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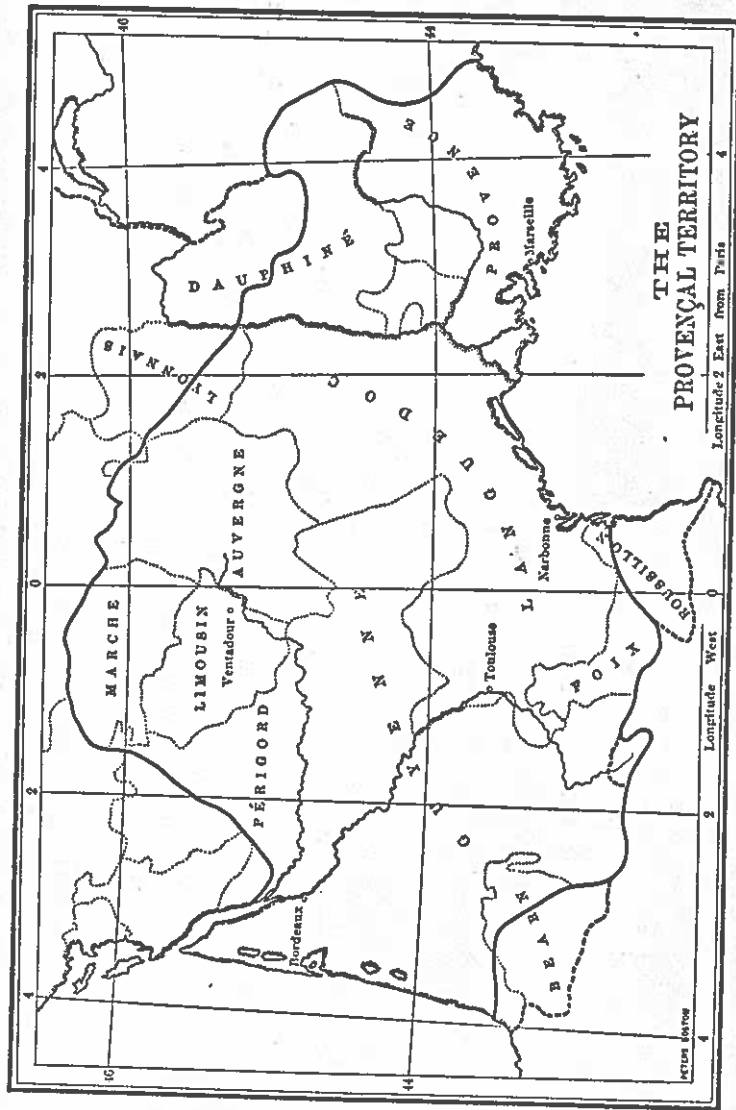
**The Three Pastorals**  
of  
**Gui d'Ussel**

## Introduction

Continuing our translation of Provincial pastorals we here present two by Gui d'Ussel. Again these are almost word for word translations of the originals [1, pp. 29-45]. Knowing that appreciation of works of art is increased by a knowledge of the artist we include what is available from the "Biography of Troubadors" [5, pp. 202-214]. This is inserted after the first pastoral and includes a "Razo" on a related artist, Maria de Ventadorn (her sole remaining work is contained in Razo II [3, p. 295]).

For convenience we append a map of the provincial territory [6, p. viii] which shows the area, Limousin, from which Gui d'Ussel came as well as Ventadour where there apparently was a cultural court [6, p. 3]. The province of Limousin seems to have been the center for the troubadors with Gui d'Ussel one of considerable historical importance in the development of French poetry [7, pp. 29-36]. Not much more than what is in the "Vida" can be factually said about Gui d'Ussel except that he was most likely alive in 1195 but dead in 1225 [5, p. 204]. The "Razo I" is apparently pure fiction [5, p. 207], at least according to Jeanoy, but it is fascinating and seems to have some substance, through the presence of the verse. Some knowledge appears available on Margnerite d'Arbusson and the Countess of Montferrand [5, p. 204], the latter, being the wife of Robert I, Dauphin d'Auvergne. Likewise studies seem to exist on Ussel-sur-Sarzonne [5, p. 204] as well as further information on Marie de Ventadorn [5, p. 214] (for example, she was the daughter of Raimon II de Turenne and married Eble V, vicomte de Ventadorn, dying probably in 1222). We hope to investigate these further, as well as improve some of the verse translations, someday; but for the present content ourselves with making this material known in English.

