

Naxos 8.554257 - Music of the Troubadours
Lyrics: French with English translation

[1] **Tant m'abelis**

So much I love

- Berenguer de Palou

Tant m'abelis jois et amors et chans
 ert alegrier deports e cortezia,
 que l'mon non a ricor ni manentia
 don mielhs d'aisso'm tengues per benonans
 doncs, sai ieu ben que midons ten las claus
 de totz los bes qu'ieu aten ni esper
 e ren d'aiso sens lieys non puese aver.

So much I love joy and love and song,
 mirth, sport and courtesy,
 that in the world there is no wealth nor riches
 that could make me feel happier.
 Therefore I know well that my lady holds the keys
 of all the good that I expect and hope for,
 and none of this can I have without her.

Sa gran valors e sos humils semblans
 son gen parlar e sa bella paria,
 m'an fait ancse voler senhoria
 plus que d'autra qu'ieu vis pueys ni dabans;
 e si'l sieu cors amoros e suaus
 e sa merce no'm denha retener,
 ja d'als amors no'm pot far mon plazer.

Her great courage and her modest look,
 her gentle speech and her fair company
 have made me always love her dominion
 more than any other's I have seen before or since;
 and if her loving and tender heart
 deigns not to keep me under her mercy,
 love cannot please me with anything else.

Tant ai volgut sos bes e sos enans,
 e dezirat lieys e sa companhia
 que ja no cre, si lonhar m'en volia
 que ja partir s'en pogues mos talans;
 e s'ieu n'ai dit honor ni be ni laus,
 no m'en fas ges per messongier tener,
 qu'ab sa valor sap ben proar mon ver.

Belha domna, corteza, benestans,
 ab segur sen, ses blasme ses folhia,
 so tot no'us vey tan soven cum volria,
 mos pessamens aleuja mos afans,
 en que'm delieyt e'm sojorn e'm repaus
 e quan no'us puesc estiers dels huelhs vezer
 vey vos ades en pessan jor e ser.

Sabetz per que no'm vir ni no'm balans
 de vos amar ma belha dous'amia?
 Quar ja no'm cal doptar, si ieu'us avia,
 que mesclessetz falsia ni enjans;
 per qu'ieu am mais, quar sol albirar n'aus
 que vos puscatz a mos ops eschazer
 qu'autra baizar, embrassar ni tener.

So have I wanted her good and her renown,
 and so have I desired her and her company
 that I believe if she wanted me to leave her
 I could never be able to part from her;
 and if I declare her honour, her good and her fame,
 I could not be held to be a liar,
 since her worth proves my honesty.

Fair lady, courteous, kind,
 of sure judgement, without blemish or folly,
 although I do not see you as often as I would,
 my fancy lightens my desire
 in which is my delight, my ease and my repose,
 and when my eyes cannot see you,
 I see you in my thoughts, day and night.

Do you know why I do not turn aside or hesitate
 in loving you, my fair, gentle friend?
 Because if I had you, I should not fear
 that you put forward any falsehood or deceit;
 for I prefer, although I only presume it,
 that you could some day be mine
 than kiss, embrace or hold another woman

Doncs sí' eu ja'm vey dins vostres bratz enclaus
 si qu'ambeduy nos semblen d'un voler,
 meravil me on poiria'l joy caber.

So if I ever am held in your arms
 so that both of us are of one mind,
 I wonder how I could contain my joy

[2] **Domna, pos vos ay chausida**

Lady, for you

- Anon.

(Instrumental)

[3] **No püesc sofrir qu'a la dolor**

I cannot prevent with pain

- Giraut de Bornelh

Non puésc sofrir qu'a la dolor
 de la dent la lenga no'm vir;
 e'l còr amb la novéla flor,
 lanquand vei los raméls florir
 e'lh chant son pel bascatge
 dels auselets enamorats;
 e si tot m'esau apensats
 ni pres per malauratge,
 quand vei chants e vergièrs e prats,
 ieu renovèl e m'assolaç.

I cannot prevent with pain
 in a tooth my tongue returning to it;
 so does my heart to the new flower,
 when I see the boughs blossom
 and through the woodland sounds the song
 of birds in love;
 although I am pensive
 and sad in my thoughts,
 when I see these songs and meadows and fields,
 I am renewed and comforted.

Ar me puesc ieu lauзар d'Amor
Peire Cardenal (contrafactum)

Now I can be satisfied with Love

Ar me puesc ieu lauзар d'Amor,
que no'm tol manjar ni dormir;
ni'n sen friedura ni calor
ni no'm badall ni so'm sospir
ni'n vauc de nueg arratge,
ni'n soi conquistz ni'n soi cochatz,
ni'n soi dolenz ni'n soi iratz,
ni no'n logi messatge;
ni'n soi trazitz ni enganatz,
que partitz m'en soi ab mos datz.

