

BERNART DE VENTADORN (CA. 1150—
CA. 1180)

Can vei la lauzeta mover

21 9

1. Can vei la lau-ze-ta mo-ver De joi sas a-las con-tral rai.
Que s'o-blid' e-s lais-sa cha-zer Per la dous-sor c'al cor li vai.
Ai! tans grans en-vey-a m'en ve De cui qu'eu vey-a jau-zi-on,
Me-ra-vil-has ai, car des-se Lo cor de de-zi-rer no-m fon.

Can vei la lauzeta mover
de joi sas alsas contral rai,
que s'oblid' e-s laissa chazer
per la doussor e'al cor li vai,
ai! tan grans envैया m'en ve
de cui qu'eu veyա jաuzion,
meravilhas ai, car desse
lo cor de dezirer no-m fon.

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

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.
Mirahls, pus me mirei en te,
m'an mort li sospir depreon,
c'aissi-m perdei com perdet se
lo bels Narcisus en la fon.

When I see the lark beating
its wings joyfully against the sun's rays,
which then swoons and swoops down
because of the joy in its heart,
oh! I feel such jealousy
for all those who have the joy of love,
that I am astonished
that my heart does not immediately melt with desire!

Alas! I thought I knew so much
of love, and I know so little;
for I cannot help loving a lady
from whom I shall never obtain any favor.
She has taken away my heart and myself,
and herself and the whole world;
and when she left me, I had nothing left
but desire and a yearning heart.

I have no power over myself,
and have not had possession of myself
since the time when she allowed me to look into
her eyes,
in a mirror which I like very much.
Mirror, since I was reflected in you,
deep sighs have killed me,
for I caused my own ruin, just as
fair Narcissus caused his by looking in the fountain.

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

D'aisso's fa be femna parer
 ma domna, par qu'e·lh o retrai,
 car no vol so c'om deu voler,
 e so c'om li devada, 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 cilh 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
 precis 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 de leis e·m recre;
 mort m'a, e per mort h respon,
 e van m'en, pus ilh no·m rete,
 chaitius, en issilh, no sai on.

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

I despair of ladies;
 I shall not trust them ever again;
 just as I used to defend them,
 now I shall condemn them.
 Since I see that *one* of them does not help me
 against her who is ruining and destroying me
 I fear them all and have no faith in them,
 for I know they are all the same.

My lady shows herself to be [merely] a woman
 (and that is why I reproach her)
 in that she does not want what one should want,
 and she does what is forbidden her.
 I have fallen out of favor,
 and have acted like the fool on the bridge;
 and I do not know why this has happened to me,
 unless it was because I tried to climb too high.

Mercy is gone, that is sure,
 and I never received any of it,
 for she who should have the most mercy
 has none, and where else should I seek it?
 Oh! how difficult it is for a person who sees her
 to imagine that she would allow to die this poor
 yearning wretch,
 and would not help the man
 who can have no help but her!

Since pleas and mercy and my rights
 cannot help me to win my lady,
 and since it does not please her
 that I love her, I shall speak to her about it no more.
 So I am leaving her and her service;
 she has killed me, and I reply with death,
 and I am going sadly away, since she will not accept
 my service, into exile, I do not know where.

Tristan, you will hear no more of me,
 for I am going sadly away, I do not know where,
 I am going to stop singing,
 and I flee from love and joy.