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## References

1. Audian, J., "La Pastourelle dans la poésie occitane du Moyen-Age," E. de Boccard, Paris, 1923. [Stan. Lib. 849.108/A911]  
This contains, pp. 29-45, the original verse with prose translations, which now and then seem to need slight corrections, into modern French.
2. Bartsch, K., "Chrestomathie Provençale," Fourth Edition, R. L. Friderichs, Elberfeld, 1880. [Stan. Lib. 849.108/B294 ed. 4]  
This contains an excellent short glossary and a useful table of inflexions. Columns 169-172 also contain "L autre jorn cost' una via."
3. Bartsch, K., "Guandriß zur Geschichte der Provenzalischen Literatur," R. L. Friderichs, Elberfeld, 1872. [Stan. Lib. 849.09/B294]  
Pages 138-139 list the twenty surviving works of Gui d'Uisel while p. 295 lists the one of Maria de Ventadorn.
4. Bec, P., "La Langue Occitane," No. 1059 << Que Sais-Je? >>, Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1963.  
Pages 64-72 treat concisely the historical and cultural background of the provencal language.
5. Boutiere, J. and Schutz, A.-H., "Biographies des Troubadours, texts provençaux des XIII<sup>e</sup> et XIV<sup>e</sup> siècles," A.-G. Nizet, Paris, 1964. [Stan. Lib. 849.12/V649ba]  
This contains the vida and three razo's of Gui d'Uisel, with sound translations into modern French, pp. 202-211. Also contained is the razo on Maria de Ventadorn, pp. 212-214, as well as many informative notes.
6. Grandgent, C. H., "An Outline of the Phonology and Morphology of Old Orovengal," Revised Edition, D. C. Heath, Boston, 1909. [Stan. Lib. 449.01/G752a]  
Besides considering grammatical questions this has a short three page summary of the languages history, pp. 1-3, in English, and a useful map of the provencal territory, p. viii.

7. Jeanroy, A., "Les origines de la poésie lyrique en France an Moyen Age," Second Edition, H. Champion, Paris, 1904. [Stan. Lib. 841.04/J43 ed. 2]

This excellent work begins with a discussion of the pastoral, pp. 1-44. The pastorals of Gui d'Uisel play a central role, pp. 29-36.

Gui d'Ussel

L'autre jorn, cost' una via

I

L'autre jorn, cost' una via  
Auzi cantar un pastor  
Una canson que dizia:  
<< Mort m'an semblan traïdor! >>  
E quant el vi que venia,  
Salh en pes per far m'onor  
E ditz: << Deus sal mo senhor!  
Qu'er ai trobat, ses bauzia,  
Lejal amic celador  
a cui m'aus clamor d'Amor >>.

II

E quant eu vi qu'el volia  
Far de s'amia clamor,  
Eu li dis, ana que plus dia,  
Que sofr' en patz sa dolor,  
Qu'er l'am e ges no volria  
Fezes de son mal peyor  
Per dig de lauzenjador:  
Qui ben ama ben castia,  
E qui conorta folor  
Vol qu'om la fassa major.

I

*sign*  
The other day on a path  
I heard a herdsman sign  
A song whose verses said:  
"Death is a traitor to me!"  
And when he saw I came  
He rose in my honor  
And said: "God save my lord!  
For her I found without deceit,  
*complain*  
A loyal love secrete  
By whom I dare compalin of love."

II

And when I saw he desired  
To make complaints of his love,  
I told him, before more is said,  
To suffer in peace his pain,  
That I loved him and no man would wish  
To make his pain all the worse  
By spreading the slanderous:  
He who loves well chastises well,  
And he who consorts with folly  
Wishes that men make him more.



