

OLD OCCITAN SERIES • VOLUME 4

THE LOVE SONGS OF GIRAUT DE BORNELH

GIRAUT DE BORNELH

Chansos

The Love Songs of Giraut de Bornelh

*The Forty Chansos, with the Life of the Poet,
Master of the Troubadours*

with a word-for-word interlinear English translation

preserving the original word order

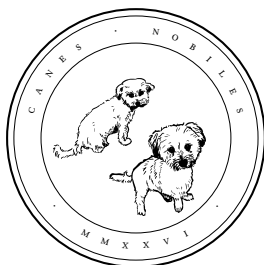


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Volume 4 of the Canes Nobiles Old Occitan interlinear texts

The Old Occitan text follows the first volume of Adolf Kolsen's
Sämtliche Lieder des Trobadors Giraut de Bornelh (Halle, 1910)

Set from a page scan of the 1910 printing

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The songs, their text, and their spelling are Kolsen's, numbered 1–40
as he numbers them, and the life and the razo are Chabaneau's, with his & set
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is not reproduced, and the word after it is capitalized grammatically,
as the head of every verse is. The English titles are this press's.

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GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The Songs

Er' ai gran joi

1 · THE FLOWER OF THE LILY

He came the other day into a flowering garden loud with birds, and there the lily-flower took his eyes and his heart, so that he has had no thought since but of her. He would praise her aloud if he did not fear the slanderers, and tells them to go on asking whose she is and where, since he has stolen that knowledge from them. The mockers will call him a fool who stares; but he keeps his eyes turned toward her country, for a man who does not show his love does not love.

Er' ai gran joi que·m remembra l'amor

Now I-have great joy that-me recalls the-love

que·m te mo cor saf en sa fezeltat;

that-me holds my heart safe in its fidelity

que l'altr' er vinc en un verger, de flor

for the-other day I-came into a garden with flower

tot gen cobert ab chan d'auzels mesclat,

all prettily covered with song of-birds mingled

e can estav' en aquels bels jardins,

and when I-was in those fair gardens

lai m'aparec la bela flors de lis

there to-me-appeared the fair flower of lily

e pres mos olhs e saziç mo coratge

and it-took my eyes and it-seized my heart

si quez anc pois remembransa ni sen

so that ever after remembrance or sense

non aic mas can de leis en cui m'enten.

not I-had but only of her in whom myself-I-set

Ilh es cela per cui eu chan e plor;

She is the-one for whom I sing and weep

tan mes en me fi talan esmerat!

so-much she-put in me pure desire refined

Soven sospir e soplei et azor

Often I-sigh and I-bow and I-adore

vas lai on vi resplandir sa beltat.

toward there where I-saw shine her beauty

Flors de domnas, cui aclin e grazis,

Flower of ladies whom I-bow-to and I-thank

es aicela que tan gen m'a conquis,

is she who so nobly me-has conquered

dolz' e bona, umils, de gran paratge,

sweet and good humble of great high-birth

en fachs gentils, ab solatz avinen,

in deeds noble with cheer pleasing

agradiva vas me a tota gen.

agreeable toward me to all folk

Be fora rics, s'auzes dir sa lauzor,

Well I-would-be rich if-I-dared to-say her praise

c'a tota gen vengra l'auzirs en grat;

for-to all folk would-come the-bearing in pleasure

mas paor ai que fals lauzenjador

but fear I-have that false slanderers

fel et esquiu, sobredesmezurat

cruel and harsh overweening

m'entendesson et — a'i trops d'enemis

me-might-overhear and there-are too-many of-enemies

a cui no platz! — c'om se fassa devis.

to whom not it-pleases that-one himself make talked-of

Mas can veirai ome de so linhatge,

But when I-shall-see a-man of her lineage

baizar l'ai tan, tro la bocha m'i fen;

kiss him-I-shall so-much until the mouth me-there splits

tan d'amor port al seu bel cors jauzen!

so-much of-love I-bear to-the her fair body joyful

Ja no laissez per me ni per Amor,

Ever not leave-off for me nor for Love

fals lauzenger complit de malvestat,

false slanderers full of baseness

e demandatz cui ni cals es ni or,

and ask whose and what-kind she-is and where

s'es lonh o pres; c'aisso-us ai ben emblat!

whether-she-is far or near for-this-from-you I-have well stolen

C'ans fos eu mortz qu'en aital mot falhis

For-sooner were I dead than-in such word I-should-fail

c'amic non ai be d'aisso no traïs;

for-friend not I-have well about-this (whom)-not I-would-deceive

car om non es non aia per uzatge
for man not there-is (who)-not has by custom
 un fol vezi que-l vai mal enqueren,
a foolish neighbor who-him goes ill questioning
 per c'us no's fiz en filh ni en paren.
for that-one not-himself trusts in son nor in kin

Era diran de me escharnidor:

Now will-say of me mockers
 'A! enfantils com te sos olhs en fat
Ab childish-one how he-holds his eyes in foolishness
 e s'achambra d'orgolh e de ricor!
and himself-be-withdraws with-pride and with grandeur
 Qu'eu no consir, s'er' en un gran merchat,
That-I not think if-I-were in a great market
 mas can de leis on mo cor s'es assis
but only of her where my heart itself-has settled
 e tenh los olhs viratz vas cel país
and I-hold the eyes turned toward that country
 on ilh estai e parl en mo coratge
where she dwells and I-speak in my heart
 ades de leis on mo fi cor s'aten;
ever of her on-whom my true heart itself-fixes
 que non ama qui non o fai parven.
for not loves who not it makes evident

Ailas, com mor!

2 · THE BASHFUL LOVER

A dialogue: the lover says he is dying, and his counselor draws the cause out of him question by question. He has set his heart on a lady who once looked kindly at him, and is too bashful and too faithful to ask her for anything. The counselor tells him to go to her at once, ask for her love, endure it if she answers ill, and plead his own case nobly, since a good enduring man conquers at last. Then he sends him off to his delight before the whole world knows of it.

Ailas, com mor! — Quez as, amis? —

Alas how I-die What have-you friend

Eu sui traïs! —

I am betrayed

Per cal razo? —

For what cause

Car anc jorn mis m'ententio

Because once a-day I-put my-mind

en leis que-m fetz lo bel parven. —

on her who-me made the fair seeming

Et as per so to cor dolen? —

And have-you for that your heart grieving

Si ai. —

Yes I-have

As enaissi to cor en lai? —

Have-you thus your heart over there

Oc eu, plus fort. —

Yes I more strongly

Est donc aissi pres de la mort? —

Are-you then thus near to the death

Oc eu, plus fort que no·us sai dir. —

Yes I more strongly than to-you I-know to-say

Per que·t laissas aissi morir? —

For what-yourself you-let thus die

Car sui trop vergonhos e fis. —

Because I-am too bashful and faithful

No l'as re quis? —

Not from-her-have-you anything asked

Eu, per Deu, no! —

I by God no

E per que menas tal tenso,

And for what lead-you such a-plaint

tro aias saubut so talen? —

until you-have known her desire

Senher, fai me tal espaven. —

Lord she-makes me such fear

Que·l fai? —

What-it makes

S'amors que·m ten en greu esmai. —

Her-love which-me holds in grievous dismay

Be n'as gran tort;

Well of-it-have-you great wrong

cudas te qu'èla t'o aport? —

think you that-she to-you-it bring

Eu no, mas no·m n'aus enardir. —

I no but not-myself of-it-I-dare to-embolden

Trop poiras tu to dan sofrir. —

Much shall-be-able you your harm to-endure

Senher, e cals conselhos n'er pres? —

Lord and what counsel of-it-will-be taken

Bos e cortes. —

Good and courteous

Er lo·m diatz! —

Now it-to-me say-you

Tu venras denan leis viatz

You will-come before her swiftly

et enquerres la de s'amor. —

and will-ask her for her-love

E si s'o ten a dezonor? —

And if she-it holds as dishonor

No·t chal! —

Not-to-you it-matters

E s'ela·m respon lach ni mal? —

And if-she-me answers foully or ill

Sias sofrrens,

Be enduring

que totztems bos sofrire vens! —

for always a-good enduring-man conquers

E si·s n'apercep lo gilos? —

And if-himself-of-it perceives the jealous-one

Adonc n'obraretz plus ginhos. —

Then of-it-you-will-work more cunningly

Nos? — Oc be. — Sol qu'ilh o volgues! —

We Yes indeed Only that-she it might-wish

Er. — Que? — Si·m cres. —

It-will-be What If-me you-believe

Crezutz siatz! —

Believed be-you

Be te sera tos jois doblatz,

Well to-you will-be your joy doubled

sol lo dichs no't fassa paor. —

only the speaking not-to-you make fear

Senher, tan senti la dolor

Lord so-much I-felt the pain

mortal,

mortal

per qu'es ops c'o partam egal! —

for which-is need that-it we-share equally

Er donc tos sens

Now then your sense

que te valh' e tos ardimens! —

that to-you avail and your boldness

Oc, e ma bona sospeissos. —

Yes and my good hope

Garda te que gen t'i razos! —

Guard yourself that nobly yourself-there you-plead

Razonar no·m sabrai ja be. —

To-plead not-myself shall-I-know ever well

Dias, per que? —

Say for what

Per leis garar. —

For her beholding

No·n sabras donc ab leis parlar?

Not-of-it shall-you-know then with her to-speak

Est aissi del tot esperdutz? —

Are-you thus of-the whole bewildered

Oc, can li sui denan vengutz... —

Yes when to-ber I-am before come

T'espertz? —

Yourself-you-lose

Oc eu, que no sui de re certz. —

Yes I for not I-am of anything certain

Aital fan tuch

So do all

cilh que son per Amor perduch. —

those who are by Love lost

Oc, mas eu forsarai mo cor! —

Yes but I shall-force my heart

Era non o torns en demor! —

Now not it turn into delay

Be m'a aduch

Well me-has brought

Amors a so, que sabon tuch

Love to that which know all

que mal viu qui deziran mor,

that ill lives who desiring dies

per qu'eu no sai planher mo cor. —

for which-I not know to-pity my heart

Vas to desduch

Toward your delight

vai, amics, ans c'o sapchon tuch,

go friend before that-it know all

per que no perdas to resor;

so that not you-lose your recourse

que levet pert om so demor!

for lightly loses one his delight

Ans que venha·l nous fruchs tendres

3 · BEFORE THE NEW FRUIT COMES

Before the new fruit comes and the load bends the branches, he gathers his heart from the many countries it was scattered through and fixes it on one love. He asks his friend not to grieve at what he sees, for Love presses him and he must act at her sign. Let the base idler by the hearth who grows bold in talk be held cheap. Whoever finds his song hard to learn should persevere: he teaches it with a true heart, darkens it like ebony, and makes his composing pregnant with knowledge.

Ans que venha·l nous fruchs tendres

Before that comes-the new fruits tender

ni·l sobrefais brondels baisse,

and-the overload branches bows

plei mo coratg' e l'amas

I-bend my heart and it-I-gather

vas un' amor e l'assenh.

toward one love and it-I-aim

Si tot lo m'avi' espars

Though wholly it to-me-I-had scattered

per mantas contradas lonh,

through many countries far

volh qu'era·s vir e s'arenh

I-wish that-now-itself it-turn and itself-set

d'altr' obr' e d'altre chaptenh.

to-other work and to-other conduct

Et enaissi frescs es tendres

And so fresh it-is tender

que per malpas ni per raisse,

that through rough-passage or through torrent

si be·m va len ni de pas,

though well-to-me it-goes slowly and at walk

no·m lais a virar l'engenh

not-myself I-leave from turning the-wit

si que·l plus de mos afars

so that-the most of my affairs

poscha tornar a nosonh!

can to-turn to unconcern

Que lai vir la fors' e·l genh

For there I-turn the strength and-the skill

o·ls olhs e·l coratge tenh.

where-the eyes and-the heart I-hold

E si m'est amics, no·n tendres

And if to-me-you-are a-friend not-of-it tender

ni·t pes, qui que t'en so d'aise,

nor-to-you let-it-grieve whoever that to-you-of-it speaks of-vexation

so qu'era ves ni veiras:

that which-now you-see and you-will-see

c'Amors me coch' e·m destrenh.

for-Love me presses and-me constrains

E si·m n'er' estranhs ni pars,

And if-to-me of-it-I-was aloof and reserved

era, pos sai vir e ponh,

now since here I-turn and I-strive

convenra c'al seu senh renh

it-will-behoove that-at-the her sign I-act

e·ls altres torn en desdenh. —

and-the others I-turn into disdain

Car de filhas a dos gendres,

For of daughters there-are two sons-in-law

pot om greu far no s'abaisse

can one hardly to-make not himself-stoop

vas l'un que chascu ser as? —

toward the-one whom every evening you-have

Si grans forsa no m'empenh

If great strength not me-drives

c'alhors me fass' amics chars. —

that-elsewhere to-me it-make friends dear

E s'aissi fin' es, essonh

And if-so pure she-is I-excuse

mostres volers! — No·i retenh,

you-show wishes Not-in-it I-hold-back

mas que·l me vend' o m'empenh.

only that-it to-me she-sell or to-me-pledge

E si·l malvatz crup-en-cendres

And if-the wicked crouch-in-asbes

s'enardis qu'en lais s'eslaisse,

himself-be-emboldens that-in sayings himself-be-launch

vils sia tengutz o bas;

cheap be-be held or base

c'aissi desfil' e destenh

for-so it-unravels and fades

dezafrenatz domneiars

unbridled love-service

qui'l pretz no'i garda ni'l sonh.

which-the worth not-in-it heeds nor-the care

E s'eu a mos precs avenh,

And if-I to my prayers attain

no·m vendra be qui be·m penh?

not-me will-sell well who well-me paints

Per trussar ni per divendres

For rough-handling or for Fridays

no·m destric que non engraisse,

not-myself I-hinder that not I-fatten

si'l seus cors delgatz e gras

if-the her body slender and plump

m'es de pres, c'aissi revenh,

to-me-is of near for-so I-thrive

si be·m n'ave greus parlars;

though well-to-me of-it-comes hard speaking

car ges monge de Cadonh

for at-all monks of Cadouin

no·s fion en entresenh,

not-themselves trust in a-sign

c'a ver nesci m'en depenh.

so-that-as true fool myself-of-it I-paint

E cui parra greus l'aprendres

And to-whom will-seem hard the-learning

de mo cantar, no s'en laisse,

of my singing not himself-of-it leave-off

si no·l sui del dir eschas,

if not-to-him I-am of-the saying sparing

c'ab fi coratge l'ensenh,

for-with true heart it-I-teach

si tot Mo-Senhor no m'ars,

though wholly My-Lord not to-me-it-burned

si cuda que fass' ab onh;

if be-thinks that I-work with ointment

c'aissi l'escur com ebenh:

for-so it-I-darken as ebony

mo trobar ab saber preh!

my composing with knowledge I-impregnate

Can l'altre s'en van, eu venh,

When the-others themselves-away go I come

si Deus la·m salf e la·m senh!

so God her-to-me save and her-to-me bless

A penas sai comensar

4 · A VERS MADE LIGHT

He can hardly begin the light vers he means to make, though he has thought about it since yesterday: no song has its whole worth unless everyone shares in it, and he likes to hear his tune carried to the fountain. He could compose closed if he chose, but keeping the matter is as great a skill as interweaving the words. He fears she would blame him for a messenger, and fear stops him pleading; yet he cannot forget her, and only thinking of her consoles him.

A penas sai comensar

With difficulty I-know to-begin

un vers que volh far leuger

a vers that I-wish to-make light

e si n'ai pensat des er

and yet of-it-I-have thought since yesterday

que-l fezes de tal razo

that-it I-should-make of such matter

que l'entenda tota gens

that it-understand all folk

e qu'el fass' a leu chantar;

and that-it make to easily sing

qu'eu-l fatz per pla deportar.

for-I-it make for sheer delighting

Be-l saupra plus cobert far;

Well-it I-should-know more covered to-make

mas non a chans pretz enter,

but not has a-song worth whole

can tuch no·n son parsoner.

when all not-of-it are sharers

Qui que·s n'azir, me sap bo,

Whoever that-himself of-it-be-vexed to-me it-tastes good

can auch dire per contens

when I-bear said in contention

mo sonet rauquet e clar

my tune hoarse and clear

e l'auch a la fon portar.

and it-I-bear to the fountain to-carry

Ja, pos volrai clus trobar,

Ever once I-shall-wish closed to-compose

no cut aver man parer

not I-think to-have many-a opinion

ab so que ben ai mester

with this that well I-have need

a far una leu chanso;

to make a light song

qu'eu cut c'atretan grans sens

for-I think that-as-much great sense

es, qui sap razo gardar,

it-is who knows the-matter to-keep

com los motz entrebeschar.

as the words to-interweave

D'als m'aven a consirar;

Of-other-things to-me-it-falls to think

qu'eu am tal que non enquer

for-I love such-a-one that not I-court

per so car del consirer

for this because of-the pondering

sai be que fatz mesprezo.

I-know well that I-do a-wrong

Que farai? C'us ardimens

What shall-I-do For-a boldness

me ve qu'eu l'an razonar

to-me comes that-I to-her-go to-plead

e paors fai m'o laisser.

and fear makes to-me-it leave-off

Be lo-i volria mandar,

Well it-to-her I-should-wish to-send

si trobava messatger,

if I-found a-messenger

mas si'n fatz altrui parlar,

but if-of-it I-make another a-speaker

eu tem qu'ilh me n'ochaizo;

I fear that-she to-me of-it-blame

car non es ensenhamens

for not it-is good-breeding

c'om ja fass' altrui parlar

that-one ever make another speak

d'aisso que sols vol celar.

of-that which alone he-wishes to-hide

Tan be·m sap lo cor comtar

So well-to-me knows the heart to-tell

la beltat e·l pretz sobrer

the beauty and-the worth surpassing

que gran batalha·n sofer,

that great battle-of-it I-endure

car no·i vauç ad espero.

because not-there I-go at the-spur

Pois m'en ven us espavens

Then to-me-from-it comes a terror

que m'en fai dezacordar

that to-me-of-it makes to-waver

e mon ardimen baissar.

and my boldness to-lower

Ges no la posc oblidar,

At-all not her I-can to-forget

tan me fai gran dezirer,

so-much to-me she-makes great longing

e volh peitz c'a mo guerrer

and I-wish worse than-to my enemy

celui que d'als me somo;

to-him who of-other-things me summons

car lai es mos pensamens

for there is my thinking

e melhs no·m pot solassar,

and better not-me can to-solace

sol que·m lais de leis pensar.

only that-me she-let of her think

Consirers m'en es guirens;

Thinking to-me-of-it is a-warrant

c'anc re tan no·m poc amar,

for-ever anything so-much not-me I-could to-love

pos la vi, ni tener char.

since her I-saw nor to-bold dear

S'era no poia mos chans

5 • SPEECH AND SILENCE

A dialogue about praising her. The poet asks his companion to be his dragoman, and tells him that her speech, her deed, her seeming, her name, her worth, and her splendor will guide him on the road. The companion warns that too much praise only makes him enemies and that silence would serve him better; the poet answers that merely speaking of her brings him a hundred good thoughts, each worth having. If the good king of Navarre approves, he cares little for reproaches.

S'era no poia mos chans,

If-now not rises my song

no sai per que mais s'enans,

not I-know for what more itself-advance

e si no'n val dos aitan

and if not-of-it is-worth two as-much

que far no solia,

than to-do not it-used

ben auras drech lo'm soans. —

well you-will-have right it-to-me scorning

E per que? — No m'o demans;

And for what Not to-me-it ask

qu'eu no t'o diria!

for-I not to-you-it would-say

E si'm seras drogoman? —

And then-to-me will-you-be a-dragoman

A cui? — Leis cui sui comans. —

To whom To-her whom I-am subject

E com entendra tos mans? —

And how will-she-understand your messages

Ja d'aco no't sia;

Ever of-that not-to-you be-it

que'l dichs e'l fachs e'l semblans

for-the speech and-the deed and-the seeming

e'l noms e'l pretz e'l bobans

and-the name and-the worth and-the splendor

t'er guitz en la via.

to-you-will-be a-guide on the way

E tu ja't fas conoissens? —

And you indeed-yourself make knowing

Eu oc. — E donc non entens

I yes And then not you-understand

c'us motz fatz fass' aprendens

that-a word foolish I-make learnable

e ses maestria? —

and without artifice

Si fatz be, mas tot es sens! —

Yes I-do well but all is sense

Per que volh que tota gens

For which I-wish that all folk

li port garentia.

to-her bear warrant

Que·l seus bels cors convinens

For-the her fair person seemly

es assazatz e manens

is filled and rich

de totz bos ensenhamens

with all good breeding

e de cortezia! —

and with courtesy

Ja n'auras tu malvolens,

Indeed of-it-will-have you ill-wishers

car en trop lauzar t'emprens. —

for in too-much praising yourself-you-undertake

E que·m graziria?

And what-to-me would-she-thank

S'eu enemics e guerrers

If-I enemies and foes

no·m fazia volonters?

not-to-myself I-made willingly

C'us enoios fols parlers

For-a tiresome foolish talker

trob' om chascu dia!

finds one every day

Fors qu'eu no sui sobransers,

Except that-I not am overweening

mas, si la·m blasmau' Augers,

but if her-to-me blamed Ogier

eu lo·i combatria.

I him-in-it would-fight

Que·l seus laus es drechurers

For-the her praise is just

e·l noms vers e·l pretz enters,

and-the name true and-the worth whole

e si m'era vis esters,

and if to-me-had seemed otherwise

no·m n'entrametria;

not-myself of-it-I-would-meddle

c'anc fort no fui sovenders

for-ever much not I-was a-purveyor

d'aitals lauzars plazenters

of-such praises flattering

ni non o seria.

and not it I-would-be

E tu, que? — Tanh sos lauzars? —

And you what Befits her praising

Ja m'en forsa sobramars. —

Indeed me-of-it forces over-loving

Mais t'en valria chalars! —

More to-you-of-it would-avail silence

Be·n ditz gran folia;

Well-of-it you-say great folly

que, per Deu, sol lo parlars

for by God only the speaking

m'adutz tals cen bos pensars

to-me-brings such hundred good thoughts

c'us quecs m'en valria. —

that-a each-one to-me-of-it would-avail

E si tos dichs no te chars,
And if your words not she-holds dear
 no t'en volgras esser pars? —
not yourself-of-it would-you-wish to-be apart
 Eu no per re; que'l cudars
I no for anything for-the thinking
 m'aiud' e m'embria,
to-me-helps and to-me-quicken
 so m'es vis, totz mos afars
so to-me-is seen all my affairs
 e valra'n mais mos chantars
and will-be-worth-of-it more my singing
 per aital paria!
for such fellowship

E si'l bos reis dels Navars
And if-the good king of-the Navarrese
 m'o lauza, de mans blasmars
to-me-it praises of many reproaches
 gaire no't daria.
much not-to-you I-would-give

Amars, onrars e charteners

6 · NO HAPPINESS WITHOUT LOVE

Loving, honoring, long entreating, and long hoping should have made him live in honor, had he been fortunate in his lord; but because he will not turn or swerve, Love will not let him be gay. His sense, his silence, and his fear would have brought him love had he sought it elsewhere; the lady who holds him in torment will neither have him love her nor let him leave off. Why, he asks, is living worth less to him than dying? Because joy fails him; he tells her that her worth rises always.

Amars, onrars e charteners,

Loving honoring and holding-dear

umiliars et obezirs,

humbling and obeying

loncs merceiars e loncs grazirs,

long entreating and long thanking

long' atendens' e loncs espers

long waiting and long hoping

me degron far viur' ad onor,

me ought to-make to-live in honor

s'eu fos astrucs de bo senhor;

if-I were fortunate in a-good lord

mas car no·m vir ni no·m biais,

but because not-myself I-turn and not-myself I-swerve

no vol Amors qu'eu sia gais.

not wills Love that-I be gay

Pero mos sens e mos sabers

Yet my sense and my knowing

e mos parlars e mos be-dirs,

and my speaking and my well-speaking

mos esperars e mos sofrirs

my hoping and my enduring

e mos celars e mos temers

and my concealing and my fearing

m'agron totztems onrat d'amor,

me-would-have always honored with-love

s'eu perchasses mo ben alhor;

if-I pursued my good elsewhere

mas cilh que·m ten en greu pantais

but she who-me holds in grievous turmoil

no vol qu'eu l'am ni que m'en lais.

not wills that-I her-love nor that myself-of-it I-leave

E si·lh plagues mos enquerers

And if-to-her pleased my courting

ni mos preiars ni mos servirs,

or my praying or my serving

ja·l trop velhars ni·l paucs dormirs

ever-the much waking or-the little sleeping

ni·lh mal qu'eu trac matis e sers

or-the ills that-I draw mornings and evenings

no·m pogron ja partir de lor;

not-me could ever to-part from them

ans m'agra jois per servidor

rather me-would-have joy as a-servant

e ja no·m fora greus lo fais

and ever not-to-me would-be heavy the burden

ni·l mals c'al cor me brolh' e·m nais.

nor-the ill that-in-the heart to-me sprouts and-to-me is-born

Per qu'eu conosc e sai qu'es vers

Why do-I recognize and know that-it-is true

que viure·m val menhs que morirs?

that living-to-me is-worth less than dying

Pos que·lh sofranh jois e jauzirs

Since that-to-it fails joy and rejoicing

e·m falh amors e sos poders!

and-to-me fails love and its power

Per qu'eu sospir e planh e plor?

