

non amei plus ni tant, per aquest' arma!
not I-loved more or so-much by this soul

C'aitant vezis cum es lo detz de l'ongla,
For-as near as is the finger to the-nail

s'a lei plagues, volgr' esser de sa cambra:
if-to her it-pleased I-would-wish to-be of her chamber

de mi pot far l'amors qu'inz el cor m'intra
of me can to-make the-love which-within in-the heart to-me-enters
 mieills a son vol c'om fortz de frevol verga.
better at its will than-a-man strong with a-frail rod

Pois flori la seca verga
Since flowered the dry rod
 ni d'en Adam mogron nebot ni oncle,
and from-Sir Adam sprang nephew and uncle
 tant fina amors cum cella qu'el cor m'intra
so pure a-love as that which-in-the heart to-me-enters
 non cuig qu'anc fos en cors, ni eis en arma.
not I-think that-ever it-was in body nor even in soul
 On qu'ill estei, fors en plaza, o dinz cambra,
Wherever that-she is outside in a-square or within a-chamber
 mos cors no'is part de lieis tant cum ten l'ongla.
my heart not-itself parts from her so-much as holds the-nail

C'aissi s'enpren e s'enongla
For-thus itself-it-grips and itself-it-nails
 mos cors en lei cum l'escorssa en la verga;
my heart in her as the-bark on the rod
 qu'il m'es de joi tors e palaitz e cambra,
for-she to-me-is of joy tower and palace and chamber
 e non am tant fraire, paren ni oncle:
and not I-love so-much brother kinsman nor uncle

qu'en paradis n'aura doble joi m'arma,

for-in paradise of-it-will-have double joy my-soul

si ja nuills hom per ben amar lai intra.

if ever any man through well to-love there enters

Arnautz tramet sa chansson d'ongla e d'oncle,

Arnaut sends his song of-nail and of-uncle

a grat de lieis que de sa verg' a l'arma,

to-the pleasure of her who of her rod has the-soul

son Desirat, cui pretz en cambra intra.

his Desirat whose worth into a-chamber enters

GUILHEM DE CABESTANH

The Complete Songs



Vida

THE LIFE OF GUILHEM DE CABESTANH

The vida is the story of the eaten heart. Guilhem was a knight of the Roussillon border country who loved and sang of Seremonda, wife of the rich and jealous Ramon of Castel Rossillon. Ramon had the truth out, caught Guilhem traveling with little company, killed him, drew out his heart, had it roasted in a pepper sauce and served to her, and told her afterward whose it was. She said he had given her so good a meal she would never eat another, and let herself fall from the balcony.

Guilhems de Cabestaing si fo us cavaliers de l'encontrada
Guilhem of Cabestanh thus was a knight of the-region
de Rossillon, que confina cum Cataloigna e cum Narbones.
of Roussillon which borders with Catalonia and with the-Narbonnais
Molt fo avinenz e prezatx d'armas e de servir e de
Very he-was comely and esteemed in-arms and in service and in
cortesia. Et avia en la soa encontrada una domna que avia
courtesy And there-was in the his region a lady who had
nom madomna Seremonda, moiller d'en Ramon de Castel
name my-lady Seremonda wife of-Sir Raimon of Castel
Rossillon, qu'era molt rics e gentils e mals e braus e fers
Roussillon who-was very rich and noble and evil and fierce and harsh
e orgoillos. E Guilhems de Cabestanh si amava la domna
and proud And Guilhem of Cabestanh thus loved the lady
per amor e cantava de leis, e fazia sas chansos d'ella.
with love and sang of her and made his songs of-her
E la domna, qu'era joves e gentils e bella e plazenx,
And the lady who-was young and noble and fair and pleasing
sil volia be major que a re del mon. E fo dit a
thus-to-him wished good greater than to anything of-the world And it-was told to
Ramon del Castel Rossillon, e el, com om iratz e gelos,
Raimon of-the Castel Roussillon and he as a-man angry and jealous

enqueri lo fait, e saup que vers era, e fetz gardar la
inquired-into the deed and learned that true it-was and made to-watch the
 moiller fort. E quan venc un dia R. de Castel Rossillon troba
wife closely And when came a day R of Castel Roussillon finds
 passan Guillem senes gran compaignia, e aucis lo; e trais
passing Guilhem without great company and killed him and drew
 li lo cor del cors, e fetz lo portar a un escudier a
from-him the heart from-the body and made it to-carry by a squire to
 son alberc; e fetz lo raustir e far pebrada, e fetz lo
his lodging and made it to-roast and to-make a-pepper-sauce and made it
 dar a manjar a la moiller. Et quant la dona l'ac manjat,
to-give to eat to the wife And when the lady it-bad eaten
 en Ramons li dis a cui el fo, e ella, quant o auzi,
Sir Raimon to-her said to whom it belonged and she when it she-beard
 perdet lo vezer el auzir. E quant ella revenc, si dis:
lost the seeing and-the hearing And when she came-to thus she-said
 «Senher, ben m'avetz dat si bon manjar que jamais non
Lord well to-me-you-have given so good a-meal that ever not
 manjarai d'autre.» E quant el auzi so qu'ella dis, el corec a
I-shall-eat of-another And when he heard that which-she said he ran to
 sa espaza e volc li dar sus la testa, e ella s'en
his sword and wished to-her to-give upon the head and she herself-thence
 anet al balcon es laisset cazer jos; e fo morta.
went to-the balcony and-herself let to-fall down and she-was dead

Lo jorn, qeus vi domna, premieramen

1 · THE DAY I FIRST SAW YOU

From the day he first saw her, his heart parted from every other thought and all his wishes fixed on her, set there by one sweet laugh and one simple look that made him forget everything else. Her beauty and courtly words stole his sense so that he has never had it back. He loves her so purely that Love gives him no power to love another; he reminds her of the covenant she made at their parting, and asks only that she deign to call him friend.

Lo jorn, qeus vi domna, premieramen,

The day that-you I-saw lady first

qant a vos plac, qeus mi laissez vezer,

when to you it-pleased that-you to-me you-let to-see

parti mon cor tot d'autre pensamen,

I-parted my heart wholly from-other thought

e foron ferm en vos tut mei voler;

and were fixed on you all my wishes

q'aissim pausez, domna, el cor l'enveja

for-thus-to-me you-placed lady in-the heart the-longing

ab un douz ris et ab un simpl' esgar,

with a sweet laugh and with a simple look

mi e qant es mi fezez oblidar.

me and all-that is to-me you-made to-forget

Qel granz beutaz el solaz d'avinen

For-the great beauty and-the cheer of-comely

eil cortes dit eil amors plazer

and-the courtly words and-the loving pleasures

qem saubez far, m'embleron si mon sen,

that-to-me you-knew to-do to-me-stole thus my sense

q'anc pois hora domna nol poc aver;

that-ever since an-hour lady not-it I-could to-have

a vos l'autrei cui mos fis cors merceja,

to you it-I-grant whom my faithful heart entreats

per enantir vostre prez et onrar;

to advance your worth and to-honor

a vos mi ren, q'om miels non pot amar.

to you myself I-yield for-one better not can to-love

E car vos am domna, tan finamen,

And since you I-love lady so purely

qe d'autr' amar nom don' amors poder,

that of-another to-love not-to-me gives love power

mas aizem da, q'ab autras cortei gen,

but ease-to-me it-gives that-with others I-court nobly

don cug de mi la greu dolor mover;

whereby I-think from me the heavy grief to-move

pois quant cossir de vos cui jois sopeja,

then when I-think of you whom joy bows-to

tot' autr' amor oblit e desampar,

all other love I-forget and abandon

ab vos remanh cui tenc al cor plus car.

with you I-remain whom I-hold in-the heart most dear

E membre vos, sius plaz, del bon coven

And recall you if-to-you it-pleases of-the good covenant

qe mi fezez al departir saber,

that to-me you-made at-the parting to-know

don aic mon cor adonc guai e jauzen

whereof I-had my heart then gay and rejoicing

pel bon respeit en qem mandez tener;

for-the good hope in which-me you-bade to-hold

mout n'aic gran joi, s'era lo mals sim greja,

much of-it-I-had great joy though-now the ill so-to-me it-grieves

et aurai lo, qan vos plaira encar,

and I-shall-have it when to-you it-will-please yet

bona domna, q'eu sui en l'esperar.

good lady for-I am in the-waiting

E ges mals trags no men fai espaven,

And at-all ill sufferings not to-me-of-it makes fright

sol q'eu en cuit en ma vida aver

provided that-I of-it think in my life to-have

de vos domna, qalaqom jauzimen,

from you lady some enjoyment

anz li mal trag mi son joi e plazer

rather the ill sufferings to-me are joy and pleasure

sol per aiso, car sai q'amors autreja,

only for this because I-know that-love grants

qe fis amans deu granz torz perdonar

that a-true lover ought great wrongs to-pardon

e gen soffrir mals trags, per gazanhs far.

and nobly to-suffer ill sufferings for gains to-make

Aissi er ja domna, l'ora q'eu veja,

Thus will-be soon lady the-hour that-I see

qe per merce mi volhaz tan onrar,

that through mercy me you-wish so to-honor

qe sol amic me denhez appellar.

that only friend me you-deign to-call

Ancmais nom fo semblan

2 • NEVER BEFORE

Never before did it seem to him that he would give up cheer for love or weep for sweetness, but Love holds him at her command and he believes God made him for her need. He goes about complaining of what he praises and entreating where he ought to protest, yet does nothing by deceit: a man whom love ennoble must bear many things. He holds her fresh color and well-made body in such remembrance that nothing else comes to mind.

Ancmais nom fo semblan,

Never-before not-to-me it-was seeming

q'eu laisses per amor

that-I should-leave for love

solaz ni per joi chan

cheer nor for joy song

ni plores per dousor;

nor should-weep for sweetness

bem ten en son coman

well-me holds in her command

amors q'en mi comensa

love which-in me begins

mainz dolz plazers, e cre,

many sweet pleasures and I-believe

q'ad obs de leis me fe

that-for the-need of her me made

deus e per sa valensa.

God and for her worth

Q'eum vau soven claman

For-I-myself go often complaining

de so don faz lauzor,

of that whereof I-make praise

e vau leis mercejan

and I-go her entreating

don degra far clamor,

whereof I-ought to-make outcry

re non faz per engan;

anything not I-do through deceit

mas cel cui amors gensa,

but he whom love ennobles

deu soffrir mainta re,

ought to-suffer many a-thing

car en mainz locs s'ave,

for in many places it-happens

qel mal tanh qel bes vensa.

that-the ill it-befits that-the good conquer

Nos deu planher d'afan

Not-himself ought to-lament of-toil

ni dire sa dolor

nor to-tell his sorrow

ni conoisser son dan

nor to-own his harm

ni de be far lausor

nor of good to-make praise

amics qe va camjan

a-friend who goes changing

soven sa captenensa;

often his bearing

maint ne parlon dese

many of-it speak at-once

qe non sabon de qe

who not know of what

mou jois ni malsabensa.

moves joy or displeasure

Sim destrenhez pessen,

Thus-me you-constrain thinking

qe maintas vez qant or,

that many times when I-pray

vos cug esser denan,

you I-think to-be before

qe la fresca color

that the fresh color

el gen cors benestan

and-the noble body well-made

tenc en tal sovinensa,

I-hold in such remembrance

de re als nom sove;

of anything else not-to-me it-recalls

d'aqest dous pes me ve

from-this sweet thought to-me comes

franques' e benvolensa.

frankness and goodwill

Ar vei q'em vengut als jorns loncs

3 • NOW THE LONG DAYS

Now the long days have come, the flowers range themselves on the trunks, and he hears the birds through thickets the cold had held sullen. He rejoices for one joy of love in his heart, from which a sweet desire is kept silent. Since Adam took the apple, Christ never breathed on so fair a body, whiter and smoother than an amethyst — and she takes no more care of him for that; the fire that burns him the Nile would not quench.

Ar vei q'em vengut als jorns loncs,

Now I-see that-we-are come to-the days long

qel flors s'arenga sus els troncs,

that-the flower itself-ranges up on-the trunks

et au d'auselhs chans e refrims

and I-hear of-birds songs and trillings

pels plaissaz q'a tengutz embroncs

through-the thickets which-has held sullen

lo freiz, mas ara pels soms sims

the cold but now through-the highest tops

entre las flors els brondels prims

among the flowers and-the shoots fine

s'alegra chascuns a son for.

itself-rejoices each in his way

Mas eu m'esbaudisc em demor

But I myself-gladden and-me disport

per un joi d'amor q'ai al cor,

for a joy of-love that-I-have in-the heart

don m'es douz desiriers taziz,
whereof to-me-is sweet desire silent
 qe menz qe serps de sicamor
for less than a-serpent from a-sycamore
 men deslonh per uns vars fraidiz,
myself-of-it I-remove for some fickle rogues
 ans toz autre jois m'es oblitz
rather all other joy to-me-is forgotten
 contr' amor don pauc ben ajust.
against love whereof little good I-gather

Anc pois n'Adam colhi del fust
Ever since Sir-Adam gathered from-the tree
 lo pom don tuich em en tabust,
the apple whereof all we-are in uproar
 tan bella non aspiret Crists
so fair not breathed-on Christ
 del cors avinen car e just
of-the body comely dear and just
 blanc e lis plus q'us amatists;
white and smooth more than-an amethyst
 tant es il bella q'eun sui trists,
so-much is she fair that-I-of-it am sad
 car de me noill ve plus de sonh.
for of me not-to-her comes more of care

Ni ja eu non serai tan lonh

And ever I not shall-be so far

de l'amor qem liam' em ponh,

from the-love which-me binds and-me pricks

del cor sin parta ni s'esquins,

from-the heart that-of-it it-part or itself-tear

mas a las ves qant si deslonh,

but at the times when itself it-removes

s'expandis defors e dedins;

itself-it-spreads outside and inside

adoncs sui cuberz claus e cins

then I-am covered closed and girt

d'amor plus qe de flors isops.

with-love more than with flowers byssop

Eu am tant qe meinz n'a morz trops,

I love so-much that less of-it-has killed many

e tem qem sia lo jorns props,

and I-fear that-to-me be the day near

q'amors m'es car' eu li sui vils,

for-love to-me-is dear I to-her am cheap

ni ges aitals nom fora ops,

and at-all such not-to-me would-be need

qel focs qe m'art es tals, qe Nils

for-the fire which me-burns is such that the-Nile

nol tudaria plus, q'us fils

not-it would-quench more than-a thread

delgaz sostenri' una tor.

slender would-hold-up a tower

Mas eu sols las! sostenc l'ardor

But I alone alas sustain the-burning

e la pena qem ven d'amor,

and the pain which-to-me comes from-love

ab dolz desirs ab grans destrics,

with sweet desires with great harms

en vei palezir ma color;

of-it I-see to-pale my color

pero non dic qe, s'er' antics

yet not I-say that if-I-were old

e blancs devenguz come nics,

and white become like snow

de re de ma domnam clames.

of anything of my lady-myself I-should-complain

Car domna fai valer ades

For a-lady makes to-be-worth always

los desvalenz els fels engres;

the worthless and-the fierce harsh

qar tals es francs et agradius,

for such-a-one is frank and pleasing

qe, si ja domna non ames,

who if ever a-lady not be-loved

vas tot lo mon fora esqius,

toward all the world would-be harsh

q'ieun sui als pros plus humilius

for-I-of-it am to-the worthy more humble

e plus orgolhos als savais.

and more proud to-the base

Aissi com cel qe baissal fuelh

4 • THE FAIREST OF THE FLOWERS

As a man lowers the branch and takes the fairest of the flowers, he has chosen in a high grove the most beautiful of them all, made by God out of his own beauty and commanded to have her merit welcomed with humility. Her courtly eyes have made him a true lover. He does not feign or praise as he is used to, but tells a truth a thousand witnesses will bear: hers is the lance of love that strikes the heart without escape.

Aissi com cel qe baissal fuelh

Just as he who lowers-the leaf

e pren de las flors la gensor,

and takes of the flowers the fairest

ai eu cauzit en un aut bruelh

have I chosen in a high grove

sobre totas la bellasor;

above all the most-beautiful

qar eis dieus senes falhida

for himself God without fail

la fez de sa eissa beutat

her made of his own beauty

e mandet, q'ab humilitat

and commanded that-with humility

fos sa grans valors grazida.

be her great merit welcomed

Ab douz esgarz sei cortes huelh

With sweet looks her courtly eyes

m'an fat gai e fin amador,

me-have made gay and a-true lover

et anc l'amors per q'eu mi muelh

and ever the-love for which-I myself wet

ab l'aiga del cor ma color,

with the-water of-the heart my color

no fo per mi expandida;

not was through me spread

mas eram fai chantar de grat

but now-me it-makes to-sing with pleasure

de tal on an maint condejat,

of such-a-one where have many desired

q'uns no la tenc devestida.

that-one not her held unclotbed

Non dic fenhas ni laus cum suelh,

Not I-say feignings nor praise as I-am-wont

mas ver don mi son mil auctor,

but truth whereof to-me are a-thousand warrants

q'usqecs desira so q'eu vuelh,

for-each desires that which-I wish

q'al plus gai es lansa d'amor

for-to-the most gay is a-lance of-love

qe fer al cor ses gandida

which strikes at-the heart without escape

ab plazers plazens d'amistat;

with pleasures pleasing of-friendship

mas mi q'ail colp asaborat,
but me who-have-the blow savored
 com plus dorm mielhs mi ressida.
the more I-sleep better me it-wakes

Cauzimen fara sim acuelh,
Clemency she-will-do if-me she-receives
 e merce contra sa ricor,
and mercy against her greatness
 queu li mostrel mal de qem duelh,
that-I to-her show-the ill of which-myself I-grieve
 e qe m'aleuje ma dolor
and that she-lighten-me my sorrow
 q'es dinz mon cor expandida;
which-is within my heart spread
 amors e cossirier m'a dat,
love and brooding to-me-has given
 qe del mielhs m'a enamorad
for of-the best me-she-has enamored
 q'es del Puoi tro en Lerida.
that-is from-the Puy as-far as Lerida

Sos rics prez es en l'aut capduelh
Her rich worth is on the-high summit
 de mi dons q'om te per gensor
of my lady whom-one holds for fairest
 q'el mon se vesta nis despuelh;
that-in-the world herself dresses nor-herself undresses

gent la saup far dieus ad honor,

nobly her knew to-make God to honor

q'aissi es per pro chاوزida

for-thus she-is for worthy chosen

lai on mostra sa gran beutat

there where she-shows her great beauty

e son fin prez tant esmerat,

and her pure worth so refined

q'a las pros n'esta garnida.

that-to the worthy of-it-she-stands adorned

Tant es gent' e de bel escuellh,

So-much she-is noble and of fair welcome

q'envejам tol d'autra amor,

that-longing-from-me she-takes of-another love

c'ab ensenhamen ses janguelh

for-with breeding without chatter

l'es dada beutaz ab valor,

to-her-is given beauty with merit

cortesia non oblida;

courtesy not she-forgets

q'us de cortesa voluntat

for-a of courteous will

la fai ses genh d'enemistat

her makes without craft of-enmity

gardar o d'autr' es bruida.

to-guard or of-another it-is rumored

Li douz cossire

5 · SWEET CARES

The sweet cares Love often gives him make him say many pleasing verses of her, and in thinking he beholds the body he desires more than he shows. Let the love that forbids her to him hate him always if he ever turns his heart elsewhere: she has taken his laughter and given him care, and no man feels a heavier martyrdom. She would have done him a great frankness to answer yes or no at the first asking, since now he does not know where he stands.