III

E•l pastre que•l mal sentia  
Tornet son cantar en plor,  
E ditz: <<Mout ai gran feunia  
Quar vos aug castiador,  
Vos que dig avetz mank dia  
Mal de domnas e d'amor,  
Per qu'ue sui en gran error.  
Ar sai que ver ditz Maria,  
Quant ilh dis que cantador  
Son leugier e camjador>>.

IV

<<Er aujatz tan gran feunia>>,  
Fi•m eu, <<d'aquest parlador,  
Que, quant eu•l mostrei la via  
D'esser franc e sofridor,  
M'apelot de leujaria!>>  
Mas eu sai sofrir aor  
Tan que, quan prec dezonor,  
Dic que servit o avia  
Et appeli•m peccador,  
On totz lo peccatz es lor>>.

III

And the herdsman that felt the wrong  
His singing to weeping turned,  
and said: "Much is my great distress  
For I fear that you castigate,  
You, who talks, have many days had  
pain from the ladies and love,  
By which I've been grandly deluded.  
I know now Maria says truths  
When she speaks of the singing poets  
As frivolous, changeable men."

IV

"Now listen to such treachery"  
Said I, "of that gossip  
Who, when I had shown her the way  
of patience and kind tenderness,  
She calls me the frivolous!"  
But I know how to suffer now  
So much, when I take an affront,  
I say that it serves me right,  
And sinner I call myself,  
On all the sin is theirs."

V

Ab tan vi venir s'amia  
Lo pastre de colhir flor,  
E viratz li tota via  
Camjar paraul'e color:  
<<Bella, si anc jorn fos mia,  
Ses par d'autre prejudor,  
Er no\*us quier autre ricor  
(Mas del tort qu'eu vos avia  
Fatz n'en cuda d'amador)  
Fro que la\*m fassatz major>>.

VI

Ela respon al pastor  
Qu'el'es sa lejals amia,  
E feira\*lh semblan d'amor,  
Si no li fos per paor.

VII

Et eu qu'era sols ab lor,  
Quan vi qu'anoi lor fazia,  
Laissei leis a l'amador:  
Parti\*m d'els, e tinc alhor.

V

With this he saw his love come  
The herdsman to cut a bouquet,  
And you would have seen his life change  
Everything, color and words:  
"Beauty, if ever a day you were mine  
Without other suitors around,  
No other riches one could desire  
(But of the wrongs I've had on you  
As a lover's fancy them take)  
So much for this; make me the best."

VI

She replied to the herdsman that she  
Was loyal to him as her love,  
And would give him proof of her love,  
If not restrained by fear.

VII

And I who was alone with them there,  
When I saw then a chance to leave,  
Left them and both to their love:  
I parted from them, then took leave.

## Gui d'Uisel

### Vida

Gui d'visel si fo de Limozin, gentils  
castellans, et el e sei e sos cosins N'Elias  
eron seignor d'Euisel, qu'es us rics castels.  
E li dui sei fraire avian nom l'uns N'Ebles  
e l'autre Peire, e'l cosins avia nom N'Elias.  
E tuich quatre eran trobador. Gui trobava  
bonas cansos e N'Elias bonas tensos, e N'Ebles  
las malas tensos e N'Peire descantava tot  
quant li trei trobaven.

En Gui si era conorgues de Briude e de  
Monferran, e si entendet longa saison en  
Na Margarita d'Albuison et en la comtessa  
de Montferan, don fetz maintes bonas cansos.  
Mas lo legatz del papa li fetz jurar que mais  
non fezos cansos. E per lui laisset lo trobar  
e'l cantar.

## Gui d'Ussel

### Life

Gui d'Ussel, a noble lord, came from Limousin, and he himself and his cousin Elias were noblemen of Ussel, which is a rich castle. And of the two of his brothers one was called Sir Eble and the other Pierre, and his cousin was called Sir Elias. And all four were troubadors. Gui composed and sang good songs and Sir Elias good *tensons*<sup>1</sup> and Sir Eble the bitter<sup>2</sup> *tensons*, and Sir Pierre set to music all that the three "troubadored."

Gui himself was canon of Brioude and of Montferrand, and applied himself a long time to Madame Marguerite d'Aubusson and to the countess of Montferrand for whom he composed many good songs. But the papal legate made a judgement to him to never make songs. And by that he left the troubador's life and singing.