Why do-I sigh and lament and weep

Car jois no·m val ni no·m socor;

Because joy not-to-me avails and not-me succors

qu'eu sui aquel c'am melhs e mais

for-I am the-one who-love better and more

e no manei ni tenh ni bais.

and not I-handle nor I-bold nor I-kiss

Era·m combat sobrevolers

Now-me assails over-wanting

e sobramars e loncs dezirs

and over-loving and long desiring

e fa·m chassar sobrenardirs

and makes-me to-chase over-boldness

e foleiars e no-devers

and folly-doing and un-duty

so que no tanh a ma valor,

that which not befits to my merit

e s'eu volh trop per ma folor,

and if-I wish too-much through my folly

mos sens en par alques savais;

my sense of-it seems somewhat base

mas eu remanh fis e verais.

but I remain faithful and true

Car ma semblans' e mos parers

For my seeming and my opinion

e mos cudars e mos albirs

and my thinking and my judging

m'an dich totztems c'altr' enriquirs

to-me-have said always that-other enriching

ni altr' onors ni altr' avers

or other honor or other wealth

no·m podon dar tan de ricor

not-me can to-give so-much of grandeur

com cilh que·m fai viur' ab langor

as she who-me makes to-live in languor

c'on plus languisc e dezengrais,

for-the more I-languish and grow-lean

cut et aten c'a me s'abais.

I-think and I-expect that-to me she-stoop

Domna valens, vostra valor

Lady worthy your merit

e vostre pretz e vostr' onor

and your worth and your honor

poiatz totztems e valetz mais,

rise always and you-are-worth more

per qu'eu vos sui fis e verais.

for which-I to-you am faithful and true

Sol c'Amors me plevis

7 • LOVE, HELP ME

If only Love would pledge to keep faith with him as he keeps it with her, she would still find him on her road; but he will not have a game where a man gives all his years for two or three semblances. He would tell his lady his heart if she allowed it, for where a man cannot speak his heart, all the other show he can make is worth nothing. Asked who promised him good fortune once he spoke, he answers: her face. He prays Love, now fast asleep, to wake for his sake.

Sol c'Amors me plevis

Only that-Love to-me she-pledge

c'aissi co·lh fora fis

that-so as-to-her I-would-be faithful

m'atendes convinens,

to-me-she-keep covenants

enquer me trobera

still me she-would-find

drech en sa charrera;

straight on her road

mas non entenda ges

but not let-her-intend at-all

si, can m'aura repres,

thus when me-she-will-have taken-back

que·m fass' un jorn jauzir

that-me she-make one day rejoice

e pois tot l'an languir,

and then all the-year languish

car no·m sembl' avinens

for not-to-me seems seemly

aitals jocs ni sabens

such a-game nor wise

c'om totz sos ans

that-one all his years

do per dos o tres semblans!

give for two or three seemings

Mas si·m fezes

But if-to-me she-did

segon mo servir merces,

according-to my serving mercy

domna gensor de ric pretz ai chاوزida,

a-lady fairer of rich worth I-have chosen

vas cui aclis fora tota ma vida.

toward whom bowed I-would-be all my life

Mas s'ela m'o sofris

But if-she to-me-it allowed

vas cui serai aclis,

toward whom I-shall-be bowed

s'Amors vol, umilmens,

if-Love wills humbly

d'aitan la preiera

so-much her I-would-pray

que no·m fos trop fera

that not-to-me she-be too fierce

ni ges no·lh desplagues,

and at-all not-to-her it-displease

si mo cor li disses.

if my heart to-her I-told

Car pos c'om no pot dir

For since that-one not can to-say

so cor ni descobrir

his heart nor to-uncover

lai on es sos entens

there where is his purpose

pauzatz, drechs es niens

set rightly is nothing

totz als bobans,

all other pomps

c'om pot far en fols mazans;

that-one can to-make in foolish tumults

don ses defes,

whence without hindrance

pos que mo cor dich l'agues,

once that my heart said to-her-I-bad

tot sai de ver que ma bon' escharida

wholly I-know for truth that my good fortune

en breu de tems vengra senes falhida.

in short of time would-come without fail

S'om m'enquer qui m'o dis,

If-one me-asks who to-me-it said

respon li: 'Sos bels vis.'

I-answer to-him Her fair face

"E com? Es tan plazens?"

And how Is-she so pleasing

‘Oc, e mais enquera;

Yes and more still

tan qu’eu no cudera

so-much that-I not would-have-thought

c’anc mais esser pogues

that-ever more to-be could

quez ilh tan me plagues.’

that she so-much to-me should-please

Qu’eu posc de ver plevir:

For-I can for truth to-pledge

can sos bels olhs remir

when her fair eyes I-behold

amoros e rizens,

loving and laughing

tan sui sobrejazens

so-much I-am overwrought

e dezirans

and desiring

qu’eu mor com fos sos comans

that-I die as I-were her liegeman

e gen apres

and nobly taught

a far tot so que·lh taisses;

to do all that which-to-her befitted

c’aissi com es de totz valers complida,

for-so as she-is of all worths filled

tanh qu’ilh sia de servidor garnida.

it-befits that-she be with a-servant furnished

E pos c'ab so dolz ris

And since that-with her sweet laugh

a mo cor el seu mis,

she-has my heart in-the hers put

per far sos mandamens —

to do her commands

c'altra n'esquivera! —

for-another of-it-I-would-refuse

segrai sa banera.

I-shall-follow her banner

'C'as dich? No saps cals s'es?'

What-have-you said Not you-know who she-is

"Oc eu! D'aisso si'm pres,

Yes I Of-this so-me it-took

nems cudei enardir.

too-much I-thought to-venture

Deus me gart de falhir!

God me keep from sinning

Me trai men, pos si'm vens

Me it-robs sense since so-me overcomes

sa grans beltatz e'l sens

her great beauty and-the sense

e'l cors prezans,

and-the person esteemed

avinens, gen aconhdans?

seemly nobly welcoming

Que non es res

For not there-is anything

c'ostar del cor la·m pogues!"

that-to-remove from-the heart her-from-me could

‘Fai to voler; molt es de te sazida.’

She-does your will much she-is with you taken

“Ai, co·m plai fort, si no·m met en oblida!”

Ah how-to-me it-pleases greatly if not-me she-puts into forgetting

Mas s’a l’emperairis,

But if-to the-empress

que tan gen m’a conquis,

who so nobly me-has conquered

plagues e fos sofrens

it-pleased and she-were patient

d’auzir ma preiera,

to-bear my prayer

enquer l’o dissera,

still to-her-it I-would-say

car sos parlars cortes

for her speaking courteous

en so servir m’ames,

into her service me-brought

qu’ilh degues acolhir

that-she should to-receive

de bo grat mo servir,

with good will my serving

pos sers obediens

since a-servant obedient

li sui ses totz contens

to-ber I-am without any strife

e fis amans

and a-faithful lover

francs, umils e merceians.

noble humble and beseeching

E qu'en di, res

And what-of-it says anyone

vos altres amans no's pes;

you other lovers not-itself let-it-grieve

si ai saubut chاوزir a ma partida

if I-have known to-choose at my share

tal c'anc no fo de be-far adormida!

such-a-one that-ever not was of well-doing asleep

Mas si'l cors convinens,

But if-the person seemly

adrechs, sobreplazens

upright surpassing-pleasing

sofre, membrans

is-patient mindful

be-us dic: Ja, per mil afans

well-to-you I-say Ever for a-thousand pains

que trachs n'agues,

that borne of-them-I-had

non er jois que·m retraisses

not will-be a-joy that-me would-draw-back

d'onrar e de servir, qui que men crida,

from-honoring and from serving whoever that a-lie cries

leis per cui es onors tot' esclarzida?

her through whom is honor wholly brightened

Ad Amor prei, qu'er tan s'es adormida,

To Love I-pray who-now so-much herself-has fallen-asleep

qu'endrech de me per merce, si ressida.

that-in-regard of me for mercy thus she-wake

Aquest terminis

8 · THIS BRIGHT SEASON

The season everyone longs for should be received with joy, and a man whom joy does not please is neither loved nor a lover. A messenger brings him greetings from a love, and after a long sorrow he can make joy again. Her prowess and her sense are so great that pride never passed her teeth; humility keeps her in peace and tells her to speak, and not much. So worthy is she that an emperor would be honored to lie with her. He yields himself to her mercy with a noose about his neck.

Aquest terminis clars e gens,

This season bright and fine

qu'es tan deziratz e volgut,

which-is so desired and wished

deu esser ab joi receubutz

must to-be with joy received

e chascus en sia jauzens,

and each of-it be glad

car ven estat

for comes summer

ab sas clartatz!

with its brightnesses

A cui no platz

To whom not it-pleases

jois ni solatz,

joy nor cheer

non es amat

not is loved

ni amaire.

nor a-lover

A me melhura mos talens

In me improves my spirit

pel joi, car issem a la lutz.

through-the joy for we-come-out to the light

Que totz lo deportz e·l desdutz

For all the sport and-the pastime

conve qu'esta sazo comens.

it-behooves that-this season begin

Pos vei los pratz

Since I-see the meadows

e·ls bois folhatz,

and-the woods leafed

eu volh sapchatz

I wish you-know

per amistatz

through affection

sui envezatz

I-am gladdened

e chantaire.

and a-singer

Mo cor es plus gais e salhens,

My heart is more gay and leaping

car m'es us messatgers vengutz

for to-me-is a messenger come

que·m retrai d'un' amor salutz,

who-to-me reports from-a love greetings

don me ve jois e jauzimens.

whence to-me comes joy and gladness

Si·m sui estatz

If-myself I-have been

lonc tems iratz,

long time sorrowful

dezacordatz,

discordant

d'amor sebratz,

from-love sundered

er posc assatz

now I-can enough

de joi faire.

of joy make

Molt es grans la proez' e·l sens

Very is great the prowess and-the sense

qu'el' a; tan bos sabers adutz

that-she has so-much good knowledge brings

c'anc no fo per leis mentagutz

that-ever not was by her uttered

orgolhs ni no·lh passet las dens;

pride and not-to-her passed the teeth

c'umilitatz,

for-humility

don es chargatz

wherewith is laden

sos cors preatz,

her person prized

la ten en patz

her holds in peace

e·lh ditz: Parlatz

and-to-her says Speak

e — no gaire!

and not much

Sobre totz bos ensenhamens,

Above all good breeding

aitan fort es sos pretz cregutz,

so much is her worth grown

es lo seus per melhor tengutz

is the hers for better beld

ni ja no l'en er fachs contens;

and ever not to-her-of-it will-be made dispute

ans a poiatz

rather she-has climbed

los aussors gratz

the highest steps

c'als plus senatz

so-that-to-the most wise

es, so sapchatz,

is that you-know

greus la meitatz

hard the half

a retraire.

to tell

Tan es rich' e pros e valens

So is noble and brave and worthy

cela de cui eu sui rendutz,

she to whom I am given

per qu'eu no dei esser crezutz

for which-I not ought to-be believed

c'Amors me des tans d'ardimens

that-Love to-me gave so-much of-boldness

que si fors' atz!

whom so forces need

De leis privatz,

Of her intimate

vos diriatz

you would-say

so, s'ab leis jatz,

that if-with her be-lies

qu'i for' onratz

that-in-it would-be honored

l'emperaire!

the-emperor

Domna, mos pens e mos entens

Lady my thinking and my purpose

e totz mos respechs e mos cutz

and all my expectation and my thoughts

es en vostra merce chazutz

is into your mercy fallen

e prenda-us de me chاوزimens;

and let-take-you of me clemency

qu'eu·m sui d'un latz

for-I-myself am with-a noose

pel col lassatz

by-the neck bound

a vos donatz

to you given

et autreiatz,

and granted

car tan eratz

for so-much you-were

de bon aire.

of good nature

Domna, volhatz

Lady may-you-wish

que mos pensatz

that my thought

sia vertatz

be truth

e, s'a vos platz

and if-to you it-pleases

ma voluntatz,

my will

me n'esclaire

me of-it-enlighten

domna, si·us platz,

lady if-to-you it-pleases

merce n'aiatz

mercy of-it-have

e no·m fassatz

and not-me make

lonc mal traire!

long ill to-bear

Alegrar me volgr' en chantan

9 · I WOULD GLADDEN MYSELF IN SINGING

He would gladden himself in singing if his Fair-Lord helped him a little; more than a year ago he was asked to sing, and it would have been fitting to try. He wants the heart to agree with the song, and holds that a lady who suffers a man's songs in peace earns a rich reward. He goes alone and seeks no counsel of friends or lords, fearing that place and hour will steal a perilous word; yet he asks why he calls private counsel valuable, since one companion in three will do you harm.

Alegrar me volgr' en chantan

To-gladden myself I-should-wish in singing

e chantar, per que m'alegres,

and to-sing so that myself-I-gladdened

e si d'un sol pauc m'aiudes

and if with-one only little to-me-helped

mos Bels-Senher, ai be talan

my Fair-Lord I-have well desire

que ja per nauza ni per dan,

that ever through vexation or through harm

que·m cregues, no·m desconortes;

that-to-me grew not-myself I-should-lose-heart

qu'esters no·m fera fruchs ni flors

for-otherwise not-to-me would-make fruits nor flowers

ni gens pascors

nor fair springtime

joi ni solatz.

joy nor cheer

Mas valha·m chاوزimens, si·lh platz

But let-avail-to-me clemency if-to-her it-pleases

que m'aiut bona sospeissos,

that to-me-help good hope

en un vers far que sia bos!

in a vers to-make that is good

E pero ben a mais d'un an

And yet well there-is more than-a year

c'om me preiava qu'eu chantes,

that-one me begged that-I should-sing

e fora bo que·m n'esforses,

and it-would-be good that-myself of-it-I-strove

si·m pogues païar del mazan;

if-myself I-could to-pay for-the din

mas volh que·l cor s'acort al chan

but I-wish that-the heart itself-accord with-the song

e que la bocha rend' apres

and that the mouth render after

dels bels dichs e dels fachs maiors

for-the fair sayings and for-the deeds greater

gratz e lauzors.

thanks and praises

Car si chantatz

For if you-sing

de tal que-us plass' e-us sofr' en patz

of such-a-one that-to-you pleases and-you suffers in peace

vostres precz ni vostras chansos,

your prayers and your songs

trop l'en eschai rics gazardos.

much to-her-of-it falls a-rich reward

E sera·lh pretz, a mo semblan,

And it-will-be-to-her worth to my seeming

si vostre chans melhur' ades!

if your song betters always

E s'eu ja vis que melhures

And if-I ever saw that bettered

lo meus, com for' a so coman

the mine how I-would-be at her command

totztems mais, e si ja d'afan

always more and if ever of-pain

que n'agues trach me corelhes,

that of-it-I-had drawn myself I-complained

totztems me defendes Amors

always me would-bar Love

de sas onors,

from her honors

e fos mostratz

and I-were shown

com om fols e desmezuratz,

as a-man foolish and immoderate

de joi dezamparatz e blos,
of joy forsaken and bare
 a cui no tanh' onors ni pros!
to whom not befits honor nor profit

Deus, com? M'er anatz regaran,
God how To-me-will-be gone gazing

si ja vira, qui m'agrada?
if ever she-turns who to-me-pleased

E no ges, per so qu'eu cudes
And not at-all for that that-I thought

que nulha res m'abelis tan!
that any thing to-me-pleases so-much

Pro m'ave melhs que no deman. —
Much to-me-comes better than — I-ask

E com? no m'o diras? — Fols es!
And how not to-me-it will-you-say Fool you-are

Ja saps tu d'aquests amadors
Indeed know you of-these lovers

leus parladors
light talkers

que lor foldatz,
that their folly

can lor afars s'es aviatz,
when their affair itself-has set-out

lor tol plazers e dichs e dos
from-them takes pleasures and words and gifts

e·ls mena trists e consiros.
and-them leads sad and anxious

Per qu'eu que no m'agrat d'enjan,

For which-I who not myself-please in-deceit

no volgra c'altre m'ensenhes

not would-wish that-another to-me-taught

so que mo joi m'i destorbes;

that which my joy to-me-there disturbed

ans agr' ops que·m pares enan.

rather there-would-be need that-me it-put forward

E per so·m vauc sols alegran

And for that-myself I-go alone gladdening

e consir cossi no trobes

and I-consider how not I-should-find

conselh d'amics o de senhors

counsel of-friends or of lords

ni·m fos acors

nor-to-me were succor

sobretaratz,

over-delayed

e lonh me de mos plus privat,

and I-keep-away myself from my most intimate

tan dopti que locs e sazoz

so-much I-fear that place and season

m'embles cal que mot perilhos.

from-me-might-steal some or-other word perilous

E no ges per so qu'eu soan

And not at-all for that that-I scorn

lor solatz e molt no prezes,

their cheer and much not I-prized

s'auzes dire, que demandes

if-I-dared to-say that I-asked

a cels que venon ni que van,

of those who come and who go

tals novas en c'anes mesclan

such news wherein that-I-went mingling

so que chascus no m'entendes;

that which each-one not me-understood

que per us prims entendadors

for because-of some foremost suitors

me tol paors

from-me takes fear

e frevoltatz,

and faintness

car no cut esser ben amatz,

for not I-think to-be well loved

mans gaps, mans dichs, mans fachs ginhos,

many boasts many words many deeds cunning

per qu'eu fora bautz e joios.

for which-I would-be bold and joyful

Er diran tuch qu'eu dis ogan

Now will-say all that-I said this-year

c'a tot ome que ben ames

that-to every man who well loved

agr' ops c'un bon amic trobes

there-would-be need that-a good friend he-found

tal en que no s'anes doptan;

such in whom not himself-be-went doubting

quez us no sap de que ni can

for one not knows of what nor when

li er ops c'om lo conselhes.

to-him will-be need that-one him counsel

Per qu'eu dic c'als fis preiadors

Why do-I say that-to-the true suitors

es valedors

is helpful

conselhs privat?

counsel private

Car greu er, si no·us engardatz

For hard it-will-be if not-yourselves you-guard

que l'us de totz tres companhos

that the-one of all three companions

no·us sia mals et enoios.

not-to-you be bad and troublesome

Chascus se gart si, com eu fatz,

Each-one himself guard thus as I do

senher Sobre-Totz, que neis vos

lord Above-All for even you

no sabetz cals s'es ma razos!

not know what it-is my matter

Be leu man lai part los glotos

Quite likely I-send there beyond the gluttons

o sai o lai o sus o jos.

either here or there or up or down

Si·m plagues tan chans

10 · ALWAYS DISCREET

Song no longer pleases him as it once did: a rein holds him back, for singing loses him his days, since everyone shuns what brings worth, and where love and worth lose their heritage, joy and cheer dwindle. Still he follows her commands, takes ill with good, and watches where he laments and to whom. Excess of desire masters true lovers; a man is not false who hides his passion well, and the false lover conceals neither his lady nor himself, ruining himself when he makes another privy.

Si·m plagues tan chans

If-to-me pleased so-much song

com sol, derenans

as it-used henceforth

chantera, mas fre

I-would-sing but a-rein

a·i que m'en rete;

there-is that me-from-it holds

c'ar chans no m'es sals,

for-now song not to-me-is safe

ans pert mos jornals

rather I-lose my days

chantan, car quecs fui

singing for each-one flees

so que pretz adui

that which worth brings

e merma joi et avinen solatz

and it-lessens joy and seemly cheer

on pert amors e pretz sas eretatz.

where lose love and worth their heritages

Mas eu sec sos mans,

But I follow her commands

sia·m pros o dans,

be-it-to-me profit or harm

e n'ai mal e be

and of-it-I-have ill and good

e s'a·i dir de que

and if-there-is to-say of what

sui amics ni cals

I-am a-friend and whose

e can planh mos mals,

and when I-lament my ills

gart on ni a cui,

I-watch where and to whom

tan tem lo fol brui,

so-much I-fear the foolish noise

e, can respon, gart que dic; car foldatz

and when I-answer I-watch what I-say for folly

es dicha leu, per qu'eu respon membratz.

is said lightly for which-I answer mindful

Mas sobretalans

But over-desire

forsa·ls ben-amans

masters-the true-lovers

c'a penas s'en te

so-that-with difficulty himself-from-it holds

negus, per qu'eu cre

any for which-I believe

n'escha dans mortals.

of-it-comes harm mortal

E doncs non es fals,

And then not is false

qui met son esdui

who puts his ardor

en trop gran refui;

into too great concealment

pauc preza se e cilh a cui s'es datz,

little he-prizes himself and her to whom himself-be-has given

s'a descobert en ditz sas volontatz.

if openly of-it he-tells his desires

Qui demand' a mans

Whoever asks of many

dels cobes amans

of-the greedy lovers

s'an domna, desse

if-they-have a-lady at-once

diran: 'No, qu'ilh me!'

they-will-say No for-she (has)-me

Mas eu no sui tals,

But I not am such

ans dic que leials

rather I-say that a-loyal

amics sui de lui

friend I-am of her

et em par amdui;

and we-are equal both

car quecs a so c'a dos tanh ab tan patz

for each has that which-to two belongs with such an-accord

que·lh bocha ditz per c'om es encolpatz.

that-the mouth says for what-one is blamed

Cel es drutz truans

He is a-lover false

que non es celans

who not is concealing

sa domna ni se,

his lady nor himself

car sobr' altra re

for above other thing

deu gardar, sivals

he-must to-watch at-least

s'es amics corals,

if-he-is a-friend hearty

no·n gap ab altrui;

not-of-it he-boast with another

car se eis destrui,

for himself even destroys

s'az altra part n'es del conselh privat;

if-to another side of-it-he-is of-the counsel intimate

car ja non er per los altres celatz.

for ever not it-will-be by the others concealed

Nulha res

11 • HOPE AND CONSTANCY

Nothing is lacking to his singing, and his war-cry is "Sure." A song should not slacken when it springs from joy: where two true friends meet in one will, each must keep the balance from tipping his way. Having taken trouble in many places, he shuts out harm with good hope. He asks nothing of her but leave to enlarge his happiness by imagining it, and swears she will take no harm from true loving, asking only that she strike him with a fair look.

Nulha res a chantar no·m falh,
Any thing for singing not-to-me fails
per que deu pro mos chans valer;
for which must much my song to-be-worth
qu'er ai be razon e lezer
for-now I-have well matter and leisure
e loc e sazo de que chan,
and place and season of what I-sing
e mais d'aitan
and more by-so-much
me creis ma benanansa
to-me grows my well-being
qu'en bona cud' ai mon esper,
for-in a-good thought I-have my hope
que·m tol temer
which-me takes fearing
e·m fai joi jauzir e solatz,
and-me makes joy to-enjoy and cheer

e vei assatz

and I-see enough

c'obs m'es que mos chans se melhur,

that-need to-me-is that my song itself better

pos en ma senha crit 'Segur'.

since in my war-cry I-shout Sure

Car non es drechs que chans nualh,

For not is-it right that a-song slacken

can de joi mou ni de plazer;

when from joy it-springs and from pleasure

car si s'encontron d'un voler

for if themselves-meet of-one will

dui fin amic e d'un talan

two true friends and of-one desire

que vas engan

so-that toward deceit

no penda la balansa,

not lean the balance

chascus se deu contratener

each-one himself must to-bold-in-check

c'a so poder

so-that-with his power

no's volva ni's vir al seu latz!

not-herself turn nor-herself veer to-the his side

C'amics amatz

For-a-friend loved

s'a cor que menta ni-s perjur,

if-be-has heart to lie and-himself forswear

el' es on bran a mal aür.

she is where she-wavers to ill omen

Qu'eu c'ai pres en man loc trebalh,

For-I who-have taken in many a-place trouble

de man mol lech man dur jazer,

from many soft bed many hard lying

lais ab alques de bo saber

I-leave with somewhat of good knowledge

ma rancur' e·m vauc adesman

my grievance and-myself I-go reckoning

que contral dan

so-that against-the harm

clau ab bon' esperansa

I-close with good hope

tal fors' on poscha remaner.

such a-fort where I-can to-remain

E si·m dis ver

And if-to-me said true

mos senher, pro sui be fermatz:

my lord enough I-am well settled

ges no·m men' atz,

at-all not-me leads advantage

mas, de cui que·m clam ni·m rancur,

but of whom that-myself I-complain and-myself grieve

ab leis me remanh e m'atur.

with her myself I-remain and myself-I-stay

E merces, quez ab leis no valh!

