

Literal Translation of  
The Fable of Estula  
or  
On Covetiousnes and Envy

Il se furent jadis dui frere,  
Sanz soulaz de pere e de mere  
E sanz tote autre compaignie  
4 Povretez ert molt lor amie  
Qui toz jors est en lor compaignie.  
Ce est la riens qui plus mehaigne  
Ceus entor qui ele se tient;  
8 Nus si greveus mehainz ne vient.  
A escot vivoient andoi  
Li frere dont dire vos doi.  
Une nuit furent molt destroit  
12 De faim e de soi e de froit.  
Chascuns de cez max sovent vient  
A ceus qui povretez maintient  
Lors se pranent a porpenser  
16 Comment se porroient tensor  
Vers famine qui les engoisse;  
En famine a molt grant engoisse.  
Uns riches hom molt renomez  
20 Menoit assez pres de lor mez.  
Cil sont povre, li riches fox.  
En son cortil avoit des chox  
E en son bergil des brebiz.  
24 Endui se sont cele part mis.  
Povretez fait maint home fol.  
Li uns pran un sac a son col,  
L'autres un coutel en sa main.  
28 Par un sentier saillent du plain  
El cortil, e li uns s'asiet;  
Qui que poist ne qui que il griet,  
Des chox tranche par le cortil.  
32 L'autre se traist vers le berchil  
Por l'us ovrir; tant fait qu'il l'uevre.  
Lors li sanble que bien vient l'uevre;  
Tastant va le plus gras monton.  
36 Mais adonc encor seoit on  
En la maison, si qu'on oï  
L'us du berchil quant il l'ouvri.  
Li vileins apele son fil.  
40 <<Va,>> fait il, <<dedenz le cortill!  
S'apele le chien en maison!>>  
Estula li chiens ot a non;  
N'avoit meillor en nule cort.  
44 E li varlez prannoit escout.

Formerly there were two brothers  
Without the comfort of a father or mother  
And without any other companions.  
Poverty was much their friend  
Which every day was in their company.  
It is the "nothing" which most torments  
Those around which it fastens itself;  
Never has such an evil come.  
Sharing expenses the two lived  
The brothers of which I'll tell you both.  
One night they much were crushed  
By hunger and loneliness and from cold.  
To each of those evil often comes  
To those who poverty maintains.  
Then they take to reflecting  
How they would be able to protect themselves  
Against the famine which harasses them;  
In famine there is very much torment.  
A rich man quite renowned  
Lived next to their home.  
They were poor, the rich one extravagant.  
In his vegetable garden he had some cabbage  
And in his sheep-fold some sheep.  
Both of them took one of these.  
Poverty makes many men foolish.  
One put a sack on his shoulder,  
The other a knife in his hand.  
By a path they jumped from the plain  
To the garden, and the one sat himself;  
That which pains is not always that which is painf  
Some cabbage he cut with his knife.  
The other directed himself to the sheep pen  
To open the door; such done he put to work.  
Then it seemed to him that good came the work;  
In a group went the most fat sheep.  
But, moreover, someone was situated  
In the house, so that was heard  
The door of the sheep-fold when he opened it.  
The miser called his son.  
"Go," said he, "inside the garden!  
Call the dog in the house!"  
Estula was the dog's name;  
There was none better in the farmyard.  
And the young man took to listening for him.

L'uis devers la cort overt a,  
Si hucha son chien Estula.  
E cil du bergil respondi:  
48 <<Par foi, voirement sui ge ci.>>  
Il faisoit molt obscur e noir,  
Si que cil nel pot percevoir,  
Celui qui la li respondi.  
52 Mais en son cuer pensa de fi  
Que li chiens eüst respondu.  
N'a plus ilueques atendu,  
Mais en maison s'en vient le cors.  
56 Pamez dut estre de paors.  
<<Qu'as tu, beax filz?>> ce dit li pere.  
<<Sire, foi que ge doi ma mere,  
Nostre chiens parla or a moi.>>  
60 <<Qui, Estula?>> <<Voire, par foi,  
E se croire ne m'en volez,  
Huschiez le, ja paller l'orrez.>>  
Li prudons maintenant s'en cort.  
64 Por la merveille entre en la cort,  
Si huche <<Estula>> a son chien.  
E cil qui ne se gardoit rien  
Respont: <<Voirement sui ge ça.>>  
68 Li prudons grant merveille en a:  
<<Beax filz, par Esperites saintes,  
J'ai oï aventures maintes,  
Onques mais n'oï sa pareille.  
72 Va tost, si conte la merveille  
Au prestre, si l'ameine o toi,  
Si li di qu'il aport o soi  
L'estole e l'eve beneoite!>>  
76 Cil au plus tost qu'il pot exploite  
Tant qu'il vint en l'ostel au prestre.  
Ne demora gaires en l'estre,  
Ainz vint chies le provoire errant:  
80 <<Sire, por Dieu, venez vos ent  
En maison oïr granz merveilles!  
Onques n'oïstes lor pareilles.  
Prenez l'estole a vostre col!>>  
84 Li prestres dit: <<Ge te quit fol,  
Qui or me vels la fors mener.  
Deschautz sui, si n'i puis aler.>>  
E cil li respont sanz delai:  
88 <<Si feroiz, ge vos porterai.>>  
Le prestres a prise s'estole;  
Si monte sanz plus de parole  
Au col celui, e cil s'en vait.  
92 La voie, si con il vint, vait,  
Qui voloit aler plus briefment.  
Par le sentier tot droit descent,  
La ou cil descendu estoient  
96 Qui lor vitaille querre aloient.  
Cil qui des chox aloit cuillant  
Vit le provoire blanchioiant,  
Si cuida ce fust ses conpainz