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<sup>1</sup> A *tenson* is a lyric poem of dispute in which two opponents speak alternate stanzas.

<sup>2</sup> Bitter or bad or evil. These appear as satirical pieces, or pieces of combat.

Gui d'Uisel

Razo - I

*2da m  
Monsiesies*

Ennanz qe'l lasses, el s'ennamorat d'una  
autra dompna de Proença, c'avia nom Na Gidas  
de Mondus, neça de Guillem de Monpenslier,  
cosina germana de la raina d'Argon. Longament  
l'amet e la servi e fetz mantas bonas chansos  
d'ella e la mes en gran pretz e gran lausor.  
Et pregan leis, ella dis: <<Gui d'Usels, vos  
es uns gentilz hom, ja siatz vos clerses, et  
setz fort pregaitz e grasitz. Ez eu\*s voill  
tan de ben qu non posc a la mia volontat  
defendre q'eu non faza tot so qu vos deia plazar.  
Riccha dompa son e\*m voill maridar. Donc eu  
dic a vos qe aver mi podetz, o voletz per druda  
o voletz per mullier; et consellatz vos en, per  
cal me volez.>> Gui d'Uisel fo mout allegres e  
demandet conseil en chantan a N'Elias d'Uisel  
son cosin, et dis:

*2*

Ara\*m digatz vostre senblen,  
N'Elias, d'un fin amador  
C'ama ses cor galiador  
Et es amatz ses tot enjan;  
De cal deu plus aver talan  
Secon dreita rason d'amor:  
Que de sidonz sia drutz o maritz,  
Qan s'en deve qe'l es datz lo causity?

Gui d'Ussel

Discourse - I

Before leaving them, he fell in love with another lady of Provence, by the name of Lady Gidas de Mondus, the niece of Guillem de Montpellier, the German cousin of the queen of Aragon. For a long while he loved her and served her and made many good songs through her and put her in great merit and grand praise. And begging his beliefs she said: "Gui d'Ussel, you are a gentleman, I know you as a cleric, and know well your praises and affections. And I wish you so much good that I can not wish to deter myself from never doing all so that you ought to have pleasure. I am an endowed woman and I wish you to marry me. Therefore, I say to you to have me in your power, either wish me for lover or wish me for wife; and consult yourself in this, for which you wish of me. Gui d'Ussel was very happy and requested council in a song to Sir Elias d'Ussel, his cousin, which said:

I would have you tell me advice  
Sir Elias, for a faithful lover  
Who loves without a deceit in his heart  
and is loved without any fraud  
Of the two which is best to have the desire  
According to the rightful reason of love:  
Whether that mistress would be lover or wife  
How should one find the least of the choice?



Et N'elias, sos cousis, si•ll conseilhet  
q'el volia enanz esser sos maritz qe drutz.  
Et En Gui no la volc a mollier; et dis la sos  
tenson qe mais volia esser druz qe maritz.  
Donc la dompna, per la responsa qe En Gui  
fetz, anet et tollc a marit un chavalier de  
Calalogna qe avia nom Renardon et det conjat  
a Gui d'Usel e•l parti de se, digan q'ella  
n•l faria son drutz hom qe non fos cavaliers.  
Donc Gui d'Usel fetz la mala chanson, pois qe  
ac facha la tenson. E la mala chanson qe  
fetz poiz ditz:

Si be•m partetz, mala dompna, de vos,  
Non es raison q'eu me parta de chan  
Ni de sollatz; qe faria semblan  
Q'eu fos iratz d'aiso don soi joios.  
Ben fui iratz, mas ara me repen.  
Car apres ai del vostr' enseignamen  
Com posca leu camjar ma volontat;  
Per q'era chan d'aiso don ai plorat.