And mercy for with her not I-avail

Res fors Deus no·m pot pro tener

Anything except God not-me can much to-bold

de peiurar ni de chazer

from worsening nor from falling

e, pos eu ren als no·lh deman

and since I anything else not-of-her I-ask

mas qu'en cudan

but that-in thinking

m'alarc ma benestansa,

myself-I-widen my well-being

membre·lh com m'afizet un ser

let-remember-her how to-me-she-pledged one evening

al seu maner

at her dwelling

so don me sui pois conortatz

that whereby myself I-have since comforted

e, s'aisi·lh platz,

and if-so-to-her it-pleases

per l'amistat que·lh tenh li jur

by the-love that-to-her I-bear to-her I-swear

que de ben-amar no peiur!

that from true-loving not she-worsen

E s'eu ges per s'amor trassalh,

And if-I at-all through her-love overstep

que'l trop no'n poscha sostener,

that-the excess not-of-it I-can to-bear

ni·lh m'enquer cal que no-dever,

nor-to-her I-ask-of-myself some or-other impropriety

franha·l fol orgolh mercean;

let-break-the mad pride mercifully

que benestan

for seemly

l'er, si·m creis ni m'enansa.

to-her-it-will-be if-me she-increases and me-advances

Qu'eu ai be vezut eschazer

For-I have well seen befall

c'a l'estober

that-at the-need

val vil tengutz e mesprezatz;

is-worth cheap one-held and despised

qu'estanhs folhatz

for-tin foiled

es mes soven sutz bon azur

is put often under good azure

per que melhs tenh' e que mais dur.

so that better it-hold and that longer it-last

E si·m mes en son assenalh

And if-me she-put into her mark

e de so trach no·m posc mover,

and from her shot not-myself I-can to-move

no·m lais de l'altrui colp doler,

not-me let-her-leave at the-other's blow to-grieve

mas fera·m ab un bel semblan!

but let-her-strike-me with a fair seeming

Qu'eu no·lh coman

For-I not-to-her entrust

fach, don ai' afiansa

a-deed whereof she-has assurance

d'altr' amistat. Mas del vezer

of-other love But of-the seeing

can n'ac lezer

when of-it-she-had leisure

l'adrechs cors e ben ensenhatz,

the-upright person and well bred

no·m fo privat,

not-to-me was intimate

ans, can poc far de clar escur,

rather when she-could to-make of clear dark

me fetz barrera d'un prim mur.

to-me she-made a-barrier of-a thin wall

E fora m'en desconortatz,

And I-would-be myself-of-it disheartened

tristz e forsatz

sad and constrained

sobre totz; mas tan bon aür

above all but so-much good omen

n'agui, per qu'eu sofer e dur.

of-it-I-had for which-I endure and hold-out

E mos Folha te per tafur

And my Folha holds for a-rogue

celui que no·n cre bon aür.

him who not-of-it believes good omen

Can lo glatz

12 • THE POWER OF LOVE

When the ice and the snow go and he hears the birds' trills, the sweet season at the end of March pleases him so much that he bounds more nimbly than a leopard. Her ring is his great help: on it he soothes his griefs and fears neither lance nor steel; through over-loving he is more adrift than a ship among the waves. As a battered castle begs mercy, so he begs hers; as a lamb against a bear, so without her merit he is frail. He prays Love to stand warrant for him.

Can lo glatz e·l frechs e la neus

When the ice and-the cold and the snow

s'en vai e torna la chalors

itself-away goes and returns the warmth

e reverdezis lo pascors

and grows-green-again the spring

et auch las voltas dels auzeus,

and I-hear the trills of-the birds

m'es aitan beus

to-me-is so fair

lo dolz tems a l'issen de martz

the sweet season at the-going-out of March

que plus sui salhens que leupartz

that more I-am leaping than a-leopard

e vils non es chabrols ni cers.

and friskier than is roebuck or stag

Si la bela cui sui profers

If the fair-one to-whom I-am offered

me vol onrar

me wills to-honor

d'aitan que'm denhe sofertar

so-much that-me she-deign to-suffer

qu'eu sia sos fis entendens,

that-I be her true suitor

sobre totz sui rics e manens.

above all I-am rich and wealthy

Tan es sos cors gais et isneus

So is her person gay and nimble

e complitz de belas colors

and filled with fair colors

c'anc de rozeus no nasquet flors

that-ever from rose-bushes not was-born a-flower

plus frescha ni d'altres brondeus,

more fresh nor from-other branches

ni anc Bordeus

nor ever Bordeaux

non ac senhor fos plus galhartz

not had a-lord who-was more gallant

de me, si n'era coltz ni partz

than me if of-it-I-were received and admitted

tan que fos sos dominis sers,

so-much that I-were her lordly serf

e fos apelatz de Bezers,

and I-were called of Béziers

can ja parlar

when ever to-speak

m'auzirí' om de nulh celar

me-would-bear one of any secret

qu'ela·m dissés, celadamens,

that-she-to-me told secretly

don s'aïres lo seus cors gens!

whereat would-be-angered the her person noble

Bona domna, lo vostr' aneus

Good lady the your ring

que·m donetz, me fai gran socors;

that-to-me you-gave to-me makes great succor

qu'en lui refranhi mas dolors,

for-in it I-soothe my griefs

e can lo remir, sui plus leus

and when it I-behold I-am more light

c'us estorneus

than-a starling

e sui per vos aissi auzartz

and I-am through you so daring

que no tem que lansa ni dartz

that not I-fear that lance nor dart

me tenha dan n'acers ni fers.

to-me do harm nor-steel nor iron

E d'altra part sui plus despers

And on-otber side I-am more lost

per sobramar

through over-loving

que naus, can vai torban per mar

than a-ship when it-goes tossing on sea

destrecha d'ondas e de vens;

beset by-waves and by winds

tan m'abelis lo pensamens.

so-much to-me-pleases the thought

Domna, aissi com us chasteus

Lady just as a castle

qu'es assetjatz per fortz senhors,

which-is besieged by strong lords

can la peirer' abat las tors

when the stone-thrower beats-down the towers

e·ls chalabres e·ls manganeus

and-the catapults and-the mangonels

et es tan greus

and is so grievous

la guerra devas totas partz

the war from all sides

que no lor te pro genhs ni artz

that not to-them holds profit cunning nor art

e·l dols e·l critz es aitan fers

and-the grief and-the cry is so fierce

de cels dedins quez an grans gers,

of those within who have great fear

sembla·us ni·us par

it-seems-to-you and-to-you appears

que lor ai' obs merce clamar,

that to-them there-is need mercy to-cry

aissi·us clam merce umilmens,

so-to-you I-cry mercy humbly

bona domna pros e valens.

good lady brave and worthy

Domna, aissi com us anheus

Lady just as a lamb

non a forsa contr' ad un ors,

not has strength against to a bear

sui eu, si la vostra valors

am I if the your merit

no·m val, plus frevols c'us rauzeus,

not-to-me avails more frail than-a reed

et er plus breus

and will-be more brief

ma vida; que de cartel chartz,

my life for by a-quarter of-a-quarter

s'oïmais me pren negus destartz,

if-henceforth me takes any delay

que no·m fassatz drech de l'envers.

that not-to-me you-do right of the-wrong

E tu, fin' Amors, que·m sofers,

And you true Love who-me sustain

que deus garar

who must to-guard

los fis amans de foleiar,

the true lovers from folly

sias me chabdeus e guirens

be to-me a-leader and a-warrant

a ma domna, pos aissi·m vens!

with my lady since so-me you-conquer

Si ja d'Amor

13 · IF EVER FROM LOVE

If he could ever win praise or reward from Love, she has not used him so ill that he would not serve her still; and no heart could think nor mouth tell the joys he would have if she heard his prayers. He has given his own heart away for hers, and will serve strangers and intimates alike, foolish and wise, gay and pensive by turns. Is there an emperor in the world, he asks, worth half of him? Against her no kingdom would be anything but poverty, and with her he would be emperor.

Si ja d'Amor

If ever from-Love

pogues aver lauzor

I-could to-have praise

ni gazardo ni grat,

or reward or thanks

no m'a tan malmenat

not me-has so ill-used

qu'enquera no·lh servis.

that-still not-to-her I-would-serve

E si mos precs auzis,

And if my prayers she-heard

no pot pensar cor ni bocha retraire

not can to-think heart nor mouth to-tell

los gauchs e·ls bes c'auri' adonc! Diatz,

the joys and-the goods that-I-would-have then Say

pos de l'auzir seria tan paiatz,

since from the-hearing I-should-be so satisfied

de so befach que·us seria veiaire?

of that kindness what-to-you would-be seeming

E si·m socor

And if-me succors

vostre cors cui onor

your person whom I-honor

tan que·l meu n'ai donat,

so-much that-the mine of-it-I-have given

aissi com per orat

just as by wish

m'auretz, so vos pleviz,

me-you-will-have that to-you I-pledge

c'anc mais d'altr' om no vis

that-ever more from-other man not one-saw

tan grans esfortz, de negu nat de maire!

so great efforts from any born of mother

Qu'eu servirai los estranhs e·ls privatz

For-I shall-serve the strangers and-the intimates

e serai fols et ad oras senatz

and I-shall-be foolish and at times wise

ad oras gais et ad oras pensaire.

at times gay and at times pensive

E ja temor

And ever fear

no n'aiatz qu'eu alhor

not of-it-have that-I elsewhere

mais vir ma volontat;

again turn my will

que tot aurai trobat

for all I-shall-have found

so que totztems ai quis

that which always I-have sought

e serai vos tan fis

and I-shall-be to-you so faithful

que·ls enemics ponharai en desfaire

that-the enemies I-shall-strive to undo

et als amics serai dolz e privat;

and to-the friends I-shall-be sweet and intimate

aital m'auran, si vos m'o comandatz,

such me-will-have if you to-me-it command

li mal ab mal e·lh bon ab ben a faire.

the bad with bad and-the good with good to do

A de ricor

Is-there of grandeur

el mon emperador

in-the world an-emperor

que valgues la meitat?

who were-worth the half

Non! a-i pauc galiat!

No there-has-been little deceiving

Qu'el mon non a faitis

For-in-the world not there-is a-shapely

cors que melhs m'abelis.

person that better to-me-pleases

Ai! francha res, corteza de bon aire!

Ab noble creature courteous of good breeding

El mon non es emperis ni renhatz

In-the world not is-there an-empire nor kingdom

que contra vos no·m fos grans paubretatz,

that against you not-to-me were great poverty

et ab sol vos seria emperaire!

and with only you I-should-be an-emperor

A be chantar

14 • LOVE AND JUSTICE

Good singing wants love, occasion, welcome, and season; the occasion gives him joy, yet the season of new grass helps his singing less than the prayer and welcome of lords. For love's sake song was once welcomed and worth prized, and hope alone taught men to strive. He is done with chiding, since spurring gains him no joy, and too much thinking is folly, not knowledge. Mercy befits those who ask it, frankness noble lovers, and harshness toward the proud; whoever knows cloth errs if he buys the worse.

A be chantar

To well sing

conven amars

belongs loving

e locs e grazirs e sazos;

and occasion and welcome and season

mas, s'eu agues dels catre·ls dos,

but if-I had of-the four-the two

no cut ja·ls altres esperes.

not I-think ever-the others I-should-await

Que·l locs me dona joi ades

For-the occasion to-me gives joy always

e la sazos, despu'eu sui gais,

and the season once-that-I am gay

que ges lo tems, can l'erba nais,

so-that at-all the season when the-grass is-born

si be se gensa folh' e flors,

though well itself adorns leaf and flower

tan no m'aiud en mo cantar

so-much not to-me-helps in my singing

com precs e grazirs de senhors.

as prayer and welcome of lords

E per amar

And through loving

fo ja chantars

was once singing

grazitx e pretz prezatx pels pros

welcomed and worth prized by-the worthy

e fo que sola sospeissos,

and it-happened that alone hope

ses altre plus c'om i cudes,

without other more that-one there thought

ensenhava com s'enances

taught how one-should-advance

vas totz sos benestars d'eslais

toward all his seemlinesses at-a-dash

e, que's mezes en mans assais,

and that-oneself one-put into many trials

com li cregues pretz e valors

how to-him grew worth and merit

e que's chausis de meschabar

and that-oneself one-guarded from failing

e·lh fos vils senhorils onors.

and-to-him were a-slight lordly honor

Era no par

Now not seems

que chastiar

that chastening

me valgues ni clams ni tensos?

to-me could-avail nor complaints nor quarrels

Pero no cre c'anc Amors fos

Yet not I-believe that-ever Love was

plus fina, s'amadors trobes;

more true if-lovers she-found

que qui per drech la razones,

for who by right her arraigned

ades se melhur' e val mais?

at-once herself she-betters and avails more

C'aissi com par fin' als verais,

For-just as she-seems true to-the truthful

sembla trefan' als trichadors

she-seems false to-the deceivers

e lor engan fa'l nom chamjar;

and their deceit makes-the name change

que, pos falh, non es fin' Amors.

for since she-errs not is-she true Love

De chastiar

From chastening

me sui tan pars;

myself I-am so parted

que pro vetz n'estauc consiros,

that many times of-it-I-stand anxious

car vei c'ab ponher d'esperos

for I-see that-with pricking of-spur

no posc tan far que joi cobres.

not I-can so-much to-do that joy I-might-recover

Pero, si sos dichs averes

Yêt if his words made-true

mos Bels-Senher, l'ir' e l'esmais

my Fair-Lord the-grief and the-dismay

qu'eu n'ai sofert, me fora jais

that-I through-him-have suffered to-me would-be joy

e fors' e valors e socors

and strength and merit and succor

e deuria s'en plus cochar,

and he-ought himself-of-it more to-hasten

c'al no deman ni'n volh d'alhors.

for-other-thing not I-ask nor-of-it I-wish from-elsewhere

E s'eu d'afar

And if-I of-a-matter

li fos avars

to-him were sparing

don m'agues mandat ni somos,

whereof me-he-had bidden or summoned

assatz l'aportera razos

enough to-him-would-bring reason

que ja convens no m'atendes;

that ever a-covenant not to-me-he-kept

mas s'eu li sui verais, penses
but if-I to-him am true let-him-think
 si·s tanh que·s volva ni·s biais!
if-it befits that-himself be-turn and-himself swerve
 Que la bona speransa·m pais
For the good hope-me feeds
 e m'acompanh' ab chantadors
and me-accompanies with singers
 e m'a dat solatz en trobar,
and to-me-has given cheer in composing
 don m'era toltz, cobrar de cors.
whereof myself-I-was withdrawn to-recover at once

E ges d'avar
And at-all of-a-miser
 no·m par afars,
not-to-me seems the-matter
 desde que trebalhs ni messios
since toil nor expense
 no·m tol qu'eu no sia joios;
not-me binders that-I not be joyful

c'anc no·m parec que ben anes

because-ever not-to-me appeared that well went

celui cui jois non agrades

to-him whom joy not pleased

c'anc sens ni poders que joi bais

so-that-ever sense nor power that joy lowers

no m'agradet ni no m'atrais

not to-me-pleased and not me-drew

cobeitatz n'irada ricors.

covetousness nor-angry grandeur

E qui que s'apel trop pensar

And whoever that calls too-much thinking

saber, eu dic c'ans es folors.

knowledge I say that-rather it-is folly

A mercear

To mercy-asking

tanh mercears

belongs mercy-showing

e franquez' als francs amoros

and frankness to-the noble loving

e contr' als sobrrers orgolhos

and against to-the overweening proud

orgolhs e mals, que, si·s gardes

pride and harshness for if-herself she-guarded

domn' al traspas, ans que·l passes,

a-lady at-the crossing before that-it she-crossed

ja vils ni sobriers ni savais

ever a-vile or overweening or base

no·lh plagra; car no·lh tanh s'apais

not-to-her would-please for not-to-her befits she-be-at-ease

en tal obra don dezonors

in such work whence dishonor

li remazes, s'a razonar

to-her remained if-to arraign

la n'aven, entrels amadors.

her of-it-befalls among-the lovers

Senher Sobre-Totz, de colors

Lord Above-All of colors

son li drap, e qui·ls sap triar,

are the cloths and who-them knows to-choose

falh, si compra los sordeiors.

errs if he-buys the worse

Amors, e si·m clam de vos

15 · A RETRACTION

He complains to Love: it will be no honor to her to abandon a man she took into her keeping. A grief that overtakes him turns his rein toward the lady, though it does not please her that a man who pleases her should be her vassal. His suspicion that she had far better suitors was folly, and he changed his mind too fast: do not say she withdraws from him, for it is he who withdraws her. Fear takes his breath; now, in Provence, he goes torn between grief and peace.

Amors,

Love

e si·m clam de vos,

and if-myself I-complain of you

sera·us onors?

will-it-be-to-you honor

No, per ma fe,

No by my faith

car no·s conve,

for not-itself it-befits

desqu'en vostra mantenensa

since-in your keeping

m'aviatz,

you-had-me

qu'era·m gecatz,

that-now-me you-abandon

ans pensatz

rather you-plan

com cela·m volha

how she-me loves

cui eu volh!

whom I love

S'acors

If-succor

no·m fai, ve·us me jos;

not-to-me she-gives bebold-you me down

c'una dolors,

for-a grief

que·m sobreve,

which-me overtakes

me vira·l fre

to-me turns-the rein

vas leis, si noca l'agensa

toward her though never it-pleases-to-her

c'om que·lh platz

that-a-man who-to-her pleases

sia chazatz.

be enfeoffed

N'ai? Si·m fatz:

Of-it-have-I Yes-myself I-do

can que m'acolha,

however-much that to-myself-I-gather

pro m'acolh.

enough to-myself-I-gather

Folors

Folly

fo ma sospeissos

was my suspicion

c'a trop melhors.

that-she-has far better

No sofre re

Not she-suffers anything

cudar de se;

to-think about her

be fatz doncs fol' atendensa?

well I-make then foolish expectation

Trop viatz

Too swiftly

me sui chamjatz;

myself I-have changed

no·n diatz

not-of-it say

qu'ela·s me tolha,

that-she-berself from-me takes

qu'eu la·m tolh.

for-I her-from-me take

Pluzors

Many

vetz sui consiros

times I-am anxious

e·m pren paors

and-me takes fear

qu'en pert l'ale,

that-of-it I-lose the-breath

can me sove

when to-me it-comes-to-mind

c'a me falh e me comensa

that-to me she-fails and in-me begins

frevoltatz,

faintness

que·m tolh solatz.

which-me takes cheer

Grans pechatz

Great fault

er qu'eu me dolha,

it-will-be that-I myself grieve

s'eu m'en dolh.

if-I myself-of-it grieve

E sors

And arose

anc res que jois fos

ever anything that joy was

leu ni de cors?

lightly and at once

Egal ab me,

Equal with me

qu'era·m n'ave,

for-now-to-me of-it-comes

en esmai etz en parvensa,

in dismay you-are in seeming

c'oblidatz

that-forgotten

m'er soans fatz!

to-me-will-be scorn foolish

N'er intratz,

Of-it-will-be entered

ans que·l rams folha

before that-the branch leaf

port e·s folh?

bears and-itself leafs

Era, can sui en Proensa,

Now when I-am in Provence

vau mesclatz

I-go mingled

entr' ir' e patz

between grief and peace

e sapchatz

and know-you

del joi qu'i brolha

of-the joy that-there sprouts

quez eu brolh!

that I sprout

Si·l cor no·m ministr' a drech

16 • THE POET'S WAGE

If his heart will not serve him, only necessity will bend it to a subtle song. He once composed so that men could hardly follow him. If he stops singing for the cold, what will defend him from the ill-bred? He will not have flower or orchard or birdsong when he comes back from Spain unless help reaches him. He hopes for no profit from a lady who cannot stoop to him, and is content if she lets him call her his in his songs.

Si·l cor no·m ministr' a drech

If-the heart not-to-me serves at right

e mal so grat no l'afranh

and against its will not it-I-bend

en un chantaret sotil,

into a little-song subtle

no m'es vis qu'era s'afranha,

not to-me-is seen that-now itself-it-bend

si no m'esfors' atz,

if not me-strengthens need

en aitals motz peceiatz.

into such words broken

Ja fo que·m n'entremetia

Once it-was that-myself of-it-I-busied

plus qu'era no fatz,

more than-now — I-do

car melhs me lezia,

for better to-me it-was-allowed

c'a penas om conoissia

so-that-with difficulty one understood

mos leugers dichs enversatz

my light sayings rhymed

sotils e menutz soudatz.

subtle and finely welded

E si·l chantar lais per frech,

And if-the singing I-leave for cold

don manta gens se complanh,

whereof many folk themselves complain

ni n'ai mo conort plus vil,

and of-it-I-have my comfort more mean

ben estara que·m sofranha,

well will-it-be that-to-me fails

can venra l'estatz,

when will-come the-summer

jois e deportz e solatz?

joy and sport and cheer

E pos d'avol companhia

And since from-worthless company

no·m tenh per paiatz,

not-myself I-hold for paid

si chantar gurgia,

if singing I-abandoned

diatz ab que·m defendria

say with what-myself I-should-defend

dels avols mal ensenhatz,

from-the worthless ill bred

que·m fan peitz que neus ni glatz!

who-to-me do worse than snow and ice

E s'acors del cors adrech

And if-succor from-the person upright

ab que·m conort e·m refranh

wherewith that-myself I-comfort and-myself I-check

no me ve sai part l'abril,

not to-me comes here beyond the-April

al torn que farai d'Espanha,

at-the return that I-shall-make from-Spain

ja lai no crezatz

ever there not believe

que flors ni vergers ni pratz

that flower nor orchard nor meadow

gaire m'aiut ni bo·m sia

much to-me-help nor good-to-me be

ni·l chans pels plaissatz,

nor-the song through-the hedges

ni d'altrui paria

nor from-another's fellowship

no m'a grat tan com solia

not to-me-has pleasure so-much as it-used

ni-m tenh per assolassatz,

nor-myself I-hold for cheered

per qu'eu-n prenc mans breus comjatz.

for which-I-of-it take many brief leaves

Pero, si m'a'l mon estrech

Yet if to-me-has-the world narrow

c'a plana fors' i remanh,

so-that-by sheer force there I-remain

garatz, s'en un pauc cortil

consider if-in a small farmyard

n'agra ja trebalh ni lanha!

of-it-I-should-have ever toil or grief

Molt es malmenatz

Much is ill-used

totz om sobrenamorat;

every man over-enamored

qui per aitan no's chastia,

who for so-much not-himself amends

ja'l plus veziatz

ever-the most cunning

no conoisseria,

not would-know

si·s tarza ni si s'embria

if-itself it-delays or if itself-it-hastens

sos bes ni sa voluntatz,

his good and his will

pos be n'es apoderatz.

since well of-it-he-is overpowered

E car no n'esper esplech

And because not of-it-I-hope profit

de m'amia, cui no tanh

from my-beloved to-whom not befits

que tan s'abais ni s'umil

that so-much herself-she-lower or herself-humble

ja m'acolh' en sa companha,

ever me-she-receive into her company

pro sui bemenatz,

enough I-am well-treated

si·m denha sofrir ni·lh platz

if-me she-deigns to-suffer and-to-her it-pleases

qu'en mos chantars l'apel mia.

that-in my songs her-I-call mine

Per Deu, be sui fatz

By God well I-am foolish

e dic gran folia!

and I-say great folly

Per cal razo sofriria

For what cause would-she-suffer

que·m fezes tan sos privatz,

that-me she-should-make so-much her intimate

e doncs que·m n'aconselhatz?

and then what-to-me of-it-do-you-advise

C'aissi·m ten Amors destrech

For-so-me holds Love straitened

qu'entendeire ses gazanh

that-a-suitor without gain

sui d'un ric loc senhoril

I-am of-a rich place lordly

celat e de terr' estranha,

bidden and of a-land strange

don no sui chazatz,

whereof not I-am enfeoffed

per que·m par nescietatz

for which-to-me seems foolishness

qu'eu chan, si no m'en venia

that-I sing if not to-me-of-it came

gazardos o gratz.

a-reward or thanks

Pero si·lh plazia

Yet if-to-her it-pleased

c'apeles per cortezia

that-she-should-call through courtesy

seus mos chans dezamparatz,

hers my songs forsaken

alt los m'auria levatz.

high them to-me-she-would-have raised

E mostra·m com m'en venria

And it-shows-me how to-me-of-it would-come

jois e bes devas totz latz,

joy and good from all sides

si·l chan me sofri' en patz.

if-the song to-me she-suffered in peace

Razon e loc

17 · MATTER AND PLACE

He has matter, place, heart, sense, and his lord's favor, and would use them in an easy song that rid him of the foolish disquiet he carried when he thought to bring the barons back to open house. He makes light of their failing and turns to his gay songs. He must serve courteously, for a fool's offense releases covenants and rewards; and he must sing. He burns like kindled fire: no monk is as true to his abbot as he is in loving her, and he hopes to be called Bonafos again.