Li douz cossire

The sweet broodings

qem don' amors soven,

which-to-me gives love often

domnam fan dire

lady-me make to-say

de vos maint vers plazen;

of you many a-vers pleasing

pessan remire

thinking I-behold

vostre cors car e gen

your body dear and noble

cui eu dezire

which I desire

mas qe non faz parven;

more than — I-make show

e sitot me deslei

and although myself I-stray

per vos, ges nous abnei,

for you at-all not-you I-deny

q'ades vas vos soplei

for-always toward you I-bow

de francha benvolensa.

with frank goodwill

domna, on beutaz gensa,

lady where beauty grows-fair

maintas vez oblit mei,

many times I-forget myself

q'eu lau vos e mercei.

for-I praise you and thank

Toz temps m'azire

All time me-may-hate

l'amors qeus mi defen,

the-love which-you to-me forbids

s'eu jal cor vire

if-I ever-the heart turn

ad autr' entendemen;

to another intent

tolt m'avez rire

taken from-me-you-have laughter

e donat pessamen;

and given care

plus greu martire

a-more heavy martyrdom

nuls homs de me no sen;

any man than me not feels

qar vos qe plus envei

for you whom most I-long-for

de re q'el mon estei,

of anything that-in-the world stands

desautorc e mescrei

I-disavow and I-disbelieve

e desam en parvensa;

and I-unlove in appearance

tot qant faz per temensa

all that I-do for fear

devez en bona fei

you-ought in good faith

prendre, neis qan nous vei.

to-take even when not-you I-see

En sovinensa

In remembrance

tenc la car' el dous ris,

I-hold the face and-the sweet laugh

vostra valensa

your worth

el bel cors blanc e lis;

and-the fair body white and smooth

si per crezensa

if through belief

estes ves deu tan fis,

I-stood toward God so faithful

vius ses falhensa

alive without failing

intrer' en paradis;

I-should-enter into paradise

q'aissim sui ses toz cuz

for-thus-myself I-am without all doubts

de cor a vos renduz,

from heart to you rendered

q'autra jois nom aduz;

for-another joy not-to-me brings

q'una no porta benda,

for-one not wears a-headband

q'en prezes per esmenda

that-of-it I-should-take for amends

jaser ni fos sos druz,

to-lie or be her lover

per las vostras saluz.

for the your greetings

Toz jorns m'agensa

All days to-me-pleases

desirs, tan m'abelis

desire so-much to-me-delights

la captenensa

the bearing

de vos per cui languis;

of you for whom I-languish

bem par qem vensa

well-to-me it-seems that-me conquers

vostr' amors, q'ans qeus vis

your love for-before that-you I-saw

fo m'entendensa,

was my-intent

qeus ames eus servis;

that-you I-should-love and-you I-should-serve

q'aissim sui remansuz

for-thus-myself I-am remained

sols ses autres ajuz

alone without other helps

q'ab vos, e n'ai perduz

for-with you and of-it-I-have lost

mans bes, quis vuelhals prenda;

many goods whoever-himself wishes-them let-him-take

q'a mi plaz mais, q'atenda

for-to me it-pleases more that-I-wait

ses toz covenz saubuz

without all covenants known

vos don m'es jois creguz.

you whereof to-me-is joy grown

Ans qe s'encenda

Before that itself-kindle

inz el cor la dolors,

within in-the heart the sorrow

merces desenda

let-mercy descend

domn' en vos et amors

lady into you and love

qe joi mi renda

that joy to-me it-render

en lonhs sospirs e plors,

in long sighs and weepings

nous o defenda

not-to-you it forbid

paratges ni ricors;

rank nor wealth

q'oblidaz m'es toz bes,

for-forgotten to-me-is every good

s'ab vos nom val merces;

if-with you not-to-me avails mercy

ai! bella dousa res,

ah fair sweet creature

molt feraz gran franquesa,

much you-would-do great frankness

s'al prim qeus aic enquesa,

if-at-the first that-you I-had entreated

m'amessez o non ges;

me-you-had-loved or not at-all

q'eras no sai qe s'es.

for-now not I-know what it-is

Non trop contenda

Not I-find a-strife

contra vostras valors;

against your merits

merces von prenda

let-mercy you-of-it take

tals q'a vos si' onors;

such that-to you it-be honor

ja nom entenda

ever not-me may-bear

dieus mest sos prejadors,

God among his suppliants

si volh la renda

if I-wish the revenue

dels qatre reis majors,

of-the four kings greatest

qe ab vos nom valgues

more-than with you not-to-me it-should-avail

dieus e ma bona fes;

God and my good faith

qe partir nom posc ges,

for to-part not-myself I-can at-all

tant fort si es empresa

so strongly thus is undertaken

m'amors, e si fos presa

my-love and if it-were taken

en baisan nius plagues,

in kissing nor-to-you it-pleased

ja no volgram solves.

ever not I-should-wish-me you-loosed

Anc res q'a vos plagues,

Ever a-thing that-to you pleased

bona domna cortesa,

good lady courteous

tan no m'estet defesa,

so not to-me-stood forbidden

q'eu ans no la fezes,

that-I sooner not it did

qe d'als mi sovengues.

than of-else to-me it-recalled

Mout m'alegra douza votz per boscatge

6 • A SWEET VOICE THROUGH THE WOODLAND

A sweet voice through the woodland gladdens him, ringing above the greening bough where the nightingale kindles his singing beside his mate, and recalls a sweet land and the well-being of his rejoicing lady. All good worth is granted in her, and even among her enemies nobody would say they had seen so fair a woman. He says he will go into another land to take up kin there and never return, leaving like a poor pilgrim, and closes with a riddle: you will never find dove's wings without her name written on them.

Mout m'alegra douza votz per boscatge,

Much me-gladdens a-sweet voice through woodland

qan retentis sobral ram qi verdeja

when it-rings above-the bough which greens

el rossinhols de son cantar chandeja

and-the nightingale of his singing kindles

josta sa par el bosc per plan usatge,

beside his mate in-the wood by plain custom

et au lo chant del auzel qi tentis;

and I-hear the song of-the bird which rings

don mi remembra douza terr' el pais

whereof to-me it-recalls a-sweet land and-the country

el benestar de ma domna jausia,

and-the well-being of my lady rejoicing

don mi dei ben alegrar, s'eu sabia.

whereof myself I-ought well to-rejoice if-I knew

Ben dei aver gran joi en mon coratge,
Well I-ought to-have great joy in my heart
 pos toz bons prez en ma domna s'autreja,
since all good worth in my lady itself-grants
 e de beutat null' altra non enveja,
and of beauty any other not she-envies
 tant la fez deus de covinen estatge;
so-much her made God of a-fitting stature
 car se era entre sos enemis,
for if she-were among her enemies
 non dirian, q'anc mais tan bella vis;
not they-would-say that-ever more so fair one-had-seen
 senz es en lei beutaz e cortesia,
sense is in her beauty and courtesy
 homs non la ve qi cent tan melh non dia.
a-man not her sees who a-hundred times better not says

En outra terra irai penre linhatge,
Into another land I-shall-go to-take lineage
 si qe jamai en aqesta non seja,
so that ever in this not I-be
 e lausenher qi m'an mort per enveja,
and slanderers who me-have killed through envy
 n'auran gran joi, qan me veiran salvatge;
of-it-will-have great joy when me they-will-see wild
 e men irai com paubres pelegris,
and myself-thence I-shall-go like a-poor pilgrim
 el desirier m'auran tantost aucis,
and-the desires me-will-have soon killed

e se mais non ben ai amor servia,
and if more not well I-have love served
 eus servirai tot lo jorn de ma via.
and-you I-shall-serve all the day of my life

Va ten sospirs, en loc de fin messatge,
Go yourself-thence sigh in place of a-true message
 dreit a midons on toz bos prez s'autreja,
straight to my-lady where all good worth itself-grants
 e digaz li, qe autre nom enveja,
and say to-her that another not-to-me desires
 nim stau aclis ves autre senhoratge;
nor-myself I-stand bowed toward another lordship
 can mi membra sos bels olhs e sos vis,
when to-me it-recalls her fair eyes and her face
 a pauc non mor, can de leis me partis;
for little — I-die when from her myself I-parted
 partis no men eu ja ni me partria,
parted not myself-thence I ever nor myself I-should-part
 anz es mos cors ab leis e noit e dia.
rather is my heart with her both night and day

Tant es de prez e de valor enclausa,

So-much she-is of worth and of merit enclosed

q'ieu non volgra, qe fos ma cusina,

that-I not should-wish that she-were my cousin

e vertadiers eu reman qi la lausa,

and truthful I remain who her praises

ni non a par d'aici tro a Mesina;

and not she-has an-equal from-here as-far to Messina

e si volez, q'eu vos diga son nom,

and if you-wish that-I to-you tell her name

ja non trobarez alas de colom

ever not you-will-find wings of a-dove

on nol trovez escrig senes falhenza,

where not-it you-find written without fail

mais an leier e mōster cognoscenza.

but they-have to-read and to-show knowledge

En pensamen me fai estar amors

7 · LOVE KEEPS ME THINKING

Love keeps him thinking how he might make a gay song for the fair one who made him choose among all the fairest, and he loves her loyally with a true heart. She has nobly healed him of the sorrows she made him suffer, and if she has sense she may consider that fortune changes in an hour. He recalls an emperor who mistreated his barons until his pride sank, and asks her not to lead her friend beyond right. He longs for her arm about him, and asks that her merit move her to mercy.

En pensamen me fai estar amors,

In thought me makes to-stay love

com pogues far una gaia canso,

how I-might to-make a gay song

per la bella a cui m'autrei em do,

for the fair-one to whom myself-I-grant and-me give

qem fez chausir mest totas las gensors,

who-me made to-choose among all the fairest

e vol, q'eu l'am lejalmen ses engan

and wishes that-I her-love loyally without deceit

ab verai cor et ab tota ma cura;

with a-true heart and with all my care

si faz eu si q'ades creis e melhura

thus do I so that-ever grows and betters

l'amors qeill port, e doblan mei talan.

the-love which-to-her I-bear and double my longings

Gen m'a saubut garir de las dolors

Nobly me-she-has known to-heal of the sorrows

qem fez souffrir una longa saso,

which-me she-made to-suffer a long season

per tal qe ges non avia raso,

for such that at-all not I-had reason

qem fezes so per qem vires alhors;

that-to-me she-should-do that for which-myself I-should-turn elsewhere

ar, s'il a sen, pot ben anar pensan,

now if-she has sense she-can well to-go thinking

qen pauc d'ora se camja l'aventura;

that-in little of-hour itself changes the-fortune

mal fai qils seus mena a desmesura,

ill does whoever-the his leads to excess

que ges pois tan l'autre nol amaran.

for at-all then so-much the-others not-him will-love

Q'eu ai auzit, a vos o dic senhors,

For-I have heard to you it I-say lords

d'un poderos emperador qe fo,

of-a powerful emperor who was

per cui eran malmenat sei baro,

by whom were mistreated his barons

don sos orgolhs baixet e sa vigors;

whereof his pride sank and his vigor

e per so prec pro domna benestan,

and for that I-pray a-worthy lady comely

qe son amic no men oltra dreitura,

that her friend not she-lead beyond right

q'en totas res fai bon menar mesura,
for-in all things it-makes good to-keep measure
 e pent som tart, pois qant a pres lo dan.
and repents oneself-one late then when one-has taken the harm

Bella domna, melher de las melhors,
Fair lady better than the best
 coind' e plazens de cors e de faiso,
graceful and pleasing in body and in feature
 amors me ten en sa douza preso
love me holds in its sweet prison
 per vos, o dic qe pros m'er e honors;
for you it I-say that profit to-me-will-be and honor
 si ja fos lai, qe dieus m'espire tan,
if ever I-were there that God me-inspired so-much
 qem volgues far de vostre braz cintura,
that-to-me you-wished to-make of your arm a-girdle
 e tot aitan com te lo monz e dura,
and all as-much as holds the world and lasts
 non es mais res q'eu desir aver tan.
not is any thing that-I desire to-have so-much

E pos tant val domna vostra valors,
And since so-much is-worth lady your merit
 q'el mon non ha tan bella ni tan pro,
that-in-the world not there-is so fair nor so worthy
 ja no volhaz, q'eu vos serv' en perdo,
ever not wish that-I you serve in vain

cum majer es d'ome sa grans ricors,
as greater is of-a-man his great wealth
 mielz deu gardar a cels qe servit l'an,
better he-ought to-look to those who served him-have
 q'aiso sapchaz, mou de gentil natura,
for-this know moves from a-noble nature
 q'om renda mal segon la forfaitura
that-one render ill according-to the misdeed
 e ben per ben, domna, als nous deman.
and good for good lady else not-of-you I-ask

Las, mil n'ai faiz entre sospirs e plors,
Alas a-thousand of-them-I-have made between sighs and weepings
 tal paor ai, qe ja non aja pro,
such fear I-have that ever not I-have profit
 qant pens, com ez de gentil nasio,
when I-think how you-are of noble birth
 e cum vos ez de totas rais e flors,
and how you are of all root and flowers
 e cum vos sai coind' e bell' e prezan,
and how you I-know graceful and fair and prized
 e cum vos ez fin' e lejals e pura,
and how you are true and loyal and pure
 e cum cascus pleu e autrej' e jura,
and how each pledges and grants and swears
 qe non avez el mon par ni semblan.
that not you-have in-the world an-equal nor a-likeness

Domna, merce valham vostra valors,
Lady mercy avail-to-me your merit
ja non gardez a vostre prez tan gran,
ever not look to your worth so great
mas, cum vos ai voluntat fin' e pura,
but how to-you I-have a-will true and pure
e cum mos cors s'aficha e s'atura
and how my heart itself-fixes and itself-holds
en vos amar, qe d'al non ai talan.
on you to-love that of-else not I-have longing

RAIMBAUT D'AURENGA

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF RAIMBAUT D'AURENGA

The vida makes him lord of Orange and Courthézon and a good many other castles, skillful, taught, a good knight of arms and a fine speaker, and a composer who applied himself to precious and closed rhymes. He loved Maria de Vertfuoil for a long season and called her his jongleur in his songs, then fell in love with the Lombard countess of Urgel without ever seeing her and sent his songs to her by a jongleur named Rossinhol. He died without a male heir, and Orange was divided between his two daughters.

Raimbautz d'Aurenga si fo lo seingner d'Aurenga e de
Raimbaut of-Aurenga thus was the lord of-Aurenga and of
Corteson e de gran ren d'autres castels. E fo adrech
Courthézon and of a-great deal of-other castles And he-was skillful
e escingnaz e bons cavailliers d'armas e gen parlans, e
and taught and a-good knight of-arms and nobly speaking and
mout se deleitet en domnas onradas e en domnei onrat,
much himself be-delighted in ladies honored and in courtship honored
e fo bons trobaires de vers e de chansons; mas mout
and he-was a-good composer of vers and of songs but much
s'entendet en far caras rimas e clusas. Et amet longa
himself-be-applied to making precious rhymes and closed And he-loved a-long
sason una domna de Proensa, que avia nom madomna Maria
season a lady of Provence who had name my-lady Maria
de Vertfuoil e appellava la son joglar en sas chansos.
of Vertfuoil and he-called her his jongleur in his songs
Longamen la amet e ella lui, e fez maintas bonas
Long her he-loved and she him and he-made many good
chansos d'ella e mainz autres bons faitz. Et el s'ennamoret
songs of-her and many other good deeds And he himself-fell-in-love
pois de la bona contessa d'Urgel, que fo Lombarda, filla
then with the good countess of-Urgel who was a-Lombard daughter

del marques de Busca. Mout fon onrada e presada sobre
of-the *marquis* *of* *Busca* *Much* *she-was* *honored* *and* *prized* *above*
 todas las pros domnas d'Urgel, e Raimbautz, senes veser
all *the* *worthy* *ladies* *of-Urgel* *and* *Raimbaut* *without* *seeing*
 leis, per lo gran ben qu'en ausia dire, si s'enamoret
her *for* *the* *great* *good* *which-of-her* *he-heard* *to-say* *thus* *himself-he-fell-in-love*
 d'ella e ella de lui, e si fez puois sas chansos d'ella;
with-her *and* *she* *with* *him* *and* *thus* *he-made* *then* *his* *songs* *of-her*
 e sil mandava sas chansos per un joglar que avia
and *thus-to-her* *he-sent* *his* *songs* *by* *a* *jongleur* *who* *had*
 nom Rosignol, si con dis en una chanson:
name *Rossinbol* *thus* *as* *he-says* *in* *a* *song*

Amics Rossignol,

Friend *Nightingale*

si tot as gran dol,

though *wholly* *you-have* *great* *grief*

per la mi' amor t'esjau

for *the* *my* *love* *yourself-rejoice*

ab una leu chanzoneta,

with *a* *light* *little-song*

qem portaras a iornom

which-for-me *you-will-carry* *at* *daybreak*

a la contessa valen,

to *the* *countess* *worthy*

lai en Urgel per presen.

there *in* *Urgel* *as* *a-gift*

Lonc temps entendet en aquesta comtessa e la amet senes

Long *time* *he-was-intent* *on* *this* *countess* *and* *her* *he-loved* *without*

veser, e anc non ac lo destre que la anes veser; don

seeing *and* *ever* *not* *he-had* *the* *occasion* *that* *her* *he-might-go* *to-see* *whereof*

ieu ausi dir ad ella, qu'era ja morgua, que, s'el i fos
I heard to-say from her who-was already a-nun that if-be there had
 venguz, ella l'auria fait plaser, d'aitan queil agra
come she to-him-would-have done pleasure of-so-much that-to-him she-would-have
 sufert qu'el, com la ma reversa, l'agues tocada la camba nuda.
allowed that-be with the band reversed her-had touched the leg bare
 Aisi leis aman, Raimbauz mori senes fillol mascle, e remas
Thus her loving Raimbaut died without a-child male and remained
 Aurenga a duas soas fillas. La una ac per moiller lo seigner
Aurenga to two his daughters The one had for wife the lord
 d'Agout. De l'autra nasquet n'Uc del Bauz e en Willems del
of-Agout Of the-other was-born Sir-Uc of-the Baux and Sir Guillem of-the
 Bauz, e de l'autra Wilhems d'Aurenga que mori joves malamen,
Baux and of the-other Guillem of-Aurenga who died young badly
 e Raimbauz lo cala det la meitat d'Aurenga al hospital.
and Raimbaut the which gave the half of-Aurenga to-the Hospital

Er resplan la flors enversa

19 · THE FLOWER INVERTED

The inverted flower shines over the cutting cliffs — which flower is snow, ice, and hoarfrost that burns and grips and cuts and kills the birdsong; but joy keeps him green while the grieving go dry. He inverts everything: plains look like hills, hoarfrost passes for a flower, thunder is song. One folk does him worse than hoarfrost, cutting with the tongue. His lady's eyes chasten his heart with joy, and after long wandering, praise God, joy now gives him lodging.

Er resplan la flors enversa

Now shines the flower inverted

pels trencans rancx e pels tertres.

over-the cutting cliffs and over-the hills

quals flors? neus, gels e conglapis,

which flower snow ice and hoarfrost

que cotz e destrenh e trenca,

which burns and grips and cuts

don vey morz quils, critz, brays, siscles

whereby I-see dead calls cries brays whistles

pels fuels, pels rams e pels giscles;

among-the leaves among-the boughs and among-the shoots

mas mi te vert e iauzen ioys,

but me keeps green and rejoicing joy

er quan vey secx los dolens croys.

now when I-see dry the grieving vile

Quar enaissi o enverse

For thus it I-invert

que bel plan mi semblon tertre,

that fair plains to-me seem hills

e tenc per flor lo conglapi,

and I-hold for a-flower the hoarfrost

e·l cautz m'es vis que·l freit trenque,

and-the heat to-me-is seen that-the cold cuts

e·l tro mi son chant e siscle,

and-the thunder to-me are song and whistle

e paro·m fulhat li giscle;

and seem-to-me leafed the shoots

aissi·m suy fermes lassatz en ioy

so-myself I-am firm laced in joy

que re no vey que·m sia croy

that anything not I-see that-to-me be vile

mas una gen fada enversa,

but a folk foolish perverse

cum s'eron noirit en tertres,

as if-they-were reared on hills

que·m fan trop pieigz que conglapis

who-to-me do far worse than hoarfrost

q'us quecx ab sa lengua trenca

for-one each with his tongue cuts

e·n parla bas et ab siscles;

and-of-it speaks low and with whistles

e no y val bastos ni giscles

and not there avails a-staff nor shoots

ni menassas, ans lur es ioys,

nor threats rather to-them it-is joy

quan fan so don hom los clam croys.

when they-do that whereof one them calls vile

Quar en baizan no·us enverse,

For in kissing not-you I-overturn

no m'o tolon plan ni tertre,

not from-me-it take plain nor bill

dona, ni gel ni conglapi;

lady nor ice nor hoarfrost

mas non-poder trop, m'en trenque

but not-power too-much me-of-it cuts

dona, per cuy chant e siscle,

lady for whom I-sing and whistle

vostre belh huelh mi son giscle

your fair eyes to-me are shoots

que·m castion si·l cor ab ioy

which-me chastise so-the heart with joy

qu'ieu non aus aver talan croy.

that-I not dare to-have a-wish vile

Anat ai cum cauz' enversa

Gone I-have like a-thing inverted

lonc temps, sercan vals e tertres,

long time searching valleys and hills

marritz cum hom cui conglapis

downcast like a-man whom hoarfrost

cocha e mazelh' e trenca,

drives and butchers and cuts

qu'anc no'm conquis chans ni siscles

for-ever not-me conquered song nor whistles

plus que'l fels clerex conquer: giscles.

more than-the wicked clerk conquers shoots

mas ar, Dieu lau, m'alberga ioy

but now God I-praise me-lodges joy

mal grat dels fals lauzengiers croys.

ill thanks of-the false slanderers vile

Pos tals sabers mi sortz e·m creis

I · SINCE SUCH KNOWLEDGE SPRINGS IN ME

Since knowledge of composing springs and grows in him, it would be wrong not to let it show — for a man who says with his tongue what he does not hold in thought can have no worse fault. He is glad the colds are over, and thinks whoever has ever feigned to love should not uproot himself now that the gay season is here. He has been a true friend of one who deceived him, and tells his lady she can make of him a beggar or a man richer than any king.