And Sir Elias, his cousin, so counseled him that he wished him better to have a wife than a mistress. And Señor Gui did not wish her for a wife; and his tenson said that he wished more to be a lover than married. Therefore the dame, through the response that Señor Gui made, left and took for a husband a knight of Catalogne by the name of Renardon and with that said farewell to Gui d'Ussel and departed from him saying that she would not take for a lover a man that was not a knight. Then Gui d'Ussel made the bitter song after he had made the tenson. And the bitter song said:

If I'm parted from you, wicked woman,  
There's no reason for me to leave song  
Nor pleasure; for it would seem to appear  
That I'm sad from that by which you are gay.  
Well I was grieved, but I will have my revenge  
For, from what I've learned from your teaching,  
How easy I'm able to change my will:  
That's why I will sing from which I have cried.

Razo - II

Ben avetz entendet qui fo Gui d'Ussel  
e don, e con el parti la tenson a son cosin  
N'Elias del partit qu soa dompna li avia  
dat et cal part Gui pres et com la dompna  
s'en iret et con la dompna pres a marit  
Bernardon de Catalogna. Don Gui d'Ussel  
laisset de chanter et estet marritz et  
consiros longa sason. Et d'aiquel q'estava  
aisi, desplizia a mouta gen, et a dompnas  
et a cavaliers. Et del tolre lo d'agel  
pensamen et d'aqel'ira, ma dompna Maria  
del Ventedorn si'l escomes de tenson et dis  
enâisi con vos auziretz:

Gui d'usell, be·m pesa de vos  
Qar vos es laissatz de chantar;  
E car vos i·n volgra tornar,  
Per que sabetz d'aitals razos,  
Vol qu·m digatz si deu far egalmen  
Dompna per drut, qan lo qier francamen,  
Com el per lei tot cant taing ad amor  
Segon lo dreig qe tenon l'amador.

Discourse - II

You have well heard who and where Gui d'Ussel was, and how he shared the tenson with his cousin Sir Elias and of the question that his lady had given him and of what answer Gui gave after, and how the lady then became irritated and how the lady took for husband Bernardon de Capalogna. From this Gui d'Ussel left off singing and was sad and pensive for a long season. And from that he was thus, displeasing many men, both ladies and knights. And from the removal by which he became pensive and from such sadness my lady Maria del Ventedorn dared him to a tenson and said, as you will hear:

Gui d'Ussel I'm pained by you  
For you have ceased to sing  
And, beloved, I'd wish you there return  
Since you know of such reasoning.  
I wish that you tell me if two should equally do  
Lady to lover, when his desires are sincere in it,  
As he to her; sing all pertaining to love  
According to the laws which lovers hold.

Razo - III

Pois qe Gui d'Ussel ac facha la mala  
chanson q'eu vos ai dichs e comenza enaisi:

Si b'm partez, mala dompna, de vos,  
- en la qal el blasmet so qe avia lausat, - .  
En Peire d'Ussel, sos cousis, per repenre Gui  
d'Ussel, fetz aquesta cobla e mandit li:

*Leu*

Fraire en Gui, b'm platz vostra cansos,  
Qe dissetz mal lei qe lauzes antan;  
Se'n dissatz mal, ella no'i a nul dan,  
Che cavalier den meil amar qe vos;  
Et s'ella'us fe conven nesciamen,  
Ella'us a frait aconsilladamen  
Ben deu esser per aiso perdonat,  
Pois ella se conoc de sa foldat.

*2. 2. 2.*

En Gui d'Ussel, un cavalier valen  
Valetz vos be a tot mestier plasen;  
Mas de clerge no's es acostumat  
Qe dompna l'am, anz es totz temps blasmet.

Discourse - III

After Gui d'Ussel had made the bitter  
song that I have told you and which commences  
thus:

If I'm parted from you, wicked woman  
- in which he found fault in that which he had  
praised - . Sir Pierre d'Ussel, his cousin,\*  
in order to reprimand Gui d'Ussel, made this  
couplet and told him:

Brother, Sir Gui, your songs please not well  
Which wrongs speak of her whom you praised years before;  
If you speak wrong of her then, she has there no hurt,  
That knight should be loved better than you.  
And if she made suitable promise to you  
She knew to break counsel with you;  
Well she ought to be pardoned for it,  
Since her folly she recognized.