Razon e loc

Matter and place

e cor e sen

and heart and sense

e grat de Mo-Senhor e mais

and favor from My-Lord and more

agr' eu, si pogues avenir

should-have I if I-could to-attain

en un leu chantar conge,

in an easy singing graceful

que·m dones jai,

that-to-me should-give joy

ab que·m partis d'un fol esmai

provided that-myself I-should-part from-a foolish dismay

que solh menar,

that I-am-wont to-carry

can cudava·ls baros rengar

when I-thought-the barons to-bring

a cobrar cortz e messios;

to restoring courts and expense

e car non i posc avengar

and because not there I-can to-prevail

e vei que no·m seria pros,

and I-see that not-to-me it-would-be profitable

lais lo trebalh,

I-leave the toil

que·m sol grevar,

that-me is-wont to-burden

e torn a mas gaias chansos.

and I-turn to my gay songs

E tenh m'a joc

And I-hold to-myself-as a-jest

lor falhimen,

their failing

que lai don mou lo jois que·m pais

for there whence springs the joy that-me feeds

m'es dich que l'oblit e l'air

to-me-is said that it-I-should-forget and it-I-should-bate

e qui ja·s vol n'aconge?

and who ever-himself wishes of-it-take-leave

Pos que be sai

Since that well I-know

c'acors de conselh trobarai,

that-succor of counsel I-shall-find

be dei pensar

well I-must to-think

del gen servir e de l'onrar;

of-the nobly serving and of the-honoring

c'aitals chaptenemens es bos

for-such conduct is good

a cel qui's vol jauzir d'amar,

to him who-himself wills to-rejoice in-loving

que falhimens e mespreizos,

whereas failing and offense

can fols trassalh,

when a-fool oversteps

fai deliurar

makes to-release

convens e mans e gazardos.

covenants and messages and rewards

E s'eu anc moc

And if-I ever moved

l'entendemen

the-intent

c'ades no fos fis e verais

that-always not I-should-be faithful and true

vas Mo-Senhor e ses falhir,

toward My-Lord and without failing

totztems volh que·m deslonge

always I-wish that-to-me he-refuse

so que·lh querrai!

that which-of-him I-shall-ask

Mas per lo bo respech qu'eu n'ai

But for the good expectation that-I of-it-have

dei eu cantar

must I to-sing

e si'n cudes plus ganhar,

and if-of-it I-thought more to-gain

trop melhurera·ls motz e·ls sos;

much I-should-better-the words and-the tunes

que desc' om a loc d'alegrar,

for once one has occasion of-rejoicing

li dobla poders e razos

to-him doubles power and matter

e senher falh,

and a-lord errs

can pot poiar

when he-can to-raise

los seus e·ls laissa chazer jos.

his own and-them lets fall down

Cor flac e voc

A-heart slack and empty

d'ensenhamen

of-breeding

ai' eu, s'anc de s'amor m'estrais,

may-have I if-ever from her-love myself-I-withdrew

pos la vi, ni si de mentir

since her I-saw or if of lying

l'ai cor, ni ja·lh chalonge

to-her-I-have a-mind or ever-to-her I-refuse

so que·lh deurai.

that which-to-her I-shall-owe

Chantar li dei, com? Si·m farai,

To-sing to-her I-must how Yes-myself I-shall-do

que melhurar

for to-better

en posc ma trob' e mon afar;

of-it I-can my composing and my case

car ditz que mos chantars l'es bos;

since it-is-said that my singing to-her-is good

e s'eu pogues entragitar

and if-I could to-weave-in

dels seus dichs cortes amors,

of her sayings courteous loving

so c'al chan valh,

that which-to-the song I-am-worth

pogra doblar

I-could to-double

si que pois valgra per un dos.

so that then it-would-be-worth for one two

C'aissi s'aploc

For-so itself-rained

tot belamen

all gently

s'amors al cor, que·m brolh' e·m nais,

her-love into-the heart which-me sprouts and-me is-born

ab que m'a fach jauzen languir

wherewith which me-she-has made joyful to-languish

c'al partir de Santonge,

so-that-at-the parting from Saintonge

com per assai,

as for a-trial

no sai si·m notz car o dirai

not I-know if-me it-burts for it I-shall-say

c'al comensar

that-at-the beginning

en cuder' eu plus leu passar;

of-it thought I more lightly to-pass

mas pois, per la fe que dei vos,

but then by the faith that I-owe to-you

m'es si chamjat — que del laisser

to-me-is so changed that from-the leaving

no sui ni serai poderos! —

not I-am nor shall-I-be able

per qu'eu egalh,

for which-I level

si noca·us par,

though never-to-you it-seems

los fols e·ls savis amoros.

the foolish and-the wise loving

C'art com del foc

For-I-burn as from-the fire

que s'escompren,

which itself-kindles

don mou la flam' e poi' al fais

whence springs the flame and rises in-a rush

e creis tan c'om no'l pot sofrir

and grows so-much that-one not-it can to-bear

que d'aissi non a monge

so-that from-here not there-is a-monk

trusqu'en Velai

as-far-as-in Velay

vas so bon abat tan vrai!

toward his good abbot so true

Que ses trichar

For without deceiving

tan finamen e de cor clar

so purely and with heart clear

no l'am? Per que la sospeissos

not her-I-love For which the hope

me fai partir e delonhar

to-me makes to-part and to-withdraw

de mans vilas clams enoios,

from many churlish complaints tiresome

e si'm nualh,

and if-myself I-slacken

can dei aussar,

when I-must to-rise

chamjat m'a'l nom de Bonafos.

changed to-me-has-the name of Bonafos

Mas s'anc amics per esperar

But if-ever a-lover through waiting

fo bautz ni jauzens ni joios,

was bold and glad and joyful

sobre totz salh

above all leap

eu del cudar

I from-the thinking

qu'enquer' aurai nom Bonafos!

that-still I-shall-have the-name Bonafos

Can la brun' aura s'eslucha

18 · WHEN THE DARK AIR CLEARS

When the dark air clears in the mild season, the love that will make him languish only drowns. She has withdrawn a little and turned his white to brown, and he dare not say what she promised him. She has made him so weak he could not defend himself against a one-handed man. He sleeps on a chest or a bench till his flanks ache, and rises bewildered; his heart cries not to break with her, but he must leave or live shamed. He curses the man who thinks he has stolen her.

Can la brun' aura s'eslucha

When the dark air itself-clears

pel suau termini franc

through-the mild season kindly

era si de joi m'estanc?

now so from joy I-hold-back

Si be·s somelha ni·s clucha

Though well-itself it-drowns and-itself closes

l'amors que·m fara languir,

the-love that-me will-make languish

si no la·m deslonh' oblitz,

if not it-from-me removes-far forgetting

mal m'er e, si·m falh mos chans,

ill to-me-will-be and if-to-me fails my song

tort n'auretz vos, mal' amia!

wrong of-it-will-have you evil beloved

Car vos m'etz un pauc esducha

For you to-me-are a little withdrawn

si que·m viratz en bru blanc?

so that-to-me you-turn into brown white

No per re qu'eu disses anc,

Not for anything that-I said ever

domn', avetz tal ir' aducha!

lady you-have such anger brought

E s'eu auzes descobrir

And if-I dared to-uncover

com vos, ma domna·m plevitz,

how you my lady-to-me pledged

que destrics ni mals ni dans!

what harms or ills or hurts

No·m letz que plus vos en dia.

Not-to-me is-allowed that more to-you of-it I-say

Tal m'avetz tornat c'a lucha

Such me-you-have made that-at wrestling

no·m defendri' ad un manc;

not-myself I-should-defend against a one-handed

e vitz anc greu clop ni ranc,

and saw-you ever a-grievous cripple or lame

si a malpas no trabucha,

if at a-bad-step not be-stumbles

leu n'on posch' avan fugir?

easily whence he-can forward flee

Tan sui vas enfrevolitz

So-much I-am powerless enfeebled

com cel dezamatz amans,

as that unloved lover

que de joi se desraïa.

who from joy himself uproots

La noch, can lo sons m'aclucha,

The night when the sleep me-closes

dorm sobr' arch' o sobre banc,

I-sleep upon a-chest or upon a-bench

tro que'm dolon am mei flanc,

until that-to-me ache both my flanks

per c'ai ma valor destrucha;

whereby I-have my strength destroyed

qu'en lech no posc eu dormir,

for-in a-bed not can I to-sleep

ans m'en leu totz esbaïtz

rather myself-from-it I-rise all bewildered

e pens de vos en estans,

and I-think of you in standing

contra que m'etz tan enia!

against which you-to-me-are so hostile

Que'l cor dins me crid' e m'ucha

For-the heart within me cries and to-me-shouts

que no'l rompa ni l'esbranc

that not-it I-break nor it-I-tear-off

de vostr' amor, et eu planc,

from your love and I lament

car sai que res no m'afrucha;

for I-know that anything not to-me-profits

enans me n'er a partir,

sooner to-me of-it-will-be to depart

si viure no volh aunitz,

if to-live not I-wish shamed

et es tan sobrrers l'afans

and is so excessive the-pain

que'm tol repaus e'm destria.

that-me takes rest and-me separates

C'ab ma volontat pauraucha

For-with my will fearful

no m'a laissat charn ni sanc.

not to-me-has left flesh nor blood

Pustel' en son olh e cranc,

A-sore in his eye and a-canker

qui-us me cud' aver forducha

who-you from-me thinks to-have stolen

qu'enans me n'er a fenir

for-sooner to-me of-it-will-be to end

mo vers que sia complitz;

my vers than it-be finished

mas d'aisso sui plus clamans,

but of-this I-am more complaining

car anc me noc gens mendia!

because ever me harmed a-folk beggarly

Qu'eu vi l'or' e vos la vitz,

For-I saw the-hour and you it saw

no cuder' us amirans

not would-have-thought an emir

me nogues; Deus los maldia!

me could-harm God them curse

No·m platz chans de rossinhol

19 · THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG DOES NOT PLEASE HIM

The nightingale's song does not please him, so gloomy is his heart; April did not gladden him, and this year neither flower nor fruit delights him. The messengers who have come for him will make him die of grief: a small yard here would be worth more than a great palace there. It is unheard of that a man should exile himself toward his own land, and shame doubles on him the further he goes. He begs the fair lady that this going do him no harm and that she not change.

No·m platz chans de rossinhol,

Not-to-me pleases song of nightingale

tan ai mo cor morn e trist!

so-much I-have my heart gloomy and sad

E pero si·m meravilh,

And yet so-myself I-wonder

car no m'alegret abril;

because not to-me-gladdened April

c'anc mais no fo negus ans

that-ever more not was any year

de joi no·m dones dos tans.

of joy not-to-me it-gave two as-much

Mas ogan no·m platz la flors

But this-year not-to-me pleases the flower

ni·l fruchs del ram no m'agrada.

and-the fruit of-the branch not to-me-delights

Morir me faran de dol

To-die me will-make of grief

ist messatger que m'an quist.

these messengers who me-have sought

Ai! car se saubesson ilh

Ab if only knew they

com sai-m valgr' us paucs cortils

how here-to-me would-be-worth a small yard

mais que lai us palais grans!

more than there a palace great

Trop m'es lor solatz pezens

Too to-me-is their company heavy

e parra me dezonors,

and will-seem to-me a-dishonor

s'ab lor torn en m'encontrada.

if-with them I-return into my-country

Pauc s'ave d'aisso que sol,

Little it-agrees with-that which is-wont

e no cre c'anc mais fos vist

and not I-believe that-ever more was seen

c'om vas sa terra s'eissilh;

that-a-man toward his land himself-exiles

mas me es salvatg' e vils

but to-me it-is harsh and vile

e'l repairars m'es afans!

and the-returning to-me-is a-pain

Peitz trac on plus lai m'enans

Worse I-fare the-more more there myself-I-advance

si que vergonh' e paors

so that shame and fear

m'en dobla quega vegada.

to-me-of-it doubles each time

Qui m'o lauza, be no·m vol,

Who to-me-it praises well not-me wishes

e tu, flac cor, com volguist

and you slack heart how did-you-wish

que tan clar' amors roilh,

that so bright a-love rust

anc no·i fezist que gentils;

ever not-in-it did-you-do as a-noble

c'anc cors de dos fis amans

that-ever hearts of two true lovers

no vi om melhs d'us semblans.

not saw one better of-one seeming

Mas cor que·t sobres Amors,

But heart whom overcame Love

tu l'as er' apoderada!

you her-have now overpowered

Ja per aisso no m'acol,

Ever for that not me-receives

s'eu lai vauc, celha ni cist,

if-I there go she or this-one

que del tornar m'avolpilh?

that from-the returning myself-I-play-the-coward

C'us jois sobresenhorils,

For-a joy over-lordly

on estai ferms mos talans,

where stands firm my desire

es, tals, per qu'eu no balans,

is such for which-I not waver

don no·m pot lonhar valors,

whence not-me can to-remove merit

si·m veni' en plana bada.

if-to-me it-came into plain vain-waiting

Mas pero pel fort lassol

But yet through-the strong noose

de la man ab que·m prezist

of the hand with which-me you-seized

velh la noch e m'estendilh

I-wake the night and myself-I-stretch

e no t'aturs ni t'apils! —

and not yourself-you-stay nor yourself-you-fix

Bela domna benestans,

Fair lady seemly

cest anars no·m sia dans;

this going not-to-me be harm

quez eu tornarai de cors,

for I shall-return at once

e vos no·m siatz chamjada!

and you not-to-me be changed

Anc pairis contra filhol

Ever a-godfather against a-godson

no fetz tal falha, per Crist,

not did such a-wrong by Christ

ni paire contra so filh

nor a-father against his son

de lai on s'abriva·l Nils

from there where hurries-the Nile

tro sai on sols es colgans;

until here where the-sun is setting

per que deu esser mos chans

for which must to-be my song

sobrels autres chantadors

above-the other singers

per vos, domna, c'ai amada!

for you lady whom-I-have loved

Era no·m platz chans ni flors

Now not-to-me pleases song nor flower

per vos, domna, c'ai laissada.

for you lady whom-I-have left

Aital chansoneta plana

20 • A PLAIN LITTLE SONG

He would make a song plain enough for his godson to follow, if he knew how; but he is thinking of other things. His friend is too far off, and Sin made him covet her. If she were as human in loving as he is, he believes she would love him. Love is not for show, and she will not have him boast of it. Where worth flowers and bears seed he would find someone to carry his tune to My-Joy; but now he turns his rein this side of Chablais.

Aital chansoneta plana

Such a-little-song plain

que mos filhols entendes

that my godson might-understand

e chascus s'i deportes,

and each-one himself-in-it might-take-pleasure

fera, si far la saubes;

I-would-make if to-make it I-knew

mas no'i posc esdevenir,

but not-in-it I-can to-succeed

que d'alres consir,

for of-other-things I-think

on m'aten mais.

whereon myself-I-attend more

Trop m'es m'amia lonhdana,

Too to-me-is my-beloved far-off

vas que'l dezirers m'es pres,

toward whom-the desiring to-me-is near

e no sai consi·m crezes
and not I-know how-myself I-should-believe

que nostr' amors s'avengues.
that our love itself-agreed

Pechatz la·m fetz encobir
Sin her-to-me made to-covet

qu'er m'en a morir,
for-now to-me-of-it is-to die

coras que·m lais.
whenever that-me she-leaves

Si·m fos d'amar tan umana
If-to-me she-were in-loving so human

com eu sui, be cut m'ames.
as I am well I-think me-she-would-love

De talan volgra·m chamjes!
Of desire I-should-wish-me she-changed

Bo·m fora, s'a leis plagues;
Good-to-me it-would-be if-to her it-pleased

mas alhons se fai grazir
but elsewhere herself she-makes to-be-welcomed

tan que·m par que·s vir,
so-much that-to-me it-seems that-herself she-turns

e vira·l jais!
and turns-the joy

Non es amors per ufana,

Not is love for display

mas no vol qu'eu m'en vanes;

but not she-wishes that-I myself-of-it boast

pero si·m dis que chantes

yet so-to-me she-said that I-should-sing

si c'om non o conogues,

so that-one not it should-know

e, pos ven, o sai cobrir,

and since it-comes it I-know to-cover

— ja no se n'air! —

ever not herself of-it-let-her-vex

s'eu m'en sui gais.

if-I myself-of-it am gay

De loncs tems non agra chana,

For long time not I-should-have a-gray-hair

si s'amor no m'enveies?

if her-love not to-me-she-envied

No ja, si totztems visques!

Not ever if always I-lived

E fora jocs, s'ilh temses

And it-would-be a-game if-she feared

que·m volgues de leis partir;

that-me I-wished from her to-part

eu no volh ges dir

I not wish at-all to-say

qu'es en biais.

that-she-is in a-swerve

Si noca s'es chastelana,
If not-at-all herself-she-is a-castle-lady
 mais l'am que tal que·m laisses,
more her-I-love than such-a-one that-me would-let
 e, ja res de que cudes
and ever a-thing of which I-thought
 a cocha no paregues,
at need not it-appeared
 be·s deu om d'aisso servir
well-himself must one of-this to-serve
 voler e jauzir,
to-wish and to-enjoy
 ans que·s n'abais!
before that-himself of-it-be-lower

Per pauc ma bocha no vana,
For a-little my mouth — boasts
 si·l cor tan non o doptes,
if-the heart so-much not it feared
 d'aco don consir ades
of-that whereof I-think always
 e, que ja no·m vengues bes,
and that ever not-to-me came good
 leus sui ad enfoletir
easy I-am to be-made-a-fool
 ab so gen mentir;
with her noble lying
 qu'ela m'atrais!
for-she me-drew

Lai on pretz floris e grana,

There where worth flowers and bears-seed

volgra trobar qui·m portes

I-should-wish to-find who-for-me would-carry

mo sonet e no·n mudes

my tune and not-of-it would-change

a Mo·Joi e no disses

to My-Joy and not would-say

que·m cudes engasconir,

that-me he-thought to-turn-Gascon

mas er mo fre vir

but now my rein I-turn

de sai Chablais.

on this-side-of Chablais

Bela, sai en Vianes

Fair-one here in the-Viennois

no volh mais joia gequir

not I-wish more joy to-forsake

ni engasconir,

nor to-turn-Gascon

per que·m n'apais.

for which-myself of-it-I-feed

Mas, com m'ave

21 • HOW DOES IT HAPPEN

He asks how it is that when he means to sing he weeps: Love has overborne him, and yet joy does come to him. Is he a lover? He answers yes, and will not leave off. He has had good and honor from My-Lord's hands, but one covenant was broken by the man who drew the anger on him. Sir-Antic is asked whether one kiss would not be worth the trial. He ends on the quarrel at Urgel, and will hold them all base if they let the countess withdraw from it.

Mas, com m'ave, Deus m'aiut,

But how to-me-it-happens God me-help

qu'era, can cut cantar, plor?

that-now when I-mean to-sing I-weep

Seria ja per Amor

Would-it-be ever through Love

que m'a sobrat e vencut?

which me-has overborne and conquered

E per amor no·m ve jais?

And through love not-to-me comes joy

Si fai! Donc per que m'irais

Yes it-does Then for what myself-I-vex

ni que·m fai languir?

and what-me makes languish

Que? non o sabria dir?

What not it I-would-know to-say

C'aissi m'es esdevengut

For-so to-me-it-bas befallen

tot leu que perc ma valor

all easily that I-lose my merit

e solatz no m'a sabor.

and cheer not to-me-has savor

Esdevenc anc mais a drut?

Befell-it ever before to a-lover

Drutz sui eu? no? ni m'en lais

A-lover am I no nor myself-of-it I-leave

c'ades am forseis e mais

for-ever I-love more-strongly and more

e volh e dezir?

and I-wish and I-desire

No! Sui drutz? Qui·m pot sofrir!

No Am-I a-lover Who-me can to-endure

Qu'era, car sol ai volgut,

For-now because only I-have wished

me tenh per fin amador;

myself I-hold for a-true lover

amaire, si Deu azor,

a-lover so God I-adore

sui eu fis e no·m remut

am I faithful and not-myself I-shift

lo coratge ni·l biais

the heart nor-the bent

d'amar leis per cui sui gais.

of-loving her through whom I-am gay

Be pauc tem falhir;

Full little I-fear to-fail

donc per que planh e sospir?

then for what I-lament and I-sigh

Car ben ai reconogut

Because well I-have recognized

c'Amors no·m val ni m'acor.

that-Love not-to-me avails nor me-succors

No·m val? Et am la gensor

Not-to-me avails And I-love the fairest

del mon! No m'a pro valgut?

of-the world Not to-me-has much availed

No per re! Ans dic que·m trais,

No for anything Rather I-say that-me she-betrayed

can me det trebalh e fais

when to-me she-gave toil and burden

e·m fetz encobir

and-me made to-covet

so que no·m pot avenir.

that which not-to-me can to-befall

E com? Non ai recebut

And how Not I-have received

assatz de ben e d'onor

enough of good and of-honor

de las mas de Mo-Senhor?

from the hands of My-Lord

Si ai; mais an retengut!

Yes I-have but they-have kept-back

E que? Un conven; que·m frais

And what One covenant that-to-me broke

aicel que l'ira m'atrais

he who the-anger to-me-drew

e·m fara morir,

and-me will-make die

sol qu'en son atur no·m vir.

only that-into his fixedness not-myself I-turn

Desvol so que l'a plagut?

Does-he-unwish that which to-him-has pleased

Non o sai. Ja mer melhor;

Not it I-know Ever to-me-will-be better

si·n trac mal c'om c'al greujor

if-of-it I-draw ill for-a-man who-at-the gravest

dezira mais de salut!

desires more of health

N'Antic, e no·us par assais?

Sir-Antic and not-to-you seems it-a-trial

Diatz 'oc', que, s'ilh ja·m bais,

Say yes for if-she ever-me kiss

segur posc plevir

surely I-can to-pledge

c'aucire·m pot o garir.

that-to-kill-me she-can or to-heal

Mas sai m'a mo dol cregut

But here to-me-has my grief increased

us clams que fan entre lor

a quarrel which they-make among them

cilh d'Urgel, per que·lh pluzor

those of-Urgel for which-the many

seran mort e confondut;

will-be dead and undone

que·lh comtess' ab cui jois nais

for-the countess with whom joy is-born

e sabers e pretz vrais

and knowledge and worth true

s'en cudet eissir,

herself-of-it thought to-go-out

qui lo·lh volgues consentir.

if-one it-to-her would grant

Be·ls tenrai totz per savais,

Well-them I-shall-bold all for base

si la·n letz eissir,

if her-of-it they-let go-out

e·l rei, s'o vol consentir.

and-the king if-it he-wills to-grant

Chans en brolh

22 · SONG IN THE THICKET

Neither song in the thicket nor flower on the bough nor April's fair season moves him toward a vers as his lord's bidding does. He grieves within and sings without: turning would seem base, since Love binds him so firmly and teaches that a spirited lover refines himself in dismay. He used to complain that the chamber seemed a wall; now he sees the folly of it. He asks that his pride and over-desire be broken, and resolves to be a firm, humble lover.

Chans en brolh ni flors en verjan

Song in a-thicket or flower in an-orchard

ni gens tems, can l'amen' abrils,

or fair season when it-brings April

ni vertz erba ni blancha flors

or green grass or white flower

tan no m'enansa ni m'atrai

so-much not me-advances nor me-draws

vas un vers far com sol lo mans

toward a vers to-make as is-wont the bidding

de mon adrech senhor e'l jais

of my upright lord and-the joy

que·m fai, car ditz que·l loncs espers

that-to-me he-makes for he-says that-the long hoping

e'l cudars m'adaira sabers.

and-the thinking to-me-will-bring knowledge

E si·m dolh dins e defors chan.

And so-myself I-grieve within and without I-sing

Per que·m paregra virars vils,

For what-to-me would-seem turning base

si tan ferm no·m lies Amors?

if so firmly not-me bound Love

Que m'ensenha qu'en son esmai

Who to-me-teaches that-in his dismay

s'esmera coratjos amans

himself-refines a-spirited lover

e que·m tenha coindes e gais

and that-myself I-keep gracious and gay

e sofrà; que·ls plus chars avers

and I-endure for-the most precious goods

dona bos sofrirs e temers.

gives good enduring and fearing

E si·m solh anar corelhan,

And so-myself I-used to-go complaining

car me semblet murs lo chambrils.

because to-me seemed a-wall the little-chamber

Pero be conosc qu'es folors

Yet well I-know that-it-is folly

que·m planha d'aisso qu'eu non ai;

that-myself I-lament of-that which-I not have

c'assatz me degra bels semblans

for-enough me ought fair seeming

païar, pos chascus ponh' al mais,

to-pay since each-one strives at-the most

e, can bos senher a·ls seus ders,

and when a-good lord has-the his dues

es lo noms avinens e vers.

is the name fitting and true

Mas l'orgolh, s'eu·lh sobredeman,

But the-pride if-I-of-her over-ask

abais l'avinens cors gentils

let-lower the-comely person noble

ab merce, c'aissi m'aura sors,

with mercy for-so me-she-will-have raised

e si s'esdeve ni s'eschai

and if it-happens and it-falls-out

que·m coche mos sobretalans

that-me presses my over-desire

c'a cal que trop vir ni m'eslais,

so-that-to some or-other excess I-turn and myself-I-fling

franha·s l'orgolhs e·l no-devers,

let-break-itself the-pride and-the un-duty

lo sobramars e·l trop volers!

the over-loving and-the too-much willing

Car si·m colh mos prec's en chantan,

For if-to-me she-receives my prayers in singing

no sui pro savis ni sotils,

not I-am enough wise nor subtle

s'a fach no'm comti las onors

if-as done not-to-myself I-count the honors

e'l bo pensamen que'm sec sai;

and-the good thought that-me follows here

car ades cut c'aura tres ans

for now I-think that-it-will-be three years

que'm guidet e'm garit e'm trais

that-me she-guided and-me healed and-me drew

de preizo tal qu'en sols dos sers

from a-prison such that-in only two evenings

m'agra delit lo remaners.

me-would-have destroyed the remaining

Qu'era'm tolh de mal e d'engan

For-now-myself I-withdraw from ill and from-deceit

e serai fermes amics umils,

and I-shall-be a-firm friend humble

ja n'ai' agutz mans blasmadors

though of-it-I-have had many blamers

que dizon so qu'eu no creirai

who say that which-I not shall-believe

que drutz s'enantisc' e s'enans

that a-lover himself-betters and himself-advances

ab orgolh; mas no volh que'm bais

through pride but not I-wish that-me lower

mos Bels-Senher, si'l fis plazers

my Fair-Lord if-the true pleasure

loc no'n demandav' e lezers.

place not-of-it asked and leisure

E qui·lh n'er primers drogomans

And who-to-her of-it-will-be first and dragoman

que·m tolh d'altr' amistat e·m lais,

who-me takes from-other love and-me leaves

crescha·lh benanans' e poders;

let-grow-to-him well-being and power

qu'eu no volh baizars ni jazers.

for-I not wish kissings nor lyings

E can sobre totz sai no's trais,

And when above all here not-himself he-draws

no l'es cregutz aquel poders

not to-him-is grown that power

que dona baizars e jazers.

which gives kissings and lyings

Gen m'aten

23 • THE TORMENT OF TANTALUS

He sets himself becomingly to a worthy song, for help has come to him from where she dwells. He does not dare tell her how she makes him languish; the only ill he feels is from thinking. At the start, laughing, she showed herself a loving mistress to him. He fears his over-boldness is making him talked of, and asks no mercy but hides the pain. Forbearing perforce, he will endure until he has tried everything, and doubts he will pass May.

