

## Spanish Arabic Poetry--12th Century

### **Ibn 'Arabi (1165-1240)**

#### **Gentle Now, Doves of the Thornberry and Moringa Thicket**

Gentle now,  
doves of the thornberry and moringa thicket,  
don't add to my heart-ache  
your sighs.

Gentle now,  
or your sad cooing  
will reveal the love I hide  
the sorrow I hide away.

I echo back, in the evening,  
in the morning, echo,  
the longing of a love-sick lover,  
the moaning of the lost.

In a grove of tamarisks  
spirits wrestled,  
bending the limbs down over me,  
passing me away.

They brought yearning,  
breaking of the heart,  
and other new twists of pain,  
putting me through it.

Who is there for me in Jám',  
and the Stoning-Place at Miná,  
who for me at Tamarisk Grove,  
or at the way-station of Na'mān?  
Hour by hour  
they circle my heart  
in rapture, in love-ache,  
and touch my pillars with a kiss.

As the best of creation  
circled the Ka'ba,  
which reason with its proofs  
called unworthy,

And kissed the stones there –

and he was the Natiq!  
And what is the house of stone  
compared to a man or a woman?

They swore, and how often!  
they'd never change – piling up vows.  
She who dyes herself red with henna  
is faithless.

A white-blazed gazelle  
is an amazing sight,  
red-dye signalling,  
eyelids hinting,

Pasture between breastbones  
and innards.  
Marvel,  
a garden among the flames!

My heart can take on  
any form:  
a meadow for gazelles,  
a cloister for monks,

For the idols, sacred ground,  
Ka'ba for the circling pilgrim,  
the tables of the Torah,  
the scrolls of the Qur'án.

I profess the religion of love;  
wherever its caravan turns along the way,  
that is the belief,  
the faith I keep.

Like Bishr,  
Hind and her sister,  
love-mad Qays and his lost Láyla,  
Máyya and her lover Ghaylán.

(Translated by Michael A. Sells)

## Provençal/Occitan Poetry--12th Century

### **Bernart de Ventadorn (1145-1175)**

#### **Can l'erba fresch'e·lh folha par**

When fresh leaves and shoots appear,  
And the blossom gleams on the bough,  
And the nightingale high and clear  
Raises his voice, and sings aloud,  
I joy in him, and enjoy the flowers,  
And joy in my lady and I, for hours;  
By joy on all sides I'm caught and bound,  
But this is joy, and all other joys drowned.

Alas, how I die of musing deeply!  
Many a time I'm so deep in thought,  
Ruffians could abduct me, neatly,  
And of the business I'd know naught.  
By God, Love, you find me an easy matter,  
With few friends, and no other master.  
Why did you not constrain my lady  
Before desire took me completely?

I marvel now how I can bear  
Not to reveal to her my longing.  
For when I behold my lady there,  
Her lovely eyes are so charming  
I can scarce stop myself running to her.  
And so I would, were it not for fear,  
For never has one so shaped and made  
For love such diffidence displayed.

I love my lady and hold her dear,  
And dread her, and respect her so,  
I never dare speak of myself for fear,  
Nor seek anything, nor ask aught, no;  
Yet she knows of my pain and dolour,  
And, when it pleases her, does me honour,  
And, when it pleases her, I do with less,  
So no reproach worsens my distress.

If I could work the enchanter's spell,  
I'd make children of all my foes,

So none could ever spy or tell,  
Nor do aught that might harm us both.  
Then I'd know I'd see my noble one,  
Her sweet eyes, fresh complexion,  
And kiss her mouth in such a way  
It would show for a month and a day.

It would be sweet to find her alone,  
While she slept, or pretended to,  
Then a sweet kiss I'd make my own,  
Since I'm not worthy to ask for two.  
By God, lady, little of love we've won!  
Time goes by, and the best is done.  
We need secret signs, you and I:  
Boldness fails, so let cunning try!

