

Anonymous Troubadour/Trobairitz Alba, “En un vergier sotz fuella d’albespi”  
(c. 1170)

En un vergier sotz fuella d’albespi  
tenc la dompna son amic costa si  
tro la gayta crida que l’alba vi,  
Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus! de l’alba tan tost ve.

“Plagues a Dieu ia la nueitz non falhis  
ni·l mieus amicx lonc de mi no·s partis  
ni la gayta iorn ni alba no vis,  
Bels dous amicx, baizem nos yeu e vos  
aval e·ls pratz on chanto·ls auzellos  
tot o fassam en despieg de gilos,  
Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus! de l’alba tan tost ve.

Bels dous amicx, fassam un ioc novel  
yns el iardi on chanton li auzel  
tro la gaita toque son caramelh,  
Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus! de l’alba tan tost ve.

Per la doss’aura qu’es venguda de lay  
del mieu amic belh e cortes e gay  
del sieu alen ai begut un dous ray,  
Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus! de l’alba tan tost ve”.

La dompna es agradans e plazens  
per sa beutat la gardon mantas gens  
et a son cor en amar leyalmens,  
Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus! de l’alba tan tost ve.

(Matilda Tomaryn Bruckner, Laurie Shepard,  
and Sarah White, eds. *Songs of the Women  
Troubadours* (New York: Garland Publishing,  
2000), 134.)

In an orchard under leaves of hawthorn  
the lady holds her lover beside her  
until the watchman cries out the coming of dawn,  
O God! O God! the dawn, it comes too soon.

Please God, do not let the night end already  
nor let my lover part from my side  
nor let the watchman see the dawn,  
Fair sweet friend, let us kiss, you and I,  
down in the meadow where the songbirds sing,  
let us do all this in spite of that jealous man.  
O God! O God! the dawn, it comes too soon.

Fair sweet friend, let us play a new game  
in the garden where the songbirds sing  
until the watchman plays his pipe.  
O God! O God! the dawn, it comes too soon.

For the gentle breeze which comes from there  
from my lover, beautiful, and courteous, and merry,  
of his breath I have drunk a sweet ray of sun.  
O God! O God! the dawn, it comes too soon.

The lady is delightful and pleasing  
And many admire her for her beauty,  
and for her heart which is true in love.  
O God! O God! the dawn, it comes too soon.

(Trans. M. Bryson)