Gen m'aten

Becomingly myself-I-set

ses falhimen

without failing

en un chan valen;

to a song worthy

c'aiuda

for-help

m'es creguda

to-me-has grown

de lai

from there

on cilh estai

where she dwells

qu'eu am mais que re!

whom-I love more than anything

Neis me

Even myself

non am tan,

not I-love so-much

per qu'eu vauc pensan

for which-I go thinking

com so que·lh plagues

how that which-to-her would-please

li disses

to-her I-might-say

chantan;

singing

qu'esters no l'aus dir

for-otherwise not to-her-I-dare to-say

cossi·m fai languir

how-me she-makes languish

jauzen

rejoicing

que mal no sen

for ill not I-feel

mas del pensamen

but from-the thought

que·m destrenh.

which-me constrains

Pero si·l chaptenh

Yet if-the support

que·m promes no·m fai,

that-to-me she-promised not-to-me she-gives

de ben e de jai

from good and from joy

m'esdui e m'empenh.

me-she-removes and me-she-thrusts

Qu'en rizen

For-in laughing

me fetz parven

to-me she-made a-show

al comensamen

at-the beginning

de druda

of a-mistress

chartenguda

dear-held

qu'esmai

so-that-dismay

ni dol no n'ai

or grief not of-it-I-have

pel joi que m'en ve.

for-the joy that to-me-of-it comes

C'ancse

For-always

cut qu'enan

I-think that-onward

s'ira melhuran

itself-will-go bettering

l'esperans' e-l bes,

the-hope and-the good

e pos ses

and since without

engan

deceit

l'ai cor a servir,

her-I-have a-mind to serve

si·m denh' acolhir

if-me she-deign to-receive

ni·m pren

and-me takes

a chاوزimen,

in clemency

dazai qui no·m pen,

woe-to-him who not-me hangs

s'eu ja·m fenh

if-I ever-myself bold-back

c'a so sen no renh

so-that-by her mind not I-act

segon que sabrai,

according as I-shall-know

pos conoisserai

once I-shall-recognize

que no·i a malgenh!

that not-in-it there-is ill-craft

Den, no men,

Then not I-lie

me vauc meten

myself I-go putting

per sobrardimen

through over-boldness

en bruda

into rumor

mentaguda;

talked-of

que·m trai

which-me draws

vas tal assai

toward such a-venture

c'a la mia fe

that-by the my faith

be cre

well I-believe

c'a mo dan

that-to my harm

me vauc esforsan,

myself I-go straining

tan sui fola res!

so-much I-am a-foolish thing

E com es

And how is-it

qu'eu chan

that-I sing

e·m sapcha cobrir

and-myself I-know-how cover

qui m'o deu grazir?

her-who to-me-it must to-thank

Soven

Often

falh e mespren

I-fail and I-err

e pois no m'acen

and then not myself-I-beed

ni no·m tenh

and not-myself I-hold

a dan, si·m destrenh

for harm if-me constrains

Amors ni·m dechai;

Love and-me casts-down

c'una vetz n'aurai

for-one time of-it-I-shall-have

mo bon esdevenh!

my good outcome

Len me ren,

Slowly to-me she-yields

que que·m prezen,

whatever that-to-me she-offers

mas leugeramen

but lightly

se muda;

herself she-changes

c'a saubuda

for-in the-open

m'estrai

from-me-she-withdraws

so que·m fetz gai

that which-me made gay

e m'en deschapte.

and me-of-it forsakes

Merce

Mercy

no·lh deman,

not-of-ber I-ask

mas vauc m'alegran

but I-go myself-gladdening

c'om no conogues

so-that-one not should-know

ni saubes

nor should-learn

l'afan

the-pain

e cut m'en partir.

and I-mean myself-of-it to-part

Pois en leis chاوز

Then in her to-behold

enten

I-think-of

gran jauzimen

great gladness

que n'aurai breumen

that of-it-I-shall-have soon

e revenh

and I-revive

pel bon entresenh

for-the good token

que·m men' e m'atrai —

which-me leads and me-draws

los bous Bertalai!

the oxen of-Bertalai

C'a plus no·i atenh.

For-to more not-in-it I-attain

Men-taven

Recalling

vauc drech venen

I-go straight coming

pro vetz: Si be·s pen?

many times If well-herself she-repents

Qu'en cuda

For-in a-thought

recrezuda

abandoned

s'eschai

it-falls-out

qu'es en afrai

that-is in ruin

c'om cobr' e reve;

that-one recovers and returns

per que

for which

vauc tarzan

I-go delaying

la guerr' e·l deman

the war and-the claim

e sui tan cortes

and I-am so courteous

que merces

that mercy

claman

asking

cut esdevenir

I-mean to-attain

en so que dezir

to that which I-desire

parcen

sparing

forsadamen

perforce

c'a ver recrezen

so-that-as a-true vanquished-man

m'en depenh.

myself-of-it I-paint

Pero, si ja-m senh,

Yet if ever-me she-bless

tan o sofrirai

so-long it I-shall-endure

que tot proarai,

that all I-shall-try

s'i pert o retenh.

whether-in-it I-lose or I-keep

Si·m destrenh

So-me constrains

lo cor que l'engenh

the heart that the-wit

c'avia perdrai,

that-I-had I-shall-lose

s'ans que veia mai

if-before that I-see May

al plus no n'atenh.

to-the most not of-it-I-attain

Plus a drech greu mai

More by right hardly May

cut que passarai,

I-think that I-shall-pass

s'ans de vos no·m venh!

if-before from you not-myself I-come

M'amia·m men' estra lei

24 · BETTER TO SUFFER WRONG

His friend treats him beyond all right and he does not know why: he has done her no wrong at all, and the only cause he can find is that it pleases her. Once he hardly envied the king; now he loses everything without having offended, and she does not remember how he had yielded himself into her arms. He would end her offense swiftly and gladly even for a wrong of her own; he would sooner be hanged by her than long hated, and holds it right that she should rule.

M'amia·m men' estra lei.

My-friend-me leads beyond law

No sai per que;

Not I-know for what

qu'eu no·lh ai forfach

for-I not-to-her have wronged

pauc ni re,

little nor anything

si Deus m'aiut!

so God me-help

Donc per que s'äira,

Then for what herself-she-vexes

pos eu nulh enoi no·lh fatz?

since I any vexation not-to-her do

Car li platz;

Because to-her it-pleases

c'als non i sai!

for-other-thing not there I-know

E per so dic que mespren

And for that I-say that she-errs

e car encolpatz no'm sen.

and because guilty not-myself I-feel

Petit enveiava-l rei;

Little I-envied-the king

mas qu'er m'ave?

but what-now to-me-befalls

Que pert ses forfach;

That I-lose without wrong

car del be

for of-the good

que m'a volgut

that to-me-she-has wished

reconosc que's vira!

I-perceive that-herself she-turns

Per qu'eu marritz sui lonhatz

For which-I grieving am removed

de solatz

from cheer

que ges no n'ai,

that at-all not of-it-I-have

mas chan per abelimen

but I-sing for pleasing

e per plazer de la gen.

and for pleasure of the folk

On plus la volh, menhs la vei

The-more more her I-wish less her I-see

bona vas me.

good toward me

Si·lh sui ses forfach,

If-to-her I-am without wrong

no·lh sove.

not-to-her it-comes-to-mind

Tot es perdut,

All is lost

desque no s'albira

since not herself-she-considers

com eu li m'er' autreiatz

how I to-her myself-bad granted

en sos bratz,

into her arms

per que verai

for which true

m'a trobat, e fai parven

me-she-has found and she-makes a-show

que me tenh' a drech nien.

that me she-holds at plain nothing

Deus, qu'en er? A vos m'autrei,

God what-of-it will-be To you myself-I-yeild

si·lh clam merce

if-to-her I-cry mercy

d'eis lo seu forfach!

for-even the her-own wrong

Tenra se

Will-hold-she herself

que·l cor no·lh mut?

that-the heart not-to-her change

Qu'eu noca sofrira

For-I never should-suffer

— ja no·n fora tan iratz! —

ever not-of-it should-I-be so angered

que viatz

that swiftly

e de gran jai

and with great joy

no·lh fenis so falhimen,

not-to-her I-should-end her offense

et ilh ses tort me repren!

and she without wrong me blames

Mas s'ilh ja tem qu'eu desrei,

But if-she ever fears that-I run-wild

prenda m'al fre;

let-her-take me-by-the rein

al primer forfach,

at-the first wrong

si ja·l ve,

if ever-it she-sees

quer' altre drut

let-her-seek another lover

e, si res li tira

and if anything to-her vexes

de que·m forses ma foldatz,

of what-me forced my folly

ab un latz

with a noose

leis me rendrai

to-her myself I-shall-yield

pel col et am mais, si·m pen,

by-the neck and I-love more if-me she-hangs

que m'aires longamen.

than me-she-should-hate long

Drechs es qu'ela senhorei;

Right it-is that-she rule

c'aissi·s conve

for-so-itself it-befits

can m'aura forfach!

when me-she-will-have wronged

Que jasse

For always

m'a be vencut,

me-she-has well mastered

so qu'eu li plevira,

that which-I to-her should-pledge

c'anc de l'ora qu'eu fui natz,

that-ever from the-hour that-I was born

apensatz,

advisedly

s'ilh s'o retrai,

if-she it recalls

no fraissi so mandamen

not I-broke her commandment

nescis ni ab escien.

foolishly nor with knowledge

Ges no cre qu'en fol felnei,

At-all not I-believe that-in vain she-plays-false

per qu'eu li cre

for which-I to-her believe

molt aver forfach.

much to-have wronged

Qui la te

Who her holds

si·lh platz que·m tut?

if-to-her it-pleases that-me she-kill

Molt m'en abelira

Much to-me-of-it would-please

sus pel chap colps d'astelatz —

upon by-the head blows of-a-billet

ab sa patz,

with her peace

e si·s n'estrai,

and if-herself of-it-she-withdraws

semblara deschauzimen!

it-will-seem unclemency

Dic mal? Oc, s'ilh o enten.

Say-I ill Yes if-she it understands

Joios, al rei fatz prezen

Joios to-the king I-make a-present

d'un do que·m fetz avinen

of-a gift that-to-me he-made seemly

e vos, senher No-conten!

and you lord No-strife

Era si·m fos en grat tengut

25 · A FINE AND SLENDER SONG

He would take up a song so fine and slender that no doctor could shape it more finely or refine it better — but his hearers know too little, and he is blamed for not making it plain enough for children. His fair beloved had all but conquered him when she raised her hand from the scale; it is no good thing, he says, to offer what one would then change or worsen in anger. He ends by calling a suitor foolish who would draw a good lady to himself with cries and bawling.

Era, si·m fos en grat tengut,

Now if-to-me it-were in favor held

preir' eu ses glut

I-would-take I without paste

un chantaret prim e menut

a little-song fine and slender

qu'el mon non a

for-in-the world not there-is

doctor que tan prim ni plus pla

a-doctor who so finely nor more plainly

lo prezes

it would-take

ni melhs l'afines;

nor better it-would-refine

e qui·m crezes

and who-to-me believed

c'aissi chantes,

that-so I-should-sing

polira,

I-would-polish

forbira

I-would-burnish

mo chan

my song

ses afan

without labor

gran.

great

Mas, a lor veiaire,

But to their seeming

car no'n sabon gaire,

because not-of-it they-know much

falh, car no l'esclaire

I-fail because not it-I-make-clear

d'aitan

so-much

que l'entendesson neis l'enfan.

that it-they-should-understand even the-children

E ja m'agra del tot vencut,

And already me-would-have of-the whole conquered

si Deus m'aiut,

so God me-help

ma bel' amia, mas del trut

my fair beloved but of-the scale-tongue

levet la ma,

she-raised the hand

per que mos melher chans rema;

for which my better song stays-behind

que non es

for not it-is

bo c'om presentes

good that-one should-offer

so que chamjes

that which one-should-change

ni pejures

nor should-worsen

per ira.

through anger

Que? Vira

What Turns-she

talán,

desire

qu'enganan

for-deceiving

van

go

trich- e galiaire

tricksters and beguilers

gentil de bon aire!

noble of good breeding

No volhatz retraire

Not wish to-tell

d'engan

of-deceit

vas celas que galiaran.

toward those-women who will-beguile

E pos aissi m'a retengut

And since so me-she-has retained

c'alhors no·m mut,

that-elsewhere not-myself I-move

volha c'aia joi e salut;

let-her-wish that-I-have joy and health

c'aissi parra

for-so it-will-appear

si dic ver d'aisso don m'i va:

if I-say true of-that whereon to-me-in-it it-goes

que, si·l bes

that if-the good

c'aten no·m tarzes,

that-I-await not-to-me delayed

sol comenses,

only it-began

eu pois ades

I then always

grazira,

should-thank

servira

should-serve

chantan

singing

e lauzan

and praising

l'an

the-year

que·m fo comensaire

that-to-me was the-beginner

d'esquivar maltraire.

of-escaping ill-faring

Tan sui fis amaire

So-much I-am a-true lover

qu'enan

that-onward

vai m'amors ades esforsan.

goes my-love ever straining

Pero ben ai lo tems agut

Yet well I-have the time had

quez a perdut

which as lost

m'o tengra, s'agues tan volgut,

to-me-it would-have-held if-I-had so-much wished

ni mes en va

and put in vain

mo chantar, mas aissi s'escha,

my singing but so it-falls-out

tro merces

until mercy

o melhur apres.

it improve afterward

E qui-m mostres

And who-to-me should-show

com m'en lonhes,

how myself-from-her I-might-remove

garira,

I-should-be-healed

gandira

I-should-escape

lonhan

withdrawing

esperan

hoping-for

man

a-message

deviro Belcaire;

about Beaucaire

car no posc de laire

for not I-can from a-thief

mo fat cor estraire

my foolish heart to-draw

ni blan

nor I-soften

la perda que pris per lo gan.

the loss that I-took through the glove

Aissi m'es tot dessovengut

So to-me-is all forgotten

can ai vezut,

that I-have seen

car sol m'apelet un jorn drut

because only me-she-called one day a-lover

e, si m'estra

and if to-me-she-withdraws

so que·m dis, malestan sera;

that which-to-me she-said unseemly it-will-be

c'anc, pos pres

for-ever since taken

aguem que m'ames,

we-had that me-she-loved

no·n cut proes

not-of-it I-think it-likely

qu'en re·m vires.

that-in anything-myself I-changed

Mentira?

Should-I-lie

Sofrira

I-should-endure

pensan

thinking

sofertan,

suffering

can

when

me volc amors faire;

me wished love to-make

mas, pel chap mo paire,

but by-the head of-my father

no serai confraire

not I-shall-be a-brother

denhan

deigning

d'amor que·m prenda de l'un pan.

of-love that-me takes by the-one skirt

C'anc no·m plac amors per escut

For-ever not-to-me pleased love as a-shield

a cors batut

to a-body beaten

d'un privat e d'altr' escondut!

of-one intimate and of-another hidden

Mas qui·m volra,

But whoever-me will-wish

tota l'aurai e tot m'aura.

wholly her-I-shall-have and wholly me-she-will-have

No dic ges,

Not I-say at-all

ans que·l tot perdes,

before that-the whole I-lost

non esperes;

not I-should-hope

que drutz engres

that a-lover impetuous

s'aïra,

himself-vexes

sospira

sighs

cudan,

thinking

menassan

threatening

dan.

harm

Pero sofertaire

Yet an-enduring-man

pren enans repaire

takes sooner shelter

que glotz menassaire

than a-glutton threatening

cridan

crying

cals colps faria de so bran.

what blows he-would-deal with his sword

Fols es domneiaire,

Foolish is a-suitor

s'ab critz ni ab braire

if-with cries or with bawling

vas se vol atraire

toward himself he-wills to-draw

preian

praying

bona domna ni benestan.

a-good lady and seemly

La flors del verjan

26 • THE FLOWER OF THE BOUGH

The flower of the bough recalls to him a courteous pain, without which he would long ago have given up seeking cheer. It is right that he sing at entreaty rather than at command; they say he would do better to sing lightly, but an obscure sense is what brings worth, where unbridled senselessness discredits it, and a song is worth more once it is understood than at its beginning. The year he lost his glove he sang both plain and closed. Now he will go forward faithful and enduring: the noble conquer nobly.

La flors del verjan

The flower of-the bough

me vai remembran

to-me goes recalling

un cortes afan

a courteous pain

e si no's coches

and if not-itself it-pressed

que·l me remembres,

that-it to-me it-recalled

ja·m for' oblidatz

already-myself I-would-have forgotten

d'enquerre solatz.

of-seeking cheer

Pero chams ni pratz

Yet fields or meadows

genser no meissona;

fairer not reaps

c'al cor me botona

than-in-the heart to-me buds

tals un' amistatz

such a love

c'a ma fe,

that-by my faith

s'aissi s'esdeve

if-so it-comes-about

com cilh qu'eu am m'a conven,

as she whom-I love to-me-has covenanted

be dei chantar plus soven!

well I-must to-sing more often

Donc drechs es qu'eu chan

Then right it-is that-I sing

c'a prec's que per man;

for-at prayers rather-than by command

mas era diran

but now they-will-say

que, si m'esforses

that if myself-I-strained

com levet chantes,

how lightly I-sang

melhs m'ester' assatz.

better to-me-it-would-stand much

E non es vertatz;

And not it-is truth

que sens echartatz

for sense obscure

adui pretz e·l dona

brings worth and-it gives

si com l'ochaizona

just as it-discredits

nosens eslaissatz;

senselessness unbridled

mas be cre

but well I-believe

que ges chans ancse

that at-all a-song ever

no val al comensamen

not is-worth at-the beginning

tan com pois, can om l'enten.

so-much as afterward when one it-understands

E donc a que·m van

And then to what-me they-go

tot jorn chastian?

all day chiding

Qu'enquer planheran,

For-still they-will-lament

s'eu ja joi cobres,

if-I ever joy recovered

car no serai pres!

because not I-shall-be taken

Car s'eu jonh ni latz

For if-I join and lace

menutz motz serratz,

small words tight

pois en sui lauzatz,

afterward of-it I-am praised

can ma razos bona

when my matter good

par ni s'abandona;

appears and itself-yields

c'om ben ensenhatz,

for-a-man well bred

si be·i ve

if well-in-it he-sees

ni mo drech chapte,

and my right upholds

no vol al meu escien

not wills to my knowledge

c'a totz chan comunalmen.

that-to all I-sing commonly

Mas pero l'altr' an,

But yet the-other year

can perdei mo gan,

when I-lost my glove

m'anava chantan

myself-I-went singing

plan e clus ades

plain and closed always

e, si m'en tarzes,

and if myself-of-it I-delayed

en for' encolpatz;

of-it I-should-be blamed

car lo dos ni·l gratz

because the gift or-the favor

no m'era vedatz!

not to-me-was forbidden

Mas era si·m sona

But now if-me calls

m'amia felona,

my-beloved cruel

sera·l bes ponhatz.

will-be-the good spurred

Pois a que

Then to what

no·m ponhera be?

not-myself should-I-spur well

Si·m sona ni m'acollh gen,

If-me she-calls and me-receives kindly

no·i a gran refranhemen?

not-in-it there-is great abatement

Mas si·l bel semblan

But if-the fair seeming

ni·l cor ni·l talan

and-the heart and-the desire

m'anava chamjan,

to-me-were changing

no sai qui·m lauzes

not I-know who-to-me would-advise

qu'eu lo·lh sofertes.

that-I it-to-her should-endure

Sofrir!? Er' auiatz

To-endure Now bear

com m'auci foldatz

how me-kills folly

c'aissi·m salh al latz

that-so-me leaps at-the snare

e·m contresperona,

and-me spurs-against

can pechs me razona.

when sin to-me pleads

E donc no·us cudatz,

And then not-you think

pos merce

since mercy

ditz c'aura de me,

says that-she-will-have of me

si la·n razo folamen,

if her-of-it I-arraign foolishly

que s'en pened' e·s n'alén?

that herself-of-it she-repent and-herself of-it-relent

Irai donc enan

I-shall-go then forward

fis e ses engan

faithful and without deceit

sofren e preian.

enduring and praying

Que si s'afranches

For if itself-softened

sos rics cors engres,

her proud person harsh

plus en for' onratz

more of-it I-should-be honored

que si fos venhatz

than if were avenged

mos cutz e mos fatz;

my thought and my deed

si be-i-s desazona,

though well-in-it-itself it-jars

car melhs no s'adona,

because better not herself-she-gives

com en fos paiatz!

how of-it I-were paid

Mas conve,

But it-behooves

si noca n'ai re,

though never of-it-I-have anything

qu'esper e vensa sofren;

that-I-hope and conquer enduring

que·lh franc venson franchamen.

for-the noble conquer nobly

Era cridaran

Now will-cry

aquist drut truan

these lovers base

qu'esperars te dan;

that-waiting brings harm

mas qui ben ames

but who well loved

e melhs esperes,

and better waited

melhs for' avenhatz,

better be-would-be favored

ja fos enganatz.

even-if be-were deceived

Er' o demandatz

Now it ask

midons de Narbona! —

of-my-lady of Narbonne

Que? — Drutz que randona

What A-lover who rushes

ni's fenh trop cochatz,

and-himself feigns too pressed

can s'ave

when it-happens

c'una vetz rete

that-one time be-holds

d'Amor cal que jauzimen,

from-Love some or-other gladness

si no l'en pert mais de cen.

if not to-her-of-it he-loses more than a-hundred

No·m recre

Not-myself I-give-up

d'esperar jasse

from-waiting always

sobre totz que longamen

above all who long

m'aura menat 'pren, no pren!'

me-will-have led take not take

Ben es drechs que longamen

Well it-is right that long

esper om gran jauzimen.

await one great gladness

Si·m sentis fizels amics

27 · IF HE FELT HIMSELF A FAITHFUL LOVER

If he felt himself a faithful lover he would accuse Love outright, but he leaves it for fear of doubling the shame. Deceit has never entered his mind since he began to love well, and for that he has suffered. He saw the day when a working-day pleased him more than a Christmas. His song will sound like a sermon now: he goes seeking good words held in rein, and does not care that beggars far from worth make mock of him.

Si·m sentis fizels amics,

If-myself I-felt a-faithful friend

per ver encuzer' Amor;

in truth I-should-accuse Love

mas er m'o lais per paor

but now to-me-it I-leave for fear

que·m doubles l'ant' e·l destrics.

that-to-me should-double the-shame and-the hurt

Mas aitan posc dire, ses dan,

But so-much I-can to-say without harm

c'anc d'engan ni de no-fe

that-ever of-deceit nor of un-faith

no·m membret, pos amei be,

not-to-me came-to-mind since I-loved well

per c'ai sofert de grans mals;

for which-I-have suffered of great ills

c'aissi s'aven als leials!

for-so it-befalls to-the loyal

E can no grana l'espics

And when not seeds the-ear

si com pareis a la flor,

so as it-appears at the flower

cudatz que plass' al senhor?

think-you that it-please to-the lord

Ans l'en creis ir' e genzics

Rather to-him-of-it grows anger and vexation

e par que consire de l'an

and it-seems that he-broods about the-year

enavan, can sap e ve

onward when he-knows and sees

que sos afars no l'ave;

that his affair not to-him-suits

qu'eu vi c'us jorns ferials

for-I saw that-a day workaday

m'era melher c'us nadals.

to-me-was better than-a Christmas

E vi ja, mentr' era rics

And I-saw once while I-was rich

segon lo tems qu'era cor,

according-to the time that-then runs

que·m teni' a dezonor

that-to-me I-held as dishonor

mans plachs don er sui abrics.

many pleas whereof now I-am fond

Car vencutz sofrire que blan

For conquered enduring-man who coaxes

sofertan, car no's recre,

suffering because not-himself he-gives-up

so que plus li desconve,

that which most to-him misbecomes

a segon que s'es egals

at according as itself-is equal

l'amors e l'amics chabals.

the-love and the-lover perfect

E qui se fenher' enics

And who himself would-feign angry

per espaventar l'os lor?

to frighten the-bone of-them

Can plas volers no·i acor,

When plain willing not-in-it aids

pauc li val prec's ni chantics.

little to-him avails prayer nor song

Per so fai bo rire d'aman

For that it-is good to-laugh at-a-lover

que l'afan d'amor soste

who the-pain of-love bears

e no·l sap lonhar de se,

and not-it knows to-put-away from himself

pos ve que's vira venals;

since he-sees that-herself she-turns venal

es lo donc amors aitals?

is it then love such

Cudatz, joves ni antics,

Think-you a-young or an-old

pos en sa bailia cor,

once in its power he-runs

tri de dos mals lo menor?

chooses of two ills the lesser

No fera'l reis Lozoics!

Not would-do-the king Louis

Deu s'om donc aucire preian?