A man should blame his lady indeed,  
When she deters him from loving,  
For endless talk about love may breed  
Boredom, and set deception weaving.  
For one can love and lie elsewhere,  
And lie all the more smoothly where  
There's no proof. Good lady deign  
To love me, and I'll not lie or feign.

Go, messenger, no less esteem me  
If I'm afraid to go see my lady.

**Can par la flors josta.l vert folh**

When flowers are in the leaves green  
And the sky's serene and clear,  
And the song of birds rings keen,  
Sweetening my heart, as I wake here,  
Then since birds sing with their art  
I who have greater joy at heart,  
Must sing true, since my daily bread  
Is joy and song, all that's in my head.

She whom I want most on this earth,  
And love the more with heart and faith,  
She joys to hear and keep my words,  
Gathers and stores my pleas always.  
And if men die by true love's art,  
Then I must die, since in my heart

I bear her love, so true and fine,  
All are false to one whom she'll loyal find.

I know when I retire at night  
That I shall barely sleep a wink.  
My sleep I lose, forego it quite  
For you, my lady, as I think!  
And where a man hides his treasure  
There will his heart reside forever.  
Lady I can't leave, if I see you not,  
No sight is worth the beauty of my thought.

When I recall how I loved so  
One who was false, without mercy,  
I tell you such sorrow I did know  
There was no path to joy for me.  
Lady, for whom I sing and more,  
Your lips wounded me to the core,  
With a sweet kiss of love heart-true,  
Grant joy, save me from mortal sorrow too.

Such as the proudest hearts may feel  
When great joy or great good they see!  
But I a finer spirit reveal,  
And truer when God is good to me.  
For when I'm on the fringes of love,  
From fringe to centre then I move.  
Thanks, lady: no one equals me.  
I lack not, if God saves you for me.

Lady, if I should see you not,  
Do not grieve more than I grieve,  
Know well I see you in my heart!  
He strikes at you because of me.  
But if he strikes through jealousy,  
Take care the heart he cannot reach.  
If he vex you, annoy him too,  
Then he'll not win good for ill from you.

God, guard my Sweet-Sight from harm  
Whether I'm near to her or far.  
God, my lady and Sweet-Sight save,  
That's all I wish, no more I crave.

**Can la frej' aura venta**

When fresh breezes gather,  
That from your country rise,  
I seem to feel no other  
Air but that of Paradise,  
Through love of a lover  
Who binds me with love's ties,  
Where my will I tether,  
And my true heart lies,  
All others I despise,  
But her who draws me ever!

If of her beauty present  
Her clear face and sweet eyes,  
I'd seen that merest content,  
I'd still feel this surprise.  
Deceit's not my intent,  
For I've naught to realise;  
Yet why should I repent,  
For once she said, with sighs,  
'On the true man love relies,  
While the weak twig is bent'.

Women it seems to me  
Make a great mistake,  
By which true love is rarely  
Returned for true love's sake.  
I ought to speak out freely  
With words though that will take,  
For it can scarcely please me  
When the tricksters rake  
More love in than is at stake  
For the lover who loves truly.

Lady what will you do  
With me who loves you so?  
Would you treat me so ill I too  
Die of longing? Oh,  
Good and noble, you,  
Your face should sweeter show,  
Light my heart through and through!  
Great pain I suffer and woe,  
Yet merit no hurt, ah no,  
For I can't turn from you.

If there were none to annoy,  
No vile slanderer, or thief,  
Then love I might employ  
But they cast it in my teeth:  
It's human to care and not be coy,  
On occasion, and seek relief,  
But it's privately my belief  
Pain has no other alloy  
Than 'Good luck lives in joy,  
And bad luck lives in grief.'

I am not one to disdain  
The good that God may do,  
For in that week, the very same  
That I came away, it's true,  
She said clearly, saying my name,  
That my songs please her too.  
Would all Christians plain  
Could have such joy anew,  
As I felt, and feel all through,  
For all else but this is vain.

I'll believe her again  
If she assures me it's true;  
But if it's not, I'll disdain  
To trust her, and you, and you.