Pos tals sabers mi sortz e·m creis

Since such knowledge to-me springs and-to-me grows

que trobar sai et eu o dic,

that to-compose I-know and I it say

mal estara si non pareis,

ill it-will-stand if not it-appears

et er me blasmes si m'en gic;

and it-will-be to-me blame if myself-of-it I-leave

que cant hom ditz ab la lenga

for when a-man says with the tongue

so que ben en pes non tenga,

that which well in thought not he-hold

non pot aver sordeior dec,

not he-can to-have a-worse fault

can ditz so que no's covenga.

when he-says that which not-itself befits

Ar ai gaug, car sebram dels freis,

Now I-have gladness because we-part from-the colds

e remanon sol li abric

and remain only the shelters

dels auzeletz, et es lor leis

of-the little-birds and it-is their law

qu'us mais de cantar no se tric,

that-one more of singing not himself delay

qu'usquecs s'alegr' en sa lenga

that-each himself-rejoices in his tongue

pel novel temps que lor venga;

for-the new season which to-them comes

e dels albres qu'eran tuit sec

and of-the trees which-were all dry

lo folhs pels branquils s'arenga.

the leafage along-the twigs itself-ranges

E qui anc jorn d'amar se feis,

And whoever ever a-day of-loving himself feigned

no's tanh qu'eras s'en desrazic,

not-itself befits that-now himself-of-it he-uproot

mas per lo gai temps que pareis

but for the gay season which appears

deu quecs aver son cor plus ric;

ought each to-have his heart more rich

e qui non sap ab la lenga
and whoever not knows with the tongue
 dir so que's coven, aprenha
to-say that which-itself befits let-him-learn
 consi ab lo nou temps s'esplec,
how with the new season he-fares
 c'aissi vol pretz que's captenga.
for-thus wishes worth that-himself he-bear

Estat ai fis amics adreis
Been I-have a-true friend upright
 d'una que m'enguanet ab tric,
of-one who me-deceived with trickery
 e car anc s'amors mi destreis,
and because ever her-love me constrained
 totz temps n'aurai mon cor enic:
all time of-it-I-shall-have my heart bitter
 qu'aras no volh ab la lenga
for-now not I-wish with the tongue
 dir que s'amors mi destrenga,
to-say that her-love me constrain
 per c'us autres ab leis s'abrec
so that-one other with her himself-shelter
 et eu catz so que el prenga.
and I hunt that which he take

Ab leis remaigna·l malaveis

With her let-remain-the sickness

e l'engans, et ab son amic,

and the-deceit and with her friend

que tals m'a a sos ops conqueis,

for such-a-one me-has for her needs won

don ja non creirai fals prezic;

whereof ever not I-shall-believe a-false preaching

ans volh qu'om me talh la lenga

rather I-wish that-one me cut the tongue

s'eu ja de leis crei lauzenga

if-I ever of her believe a-slander

ni de s'amor me desazec,

or from her-love myself I-unseat

si·n sabia perdr' Aurenga.

if-of-it I-knew to-lose Aurenga

Be·m deu plazer et es ben dreis

Well-to-me it-ought to-please and it-is well right

qu'anc mais tant en outra non tric;

that-ever more so-much on another not I-delayed

que Nostre Senher el mezeis

for Our Lord he himself

ab pauc de far non i falhic,

by little of making — in-it he-failed

qu'a penas saup ab la lenga

for-with difficulty he-knew with the tongue

dir: «Aitals volh que·s devenga.»

to-say Such I-wish that-herself become

La grans beutatz qu'en leis parec,

The great beauty which-in her appeared

non volc qu'autra s'i espenga.

not he-wished that-another herself-in-it push

Domna, no·us sai dir loncs plaideis,

Lady not-to-you I-know to-say long pleadings

mas de me podetz far mendic

but of me you-can to-make a-beggar

o plus ric que anc no fo reis:

or more rich than ever — was a-king

del tot sui en vostre castic,

of-the all I-am in your correction

sol que·m digatz ab la lenga

only that-to-me you-say with the tongue

consi volretz que·m captenga,

how you-will-wish that-myself I-bear

qu'eu ai cor qu'enaissi m'estec

for-I have a-heart that-thus to-me-it-stood

e que ja ves vos no·m fenga.

and that ever toward you not-myself I-feign

Domna, no·us quier ab la lenga

Lady not-of-you I-ask with the tongue

mas qu'en baizan vos estrenga

but that-in kissing you I-clasp

en tal loc on ab vos m'azec,

in such a-place where with you myself-I-seat

e que dinz mos bratz vos senga.

and that within my arms you I-gird

ARNAUT DE MARUELH

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF ARNAUT DE MARUE LH

The vida makes him a clerk of poor birth from a castle called Maruelh in the bishopric of Périgord, who could not live by his letters and went out into the world; chance brought him to the court of the countess of Burlats. He sang well, read romances well, and was comely, and the countess did him great honor. He fell in love with her and made his songs of her, but did not dare say he had made them until love forced him to it in a canso, which she received kindly.

Arnautz de Maruelh fo de l'avescat de Peiragorc, d'un castel

Arnaut of Maruelh was of the-bishopric of Périgord of-a castle

que a nom Maruelh, e fon clergues de paubra generacio.

which has name Maruelh and he-was a-clerk of poor birth

E car no podia viure per las suas letras, el s'en anet

And because not he-could to-live by the his letters he himself-thence went

per lo mon: e sabia ben trobar e s'entendia be.

through the world and he-knew well to-compose and himself-he-understood well

Et astre e aventura conduis lo a la cort de la comtessa

And star and chance led him to the court of the countess

de Burlatz, que era filha del pros comte Raimon, molher

of Burlats who was daughter of-the worthy count Raimon wife

del vescomte de Beders, que avia nom Talhafer.

of-the viscount of Béziers who had name Taillefer

Aquest Arnautz cantava be e legia be romans; si era

This Arnaut sang well and read well romances thus he-was

avinens hom de sa persona, e la comtessa li fazia gran

a-comely man of his person and the countess to-him did great

be e gran honor. Et el enamoret se d'ela e d'ela

good and great honor And he fell-in-love himself with-her and of-her

fazia sas cansos, mas non las auzava dire a ela ni a negun

he-made his songs but not them he-dared to-say to her nor to anyone

per nom qu'el las agues feitas, ans dizia que autre las
by name that-be them had made rather he-said that another them
 fazia. Mas amors lo forset tan que dis en una canso:
made But love him forced so-much that he-said in a song

La franca captenensa

The frank bearing
 qu'ieu non posc oblidar.
which-I not can to-forget

Et en aquesta canso el li descobrit l'amor qu'el li
And in this song he to-her disclosed the-love that-he to-her
 avia. E la comtessa non l'esquivet, ans entendet sos precs
bad And the countess not him-shunned rather she-heard his prayers
 e los receup e los grazic; el mes en arnes e det
and them received and them welcomed and-him put in equipment and gave
 li baudeza de trobar e de cantar d'ela. E fon onratz
to-him boldness to compose and to sing of-her And he-was an-honored
 hom de cort, don fe mantas bonas cansos d'ela, lasquals
man of court whereof he-made many good songs of-her which
 cansos mostran qu'el n'ac de grans bens e de grans mals.
songs show that-he of-it-had of great goods and of great ills

Bel m'es quan lo vens m'alena

I · WHEN THE WIND BREATHES ON ME

It is fair to him when the wind breathes on him in April before May comes in, and all through the clear night the nightingale and the jay sing, every bird in its own language leading its pleasure through the cool of the morning. Since every earthly thing rejoices when a leaf is born, he cannot help remembering a love that makes him glad. She is whiter than Helen, full of courtesy, with white teeth and true words; he asks for a kiss as a first gift.

Bel m'es quan lo vens m'alena

Fair to-me-is when the wind me-breathes-on

en abril, ans qu'intre mais,

in April before that-enters May

e tota la noit serena

and all the night clear

chanta·l rossinhols e·l jais.

sings-the nightingale and-the jay

Quecs auzels en son lenguatge,

Each bird in his language

per la frescor del mati,

through the coolness of-the morning

van menan joi d'agradatge,

they-go leading joy of-pleasure

com quecs ab sa par s'aizi.

as each with his mate himself-settles

E pos tota res terrena

And since every thing earthly

s'alegra, quan folha nais,

itself-rejoices when a-leaf is-born

non posc mudar no·m sovena

not I-can to-forbear to-me it-recall

d'un' amor per qu'eu sui jais.

of-a love for which-I am glad

Per natur' e per uzatge

By nature and by custom

m'ave qu'eu vas joi m'acli

to-me-it-happens that-I toward joy myself-I-incline

lai-quan fai lo dous auratge,

there-when makes the sweet breeze

que·m reve lo cor aissi.

which-to-me revives the heart thus

Plus blanca es que Elena,

More white she-is than Helen

belazors que flors que nais,

fairer than a-flower which is-born

e de cortezia plena;

and of courtesy full

blancas dens ab motz verais,

white teeth with words true

ab cor franc ses vilanatge,

with a-heart frank without churlishness

color fresc' ab saura cri.

color fresh with golden hair

Deus, que·l det lo senhoratge,

God who-to-her gave the lordship

la sal, qu'anc gensor non vi.

her save for-ever a-fairer not I-saw

Merce fara si no·m mena

Mercy she-will-do if not-me she-leads

d'aissi-enan per loncs plais,

from-now-on through long pleas

e don m'en un bais d'estrena

and let-her-give to-me-of-it a kiss as-a-gift

e segon servizi mais;

and according-to service more

e pois farem breu viatge

and then we-shall-make a-short journey

sovendet e breu cami,

often and a-short road

que·l seus bels cors d'alegratge

for-the her fair body of-gladness

me a mes en est trahi.

me has put in this plight

Domna, genser que no sai dir

II • THE LOVE LETTER

The long salut d'amor, a letter in verse of two hundred and twenty-five lines. He has spent a long time considering how to tell her his mind, dares neither to speak nor to send a messenger, and so sends a sealed letter, which hides things best. The letter then does what he could not: it praises her breeding and speech, sets out the sleeplessness, and gives a long portrait of her from golden hair to long fingers. He dreams of her, wakes to find her gone, and asks at the last only for a promised hope.

Domna, genser que no sai dir,

Lady fairer than — I-know to-say

per que soven planh e sospir,

for which often I-lament and I-sigh

cest vostr' amics bos e corals,

this your friend good and hearty

assatz podetz entendre cals,

well you-can to-understand which

mand' e tramet salutz a vos.

sends and transmits greetings to you

Mas a sos obs n'es sofraitos:

But for his needs of-them-he-is destitute

ja mai salutz ni altre be

ever more greeting nor other good

non aura, si de vos no'l ve.

not he-will-have if from you not-to-him it-comes

Domna, loncs temps a qu'eu consir

Lady a-long time it-is that-I ponder

co-us disses o vos fezes dir

how-to-you I-might-say or to-you I-might-have to-say

mon pensamen e mon coratje

my thought and my heart

per mi meteis o per messatje;

by myself myself or by a-messenger

mas per messatge non aus ges,

but by a-messenger not I-dare at-all

tal paor ai c'ades no-us pes;

such fear I-have that-at-once to-you it-weigh

ans o dissera eu meteis,

rather it I-should-say I myself

mas tan sui d'amor entrepreis,

but so I-am by-love overtaken

can remir la vostra beutat,

when I-behold the your beauty

tot m'oblit cant eu ai pensat.

all to-me-I-forget as-much I have thought

Messatge-us tramet mout fize;

A-messenger-to-you I-send very faithful

breu sagelat de mon sagel;

a-letter sealed with my seal

no sai messatge plus cortes

not I-know a-messenger more courtly

ni que melhs celes totas res.

nor who better might-hide all things

Est conselh m'a donat amors,

This counsel to-me-has given love

a cui deman tot jorn socors;

from whom I-ask every day succor

amors m'a comandat escrire

love to-me-has commanded to-write

so qu'ab la boca non aus dire.

that which-with the mouth not I-dare to-say

Eu no-us aus far esdig ni ganda

I not-to-you dare to-make a-refusal nor a-dodge

en so que amors me comanda.

in that which love to-me commands

Er auiatz, domna, si vos plai,

Now hear lady if to-you it-pleases

so que mos breus vos dira lai.

that which my letter to-you will-say there

Corteza domn' e conoissen

Courteous lady and discerning

e de bon grat a tota gen,

and of good favor to all folk

apreza de totz benestars

learned in all seemlinesses

en fatz, en ditz et en pensars,

in deeds in words and in thoughts

la cortezi' e la beutatz

the courtesy and the beauty

e'l genz parlars e'l bels solatz,

and-the noble speech and-the fair cheer

l'ensenhamens e la valors,

the-breeding and the merit

e'l gens cors e'l fresca colors,

and-the noble body and-the fresh color

lo bels ris, l'esgarz amoros,
the fair laugh the-look loving
 e l'autri benestar de vos,
and the-other seemliness of you
 e·l bel fait e·l dig agradiu
and-the fair deeds and-the words pleasing
 me fan la nuit e·l jorn pensiu.
me make the night and-the day pensive
 Quan non ai loc de vos vezer,
When not I-have place of you to-see
 joi ni deport non posc aver;
joy nor delight not I-can to-have
 non posc aver joi ni deport,
not I-can to-have joy nor delight
 peritz sui si non venc al port;
perished I-am if not I-come to-the port
 que·l loncs espers e·l loncs consirs
for-the long waiting and-the long brooding
 e·l trop velhars e·l pauc dormirs
and-the much waking and-the little sleeping
 e·l deziriers de vezer vos
and-the desire of to-see you
 me tenon si·l cor angoissos.
me bold so-the heart anguished
 Cen vetz prec Deu la nuit e·l jor
A-hundred times I-pray God the night and-the day
 que·m do mort o la vostr' amor.
that-to-me he-give death or the your love
 Domna, si·m do vostr' amor Deus,
Lady if-to-me gives your love God

cen tans sui vostre melhs que meus;

a-hundred times I-am yours better than mine

car de vos sai, domna, que·m vē

for from you I-know lady that-to-me comes

tot cant eu fas ni dic de be.

all as-much I do and say of good

E de vos ai l'ensenhamen

And from you I-have the-breeding

e tot quan sai far d'avinen.

and all as-much I-know to-do of-comely

Lo premier jorn, domna, que·us vi,

The first day lady that-you I-saw

m'entret el cor vostr' amors si

to-me-entered in-the heart your love so

qu'ins en un foc m'aves assis,

that-within in a fire me-you-have set

c'anc no mermet, pos fon empris:

whicb-ever not lessened since it-was kindled

focs d'amor es qu'art e destrenh

a-fire of-love it-is whicb-burns and grips

que vins ni aigna no·l destenh.

whicb wine nor water not-it quenches

Pos fon empris, anc non esteis,

Since it-was kindled ever not it-went-out

de jorn en autre dobl' e creis.

from day to another it-doubles and grows

E can me sui de vos lonhatz,

And when myself I-am from you distanced

creis e dobla plus l'amistatz:

grows and doubles more the-friendship

mas can se pot endevenir

but when itself it-can to-befall

qu'eu vos vei, domna, e-us remir,

that-I you see lady and-you I-behold

son aissi que mai res no'm sen;

I-am so that any thing not-to-me I-feel

per que sai be qu'es falhimen

for which I-know well that-is an-error

lo repropchiers c'om dire sol:

the proverb which-one to-say is-wont

que olh no vezo, cors non dol.

that eyes not see the-heart not aches

Lo cors mi dol, domna, per ver,

The heart to-me aches lady in truth

can no-us podon mei olh vezer.

when not-you can my eyes to-see

Mas del vezer conselh non sai:

But of-the seeing counsel not I-know

pero mos cors, que remas lai,

yet my heart which remained there

lo premier jorn que anc vos vi,

the first day that ever you I-saw

anc pois de vos no se parti;

ever since from you not itself parted

no se parti de vos un torn,

not itself parted from you one turn

ab vos sojorna noit e jorn,

with you it-stays night and day

ab vos estai on qu'eu esteia,

with you it-abides wherever that-I abide

la noit e·l jorn ab vos domneia.

the night and-the day with you it-courts

Ges d'autr' afar pensar no·m letz.

At-all of-other business to-think not-to-me is-allowed

Enan m'esdeve mantas vetz,

Rather to-me-it-happens many times

can cuit entendre en autras res,

when I-think to-attend to other things

de vos ai messatje cortes:

from you I-have a-messenger courtly

mon cor, qu'es lai vostr' ostaliers,

my heart which-is there your lodger

me ven de vos sai messatgiers,

to-me comes from you here a-messenger

que·m ditz e·m remembr' e·m retrai

which-to-me tells and-to-me recalls and-to-me relates

vostre gen cors coindet e gai,

your noble body dainty and gay

las vostras belas sauras cris,

the your fair golden hairs

e·l vostre fron plus blanc que lis,

and-the your brow more white than a-lily

los vostres olhs vairs e rizens,

the your eyes bright and laughing

e·l nas qu'es dreitz e be sezens,

and-the nose which-is straight and well set

la fassa fresca de colors,

the face fresh of colors

blanca, vermelha plus que flors,

white ruddy more than a-flower

petita boca, belas dens,

a-small mouth fair teeth

plus claras qu'esmeratz argens,

more bright than-refined silver

menton e gola e peitrina

chin and throat and breast

blanca com neus ni flors d'espina,

white as snow and the-flower of-hawthorn

las vostras belas blancas mas,

the your fair white hands

als loncs detz granz, grailes e plas,

with-the long fingers big slender and smooth

e la vostra bela faisso

and the your fair shape

on non a res de mespreizo,

where not there-is anything of reproach

los vostres gaps plazens e bos,

the your jests pleasing and good

e·l gen solatz e·l franc respos,

and-the noble cheer and-the frank answers

e·l bel semblan que·m fetz al prim,

and-the fair look which-to-me you-made at-the first

can s'esdevenc c'abdui nos vim.

when it-happened that-both-of-us ourselves we-saw

Can so·m remembra·l cors ni·m ditz,

When that-to-me recalls-the heart and-to-me tells

adoncs remanc si esbaitz,

then I-remain so astonished

no sai on vauc ni on me venc;

not I-know where I-go nor whence to-me I-come

meravilh me car me sostenc,

I-marvel myself that myself I-hold-up

que·l cors me falh e la colors:

for-the heart to-me fails and the color

si·m destrenh, domna, vostr' amors.

so-me grips lady your love

Tot jorn sofre esta batalha,

All day I-suffer this battle

mas la nuit trac peior trabalha;

but the night I-draw a-worse travail

car can me sui anatz jazer,

for when myself I-am gone to-lie

e cuit alcun repaus aver,

and I-think some rest to-have

e·il companho dormo trestuit

and-the companions sleep all

que nuls non fai noisa ni bruit,

so-that any not makes noise nor din

adonc me torn e·m volv e·m vir,

then myself I-turn and-myself I-roll and-myself I-twist

pens e repens, e pois sospir.

