

## Translations

### Por coi me bait mes maris?

*Why does my husband beat me? Poor me!*

I haven't done him any harm,  
nor have I said anything bad to him.  
All I've done is embrace my lover, all alone.

If he won't let me carry on  
nor lead an enjoyable life,  
I'll get him called a cuckold definitely.

Now I know well what I'll do  
and how I'll get revenge on him:  
I'll sport with my lover in the nude.

### A chanter m'er

I have to sing about something I don't want to,  
I feel so bitter about the man I love,  
for I love him more than anything.  
He lays no worth by my grace nor courtesy  
nor by my beauty nor my rank nor my good sense.  
I am deceived and betrayed  
as if I did not have the slightest charm.

One thing consoles me: for I have never been  
disloyal to you, my friend, not in any way.  
On the contrary, I love you more than Segui loved  
Valensa,  
and it pleases me greatly to outdo you in love,  
my dearest friend, for you are the most valiant one.  
You treat me with pride in words and manner  
and yet you are nice towards everyone else.

I marvel at how haughty you are towards me  
my friend, and I am right to be upset by it.  
It isn't fair that another love should take you away  
from me,  
whatever she may say to you or however she may  
welcome you.  
Remember the beginning of our love.  
May God forbid  
that our separation should ever be my fault.

I am worried by the great prowess which rests in  
you, and the great merit which you have.  
For I know no woman, far or near,  
who, seeking love, isn't drawn towards you.  
But you, my friend, are so knowledgeable  
that you must be able to recognise who has been  
the most faithful.  
And remember our pact.

My rank, my high birth and my beauty should  
count for something,  
and most of all, my sincere heart.  
For this reason I am sending this song  
which will serve as a messenger to you in your  
dwelling place.  
And I want to know, my fair gracious love,  
why you are so haughty and harsh towards me.  
I don't know whether it is arrogance or whether you  
wish me ill.

But most of all I want you to tell him, Messenger,  
that many people have suffered greatly from too  
much arrogance.

### Ar em al freg temps vengut

Now we have come to the cold time,  
with the ice, snow and mud.  
And the little birds are silent,  
not one desires to sing.  
And the branches in the hedges are bare,  
neither flowers nor leaves sprout there.  
Nor does the nightingale sing  
which awakens my soul in May.

My heart is in such disarray  
that I am estranged from everyone.  
And I know that one loses  
much more rapidly than one wins.  
For this I am in great distress  
because I know that thus I will die.  
And if I were already dead  
I would consider myself saved.

I commend Beauregard to God,  
and also the city of Orange,  
and Gloriette and the Caslar,  
and the Lord of Provence, and all who are well  
disposed towards me there,  
and the arch where the deeds are carved.  
I have lost the one who has my life,  
and will be grieving forever.

And if truthful words fail me,  
my grief comes from Orange.  
It leaves me confounded  
so I have lost my solace.

### Dites Seignor

Tell me, my lord, how should one judge a traitor  
who claimed he had won my love without suffering  
any pangs?  
For this will never be, God forbid!  
Take him and have him tied up for me. Put him on  
the pillory without allowing him back down.  
No ransom could I take for him.  
Rather he will die truly.

- Lady, have mercy, I need to confess.  
I wish to plead guilty for my sins towards you,  
lady, whom I thought to seduce.  
The devil made me do it.  
Did you think I cared to endure the pains of love?  
No, not in the least.  
In order to get you, I pretended to suffer,  
so I could trick you.

- By God, you rake, when the other cheats learn  
what my revenge is: that your eyes will be plucked  
from your forehead, never will such a lady be  
courted by them.  
Those others will flee in fear.  
Then the loyal and guileless will be seen  
openly, when the tongue that lies about love  
is banished.

