A totas las valens femnas qu'an cantat ses estre cantadas.
To all the valiant women who have sung and gone unsung.

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Countess of Dia
born c.1140

I

Ab joi et ab joven m’apais,
e jois e jovens m’apaia,
que mos amics es lo plus gais,
per qu’ieu sui coindet’ e guaia;
e pois ieu li sui veraia,
bei.s taing qu’el me sia verais:
qu’anc de lui amar non m’estrais,
ni ai cor que m’en estrai.

Mout mi plai, quar sai que val mais
cel qu’ieu plus desir que m’aia,
e cel que primiers lo m’atrais
Dieu prec que gran joi l’atraia;
e qui que mal l’en retraia,
no.l creza, fors cels qui retrais
c’om cuoill maintas vetz los balais
ab qu’el mezais se balaia.

Dompna que en bon pretz s’enten
deu ben pausar s’entendenssa
en un pro cavallier valen
pois qu’ill conois sa valenssa,
que l’aus amar a presenssa;
que dompna, pois am’a presen,
ja pois li pro ni li valen
no.n dirant mas avinenssa.
THE COUNTESS OF DIA was probably from Die, northeast of Montélimar. She was descended from seigneurial families of the Viennois and Burgundy and was married to a lord of Die. Four of her poems have survived.

I

I thrive on youth and joy,
and youth and joy keep me alive,
for my friend's the very gayest,
which makes me gay and playful;
and since I'm true,
he should be faithful:
my love for him has never strayed,
nor is my heart the straying kind.

I'm very happy, for the man
whose love I seek's so fine.
May God with joy richly repay
the man who helped us meet.
If anyone should disagree,
pay him no heed; listen only
to the one who knows one often picks the blooms
from which one's own broom's made.*

The lady who knows about valor
should place her affection
in a courteous and worthy knight
as soon as she has seen his worth,
and she should dare to love him face to face;
for courteous and worthy men
can only speak with great esteem
of a lady who loves openly.

* Probably a proverb. Literally, "For one often picks the brooms with which one sweeps oneself;" i.e., "One is often responsible for one's own undoing."
Qu’ieu n’ai chausit un pro e gen,
per cui pretz meillur’ e genssa,
larc et adreig e conoissen,
on es sens e conoissenssa.
Prec li que m’afia crezenssa,
ni om no.l puosca far crezen
qu’ieu fassa vas lui faillimen,
sol non trob en lui faillensa.

Amics, la vostra valenssa
sabon li pro e li valen,
per qu’ieu vos quier de mantenien,
si.us plai, vostra mantenenssa.

II

A chantar m’er de so qu’ieu non volria,
tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia,
car l’am mais que nuilla ren que sia;
vas lui no.m val merces ni cortesia,
ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens,
c’atressi.m sui enganad’ e trahia
com degr’ esser, s’ieu fos desavinens.

D’aisso.m conort car anc non fi faillensa,
amics, vas vos per nuilla captenenssa,
anz vos am mais non fetz Seguis Valensa;
e platz me mout quez eu d’amar vos venssa,
lo mieus amics, car etz lo plus valens;
mi faitz orguoill en ditz et en parvenssa,
e si etz francs vas totas autras gens.
I've picked a fine and noble man,  
in whom merit shines and ripens —  
generous, upright and wise,  
with intelligence and common sense.  
I pray him to believe my words  
and not let anyone persuade him  
that I ever would betray him,  
except I found myself betrayed.

Floris,* your worth  
is known to all good men;  
therefore I make this request:  
please, grant me your protection.

II

Of things I’d rather keep in silence I must sing:  
so bitter do I feel toward him  
whom I love more than anything.  
With him my mercy and fine manners are in vain,  
my beauty, virtue and intelligence.  
For I’ve been tricked and cheated  
as if I were completely loathsome.

There’s one thing, though, that brings me recompense:  
I’ve never wronged you under any circumstance,  
and I love you more than Seguin loved Valensa.†  
At least in love I have my victory,  
since I surpass the worthiest of men.  
With me you always act so cold,  
but with everyone else you’re so charming.