I-think and I-rethink and then I-sigh

Soven me levi en sezens,

Often myself I-raise into sitting

apres me retorn en jazens,

after myself I-return into lying

e colgui me sobre·l bras destre,

and I-lay myself upon-the arm right

e pois me vire el senestre,

and then myself I-turn on-the left

descobre me soptozamen,

I-uncover myself suddenly

pois me recobre belamen.

then myself I-cover-again gently

E can me sui pro trebalhatz,

And when myself I-am enough troubled

eu get defor abdos mos bratz

I cast outside both my arms

e tenc la cher' e·ls olhs enclis,

and I-hold the face and-the eyes lowered

mas jointas, debes lo pais,

hands joined toward the country

on eu sai, domna, que vos es,

where I know lady that you are

la raizo fas c'auzir podes:

the plea I-make which-to-bear you-can

ai, bona domna benestans,

ah good lady seemly

si veira ja est fis amans,

will see ever this true lover

a son viven, lo jorn ni·l ser

in his lifetime the day nor-the evening

que, a celat o per lezer,

when in secret or at leisure

vostre gen cors coind' e prezan

your noble body graceful and prized

entre mos bras remir, baizan

between my arms I-behold kissing

olhs e boca tan doussamen

eyes and mouth so sweetly

que sol un bais fassa·m de cen,

that only one kiss make-to-me of a-hundred

et eu pel joi blasmar me lais! —

and I for-the joy to-blame myself let

Er ai trop dig, mas no posc mais,

Now I-have too-much said but not I-can more

s'una vetz sola ai parlat

if-one time only I-have spoken

so qu'el cor ai mil vetz pensat.

that which-in-the heart I-have a-thousand times thought

Er ai trop dig, non posc plus dir;

Now I-have too-much said not I-can more to-say

mos olhs clauzens, fas un sospir,

my eyes closing I-make a sigh

en sospiran vau endormitz.

in sighing I-go asleep

Adoncs s'en vai mos esperitz

Then itself-thence goes my spirit

tot dreitamen, domna, vas vos

all straightway lady toward you

de cui vezer es cobeitos.

of whom to-see it-is covetous

Tot enaissi com eu dezir,

All just as I desire

la noit e-l jorn, can m'o consir,

the night and-the day when to-me-it I-ponder

a son talan ab vos domneia,

at its pleasure with you it-courts

embrass' e baiza e maneia.

it-embraces and kisses and handles

Ab que dures aissi mos soms,

Provided that might-last thus my sleep

no volri' esser reis ni coms.

not I-should-wish to-be king nor count

Mai volria jauzens dormir

More I-should-wish rejoicing to-sleep

que velhan deziran languir.

than waking desiring to-languish

E Rodocesta ni Biblis,

And Rodocesta nor Byblis

Blancaflors ni Semiramis,

Blancheflor nor Semiramis

Tibes ni Leida ni Elena

Thisbe nor Leda nor Helen

ni Antigona ni Esmena

nor Antigone nor Ismene

ni-l bel' Yseus ab lo pel bloi

nor-the fair Iseut with the hair blond

non agro la meitat de joi

not had the half of joy

ni d'alegrier ab lor amis,

nor of-gladness with their lovers

com eu ab vos, so m'es avis.

as I with you that to-me-is opinion

Per la doussor fas un sospir,

For the sweetness I-make a sigh

e pois trebalh al resperir,

and then I-am-troubled at-the waking

obre mos olhs soptozamen,

I-open my eyes suddenly

gart sai e lai tot belamen,

I-look here and there all gently

trobar vos cuit, domna, latz mei,

to-find you I-think lady beside me

mas no vos trop ni no vos vei.

but not you I-find and not you I-see

Clauzi mos olhs, torni ma chera,

I-close my eyes I-turn my face

las mas jointas d'aital manera

the hands joined in-such a-manner

si ja-m poiria endormir.

if ever-myself I-might to-fall-asleep

Mas jes no-i posc endevenir:

But at-all not-in-it I-can to-succeed

ans torn en eissa la batalha

rather I-return into the-same the battle

d'amor que m'auci e-m trebalha.

of-love which me-kills and-me troubles

Domna, no-us posc lo cente dir

Lady not-to-you I-can the hundredth to-say

de las penas ni del martir,

of the pains nor of-the martyrdom

del pantais ni de la dolor
of-the anguish nor of the sorrow
 qu'eu trac, domna, per vostr' amor.
that-I draw lady for your love
 Totz vius per vos art e aflam,
All alive for you I-burn and I-flame
 mas per merce·us, domna, reclam
but for mercy-you lady I-implore
 que·m perdonez, s'eu falh ni pec.
that-me you-pardon if-I fail and err
 Auiatz et entendetz est prec,
Hear and understand this prayer
 domna, la genser criatura
lady the fairest creature
 que anc formes el mon natura,
that ever formed in-the world nature
 melhor que non posc dir ni sai,
better than — I-can to-say or know
 plus bela que bels jorns de mai,
more fair than a-fair day of May
 solelhs de mars, ombra d'estiu,
sun of March shade of-summer
 roza de mai, ploia d'abriu,
rose of May rain of-April
 flors de beutat, miralhs d'amor,
flower of beauty mirror of-love
 claus de fin pretz, escrits d'onor,
key of pure worth casket of-honor
 mas de do, capdels de joven,
bands of giving chief of youth

cims e razitz d'ensenhamen,

summit and root of-breeding

cambra de joi, locs de domnei,

chamber of joy place of courtship

domna, mas jointas, vos soplei:

lady hands joined to-you I-bow

pois vostre soi si leialmens

since yours I-am so loyally

vensa·us merces e chausimens

may-conquer-you mercy and clemency

que·m retenguas a servidor,

that-me you-retain as a-servant

e prometes me vostr' amor.

and promise to-me your love

De plus no·us prec ni no·s cove,

Of more not-you I-pray and not-itself befits

mas tot si' en vostra merce,

but all be in your mercy

qu'aissi·m lais Deus d'amor jausir.

for-so-me let God of-love to-enjoy

Mais am de vos sol un desir

More I-love of you only one desire

o l'esperanza o long esper

or the-hope or a-long waiting

que de null' altra son jazer.

than of any other her lying

E pos de me vos fas ligansa,

And since of myself to-you I-make allegiance

prometetz me bona esperansa.

promise to-me a-good hope

De la promessa aurai confort

From the promise I-shall-have comfort

e bon respit tro qu'a la mort;

and a-good respite until that-to the death

mai volh e bon esper morir

more I-wish in good hope to-die

no volh dezesperatz languir.

than I-wish despairing to-languish

Domna, no·us aus de plus preiar,

Lady not-you I-dare of more to-beg

mas Deus vos sal e Deus vos gar!

but God you save and God you guard

Si·us plai, rendetz me ma salut:

If-to-you it-pleases render to-me my greeting

pos amors m'a per vos vengut,

since love me-has through you conquered

vensa·us per mi tot eissamens

may-conquer-you for me all likewise

amors que totas cauzas vens,

love which all things conquers

domna!

lady

GAUCELM FAIDIT

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF GAUCELM FAIDIT

The vida makes him a burgher's son from Uzerche in the Limousin who sang worse than any man in the world but made very good tunes and good songs. He turned jongleur after losing everything at dice, was greedy at table and grew fat beyond measure, and went more than twenty years without his songs being wanted. He married a camp-follower named Guilhelma Monja, who grew as stout as he was, and the marquis Boniface of Montferrat set him and his songs in wealth, robes, and great esteem.

Gaucelms Faiditz si fo d'un borc que a nom Usercha, qu'es
Gaucelm Faidit thus was of-a town which has name Uzerche which-is
en l'avescat de Lemozi. Fils fo d'un borzes, e chantava
in the-bishopric of Limoges A-son he-was of-a burgher and he-sang
pieitz d'ome del mon. E fetz mot bos sos e bonas
worse than-a-man of-the world And he-made very good tunes and good
chansos. E fetz se joglar per ocaison qu'el perdet tot
songs And he-made himself a-jongleur for the-reason that-he lost all
son aver a joc de datz. Hom fo larcs e mot glotz de
his wealth at a-game of dice A-man he-was generous and very greedy of
manjar e de beure; per que endevenç gros otra mesura. Mot
eating and of drinking for which he-became fat beyond measure Much
fo lonc temps desastrucs de dos e d'onor a penne, que plus
he-was a-long time luckless in gifts and in-honor to take for more
de .xx. anz anet per lo mon qu'el ni sas cansos no foro
than twenty years he-went through the world that-he nor his songs not were
grazidas ni volgudas. E pres per molher una soudadeira que
welcomed nor wanted And he-took for wife a camp-follower whom
menet ab si lonc temps per cortz, que avia nom Guilhelma
he-led with him a-long time through courts who had name Guilhelma
Monja. Fort fo bella e ensenhada; e esdevenç si grossa e
Monja Very she-was fair and well-taught and became so stout and

grassa com era el. Ela fo d'un ric borc que a nom Alest, de
fat as was he She was of-a rich town which has name Alès of
 la marca de Proensa, de la seignoria d'en Bernart d'Anduza. E
the march of Provence of the lordship of-Sir Bernart of-Anduze And
 messier lo marques Bonifacis de Monferrat lo mes en aver e
messer the marquis Boniface of Montferrat him set in wealth and
 en raubas e en arnes e en gran pretz lui e sas chansos.
in robes and in equipment and in great esteem him and his songs

Ara cove que·m conort en chantan

28 · COMFORT IN SINGING

Now it is fitting to comfort himself in singing for the ill Love makes him bear, since the more often he sings the gayer he is. So he will not leave off: whoever can do the things that belong to worth and youth most often and most nobly is worth the more. Yet the woman who pleases him most does not know his burden, and he has not boldness enough to tell her while he lives; he blames the false slanderers who turn love aside and split it.

Ara cove que·m conort en chantan

Now it-befits that-myself I-comfort in singing

del mal c'amors me fai sufrir e traire;

of-the ill that-love to-me makes to-suffer and to-endure

c'aisi m'ave, con ieu plus soven chan,

for-thus to-me-it-happens as I more often sing

qu'ieu soi plus gais e de meillor solatz,

that-I am more gay and of better cheer

e n'alegri mon cor, quan soi iratz;

and of-it-I-gladden my heart when I-am sad

per so no·m lais de chantar ni·m biais,

for that not-myself I-leave of singing nor-myself I-swerve

c'ades val mais e·n par plus fis amaire

for-always is-worth more and-of-it seems a-more true lover

sel que plus gen sap far e plus soven

he who more nobly knows to-do and more often

so que a pretz s'atanh e a ioven.

that which to worth belongs and to youth

E donx per que vauc mas chansos tarzan,
And then for what go-I my songs delaying
 pois mais val hom, quant es gais e chantaire?
since more is-worth a-man when he-is gay and a-singer
 per so qu'en mi n'ai consirer tan gran
for that that-in me of-it-I-have care so great
 que'm meravill cum dic ren be ni fatz,
that-myself I-marvel how I-say anything well or do
 quan pens que sill que el mon plus mi platz,
when I-think that she who in-the world most to-me pleases
 no sap lo fais ni'l dezir ni'l pantais
not knows the burden nor-the desire nor-the anguish
 que'm ve e'm nais de leis, c'als no'n ai gaire;
whicb-to-me comes and-to-me is-born of her for-else not-of-it I-have much
 ni ieu non sen en mi tan d'ardimen
and I not feel in me so-much of-boldness
 que ia l'aus dir mon cor a mon viven.
that ever to-her-I-dare to-say my heart in my lifetime

Pero ben cre qu'ill conois mon talan. —
Yet well I-believe that-she knows my desire
 e qual pro i ai? qu'ela non fai veiaire
and what profit in-it I-have for-she not makes seeming
 qu'en re's tenha mon mal ni mon afan;
that-in anything-herself she-holds my ill or my toil
 c'aisi for' ieu tostems ricx et onratz,
for-thus would-be I always rich and honored

si·ll forses tan son cor humelitat

if-to-her forced so-much her heart humility

que·m des un bais. — c'ai dig? trop mi eslais,

that-to-me she-gave a kiss what-have-I said too-much myself I-dart

que tan ricx iais no cug que ia m'esclaire. —

for so rich a-joy not I-think that ever to-me-brightens

donx per cal sen l'am, pos ioi no·n aten?

then by what sense her-I-love since joy not-of-it I-await

c'aisi con plus la vueill, e pietz m'en pren.

for-thus as more her I-wish and worse to-me-of-it it-goes

Ges no·m recre d'amar leis, tan ni quan,

At-all not-myself I-give-up of-loving her so nor how-much

si tot no l'aus mon ferm voler retraire;

though wholly not to-her-I-dare my firm will to-relate

que ben conosc qu'anc re non amei tan

for well I-know that-ever anything not I-loved so-much

com ieu fauc leis, des l'ora qu'ieu fui natz. —

as I do her since the-hour that-I was born

e s'ieu la am, ie·n sui ben enguanatz,

and if-I her love I-of-it am well deceived

c'anc sos cors gais ves lo mieu no s'atrais,

for-ever her heart gay toward the mine not itself-drew

que·l es verais, fis, franx e de bon aire,

which-to-her is true faithful frank and of good stock

d'umil parven; — e per aital coven

of-humble bearing and by such a-covenant

m'autrei a lei ades e·m do e·m ren.

myself-I-grant to her ever and-myself I-give and-myself I-yield

Quan mi sove d'un avinen semblan

When to-me it-recalls of-a comely look

e d'un esgart qu'ieu·l vi dousamen faire,

and of-a glance that-I-to-her saw sweetly to-make

aisi·m rete que no i gart mal ni dan

so-me it-holds that not in-it I-beed ill nor harm

ni vir los hueils ni·l cor ves autre latz;

nor I-turn the eyes nor-the heart toward another side

ni anc mais tant no·m destreis amistatz,

and ever more so-much not-me constrained friendship

qu'us dous esglais mi ven, mescle d'esmais;

that-a sweet terror to-me comes mixed with-dismay

mas no·m irais, tant soi bos sufertaire;

but not-myself I-anger so-much I-am a-good endure

ab cor iauzen, si mortz no m'en desmen,

with a-heart rejoicing if death not me-of-it belies

la servirai a totz iorns finamen.

her I-shall-serve to all days purely

En sa merce estauc ves on que·m an;

In her mercy I-stand toward wherever that-myself I-go

e quar ves lieis plus soven no repaire,

and because toward her more often not I-return

paors m'o tol e temensa, que·m fan

fear from-me-it takes and dread which-to-me make

fals lauzengier devinador malvatz;

false slanderers guessers wicked

que ... sap ben e mos Conhatz

whom (lacuna) knows well and my Brother-in-law

c'ab los fals brais dels lauzengers savais,

for-with the false cries of-the slanderers base

cui Dieus abais, se vir' amors en caire

whom God abase itself turns love to a-corner

e franh e fen, per que fai faillimen

and breaks and splits for which does a-fault

dona qui·ls cre ni·ls ama ni·ls consen.

a-lady who-them believes and-them loves and-them allows

Chanso, vai t'en a mon Plus-Avinen,

Song go yourself-thence to my Most-Comely

qu'er bo si·t pren e chanta et apren.

for-it-will-be good if-you be-takes and sings and learns

Del gran golfe de mar

75 · OUT OF THE GULF OF THE SEA

Out of the great gulf of the sea, the vexations of the ports, and the perilous strait he has escaped by God's mercy, and since it pleases God that he go back to the Limousin, he gives thanks for the returning. One little garden at home is worth more than being rich in another land, and now he fears neither sea nor wind nor galley. Whoever crosses for God or his soul does right, but whoever goes to rob loses soul, body, gold, and silver.

Del gran golfe de mar

From-the great gulf of sea

e dels enois dels portz

and from-the vexations of-the ports

e del perillos far

and from-the perilous strait

soi, merce Dieu, estortz,

I-am thanks-to God escaped

don posc dir e comdar

whereof I-can to-say and to-relate

que mainta malananza

that many a-distress

i hai suffert' e maint turmen;

there I-have suffered and many a-torment

e pos a Dieu platz q'eu torn m'en

and since to God it-pleases that-I return myself-thence

en Lemozi ab cor iauzen,

into Limousin with a-heart rejoicing

don parti ab pesanza,

whence I-parted with heaviness

lo tornar e l'onranza

the returning and the-honor

li grazisc, pos el m'o cossen.

to-him I-give-thanks since he to-me-it grants

Ben dei Dieu merceiar,

Well I-ought God to-thank

pos vol que sanz e fortz

since he-wills that sound and strong

puesc' el pais tornar

I-may to-the country to-return

un val mais uns paucs ortz

where is-worth more a little garden

qe d'autra terr' estar

than in-another land to-stay

rics ab gran benananza;

rich with great well-being

qar sol li bel acuellimen

for only the fair welcomes

e-il onrat fag e-ll dig plazen

and-the honored deeds and-the words pleasing

de nostra domna e-il prezen

of our lady and-the gifts

d'amorosa coindanza

of-loving grace

e la douza semblanza

and the sweet countenance

val tot qan outra terra ren.

is-worth all as-much another land renders

Ar hai dreg de chantar,

Now I-have right to sing

pos vei ioi e deportz,

since I-see joy and delights

solatz e domneiar,

cheer and courting

qar zo es vostr' acortz;

for that is your accord

e las fontz e·l riu clar

and the springs and-the streams clear

fan m'al cor alegranza,

make to-me-in-the heart gladness

prat e vergier, qar tot m'es gen,

meadow and orchard for all to-me-is fitting

q'era non dopti mar ni ven,

for-now not I-fear sea nor wind

garbi, maistre ni ponen,

southwester mistral nor west-wind

ni ma naus no·m balanza,

and my ship not-me rocks

ni no·m fai mais doptansa

and not-to-me makes more dread

galea ni corsier corren.

a-galley nor a-corsair running

Qi per Dieu gazaïnar

Whoever for God to-gain

pren d'aitals desconortz

takes of-such discomforts

ni per s'arma salvar,

or for his-soul to-save

ben es dregz, non ges tortz;

well it-is right not at-all wrong

mas cel qi per raubar

but he who for to-rob

e per mal' acordanza

and for evil compact

vai per mar, un hom tan mal pren,

goes by sea where a-man so ill takes

em pauc d'ora s'aven soven

and-in little of-hour it-happens often

qe, qan cui' om puïar, deïssen,

that when thinks one to-climb he-descends

si c'ab desesperanza

so that-with despair

il laïssa tot e 'slanza:

he leaves all and hurls

l'arm' e-l cors e l'aur e l'argen.

the-soul and-the body and the-gold and the-silver

Fortz chauza es que tot lo maior dan

82 · THE LAMENT FOR RICHARD

The greatest grief he ever had falls to him to say in singing: the rich valiant Richard, king of the English, is dead. A thousand years have passed without so worthy a man, and neither Alexander nor Charles nor Arthur was worth as much. He marvels that a wise man can stay in a world where death takes the best at one blow, and asks what will become of arms and tourneys. The Saracens will grow proud and the Sepulcher be won later, and he prays God to pardon the king.

Fortz chauza es que tot lo maior dan

A-hard thing it-is that all the greatest harm

e·l maior dol, las! qu'ieu anc mais agues,

and-the greatest grief alas that-I ever more had

e so don dei tostemps planher ploran,

and that whereof I-ought always to-lament weeping

m'aven a dir en chantan e retraire,

to-me-it-falls to say in singing and to-relate

car selh qu'era de valor caps e paire,

for he who-was of merit head and father

lo rics valens Richartz, reys dels Engles,

the rich valiant Richard king of-the English

es mortz; ai Dieus! quals perd' e quals dans es!

is dead ah God what a-loss and what a-harm it-is

quant estrangz motz, quan salvatge a auzir!

how strange a-word how savage to hear

ben a dur cor totz hom qu'o pot suffrir.

well has a-hard heart every man who-it can to-bear

Mortz es lo reys, e son passat mil an
Dead is the king and are passed a-thousand years
 qu'anc tan pros hom no fo, ni no-l vi res,
that-ever so worthy a-man not was and not-him saw anyone
 ni mais non er nulhs hom del sieu semblan,
and more not will-be any man of-the his likeness
 tan larcs, tan pros, tan arditz, tals donaire;
so generous so worthy so bold such a-giver
 qu'Alichandres, lo reys qui venquet Daire,
that-Alexander the king who conquered Darius
 no cre que tan dones ni tan mezes,
not I-believe that so-much he-gave or so-much he-spent
 ni anc Charles ni Artus tan valgues,
nor ever Charles or Arthur so-much was-worth
 qu'a tot lo mon se fes, qui'n vol ver dir,
for-to all the world himself he-made whoever-of-it wishes true to-say
 als us duptar et als autres grazir.
to-the some to-fear and to-the others to-cherish

Meravil me del fals secgle truan
I-marvel me at-the false world knavish
 co i pot estar savis hom ni cortes,
how in-it can to-stay a-wise man or courtly
 pus ren no i val belh ditz ni fait prezan;
since anything not in-it avails a-fair word nor a-deed prized
 e donc, per que s'esfors' om pauc ni guayre?
and then for what himself-exerts one little or much
 qu'era nos a mostrat mortz que pot faire,
for-now to-us has shown death what it-can to-do

qu'a un sol colp a lo mielhs del mon pres,

for-at one single blow it-has the best of-the world taken

tota l'onor, totz los gaugz, totz los bes;

all the-honor all the joys all the goods

e pus vezem que res no i pot guandir,

and since we-see that anything not in-it can to-escape

ben deuri' om meins duptar a murir.

well ought one less to-fear to die

A! senher reys valens, e que faran

Ab lord king valiant and what will-do

huei mais armas ni fort tornei espes

today more arms or strong tourneys thick

ni ricas cortz ni belh don aut e gran,

or rich courts or fair gifts high and great

pus vos no i etz, qui n'eratz capdelaire?

since you not in-it are who of-them-were the-leader

ni que faran li liurat a maltraire,

and what will-do those delivered to suffering

silh qui s'eran el vostre servir mes,

those who themselves-had in-the your service put

qu'atendion que'l guazardos vengues?

who-awaited that-the reward should-come

ni que faran cilh, que's degran aucir,

and what will-do those who-themselves ought to-kill

qu'aviatz faitz en gran ricor venir?

whom-you-had made into great wealth to-come

Longa ira e avol vida auran
Long grief and a-worthless life they-will-have
 e tostemps dol, qu'enaissi lor es pres;
and always mourning for-thus to-them it-is befallen
 e Sarrazi, Turc, Payan e Persan,
and Saracens Turks Pagans and Persians
 que-us duptavon mais qu'ome nat de maire,
who-you feared more than-a-man born of a-mother
 creisseran tan d'erguelh e lur afaire
they-will-grow so-much in-pride and their affair
 que plus tart n'er lo sepulcres conques;
that more late of-it-will-be the sepulcher won
 mas Dieus o vol, que, s'il non o volgues
but God it wills for if-he not it willed
 e vos, senher, visquessetz, ses falhir
and you lord had-lived without failing
 de Suria los avengr' a fugir.
from Syria them it-would-befall to flee

Huei mais non ai esperansa que i an
Today more not I-have hope that there go
 reys ni princeps que cobrar lo saubes;
a-king or a-prince who to-recover it might-know
 pero tug silh qu'el vostre loc seran,
yet all those who-in-the your place will-be
 devon gardar cum fos de pretz amaire
ought to-look how he-was of worth a-lover
 e qual foron vostre dui valen fraire:
and what were your two valiant brothers

lo ioves reys e·l cortes coms Gaufres;

the young king and-the courtly count Geoffrey

e qui en loc remanra de vos tres,

and whoever in place will-remain of you three

ben deu aver aut cor e ferm cossir

well ought to-have a-high heart and firm purpose

...