**Pel doutz chan que-l rossinhols fai**

To the sweet song of the nightingale,  
At night when I am half-asleep,  
I wake possessed by joy complete,  
Contemplating love and thinking;  
For this is my greatest need, to be  
Forever filled with joy and sweetly,  
And in joy begin my singing.

Who seeks to know the joy I feel,  
If such joy were heard and seen,  
All other joy but slight would seem  
Compared with mine: vast in its being.  
Others preen and chatter wildly,  
Claim to be blessed, rich and nobly,  
With 'true love': I've twice the thing!

When I admire her body hale  
Well-formed, in all respects I mean,  
Her courtesy and her sweet speech,  
For all my praise I yet gain nothing;  
Though I took a year completely  
I could not paint her truthfully  
So courtly is she, of sweet forming.

You who think that I can't fail,  
Not realising her spirit keen  
Is open and is friendly, even  
Yet her body is far from being,  
Know, the best messenger I see  
From her is my own reverie,  
That recalls her fairest seeming.

Lady, I'm yours, today, every day,  
In your service my self I'll keep,  
Sworn, and pledged to you complete,  
As I have been always in everything.  
And as you are first of joys to me,  
So the last joy too you will be,  
As long as I'm still living.

I know not when I'll see you again;  
But I am grieved and sad to leave.  
For you I spurned (don't now harm me,  
I beg of you) the court and king,  
Now I will serve you there entirely,  
Among the knights, among the ladies,  
All sweet, true, and humble beings.

Huguet, my messenger, go, kindly  
Sing my song and sing it freely,  
To the Norman Queen go warbling.

### **Raimbaut d'Orange (1144-1173)**

**Non chant per auzel ni per flor**  
I do not sing for bird or flower,  
Nor for snow, now, nor for ice,  
Nor for warmth or the cold's power,

Nor for the fields' fresh paradise;  
Nor for any pleasure do I sing  
Nor indeed have I been a singer,  
But for my mistress, all my longing,  
For on earth none lovelier may linger.

Now have I parted from one worse  
Than any ever seen or found,  
To love the fairest one on earth,  
The lady of most worth, I'm bound.  
And this I'll do my whole life long,  
For I'm in love with no other;  
And I believe her liking's strong  
For me, so it seems to me her lover.

Lady, I shall have much honour  
If ever the privilege is granted  
Of clasping you beneath the cover,  
Holding you naked as I've wanted;  
For you are worth the hundred best,  
And I'm not exaggerating either.  
In that alone is my joy expressed,  
More than if I were the emperor!

I'll make my mistress my lord and lady,  
Whatever may be the outcome now,  
For I drank that secret love, fatally,  
And must love you evermore, I vow.  
Tristan, when Iseult the Fair, his lover,  
Granted his love, he could do no less,  
And by such covenant I so love her,  
I cannot escape it: she's my mistress.

I'd earn more worth than any other,  
If such a nightgown were given me  
As Iseult handed to her lover,  
For it was never worn, certainly.  
Tristan, you prized that noble gift:  
And I am seeking for such another.  
If she I long for grants me her shift,  
I'll cease to envy you, fair brother!

See, lady, how God gives his aid  
To she who of love is not afraid:  
For Iseult stood there in great dread,

Then in a moment her heart said:  
Convince your husband to believe  
That no man born of woman may,  
Claim he has touched you: I grieve  
You can say the same of me today!

Carestia, don't you dare to leave  
That place without bringing away  
Part of the joy that she can weave  
Who grants me more joy than I can say.

### **Beatritz de Dia (1140-1175)**

#### **Estat ai en greu cossirier**

I've been in great distress of mind,  
About a knight whom I possessed,  
How I've loved him to excess  
I want known, throughout all time;  
Now I feel myself betrayed  
Because I did not tell my love,  
In great torment so I prove,  
In bed or in my clothes arrayed.

Would that I might hold my knight  
Till morning naked in my arms,  
Intoxicated by my charms  
He'd think himself in paradise;  
For more pleased with him am I  
Than Floris was with Blanche-flor:  
I grant him my heart, my amour,  
My eyes, my mind, and my life.