* Probably a senhal; Floris was the hero of a popular romance, now lost (see Countess of Dia, poem III).  
† Hero and heroine, respectively, of a lost romance.
Be.m meravill com vostre cors s’orguilla,
amics, vas me, per qu’ai razon qu’ieu.m duolla;
non es ges dreitz c’autr’ amors vos mi tuoilla
per nuilla ren que.us diga ni acuoilla;
e membre vos cals fo.l comenssamens
de nostr’ amor! ja Domepdieus non vuoiilla
qu’en ma colpa sia.l departimens.

Proesa grans qu’el vostre cors s’aiziná
e lo rics pretz qu’avetz m’en ataïna,
c’una non sai, loindana ni vezina,
si vol amar, vas vos non si’ aclina;
mas vos, amics, etz ben tant conoissens
que ben devetz conoisser la plus fina:
e membre vos de nostres partimens.

Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos paratges,
e ma beltatz e plus mos fis coratges,
per qu’ieu vos mand lai on es vosstr’ estatges
esta chansson que me sia messatges;
ieu vuoiill saber, lo mieus bels amics gens,
per que vos m’etz tant fers ni tant salvatges;
non sai si s’es orguoiills o mal talens.

Mas aitan plus vuoiill li digas, messatges,
qu’en trop d’orguoiill ant gran dan maintas gens.
I have good reason to lament
when I feel your heart turn adamant
toward me, friend: it's not right another love
take you away from me, no matter what she says.
Remember how it was with us in the beginning
of our love! May God not bring to pass
that I should be the one to bring it to an end.

The great renown that in your heart resides
and your great worth disquiet me,
for there's no woman near or far
who wouldn't fall for you if love were on her mind.
But you, my friend, should have the acumen
to tell which one stands out above the rest.
And don't forget the stanzas we exchanged.

My worth and noble birth should have some weight,
my beauty and especially my noble thoughts;
so I send you, there on your estate,
this song as messenger and delegate.
I want to know, my handsome noble friend,
why I deserve so savage and so cruel a fate.
I can't tell whether it's pride or malice you intend.

But above all, messenger, make him comprehend
that too much pride has undone many men.
III

Estat ai en greu cossirier
per un cavallier qu'ai agut,
e vuoi si totz temps saubut
cum ieu l'ai amat a sobrier;
ara vei qu'ieu sui trahida
car ieu non li donei m'amor,
don ai estat en gran error
en lieig e quand sui vestida.

Ben volria mon cavallier
tener un ser en mos bratz nut,
qu'el s'en tengra per ereubut
sol qu'a lui fezes cossellier;
car plus m'en sui abellida
no fetz Floris de Blanchaflor:
ieu l'autrei mon cor e m'amor,
mon sen, mos huoills e ma vida.

Bels amics avinens e bos,
cora.us tenrai en mon poder?
e que jagues ab vos un ser
e qu'ie.us des un vais amoros;
sapchatz, gran talan n'auria
qu'ie.us tengues en luoc del marit,
ab so que m'aguessetz plevit
de far tot so qu'ieu volria.
III

I've lately been in great distress
over a knight who once was mine,
and I want it known for all eternity
how I loved him to excess.
Now I see I've been betrayed
because I wouldn't sleep with him;*
night and day† my mind won't rest
to think of the mistake I made.

How I wish just once I could caress
that chevalier with my bare arms,
for he would be in ecstasy
if I'd just let him lean his head against my breast.
I'm sure I'm happier with him
than Blancaflor with Floris.††
My heart and love I offer him,
my mind, my eyes, my life.

Handsome friend, charming and kind,
when shall I have you in my power?
If only I could lie beside you for an hour
and embrace you lovingly –
know this, that I'd give almost anything
to have you in my husband's place,
but only under the condition
that you swear to do my bidding.

* Some scholars see in this line a classic reference to the épreuve, or test of chastity, which required the lovers to sleep together naked with a sword between them.
† Literally, "in bed and when I'm dressed."
†† Heroine and hero, respectively, of a lost popular romance.
IV

Fin ioi me don' alegranssa,
per qu’eu chan plus gaiamen,
e no m’o teing a pensanssa,
ni a negun penssamen,
car sai que son a mon dan
fals lausengier e truan,
e lor mals diz non m’esglaia:
anz en son dos tanz plus gaia.