Must one then to-be-killed praying

Drech n'ai gran; qu'eu sai e cre,

Right of-it-I-have great for-I know and believe

mas que non o dic per me,

but that not it I-say for myself

c'als verais amics corals

that-to-the true lovers hearty

no vai enan lor chaptals.

not goes forward their stock

Oimais semblara prezics

Henceforth will-seem a-sermon

mos chans e, si Deu azor,

my song and so God I-adore

trop a, no vitz trobador

long ago not saw-you a-troubadour

cui menhs noz' anta ni trics.

whom less harms shame nor deceit

Mas, per melhs assire mo chan,

But for better to-set my song

vauc cerchan bos motz en fre

I-go seeking good words in rein

que son tuch chargat e ple

which are all laden and full

d'us estranhs sens naturals

of-a strange sense natural

e no sabon tuch de cals.

and not know all of what-kind

No m'en chal; c'ab us mendics,

Not to-me-of-it matters that-with some beggars

lonh de pretz e de valor,

far from worth and from merit

m'irasc que's fan gabador

I-am-vexed who-themselves make mockers

l'ora que lor falh afics.

the-hour that to-them fails effort

Car ses bo sofrire per tan,

For without a-good enduring-man for so-much

car no van egal ab re,

because not they-go equal with anything

son si brau e ses merce

they-are so fierce and without mercy

c'us mazans n'issira tals;

that-a tumult of-it-will-come such

'parlem nos, fan cilh, sivals!'

let-us-speak we say they at-least

E pos no m'i val chastics

And since not to-me-there avails chiding

c'ades no sian peior,

so-that-always not they-be worse

ges no m'a tan de sabor

at-all not to-me-has so-much of savor

lor solatz com dels Galics.

their company as of-the Galicians

Deus los denh maldire; c'antan

God them deign to-curse for-last-year

per un gan — De que·m sove?

for a glove Of what-me it-recalls

Pero si·s fara jasse! —

Yet so-itself it-will-do always

mogron m'ist no-fezat fals

stirred to-me-these un-faithed false

tal guerra, pois fo mortals.

such a-war then it-was mortal

Amia, d'aisso·m sove

Beloved of-this-me it-recalls

c'anc, depos que·m fis comtals,

that-ever since that-myself I-made a-count's-man

no m'avenc pois tan grans mals.

not to-me-befell then so great ills

E tu ni tos chans que vals,

And you or your song what are-you-worth

Giraut, lonh dels Proensals?

Giraut far from-the Provençals

Tot suavet e de pas

28 · SOFTLY AND AT A WALK

He goes smoothing a little song of dark sayings so that not one is left obscure, for a song easily understood travels: made plain, it could pass among the Catalans into Provence. He sends it off with a warning about the glove over which his Sure made a bad bargain, and about a sovereign worth turned brittle and empty, dead unless a slack heart changes into a firm one. He does not fear low enemies whose work is mire, for nothing good grows from bad seed.

Tot suavet e de pas

All softly and at a-walk

rien jogan

laugbing playing

vauc un chantaret planan

I-go a little-song smoothing

de dichs escurs

of sayings dark

c'us non i remanha.

so-that-one not in-it remain

C'aissi leu, si s'era plas,

For-so easily if it-were plain

poiri' entrels Chatalas

it-could among-the Catalans

passar en Proensa;

pass into Provence

que chansos leu entenduda

for a-song easily understood

lai val e lai s'esvertuda.

there avails and there itself-strengthens

E tu que la·i portaras,

And you who it-there will-carry

si·t vas tarzan,

if-yourself you-go delaying

potz n'aver damnatge gran,

you-can of-it-to-have damage great

c'ab bos aürs

for-with good omens

issiras d'Espanha;

you-will-go-out from-Spain

c'us m'a dich dels bos Espas

for-one to-me-has said of-the good Spaniards

duchs e fermes e seguras

schooled and firm and sure

d'aïtal conoissensa

of-such knowing

que bos aürs non aiuda,

that a-good omen not helps

des c'om so conselh refuda.

once that-one his counsel refuses

Vai t'en, que bon' anaras,

Go yourself-away for well you-will-go

al meu semblan,

to my seeming

e pero membre·t del gan

and yet remember-yourself of-the glove

don mos Segurs

whereof my Sure

fetz avol barganha

made a-bad bargain

que·l seus rics pretz sobeiras

for-the his rich worth sovereign

es tornatz fragils e vas

is turned brittle and empty

e d'avol parvensa,

and of-worthless showing

per qu'es mort' e dechazuda,

for which-she-is dead and fallen

si·l cor flac en ferm no muda.

if-the heart slack into firm not it-changes

Tot sui del chastiar las,

Wholly I-am of-the chiding weary

mais a d'un an,

more there-is than-a year

mas al seu leuger talan

but at his light desire

no·m val aturs

not-to-me avails persistence

c'ades me gavanha,

for-always me it-ruins

per que cudav' esser sas;

for which I-thought to-be sound

mas s'eu fos dins de Milas

but if-I were within of Milan

ni deves Faensa,

or toward Faenza

no·m degra levar tal bruda,

not-to-me it-should to-raise such a-clamor

s'ela s'es mal chaptenguda!

if-she herself-has ill borne

Torna sai, que non iras

Turn hither for not you-shall-go

un pas enan,

one step forward

fe que·t dei, que per aitan

faith that-to-you I-owe for through so-much

sui eu perjurs

am I forsworn

e fis de gran lanha,

and sure of great grief

can qu'en traïnes certas!

however-much that-in-it I-should-drag surely

Pos vas fina·m sui trafas,

Since toward a-true-one-myself I-am treacherous

ja·l senher d'Argensa

ever-the lord of-Argence

no·m dira que bona druda

not-to-me will-say that a-good mistress

per drech non aia perduda.

by right not I-have lost

Ditz tu que no remanras,

Say you that not you-will-stay

s'eu t'o coman?

if-I to-you-it command

Vai donc, e si't prec del chan

Go then and so-you I-beg of-the song

que no'l peiurs,

that not-it you-worsen

coras que't sofranha

whenever that-to-you fails

bos albercs, c'ostes vilas

a-good lodging for-a-host churlish

auras, si Sanchs-Julias

you-will-have if Saint-Julian

l'ostal no t'agensa;

the-house not to-you-arranges

c'un' avols rassa menuda

for-a worthless rabble petty

lai m'an baralha moguda.

there to-me-have a-quarrel stirred

Mas ges d'aitals guerrers bas

But at-all of-such warriors low

non esper dan

not I-expect harm

ni no m'espert, s'ilh se fan

and not myself-I-dismay if-they themselves make

valhatz ni murs;

ditches nor walls

que l'obr' es de fanha

for the-work is of mire

c'ans dechai c'us chauls vertas

for-sooner it-falls than-a cabbage grows-green

e com venria bos gras

and how would-come good grain

de mala semensa

from bad seed

ni per gen desconoguda

or through a-folk unknown

cal vitz be razo tenguda?

what saw-you well reason held

C'ab entendedors bauzas

For-with suitors deceitful

torn' en recrezensa

turns into cowardice

cortezi' ab gauch venguda

courtesy with joy come

pauc prezad' e viltenguda.

little prized and beld-cheap

Ges de sobrevoler no·m tolh

29 • THE VERS FOR LINHAURE

Leaf and flower in spring only increase his excess of desire, though a man who runs after excess can hardly keep it from turning to harm. He saw the hour when his worth doubled at the first leaf, and now the sweet breeze and the new grass are his terror. Shall he show pride toward Love because she gives sooner to a beguiler than to him who is faithful and true? Rather he must count it in her favor. He sends the vers to Linhaure, asking not to be taken for a boaster.

Ges de sobrevoler no·m tolh

At-all from over-willing not-myself I-withdraw

per folha d'arbre ni per flor,

for leaf of-tree nor for flower

ans m'en do mais d'aitz en pascor,

rather to-me-of-it I-give more of-fitness in spring

can chanta·l rossinhols els plais;

when sings-the nightingale in-the thickets

per so·m fui jais,

for that-me I-was joyful

e qui trop chass' a no-dever,

and who too-much chases at un-duty

greu pot sezer

hardly can to-sit-still

que·l trop no·l vir lai on l'er dans

so-that-the excess not-him turn there where to-him-will-be harm

so c'ab mezura·lh fora pros.

that which-with measure-to-him would-be profit

Qu'eu vi l'ora quez al prim folh

For-I saw the-hour that at-the first leaf

cobrav' en doubles ma valor!

was-recovering in double my merit

Er' a mala merce d'Amor

Now there-is an-ill mercy from-Love

la dolz' aur' e l'erba que nais

the sweet breeze and the-grass that is-born

es mos esglais;

is my terror

qu'ela·m fetz e·m fai er' aver

for-she-me made and-me makes now to-have

cor ses poder

a-heart without power

d'aco c'un pas no lai m'enans,

of-this that-a step not there myself-I-advance

c'apres no·m fassa lonhar dos.

that-afterward not-me it-make to-withdraw two

E donc per que non o desvolh,

And then for what not it I-unwish

pos aventura no m'acor?

since fortune not me-succors

Car anc no vi fin amador

For ever not I-saw a-true lover

ab poder que d'amar s'eslais.

with power that from-loving himself-be-flings

De grans eslais

Of great flingings

n'ai eu ja fachs vas no-chaler

of-them-have I already made toward un-caring

et ans del ser

and before of-the evening

m'era si doblatz mos talans

to-me-was so doubled my desire

que·m fora melhs que res no·n fos.

that-to-me it-would-be better that anything not-of-it were

Farai donc vas Amor orgolh,

Shall-I-do then toward Love pride

si·lh dic que·m tenh a dezonor,

if-to-her I-say that-myself I-hold as dishonor

s'ans don' ad un galiador

if-sooner she-gives to a beguiler

c'a me que·lh sui fis e verais?

than-to me who-to-her am faithful and true

Era no m'ais;

Now not to-me-be-it-hateful

aisso·lh dei eu en grat tener,

this-to-her must I in favor to-hold

si·m fai voler

if-me she-makes to-wish

tal amia que de mil tans

such a-beloved that by a-thousand times

m'onres sola sa sospeissos!

me-would-honor alone her hoping

Com fatz, pos ela no m'acolh

How I-do since she not me-receives

ni·m sofre per entendedor?

nor-me suffers as a-suitor

Per Deu, vers es, ans ai paor;

By God true it-is rather I-have fear

que·l seus gens cors conhdes e gais

that-the her noble person gracious and gay

vol qu'eu abais

wills that-I stoop

e par, per que m'en dezesper,

and it-seems for which myself-of-it I-despair

plus esser ver

more to-be true

ab bels dichs et ab bels semblans

with fair sayings and with fair seemings

que m'aia brau ni orgulhos.

that me-she-has fierce or proud

E s'eu ja torn vas Essidolh,

And if-I ever turn toward Excideuil

vau viran de mal en peior,

I-go turning from ill into worse

que per domna ni per senhor

that for a-lady or for a-lord

no·m vol lo trop mover del fais.

not-me wills the excess to-move of-the burden

Abans, s'irais

Sooner herself-she-vexes

can sap que·m deuria valer,

when she-knows that-to-me she-ought to-avail

be·n dei temer

well-of-it I-must to-fear

que s'aiuda·m sia desmans,

that her-help-to-me be a-hindrance

pos c'a dich mal de mas chansos.

since that-she-has said ill of my songs

E pero veiatz en l'escollh

And yet see-you in the-difficulty

Linhaure vers de trobador

Linhaure a-vers of a-troubadour

e no·m n'aiatz per gabador,

and not-me of-it-bold for a-boaster

si tan rics motz me passa·l cais;

if so rich words to-me pass-the mouth

c'aitan m'atrais

for-so-much me-draws

m'essecha de so bel saber!

me-dries-up from her fair knowing

Per qu'eu esper,

For which-I hope

quez ab mo ver dire bobans,

that with my true speaking a-vaunt

c'a defendre·m n'ai arazos.

that-to defend-myself of-it-I-have arguments

Mas lai ai pen' e sai afans;

But there I-have pain and here troubles

no·m sai que s'es amics, Joios.

not-myself I-know who himself-is a-friend Joios

Pero be volh que·l reis Ferans

Yet well I-wish that-the king Ferdinand

auia mo vers e·l reis n'Amfos!

bear my vers and-the king Sir-Alfonso

Er' auziretz enchabalir chantars

30 • NOW YOU SHALL HEAR

A dialogue with his own heart, which breaks in on him with mockery. He is a lover made excellent, a comrade; foolish speaking has often drawn joy out of his hands, and he is going gray for it. He turns his eyes where the sea beats, toward one whose joy keeps its distance. It was only one kiss, the voice says. Neither thirst nor fasting harms him, for sweet thinking would bring him whole and glad to the year's end on a loaf of bread. He sends the song to Linhaure and to Joios.

Er' auziretz enchabalir chantars;

Now you-will-bear to-excel singing

qu'eu sui amics enchabalitz e pars!

for-I am a-friend made-excellent and matched

Auiatz! e fon anc mais dicha

Hear-you and was ever before spoken

tan grans foli' en chantan?

so great folly in singing

Greu n'eschaparaï ses dan;

Hardly of-it-I-shall-escape without harm

s'ab leis m'aparei ni m'ec

if-with her myself-I-match or myself-I-liken

cui sui plus liges que sers,

to-whom I-am more a-liegeman than a-serf

terra, tu com me sofers?

earth you how me you-bear

Ai, tantas vetz m'a trach nescis parlars

Ab so-many times to-me-has drawn foolish speaking

joi d'entrels mas, per qu'esdevenh liars,

joy from-between-the hands for which-I-become gray

e-l cor, pos en re s'aficha

and-the heart since on anything itself-it-fixes

don s'alegr' a tan ni can,

whereof itself-it-gladdens at so-much and when

volri' eu chantes gaban;

it-should-wish I sang boasting

qu'era tro que s'esperec,

for-now until that it-took-fright

tenia·l drech per envers,

I-held-the right for wrong

tan er' en amar esmers!

so-much I-was in loving refined

E qu'en directz, si l'esciens es rars

And what-of-it will-you-say if the-knowledge is rare

e-l cor es leus, valra·m ja sobramars?

and-the heart is light will-avail-to-me ever over-loving

No ja, tan es alt' e richa

Not ever so-much she-is high and rich

cela — c'als remanh' ab tan! —

she that-other-things must-be-left-off with that

ja re laus no m'i valran,

ever anything praises not to-me-there will-avail

com c'adesch, e c'o eissecc,

however that-I-flatter and that-it I-achieve

mou mas chansos e mos vers

I-strike-up my songs and my vers

com fols de saber esters.

as a-fool of knowing otherwise

Anc nuls esfretz no·m fo valens ni chars,

Ever any alarm not-to-me was great nor grievous

tro que m'ac lonh de joi sobregabars,

until that me-had far from joy over-boasting

e pois dic c'Amors me tricha

and then I-say that-Love me cheats

per un petit de semblan

for a little of seeming

e pert per so que no·m blan

and I-lose for that that not-me she-coaxes

leu parlar c'us dans m'en crec

lightly speech so-that-a harm to-me-of-it grew

que·m te pres plus greu qu'en fers

which-me holds prisoner more grievously than-in irons

per te, bocha, que mal mers.

through you mouth that ill you-deserve

Qu'era no·m letz, can me valgra preiars,

For-now not-to-me is-allowed when to-me would-avail praying

querre merce? Si fai, que mos trobars,

to-seek mercy Yes it-does for my composing

pos tan s'es m'amors africha

since so-much itself-is my-love fastened

c'altra no volh ni'n deman,

that-another not I-wish nor-of-it I-ask

clama·lh merce. Qui que·l chan

cries-to-her mercy Whoever that-it sings

celeis, cudes: chاوزit lec! —

before-her may-she-think something-choice he-recites

Fols trascudatz e despers,

Fool over-confident and heedless

tot trobaras so que quers?

all you-will-compose that which you-seek

E·l be que·t fetz, si n'eras en foc ars,

And-the good that-to-you she-did if of-it-you-were in fire burnt

potz li grazir? — Fo donc mas us baizars! —

can-you to-her to-be-thankful Was-it then but one kiss

Fola res, e cel que picha

Foolish thing and he who hews

no vai l'obra melhuran

not goes the-work bettering

cada pauc? — Saber d'enfan! —

every little-bit Knowledge of-a-child

E si·t fetz mais que no·n dec,

And if-to-you she-did more than of-it she-ought

peier que cilh de Bezers,

worse than those of Béziers

tu cals merces l'en refers? —

you what thanks to-her-of-it do-you-return

Tals que lai dretz los olhs on bat la mars

Such-a-one that there I-turn the eyes where beats the sea

e·l cors es dolz e francs e fis e clars

and-the person is sweet and noble and true and bright

de celeis cui jois s'abricha

of her whose joy itself-shelters

lonh d'avol pretz e d'engan

far from-worthless worth and from-deceit

e de me que vau pensan

and from me who go thinking

tan qu'en magrezisc e sec

so-much that-of-it I-grow-lean and dry

volven de tort en travers

turning from crooked into crosswise

plus abruzitz d'un convers.

more downcast than-a lay-brother

E cudatz setz m'anoi ni dejunars

And think-you thirst me-vexes or fasting

ni-m tenha dan? No fai, que-l dolz pensars

or-me does harm Not it-does for-the sweet thinking

m'aduri' ab una micha

me-would-lead with a loaf

san e let al chap de l'an! —

sound and glad at-the end of the-year

Fols, c'as dich? Pauc t'en creiran

Fool what-have-you said Few to-you-of-it they-will-believe

de so c'anc vers no parec! —

of that which-ever true not appeared

Si fara be, si l'enquers,

Yes he-will-do well if bim-you-ask

mos Linhaure lai part Lers.

my Linhaure there beyond Lers

Joios, qui per bon enders

Joios who through good amends

no s'alegra, fols es mers!

not himself-gladdens a-fool he-is downright

Ab semblan

31 • WITH A SEEMING

Love makes him fall by a seeming: one fair seeming hurries him on and the other turns him aside. His lady takes him with art and false craft as though he were the cheat, and the more she forgets him at need the more his heart goes where it pleases her. He lives without a heart, since she keeps it. Rather than give her up he will be faithful without gladness and gay in ill-faring. He praises the king of Aragon, whose enemies are shamed, and sends the song to My-Lord.

Ab semblan me fai dechazer

With a-seeming me makes to-decline

Amors e·m dona marimen;

Love and-to-me gives sorrow

car semblan m'es del joi c'aten

for a-seeming to-me-is of-the joy that-I-await

que ja·l cor no·m n'esclaire,

that ever-the heart not-to-me of-it-I-lighten

car en trop ric repaire

for into too rich a-dwelling

bels semblans me guida

fair seeming me guides

que·m ditz que jauzida

which-to-me says that enjoyment

n'aurai ses falhia.

of-it-I-shall-have without fail

Mas so·m dechai,

But that-me casts-down

don fort m'esmai,

whereat greatly myself-I-dismay

car l'us semblans m'abriva lai

for the-one seeming me-hurries there

e l'altre·m desvia.

and the-other-me turns-aside

Ab bel semblan me fai voler

With a-fair seeming me makes to-wish

midons so que plus me defen;

my-lady that which most to-me she-denies

ab art et ab fals genh me pren

with art and with false craft me she-takes

com s'eu l'era trichaire.

as if-I to-her-were a-cheat

Per leis pert mo veiaire,

Through her I-lose my judgment

tan m'es abelida;

so-much to-me-she-is grown-pleasing

car on plus m'oblida

for the more me-she-forgets

can ops me seria,

when need to-me it-would-be

mos cors s'en vai

my heart itself-away goes

lai on li plai.

there where to-her it-pleases

Ses cor viu, car ab me no l'ai,

Without a-heart I-live for with me not it-I-have

qu'ilh l'a en bailia!

for-she it-has in keeping

Greu me poiria pro tener

Hardly to-me could profit to-hold

de s'amor ja segon mo sen,

of her-love ever according-to my sense

pos aman no·i trop chاوزimen

since loving not-in-it I-find clemency

si com fizels amaire.

thus as a-faithful lover

Donc pos no·i gazzanh gaire,

Then since not-in-it I-gain much

que non ai gequida

why not I-have forsaken

l'amor que·m convida

the-love that-me invites

d'amar chascu dia?

to-love every day

Car no posc mai,

Because not I-can more

per c'amarai;

for which-I-shall-love

que be leu enquera n'aurai

for quite likely still of-it-I-shall-have

de joi a ma guia.

of joy at my wish

Pos no posc mai, ab bon esper

Since not I-can more with good hope

aleujarai lo mal qu'eu sen;

I-shall-lighten the ill that-I feel

fis serai ses tot jauzimen

faithful I-shall-be without any gladness

e gais per lo maltraire,

and gay through the ill-faring

entro·m volha refaire

until-me wishes to-restore

ma domna chاوزida,

my lady discerning

franch' et eissernida,

noble and distinguished

de bela paria,

of fair company

ab cui estai

with whom dwells

jois ab cor gai,

joy with a-heart gay

ensenhemens ab pretz vrai,

breeding with worth true

sens e cortezia.

sense and courtesy

Domna·lh genser c'om pot vezer,

Lady-the fairest that-one can to-see

oimais me fossetz d'avinen;

henceforth to-me may-you-be of-kindness

que conoissetz mo fi talen

for you-know my true desire

e co·us am ses cor vaire!

and how-you I-love without a-heart wavering

Cortez' e de bon aire,

Courteous and of good birth

s'un pauc m'etz aizida,

if-a little to-me-you-are gracious

joios a ma vida

joyful for my life

serai on qu'eu sia;

I-shall-be where that-I be

si no, be sai,

if not well I-know

tan can viurai,

so-long as I-shall-live

si tot no·m voletz, be·us volrai,

though wholly not-me you-wish well-you I-shall-wish

si tot no·m valia.

though wholly not-to-me it-availed

Senher reis d'Arago, temer

Lord king of-Aragon to-fear

vos devon vostre malvolen,

you must your ill-wishers

car fach lor avetz a prezen

for done to-them you-have in public

totztems peitz lor afaire

always worse their case

quez om no sap retraire

than one — knows to-tell

si que n'es aunida

so that of-it-is shamed

tota·lh lor partida

all-the their party

e lor senhoria

and their lordship

mor e desvai;

dies and fails

tan an d'esglai

so-much they-have of-terror

que·lh plus ric son tornat savai,

that-the most rich are turned base

car lor pretz te via!

for their worth holds its-way

Coms, fort me plai,

Count much to-me it-pleases

car tan s'atrai

for so-much itself-draws

vostre noms vas fi pretz verai

your name toward true worth genuine

qu'en re no·s desvia!

that-in anything not-itself it-turns-aside

Ab joi t'en vai,

With joy yourself-away go

chansos, en lai

song off yonder

vas Mo-Senhor, ab cui estai

toward My-Lord with whom dwells

pretz e cortezial!

worth and courtesy

Be conve

32 • RANSOMED FROM THE ALMOHADS

Now that the branch bows with leaf and fruit, he must make a vers to match his earlier ones. His adversary is one of the best, so it behooves him to trouble himself for her sake — no, he has said too much, since it does not please her. The hunger of desire doubles in him. A roebuck or a fallow deer would be tamed by prayers, but neither cries nor pleas assail her. He would sooner be ransomed from the Almohads than delivered into such trouble, and asks why she will not consider it.