(lacuna)

ai! senher Dieus, vos qu'etz vers perdonaire,

ab lord God you who-are a-true pardonner

vers dieus, vers hom, vera vida, merces!

true God true man true life mercy

perdonatz li, que ops e cocha l'es,

pardon him for need and haste to-him-it-is

e non gardetz, senher, al sieu falhir,

and not look lord at-the his failing

e membre vos com vos anet servir.

and let-recall to-you how you be-went to-serve

PEIROL

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF PEIROL

The vida makes him a poor knight of Auvergne from a castle called Peirols, courtly and comely enough that the Dauphin of Auvergne kept him, clothed him, and gave him a horse and arms. The Dauphin's sister Sail de Claustra, wife of Beraut de Mercœur, was the lady he loved, and the Dauphin pleaded for him — until the love mounted so far that he grew jealous and put Peirol away from him, clothing and arming him no longer. Peirol turned jongleur, took a wife at Montpellier, and ended there.

Peirols si fo us paubres cavaliers d'Alvernhe, d'un castel que
Peirol thus was a poor knight of-Auvergne of-a castle which
a nom Peirols, qu'es en la encontrada del Dalfi d'Alvernhe,
has name Peirols which-is in the region of-the Dauphin of-Auvergne
al pe de Rocafort. E fo cortes hom e avinens de la
at-the foot of Rochefort And he-was a-courtly man and comely of the
persona, tan quel Dalfis lo tenia ab se, el vestia,
person so-much that-the Dauphin him kept with himself and-him clothed
el dava caval e armas, e so que mestier l'avia.
and-him gave a-horse and arms and that which need to-him-had
El Dalfis si avia una seror que avia nom Sail de Claustra,
And-the Dauphin thus had a sister who had name Sail de Claustra
bela e bona e molt prezada, avinens e ensenhada; e
fair and good and much prized comely and well-taught and
si era molher d'en Beraut de Mercuer, d'un gran baro
thus she-was wife of-Sir Beraut of Mercœur of-a great baron
d'Alvernhe. En Peirols amava aquela dompna, el Dalfins la
of-Auvergne Sir Peirol loved that lady and-the Dauphin her
pregava per lui e s'alegrava molt de las cansos que Peirols
entreated for him and himself-rejoiced much in the songs which Peirol
fazia de la seror, e molt las fazia plazer a la seror; tant
made of the sister and much them he-made to-please to the sister so-much

que la domna li volia ben eill fazia plazer d'amor a
that the lady to-him wished good and-to-him did pleasure of-love with
 saubuda del Dalfi. E l'amors de la domna e de Peirol
the-knowledge of-the Dauphin And the-love of the lady and of Peirol
 montet tant quel Dalfis s'engelozì d'ella, car crezet
mounted so-much that-the Dauphin himself-grew-jealous of-her for he-believed
 qu'ella li fezes plus que non covenia ad ella; e parti lo de
that-she to-him did more than — it-befitted to her and he-parted him from
 si el lonhet, e nol vesti ni l'armet. E quan Peirols
himself and-him removed and not-him clothed nor him-armed And when Peirol
 vi que non se poc mantener per cavalier, el se fetz
saw that not himself he-could to-maintain as a-knight he himself made
 joglar e anet per cortz; e receup dels barons draps e
a-jongleur and went through courts and received from-the barons cloths and
 deniers e cavals. E pres moiller a Monpeslier ei definet.
coins and horses And he-took a-wife at Montpellier and-there he-ended

Cora qu'amors volha

I · WHENEVER LOVE WISHES

Whenever Love wishes he sings, and looks at no other flower or leaf. It is right that he should grieve in loving, provided the woman he commends himself to receives him kindly; he has lost and will recover, since the world goes on changing. Last year he had love without fail and has none this year, and a strife too great is stirred in his heart. Nobody loves well or nobly who complains of love, and he asks her at the end for succor.

Cora qu'amors volha

Whenever that-love wishes

eu chan,

I sing

qu'autra flor ni folha

for-another flower nor leaf

non i vauc gardan.

not at-it I-go looking

Ben es dreitz que·m dolha,

Well it-is right that-myself I-grieve

aman,

loving

sol qu'en grat m'acolha

provided that-in favor me-receives

cil, cui me coman.

she to-whom myself I-commend

Perdut ai e cobrarai,

Lost I-have and I-shall-recover

ges no·m recre per tan,
at-all not-myself I-give-up for so-much
 qu'aissi·s va·l segles camjan.
for-thus-itself goes-the world changing

Deus m'aiut e·m valha,
God me-help and-to-me avail
 qu'antan
for-last-year

aic d'amor ses falha,
I-had of-love without fail
 mais no·n ai oguan;
more not-of-it I-have this-year
 qu'era·m mou baralha
for-now-to-me stirs a-strife

trop gran
too great
 al cor e·m trebalha
in-the heart and-me troubles
 dormen e velhan.
sleeping and waking

Per c'o fai? Qu'al melhs qu'eu sai
For what-it does For-at-the best that-I know
 la serv e la reblan;
her I-serve and her I-court
 per so vei qu'eu m'i ai dan.
for that I-see that-I myself-in-it have harm

Mos cors salh e trembla

My heart leaps and trembles

soven,

often

m'amia lo m'embla

my-beloved it from-me-steals

si qu'eu non o sen;

so that-I not it feel

qu'ilh m'ama, so'm sembla,

for-she me-loves that-to-me it-seems

comen

how

que·ls seus ditz assembla

for-the her words she-matches

al meu pensamen.

to-the my thought

Donc dirai qu'amors mi fai

Then I-shall-say that-love to-me makes

sofrir aquel turmen,

to-suffer that torment

don eu tan ric joi aten.

whereof I so rich a-joy await

Nuls hom be non ama

Any man well not loves

ni gen,

nor nobly

que d'amor si clama,

who of-love himself complains

sitot mal l'en pren;

although ill to-him-of-it takes

cum plus m'enliama

the more me-it-binds

greumen,

grievously

e m'art e m'afflame,

and me-burns and me-inflames

n'ai melhor talen.

of-it-I-have better desire

Aissi-m trai mos volers lai

Thus-me draws my willing there

el fol contenemen

into-the mad behavior

on m'es manta vetz parven.

where to-me-it-is many a-time apparent

Ben bas fora meza

Very low would-be put

valors,

merit

deportz e gaieza,

delight and gaiety

si no fos amors,

if not were love

que mante proeza

which upholds prowess

totz jors

all days

e fai que corteza,

and does what a-courteous-one

quar pren los melhors.

for it-takes the best

No s'eschai d'ome savai

Not it-befits of-a-man base

li venga ta d'onors,

to-him should-come so-much of-honors

que d'amor senta dolors.

that of-love he-feel sorrows

Era·us quier, amia,

Now-of-you I-ask beloved

socors,

succor

qu'enans i morria

for-sooner in-it I-should-die

qu'en quezes alhors.

than-of-it I-should-seek elsewhere

Assatz trobaria

Enough I-should-find

aussors:

higher

vos etz ses fadia

you are without fail

caps de las melhors.

head of the best

Mos cors jai en gran esmai

My heart lies in great dismay

entre sospirs e plors:

among sighs and weepings

mas tot m'es jois e doussors.

but all to-me-is joy and sweetness

Peirols fai fin e verai

Peirol makes pure and true

lo sonet per amors

the little-song for love

on sos cors estai totz jors.

where his heart stands all days

Peirol, cum avetz tant estat

II · PEIROL AND BERNART

A tenso. Bernart asks Peirol how he has stayed so long without making a vers or a song, and for what reason. Peirol answers that a song which does not come from the heart is worth little, since joy of love has left him and he has left song and delight. Bernart says he does great folly to leave it for such a cause. The exchange closes with the fable of the fox, which saw the cherries too far off and declared they were worth nothing.

«Peirol, cum avetz tant estat

Peirol how have-you so-much stayed

que non fezetz vers ni chanso?

that not you-made a-vers nor a-song

Respondetz mi, per cal razo

Answer to-me for what reason

reman que non avetz chantat:

it-remains that not you-have sung

s'o laissez per mal o be,

whether-it you-leave for ill or good

per ir' o per joi o per que,

for grief or for joy or for what

que saber en voill la vertat.»

for to-know of-it I-wish the truth

«Bernart, chantars no·m ven a grat

Bernart singing not-to-me comes to pleasure

ni gaires no·m platz ni·m sab bo;

and much not-to-me pleases nor-to-me tastes good

mas car voletz nostra tenso,

but because you-wish our tenso

n'ai era mon talan forsat.

of-it-I-have now my will forced

Pauc val chans que del cor non ve;

Little is-worth a-song which from-the heart not comes

e pos jois d'amor lascia me,

and since joy of-love leaves me

eu ai chant e deport laissat.»

I have song and delight left

«Peirol, mout i faitz gran foudat,

Peirol much in-it you-do great folly

s'o laissatz per tal ocaizo;

if-it you-leave for such a-cause

s'eu agues avut cor fello,

if-I had had a-heart cruel

mortz fora, un an a passat,

dead I-should-be a year ago past

qu'enquer non posc trobar merce:

for-still not I-can to-find mercy

ges per tant de chant no-m recre,

at-all for so-much of song not-myself I-give-up

car doas perdas no m'an at.»

for two losses not to-me-have pleased

«Bernart, ben ai mon cor mudat,

Bernart well I-have my heart changed

que totz es autres c'anc non fo:

for wholly it-is other than-ever not it-was

non chantarai mais en perdo;

not I-shall-sing more in vain

...

(lacuna)

mas de vos voill, chantetz jasse

but of you I-wish you-sing ever

de cellei qu'en grat no-us o te,

of her who-in favor not-to-you it holds

e que perdatz vostr' amistat.»

and that you-lose your friendship

«Peirol, maint bon mot n'ai trobat

Peirol many a-good word of-it-I-have found

de leis, c'anc us no m'en tenc pro;

of her that-ever one not to-me-of-it held profit

e s'il serva cor de leo,

and if-she keeps a-heart of a-lion

no m'a ges tot lo mon serrat,

not to-me-she-has at-all all the world closed

qu'en sai tal una, per ma fe,

for-of-them I-know such a-one by my faith

qu'am mais, s'un baizar mi cove,

that-I-love more if-one kiss to-me it-befits

que de leis, s'il m'agues donat.»

than of her if-she to-me-had given

«Bernart, ben es acostumat,

Bernart well it-is customary

qui mais non pot, c'aissi perdo,

whoever more not can that-thus he-gives-up

que la volps al sirier diso:

that the fox to-the cherry-tree said-it

quan l'ac de totas partz cercat,

when it-she-had from all sides sought

las sireisas vic loing de se

the cherries she-saw far from herself

e dis que non valion re:

and said that not they-were-worth anything

atressi m'avetz vos gabat.»

likewise me-have you mocked

«Peirol, sireisas sont o be

Peirol cherries they-are it indeed

mas mal aia eu si ja cre

but ill may-have I if ever I-believe

que la volps no·n aia tastat.»

that the fox not-of-them has tasted

«Bernart, no·m n'entramet de re,

Bernart not-myself of-it-I-meddle in anything

mas pesa·m de ma bona fe,

but it-weighs-to-me for my good faith

car non i ai ren gazaïnat.»

for not in-it I-have anything gained

RAIMON DE MIRAVAL

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF RAIMON DE MIRAVAI

The vida makes him a poor knight of the Carcassès who owned only a quarter of the castle of Miraval, but who was held dear by Count Raimon of Toulouse for his composing and his knowledge of love and courtship — the count called him his Audiart. No great lady thought herself prized unless Raimon de Miraval was her friend. He courted many ladies and made many songs of them, never believed he had good of any in the right of love, and all of them deceived him.

Raimons de Miraval si fo us paubres cavalliers de Carcasses,
Raimon of Miraval thus was a poor knight of Carcassès
que non avia mas la quarta part del castel de Miraval, e
who not had but the fourth part of-the castle of Miraval and
en aquel castel non estava .XL. home. Mas per lo seu
in that castle not dwelt forty men But through the his
bel trobar e per lo seu bel dire, e car el saup plus
fair composing and through the his fair speaking and because he knew more
d'amor e de domnei, e de totz los faitz avinens, e de totz
of-love and of courtship and of all the deeds comely and of all
los ditz plazens que corron entr' amadors e amairitz, el fo
the words pleasing which run among lovers and lady-lovers he was
amatz e tengutz car per lo comte Raimon de Tolosa, quel
loved and held dear by the count Raimon of Toulouse who-him
clamava son Audiart e el lui. El coms li dava cavals
called his Audiart and he him And-the count to-him gave horses
e armas, els draps queil besoinnaven, e so queil
and arms and-the cloths which-to-him were-needed and that which-to-him
fazia mestier. Et era senher de lui e de son alberc, e
made need And he-was lord of him and of his house and
senher del rei Peire d'Arago e del vescomte de Bezers,
lord of-the king Peire of-Aragon and of-the viscount of Béziers

e d'en B. de Saissac, e de totz los grans baros d'aquela
and of-Sir B of Saissac and of all the great barons of-that
 encontrada. E non era neguna grans domna ni valens que
region And not there-was any great lady nor worthy who
 no dezires e no se penes que el entendes en ella, e que
not desired and not herself strove that he should-be-intent on her and that
 li volgues be per domesteguessa, quar el las sabia pus
to-her he-should-wish good through familiarity for he them knew more
 onrar e far grazir que nuls autr' om; perque neguna
to-honor and to-make to-be-welcomed than any other man wherefore any
 no crezia esser prezada, si R. de Miraval no fos sos amics.
not believed to-be prized if R of Miraval not were her friend
 E R. de Miraval s'entendet en mantas domnas, en
And R of Miraval himself-was-intent on many ladies of-them
 fetz mantas bonas cansos; e no se crezet mais qu'el
he-made many good songs and not himself he-believed ever that-be
 de neguna en dreg d'amor agues ben, e totas l'enganeren.
of any in right of-love had good and all him-deceived
 E definet a Lerida, a Santa Clara de las donas de Sistel.
And he-ended at Lerida at Santa Clara of the ladies of Cîteaux

Anc trobars clus ni braus

I · AGAINST CLOSED COMPOSING

Closed and harsh composing, he says, never deserved worth or praise, since it was made to be sold; he sets against it the gentle little tunes, dainty and easy to learn, with fair words that are clear and nobly closed. Ladies take too much on themselves, mixing the true with the false — but it is not for him to accuse them. He wants everything his lady wants, and would rather say a courteous boast than a churlish truth.

Anc trobars clus ni braus

Ever composing closed nor harsh

non dec aver pretz ni laus,

not ought to-have worth nor praise

pos fon faitz per vendre

since it-was made for to-sell

contra·ls sonetz suaus,

against-the little-tunes gentle

coindetz, aissi com eu·ls paus,

dainty just as I-them set

e leus ad aprendre,

and easy to learn

ab bels ditz clars e gen claus;

with fair words clear and nobly closed

car per far entendre

for to make to-understand

non cal trop contendre.

not it-needs too-much to-strive

Car tan prenon cabaus

For so-much take excessive

domnas entre·ls fis los faus,

ladies among-the true the false

fan amor deissendre;

they-make love to-decline

mas no·m tanh que las caus,

but not-to-me it-befits that them I-accuse

ni del tot en tot no m'aus

and of-the all in all not myself-I-dare

vas lor dan estendre.

toward their harm to-stretch

Car cilh que·m ten en repaus

For she who-me keeps in rest

mi fa·ls tortz defendre

to-me makes-the wrongs to-defend

qu'a mains drutz vei prendre.

which-to many lovers I-see to-take

Tot quan mi dons vol volh,

All as-much my lady wishes I-wish

et tot quan li platz acolh

and all as-much to-her pleases I-receive

en patz ses rancura;

in peace without rancor

pos alhors no·m destolh

since elsewhere not-myself I-turn

e josta leis me despolh

and beside her myself I-strip

nutz ses vestidura,

naked without clothing

aitan tenc de ric capdolh

so-much I-hold of rich a-stronghold

que bon' aventura

that good fortune

no·m pot far fruitura.

not-to-me can to-make lack

Pos tan l'am e la volh,

Since so-much her-I-love and her I-wish

en trac peitz e plus m'en dolh,

of-it I-draw worse and more myself-of-it I-grieve

car cilh no·n pren cura.

for she not-of-it takes care

E s'eu anc dis orgolh

And if-I ever said pride

vas domnas, aras m'en tolh

toward ladies now myself-of-it I-withdraw

e torn a mezura.

and I-return to measure

E drutz qu'es d'aital escolh

And a-lover who-is of-such a-sort

conquier joi, e dura

wins joy and it-lasts

si·n bon loc s'atura.

if-in a-good place he-holds

No sai per quals mestiers

Not I-know for what services

amon domnas cavaliers.

love ladies knights

S'amors me soana,

If-love me spurns

no·m sai gabar estiers,

not-myself I-know to-boast otherwise

que meins en par vertadiers

for less of-it seems truthful

qui totz sos bes vana.

whoever all his goods vaunts

Per qu'eu volh plus volontiers

For which-I wish more willingly

dir cortez' ufana

to-say a-courteous vainglory

que vertat vilana.

than a-truth churlish

Los maiors lauzengiers

The greatest slanderers

tenc vas mi dons plazentiers

I-hold toward my lady flatterers

e cil que·ls apana.

and he who-them feeds

E si·l menres portiers

And if-the least porter

fos tan gais ni bobanciers

were so gay and showy

qu'auzes vestir grana,

that-be-dared to-wear scarlet

plus fora rics sos doblers,

more would-be rich his double-cloth

qu'en tela rensana

than-in linen of-Reims

jagr' en sa cabana.

he-would-lie in his but

Si tot s'es ma domn' esquiva

II · THOUGH MY LADY IS DISDAINFUL

Though his lady is disdainful and shows him pride and scorn, he does not weary of serving her, and since he cannot go to her he will send a song made of mercies. The flame born in his heart issues through his mouth in singing and kindles ladies and lovers; his little tunes are sweet and low, so that even a grudging man is quickened by them. The fault was hers for believing the gaping folk, and he asks her at the last to take mercy.

Si tot s'es ma domn' esquiva

Though wholly herself-is my lady disdainful

ni-m mostr' orgolh ni soan,

and-to-me she-shows pride and scorn

ges del seu servir no-m las;

at-all of-the her serving not-myself I-weary

ans, car eu vas leis non pas,

rather since I toward her not I-pass

li trametrai lai on es

to-her I-shall-send there where she-is

chanso feita de merces;

a-song made of mercies

car per solatz e per chan

for through cheer and through song

creis amors e brot' e rama.

grows love and buds and branches

Dins el cor me nais la flama

Within in-the heart to-me is-born the flame

qu'eis per la boc' en chantan,

whicb-issues through the mouth in singing

don domnas e drutz abras.

whereby ladies and lovers I-kindle

E·lh sonet son dous e bas,

And-the little-tunes are sweet and low

coind' e leugier e cortes,

dainty and light and courtly

per que de grat son apres:

for which with pleasure they-are learned

que tals amera tiran

for such-a-one would-love grudgingly

que per mos bels ditz s'abriva.

who through my fair words himself-quickens

Per la lengua recaliva

Through the tongue rekindles

so don eu ai pres lo dan

that whereof I have taken the harm

tan, per pauc no·n veng al vas

so-much for little of-it I-came to-the grave

qu'als fals fenhedors escas.

for-to-the false feigners stingy

Ensenh so qu'a lor es bes

I-teach that which-to them is good

quan mi degr' esser promes;

when to-me it-ought to-be promised

si feira, s'eu saubes, tan

so it-would-do if-I knew so-much

com fai cel que re non ama.

as does he who anything not loves

Mas fin' amors m'enliama,

But pure love me-binds

qu'en mi non a ponh d'engan,

for-in me not there-is a-point of-deceit

ni falsetat non amas;

and falsehood not I-beap

qu'ab tal domna sui remas,

for-with such a-lady I-am remained

qu'anc no falhi ni mespres

who-ever not failed nor erred

ni non amet dos ni tres;

and not loved two or three

per qu'eu outra non deman,

for which-I another not I-ask

ni farai ja tan quan viva.

nor I-shall-do ever so-long as I-live

Mas car crezet gen badiva,

But because she-believed folk gaping

que de mi s'anes lonhan, —

who from me herself-went distancing

que m'an levat en tal clas

who to-me-have raised in such an-outcry

qu'a pauc de joi no m'an ras, —

that-for little of joy — to-me-they-have shaved

ma domna no saup que's fes

my lady not knew what-herself she-did

qu'anc sofrerc qu'om la·m tolgues;

who-ever suffered that-one her-from-me took

que tal perdera lau·zan

for such-a-one she-would-lose praising

que per altra no's reclama.

who for another not-himself appeals

Mas lo deziriers m'aflama

But the desire me-inflames

e·s vai cascun jorn doblan,

and-itself goes each day doubling

tan que·m poia sobre·l nas. —

so-much that-to-me it-climbs above-the nose

Cala, fols, trop en diras. —

Be-silent fool too-much of-it you-will-say

No farai, qu'anc no fo res.