En mi non an ges fianssa
li lauzengier mal dizien,
c’om non pot aver honranssa
qu’a ab els acordamen;
qu’ist son d’altrestal semblan
com la niuols que s’espan
qe.l solels en pert sa raia,
per qu’eu non am gent savaia.

E vos, gelos mal parlan,
no.s cuges que m’an tarzan,
que iois e iovenz no.m plaia,
per tal que dols vos deschaia.
IV

Fine joy brings me great happiness,*
which makes me sing more gaily,
and it doesn’t bother me a bit
or weigh my spirit down
that those sneaky lauzengiers†
are out to do me harm;
their evil talk doesn’t dismay me,
it just makes me twice as gay.

Those nasty-worded lauzengiers
won’t get an ounce of trust from me,
for no one will find honor
who has anything to do with them.
They are like the cloud that grows
and billows out until
the sun loses its rays:
I have no use for such as them.

And you, gossiping gelos,††
don’t think I’m going to hang around,
or that joy and youth§ don’t please me:
beware, or grief will bring you low.

---

* "Fine" in the sense of "courtly," as in fin’ amors, courtly love.
† Omnipresent characters in troubadour love poetry. Lauzengiers were spies in the employ of the jealous husband; they not only eavesdropped on the lovers but did everything possible to thwart their secret meetings. The figure of the lauzengier probably corresponds to the very real difficulty of finding privacy in the courtly setting.
†† Gelos is almost always used in Provençal to designate the jealous husband, an indispensable third party to any properly conducted courtly liaison.
§ lois e ioenz may here be taken as a single term designating courtly love. "Joy" and "youth" were the essential qualities of any courtly lover, male or female.
Azalais de Porcairages  
born c.1140

Ar em al freg temps vengut  
quel gels el neus e la faingna  
e'l aucellet estan mut,  
c'us de chantar non s'afraingna;  
e son sec li ram pels plais –  
que flors ni foilla noi nais,  
ni rossignols noi crida,  
que l'am e mai me reissida.

Tant ai lo cors deseubut,  
pe qu'ieu soi a totz estraingna,  
e sai que l'om a perdut  
molt plus tost que non gasaingna;  
e s'ieu faill ab motz verais,  
d'Aurenga me moc l'esglais,  
per qu'ieu m'estauc esbaïda  
e 'n pert solatz en partida.

Dompna met mot mal s'amor  
que ab ric ome plaideia,  
ab plus aut de vavassor;  
e s'il o fai, il folleia,  
car so diz om en Veillai  
que ges per ricor non vai,  
e dompna que n'es chauzida  
en tenc per envilanida.
AZALAIAS DE PORCAIRAGES was from the modern town of Portiragnes, just outside Béziers. Nothing definite is known about her life, but she appears to have moved in courtly society.

Now we are come to the cold time when the ice and the snow and the mud and the birds’ beaks are mute (for not one inclines to sing); and the hedge-branches are dry – no leaf nor bud sprouts up, nor cries the nightingale whose song awakens me in May.*

My heart is so disordered that I’m rude to everyone; I know it’s easier to lose than gain; still, though I be blamed I’ll tell the truth: my pain comes from Orange.† That’s why I stand gaping, for I’ve lost the joy of solace.

A lady’s love is badly placed who argues with a wealthy man, one above the rank of vassal: she who does it is a fool. For the people of Vélay‡‡ say love and money do not mix, and the woman money chooses they say has lost her honor.

* This line recalls the May songs of the popular tradition.
† Perhaps a reference to Raimbaut d’Orange.
‡‡ Corresponds to the southern part of the Auvergne.
Amic ai de gran valor
que sobre toz seignoreia,
e non a cor trichador
vas me, que s'amor m'autreia.
Ieu dic que m'amors l'eschai,
e cel que dis que non fai,
Dieus li don mal' escarida,
qu'ieu m'en teing fort per guerida.

Bels amics, de bon talan
son ab vos toz jornz en gatge,
cortez' e de bel semblan,
sol no.m demandes outratge;
tośt en venrem a l'assai,
qu'en vostra merce.m metrai:
vos m'avetz la fe plevida,
que no.m demandes faillida.

A Dieu coman Bel Esgar
e plus la ciutat d'Aurenza,
e Gloriet' e.l Caslar,
e lo seignor de Proenza
e tot can vol mon ben lai,
e l'arc on son fag l'assai.
Celui perdiei c'a ma vida,
e 'n serai toz jorns marrida.