Sweet friend, so good so gracious  
When shall I have you in my power,  
And lie with you at midnight hour,  
And grant you kisses amorous?  
Know, great desire I nurture too  
To have you in my husband's place,  
As soon as you grant me, with grace,  
To do all that I'd have you do.

## **Arnaut de Mareuil (late 12th century--dates uncertain)**

### **Bel m'es quan lo vens m'alena**

It's sweet when the breeze blows softly,  
As April turns into May,  
And in tranquil night above me,  
Sing the nightingale and jay.

When each bird in his sweet language,  
In the freshness of the morn  
Sings, joyful of his advantage,  
At ease with his mate, at dawn.

As all things on earth have joy so,  
Are happy when leaves appear,  
Then I'll recall a love I know  
And rejoice in all the year.

By past usage and by nature,  
It seems now that I must turn  
Where soft winds revive the creature,  
And heart must dream and yearn.

Whiter she is than Helen was,  
The loveliest flower of May,  
Full of courtesy, sweet lips she has,  
And ever true word does say.

Open-hearted, her manner free,  
Fresh colour and golden hair,  
God who grants her all sovereignty  
Preserve her, the best is there.

I'd be blessed, if she'd not treat me  
To endless quarrelling here,  
But grant me a kiss discretely  
For my service costs me dear.

Then we'd go on a brief journey,  
Often, a fine short play;  
For her sweet body has led me  
Willingly on that way.

## Provençal/Occitan Poetry--13th Century

### **Arnaut Daniel (1180-1210)**

#### **Sols sui qui sai lo sobrafan que·m sortz**

I am the one that knows the pain that flows  
Through loving hearts that suffer love's excess,  
For my desire is ever so firm and whole  
I have never denied her, never wandered  
From one I so desired at once and ever:  
Far from her, now, I call to her urgently,  
Though when she's here I know not what to say.

My blindness, my deafness to others shows  
That only her I see, and hear, and bless,  
And I offer her no false flatteries so,  
For the heart more than the mouth gives word;  
That in field, plain, hill, vale, though I go everywhere  
I'd not discern all qualities in one sole body,  
Only hers, where God sets them all today.

Many a goodly court my presence knows,  
Yet in her there's more that does impress,  
Measure and wit and other virtue glows  
Beauty, youth, good manners, actions stir,  
Of courtesy she has well-learnt her share  
Of all displeasing things I find her free  
I think no good thing lacking anyway.

No joy for me were too brief that arose  
From her: I hope that she might guess,  
For of me she'll otherwise not know,  
Since the heart such words can scarce utter,  
That the Rhone, its swollen waters there,  
No fiercer than my heart flows inwardly,  
Nor floods more with love, when on her I gaze.

Solace and joy seem false from those  
Other girls, none share her worthiness,  
Her solace exceeds all others though,  
Ay, alas, ill times if I do not have her,  
Yet the anguish brings me joy so fair,  
For thinking brings desire of her lustily:  
God, if I might have her some other way!

No play ever pleased more, you may suppose,  
Nothing could bring the heart more happiness,  
Than this, of which no evil rumours grow  
All publicly, to me alone its treasure;  
I speak too openly? Not if it brings no care:  
My beauty, by God, I'd lose my tongue and speech,  
Rather than trouble you by what I say.

And I pray my song indeed brings you no care,  
For if you like both words and melody  
What cares Arnaut whom it pleases or shall dismay.

**Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra**

The firm desire that in my heart enters  
Can't be torn away by beak or nail  
Of slanderer, who'll by cursing lose his soul,  
And since I don't dare strike with branch or rod,  
Secretly, at least, where I'll have no uncle,  
I'll take my joy, in orchard or in chamber.

When I bring to mind that chamber  
Where I know to my cost no man enters –  
More hostile they are to me than brother, uncle –  
No part of me but shivers, to my very nail,  
More than a little child that sees the rod,  
Such my fear of being hers too much in soul.