Not I-shall for-ever not it-was anything

Ma domn' e ma bona fes

My lady and my good faith

m'en valgues e'l tems d'antan,

to-me-of-it availed in-the time of-old

que me fos d'alques aiziva.

that to-me she-was of-something obliging

S'a mon Audiart plagues,

If-to my Audiart it-pleased

tornar volgr' e mon paes

to-return I-should-wish into my country

...

(lacuna)

vas leis que tot las m'abriva.

toward her who all weary me-quickens

Ben l'en deu penre merces,

Well to-her-of-it ought to-take mercy

qu'anc no·lh fi que·l desplagues

for-ever not-to-her I-did what-to-her displeased

nulha re petit ni gran,

any thing small or great

qu'ins e mon cor non escriva.

which-within in my heart not I-write

Be m'agrada·l bels temps d'estiu

III · THE FAIR SEASON OF SUMMER

A song of word-play, each stanza turning on one verb — pleases, desires, enjoys, turns, says, serves. The fair summer season pleases him, and his lady a hundred times as much; it pleases him to do her commands, but it does not please her to grant him anything, and it pleases her that he should die of desire. He enjoys the goods and hides the harms; slanderers have turned many a gay man into a wretch. He will say her commands all his life.

Be m'agrada·l bels temps d'estiu

Well to-me-pleases-the fair season of-summer

e dels auzels m'agrada·l chans,

and of-the birds to-me-pleases-the song

e·lh folha m'agrad' e·ls verjans,

and-the leafage to-me-pleases and-the orchards

e·lh prat vert mi son agradiu;

and-the meadows green to-me are pleasing

e vos, domna, m'agradatz cent aitans,

and you lady to-me-you-please a-hundred times-as-much

et agrada·m quan fatz vostres comans:

and it-pleases-to-me when I-do your commands

mas vos non platz que re·m denhetz grazir,

but to-you not it-pleases that anything-to-me you-deign to-grant

mas agrada·us car me mor de dezir.

but it-pleases-to-you that myself I-die of desire

Per un dezir, domna, reviu,

Through one desire lady I-revive

que m'es de totz dezirs plus grans,

which to-me-is of all desires most great

qu'eu dezir que'l rics benestans

for-I desire that-the rich comely

vostre cors deziran m'aiziu,

your body desiring me-receive

que mos dezirs se doubles en baizans;

that my desire itself double in kissings

e pos tan be-us dezir ses totz enjans,

and since so well-you I-desire without all deceits

ja no-m laissezt al dezirier aucir,

ever not-me let by-the desire to-kill

que deziran deu hom d'amor jauzir.

for desiring ought one of-love to-enjoy

Tot jauzir d'autr' amor esquiu,

All enjoying of-another love I-shun

mas de vos a jauzir m'enans,

but of you to enjoy myself-I-advance

qu'eu jau los bes e cel los dans

for-I enjoy the goods and hide the harms

de vos que-m faitz jauzen pensiu.

of you who-me make rejoicing pensive

Tan sui jauzens de vos que nulhs afans
So-much I-am rejoicing of you that any toil
 no·m tol jauzir, que·l vostre bels semblans
not-from-me takes enjoying for-the your fair look
 m'esjauzis tan que cel jorn que·us remir
me-gladdens so-much that that day that-you I-behold
 no posc estar ses gaug, vas on que·m vir.
not I-can to-be without gladness toward wherever that-myself I-turn

Mas alques an virat mon briu
But somewhat they-have turned my vigor
 lauzengier que viro·ls amans
slanderers who turn-the lovers
 e viron las domnas prezans
and turn the ladies prized
 e maint gai viron en caitiu.
and many a-gay-one they-turn into a-wretch
 E si·us viratz, domna, per mal parlans,
And if-yourself you-turn lady through ill speakers
 vostre fis cors tem que s'en vir truans,
your true heart I-fear that itself-thence turn false
 per que·s viron plazer en escarnir,
for which-itself turns pleasure into mocking
 e grans lauzors se vir' en gran maldir.
and great praise itself turns into great slander

Mas eu dic que, si totz temps viu,

But I say that if all time I-live

totz temps dirai vostres comans,

all time I-shall-say your commands

e si'm dizetz: «Vai o non ans»,

and if-to-me you-say Go or not rather

als vostres bels ditz m'umiliu.

to-the your fair words myself-I-humble

Sol no'm digatz que remanha·l demans,

Only not-to-me say that remains-the asking

que totz mos ditz ne passari' enans,

for all my words of-it would-pass beyond

que per nulh dig, domna, pogues partir

than through any word lady it-could to-part

lo cor ni·ls ditz ni·ls faitz de vos servir.

the heart nor-the words nor-the deeds from you to-serve

Per servir en ric senhoriu

Through serving in a-rich lordship

es bos servire benanans,

is a-good servant prosperous

per que·us volh servir totz mos ans,

for which-you I-wish to-serve all my years

et anc servidor meins antiu

and ever a-servant less shamed

non ac la bel' a cui servi Tristans,

not had the fair-one to whom served Tristan

ans vos farai de bels servizis tans,

rather to-you I-shall-do of fair services so-many

tro mos servirs me fass' en grat venir

until my serving me make into favor to-come

o vos digatz: «Mon servidor azir».

or you say My servant I-bate

De grat dezir, domna, que·us jauzis, ans

With pleasure I-desire lady that-you I-enjoy sooner

que·s vir per ditz mos servirs en soans,

than-itself turn through words my serving into scorn

que servire, ditz hom, qu'a dreit se vir,

for a-servant says one that-by right himself turns

quand om no·il vol sos deziriers grazir.

when one not-to-him wishes his desires to-grant

Leial, be·m platz de mon Estiu l'enans,

Loyal well-to-me pleases of my Summer the-advancement

mas de mi dons es la valors tan grans

but of my lady is the merit so great

que eu e tug li devem obezir,

that I and all to-her we-ought to-obey

per que no·lh vol ges Miravals mentir.

for which not-to-her wishes at-all Miraval to-lie

RAIMBAUT DE VAQUEIRAS

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF RAIMBAUT DE VAQUEIRAS

The vida makes him the son of a poor Provençal knight of Vaqueiras who was held to be mad. He turned jongleur, stayed a long season with Guillem del Baux, prince of Orange, and then went to Montferrat to the marquis Boniface, where he grew in sense, knowledge, and arms. He fell in love with the marquis's sister Beatrice and called her Bels Cavaliers in his songs; when Boniface crossed into Romania he took Raimbaut with him, knighted him, and gave him great land in the kingdom of Salonica, where he died.

Raimbautz de Vaqueiras si fo filhs d'un paubre cavalier de
Raimbaut of Vaqueiras thus was son of-a poor knight of
Proensa del castel de Vaqueiras que avia nom Peirols e qu'era
Provence of-the castle of Vaqueiras who had name Peirol and who-was
tengutz per mat. E Raimbautz se fetz joglars e estet
held for mad And Raimbaut himself made a-jongleur and stayed
longa saison cum lo princep d'Aurenga, Guillem del Baus.
a-long season with the prince of-Orange Guillem of-the Baux
Ben sabia cantar e far coblas e sirventes. El princeps
Well he-knew to-sing and to-make coblas and sirventes And-the prince
d'Aurenga si li fetz gran be e gran honor e l'enanset
of-Orange thus to-him did great good and great honor and him-advanced
el fetz conoisser e prezar a la bona gen. E pueis se
and-bim made to-know and to-prize to the good folk And then himself
parti de lui e anet se a Monferrat a messier lo marques
he-parted from him and went himself to Montferrat to messer the marquis
Bonifaci, e estec en sa cort lonc temps. E crec si de
Boniface and he-stayed in his court a-long time And he-grew thus in
sen e de saber e d'armas, e enamoret se de la seror
sense and in knowledge and in-arms and fell-in-love himself with the sister
del marques, ma dona Biatritz, que fo molher d'en Enric del
of-the marquis my lady Beatrice who was wife of-Sir Enric of-the

Carret, e trobet de lieis bonas cansos. Et apelava la Bels
Carret and he-composed of her good songs And he-called her Fair
 Cavaliers en sas cansos; e fon crezut qu'ela li volgues
Knight in his songs and it-was believed that-she to-him wished
 ben per amor. E quan lo marques passet en Romania, e
good through love And when the marquis passed into Romania and
 el lo menet ab si e fetz lo cavalier e donet li gran
he him led with himself and made him a-knight and gave to-him great
 terra e gran renda el regesme de Salonic, e lai el moric.
land and great revenue in-the kingdom of Salonica and there he died

Ges, si tot ma don' et amors

27 • BETRAYED BY LADY AND BY LOVE

Though his lady and Love have betrayed him, let them not suppose he will forget his song or leave any calling that belongs to a knight. Gallop, trot, leap, and running will be his rest from now on; he will bear cold and heat armed in iron and steel, his lodgings will be wood and path, his songs sirventes, and he will uphold the frail against the strong. He will live by war, since the changeable are better loved and whoever serves love is dead.

Ges, si tot ma don' et amors

At-all though wholly my lady and love

m'an bauzat e mes a lur dan,

me-have betrayed and put to their harm

no's cuidon qu'ieu n'oblit mon chan

not-themselves let-them-think that-I of-it-forget my song

ni que'n valha meyns ma valors

nor that-of-it be-worth less my merit

ni que ia'n lays nul autr' onrat mestier

nor that ever-of-it I-leave any other honored calling

ni nul bon fait que's tanh' a cavalher,

nor any good deed which-itself befits to a-knight

ni que'm tuelha bona vida avols mortz,

nor that-from-me take a-good life a-worthless death

si com a fait desqu'ieu passei los portz.

thus as it-has done since-I crossed the passes

Galop e trot e saut e cors,

Gallop and trot and leap and running

velhars e trebalh et afan

waking and toil and travail

seran mei soïorn d'er' enan,

will-be my sojourns from-now on

e sufrirai fregz e calors,

and I-shall-endure colds and heats

armatz de ferr e de fust e d'acier,

armed with iron and with wood and with-steel

e mei ostal seran bosc e semdier

and my lodgings will-be wood and path

e mas cansos sirventes ab descortz

and my songs sirventes with descorts

e mantenrai los frevolz contra·ls fortz.

and I-shall-uphold the frail against-the strong

Mas per o quar mi fora honors,

But for it because to-me it-would-be honor

s'ieu trobes domna benestan,

if-I found a-lady seemly

avinen e cuenhd' e prezan,

comely and graceful and prized

a qui nom plagues ma dolors,

to whom not-to-me pleased my sorrow

que no's vires ni crezes lauzengier

who not-herself turned nor believed a-slanderer

ni no's fezes trop preyar, s'ieu l'enquier,

and not-herself made too-much to-beg if-I her-entreat

de lieys amar fora lieus mos acortz,
of her to-love would-be easy my accord
s'il ames mi, qu'aitals es mos conortz.
if-she loved me for-such is my comfort

Mas qu'ar sobra mon sen folhors!
But that-now overtops my sense folly
qu'estat n'aurai perdutz un an
for-been of-it-I-shall-have lost a year
per una fals' ab cor truan;
for a false-one with a-heart knavish
mas ioys m'a tan doussas sabors
but joy to-me-has so sweet savors
que'm pot dar gaug e tolre cossirier
that-to-me it-can to-give gladness and to-take brooding
mal grat d'amor e de mon cor leugier
ill thanks of-love and of my heart fickle
e de midons, qu'a totz tres suy estortz;
and of my-lady for-from all three I-am escaped
e ponharay cum senes lor m'esfortz
and I-shall-strive how without them myself-I-exert

de servir e d'autras lauzors,
in serving and in-other praises
d'escut, de lansa e de bran,
with-shield with lance and with sword

e de bon pretz trair' ad enan

and of good worth to-bring to forward

entrels reys e·ls emperadors.

among-the kings and-the emperors

E Monferrat e lay ves Fonqualquier

In Montferrat and there toward Forcalquier

viurai de guerr' a lley de mainadier;

I-shall-live by war in-the manner of a-mercenary

e pos d'amor no·m ve autre cofortz,

and since from-love not-to-me comes another comfort

partirai m'en, et er sieus totz lo tortz;

I-shall-part myself-thence and will-be hers all the wrong

quar ai proat d'amor tot so mestier:

for I-have tried of-love all its craft

qu'aissilh que so camiador e leugier

for-those who are changeable and fickle

son mielhs amat, e qui la sierf es mortz,

are better loved and whoever her serves is dead

per qu'ieu sui ricx, quar hieu li sui estortz.

for which-I am rich because I from-her am escaped

Na Biatrix, vostre ric pretz sobrier

Lady Beatrice your rich worth surpassing

salf Dieus e gart aissi com vuelh e quier;

save God and keep just as I-wish and ask

e qui no·l vol sia desfaitz e mortz,

and whoever not-it wishes be undone and dead

qu'a lui no platz ioys, solatz ni deportz.

for-to him not pleases joy cheer nor delight

Eras quan vey verdeyar

37 • THE DESCORT IN FIVE TONGUES

The descort in five languages. Because his lady's heart is changed, he says, he will make the words and the tunes and the languages disagree — and does: the first stanza is Occitan, the second Italian, the third French, the fourth Gascon, the fifth Galician-Portuguese, and the tornada takes one couplet from each in turn. The matter under the five tongues is a single complaint, that she has stolen his heart away with noble speaking.

Eras quan vey verdeyar

Now when I-see to-grow-green

pratz e vergiers e boscatges,

meadows and orchards and woodlands

vuelh un descort comensar

I-wish a descort to-begin

d'amor, per qu'ieu vauc aratges;

of-love for which-I go astray

quar ma domna·m sol amar,

for my lady-me used to-love

mas camiatz l'es sos coratges,

but changed to-her-is her heart

per qu'ieu fauc dezacordar

for which-I make to-disagree

los motz e·ls sos e·ls linguatges.

the words and-the tunes and-the languages

Eu son quel qe ben non aio

I am he who good not I-have

ni ia mai non l'averò,

and ever more not it-I-shall-have

ni per abril ni per maio,

nor through April nor through May

si per ma donna no l'ò;

if through my lady not it-I-have

certo qe·n nisun lengaio

certainly for-in no tongue

sa gran beutà dir non sò,

her great beauty to-say not I-know

çu fresca qe flor de glaio,

more fresh than a-flower of iris

per qe no me·n partirò.

for which not myself-thence I-shall-part

Bele douce dame chiere,

Fair sweet lady dear

a vos mi doin e m'otroi;

to you myself I-give and myself-I-grant

je n'avrai mes joi' entiere,

I not-shall-have more joy whole

si je n'ai vos e vos moi.

if I not-have you and you me

mout estes male guerriere

much you-are an-ill warrior

si je muer par bone foi;

if I die in good faith

mes ja par nule maniere

but ever by no manner

ne·m partrai de vostre loi.

not-myself I-shall-part from your law

Dauna, io mi rend a bos,

Lady I myself yield to you

coar sotz la mes bon' e bera

for you-are the most good and fair

q'anc hos, e gailhard' e pros,

who-ever was and lively and worthy

ab qe no·m hossetz tan hera.

provided that not-to-me you-were so fierce

mout abetz beras haisos

much you-have fair features

e color hresc' e nabera.

and a-color fresh and new

boste so, e si·bs agos,

yours I-am and if-you I-had

no·m ...

not-me (lacuna)

mas tan temo vostro preito,

but so-much I-fear your suit

todo·n son escarmentado.

wholly-of-it I-am chastened

por vos ei pen' e maltreito

for you I-have pain and ill-treatment

e meo corpo lazerado.

and my body wounded

la nuit quant iaz' en mo leito,

the night when I-lie in my bed

so ...

I-am (lacuna)

e car nonca m'a proveito,

and because never to-me-it-has profited

falid' ei en mo cuidado,

failed I-have in my thought

mais qe faillir non cuidé io.

more than to-fail — thought I

Bels cavaliers, tant es cars

Fair Knight so-much is dear

lo vostr' onratz senhoratges

the your honored lordship

que cada iorno m'esglaio.

that each day I-am-dismayed

oimè! lasso, que farò?

alas wretched what shall-I-do

si cele que j'ai plus chiere

if she whom I-have most dear

me tue, ne sai por quoi?

me kills not I-know for what

ma dauna, he que dei bos

my lady faith that I-owe you

ni peu cap Santa Quitera,

and by-the head of-Saint Quiteria

mon corasso m'avetz treito

my heart from-me-you-have drawn

e mot gen favlan furtado.

and very nobly speaking stolen

Las frevols venson lo plus fort

41 • THE FRAIL CONQUER THE STRONG

A vers of paradoxes turned on five words, one to a stanza. The frail conquer the strongest, since a strong man cannot outlast a frail one; a nothing brings to death the thing the world holds dearest, so nothing does the world great wrong, and the world suffers it because nothing has so great a savor. Sweetness can be drawn from sour. A dead man can accomplish more than a living, and hot and cold intermingle in the same channel, each quenching the other.

Las frevols venson lo plus fort,

The frail-ones conquer the most strong

que fortz frevol non pot durar;

for a-strong-one a-frail-one not can to-outlast

quar frevol vey fort frevol,

for a-frail-one I-see a-strong-one to-weaken

aissi bat frevols contrafort,

thus beats a-frail-one an-adversary

e·n frevol trop tan de vigor

and-in a-frail-one I-find so-much of vigor

quez a fort tol sa gran valor.

that from a-strong-one it-takes his great merit

fortz a frevol non a poder.

a-strong-one against a-frail-one not has power

Us niens es qu'adutz a mort

A nothing it-is which-brings to death

so qu'el fai e qu'el pot desfar,

that which-it makes and which-it can to-unmake

que es so que lo mons ten car;

which is that which the world holds dear

doncx al mon fai niens gran tort.

then to-the world does nothing great wrong

e-l mons, cum suefre tal folor?

and-the world how suffers such folly

quar niens a tan gran sabor

for nothing has so great savor

que-l mons l'acuel el cartener.

that-the world it-receives and-it to-bold-dear

Vist ai e trobat en ma sort

Seen I-have and found in my lot

que d'agre potz doussor gitar

that from-sour you-can sweetness to-draw

ab breu aten ses aiustar.

with a-brief waiting without joining

doncs agr' e dous eysson d'un port.

then sour and sweet issue from-one gate

e fai tant agres ab doussor

and does so-much the-sour with sweetness

que l'ivern mescla ab calor;

that the-winter it-mixes with heat

mas l'agres fuy al dous parer.

but the-sour flees at-the sweet seeming

Soven mi do gaug e'm conort,

Often to-myself I-give gladness and-myself I-comfort

quar vey lo mort ressuscitar.

for I-see the dead to-rise-again

mais pot mortz que vius acabar;

more can a-dead-man than a-living to-accomplish

per qu'ieu ab lo mort be m'acort.

for which-I with the dead well myself-I-accord

et el mort a trop gran ricor,

and in-the dead there-is too great wealth

per que mortz non deu far paor,

for which death not ought to-make fear

que'l mortz no notz e pot valer.

for-the dead not harms and can to-avail

En la canal que ditz conort,

In the channel which says comfort

vey caut e freyt entremesclar;

I-see hot and cold to-intermingle

ab l'un pot l'autre amortar,

with the-one can the-other to-quench

e son abduy d'engual comport.

and are both of-equal bearing

ricx ers tan cum gitaras por,

rich you-will-be so-long as you-will-cast away

e paupres si. te dic color?

and poor also to-you I-say a-fable

non ieu, ans mescle sen ab ver.

not I rather I-mix sense with truth

Per frevols son vencut li fort,
By frail-ones are conquered the strong
 e potz d'agre doussor gitar
and you-can from-sour sweetness to-draw
 e caut e freyt entremesclar,
and hot and cold to-intermingle
 e niens met son don a mort,
and nothing puts its gift to death
 et el mort a trop gran ricor,
and in-the dead there-is too great wealth
 e ric perdon si per onor
and the-rich lose themselves through honor
 que fan, e deu lur escazer.
which they-do and it-ought to-them to-fall

Kalenda maya

52

The estampida. Neither the calends of May nor the beech leaf nor birdsong can please him until a swift messenger comes from his lady, and until the jealous one falls wounded. He begs that the jealous man not laugh at his harm, since parting two such lovers would cost him dear. He cannot lose her before he has had her, for a wooer becomes a lover only when the change is made; he closes saying he has served her more nobly than Erec served Enide.