Now I can be satisfied with Love,
for he takes from me neither eating nor sleeping;
nor through him do I feel cold or heat,
nor do I yawn or sigh,
nor do I wander at night,
nor am I conquered or weighed down,
nor am I sad or vexed,
nor do I hire a messenger;
nor am I betrayed or deceived,
since I am parted from her by cast of dice.

Autre plazer nái ieu maior,
que no'n traise ni fauc trair,
ni'n tem tracheiris ni trachor,
ni brau gilos que mén azir;
ni'n fauc fol vassallatge,
ni'n soi feritz ni derocatz,
ni'n soi pres ni deraubatz,
ni no'n fauc long badatge,
ni dic qu'eu soi d'Amor forsatz,

I have a greater pleasure,
since I betray not nor am betrayed,
nor fear traitress nor traitor ,
nor do I fear fierce jealousy;
nor do I suffer angry servitude,
nor am I injured nor overthrown,
nor am I captive nor captured,
nor do I suffer long-delayed hope,
nor do I say that I am forsaken by Love,

ni dic que mos cors més emblatz.

nor say that my heart has been taken from me.

Ni dic qu'ieu mor per la gensor,
 ni dic que.l bella.m fai languir,
 ni non la prec ni non l'azor,
 ni la deman ni la dezir;
 ni no.l fas homenatge,
 ni no.l m'autrei ni.l me soi datz,
 ni non soi sieus endomenjatz,
 ni a mon cor en gatge,
 ni soi sos pres ni sos liatz,
 anz dic qu'ieu li sol escapatz.

Nor do I say I die for the most amiable,
 nor say that the fair one makes me languish,
 nor do I beg her nor adore her ,
 nor long for her nor yearn for her;
 nor do I do homage to her ,
 nor do I submit to her nor give myself up,
 nor am I her servant,
 nor is my heart in thrall,
 nor am I her captive nor her bond-slave,
 but I say I have escaped from her.

Mais deu hom lauzar vensedor
 no fai vençut, qui.l ver vol dir,
 car lo vencens porta la flor
 e.l vençut vai hom sebelir;
 e qui venc son coratge
 de las desleials voluntatz
 don ieis lo faitz desmezuratz
 e li autre autratge,
 d'aquel venser es plus onratz
 que si vensia cent ciutatz.

But the victor deserves praise
 rather than the conquered, to speak truth,
 for the victor bears the flower
 and the conquered the grave;
 and he who conquers his spirit
 away from disloyal desires
 from which proceed unruly actions
 and further excesses,
 for that victory is the more honoured
 who has conquered a hundred cares.

Pauc pres prim prec de pregador,
 car cre qu'il, cuy quer convertir,
 vir vas vil voler sa valor,
 don dreitz deu dar dan al partir,
 si sec son sen salvatge,
 leu l'er lo larcx laus lag loinhats.
 Plus pres lauzables que lauzatz:
 trop ten estreg ostage
 dreitz drutz del dart d'Amor nafratz.
 Pus pauc pres, pus pres es compratz.

Non voilh voler volatge
 que'm volv e'm vir mas voluntaz
 mas lai on mos vols es volatz.

[4] **Bujo**

(Instrumental)

[5] **Bel m'es qu'eu chant**

- Raimon de Miraval

Bel m'es qu'eu chant e coindei

Little do I value the suppliant's keen prayer,
 for he believes that he whom he would persuade,
 will bend his will to base desire,
 that rightly should bring him death,
 if he follows his wild feeling,
 he will soon lose his good name;
 I value more the praiseworthy than the praised:
 held secure as a hostage
 is the perfect lover, struck by Love's dart.
 Then if merit is bought, it is of worth little.

I want no changing desire
 that pulls at me and changes my will
 except towards that to which my love takes flight.

Bujo

It is fine to sing

It is fine to sing and to love,

pos l'aur'es dous'e.l temps gais,
 e per vergiers e per plais
 aug lo retint e.l gabei
 que fant l'auzeillet menut
 entre.l vert e.l blanc e.l vaire;
 adoncs se deuri'atraire
 cel que voi c'amors l'ajut
 vas chaptenenssa de drut.

Eu no sui drutz mos dompnei,
 ni no tem pena ni fais
 ni.m rancur leu ni m'irai,
 ni per orguoiill no m'esfrei;
 pero temenssa.m fai mut,
 c'a la bella de bon aire
 non aus mostrar ni retraire
 mon cor qu'ill tenc rescondut,
 pois aic son pretz conogut.