Joglar, que avetz cor gai,
ves Narbona portatz lai
ma chanson ab la fenida
lei cui jois e jovens guida.
I have a friend of great repute
who towers above all other men,
and his heart toward me is not un-
true, for he offers me his love.
And I tell you I reciprocate,
and whoever says I don’t,
God curse his luck —
as for myself, I know I’m safe.

Handsome friend, I’d gladly stay
forever in your service —
such noble mien and such fine looks —
so long as you don’t ask too much;
we’ll soon come to the test,
for I’ll put myself in your hands:
you swore me your fidelity,
now don’t ask me to transgress.

To God I commend Bel Esgar
and the city of Orange,
and Gloriét’ and the Caslar,
and the lord of all Provence,
and all those there who wish me well,
and the arch where the attacks are shown.*
I’ve lost the man who owns my life,
and I shall never be consoled.

Joglar, you of merry heart,
carry my song down to Narbonne,
with its tornada made for her†
whose guides are youth and joy.

* The Roman arch of Orange was one of the outstanding monuments of medieval Provence (see illustration, p. 42). The other references in the stanza are to now unknown landmarks, presumably also in the area of Orange.
† Probably the Viscountess Ermengarda of Narbonne, a major political and cultural figure over a period of fifty years.
Castelloza
born c.1200

I

Amics, s’ie.us trobes avinen,
humil e franc e de bona merce,
be.us amera, quan era m’en sove
que.us trob vas mi mal e fellon e tric;
e fauc chanssos per tal qu’ieu fass’ auzir
vostre bon pretz, don ieu non puosc sofrir
que no.us fassa lauzar a tota gen,
on plus mi faitz mal et adiramen.

Jamais no.us tenrai per valen
ni.us amarai de bon cor e de fe,
tro que veirai si ja.m valria re
si.us mostrava cor fellon ni enic;
non farai ja, car non vuoill poscatz dir
qu’ieu anc vas vos agues cor de faillir,
qu’auriatz pois qualeque razonamen,
s’ieu fazia vas vos nuill faillimen.

Ieu sai ben qu’a mi estai gen
si bei.s dizon tuich que mout descove
que dome.a prei a cavallier de se
ni que.l teigna totz temps tan loc prezic;
mas cel qu’o ditz non sap ges ben chausir,
qu’ieu vuoill proar enans que.m lais morir
qu’el preiar ai un gran revenimen
quan prec cellui don ai greu pessamen.
CASTELLOZA was from the Auvergne, from the region of Le Puy. She was probably the wife of a nobleman who fought in the Fourth Crusade. Three of her poems have survived.

I

Friend, if you had shown consideration, meekness, candor and humanity, I’d have loved you without hesitation; but you were mean and sly and villainous. Still, I make this song to spread your praises wide, for I can’t bear to let your name go on unsung and unreowned, no matter how much worse you treat me now.

I won’t consider you a decent man nor love you fully nor with trust until I see if it would help me more to make my heart turn mean or treacherous. But I don’t want to give you an excuse for saying I was ever devious with you; something you could keep in store in case I never did you wrong.

It greatly pleases me when people say that it’s unseemly for a lady to approach a man she likes and hold him deep in conversation; but whoever says that isn’t very bright, and I want to prove before you let me die that courting brings me great relief when I court the man who’s brought me grief.
Assatz es fols qui m’en repren
de vos amar, pois tan gen mi cove,
e cel qu’o ditz no sap cum s’es de me;
ni no.us vei ges aras si cum vos vic
quan me dissetz que non agues cossir
que calqu’ora poiri’ endevenir
que n’auria enqueras jauzimen:
de sol lo dich n’ai ieu lo cor jauzen.

Tot’ autr’ amor teing a niën,
e sapchatz ben que mais jois no.m soste
mas lo vostre que m’alegr’ e.m reve,
on mais en sent d’afan e de destric;
e.m cuig ades alegrar e jauzir
de vos, amics, qu’ieu non puosc convertir,
ni joi non ai, ni socors non aten,
mas sol aitan quan n’aurai en dormen.

