farem fi,
65 sotz lui mi,
d'Esta malvolensa."

Gent ha la razó fenida,
estornels cuí l'aura guid'a
son senyor vas cuí s'escrida:
70 "Vos ai amor de valensa;
c'als mil drutz
ha rendutz
mil salutz
e pagutz
75 per condutz
ses trautz
de falsa semensa."

S'al mati
l'es aqui
80 on vos di
"e'us mandi,
qu'el ardi
del jardi
e que'us mat e'us vensal"

L'autrier jost' una sebissa
trobei pastora mestissa,
de joi e de sen massissa,
si cum filla de vilana,
5 cap' e gonel' e pelissa
vest e camiza treslissa,
sotlars e caussas de lana.

4 Literally, "without tributes of false seed." The bird is telling its poor master what he wants to hear, that she is faithful and virtuous, not a two-

we will end,
65 I beneath him,
all the bad blood between us."

This mission was handled with great tact
by the starling, now guided by the breeze
to its master, whom it shouts to:
70 "I've got you a precious love:
to a thousand admirers
she has rendered
a thousand greetings,
and sated them
75 with dinners,
ever granting
them the rotten fruit they crave."

"In the morning
if you go
80 where she tells
and sends you,
in the struggle
in the garden
may she checkmate and beat you."

The other day, beside a row of hedges,
I found a shepherdess of lowly birth,
full of joy and common sense.
And, like the daughter of a woman of the fields,
5 she wore cape and cloak and fur,
and a shift of drill,
and shoes, and woolen stockings.
I came to her across the level ground.
"Girl," I said, "beautiful,"
10 I am unhappy because the cold is piercing you.
"Lord," this peasant's child said to me,
"thanks be to God and the woman who nursed me,
it's nothing to me if the wind ruffles my hair,
because I feel good, and I'm healthy."

15 "Girl," I said, "you're sweet and innocent,
I came out of my way
to keep you company;
for a peasant girl like you
should not, without a comrade near by,
20 pasture so many cattle
all alone in such a place."

"Master," she said, "whatever I may be,
I can tell sense from foolishness.
Your comradeship,
25 Lord," said this girl of the fields and pastures,
"let it stay where it belongs,
for such as I, when she thinks she has it
for herself, has nothing but the look of it."

"O you are a girl of noble quality,
your father was a knight
who got your mother with you
because she was a courtly peasant.
The more I look at you, the more beautiful you are
to me, and I am lit up by your joy,
35 or would be if you had some humanity."

"Master, my whole lineage and descent
I trace all the way back
to the sickle and the plow,
my Lord," said this peasant girl to me;
40 "and such as calls himself a knight
would do better to work, like them,
six days every week."
"Girl," I said, "a gentle fairy
endowed you at birth
with your beauty, which is pure
beyond every other peasant girl.
And yet you would be twice as beautiful
if once I saw you
underneath and me on top."

"Lord, you have praised me so high,
how everyone would envy me!
Since you have driven up my worth,
my Lord," said this peasant girl,
"for that you will have as your reward:
'Gape, fool, gape,' as we part,
and waiting and waiting the whole afternoon."

"Girl, every shy and wild heart
grows tame with a little getting used to,
and I know that, passing by,
a man can offer a peasant girl
like you a fine cash companionship,
with real affection in his heart,
if one doesn't cheat on the other."
"Master, a man hounded by madness
promises and pledges and puts up security:
that's how you would do homage to me,
Lord," said this peasant girl;
"but I am not willing, for a little
entrance fee, to cash in my virginity
for the fame of a whore."

"Girl, every creature
reverts to its nature:
let us become a couple of equals,
you and I, my peasant girl,
in the cover there, by the pasture,
you will feel more at ease there
we do the sweet you know what."
"Master, yes; but, as it is right, the fool seeks out his foolishness,
8o a man of the court, his courtly adventure;
and let the peasant be with his peasant girl.
‘Good sense suffers from disease
where men do not observe degrees’;
that’s what the ancients say.”

85 “Girl, I never saw another
more rougish in her face
or more false in her heart.”

“Master, that owl is making you a prophecy;
this one stands gaping in front of a painting,
9o and that one waits for manna.”

Peace in the name of the Lord!
Marcabru made the words and the melody.
Hear what he says:
how the Lord in heaven
5 has made us, in his gentleness,
within our reach, a washing place
such as never was before, except beyond the sea,
way yonder toward the valley of Jehoshaphat:
but for this one near us now, I exhort you.1

10 To wash ourselves clean in the evening and the morning
it is right, it is just,
I assure you;

last strophe, the Marquis (55) is Raimon Bérenger IV of Barcelona; the
men of the temple of Solomon are the Knights Templar; the Count is
probably Guillaume VIII of Poitou (d. April 9, 1137), brother of Raimon
of Antioch, though this identification is disputed. The “emperor” has also
been interpreted as a reference to God (Ruggieri), and as the title granted
to the warrior who died for his faith, upon his ascent to Paradise (P.
Groult); the translation reflects this last interpretation.

1 These lines have not been clearly explained, but they suggest that the man
is wasting his time in false hopes, or that the girl knows where reality is.
A. Berry makes the lovely suggestion that at this moment they hear an owl
nearby.

3 This crusade song was written in the court of Alfonso VII of Castile and
Leon, who may be the “emperor” (31). The two lavador are the Holy Land
and the domain of the Moors in Spain, or the crusades in each place. In the