Sir Gui d'Ussel, a brave knight  
Is well worthy of many pleasurable trades  
But for the clergy it's not customary  
For the ladies to love, before in all times was it blamed.

---

\* In the Life Pierre was his brother!

Maria de Ventadorn

Razo

8  
2. j

Ben avetz auzit de ma dompna Maria de Ventadorn com ella fo la plus preziada dompna qe anc fos en Lemozin, et agella qu plus fetz de be e plus se gardet de mal. E totas vet l'agudet sos senz, e follors no ill fetz far follia. Et onret la Deus de bel plazen cors avinen, ses maestia.

En Guis d'Uisels si avia perduda so dompna, si com vos avetz ausit en la soa canson qe dis:

Si be m partetz, mala dompna, de vos;

don el vivia en gran dolor et en gran tristessa. Et avia lonc tems q'el no avia chantat ni trobat; don totas las bonas dompnas d'aqella encontrada n'eron fort dolentas, e ma dompna Maria plus qe totas, per so q'En Guis d'Uisels la lauzava en totas sas cansos. E'l coms de la Marcha, lo cals era apellatz N'Ucs lo Brus, si era sos cavalliers, et ella l'avia fiat tant d'onor e d'amor com dompna pot far a cavalier.

fait

Et, un dia, el dompnejava com ella, e si agron una tenson entre lor: qu'l coms de la Marcha dizia qe totz fis amaire, pois qe sa dompna li dona s'amor ni'l pren per cavalier ni per amic, tant com el es leials ni fis vas ella, deu aver aitan de seignoria en ella e de comandamen com ella de lui; e ma

Maria de Ventadorn

Discourse

Well have you heard of my lady Maria de Ventadorn, how she was the most esteemed lady that ever was in Limousin, and how she most did good and most guarded herself from evil. And at all times her sense aided her and folly never made her make foolishness. And God honored her beautiful, pleasant and becoming body, a form needing no artifacts;

Sir Gui d'Ussel had lost his lady, as you have heard in his song that said:

If I'm parted from you, wicked woman;

from which he lived in great dolour and in great sadness. And he had a long time in which he did not sing or "troubador;" from which all the good ladies which one met had strong grief, and my lady Maria more than all, for Sir Gui d'Ussel praised her in all his songs. And the Count de la Marche, who was called Sir Hugues le Brun was her knight and she had made him as much honor and love as a lady can make a knight.

And one day he courted with her, and so they argued a tenson between them; the Count de la Marche said that love does all, since his lady gives him her love neither taken as a knight nor as a friend; as much that he is loyal and acts toward her, he ought to have as much of the master of her and of commandments as she is him; and my



dompna Maria defendia qe l'amics no devia  
aver en ella seignoria ni comandamen. En  
Guis d'Uisels si era en la cort de ma  
dompna Maria; et ella, per far lo tornar  
en cansos et en solatz, si fetz una cobla  
en la cal li mandet si se covenia qe l'amics  
ages aitant de seignoria en la soa dompna  
com la dompna en lui. E d'aquesta rason  
ma dompna Maria si l'escomes de tenson e  
dis enaissi:

Gui d'Uisel, be'm pesa de vos.

la  
lady Maria defended that sweetheard ought  
not to have in them lordship nor commandments.  
Then Gui d'Ussel was in the court of my lady  
Maria; and she, in order to make him turn  
to song and pleasure, so made a couplet in  
which she requested him if it was proper that  
a lover act as much as the master of his  
mistress as his mistress of him. And for  
that reason my lady Maria defied him a tenson  
and said thus:

Gui d'Ussel, I'm pained by you.

Gui d'Ussel  
L'Autrier Cavalcava

I

L'autrier cavalcava  
Sus mon palafre,  
Ab clar Temps sere,  
E vi denan me  
Una pastorella,  
Ab color fresqu'e novella,  
Que chantet mout gen,  
E disia en plaingnen:  
<<Lassa! mal viu qui pert son jauzimen!>>

II

Lai on il chantava  
Virei tost mon fre,  
Et il levet se,  
Sa soa merce,  
Vas mi mout isnela,  
La franca res bon'e bella,  
Et eu mantenen  
Desmontei per onramen  
De elis que•m fetz tan bel acuellimen.