Kalenda maya

Calends of-May

ni fuelhs de faya

nor leaf of beech

ni chanz d'auzelh ni flors de glaya

nor song of-a-bird nor flower of gladiolus

non es que·m playa,

not is which-to-me pleases

pros domna guaya,

worthy lady gay

tro qu'un yselh messatgier aya

until that-a swift messenger I-have

del vostre belh cors, que·m retraya

from-the your fair body which-to-me relates

plazer novelh qu'amors m'atraya,

a-pleasure new that-love to-me-draws

e iaya

and I-lie

e·m traya

and-myself draws

vas vos, domna veraya;

toward you lady true

e chaya

and let-fall

de playa

from a-wound

·l gelos, ans que·m n'estraya.

the jealous-one before that-myself of-it-I-withdraw

Ma belh' amia,

My fair beloved

per Dieu no sia

by God not may-it-be

que ia·l gelos de mon dan ria;

that ever-the jealous-one at my harm laugh

que car vendria

for dearly be-would-sell

sa gelozia,

his jealousy

si aitals dos amans partia;

if such two lovers be-parted

qu'ieu ia ioyos mais no seria,

for-I ever joyful more not should-be

ni ioyos ses vos pro no·m tenria;

and joy without you profit not-to-me would-hold

tal via

such a-road

faria,

I-should-make

qu'om ia mais no·m veiria;

that-one ever more not-me would-see

selh dia

that day

morria,

I-should-die

donna pros, qu'ie·us perdria.

lady worthy that-I-you should-lose

Quom er perduda

How will-be lost

ni m'er renduda

or to-me-will-be rendered

dona, s'enans non l'ai aguda?

lady if-before not her-I-have bad

que drutz ni druda

for a-lover nor a-mistress

non es per cuda;

not is by thinking

mas quant amans en drut se muda,

but when a-wooer into a-lover himself changes

l'onors es grans que·ylh n'es creguda;

the-honor is great which-to-her of-it-is grown

e·l belhs semblans fai far tal bruda;

and-the fair look makes to-make such a-stir

que nuda

that naked

tenguda

beld

no·us ai ni d'als vencuda;

not-you I-have nor in-else conquered

volguda,

wished

crezuda

believed

vos ai, ses autr' aiuda.

you I-have without other help

Tart m'esiauzira,

Late myself-I-should-gladden

pus ia·m partira,

since ever-myself I-should-part

belhs Cavaliers, de vos ab ira;

fair Knight from you with grief

qu'alhor no's vira

for-elsewhere not-itself turns

mos cors, ni·m tira

my heart nor-me draws

mos deziriers, qu'als non dezira;

my desire which-else not desires

qu'a lauzengiers sai qu'abelhira,

for-to slanderers I-know that-it-would-please

donna, qu'estiers non lur garira.

lady for-otherwise not to-them it-would-heal

tals vira,

such-a-one would-see

sentira

would-feel

mos dans, qui·ls vos grazira,

my harm who-them to-you would-welcome

que·us mira,

who-you beholds

consira

considers

cuidans, don cors sospira.

thinking whereof the-heart sighs

Dona grazida,

Lady gracious

quecx lauz' e crida

each praises and cries

vostra valor, qu'es abelhida;

your merit which-is delightful

e qui·us oblida,

and whoever-you forgets

pauc li val vida.

little to-him is-worth life

per qu'ie·us azor, don' eyssernida?

for which-I-you adore lady distinguished

quar per gensor vos ai chاوزida,

for as fairest you I-have chosen

e per melhor de pretz complida,

and as best in worth accomplished

blandida,

courted

servida

served

genses qu' Erecx Enida.

more-nobly than Erec Enide

bastida

built

fenida,

finished

n'Engles, ai l'estampida.

Sir-Engles I-have the-estampida

Ara·m digatz, Rambaut, si vos agrada

90 · RAIMBAUT AND THE MARQUIS ALBERT

A tenso of insults with the marquis Albert. Albert asks whether it is true that Raimbaut's lady has made a sirventes that shames him. Raimbaut grants he loved the deceiver and turns the charge: Albert has forsworn his faith a hundred times for money and blocks the Genoese highway. Albert has seen him tramping through Lombardy like a base jongleur. Raimbaut says Albert lost his castles through folly; Albert, that since Raimbaut was made a knight he has struck no blow.

Ara·m digatz, Rambaut, si vos agrada,

Now-to-me tell Raimbaut if to-you it-pleases

si·us es aissi cum eu auch dire, pres,

whether-to-you it-is thus as I hear to-say happened

que malamen s'es contra vos guidada

that badly herself-she-has toward you conducted

vostra dompna de sai en Tortones,

your lady from here in Tortona's-land

don avetz faich mainta cansson en bada;

of-whom you-have made many a-song in vain

mas ill a faich de vos tal sirventes

but she has made of you such a-sirventes

don etz aunitz, et ill es vergoignada,

whereof you-are shamed and she is disgraced

que vostr' amors no·il es honors ni bes,

for your love not-to-her is honor nor good

per q'ella s'es aissi de vos loignada.

for which-she herself-has thus from you removed

Albert marques, vers es q'ieu ai amada

Albert marquis true it-is that-I have loved

l'enganairitz don m'avetz escomes,

the-deceiver whereof me-you-have challenged

que s'es de mi e de bon pretz ostada;

who herself-has from me and from good worth removed

mas no'n puesc mais, qu'e ren no'il ai mespres,

but not-of-it I-can more for-in anything not-to-her I-have offended

anz l'ai lonc temps servida et onrada;

rather her-I-have a-long time served and honored

mas vos e lieis persegua vostra fes,

but you and her let-pursue your faith

c'avetz cent vetz per aver periurada,

which-you-have a-hundred times for wealth forsworn

per qe·is clamon de vos li Genoes,

for which-themselves complain of you the Genoese

que malgrat lor lor empeignetz l'estrada.

for despite them to-them you-block the-highway

Per Dieu, Rambaut, d'aisso·us port garentia

By God Raimbaut of-this-to-you I-bear warrant

que maintas vetz per talan de donar

that many times through a-wish of giving

ai aver tout, e non per manentia

I-have wealth taken and not for riches

ni per thesaur q'ieu volgues aiostar;

nor for treasure that-I wished to-heap

mas vos ai vist cent vetz per Lombardia

but you I-have seen a-hundred times through Lombardy

anar a pe, a lei de croi ioglar,

to-go on foot in the-manner of a-vile jongleur

paubre d'aver e malastruc d'amia,

poor in-wealth and luckless in-a-beloved

e feira·us pro qi·us dones a maniar,

and it-would-do-you profit whoever-you gave to eat

e membre vos co·us trobei a Pavia.

and let-recall to-you how-you I-found at Pavia

Albert marques, enoi e vilania

Albert marquis vexation and villainy

sabetz ben dir e mieils la sabetz far,

you-know well to-say and better it you-know to-do

e tot engan e tota fellonia

and all deceit and all felony

e malvastat pot hom en vos trobar,

and wickedness can one in you to-find

e pauc de pretz e de cavallaria,

and little of worth and of chivalry

per qe·us tolgront ses deman Val-de-Tar;

for which-from-you they-took without claim Val-de-Taro

Peiracorva perdetz vos per foillia;

Pietracorva lost you through folly

e Nicolos e Lafrancos da Mar

and Nicolò and Lanfranco da Mare

vos podon ben appellar de bausia.

you can well to-charge with treachery

Per Dieu, Rambaut, segon la mia esmansa

By God Raimbaut according-to the my estimate

fesetz que fols, qan laissez lo mestier

you-did as a-fool when you-left the calling

don aviatz honor e benanansa;

whereof you-bad honor and well-being

e cel qe-us fetz de ioglar cavaillier

and he who-you made from a-jongleur a-knight

vos det enoi, treaill e malananssa

to-you gave vexation travail and distress

e pensamen et ira et encombrier,

and care and grief and hindrance

e tolc vos ioi e pretz et alegranssa;

and took from-you joy and worth and gladness

que, puois montetz de ronssin en destrier,

for since you-mounted from a-nag onto a-warhorse

non fesetz colp d'espaza ni de lanssa.

not you-made a-blow of-sword nor of lance

Albert marques, tota vostr' esperanssa

Albert marquis all your hope

es en trazir et en faire panier;

is in betraying and in making a-snare

enves totz cels c'ab vos an acordanssa

toward all those who-with you have accord

e que-us servon de grat e volontier,

and who-you serve with pleasure and willingly

vos non tenetz sagramen ni fianssa;

you not keep oath nor pledge

e s'ieu non vail per armas Olivier,
and if-I not am-worth in arms Olivier
 vos non valetz Rotlan, a ma semblanssa,
you not are-worth Roland to my seeming
 que Plasensa no·us laissa Castagnier;
for Piacenza not-to-you leaves Castagneto
 tol vos la terra, e no·n prendetz venganssa.
it-takes from-you the land and not-of-it you-take vengeance

Sol Dieus mi gart, Rambaut, mon Escudier,
Provided-that God me keep Raimbaut my Squire
 en cui ai mes mon cor e m'esperanssa,
in whom I-have put my heart and my-hope
 a mon dan get de trobar vos e·n Pier,
to my harm I-cast from composing you and-Sir Pier
 vis de castron magagnat, larga panssa.
face of a-wether mangled a-wide belly

Albert marques, tuich li vostre gerrier
Albert marquis all the your warriors
 ant tal paor de vos e tal doptanssa
have such fear of you and such dread
 qu'il vos clamon lo marques putanier,
that-they you call the marquis whoremonger
 deseretat, desleial, ses fianssa.
disinherited disloyal without faith

Domna, tant vos ai pregada

92 • THE GENOESE LADY

The contrasto: his stanzas in Occitan, hers in Genoese, and no meeting between them. He has entreated her long and says his heart is fixed on her more than on any Genoese woman. She answers that the jongleur is not courteous to solicit her, that she would rather see him hanged, and calls him an ill-fated Provençal, telling him to go away. In her last stanza she values his Provençal at less than a Genoese penny and understands him no better than a German.

Domna, tant vos ai pregada,
Lady so-much you I-have entreated
si·us platz, qu'amar me voillatz,
if-to-you it-pleases that-to-love me you-wish
qu'eu sui vostr' endomeniatz;
for-I am your vassal
quar es pros et enseingnada
for you-are worthy and well-taught
e totz bos pretz autreiatz;
and all good worth you-grant
per que·m plai vostr' amistatz.
for which-to-me pleases your friendship
quar es en totz faitz corteza,
for you-are in all deeds courteous
s'es mos cors en vos fermatz
thus-is my heart on you fixed
plus qu'en nuilla Genoesa,
more than-on any Genoese-woman
per qu'er merces si m'amatz;
for which-will-be mercy if me-you-love

e pois serai meills pagatz

and then I-shall-be better paid

que s'era mia·l ciutatz

than if-were mine-the city

ab l'aver qu'es aiostatz

with the-wealth which-is heaped

dels Genoes.

of-the Genoese

Iuiar, voi no se' corteso

Jongleur you not are courteous

qi me chaideiai de zò,

who me you-solicit of that

que negota no·n farò;

for nothing not-of-it I-shall-do

ance fossi voi apesso,

rather were you hanged

vostr' amia non serò;

your beloved not I-shall-be

certo, ia ve scanerò,

certainly indeed you I-shall-cut-throat

Proenzal mal aurao;

Provençal ill fated

tal enoio ve dirò:

such a-vexation to-you I-shall-say

sozo, mozo, escalvao!

filthy cropped shaven

ni ia voi non amerò,

and ever you not I-shall-love

qu'eu chù bello mari ò

for-I a-more handsome husband have

que voi no se', ben lo sò.

than you not are well it I-know

andai via, frare, ...

go away brother (lacuna)

...!

(lacuna)

Domna genta et essernida,

Lady noble and distinguished

gaia e pros e conoissens,

gay and worthy and discerning

vailla·m vostr' enseingnamentz,

let-avail-to-me your breeding

quar iois e iovens vos guida,

for joy and youth you guides

cortesia e pretz e sens

courtesy and worth and sense

e totz bos captenementz;

and all good bearing

per que·us sui fidels amaire

for which-to-you I-am a-faithful lover

senes totz retenementz,

without all reserves

francs, humils e merceiaire;

frank humble and suppliant

tant fort me destreing e·m venz
so strongly me grips and-me conquers

vostr' amors, que m'es plazens;
your love which to-me-is pleasing

per que sera chاوزimenz,
for which it-will-be clemency

s'ieu sui vostre benvolenz
if-I am your well-wisher

e vostr' amics.
and your friend

Iuiar, voi semellai mato,
Jongleur you seem mad

qi cotal rason tegnei;
who such talk you-hold

mal vignai e mal andei!
ill you-came and ill may-you-go

non avei sen per un gato.
not you-have sense for a cat

per que trop me deschasei?
for which too-much me you-pester

que mala cosa parei;
for an-ill thing you-seem

ni no volio questa cosa
and not I-wish this thing

si fossi fillol de rei.
if you-were son of a-king

credi voi qu'e' sia mosa?
believe you that-I be soft

mia fè, no m'averei!

my faith not me-you-will-have

si per m'amor ve chevei,

if for my-love yourself you-strive

ogüano morrei de frei.

this-year you-will-die of cold

tropo son de mala lei

too-much are of an-ill sort

li Proensal.

the Provençals

Domna, no·m siatz tant fera,

Lady not-to-me be so fierce

que no·s cove ni s'eschai;

for not-itself befits nor itself-suits

anz taing ben, si a vos plai,

rather it-befits well if to you it-pleases

que de mo sen vos enquera

that of my sense you I-entreat

e que·us am ab cor vrai,

and that-you I-love with a-heart true

e vos que·m gitetz d'esmai,

and you that-me you-cast from-dismay

qu'eu vos sui hom e servire,

for-I to-you am a-man and a-servant

quar vei e conosc e sai,

for I-see and I-know and I-am-aware

quant vostra beutat remire

when your beauty I-behold

fresca cum rosa en mai,

fresh as a-rose in May

qu'el mont plus bella no'n sai,

that-in-the world a-more fair not-of-it I-know

per qu'ie-us am e-us amarai;

for which-I-you love and-you I-shall-love

e si bona fes mi trai,

and if good faith me betrays

sera peccatz.

it-will-be a-sin

Iuiar, to proensalesco,

Jongleur your Provençal-speech

s'eu aia gauzo de mi,

so-may-I have joy of myself

non preso un genoi.

not I-value a Genoese-penny

no t'entend plui d'un Toesco

not you-I-understand more than-a German

o Sardo o Barbari;

or a-Sardinian or a-Berber

ni non ò cura de ti.

and not I-have care of you

Senher n'Aymar, chautetz de tres baros

98 • THREE BARONS WEIGHED

A three-cornered tenso with Aimar and Perdigon. Raimbaut sets the question and orders the answers: of three barons — one generous and ostentatious, one wise and a good landholder, one good at the lance and nobly equipped — which is worth most? Aimar takes the second, who does everything by measure; Perdigon claims the first, since great show is the head of prowess; Raimbaut argues for the third. The last word, in a closing tornada, is that Raimbaut with arms in his hands looks more like a jongleur than a knight.

Senher n'Aymar, chautetz de tres baros

Lord Sir-Aimar choose of three barons

qual prezatx mays, e respondetz primiers,

which you-value more and answer first

et apres vos responsda·n Perdigos:

and after you let-answer-Sir Perdigon

que l'us es larcs e guays et ufaniers,

for the-one is generous and gay and vainglorious

e·l segons es savis e bos terriers

and-the second is wise and a-good landholder

et alques larcs, mas non d'aital semblansa,

and somewhat generous but not of-such a-seeming

e·l terz es bos per condug e per lansa

and-the third is good in entertainment and in lance

e gen guarnens, quals a melhors mestiers?

and nobly equipping which has better callings

En Raymbaut, d'aquelh dic qu'es plus pros,

Sir Raimbaut of-that-one I-say that-he-is more worthy

qu'ab mezura fa totz sos faitz entiers,

who-with measure makes all his deeds whole

e n'es sos pretz longamens cabalos,

and of-it-is his worth long paramount

e·n pot esser als enemix sobriers;

and-of-it he-can to-be to-the enemies superior

quar s'elh es francx, adregz e plazentiers,

for if-he is frank upright and pleasing

aquelh val mais, segon la mia esmansa,

that-one is-worth more according-to the my estimate

qu'els autres dos truep tan de peiuransa

for-in-the other two I-find so-much of worsening

per que negus no l'es de pretz pariers.

for which any not to-him-is in worth an-equal

Baros, be sai qu'ie·us venserei amdos,

Barons well I-know that-I-you shall-conquer both

quar mantenh so don suy plus galaubiers:

for I-uphold that whereof I-am more splendid

grans ufana es caps, e messios,

great vainglory is head and outlay

de proeza e pretz plus bobansiers;

of prowess and worth more showy

e mosenher aya terra e deniers,

and my-lord let-have land and coins

mas largueza no·ylh val ni no·l enansa;

but generosity not-to-him avails and not-him advances

e·n Raymbautz mantengua selhs de Fransa,

and-Sir Raimbaut let-uphold those of France

qu'armas e vis es totz lurs cossiers.

for-arms and wine is all their broodings

Senher n'Aymar, trop n'a meluyrazos

Lord Sir-Aimar much of-it-has betterings

lo gen-guarnens, quant es bos cavalliers,

the nobly-equipping when he-is a-good knight

qu'elh es temsutz mais ab cent companhos

for-he is feared more with a-hundred companions

que s'us autres n'avia tres milliers;

than if-one other of-them-had three thousands

et ufana non es mas sens leugiers

and vainglory not is but sense light

e fols cors vas, qu'ab non-poder balansa,

and a-mad heart empty which-with not-power wavers

e ricx volpils no pot aver onransa

and a-rich coward not can to-have honor

per menutz dos ni per digz messongiers.

through small gifts nor through words lying

En Raymbaut, ricx hom braus orgulhos

Sir Raimbaut a-rich man fierce proud

es lo vostres, quar es bos cavalliers.

is the yours for he-is a-good knight

per que sos pretz non es tan cars ni bos?

for which his worth not is so dear nor good

que pauc ni pro no met, mas en sabriers.

for little nor much not he-puts but into excesses

e·n Perdigos ditz cum ioglers laniers,

and-Sir Perdigon speaks like a-jongleur slovenly

qu'en penr' aver a tota s'esperansa.

who-in to-take wealth has all his-hope

e·l mieus es pros e de bella cuynhdansa,

and-the mine is worthy and of fair grace

si tot no·s vol pretz d'orps ni d'escassiers.

though wholly not-himself wishes worth of-blind-men nor of-cripples

A mosenhor vey qu'enueia·l tensos,

To my-lord I-see that-vexes-the tenso

qu'ades capte los sieus faigz menudiers,

who-ever upholds the his deeds petty

e vol ufana e boban metre ios,

and wishes vainglory and display to-put down

quar elh no·n es vezatz ni costumiers.

for he not-of-it is practiced nor accustomed

e·n Raymbautz mantenha·ls colps pleniers

and-Sir Raimbaut let-uphold-the blows full

e·l fort mazanh, en qu'elh a sa fiansa,

and-the strong din in which-he has his trust

mas si·l marques fos d'aital acoynhdansa,

but if-the marquis were of-such a-bearing

enquer fora ioglers o escudiers.

still he-would-be a-jongleur or a-squire

Senher n'Aymar, vos etz vencutz primiers;

Lord Sir-Aimar you are conquered first

e·n Perdigos viule descortz o dansa

and-Sir Perdigon let-fiddle descorts or dances

que contrafa n'Estornel ab sa lansa,

who imitates Sir-Estornel with his lance

e no fara de luy aitals mestiers.

and not will-make of him such callings

...

(lacuna)

...

(lacuna)

...

(lacuna)

...

(lacuna)

a mon senhor tanh aissi pretz entiers

to my lord befits thus worth whole

cum a mi fay lo regisme de Fransa;

as to me does the kingdom of France

e·n Raymbautz, quant ab armas s'eslansa,

and-Sir Raimbaut when with arms himself-hurls

sembla trop mielhs ioglars que cavalliers.

seems far better a-jongleur than a-knight

Senher marques, ia no-m diretz de no

101 · THE EPIC LETTER

A letter in verse to his lord the marquis. He reminds the marquis how he held with him like a good vassal: at Quarto, when four hundred knights pursued him and not ten stayed at his side; in a harsh prison; at Messina, where he covered him with his shield; at the taking of Randazzo, Palermo, and the rest. He stood armed at Blachernae until the felon emperor fled like a thief, and he asks at the end for amends and a gift.