Be conve, pos ja bassa·l ram

Well it-behooves since already bows-the branch

la folh' e·l fruchs apres las flors,

the leaf and-the fruit after the flowers

que d'un vers, en que·m sui tarzatz,

that of-a vers in which-myself I-am delayed

m'esfortz com als primers l'egalh;

I-strive how to-the first it-I-match

qu'esters no m'er onors ni pretz,

for-otherwise not to-me-will-be honor nor worth

pos locs m'en aiud' e gens tems,

since place to-me-of-it helps and fair season

si de tal manera no·l fatz

if in such a-manner not-it I-make

que contrapasse·ls plus prezat.

that it-surpass-the most prized

E per ma guerrera cui am,
And for my adversary whom I-love
 car es una de las melhors,
because she-is one of the best
 conve, si noca·m sui amatz,
it-behooves if never-myself I-am loved
 que per l'aventura·m trebalh
that through the-venture-myself I-trouble
 e m'en fenha conhdes e letz?
and myself-of-it I-feign gracious and glad
 No fai, ans cut que n'ai dich nems,
Not it-does rather I-think that of-it-I-have said too-much
 pos leis non agrada ni·lh platz
since to-her not it-pleases nor-to-her it-pleases
 qu'eu m'en deport ni·m n'assolatz.
that-I myself-of-it disport nor-myself of-it-solace

E dobla·m del voler la fam,
And it-doubles-me of-the willing the hunger
 per que s'esvertuda l'amors,
for which itself-strengthens the-love
 qu'era·n sui plus enamoratz
for-now-of-it I-am more enamored
 de leis, sembla, que l'amiralh,
of her it-seems than the-emir
 dic a vos, que non o sabetz;
I-say to you who not it know

tan gentet s'avenon ensems

so becomingly themselves-agree together

lo sens e·l pretz e la beltatz

the sense and-the worth and the beauty

el franc cors c'anc bona fos natz!

in-the noble person that-ever good was born

E si·m solh eu tener so clam

And if-myself I-used I to-hold that I-claim

com vassal de lor bos senhors

as a-vassal of their good lords

e no m'en sui del tot laissatz;

and not myself-of-it I-am of-the whole desisted

que·l nescis cor ab que·m baralh,

for-the foolish heart with which-myself I-quarrel

fis contra leis e vas me quetz,

faithful toward her and toward me quiet

me ditz qu'ela·m fo vel' e rems

to-me says that-she-to-me was sail and oar

de mans encombrers, c'ai passatz,

of many hindrances that-I-have passed

en que·m fora dezesperatz.

in which-myself I-should-be despairing

Pero de chabrol o de dam,

Yet of a-roebuck or of a-fallow-deer

si precs entendes ni clamors,

if prayers it-beard or cries

cudera fos adomesgatz;

I-should-think it-were tamed

mas vos, ma domna, non assalh

but you my lady not assail

clams ni merces, car no vezetz

cries nor entreaties for not you-see

los mals qu'eu trac ni·ls planchs ni·ls gems

the ills that-I bear nor-the complaints nor-the groans

qu'eu fatz la noch, can sui colgatz,

that-I make the night when I-am laid-down

e·l jorn no posc estar en patz.

and-the day not I-can to-be in peace

E si per Deu, cui sotzestam,

And if by God whom we-are-under

no·us platz que·m trespas la dolors,

not-to-you it-pleases that-me pass-by the grief

que m'aucira, si no·n pensatz,

which me-will-kill if not-of-it you-think

greu m'er e s'orgolhs no·us i falh,

grievous to-me-will-be and if-pride not-to-you in-it fails

e pezara·m, si no sentetz

and it-will-grieve-to-me if not you-feel

com es jois frevolitz e sems,

how is joy weakened and emptied

can de servizi no ve gratz

when from service not comes thanks

celui que·s n'es molt trebalhatz.

to-him who-himself of-it-is much troubled

E si·m tenetz pres el liam

And if-me you-bold prisoner in-the bond

e no·m val forsa ni valors,

and not-to-me avails force nor merit

no·m deu valer umilitatz?

not-to-me must to-avail humility

Si fai, pos en re no trassalh

Yes it-does since in anything not I-overstep

vostres mans! E si·m destrenhetz

your commands And if-me you-constrain

que mais me volgr' esser reems

that more myself I-should-wish to-be ransomed

de Masmutz o de revelatz

from Almohads or from rebels

qu'en tal trebalha fos liuratz!

than-in such trouble I-were delivered

Per vos, domna, que·m destrenhetz,

Through you lady who-me constrain

cuder' eu ben esser reems

should-think I well to-be ransomed

de Masmutz o de revelatz

from Almohads or from rebels

ans c'aissi fos justiziatz!

rather that-so I-were executed

Domna, merce! Car no pensatz

Lady mercy Why not you-think

com eu no fos totztems forsatz?

how I not were always forced

Can creis la frescha folh' e·l rams

33 • WHEN THE FRESH LEAF GROWS

When the leaf grows and the shade thickens, everything pleases him, and he would make a vers for those whom worth and joy please. He thought no wrong could fall between the two of them; but if he believes and is not believed, the harm is his. His whole grievance is one word: Mercy. The bond he thought had taken them both never reached her. He recalls the day she kept him as her own and gave him her ungloved hands, and asks what her promises are worth if she then fails him.

Can creis la frescha folh' e·l rams

When grows the fresh leaf and-the branch

e l'ombra s'espeiss' els defes,

and the-shade itself-thickens in-the coverts

m'agrada l'aur' e·l tems e·l mes

to-me-pleases the-air and-the season and-the month

e·l gaps e·l ris e·l jois e·l chans

and-the jests and-the laughter and-the joy and-the song

e·l dolz mazans,

and-the sweet noise

que creis, can s'azina·l matis,

that grows when itself-readies-the morning

si no·m gendis

if not-me shelters

mos-Senher convinens, e mans

my-Lord seemly and gentle

fora m'enans

it-would-be my-advancement

qu'eu fes un vers que fos per cels chantatz

that-I made a vers that were by those sung

cui pretz e jois e cortezia platz.

to-whom worth and joy and courtesy please

E no cuder' entre nos ams

And not I-should-think between us both

mals ni meschaps ni tortz chaubes;

ills nor mishaps nor wrongs might-befall

mas s'eu te cre e tu no·m cres,

but if-I you believe and you not-me believe

com te posc esser fis amans?

how to-you can-I to-be a-true lover

Meus es lo dans!

Mine is the harm

Qu'eu fora frachs e francs e fis,

For-I should-be broken and open and true

si·m consentis

if-to-me she-consented

que l'esperans' e·l bels semblans

that the-hope and-the fair seeming

me fos durans;

to-me were lasting

mas a greu er vera fin' amistatz,

but with difficulty will-be a-true pure friendship

pos qu'i sofranh tota l'una meitatz.

since that-in-it fails wholly the-one half

E cudatz c'aisso sia clams

And think-you that-this be a-complaint

ni qu'eu m'en rancur? No fatz ges!

or that-I myself-of-it grieve Not I-do at-all

Tota ma rancur' es: 'Merces!'

All my grievance is Mercy

Si be's passa'l dichs los garans,

Though well-itself passes-the saying the warrants

no·n sui clamans,

not-of-it I-am complaining

mas be volri' ela chausis

but well I-should-wish she chose

que no·n falhis;

that not-of-it she-failed

tan es adrech' e benestans!

so she-is upright and seemly

Que·l maier pans

For-the greater portion

chaira del pretz, si no·l soste vertatz,

will-fall from-the worth if not-it upholds truth

et er a greu fis cor enves dos latz.

and it-will-be with difficulty a-true heart toward two sides

Ges leis non ateis lo liams

At-all her not reached the bond

en que cudei c'ams nos prezes.

in which I-thought that-both us it-took

De me conois be que sui pres,

Of me she-knows well that I-am taken

c'ades par fis amics trians,

for-always seems a-true friend choosing

qu'eu cuder' ans

that-I should-think sooner

que s'aspra chaptenensa vis,

that her-harsh bearing I-saw

c'us cals que ris

that-a some or-other laugh

m'aleuges mos maiors afans

to-me-lightened my greater pains

e·ls plus pezans!

and-the most heavy

Mas despu'eu vi que·l cor l'era chamjatz,

But once-that-I saw that-the heart to-her-had changed

chamjera·l meu, s'aissi no fos fermatz.

would-have-changed-the mine if-so not it-were fixed

E pos del mal no·m part la fams

And since from-the ill not-me parts the hunger

e conosc cals seria·l bes,

and I-know what would-be-the good

si no m'en part, falh? — Tu no ges! —

if not myself-of-it I-part do-I-fail You not at-all

E com? — Ja semblari' engans

And how Indeed it-would-seem a-deceit

aitals balans

such a-balance

c'om ben ames e no sofris! —

that-one well loved and not endured

E tu ja dis

And you already said

que·l mals ajuda·l be cen tans? —

that-the ill helps-the good a-hundred times

Ja no soans

Ever not scorn

so que plus vols ni t'en fenhas iratz;

that which most you-wish nor yourself-of-it feign angry

que guerra tol soven so c'adui patz.

for war takes-away often that which-brings peace

A, com? Fo·n petitz lo reclama?

Ab how Was-of-it small the outcry

Qui tan prim non o conogues,

Who so finely not it knew

can li plac c'ab se·m retengues

when to-her it-pleased that-with herself-me she-kept

e·m soferc qu'eu li fos comans

and-me suffered that-I to-her were subject

e·m det ses gans

and-me gave without gloves

sas mas, per que melhs m'enriquís,

her hands for that better me-she-enriched

tro pois m'aucis,

until then me-she-killed

can me fo veiaire·l demans,

when to-me was seeming-the demand

c'us dels Bertrans

that-one of-the Bertrans

non es tan ferms ni tan ben ensenhatz

not is so firm nor so well bred

c'ad aital pas no fos totz issaratz.

that-at such a-pass not he-were wholly bewildered

E pois a que diras que m'ams,

And then to what will-you-say that me-you-love

si, can m'auras gran be promes,

if when me-you-will-have great good promised

me falhs e·m ditz qu'eu sui mespres?

to-me you-fail and-to-me say that-I am mistaken

E que? No·m doptas ni no·m blans?

And what Not-me you-fear and not-me you-flatter

No m'o desmans,

Not to-me-it unsay

qu'eu no volri' om pros plevis

for-I not should-wish a-man worthy pledged

so que mentis;

that which he-belied

no·s tanh mas als trafas truans

not-itself befits but to-the treacherous rogues

fals e chamjans

false and changing

que s'eu vos dic d'aisso, volh que·m crezatz:

that if-I to-you say of-this I-wish that-me you-believe

per no-poder rema, si non o fatz!

through inability it-stays if not it I-do

E no volh esser corelhans,

And not I-wish to-be complaining

per qu'eu bobans

for which-I boast

pro vetz d'aisso don altre for' iratz;

many times of-this whereof another would-be angered

qu'en Sobre-Totz s'en es a me clamatz.

that-Sir Above-All himself-of-it is to me complained

D'un convinen que m'es tan deslonhatz

Of-a covenant that to-me-is so put-far-off

qu'eu neis m'en for' e mos Folha laissatz.

that-I even myself-of-it should-be and my Folha left

Tot gen m'estav' e suau
34 • ALL WENT NOBLY WITH HIM

He lived quite finely and at peace until the day love entered his heart: he neither loved nor was loved, and felt no hurt from love. Now he loves one who does not love him, and holds from her everything in his keeping. He is rich in the ill-usage she gives him and poor when she will not look at him. Her beauty undoes him as the savage undid Gawain's brother-in-law. Slanderers have banished him from her country, and he would have died of longing had the true God not favored him.

Tot gen m'estav' e suau et en patz
Quite finely myself-I-fared and softly and in peace
tro·l jorn c'amors entret en mo coratge;
until-the day that-love entered into my heart
qu'eu non amava ni non er' amatz
for-I not loved and not was loved
ni·m sentia d'amor mal ni damnatge.
nor-myself I-felt of-love ill nor hurt
Era no sai qu'i s'es ni se deve,
Now not I-know what-in-it it-is nor itself it-becomes
qu'eu am cela quez ilh no m'ama re
for-I love her that she not me-loves at-all
e si·n tenh eu tot can ai en bailia
and yet-from-her hold I all that I-have in keeping
e tot lo mon, si fos meus, en tenria.
and all the world if it-were mine of-it I-should-hold

Lo cor en tenh en loc d'altras rictatz

The heart of-it I-hold in place of-other riches

e mas chansos en loc de vassalatge

and my songs in place of vassalage

e, s'eu fos reis ni ducs ni amiratz,

and if-I were a-king or a-duke or an-emir

fera rics fachs per s'amor e barnatge

I-should-do rich deeds for her-love and knightliness

e, car non ai lo poder que'm conve

and because not I-have the power that-to-me befits

a leis servir, eu ai ma bona fe

to her to-serve I have my good faith

e bona fe, qui be la conoissia,

and good faith who well it knew

degra prender en loc de manentia.

he-should to-take in place of wealth

Be sui manens del maltrach que'm donatz

Well I-am rich of-the ill-usage that-to-me you-give

sofrir en patz, Deus m'en don alegratge!

to-bear in peace God to-me-of-it give gladness

E sui paubres, can vos no m'esgardatz

And I-am poor when you not me-regard

et als altres d'entorn fatz bel vizatge

and to-the others around you-make a-fair face

e me que·us am non esgardatz per be

and me who-you love not you-regard with goodwill

et eu domnei mais que no m'enconve

and I court more than — to-me-it-is-fitting

e s'eu quer so c'a me no's tanheria,

and if-I seek that which-to me not-itself would-befit

forsa d'amor m'i fa dir la folia.

force of-love to-me-there makes to-say the folly

C'aissi m'espert, can vei vostras beltatz,

For-so myself-I-lose when I-see your beauties

com lo conhatz de Galvan per salvatge;

as the brother-in-law of Gawain because-of the-savage

can per guerra n'ac totz sos filhs menatz

when through war thereby-be-had all his sons carried-off

e sa filha queria per oltratge,

and his daughter he-sought through outrage

el endema rendia la·lh ab se,

and-the morrow he-was-giving her-to-him with himself

entro qu'Ivans los defendet, e me

until that-Yvain them defended and me

defend' ab vos merces e cortezia!

defend with you mercy and courtesy

E si voletz ja re guirens no'm sia?

And yet you-will ever anything a-warrant not-to-me be

Dels lauzengers me tenh molt per pagatz —

Of-the slanderers myself I-hold very for satisfied

so que no fai om mais, de me l'engatge —,

that which not does one ever for myself it-I-pledge

car m'an faidit del país on estatz!

for me-they-have banished from-the country where you-are

Qu'en tan m'era lo vers Deus d'agradatge

For-in so-much to-me-was the true God of-pleasing

qu'eu fora mortz; que fis amics can ve

that-I should-be dead for a-true friend when he-sees

so c'ama fort e l'altra pro no-i te,

that which-he-loves greatly and the-other profit not-in-it holds

mor de dezir, don volh mais que m'auca

dies of desire whereof I-wish rather that me-kill

Amors sai lonh que lai si non l'avia!

Love here far than there if not her-I-had

Aver? No posc, que tan i a de be

To-have Not I-can for so-much in-her there-is of good

e de beltat c'a fugir m'en ave!

and of beauty that-to flee to-me-of-it comes

E ses domna serai tan can viuria?

And without a-lady I-shall-be so-long as I-should-live

Si vos non ai, e qu'eu ses domna sia!

If you not I-have and that-I without a-lady be

Pro contessa que Proensa mante

Worthy countess who Provence maintains

e tot lo mal i fai tornar en be,

and all the ill in-it makes to-turn into good

chaps etz de pretz e chaps de cortezia,

head you-are of worth and head of courtesy

per qu'en val mais Savoi' e Lombardia!

for which-of-it is-worth more Savoy and Lombardy

Totztems me sol plus jois plazer

35 · JOY WAS ALWAYS HIS PLEASURE

Joy always pleased him most in April, and the birds show him how to make a courteous vers to hearten worth and youth. If his Fair-Lord welcomes him without ill-will, everything that was harm will turn to gladness. He asks only to be kept so that deceit cannot hurt him. He does not grieve at another's fear, having now great mercies from Love; and he will not part from his lord's service nor ever carry a false heart.

Totztems me sol plus jois plazer

Always to-me is-wont most joy to-please

en abril, can s'afancha l'ans

in April when itself-softens the-year

e can se raman els verjans

and when themselves branch on-the branches

las flors e la folha se nais

the flowers and the leaf itself is-born

e·lh gen deport d'auzels els plais

and-the fair delights of-birds in-the thickets

mostro·m a far

show-to-me to make

un cortes vers per conortar

a courteous vers to hearten

pretz e joven.

worth and youth

E ges per so, si be·m ve len,

And at-all for that even though-to-me it-comes slowly

pois no mesfai,

then not it-does-wrong

car tot can ren fin amic jai
for all that renders a-true friend gladness
 ni don' a chan pretz ni valor
and gives to song worth and merit
 trop en mo cor, s'aissi m'eschai
I-find in my heart if-so to-me-it-falls
 com esper de mo Bel-Senhor.
as hope from my Fair-Lord

Qu'era si·m col ses malsaber
For-now if-to-me she-welcomes without displeasure
 mo solatz ni l'es bels mos chans,
my company or to-her-is fair my song
 tot so que m'era mals e dans
all that which to-me-was ill and barm
 m'er jauzimens e l'ira jais
to-me-will-be gladness and the-grief joy
 e desque vas mos precz s'afras,
and once toward my prayers itself-she-yields
 pro·m dei cudar,
much-myself I-must to-think
 que be·m sai chاوزir e gardar
for well-myself I-know to-choose and to-guard
 de falhimen,
from failing

del seu adrech cors avinen

of-the her upright person seemly

cortes e gai

courteous and gay

que·m lonh de trebalh e d'esmai;

who-me keeps-far from trouble and dismay

c'aissi conve de bo senhor,

for-so it-befits of a-good lord

desque·ls seus leva ni refai,

once-that-the his be-raises and restores

c'o tenha tan que n'ai' onor.

that-it be-hold so that of-it-be-have honor

E s'aissi·m volgues retener

And if-so-me she-wished to-keep

que no·m poscha nozer engans,

that not-me could to-hurt deceit

pos de sai s'afina l'us pans,

since on this-side itself-refines the-one side

de l'altre pens que no s'abais;

of the-other let-her-think that not itself-it-lower

c'aissi·lh serai fis e verais

for-so-to-her I-shall-be faithful and true

c'ochaizonar

that-to-reproach

no cut que·m posch' en ben-amar

not I-think that-me she-can in true-loving

a mo viven

in my living

ni de negu galiamen;

nor of any beguiling

que leu dechai

for easily declines

l'amistatz e torn' en afrai

the-friendship and turns into ruin

de cels que son galiador,

of those who are beguilers

e per pauc de meschap trasvai

and for a-little of mishap slips-away

Amors d'amic e de senhor.

Love of-friend and of lord

Mas no me dol d'altrui temer

But not to-me grieves of-another's fearing

ni·m clam dels altrui dezenans;

nor-myself I-complain of-the another's setbacks

qu'er' ai d'Amor las merces grans

for-now I-have from-Love the mercies great

e plus de joi c'anc non aic mais;

and more of joy than-ever — I-had before

e s'anc re·m falhi ni m'estrais

and if-ever anything-to-me she-failed or from-me-she-withdrew

ni·m fetz semblar

or-to-me made to-seem

vera la faula de Bretmar,

true the fable of Bretmar

tot bonamen

all in-good-part

li o fenisc e·l greu tormen

to-ber it I-forgive and-the heavy torment

qu'era penrai

that-now I-shall-take

de la malanansa de lai;

of the ill-faring from yonder

si Deus me salva Mo-Senhor,

if God for-me saves My-Lord

ai tal gazardo com s'eschai,

I-have such a-reward as it-befalls

si fos de plus fin amador.

if it-were of a-more true lover

So que m'en sol es plus de ver,

That which me-from-him parts is more of truth

car no m'en ve salutz ni mans;

because not to-me-of-it comes greeting nor message

c'aissi conve de fis amans

for-so it-befits of true lovers

que l'us per l'altre sia gais

that the-one through the-other be gay

e que l'us, si l'altre s'irais,

and that the-one if the-other himself-vexes

no·s pens venjar

not-himself think to-avenge

ni no deu sa colpa celar.

and not must his fault to-hide

Que doblamen

For doubly

meschaba qui so tort defen

goes-wrong who his wrong defends

e no·s n'estrai,

and not-himself of-it-withdraws

per qu'eu, si posc, me gardarai

for which-I if I-can myself I-shall-guard

que per ira ni per folor

that through anger nor through folly

no fassa mo bo sen savai

not I-make my good sense base

don perda·l joi de Mo-Senhor.

whereby I-lose-the joy of My-Lord

C'ab prim lassol me pot tener —

For-with a-fine noose me she-can to-bold

d'aisso·m van eu e m'en bobans,

of-this-myself boast I and myself-of-it I-vaunt

que que·s dia l'us dels Bertrans —,

whatever that-himself says the-one of-the Bertrans

ab que no·n volva ni·n biais;

provided that not-of-it she-turn nor-of-it swerve

que la bona speransa·m pais

for the good hope-me feeds

e·m fai laissar

and-me makes to-leave

mantas res de que·m solh clamar

many things of which-myself I-use to-complain

e no m'enten

and not myself-I-set

en aital va domneiamen,

on such an-empty courting

que ven e vai,

that comes and goes

que ja per re no me partrai

that ever for anything not myself I-shall-part

del servizi de Mo-Senhor

from-the service of My-Lord

ni eu, si posc, ja non aurai

and I if I-can ever not I-shall-have

fals cor trafa ni trichador.

a-false heart treacherous nor deceiving

E no me col per remaner

And not me welcomes despite my-staying

la melher e la plus prezans;

the best and the most prized

que la serf ab cor en balans

whom her I-serve with a-heart in balance

on ja nuls pros drutz ni savais

where ever any worthy lover or base

loc non aura c'abras ni bais,

place not will-have that-be-embrace nor kiss

e pos trobar

and since to-find

no·lh poiria semblan ni par

not-to-her I-should-be-able a-likeness nor peer

mon escien,

in-my knowing

iria la foldat queren

one-would-go the folly seeking

qu'eu no querrai,

which-I not shall-seek

ans vos dic be que remanrai.

rather to-you I-say well that I-shall-remain

Si sobre totz, non er ans lor

If above all not it-will-be before them

que la grans benanansa·m fai

for the great well-being-me makes

fin e segur de bo senhor?

true and sure of a-good lord

E, pos mos Sobre-Totz s'atrai

And since my Above-All himself-draws

vas una domna, l'a senhor

toward a lady whom-he-has as-lord

cui prei' e prez', e prezarai

whom be-prays and prizes and I-shall-prize

que sols aia fizel senhor?

that alone be-have a-faithful lord

Ses valer de pascor

36 • WITHOUT THE HELP OF SPRING

Without spring, without leaf or flower, and without any lord's bidding, he makes a new song out of the grief Love has laid on him. A true lover should want no honor but love's pleasure, for a delayed good gladdens the heart more. He asks whether men think he is angry on his own account, or that his noble honored lord is blamed for it; he sees his lord's deeds rising, and hopes this year to show him the dismay that grieves him, and to serve him once, privately, at his dressing.

Ses valer de pascor

Without help of springtime

e ses folh' e ses flor

and without leaf and without flower

e ses man de senhor

and without bidding of a-lord

volh far ab la dolor

I-wish to-make with the grief

que m'a chargat Amors

that to-me-has charged Love

en loc d'altre socors

in place of-other succor

un novel chan

a new song

que m'ira conortan

which me-will-go comforting

de l'ir' e de l'afan

of the-sorrow and of the-pain

gran qu'eu trai;

great that-I bear

c'altre conselh no'n sai,

for-other counsel not-of-it I-know

pos no me val merces.

since not to-me avails mercy

Donc be sui empres,

Then well I-am hard-put

pos no m'en posc sofrir

since not myself-of-it I-can to-forbear

ni re de can dezir

nor anything of what I-desire

no vei esdevenir

not I-see to-happen

ni non aten

and not I-await

socors ni valemén,

succor nor help

ja m'ai' eu longamen

even-though to-me-have I long

plus amat finamen

more loved truly

d'amador c'anc fos natz.

than-a-lover that-ever was born

Era qu'en diriatz

Now what-of-it would-you-say

qu'eu tenson e menatz

that-I dispute and threaten

e can ven a la patz,

and when it-comes to the peace

eu-m vir de l'altre latz?

I-myself turn on the-other side

C'aissi es fazedor

For-so it-is to-be-done

a tot fin amador

by every true lover

que ja no volh' onor

that ever not he-wish honor

mas aplazer d'amor;

but at-pleasure of-love

c'aitals vens ses onors

for-such conquers without honors

entre fis amadors

among true lovers

e ses engan,

and without deceit

car si be's torn' a dan,

for though well-itself it-turns to harm

lor es pois benestan

to-them it-is afterward seemly

can om fai

when one does

so qu'en amor s'eschai

that which-in love itself-befalls

ni tanh a ben apres.

and befits to well bred

Qu'eu vei c'us tarzatz bes

For-I see that-a delayed good

fai plus cor esjauzir

makes more a-heart to-rejoice

e no's tanh que s'aïr,

and not-itself befits that he-vex-himself

si no l'es cui grazir

if not he-has whom to-thank

so jauzimen.

his gladness

E van totz jorns dizen

And they-go all days saying

que no pert qui s'empren,

that not loses who himself-engages

mas a me no par gen,

but to me not it-seems seemly

s'en ren etz ensenhatz

if-in anything you-are bred

ni benestan amatz,

nor seemly loved

qu'en bon' obra·us metatz

that-into a-good work-you you-put

e leu vos en partatz,

and easily you of-it part

si noca·us achabatz.

if never-you you-finish

Pero qui no·m socor

Yet who not-me succors

a ma cocha maior,

at my need greater

semblara de folor,

it-will-seem of folly

si no m'en pas alhor,

if not myself-of-it I-pass elsewhere

e sera breus lo cors

and will-be short the course

als esperonadors,

for-the spurrers

tan pres iran!

so near they-will-go

E si m'en vauc lonhan,

And if myself-of-it I-go withdrawing

pot esser que diran

it-can to-be that they-will-say

'tan no sai!'

so-much not I-know

Cilh que s'estan de lai

Those who themselves-keep from there

e no s'en dolon ges:

and not themselves-of-it grieve at-all

'Non i fai que cortes,

Not in-it he-does as courteous

s'era s'en vol partir,

if-now himself-of-it he-wills to-part

can s'en degra jauzir,

when himself-of-it he-should to-rejoice

ni laissa per gandar

nor leaves for escaping

leugeramen

lightly

tan bel eschazemen?'

so fair an-opportunity

E no falh qui·m mespren

And not errs who-me blames

de mon ensenhamen,

of my breeding

s'eu dic so que no fatz.

if-I say that which not I-do

Mas ja no volh sapchatz

But ever not I-wish you-know

com en sui issaratz;

how of-it I-am cast-out

c'amics sui dezamatz

for-a-friend I-am unloved

e so que·m volh no platz!

and that which-me I-wish not pleases

E si s'an per melhor

And if themselves-they-have for better

ist amic fenhedor,

these friends feigning

c'om ab cor trichador

that-a-man with a-heart deceiving

serf ades sa color,

serves always his color

qu'engans vas fin' amors

that-deceit toward true love

lor par pretz e valors.

to-them seems worth and merit

Qui dessemblan

Who a-difference

lor sap far quez ilh fan?

to-them knows to-make than they do

Mas eu so qu'en juran

But I that which-in swearing

mandarai?