III

- <<Tosa de bon aire,  
Dis eu, ses temer  
Prec que•m digas ver,  
Si•us ven a plazer,  
Quegna chansos era  
Cella que disiatz era,  
Quant eu vinc aissi;  
Quar anc mais, so vos afi,  
Tan ben chantar pastora non auzi>>.

I

cap A  
The other day I rode  
On my palfrey,  
Clear the weather serene,  
And before me I saw  
a shepherdess  
With fresh complexion and new  
Who very gently sang  
And said in her plaints:  
"Leave! Curséd you see who lost her joy!"

II

There where she sang  
I immediately reined  
And she raised herself  
There in her grace,  
Toward me she sped  
The beautiful, good, and noble girl  
And I at that time  
Dismounted to honor her  
Who made me a welcome so good.

III

- "Charming youth  
Said I, your fear  
Pray tell me true  
If't pleases you  
What was your song  
That which you had said,  
When I came thus;  
For never before, I you affirm,  
A shepherdess sing so good have I heard."

IV

- <<Seigner, non a gaire  
Qu'eu soli'aver  
A tot mon voler  
Tal que'm fai doler,  
Car non l'ai enquera,  
Mas il m'oblid' e s'esfera,  
Per outra, de mi;  
Per qu'eu planc, et atressi  
Chan c'oblides la dolor que m'ausi>>.

V

- <<Tosa, ses faillensa,  
Vos dic atrasag  
Que atretal plag  
Com a vos a fag  
Aquel que'us ablida,  
M'a fag una deschansida  
Qu'eu amava fort.  
Ara m'oblid' al sien tort  
Per un autre, qu'eu volri' aver mort.>>.

VI

- <<Seingner, mantenensia  
Trobas del forfag  
Que'us a fag tan lag  
La fals' ab cor frag;  
E ve'us m'en aizida,  
Que'us am a tota ma vida,  
Si'm n'es en acort;  
E tornem lo desconort  
C'avem avut en joi et en deport>>.

IV

- "Sir, there's but little  
I'm accustomed to have  
All at my wish  
Such that I am made pains  
For nothing I've claimed  
But he forgets me and leaves,  
For another, from me  
For this I complain and likewise  
I sing to forget the pain killing me."

V

- "Maid without fault  
For certain I'd say  
That thus is my wound  
As yours has been made,  
That which you'd forget,  
It has put me to shame  
Since strongly I loved.  
Now I'm forgot, to her wrong,  
For an other I'd wish to have dead."

VI

- "Sir, a power-force  
For your outrage find  
That's done you such a crime  
The false of faithless heart;  
And to you I proffer myself,  
As you I'll love all my life,  
If you're in accord with me;  
Thus change the discouragements  
You've had into joy and to sport."

VII

- <<Franca res grazida,  
Ma voluntat n'ai compliada,  
Si'm n'es en acort,  
De vos que'm faitz a bon port  
Venir joios de tot perilh estort>>.

VIII

- <<Seigner, ses faillida,  
Estorta m'a e guerida  
Vostr' amors, tan fort  
Que de nuill mal no'm recort,  
Tan gen m'aves tot mon mal talan mort>>.



VII

- "Noble affectionate one  
My wish is then complete  
So in accord with me  
Are you who brings me to port  
Joyous to come from all perils saved."

VIII

- "Sir, without fail  
You've saved me, a refuge  
Your love, so strong,  
That there is no harm to recall  
Such good has my wrongs all wished death."

---

Gui d'Ussel

L'Autre Jorn, Per Aventura

I

L'autre jorn, per aventura,  
M'anava sols cavalguan,  
Un sonet notan;  
Trobey toza ben estan,  
Simpl'e de bella faitura,  
Sos anhels guardan.  
E quand ylh m'auzi chantan,  
Trays s'enan,  
E pres me pel fre e jura  
Qu'anc tan mal no fezi chan,  
E cridet: <<Robi, no\*s n'an!>>

II

- <<Toza, belha creatura,  
Fi\*m ieu, cal forfag tan gran  
Vos ai fag si\*m chan?>>  
Ylh respon ab mal talan:  
<<Quar lieys qu'era fin'e pura  
Apelletz d'enjan.>>  
E Robis venc ab aitan,  
Menassan;  
Mas, quan me vi, m'asegura,  
E\*m ditz que no\*y penrai dan;  
Qu'assatz n'ay ieu pres ogan!