Oimais non sai que.us mi presen,
que cercat ai et ab mal et ab be
vostre dur cor, don lo mieus noi.s recre;
e no.us o man, qu’ieu mezeissa.us o dic:
que morai me, si no.m voletz jauzir
de qualche joi, e si.m laissatz morir,
faretz peccat, e serai n’en tormen,
e seretz ne blasmatz vilanamen.
Whoever blames my love for you's
a fool, for it greatly pleases me,
and whoever says that doesn't know me;
I don't see you now at all the way I did
the time you said I shouldn't worry,
since at any moment I might
rediscover reason to rejoice:
from words alone my heart is full of joy.

All other love's worth naught,
and every joy is meaningless to me
but yours, which gladdens and restores me,
in which there's not a trace of pain or of distress;
and I think I'll be glad always and rejoice
always in you, friend, for I can't convert;
nor have I any joy, nor do I find relief,
but what little solace comes to me in sleep.

I don't know why you're always on my mind,
for I've searched and searched from good to evil
your hard heart, and yet my own's unswerving.
I don't send you this; no, I tell you myself:
if you don't want me to enjoy
the slightest happiness, then I shall die;
and if you let me die, you'll be a guilty man;
I'll be in my grave, and you'll be cruelly blamed.
II

Ja de chantar non degr’ aver talan,
quar on mai chan
e pietz me vai d’amor,
que plaing e plor
fan en mi lor estatge;
car en mala merce
ai mes mon cor e me,
e s’en breu no.m rete,
trop ai faich lonc badatge.

Ai bels amics, sivals un bel semblan
mi faitz enan
qu’ieu moira de dolor,
que.l amador
vos tenon per salvatge;
car joja non m’ave
de vos don no.m recre
d’amar per bona fe
totz temps ses cor volatge.

Mas ja vas vos non aurai cor truan
ni plen d’engan –
si tot vos m’ai pejor,
qu’a gran honor
m’o teing en mon coratge;
ans pens, quan mi sove
del ric pretz que.us mante,
e sai ben que.us cove
dompna d’aussor paratge.
II

God knows I should have had my fill of song –
the more I sing
the worse I fare in love,
and tears and cares
make me their home;
I’ve placed my heart and soul
in jeopardy,
and if I don’t end this poem now
it will already be too long.

Oh handsome friend, just once before I die
of grief, show me
your handsome face;
the other lovers say
you are a beast –
but still, though no joy
comes to me from you,
I’m proud to love you always
in good faith, with an unfickle heart.

Nor ever from me a treacherous heart
toward you will turn –
though I be your inferior,
in loving I excel;
this I believe,
and this I think
even when I ponder your great worth,
and I know well that you deserve
a lady higher born that I.
Despols vos vi, ai fag vostre coman,
et anc per tan,
amics, no.us n’aic meillor;
que prejudam
no.m mandetz ni messatge,
que ja.m viretz lo fre,
amics, non fassatz re:
car jois non mi soste,
ab pauc de dol non ratge.

Si pro i agues, be.us membri’ en chantan
qu’aic vostre gan
qu’emblei ab gran temor;
pois aic paor
que i aguessetz dampnatge
d’aicella que.us rete,
amics, per qu’ieu desse
lo tornei, car ben cre
qu’ieu non ai poderatge.

Dels cavalliers conosq que i fan lor dan,
quar ja prejan
dompnas plus qu’ellas lor,
qu’autra ricor
noi an ni seignoratge;
que pois domnna s’ave
d’amar, prejar deu be
cavallier, s’en lui ve
proez’ e vassalatge.

Dompna na Mieils, ancse
am so don mals mi ve,
car cel qui pretz mante
a vas mi cor volatge.
Since I first caught sight of you I've been
at your command; and yet, friend,
it's brought me naught,
for you've sent neither
messages nor envoys.
And if you left me now,
I wouldn't feel a thing,
for since no joy sustains me
a little pain won't drive me mad.

If it would do me any good, I'd remind you singing
that I had your glove—
I stole it trembling;
then I was afraid
you might get scolded
by the girl who loves you now:
so I gave it back fast, friend,
for I know well enough
that I am powerless.

Knights there are I know who harm themselves
in courting ladies
more than ladies them,
when they are neither
higher born nor richer;
for when a lady's mind
is set on love, she ought
to court the man, if he shows strength and chivalry.