Would I were hers in body, and not in soul,  
And she admitted me secretly to her chamber!  
For it wounds my heart more than blow from rod,  
That where she is her servant never enters.  
I would be close to her like flesh to nail,  
And not heed the warning of friend or uncle.

Never have I loved sister of my uncle  
Longer or more deeply, by my soul,  
For, as close as is the finger to the nail,  
If she pleased, would I be to her chamber.  
More can love bend, that in my heart enters,  
Me to its will, than the strong some frail rod.

Since there flowered the Dry Rod,  
Or from Adam sprang nephew and uncle;

Such true love as that which my heart enters  
Has never, I think, existed in body or soul:  
Wherever she is, abroad or in some chamber,  
My heart can't part from her more than a nail.

So clings to her, is fixed as with a nail,  
My heart, as the bark cleaves to the rod,  
She is of joy my tower, palace, chamber;  
And I love her more than brother, or uncle:  
And twice the joy in Paradise for my soul,  
If any man there through true loving enters.

Arnaut sends out his song of nail and uncle,  
For her joy, who arms him with rod, his soul,  
His Desire, that with worth her chamber enters.

### **En cest sonnet coind'e leri**

To this light tune, graceful and slender,  
I set words, and shape and plane them,  
So they'll be both true and sure,  
With a little touch, and the file's care;  
For Amor gilds and smoothes the flow  
Of my song she alone inspires,  
Who nurtures worth and is my guide.

Each day I grow better, purer,  
For I serve and adore the noblest woman  
In all the world – so I claim, and more.  
I'm hers from my feet to my hair,  
And even if the cold winds blow  
Love reigns in my heart, and it acquires  
Heat that the deepest winters hide.

A thousand masses I hear and offer,  
Burn oil, wax candles in my hand,  
So that success God might ensure,  
For striving alone won't climb her stair.  
When I gaze on her hair's golden glow  
And her body's fresh delicate fires,  
I love her more than all else beside.

I love her deeply and long for her,  
Fear desire may lose her, if one can  
Prove loving too well a fatal flaw!

For her heart floods mine everywhere,  
It never subsides, that tidal flow;  
Usury gains her the man she hires:  
Worker, workshop, and all inside.

I'd not wish to be Rome's Emperor,  
Nor Pope, nor Luserna's castellan,  
If I can't return and haunt her door,  
For whom my heart must crackle and flare;  
And if she soothes not pain and sorrow  
With a kiss, before the year expires,  
She'll have damned herself, and I'll have died.

Despite all the torment that I suffer  
To renounce true love is not my plan,  
Though I'm exiled to a desert shore,  
These words shall rhyme the whole affair:  
More than ploughmen, lovers toil so;  
In the tale, Monclis no more admires  
Audierna, than I for my love have sighed.

'I net the breeze, I am Arnaut,  
Who with an ox the swift hare tires,  
And swims against the rising tide.'

### **Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (1180-1207)**

#### **Gaita be, gaiteta del chastel**

Keep a watch, watchman there, on the wall,  
While the best, loveliest of them all  
I have with me until the dawn.  
For the day comes without our call,  
New joys all,  
Lost to the dawn,  
The dawn, oh, the dawn!

Watch, friend, watch there, and call and cry,  
I'm rich indeed, all I wish have I.  
But now I'm vexed by the dawn,  
And the sorrows, that day brings nigh,  
Make me sigh,  
More than the dawn  
The dawn, oh, the dawn!

Keep a watch, watchman there, on the tower,  
For your lord: jealously he holds power,  
He's more vexing than the dawn:  
While words of love we speak here.  
But our fear  
Comes with the dawn,  
The dawn, oh, the dawn!

Lady, adieu! No longer dare I stay;  
Despite my wish, I must be away.  
Yet heavily weighs the dawn,  
How soon we'll see the day;  
To betray  
Us, wills the dawn,  
The dawn, oh, the dawn!

### **Bertran de Born (1140-1215)**

**Dompna, puois de mi no·us cal**  
Lady, since you care not at all  
For me, but keep me far from you,  
And for no good reason too,  
The task it seems immense  
Of seeking some other,  
Who might bring me new joy ever,  
And if I have not the making  
Of a lady as much to my liking,  
Of the worth of she that's gone,  
I shall love no other one.