I

The other day by fortune's chance  
I single went alone on horse  
    Noting a song;  
I found a youth, a gracious maid,  
Simple and of figure fair,  
    Guarding her lambs.  
And when she heard me singing thus  
    she came before  
And took my horses' bridle, judged  
So bad a song should I never make  
And cried: "Robin, don't let him go!"

II

- "Maiden, beautiful creation,  
Said I, what outrage so grand  
    I've made you my song?"  
Replied she with pained evil will:  
"Because she who's fidele, fine, and pure  
    Deceitful you call."  
And Robin immediately came,  
    Menacing;  
But when he saw me he me assured  
And told me no damage he'd take;  
That too much I'd had then this year!

III

Mas, quan vi qu'elh non a cura  
Que'm fezes ren mal estan,  
Ylh s'en va ploran,  
E Robis dic sospiran:  
<<Pauc val merces ni dreytura  
Lai on poder an,  
Per qu'ieu tenc per fol aman  
Qui las blan.  
Quar aitals es lur natura,  
Que dels falhimens que fan  
Volon nos sufram l'afan.>>

IV

- <<Robi, laissatz la rancura,  
E cercatz, que'us o caman,  
Tal que no'us enjan;  
Et eu amaria Duran,  
Que'm vol donar tal cintura  
Que val un bezan,  
E vos no'm donetz un gan,  
D'asquest an,  
Ni no'us peza'l desmesura  
D'est fol mal dizen truan  
Per que m'anatz encolpan.>>

III

But, when she saw he had no care  
To make me improprieties  
    She began to cry,  
And Robin replied in a sign:  
"Scarcely aids mercy or right  
    Where women's power,  
That's why I take for a fool in love  
    Who they caress.  
For such is their natural way,  
That from the sins which they make  
They wish that we suffer their grief."

IV

- "Robin, leave off your compliants  
And seek that which you will love,  
    So you're not deceived;  
And I will go love Durand  
Who wishes to give me a belt  
    Of value besant.<sup>1</sup>  
For you don't give me a glove<sup>2</sup>  
    All of this year,  
Nor weighs it on you an excess  
That truant of foolish and evil talk  
By which you go accuse me."

---

<sup>1</sup> Byzantine gold money [1, p. 176].

<sup>2</sup> The glove and belt, as well as frontals, were  
typical tokens of love in the middle-ages [1, p. 164].

## V

Mas Robis, cum folatura,  
 Que que s'agues dit denan,  
 Via s'umiliãan;  
 Mas ylh no l'au per semblan,  
 Anz fuy on plus la conjura,  
 E'l fols sec prejan.  
 Et ieu, que•ls vau remiran  
 Que faran,  
 Met m'apres en l'ambladura;  
 Mas pero no•m cochey tan  
 Que no•ls encontres baizan.

## VI

E dissero•m en gaban  
 Que m'en an  
 Quere merce ni dreitura  
 A lei don menti chantan,  
 E que m'en lais ab aitan,

## VII

Et ieu, que•ls vi embrassan  
 E baizan,  
 Prec Dieu que•m don aventura  
 Qu'ieu trop dona des enjan,  
 Ab que fassa so qu'els fan.

V

But Robin, then foolishly,  
From what he had told her before,  
    Went to humiliate her;  
But she seemed to hear not a word  
Applying him more to bewitch,  
    and dry begged the fool.  
And I, who came to look on  
    What they did,  
Left afterwards in an amble;  
Yet I did not hasten so much  
That I failed to meet their kisses.

VI

And they told me in raillery  
    That I should go  
To seek mercy and righteousness  
From those who falsify singing,  
And they would leave me at once,

VII

And I, who saw them embrace  
    And kiss,  
Prayed God to give me the chance,  
Since I too much had gained deceit,  
With which to do as they did.