Ja non cre c'ab leis parei
 beutatz d'autra dompna mais,
 que flors de rosier qan nais
 non es plus fresca de lei,

for the air is sweet and the weather fair,
 and through the meadows and hedge-rows
 I hear the warbling and singing
 of the little birds
 amid the green, the white and the varied;
 So, then, he who would
 that love help him
 must try to behave like a lover.

I am not a lover, but a suitor,
 and I fear neither pain nor grief,
 nor easily do I complain or become angry,
 nor does pride frighten me;
 but fear makes me silent,
 for to the fair and favoured one
 I dare not show nor speak of
 my heart, that I keep hidden,
 since I have learnt her worth.

I do not believe that ever can be compared
 her beauty with that of another lady,
 for the flower of the rose, when it is born,
 is not fresher than she is,

cors ben fait e gen cregut,
 boch'et oills del mon esclaire;
 c'anc Beutatz plus no.i saup faire,
 se.i mes tota sa vertut
 qe res no.il b'es remosut.

her body well made and grown in grace,
 her mouth and eyes lighting up the world;
 No greater beauty can there be,
 in her lies all its virtue
 so that none remains besides.

Chanssos, vai me dir al rei
 cui jois guid'e vest e pais,
 q'en lui non a ren biais,
 c'aital cum ieu vuoill lo vei;
 ab que cobre Montagut
 e Carcasson'el repaire;
 pois er de pretz emperaire,
 e doptaran son escut
 sai frances e lais masmut.

Song, go speak for me to the king
 who guides, forms and nurtures joy,
 in whom there is nothing base,
 that I see him as I wish,
 that he may recapture Carcassonne
 from Montagut and return;
 he will be a worthy emperor,
 and there will fear his power
 the French and the Arabs.

[6] **Cantaben els ocells**

- Ramon Llull

The birds were singing

Cantaben els ocells l'alba,
 i es despertà l'amat qui e, l'alba;
 e los aucells finiren llur cant;
 i l'amic morí per l'amat. en l'alba,

The birds were singing the dawn,
 and the beloved awoke, who is the dawn;
 and the birds finished their song;
 and the lover died for the beloved, at the dawn.

[7] **Ai tal domna**

- Berenguier de Palou

Ai tal domna com ieu sai
 richa e de bélas faïçons,
 amb cors convenient e gai,
 amb dichs plasentiérs e bons,
 si volgués précs ni demandas sofrir,
 degra [m onrar, car tener e servir,
 que no'i falh ren qu'en bona domna sia,
 mas car Amors y perd sa senhoria.

Such a lady

Such a lady as I know,
 noble and fair in demeanour ,
 with gentle, well-favoured body,
 pleasing words and good,
 allowing any requests and demands,
 her you would have to honour, cherish and serve,
 for she lacks nothing of what befits a good lady,
 so that Love loses his dominion over her.

[8] **Estampie: Reis glorios**

(Instrumental)

Estampie: Reis glorios[9] **Ara lausatz, lausat, lausat**

- Anon. (Monastery of Sant Joan de les Abadesses, Catalonia)

Ara lausatz, lausat, lausat,
 il comandament l'abat.

Bela, si vos eravatz monja

Praise, now, praise, praise

Praise now, praise, praise,
 the abbot's command.

Fair one, if you were a nun

de nóstra maison,
 a profiéch e tots los monges
 vos prenditz liurason.
 Mas vos non estaretc, bela,
 si tots jorns enversa non,
 ço ditz l'abat.

in our house,
 to the profit of all the monks
 you would take tribute.
 But you shall not pass a day, fair one,
 except on your back,
 so the abbot says.

[10] **Humils, forfaitz, repres e penedens**

- Guiraut Riquier

Humble, sinful, accused and penitent

Humils, forfaitz, repres e penedens,
 entristezits, marritz de revenir
 so, qu ay perdut de mon temps per falhir.
 Vos clam merce, Dona, Verges plazens,
 maires de Crist, filh del tot poderos,
 que no gardetz cum suy forfaitz vas vos;
 si us plai, gardatz l'ops. de m'arma marrida.

Humble, sinful, accused and penitent,
 saddened, afflicted I am in my return,
 for I have wasted my time in sinning.
 I seek mercy, Lady, Virgin kind,
 mother of Christ, son of the all-powerful,
 that you consider not my sin against you;
 consider, if it please you, the need of my afflicted soul.