I-shall-command

Sapchatz be c'atendrai,

Know-you well that-I-shall-wait

si tot n'era mespres,

though wholly of-it-I-were mistaken

e no·m valha ma fes,

and not-to-me avail my faith

s'eu ja posc sens falhir!

if-I ever can without failing

Dei donc mo ver delir

Must-I then my truth to-destroy

per l'altrui trassalhir?

through the-other's overstepping

Non eu nien!

Not I at-all

Ans vos dic veramen

Rather to-you I-say truly

que malamen despen

that ill he-spends

sas novas qui trop men

his words who too-much lies

ni n'es acostumatz;

or of-it-is accustomed

mas be de leu cudatz

but well with ease you-think

qu'eu per me·n si' iratz

that-I for myself-of-it be angered

o qu'en si' encolpatz

or that-of-it be blamed

mos francs Senher onratz?

my noble Lord honored

Mas eu non ai paor,

But I not have fear

si be·s leva ni·s cor

though well-itself rises and-itself runs

esfortz de dezonor,

an-effort of dishonor

que ja·n prenda·l peior

that ever-of-it be-take-the worse

ni que ja·m vir alhors;

nor that ever-me be-turn elsewhere

tan vei sos fachs alsors

so-much I-see his deeds higher

en benestan

in seemliness

qu'eu·m n'esjau en chantan.

that-I-myself of-it-rejoice in singing

Mas be n'ai cor c'ogan,

But well of-it-I-have a-mind that-this-year

an de mai,

before — May

li mostre mon esmai

to-him I-show my dismay

que·m greuja plus que res

which-to-me grieves more than anything

e volgra, si·lh plagues

and I-should-wish if-to-him it-pleased

ni m'eschazes a dir,

and to-me-it-fell to say

c'una vetz al vestir

that-one time at-the dressing

li fos al seu servir

to-him I-were at-the his service

privadamen,

privately

e s'eu entremespren,

and if-I transgress

a sas merces m'en ren;

to his mercies myself-of-it I-yield

c'assatz for' avinen

for-quite it-would-be seemly

c'als mas rendes los bratz,

that-to-the hands I-yielded the arms

car s'en ome ponhatz

for if-in a-man you-strive

que melhurar volhatz,

whom to-better you-wish

tan conve lo tenhatz

so-much it-behooves him you-hold

tro melhurat l'aiatz.

until bettered him-you-have

El cudar m'assolatz

In-the thinking myself-I-solace

que totz m'en sui laissatz

that wbolly myself-of-it I-have left

dels poderos malvatz;

of-the powerful wicked

c'un no·n ponh ni menatz,

that-one not-of-them I-goad nor threaten

c'a mo Sobre-Totz platz.

for-to my Above-All it-pleases

E si·s baixet barnatz

And thus-itself lowered knighthood

lai on eu fui raubatz!

there where I was robbed

Be deu om chastian dire

37 • A FRIEND MUST CHIDE

A man must tell his friend his good counsel humbly when the friend goes beyond measure, even if the friend does not like to hear it: the one who keeps silent and the one who does wrong fail alike. So he tells Love plainly what she is blamed for. He believes she keeps company with the one who must not be named and with the dice, and asks her to soften his martyrdom, since his lady will not consent. The more truly a man endures for Love, the worse he fares by her.

Be deu om chastian dire

Well must one chastening to-say

al seu amic umilmen

to his friend humbly

so bo conselh drechamen,

his good counsel rightly

can el fai desmezuransa,

when he does immoderation

si tot no·lh platz c'om o dia.

though wholly not-to-him it-pleases that-one it say

Car qui ve l'amic falhir,

For who sees the-friend to-fail

tazen lo fai enardir;

keeping-silent him makes to-grow-bold

amdui falhon d'un' esmansa,

both fail of-one measure

l'us que tatz, l'altr' a malfaire.

the-one who is-silent the-other for doing-ill

Pero no serai sofrire

Yet not I-shall-be a-forbearer

qu'eu no·us dia mo talen

that-I not-to-you say my mind

d'aisso don om vos repren,

of-this whereof one you blames

si tot n'avetz greu pezansa.

though wholly of-it-you-have grievous displeasure

Car legen o trobaria,

For reading it I-should-find

Amors, om no's deu sofrir

Love one not-himself must to-forbear

de dir, si tot so li tir,

from saying though wholly that to-him vexes

re que porta benanansa

anything which brings well-being

a l'amic cui es amaire.

to the-friend to-whom he-is a-lover

E car sui vostre servire,

And because I-am your servant

dic vos be seguramen:

I-say to-you well surely

on plus trobatz fi sofren,

the-more more you-find a-true enduring-one

plus a de vos malanansa.

more he-has from you ill-faring

Be cre c'aiatz companhia

Well I-believe that-you-have company

ab aquel c'om no deu dir

with him that-one not must to-name

et ab datz que fan languir

and with dice which make to-languish

totz cels que segon lor dansa,

all those who follow their dance

on cre que·us siatz tuch fraire.

whence I-believe that-you be all brothers

Per Deu, volhatz mo martire

By God be-willing my martyrdom

adolcir e mo tormen,

to-soften and my torment

car ma domna no·m consen,

because my lady not-to-me consents

a cui port leial amansa.

to whom I-bear loyal love

Eu cre be qu'ilh o volria,

I believe well that-she it would-wish

mas no pot ges trassalhir

but not she-can at-all to-overstep

vostre coman, so m'albir;

your command so myself-I-deem

car plus l'avetz en possansa

because more her-you-have in power

que non a so filh lo paire.

than — has his son the father

Si de leis no sui jauzire,

If of her not I-am one-rejoicing

e·us dic tot apertamen:

and-to-you I-say all openly

vostr' onors vai descreissen,

your honor goes decreasing

car avetz falsa semblansa.

because you-have a-false seeming

Pos c'om vos serf en fadia,

Since that-one you serves in vain

be degra totz om fuir

well should every man to-flee

vos onrar ni gen servir;

you to-honor or nobly to-serve

car servizis non enansa,

because service not advances

s'om no n'es gazardonaire.

if-one not of-it-is a-rewarder

Enquera pogra jauzir,

Still I-could to-rejoice

si de leis que·m fai languir,

if of her who-me makes to-languish

Amors, me donatz fiansa,

Love to-me you-give assurance

qu'es la genser de bon aire.

who-is the fairest of good breeding

A, amics, val m'esperansa?

Ab friend avails my-hope

Poi' en vos e mon affaire!

It-rises in you and my affair

Car non ai joi

38 • SINCE HE HAS NO JOY THAT SUFFICES

Having no joy enough to keep him singing, he thinks of giving it up, then refuses: he remembers who won him and smiled on him outside his own country. He will not say who she is, for a man who blabs loses what he loves. He does not know why he is downcast and jealous of nothing; may God hate him, he says, if he does not truly think well of her. Nobody equals her, and the man she suffers beside her was never better seated. He sends his tunes to King Alfonso.

Car non ai

Since not I-have

joi que m'aon,

joy that me-suffices

me te de

me it-keeps from

chantar soven

singing often

e, si m'enten

and if myself-I-apply

en far chansos,

to making songs

no m'es pros;

not to-me-is profitable

c'aissi com solia

for-so as I-used-to

no·i posc avenir,

not-in-it I-can to-succeed

ans m'en cut partir.

rather myself-of-it I-mean to-part

E gicrai m'en?

And shall-I-give-up myself-of-it

No per re!

No for anything

Qu'era·m sove

For-now-me it-recalls

qui·m pres e si·m ris

who-me won and thus-on-me smiled

fors de mo païs.

outside of my country

E dirai

And shall-I-tell

qui es ni don?

who she-is and whence

Non eu, que

Not I for

leugeramen

lightly

falh e mespren

he-errs and he-transgresses

qui·s fai janglos

who-himself makes a-babbler

a sazos.

at times

Per que, s'eu dizia,

For which if-I spoke

cui am e dezir

her-whom I-love and I-desire

pert, si no consir;

I-lose if not I-consider

c'ab falhimen

for-with a-fault

s'estrai se

herself-draws-off herself

cilh cui quer be,

she whom I-see well

cui eu sui plus fis

to-whom I am more faithful

qu'Elena Paris.

than-to-Helen Paris

Mas no sai

But not I-know

com de preon

how from deep

m'aperte

to-me-it-comes

c'ai marrimen

that-I-have sorrow

e de nien

and from nothing

fatz me gilos

I-make myself jealous

enveios,

envious

cais qu'eu conoistria

as-if that-I should-judge

per sobras d'albir.

through excess of-judgment

Mas si Deus m'air,

But may God me-hate

s'eu veramen

if-I truly

be no·n cre,

well not-of-it believe

si no·m refre

if not-myself I-content

d'aisso que m'es vis

with-this that to-me-is seemed

que dolz m'er vezis!

that sweet to-me-will-be a-neighbor

Donc no·m vai

Then not-to-me goes

lo melhs del mon?

the best of-the world

S'om no ve

If-one not sees

contravalen

an-equal

al seu cors gen,

to-the her person noble

ben es razos

well it-is reason

c'amoros

that-loving

e jauzions sia

and joyful he-be

cui denh' acolhir

whom she-deigns to-receive

en grat so servir

in favor his serving

e cui consen

and whom she-suffers

josta se,

beside herself

ja, per ma fe,

ever by my faith

melhs non er' assis!

better not was seated

Fola res, que dis?

Foolish thing what say-you

Que ja·m fai

For indeed-me she-does

mal e confon.

harm and destroys

Deus, merce!

God mercy

Can fadamen

When foolishly

parlam soven,

we-speak often

si que·l manbos

so that-the guardian

ditz que tos!

speaks like a-child

Com me confondria,

How me would-she-destroy

si·m fai esjauzir?

if-me she-makes rejoice

Ans li dei grazir

Rather to-her I-must to-be-thankful

lo pensamen

the thought

que m'en ve,

that to-me-of-it comes

ab que m'estre

provided that me-she-gifts

de so que l'ai quis,

for that which of-her-I-have asked

que sols la servis.

that alone her I-might-serve

Era·m trai

Now-me it-draws

vas mo segon

toward my second

ad esple

with force

tot mantenem

all at-once

e port prezen

and I-bear a-present

al rei n'Anfos

to-the king Sir-Alfonso

de mos sos;

of my tunes

c'altra manentia

for-other wealth

non ai mas de dir

not I-have but of composing

que l'aus perofrir.

that to-him-I-dare to-proffer

Car a valen

For he-has worthy

e mante

and maintains

pretz, me conve

worth to-me it-behooves

qu'eu l'estei aclis

that-I to-him-remain bowed

sers oltramaris.

a-servant overseas

Razo s'enten,

Right itself-is-heeded

si·l mante

if-it be-upholds

vas sanh terre,

toward holy land

car trop mais conquis

for far more be-conquered

sobre Sarrazis!

beyond Saracens

Can brancha·l brondels

39 · WHEN THE SAPLING BRANCHES

When the sapling branches and leafs and the grass comes up, the morning is fair to him with the nightingale singing in the thickets. Love calls and lures him as Bertalais called his oxen. A lover who loves well must take the less and strive for the more, for the hour can come when grief goes and joy arrives. He blames himself for leaving, for nothing, the lady he was granted to, and swears he will turn to the craft of the lettered — unless she hears his prayers.

Can brancha·l brondels e rama

When branches-the sapling and leafs

per vergers e l'erba nais,

through orchards and the-grass is-born

m'es lo mati bel, can sona

to-me-is the morning fair when sings

lo rossinholetz els plais;

the little-nightingale in-the thickets

c'altressi·m n'esvelh ab ora

that-likewise-me of-it-I-wake in good-time

com el e·n torn bautz e gais,

as he and-of-it I-turn bold and gay

c'anc no fui tan apensatz

that-ever not I-was so sunk-in-thought

que l'estatz

that the-summer

mais no m'aiudes assatz

more not to-me-helped much

que·l tems dezassazonatz.

than-the season unseasoned

E can cest crid' e cel brama,

And when this-one cries and that bellows

l'us drech e l'altr' en biais,

the-one straight and the-other in a-slant

m'es aicela sazoz bona;

to-me-is that season good

qu'entrels valens e·ls savais

for-among-the worthy and-the base

sortz jois, per que tals s'amora

springs joy for which such-a-one falls-in-love

c'anc en invern mal no·n trais.

that-ever in winter ill not-of-it drew

Qu'eu eis que m'er' estranhatz

For-I myself who to-me-was estranged

de solatz,

from cheer

no·m senti tan, pos fui natz,

not-myself I-felt so-much since I-was born

com fatz er', enamoratz.

as I-do now enamored

C'altressi·m son' e·m reclama,

For-likewise-me calls and-me summons

com fetz los bous Bertalais,

as did the oxen Bertalais

Amors e re plus no·m dona,

Love and anything more not-to-me gives

per que·m fer al cor esglais.

for which-me strikes at-the heart terror

E si no·lh platz que m'acora,

And if not-to-her it-pleases that me-she-hearten

no·n posc mais sofrir lo fais;

not-of-it I-can more to-bear the burden

c'us volers desmezuratz

for-a willing immoderate

m'es doblatz

to-me-is doubled

qu'er' am, si·m pez' o si·m platz,

that-now I-love whether-to-me it-grieves or whether-to-me it-pleases

tal don serai greu privat.

such whereof I-shall-be hardly intimate

E pero res no m'afama

And yet anything not me-starves

tan com s'amors ni no·m pais;

so-much as her-love and not-me feeds

qu'el maltrach, que·m desazona,

for-in-the ill-usage which-me unseasons

magrezisc e pois engrais.

I-grow-lean and then I-fatten

E si saubes can ni cora

And if I-knew when or at-what-hour

n'aurai loc c'als precs m'eslais,

of-it-I-shall-have place that-to-the prayers myself-I-throw

tot l'afan sofrir' en patz

all the-pain I-should-bear in peace

e sapchatz

and know-you

c'ab menhs m'en tengra paiatz

that-with less myself-of-it I-should-bold paid

que vos no cudariatz.

than you — would-think

C'obs es c'amics que ben ama

For-need it-is that-a-lover who well loves

prenda·l menhs e ponh el mais,

take-the less and strive at-the more

e mentr' enquer ni razona,

and while he-woos and pleads

semblara fols, si·s n'irais;

he-will-seem a-fool if-himself of-it-he-vexes

c'avenir pot en tal ora

for-to-happen it-can in such an-hour

que·s n'an l'ir', e venra·l jais

that-itself goes-away the-grief and will-come-the joy

e pels respèchs c'a donatz

and by-the respites that-he-has given

totz forsatz,

all forced

tenra leu entre sos bratz

he-will-bold easily between his arms

so don plus era cochatz.

that whereof most he-was pressed

Cudatz vos, qui trop se clama,

Think you who too-much himself complains

que sos jois plus no n'abais,

that his joy more not of-it-lowers

e qui gran tort no perdona,

and who a-great wrong not forgives

que sia fis ni verais?

that he-be true and faithful

Ai, Deus! s'eu no fos, qui fora,

Ah God if-I not were who would-be

can per drech nien m'estrais

when for sheer nothing myself-I-withdrew

celeis cui m'er' autreiatz?

from-her to-whom I-was granted

E'l bos fatz

And-the good fortune

c'avi' aissi m'es chamjatz

that-I-had so to-me-is changed

c'anc pois no fui ben amatz.

that-ever afterward not I-was well loved

Era, si·m laiss' en la flama

Now if-me she-leaves in the flame

cel' a cui mo cor m'atrais,

she to whom my heart me-draws

can passei vas Eschalona,

when I-passed toward Ascalon

de pro m'er cregutz l'esmais

by much to-me-will-be grown the-dismay

e no·m valran una mora

and not-to-me will-be-worth a blackberry

sonet ni voltas ni lais;

tune nor turns nor lays

ans me sui totz acordatz

rather myself I-am wholly resolved

que viatz

that swiftly

torn al mester dels letratz

I-turn to-the craft of-the lettered

e·l chantars si' oblidadz!

and-the singing be forgotten

Pero, domn', ab que sofratz

Yet lady provided that you-suffer

e volhatz

and be-willing

mos precs e que·ls m'acolhatz,

my prayers and that-them to-me-you-receive

tost m'er coratges chamjatz!

soon to-me-will-be a-heart changed

E vos, Tart-s'i-pres, sapchatz

And you Late-came-to-it know-you

qu'eu am, can vos guerreiatz!

that-I love when you make-war

No posc sofrir

40 · THE DREAM OF THE SPARROWHAWK

*He cannot keep his tongue from the sore tooth, nor his heart from the new flower.
One night in spring he dreamed of a young sparrowhawk perched on his fist, wild
at first and then tame and jessed. He told the dream to his lord, who read it as
love and promised him a friend above his rank. He is ashamed of it now, yet a
proud thought insists it will come true after the crossing; a tower, he says, rises
from a single stone, and he will send his messenger.*

No posc sofrir c'a la dolor

Not I-can to-endure that-to the pain

de la den la lenga no vir

of the tooth the tongue not I-turn

e·l cor ab la novela flor,

and-the heart to the new flower

lanca vei los ramels florir

when I-see the boughs to-flower

e·lh chan son pel boschatge

and-the songs are through-the woodland

dels auzeletz enamorat,

of-the little-birds enamored

e si tot m'estauc apensatz

and though even I-stand sunk-in-thought

ni pres per malauratge,

and taken by ill-fortune

can vei chans e vergers e pratz,

when I-see songs and orchards and meadows

eu renovel e m'assolatz.

I renew-myself and myself-I-solace

Qu'eu no m'esfortz d'altre labor

For-I not myself-strain at-other labor

mas de chantar e d'esjauzir;

but at singing and at-rejoicing

c'una noch somnav' en pascor

for-one night I-dreamed in spring

tal somnhe que·m fetz esbaudir

such a-dream that-me made to-exult

d'un esparver ramatge

of-a sparrowhawk of-the-branch

que m'era sus el ponh pauzatz

that to-me-was up on-the fist perched

e si·m semblav' adomesgatz,

and though-to-me it-seemed tamed

anc no vi tan salvatge,

ever not I-saw so wild

mas pois fo maners e privatz

but afterward it-was manageable and familiar

e de bos getz apreizonatz.

and with good jesses imprisoned

Lo somnhe comtei mo senhor,

The dream I-told to-my lord

c'a son amic lo deu om dir,

for-to his friend it must one to-tell

e narret lo·m tot en amor

and be-related it-to-me all in love

e dis me que no·m pot falhir

and he-said to-me that not-to-me can to-fail

que d'oltra mo paratge

that from-beyond my lineage

no m'aia tal ami' en patz,

not to-me-I-have such a-friend in peace

can m'en serai pro treballhatz,

when myself-of-it I-shall-be enough exerted

c'anc om de mo linhatge

for-ever a-man of my lineage

ni d'oltra ma valor assatz

nor of-beyond my merit by-much

non amet tal ni·n fon amatz.

not loved such nor-of-it was loved

Era n'ai vergonh' e paor

Now of-it-I-have shame and fear

e·m n'esvelh e·n planh e·n sospir

and-myself of-it-I-wake and-of-it I-lament and-of-it I-sigh

e·l somnhe tenh a gran folor

and-the dream I-bold for great folly

e no cut posch' endevenir;

and not I-think it-may to-come-about

pero d'un fat coratge

yet from-a foolish heart

no pot partir us rics pensatz

not can to-part a baughty thought

orgolhos e desmezuratz

proud and immoderate

c'apres nostre passatge

that-after our crossing

sai que'l somnhes sera vertatz

I-know that-the dream will-be truth

aissi drech com me fo narratz.

just straight as to-me it-was related

E pois auziretz chantador

And then you-will-hear a-singer

e chansos anar e venir!

and songs to-go and to-come

Qu'era, can re no sai m'assor,

For-now when anything not here me-heartens

me volh un pauc plus enardir

I-wish myself a little more to-embolden

d'enviar mo messatge

to-send my messenger

que'ns porte nostras amistatz.

who-to-us carries our loves

Que sai n'es facha la meitatz,

For here of-it-is done the half

mas de leis no n'ai gatge

but of her not of-it-I-have a-pledge

e ja no cut si' achabatx

and ever not I-think it-be finished

nuls afars, tro qu'es comensatz.

any business until that-it-is begun

Qu'eu ai vist acomensar tor

For-I have seen to-begin a-tower

d'una sola peir' al bastir

from-one single stone at-the building

e cada pauc levar alsor

and every little to-raise higher

tan josca c'om la poc garnir.

so far that-one it could to-garrison

Per qu'eu tenh vassalatge

For which-I keep chivalry

d'aitan, si m'o aconselhatz,

of-so-much if to-me-it you-advise

e'l vers, pos er ben assonatz,

and-the vers once it-will-be well set-to-a-tune

trametrai el viatge,

I-shall-send on-the journey

si trop qui lai lo'm guit viatz

if I-find who there it-to-me guides swiftly

ab que's deport e's do solatz.

provided that-herself she-disport and-herself give cheer

E s'eu ja vas emperador

And if-I ever toward an-emperor

ni vas rei vauc, si·m vol grazir

or toward a-king go if-me he-wills to-favor

tot aissi com al seu trachor

all so as to-the his traitor

que no·l sap ni no·l pot gandar

whom not-him he-knows and not-him he-can to-shelter

ni mantener, ostatice

nor to-maintain as-a-hostage

me lonh en us estranhs renhatz!

me let-him-put-far into some strange realms

Cais si serai justiziatz

Almost thus I-shall-be punished

e fis de gran damnatge,

and sure of great damage

si·l seus gens cors blancs e prezat

if-the her noble person white and prized

m'es estranhs ni m'estai iratz.

to-me-is strange or to-me-stands angry

E vos entendetz e veiatz

And you understand and see

que sabetz mo lengatge,

who know my language

s'anc fis motz cobertz ni serratz,

if-ever I-made words covered and tight

s'era no·ls fatz ben esclaritz.

if-now not-them I-make well cleared

E sui m'en per so esforsatz

And I-am myself-of-it for that strained

qu'entendatz cals chansos eu fatz.

that-you-understand what songs I make

GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The Life of the Poet

Vida

THE LIFE OF GIRAUT DE BORNELH

The thirteenth-century life: he was a man of low birth from Excideuil in the Limousin, learned in letters and in natural sense, and a better composer than any who had been before him or came after, for which he was called the master of the troubadours. He wintered at school and went through the courts in summer with two singers to sing his songs. He never took a wife, and gave what he earned to his poor kinsmen and to the church of Saint Gervase in the town where he was born.

Girautz de Borneill si fo de Lemozi, de l'encontrada
Giraut de Bornelb thus was of Limousin of the-district
d'Esidueill, d'un ric castel del vescomte de Lemoges. E fo
of-Excideuil of-a rich castle of-the viscount of Limoges And he-was
hom de bas afar, mas savis hom de letras e de sen natural.
a-man of low estate but wise a-man of letters and of sense natural
E fo meiller trobare que negus d'aquels qu'eron estat
And he-was a-better composer than any of-those who-were been
denan ni foron apres lui; per que fo appellatz mestre dels
before or were after him for which he-was called master of-the
troubadors, e es ancar per totz aquels que ben entendon
troubadours and he-is still by all those who well understand
subtils ditz ni ben pauzatz d'amor e de sen. Fort fo
subtle sayings or well framed of-love and of sense Greatly he-was
honratz per los valens homes e per los entendens, e per
honored by the worthy men and by the discerning and by
las dompnas qu'entendian los sieus maestrals ditz de las soas
the ladies who-understood the his masterly sayings of the his
cansos. E la soa vida si era aitals que tot l'ivern estava
songs And the his life thus was such that all the-winter he-stayed
a scola e aprendia, e tota la estat anava per cortz e
at school and learned and all the summer he-went through courts and

menava ab se dos cantadors que cantavan las soas cansos.

led with him two singers who sang the his songs

Non volc mais moiller; e tot so qu'el gazaingnava dava

Not he-wished ever a-wife and all that which-he earned he-gave

a sos paubres parens, e a la gleisa de la vila on el

to his poor kinsmen and to the church of the town where he

nasquet; la qual gleisa avia nom e a encaras Saint Gervasi.

was-born the which church had a-name and has still Saint Gervase

Razo

THE RAZO OF THE DREAM AT ANTIOCH

The prose headnote to the last song in the volume. Giraut went overseas with King Richard and Aimar, viscount of Limoges, and was at the siege of Acre; when the city was taken and the barons all turned home he went instead to the good prince of Antioch, a man of great worth, who honored him and served him and kept him a whole winter while he waited for the crossing that was to be made at Eastertide. There, staying with him, he dreamed the dream the song tells.

Girautz de Borneil si passet outra mar com lo rei Richart
Giraut de Bornelb thus passed beyond sea with the king Richard
e com lo vescomte de Lemotges, lo cals avia nom n'Aimar;
and with the viscount of Limoges the which had a-name Sir-Aimar
e fo al setge d'Acre. E quan la ciutatz ne fon presa
and he-was at-the siege of-Acre And when the city of-it was taken
e tuit li baro s'en torneren, Girautz de Borneil si
and all the barons themselves-away returned Giraut de Bornelb thus
s'en anet al bon prince d'Antiocha, qu'era trop valens
himself-away went to-the good prince of-Antioch who-was very worthy
hom. Mout fo honratz per lui e servitz, e estet ab
a-man Greatly he-was honored by him and served and he-stayed with
lui tot un yvern, attenden lo passatge que se devia far al
him all a winter awaiting the passage that itself was-to make at-the
pascor. Et estan con el, el somniet un somni, lo qual ausiretz,
spring And staying with him he dreamed a dream the which you-shall-hear
en aquesta chanson que diz: No puesc sofrir c'a la dolor.
in this song that says Not I-can to-endure that-to the pain