Senher marques, ia no-m diretz de no,
Lord marquis ever not-to-me will-you-say of no
que vertatz es, e vos sabetz ben quo
for truth it-is and you know well how
me tinc ab vos a ley de vassalh bo,
myself I-held with you in the-manner of a-vassal good
quant assalhis a Cart entr' Ast e No;
when you-attacked at Quarto between Asti and Annone
que quatre cen cavalier a tenso
when four hundred knights in contest
vos encausavon, feren ad espero,
you pursued striking at spur
e no-s tengron ab vos detz companho,
and not-themselves held with you ten companions
e quan tornetz e feris de rando
and when you-turned and struck with force
(pueys vos dupteron mais que grua falco),
then you they-feared more than a-crane a-falcon
et ieu torney al maior obs que-us fo,
and I turned at-the greatest need that-to-you was

que ieu e vos levem gen del sablo

when I and you raised nobly from-the sand

n'Albert marques, qu'era ios de l'arso.

Sir-Albert marquis who-was down from the-saddlebow

Et ai estat per vos en greu preyzo,

And I-have been for you in a-harsh prison

per vostra guerra, e n'ai a vostre pro

for your war and of-it-I-have to your profit

fag maynt assaut e ars maynta maizo.

made many an-assault and burned many a-house

Et a Messina vos cobri del blizo;

And at Messina you I-covered with-the shield

en la batalha vos vinc en tal sazo

in the battle to-you I-came at such a-moment

que vos ferion pel pietz e pel mento

when you they-struck through-the breast and through-the chin

dart e cairel, sagetas e lanso,

dart and bolt arrows and javelin

lansas e bran e coutel e fausso.

lances and sword and knife and falchion

E quan prezes Randas e Paterno,

And when you-took Randazzo and Paternò

Rochel' e Termen e Lentin et Aido,

Rocella and Termini and Lentini and Aidone

Plass' e Palerma e Calatagiرو,

Piazza and Palermo and Caltagirone

fuy als premiers, vezen maint bo baro.

I-was among-the first seeing many a-good baron

E cant anetz per crozar a Sayso,

And when you-went to take-the-cross at Soissons

ieu non avia en cor, Dieus m'o perdo!,

I not had in heart God to-me-it let-pardon

que passes mar, mas per vostre resso

that I-should-cross the-sea but for your renown

levey la crotz e pris confessio.

I-took the cross and I-took confession

E pueis quan fom, la Dieu benesio,

And then when we-were the God's blessing

tornat ab vos sai en vostra reio,

returned with you here into your realm

anc no·m virei per vezer ma maizo

ever not-myself I-turned to see my house

(et era·m pres del port Castel-Babo,

and it-was-to-me near of-the port Castel-Babo

e no m'avion res forfait li Grifo),

and not to-me-had anything wronged the Greeks

e fuy ab vos guerreiar part Musso.

and I-was with you to-war beyond Modon

Pueys fui per vos en greu affliccio,

Then I-was for you in harsh affliction

quant a Blaquerna, sotz vostre gonfayno

when at Blachernae under your banner

estei armatz, a lei de Bramanzo,

I-stood armed in the-manner of a-Brabanter

d'elm e d'ausberc e de gros guambaizo,

with-helm and with-hauberk and with a-thick gambeson

e·m combatey sotz la tor el Peiro,

and-myself I-fought beneath the tower at-the Peiron

e i fui nafratz desotz la guarnizo.

and there I-was wounded beneath the armor

E estei tan armatz pres del domno

And I-stood so armed near of-the donjon

tro qu'en traisem l'emperador felho,

until that-of-it we-drew the-emperor felon

selh que destruyt son frair' a trassio;

he who destroyed his brother by treason

que, quan vi'l fum e la flam' e'l carbo

who when he-saw-the smoke and the flame and-the coal

e'l mur traucat en man luec ses bonso,

and-the wall pierced in many a-place without a-battering-ram

issi el camp per combatr' a bando

he-issued into-the field to fight at will

ab tantas gens, ses tota falhizo,

with so-many folk without any failing

qu'az un de nos eron cen per razo.

that-to one of us were a-hundred by reckoning

E vos pensetz de far defensio,

And you thought of making defense

e'l coms de Flandres; e Frances e Breto

and-the count of Flanders and French and Bretons

et Alaman, Lombart e Berguonho

and Germans Lombards and Burgundians

et Espanhol, Proensal e Guasco,

and Spaniards Provençals and Gascons

tug fom renguat, cavalier e pezo.

all we-were ranged borsemen and footmen

E l'empeaire ab lo cor al talo

And the-emperor with the heart at-the heel

esperonet, e sei vil companho,

spurred and his base companions

plus d'una legua; pueys volgron li gloto;

more than-a league then wished the gluttons

nos fom auctor et ylh foro aigro,

we were goshawks and they were herons

e cassem los si cum lops fai mouto.

and we-hunted them just as a-wolf does a-sheep

E l'empeaire fugic s'en a lairo ...

And the-emperor fled himself-thence like a-thief (lacuna)

e laysset nos palais Bocaleo.

and left to-us the-palace Bucoleon

... filha ab la clara faisso ...

(lacuna) the-daughter with the bright face (lacuna)

de tot aisso no tem c'om m'ocaizo

of all this not I-fear that-one me-accuse

de mensonia ni d'autra mespreizo,

of falsehood or of-another misdeed

que vos sabetz e tuit silh c'ab vos so,

for you know and all those who-with you are

que tot es vers ses mot de mentizo;

that all is true without a-word of lying

e plus ancar vos vueill far mensio

and more still to-you I-wish to-make mention

que per maint vers e per mainta chanso

that through many a-vers and through many a-song

ai ieu dicha tan gran meillurazo

have I said so great a-betterment

al vostre pretz que bela retraisso

to-the your worth that a-fair report

n'er per tostemz tro a la fenizo;

of-it-will-be for always until to the ending

e quant hom ser a senhor bon e pro,
and when one serves a lord good and worthy
 pretz l'en rema et a'n bon guizardo,
worth to-him-of-it remains and has-of-it a-good reward
 per qu'ieu n'esper de vos esmend' e do,
for which-I of-it-hope from you amends and a-gift
 senher marques!
lord marquis

AIMERIC DE PEGUILHAN

The Songs, in Selection

Vida

THE LIFE OF AIMERIC DE PEGUILHAN

The vida makes him a Toulousain, the son of a cloth merchant. He learned songs and sirventes but sang very badly; he fell in love with a burgher's wife who was his neighbor, and that love taught him to compose. Her husband did him dishonor, and Aimeric took his revenge with a sword across the head, for which he had to leave Toulouse. He went to Catalonia, was presented to King Alfonso of Castile, and came at last into Lombardy, where he died in heresy, according to what is said.

N'Aimerics de Peguilha si fon de Tolosa, fils d'un borges
Sir-Aimeric of Peguilhan thus was of Toulouse son of-a burgher
qu'era mercadiers que tenia draps a vendre. Et apres cansos
who-was a-merchant who kept cloths for to-sell And he-learned songs
e sirventes; mas molt mal cantava. Et enamoret se d'una
and sirventes but very badly he-sang And he-fell-in-love himself with-a
borgeza sa vezina, e aquela amors li mostret trobar,
burgher-woman his neighbor and that love to-him showed to-compose
e si fetz de leis mantas bonas cansos. Mas lo maritz se
and thus he-made of her many good songs But the husband himself
mesklet ab lui e fetz li desonor; en Aimericx s'en
quarreled with him and did to-him dishonor Sir Aimeric himself-thence
venget, qu'el lo ferit d'una espaza per la testa, per quel
avenged for-he him struck with-a sword across the head for which-to-him
covenc a issir de Tolosa e faidir. Et anet s'en en
it-behooved to go-out of Toulouse and to-be-exiled And he-went himself-thence into
Cataluenha; en Guillems de Berguedan si l'aculhit; e el
Catalonia Sir Guillem of Berguedan thus him-received and he
enanset lui e son trobar, en la premeira chanso qu'el avia feita,
advanced him and his composing in the first song that-be had made
tan qu'el li donet son palafre e son vestir; e presentet
so-much that-be to-him gave his palfrey and his clothing and he-presented

lo al rei n'Anfos de Castella, quel crec d'aver e d'armas
him to-the king Sir-Alfonso of Castile who-him increased in-wealth and in-arms
 e d'onor. Et estet en aquelas encontradas lonc temps; pueis
and in-honor And he-stayed in those regions a-long time then
 s'en venc en Lombardia, on tug li bon home li
himself-thence he-came into Lombardy where all the good men to-him
 feiron gran honor: e lai definet en eretgia, segon c'om ditz.
did great honor and there he-ended in heresy according as-one says

Domna, per vos estauc en greu turmen

I · THE LADY AND LOVE ANSWER

A tenso in single alternating lines, the first part between the poet and his lady and the second between the poet and Love. He tells her he stands in harsh torment; she calls him a fool. He says he loves her purely; she says she wishes him worse than other people. When he threatens to cry mercy elsewhere she tells him to go. Love can do nothing for him either, and promises that he may yet enjoy her by suffering and serving.

«Domna, per vos estauc en greu turmen.»

Lady for you I-stand in harsh torment

«Senhor, que fols faitz, qu'eu grat no·us en sen.»

Lord what a-fool you-act for-I thanks not-to-you of-it I-feel

«Domna, per Deu aiatz en chاوزimen.»

Lady by God have of-it clemency

«Senher, vostres precz i anatz perden.»

Lord your prayers in-it you-go losing

«Bona domna, ja·us am eu finamen.»

Good lady indeed-you love I purely

«Senher, et e·us volh peitz qu'a l'autra gen.»

Lord and I-you wish worse than-to the-other folk

«Domna, per so n'ai eu lo cor dolen.»

Lady for that of-it-have I the heart grieving

«Senher, et eu alegre e jauzen.»

Lord and I glad and rejoicing

«Domna, ja mor per vos ses nulh confort.»

Lady already I-die for you without any comfort

«Senher, ben trop n'auretz fag lonc acort.»

Lord well too-much of-it-you-will-have made a-long accord

«Domna, ja es ma vida peitz de mort.»

Lady already is my life worse than death

«Senher, so'm platz, sol qu'eu's non aia tort.»

Lord that-to-me pleases provided that-I-to-you not have wrong

«Domna, de vos non ai mas desconort.»

Lady from you not I-have but discomfort

«Senher, e doncs cuiatz que-us am per fort?»

Lord and then do-you-think that-you I-love by force

«Domna, ab un semblan m'agratz estort.»

Lady with one look me-you-would-have rescued

«Senher, respei't no'n aiatz ni conort.»

Lord expectation not-of-it have nor comfort

«Domna, vau' doncs alhors clamar merce.»

Lady I-go then elsewhere to-cry mercy

«Senher, anatz de sai: qui vos rete?»

Lord go from here who you holds

«Domna, no posc, que vostr' amors me te.»

Lady not I-can for your love me holds

«Senes conselh, senher, o fa de me.»

Without counsel lord it does of me

«Domna, trop mal mi respondetz ancse.»

Lady too ill to-me you-answer always

«Senher, car peitz vos volh qu'az outra re.»

Lord because worse to-you I-wish than-to another thing

«E doncs, domna, no·m faretz ja nulh be?»

And then lady not-to-me will-you-do ever any good

«Senher, aissi er cum dizetz, so cre.» —

Lord thus it-will-be as you-say that I-believe

«Amors, gitat m'avetz a no m'en cal.»

Love cast me-you-have to not to-me-of-it matters

«Amics, per Deu, no·us en posc far ren al.»

Friend by God not-to-you of-it I-can to-do anything else

«Amors, e vos ja meretz de tot mal.»

Love and you indeed you-deserve of all ill

«Amics, per so·us en trairai san e sal.»

Friend for that-you of-it I-shall-draw safe and sound

«Amors, per que·m fetz chاوزir domn' aital?»

Love for which-to-me you-made to-choose a-lady such

«Amics, eu vos mostrei so que mais val.»

Friend I to-you showed that which more is-worth

«Amors, no posc sofrir l'afan coral.»

Love not I-can to-bear the-anguish heartfelt

«Amics, per so queiram autre logal.»

Friend for that let-us-seek another place

«Amors, en tot quan faitz vos vei falhir.»

Love in all as-much you-do you I-see to-fail

«Amics, a gran tort me voletz laidir.»

Friend at great wrong me you-wish to-abuse

«Amors, e doncs per que·ns voletz partir?»

Love and then for which-us do-you-wish to-part

«Amics, car greu m'es quan vos vei morir.»

Friend because grievous to-me-it-is when you I-see to-die

«Amors, ja no cugetz qu'alhors me vir.»

Love ever not think that-elsewhere myself I-turn

«Amics, per so pensatz del ben sofrir.»

Friend for that think of-the well to-suffer

«Amors, sembla·us si ja·n poirai jauzir?»

Love seems-to-you if ever-of-it I-shall-be-able to-enjoy

«Amics, oc vos, sufren et ab servir.»

Friend yes you suffering and with serving

Si cum l'albres que per sobrecargar

II · THE TREE OVERLOADED

As a tree that is overloaded breaks itself and loses its fruit and itself, he has lost his fair lady and himself, and his wit breaks with loving too much. It is not good to be too sensible either, since a man who does not follow his desire at times has only half of what he needs. She is a mirror that kills him as the basilisk killed itself, and she treats him like a child quieted with a coin that is then taken back, who weeps twice as hard.

Si cum l'albres que per sobrecargar

*Just as the-tree which through over-loading
franh se mezeis e pert son fruit e se,
breaks itself same and loses its fruit and itself
ai eu perdut ma bela domn' e me,
have I lost my fair lady and myself
e mos engenhs se franh per sobramar.
and my wit itself breaks through over-loving*

Pero, sitot me sui apoderatz,

*Yet although myself I-am overpowered
anc jorn no fi mon dan ad escien,
ever a-day not I-did my harm at knowing
anceis cuit far tot so que fatz ab sen:
rather I-think to-do all that which I-do with sense
mas er conosc que trop sobra-l foudatz.
but now I-know that too-much overtops-the folly*

E non es bo qu'om sia trop senatz

And not it-is good that-one be too sensible

que a sazos no sega son talen,

so-that at times not be-follow bis desire

e si no·i a de cascun mesclamen,

and if not-in-it there-is of each a-mingling

non es bona sola l'una meitatz.

not is good alone the-one half

Ben esdeven hom per sobresaber

Well becomes a-man through over-knowing

nescis e·n vai maintas vetz foleian;

foolish and-of-it goes many times playing-the-fool

per que s'eschai qu'om an en loc mesclan

for which it-befits that-one go in place mingling

sens ab foudat, qui·ls sap gen retener.

sense with folly whoever-them knows nobly to-hold

Las, qu'eu non ai mi mezeis en poder,

Alas for-I not have myself same in power

ans vau mon mal enqueren e cercan,

rather I-go my ill seeking and searching

e volh trop mais perdre e far mon dan

and I-wish far more to-lose and to-do my harm

ab vos, domna, qu'ab outra conquerer.

with you lady than-with another to-conquer

Qu'ades cuit far en aquest dan mon pro

For-always I-think to-make in this harm my profit

e que savis ab aquesta folor;

and that a-wise-man with this folly

pero a lei de fol fin amador

yet in the-manner of a-mad true lover

m'avetz ades, on peitz mi faitz, plus bo.

me-you-have ever the worse to-me you-do the-more good

No sai nulh «oc» per qu'eu des vostre «no»;

Not I-know any yes for which-I might-give your no

pero soven tornon mei ris en plor,

yet often turn my laughs into weeping

et eu cum fols ai gaug de ma dolor

and I like a-fool have gladness of my sorrow

e de ma mort, quan vei vostra faisso.

and of my death when I-see your face

Co'l bazalesc qu'ab joi s'anet aucir,

As-the basilisk which-with joy itself-went to-kill

quant el miralh se remiret e's vi,

when in-the mirror itself it-beheld and-itself saw

tot atressi etz vos miralhs a mi,

all likewise are you a-mirror to me

que m'aucietz quan vos vei ni-us remir.

who me-you-kill when you I-see and-you I-behold

E no·us en cal quan mi vezetz morir,

And not-to-you of-it matters when me you-see to-die

abans o faitz de mi tot atressi

rather it you-do of me all likewise

cum de l'enfan qu'ab un maraboti

as of the-child whom-with a gold-coin

fai hom del plor laissar e departir;

makes one from-the weeping to-leave and to-depart

e pois, quant es tornatz en alegrier

and then when he-is turned into gladness

et hom l'estrai so que·l donet e·l tol,

and one from-him-withdraws that which-to-him one-gave and-it takes

et el adoncs plor' e fai maior dol

and he then weeps and makes greater grief

dos aitans plus que no fetz de premier.

two times more than — he-did at first

Teriaca, ges vostre pretz no col

Teriaca at-all your worth not shuns

de melhurar, qu'oi val pro mais que hier.

from bettering for-today it-is-worth plenty more than yesterday

En aquel temps que'l reis mori n'Anfos

III · THE PHYSICIAN FROM SALERNO

A sirventes in praise of the young Frederick. In the time when King Alfonso died, with King Peire of Aragon and the marquis of Este and the valiant Saladin, he thought worth and giving were dead too — but now he sees them restored, for God has sent a good physician from Salerno who knows every ill and every good and never took a fee but pays his patients instead. The name of the physician is Frederick, son of the emperor Henry.

En aquel temps que'l reis mori n'Anfos,

In that time when-the king died Sir-Alfonso

e sos bels filhs plazens, cortes e bos,

and his fair son pleasing courtly and good

e'l reis Peire, de cui fon Aragos,

and-the king Peire of whom was Aragon

e'n Diegos, qu'era savis e pros,

and-Sir Diego who-was wise and worthy

e'l marques d'Est e'l valens Salados,

and-the marquis of-Este and-the valiant Saladin

adoncs cugei que fos mortz pretz e dos,

then I-thought that were dead worth and giving

si qu'eu fui pres de laisser mas chansos:

so that-I was near of leaving my songs

mas ar los vei restauratz ambedos.

but now them I-see restored both

Pretz es estortz qu'era gastz e malmes,
Worth is rescued which-was wasted and ruined
 e dos garitz del mal qu'avía pres,
and giving healed of-the ill which-it-had taken
 qu'un bon metge nos a Deus sai trames
for-a good physician to-us has God here sent
 debes Salern, savi e ben apres,
from Salerno wise and well taught
 que conois totz los mals e totz los bes
who knows all the ills and all the goods
 e meizina cascun segon que s'es,
and doctors each according as it-is
 et anc loguier no'n demandet ni'n pres,
and ever a-fee not-of-it he-asked nor-of-it took
 ans los loga, tant es francs e cortes.
rather them he-pays so-much he-is frank and courtly

Anc hom no vi metge de son joven
Ever a-man not saw a-physician of his youth
 tan larc, tan bel, tan bon, tan conoissen,
so generous so fair so good so discerning
 tan coratgos, tan ferm, tan conqueren,
so courageous so firm so conquering
 tan ben parlan ni tan ben entenden:
so well speaking nor so well understanding
 que'l ben sap tot e tot lo mal enten,
who-the good knows all and all the ill understands
 per que sap melhs meizinar e plus gen,
for which he-knows better to-doctor and more nobly

e fai de Deu cap e comensamen,
and makes of God head and beginning
 que l'ensenha gardar de falhimen.
who him-teaches to-keep from failing

Aquest metge sap de metgia tan
This physician knows of medicine so-much
 et a l'engenh e·l sen e·l saber gran,
and has the-wit and-the sense and-the knowledge great
 qu'el sap ensems gazanhar meizinan
that-he knows together to-gain doctoring
 deu e·l segle (gardatz valor d'enfan!)
God and-the world behold merit of-a-youth
 que·l seu perden venc, meten e donan,
who-the his losing came spending and giving
 sai conquerir l'emperi alaman.
here to-win the-empire German
 Oimais cre ben, cor que·i anes doptan,
Henceforth I-believe well a-heart which-in-it went doubting
 los faitz qu'om ditz d'Alixandre comtan.
the deeds which-one says of-Alexander recounting

Aquest metge savis de qu'eu vos dic
This physician wise of whom-I to-you speak
 fon filhs del bon emperador Enric,
was son of-the good emperor Henry

et a lo nom del metge Frederic

and has the name of-the physician Frederick

e·l cor e·l sen e·l saber e l'afic:

and-the heart and-the sense and-the knowledge and the-resolve

don seran ben meizinat sei amic

whereby will-be well doctored his friends

e·i trobaran conselh e bon abric.

and-in-it they-will-find counsel and a-good shelter

De lonc sermo devem far breu prezic,

Of a-long sermon we-ought to-make a-brief preaching

que ben cobram lo gran segon l'espïc.

for well we-recover the grain according-to the-ear

Ben pot aver lo nom de Frederic,

Well he-can to-have the name of Frederick

que·l dig son bon e·l fag son aut e ric.

for-the words are good and-the deeds are high and rich

Al bon metge maistre Frederic

To-the good physician master Frederick

di, metgia, que de metgar no·s tric.

say medicine that from doctoring not-himself he-delay