Lady Almucs,* I always
love what's worst for me,
for he who's most deserving
has the heart most fleeting.

* Unknown reference. Castelloza could not have known Almucs de Castelnau, who died ca. 1180 (see p. 93).
Bels Noms, ges no.m recre
de vos amar jasse,
car viu en bona fe,
bontatz e ferm coratge.

III

Mout avetz faich long estatge,
amics, pois de mi.us partitz,
et es me greu e salvatge,
quar me juretz e.m plevitz
que als jorn de vostra vida
non acsetz dompna mas me;
e si d’autra vos perte,
m’avetz morta e trahida,
qu’aví’ en vos m’esperanssa
que m’amassetz ses doptanssa.

Bels amics, de fin coratge
vos amei, pois m’abellitz,
e sai que faich ai follatge,
que plus m’en etz escaritz;
qu’anc non fis vas vos ganchida,
e si.m fasetz mal per be:
be.us am e non m’en recre,
mas tan m’a amors sazida
qu’ieu non cre que benananssa
puosc’ aver ses vostr’ amanssa.
Good Name,* my love for you
will never cease,
for I live on kindness,
faith and constant courage.

III

You stayed a long time, friend,
and then you left me,
and it’s a hard, cruel thing you’ve done;
for you promised and you swore
that as long as you lived
I’d be your only lady:
if now another has your love
you’ve slain me and betrayed me,
for in you lay all my hopes
of being loved without deceit.

Handsome friend, as a lover true
I loved you, for you pleased me,
but now I see I was a fool,
for I’ve barely seen you since.
I never tried to trick you,
yet you returned me bad for good;
I love you so, without regret,
but love has stung me with such force
I think no good can possibly
be mine unless you say you love me.

* A senhal.
Mout aurai mes mal usatge
a las autras amairitz,
qu'om sol trametre messatge
emotz triatz e chausitz:
e ieu tenc me per garida,
amics, a la mia fe,
quan vos prec, qu'aissi.m cove;
que.l plus pros n'es enriquida
s'a de vos qualqu' aondanssa
de baisar o d'acoindanssa.

Mal aj' ieu, s'anc cor volatge
vos aic ni.us fui camjairitz,
ni drutz de negun paratge
per me non fo encobitz;
anz sui pensiv' e marrida
car de m'amor no.us sove,
e si de vos jois no.m ve,
tost me trobaretz fenida:
car per pauc de malananssa
mor dompna, s'om tot no.il lansa.

Tot lo maltraich e.l dampnatge
que per vos m'es escaritz
vos fai grazir mos linhatge
e sobre totz mos maritz;
e s'anc fetz vas me faillida,
perdon la.us per bona fe,
e prec que venhatz a me,
despois quez auretz auzida
ma chanson, que.us fatz fionsa:
sai trobetz bella semblansa.
I would have compared poorly
with the other women in your life,
for it's proper to send words
and messages selected with great care:
but I'm content, friend, by my faith,
to speak to you in person—
it suits me best;
for even highborn women are enriched
if from you they have some show
of kisses or affection.

May evil strike me down if ever
I was fickle or displayed
a flighty heart, or ever
wanted any other lover;
no, if I'm sad and mournful
it's because you don't remember me.
And if still I have no joy from you,
you'll soon come upon me dead:
for when unhappiness persists
a woman dies, unless her man speeds joy.

All the abuse and suffering
that's been my lot because of you
have made my family adore you,
and my husband most of all;*
and if you ever did me wrong
I pardon you in all good faith
and beg you to come back to me
now that you've heard my song:
for here, I promise you,
you'll find a fine reception.

* That is, suffering has made her write poems, which brings fame to her family.
Anonymous II

Bona domna, tan vos ai fin coratge
non puesc mudar no.us cosselh vostre be:
e dic vos be que faitz gran vilanatge,
car cel ome qu’anc tan non amet re
laissatz morir e non sabetz per que;
pero, si mor, vostre er lo damnatge,
qu’autra domna mas vos a grat no.l ve,
ni en lui non a poder ni senhoratge.