Mas esper ai que'm siatz vos guirens
 del greu perill mortai que'm fa marrir,
 de que no puesc per ren ses vos issir;
 tans e tan greus trobi mos fallimens!
 E donc pregatz vostre Filh glorios

But I have hope that you will protect me
 in the grave mortal danger that afflicts me,
 from which I can in no way escape without you;
 so great and so grave are our sins!
 Pray, then, your glorious Son

que'm fassa far sos plazers e mos pros,
qu'aissi'm podetz tornar de mort a vida.

that he make me do his will, for my own good,
so can you bring me from death to life.

Per nos, Dona, verges regina, fos
maires del filh de Dieu tot poderos:
donx acaptaz d'elh a nos esta guida.

For us, Lady, Virgin Queen, you were
mother of the Son of God all-powerful:
then take from him this guide for us.

[11] **Quan vei la lauzeta mover**

- Bernart de Ventadom

When I see the lark move

Quan vei la lauzeta mover
de joi sas alas contra'l rai,
que s'oblid'e's laissa chazer
per la doussor c'al cor li vai,
ai tan grans enveya m'en ve
de cui qu'eu veyau jausion,
meravilhas ai, car desse
lo cor de dezirer no'm fon.

When I see the lark move
for joy his wings in the sun,
and disappear and swoop
for the delight that comes to his heart,
great envy comes upon me
at one so joyful,
and I wonder that in an instant
my heart does not faint for desire.

Ai, las! tan cuidava saber
d'amor e tan petit en sai!
car eu d'amar no'm posc tener
celeis don ja pro non aurai.

Ay, alas! I thought I knew much
of love and I know so little!
for I cannot forbear to love her
from whom I shall have nothing.

Tout m'a mo cor, e tout m'a me,
 e se mezeis'e tot lo mon;
 e can se'm tolc, no'm laisset re
 mas dezirer e cor volo.

Anc non agui de me poder
 ni no fui meus de l'or en sai
 que'm laisset en sos olhs vezer
 en un miralh que mout me plai.
 Miralhs, pus me mirei en te,
 m'an mort li sospir de preon,
 c'aissi'm perdei com perdei se
 lo bels Narcisus en la font.

De las domnas me dexesper;
 ja mais en lor no'm fiarai;
 c'aissi com las solh chaptener,
 enaissi las dechaptendrai.
 Pois vei c'una pro no m'en te
 vas leis que'm destrui e'm cofon,
 totas las dopt'e las mescre,
 car be sai c'atretals se son.

She has stolen my heart and my being,
 and for herself the whole world;
 and when I am parted from her, there is nothing
 other than desire and my yearning heart.

Never more have I power over myself
 nor was I myself from the moment
 that my eyes saw her
 in a mirror that pleased me much.
 A mirror, since the time I saw you,
 deep sighs have brought death to me,
 so that I am lost as was lost
 fair Narcissus in the fountain.

Of ladies I despair;
 never more shall I trust them
 and as I once defended them,
 so shall I forsake them.
 Since I see that none help me against her
 who destroys and confounds me,
 I fear them all and mistrust them,
 for I know they are all alike.

D'aisso's fa be femna parer
 ma domna per qu'elh o retrai,
 car no vol so c'om deu voler,
 e so c'om li deveda fai,
 Chazutz sui en mala merce
 et ai be faih co'l fols en pon;
 e no sai per que m'esdeve,
 mas car trop puyei contra mon.

Merces es perduda, per ver
 et eu non o saubi anc mai
 car eilh qui plus en degr'aver,
 no'n a ges; et on la querrai?
 A! can mal sembla, qui la ve,
 qued aquest chaitiu deziron
 que ja ses leis non aura be,
 laisse morir, que no l'aon.

Pus ab midons no'm pot valer
 prec's ni merces ni'l dreihz qu'eu ai,
 ni a leis no ven a plazer
 qu'eu l'am, ja mais no'lh o dirai.
 Aissi'm part fr leis e'm recre;

In this does show herself true woman
 my lady, for which I blame her,
 since she wants not what she should
 and does what is forbidden.
 I am fallen in disgrace
 and have acted like a fool on the bridge;
 and I do not know what is happening to me,
 unless I have aimed too high.

Truly, pity is lost
 and I never thought it,
 for she who ought to have much
 has none; and where shall I seek it?
 Ah! how hard to believe, when I see
 how she leaves to die
 and gives no help to the lover
 who without her has nothing.

Since with my lady there is no value
 in prayers nor pity nor the right I have,
 and it not pleasing to her
 that I love her, I shall say it no more.
 So, then, I shall keep away from her and desist;

mort m'a, e per mort li respon,
 e vau m'en, pus il h no'm rete,
 chaitius, en issilh, no sai on.