He opened the door toward the yard,  
And called his dog Estula.  
And he in the sheep-fold responded:  
"By faith, truly I am here."  
It was very obscure and dark.  
Such that he could not perceive  
That which there responded to him.  
But in his heart he thought with certitude  
That the dog had responded.  
No longer did he wait at that place.  
But in the house he went in great hast.  
Fainting, he was in great fear.  
"What have you, good son?" said the father.  
"Sire, by the faith I owe my mother,  
Our dog spoke now to me."  
"Who, Estula?" "In truth, by faith,  
And to believe it I don't wish,  
Call him, I will post myself to hear."  
The able man right then went to the yard.  
For the marvel he entered the yard,  
And called "Estula" to his dog.  
And he who paid attention to nothing  
Responded: "Truly I am here."  
The able man was greatly astonished at that:  
"Good son, in the name of Saint-Esprit,  
I have heard many extraordinary events,  
But never have I heard its equal.  
Go quickly and relate this marvel  
To the priest, and lead him yourself,  
And tell him to bring with him  
The stole and the blessed water!"  
This, with the most speed that he could, hasten  
Such that he came to the home of the priest.  
He did not remain long in the church court,  
Thus, he came to the habitation and immediately  
"Sire, for God, come to our place. /advised him:  
At our house one hears large wonders!  
Never has one heard their equal.  
Put your stole on your neck!"  
The priest said: "I discharge you as a fool,  
Who now leads me towards the outside.  
I am barefoot, so then I can't go there."  
And he responded to him without delay:  
"If it will do, I'll carry you."  
The priest took his stole;  
And mounted without more words  
On his neck, and in an eyelash he goes.  
The route by which he came he went,  
As he wished to go most briefly.  
On the path he immediately went down,  
There where they had descended  
Who there went wishing food for the mouth.  
He who went gathering cabbage  
Saw the priest all in white,  
He imagined it was his companion

100 Qui aportast aucuns gaainz.  
Se li demande par grant joie:  
<<Aportes tu rien?>>-<<Par foi, oie,>>  
Fait cil qui cuide que ce fust  
104 Ses peres qui pallé eüst.  
<<Or tost,>> fait il, <<giete tost jus!  
Mes couteax est bien esmouluz;  
Gel fis bien esmorre a la forge,  
108 Ja avra coupee la gorge.>>  
Quant li prestres ce entendi,  
Bien cuida c'on l'eüst trahi.  
Sailliz est jus du col celui  
112 Qui n'en est mie mains defui  
Que n'est cil qui s'en est foiz.  
Li prestre est el santier sailliz;  
Mais ses soupliz i escota  
116 A un pel, si qu'il i laissa,  
Qu'il ne li lust pas tant ester  
Qu'il le peüst du pel oster.  
E cil qui ot les chox cueilliz  
20 Ne fu mie mains esbahiz  
Que cil qui por lui s'en fuioient,  
Qu'il ne savoit qui il estoient.  
E neporquant s'ala il prandre  
124 Le blanc que il vit au pel pendre;  
Si sost que c'est uns soupeliz.  
Atant ses frere est fors sailliz  
Du bergil a tot un mouton.  
128 Si apela son compaignon  
Qui son sac avoit plein de chox.  
Bien ont andui chargié les cox.  
Ainz n'i vorrent lonc conte faire,  
132 Ençois se mistrent el repaire  
Vers lor ostel qui pres lor est.  
Lors a cil monstré son conquest  
Qui gaaigna le soupeliz,  
136 S'en ont assez joé e ris;  
Que li rires lor est renduz  
Qui devant lor ert deffenduz.  
En petit d'eure Diex labeure:  
140 Tex rit au mein qui au soir plore,  
E tex est au mein corrociez  
Qui au soir est joianz e liez.

Who retrieved no gains.  
So he demanded of him with great pleasure:  
"Bring you nothing?" - "By faith, yes,"  
He said this, who believed that this was  
His father who had called.  
"Now all," said he "Throw it quickly to the ground  
My knife is very sharp;  
I have well made it sharp on the forge,  
I will slit its throat."  
When the priest heard this,  
Well he believed that he had been betrayed.  
He leapt to earth from the neck of him  
Who is not at all less in flight,  
He who has been raised in stature.  
The priest leapt into the path;  
But his surplice hung up there  
On a stake, so that he left it there,  
Since in this he had not of leisure so much  
That he could remove it from the stick.  
And he who had cut the cabbage  
Was not himself less astonished  
Than those which by himself were put to flight,  
That he didn't know who they were.  
And nevertheless he went to take it  
The white thing which he saw hanging on the stake;  
Thus he knew that it was a surplice.  
At this his brother came forth  
From the sheep-fold with a sheep.  
He called his companion  
Who had his sack full of cabbage.  
Well they both were loaded with their sacks.  
Therefore they didn't consume a long time telling  
But applied themselves to repairing /storie  
Toward their home which was near there.  
Then to him he showed his acquisition  
He who gained the surplice,  
Of this they then had much joy and laughter;  
For the laughter, then is rendered  
What before then was forbidden.  
Small is the hour of God's labor:  
All laugh in the morning who cry in the evening,  
And all are sad in the morning  
Who in the evening are jolly and gay.

End of the Two Poor Brothers