### Un petit davant lou jour

Just before daybreak I rose the other day, smitten  
by a new love that kept me awake. To forget and  
soothe my sorrows, I went off to gather flowers

near an orchard. There, in a secluded spot, I heard a knight, and above him in a high tower, a lady who cherished him dearly. She had a fresh complexion and was singing so sweetly a sweet, poignant song mingled with tears. Then she said, as a loyal lover: *'Beloved, you have lost me. My jealous husband has imprisoned me.'*

When the knight heard the lady with the radiant face, he began to weep from the great anguish he felt. Then he said with a sigh: 'Woe, lady, that I ever saw confined your gracious body which I cannot help loving! Now I must pay dearly for the sweet favours that you used to grant me so willingly and often. Alas! Now I fare ill. It is too bitter a torment! And if we must endure it for long, Dear God, what will become of us? *I cannot survive without you. And you without me, how can you survive?*

*God willing, the jealous husband will die and I will have my love back.'*

'Beloved, if you desire the death of the jealous one, even more do I desire it, a hundred times more than you, so help me God! He is old and besotted, gluttonous as a wolf, and scrawny and bald, and he has a cough. He has so many foul traits, the perfidious redhead. His greatest merit is to be a cuckold. Friend, alas that I was ever born, when my body is captive because of you and another has his will with it. Rightfully do I complain: *How can a lady without her lover heal when love torments her?*

Fair friend, be on your way, for I see daylight. From now on you could be lingering too long. Leave me your true heart. Have no fear for you will be taking with you the most perfect love. Since you cannot free me from this tower, gaze at it often for my sake, with much tenderness.' And so he departs, full of ire, saying: 'Alas that I was ever born, since my heart stays here without me. Doleful I depart.' *'I commend my love to God. May he protect it for me.'*

### **En greu esmay**

In grave distress, grave trouble and great confusion my heart is thrown, by slanderers and treacherous spies, brings down of joy and youth. For you whom I love best in all the world, they've stolen and sent away from me, so I can't see or gaze at you and I am dying of grief, anger and torment.

He who blames or forbids my loving you cannot in any way amend my heart, nor increase the sweet desire that I have for you, nor the wish, nor the desiring, nor the yearning. And there's no man, however much my enemy, that I won't hold dear if he speaks well of my friend. If he speaks ill, he cannot do or say anything at all that pleases me.

Do not fear, fair friend, that my heart will ever be treacherous towards you, or that I'll exchange you for another lover, even if a hundred other ladies beg me. Love that has me in its power because of you

commands my heart to enclose and keep you, which I will do. If I could steal it back, the person who has my body would never have it.

Friend, I am in such rage and torment because you are out of sight, that when I try to sing, I complain and sigh, for I cannot with my verses accomplish what I wish.

### **Bele Doette**

Lovely Doette sits at a window reading a book but her heart is not in it. She recalls her friend Doon who has gone tourneying in other lands. *See now what grief I have.*

A squire dismounted at the staircase of the hall and untied his saddlebags. Lovely Doette ran down the steps, not thinking to hear bad news. *See now what grief I have.*

Lovely Doette asked him at once: 'Where is my lord whom I have not seen for so long?' The squire had such grief that he wept for pity. Then lovely Doette fainted away. *See now what grief I have.*

Lovely Doette asked him: 'Where is my lord whom I should love so much?' 'In the name of God, lady, I no longer want to hide anything from you. My lord is dead. He was killed in jousting.' *See now what grief I have.*

Lovely Doette began to mourn. 'Such sorrow was there, Count Do, noble man. For your love I shall wear a hair shirt, and on my body I shall not wear a fur cloak.' *See now what grief I have.*

Lovely Doette began to build her abbey, which is very large, and now she will be the abbess. She will gather there all those who have known pain and sorrow for love. *See now what grief I have. For you I shall become a nun in the church of Saint Paul.*

### **Amors u trop tart me sui pris**

Love, to which I have been drawn so late, has instructed me by its nobility to want to sing a song of you, dear lady of Paradise. *For everlasting joy it is you one should serve and love.*

For there is no one who has acted wrongly toward your son, however greatly, in word or deed whom you would not reconcile with Him provided he has turned to serving you. *For everlasting joy...*

Virgin queen, lily flower, no one could recount the great delight one feels when enflamed with love for you. *For everlasting joy...*

The vessel was most well chosen, dear lady, in which the Holy Spirit was nourished for nine full months. It was your heart, peerless lady. *For everlasting joy...*