Na donzela, be.m deu esser salvatge
quan el gaba ni.se vana de me;
tan a son cor fol e leu a volatge
que m’amistat en lunha re no.s te:
per que m’amors no.l tanh ni no.l cove,
e pus el eis s’a enques lo folatge,
non m’en reptatz si la foldatz l’en ve,
qu’aissi aug dir que dretz es e onratge.

Bona domna, ardre.l podetz o pendre,
o far tot so que.us venga a talen,
que res non es qu’el vos puesca defendre:
aissi l’avetz ses tot retenemen;
e no.m par ges que.us sia d’avinien,
pus ab un bais li fetz lo cor estendre
aissi co.l focs que.l mort carbon encen –
pueis, quan el mor, no vo’n cal merce pendre.
This anonymous tension between a married woman and a doncela is an interesting variation on the theme of the tension between Almucs and Iseut, p. 92.

Good lady, so deeply do I care for you that I can’t keep from giving you advice. I tell you, you’re committing a grave crime, for, without knowing why, you’re letting die a man who never cherished anything so much; and if he dies, it’s you who’ll be to blame, for you’re the only woman he’ll consent to see: you alone have power over him and sovereignty.

Maiden, I have every reason to be cruel if he brags and boasts about me: he’s so lighthearted and fickle, such a fool, that he can’t even manage to sustain our dalliance and since my love seems not to fit his plans, and he himself has sought out madness, don’t reproach me if I take offense, for I’ve heard said that it’s both right and common sense.

Good lady, you can have him burned or hanged or do whatever strikes your fancy, for there’s nothing he can do to stop you, since you’re holding him so ruthlessly; but I don’t think it’s very kind of you, since with a single kiss you’d make his heart expand the way a flame spreads fire through dead wood; and once he’s dead, it’s useless to forgive.
Na donzela, non m’en podetz rependre,
que l deg m’amor ab aital covinen
que el fos mieus per donar e per vendre
e que totz temps fos a mon mandamen;
mas el a fag vas me tal falhimen
don ges no.s pot escondir ni defendre:
non o fatz mal si m’amor li defen,
car ja per el non vuelh mon pretz dissendre.

Süau parlem, domna, qu’om no.us entendia:
ara digatz, que forfaitz es vas vos,
mas que per far vostres plazers se renda
son cor umil contra.l vostr’ ergulhos.
Vuelh que.m digatz, domna, per cals razos
poretz estar que merces non vo.n prenda,
que mil sospirs ne fa.l jorn angoissos,
don per un sol no.l denhatz far esmenda.

Si m’amor vol, na donzela, que renda,
ben li er obs que sia gais e pros,
francs et umils, qu’ab nulh om no.s contenda
e a cascun sia de bel respos;
qu’a me non tanh om fel ni ergulhos
per que mon pretz dechaja ni dissenda,
mas francs e fis, celans et amoros:
s’el vol que.l don lezer que mi entendia.

Aital l’auretz, ja regart non vo.n prenda,
bona domna, que.l sieu cor avetz vos;
que el non a poder qu’ad autr’ entendia.

Bonis la fin, donzela, ab que s’atenda;
e vos siatz garda entre nos dos,
e que.us tengatz ab aquel que.l tort prenda.
Maiden, I can’t understand your rationale:
I granted him my love on the condition
he’d be mine to give away or sell,
and that he’d always be at my command;
but he’s wronged me so gravely
that he barely knows where he should hide;
no, I haven’t erred if I’ve deprived him of my love:
and I won’t ever lower myself for his sake.

Let’s speak softly lady, let no one overhear;
you say, since the wrong was done to you,
that to please you he should break
his humble heart against your proud one.
Now I want to know, lady, in your own words,
how it is that you’re untouched by pity
when he sighs a thousand times each tortured day:
why not a single sigh can make you make amends.

Maiden, if he really wants my love,
he’ll have to show high spirits and behave,
be frank and humble, not pick fights with any man,
be courteous with everyone;
for I don’t want a man who’s proud or bitter,
who’ll debase my worth or ruin me,
but one who’s frank and noble, loving and discreet:
this let him hear if he wants leniency.

So shall you have him, lady, if regret betray
you not, for his heart belongs to you;
and it won’t change, though his love remain unpaid.

The ending’s happy, maiden, if we’re not waylaid:
let you be guardian between us two,
and stay beside whichever goes astray.