She has brought death to me, and in death I reply,
 and go, now that nothing holds me back,
 disgraced, to exile, I know not where.

Tristans, ges no'm aures de me,
 qu'eu m'en vau, chaitius no sai on.
 De chanta me gic e'm recre,
 e de joi e d'amor m'escon.

Tristan, from me you will have nothing,
 since I go, disgraced, I know not where.
 I give up singing and refrain,
 and shun joy and love.

[12] **Lanquand li jorn son lonc en mai**
Jaufre Rudel

When the days are long in May

Lanquand li jorn son lonc en mai
 m'es bels douz chans d'auzels de loing
 e qand me sui partitz de lai
 remembra.m d'un amor de loing.
 Vauc de talan embroncs e clis,
 si que chans ni flors d'albespis
 no.m platz plus que l'iverns gelatz.

When the days are long in May
 then pleases me the song of birds afar
 and when I have gone from there
 I remember my love afar.
 Troubled and oppressed by longing,
 I go, so that song nor whitethorn flower
 pleases me more than icy winter.

Ja mais d'amor no.m gauzirai
 si no.m gau d'est amor de loing
 que gensor ni meillor non sai

Never more shall I enjoy love
 if I enjoy it not from far
 since no kinder or better do I know

vas nuilla part, ni pres ni loing.
 Tant es sos pretz verais e fis
 que lai el renc dels sarrazis
 fos eu, per lieis, chaitius clamatz!

Iratz e gauzens m'en partrai
 qan veirai cest'amor de loing
 mas non sai coras la.m veirai
 car trop son nostras terras loing.
 Assatz y a portz e camis!
 E, per aisso, non sui devis ...
 Mas tot sia cum Dieu platz!

Be.m parra jois qan li qerrai
 per Amor Dieu, l'Amor de loing;
 e, s'a lieis plai, albergarai
 pres de lieis, si be.m sui de loing!
 Adoncs parra'l parlamens fis
 qand drutz loindas, er tan vezis
 c'ab bels digz jauzirai solatz.

Ben tenc lo Seignor per ferai
 per q'ieu veirai l'Amor de loing;

anywhere, near or far.
 Her worth is so true and pure
 that in the realm of the Saracens
 you would be declared love's captive!

Sad and happy shall I go
 when I see this love afar
 but I know not when I shall see her
 for our lands are far apart.
 There are too many gates and roads!
 And, for this reason, I am no soothsayer...
 But may all be as God pleases!

Joy is mine when I seek her
 through God's Love, Love from afar;
 and, if he pleases, I shall take shelter
 near her, though I am far away!
 Then there will be gentle talk
 when, a distant lover, I shall be so near
 that I shall take comfort from her fair words.

I hold him Lord indeed, through whom
 I shall see Love afar;

mas, per un ben que m'en eschai,
 n'ai dos mals, car tant m'es de loing...
 Ai! car me fos lai peleris
 si que mos fustz e mos tapis
 fos pelz sieus bels huoills remirtz!

Dieus, qe fetz tot qant ve ni vai
 e fermet cest'Amor de loing,
 me don poder, qe'l cor eu n'ai,
 q'en breu veia l'Amor de loing,
 veraiaement, en locs aizis,
 si qe la cambra e.l jardis
 mi resembles totz temps palatz!

Ver ditz qui,'apella lechai
 ni desiran d'Amor de loing
 car nuills autre jois tant no.m plai
 cum jauzimens d'Amor de loing.
 Mas so q'eu vuoill m'es tant ahis
 q'enaissi.m fadet mos pairis
 q'ieu ames e non fos amatz!

Mas so q'ieu vuoill m'es tant ahis!

but, as to a benefit to come to me,
 I have doubts, for from me she is so far...
 Ay! If I were a pilgrim,
 and my staff and cloak
 were seen by her fair eyes!

God, who made all that goes and comes
 and confirmed this Love afar,
 give me power, the heart I have,
 that soon I may see my Love afar,
 truly, in a suitable place,
 so that the chamber and the garden
 may seem ever a palace!

He tells the truth who calls me greedy
 and desirous of Love afar
 for no other joy pleases me
 as much as the enjoyment of Love afar.
 But what I want is so forbidden
 since my Lord has decreed
 that I love and be not loved!

But what I want is so forbidden!

Tot sia mauditz la pairis

qe.m fadet q'ieu non fos amatz!

Cursed be my Lord

who has decreed that I be not loved!

English versions by Keith Anderson

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