Since I'll not find your equal,  
Lovely as you, made as nobly,  
Nor so joyous, sweet in body,  
Lovely to every sense,  
Nor so happy  
Nor, by all repute, so worthy  
I'll go seeking everywhere  
A feature from each woman fair,  
To make a borrowed lady  
Till you look again toward me.

Colour fresh and natural

I'll take, fair Cembelins, from you  
And your sweet love-glances too!  
And risk the impertinence  
Of forgoing there  
All else in which you lack no share.  
Then of Aelis I'll demand  
Her adroit and charming tongue  
Which must surely aid my suit,  
That it be not dull or mute.

On Chalais' Vicomtess I call;  
I'd have her give instantly  
Her throat and hands to me.  
Then take the journey thence,  
Without straying,  
To Rochechouart speeding  
That Agnes her hair might grant me  
Since Isolde, Tristan's lady,  
Who was praised in every way  
Was less fair than she today.

Audiart, though you wish me ill, in all,  
I would that you dress her in your fashion,  
That she might be well-adorned  
And, as you are perfection, hence  
Naught shall tear,  
Nor love find aught improper.  
Of my Lady Better-than-Best, my plea  
Is her true fresh noble body  
That shows her at first sight  
Sweet to see naked if one might.

On the 'Exile', too I call  
Wishing her white teeth, also  
The welcome and conversation, so  
Sweet in her presence  
And her dwelling.  
My 'Fair-Mirror' in your giving  
Is your gaiety and stature  
And what your fine manner  
Displays, well-known as ever,  
Never to change or waver.

My Lady, all I'd wish befall  
Is that I might feel love, in truth,

For her as much as I do for you!  
That a passionate intense  
Love be sired,  
One by my body well-desired,  
Yet I'd rather of you demand  
A kiss than any other woman,  
So why does my love refuse me  
When she knows I need her truly?

Papiol, straight to my Lover,  
Go, for me now, sing to her,  
That love's all disregarded, gone  
From the heights, fallen headlong.

**Be·m platz lo gais temps de pascor**

The joyful springtime pleases me  
That makes the leaves and flowers appear,  
I'm pleased to hear the gaiety  
Of birds, those echoes in the ear,  
Of song through greenery;  
I'm pleased when I see the field  
With tents and pavilions free,  
And joy then comes to me  
All through the meadowlands to see  
The heavy-armoured cavalry.

It pleases me when outriders  
Make labourers and cattle flee,  
It pleases me when follow after  
Crowds of well-armed soldiery,  
And I am pleased at heart,  
To see great castles forced by art  
Their walls taken, rent apart,  
To see a host at war,  
Enclosed by moats in every part,  
With close-knit palisades and more.

I'm also pleased to view some lord  
Who leads the vanguard in attack,  
On armoured horse, a fearless sword,  
Who can inspire his men to hack  
Away and bravely fight,

And when the conflict's joined aright,  
Each must in readiness delight,  
And follow where he might,  
For none attains to honour's height  
Till blows have landed left and right.

Clubs and blades and painted helms  
Shields that swords and lances batter  
We'll see when fighting first begins,  
And many vassals strike together,  
Their steeds will wander  
Mounts of dead or wounded warrior;  
And when he enters in the lather  
Let each noble brother,  
Think only arms and heads to shatter,  
Better to die than let them conquer.

It's not to my taste, I tell you,  
Eating, drinking, sleeping, when  
I hear voices cry: 'Set to!'  
From either side, hearing then  
Horses neighing in the gloom,  
And cries of 'Help me!', 'Aid me!' too,  
And into the grassy ditch's tomb  
Fall great and small to their doom,  
Seeing the corpses twice run through  
By lances on which pennants loom.

Love would have lovers chivalrous,  
Good with weapons, eager to serve,  
Noble in language, generous,  
Knowing how to act and observe  
Both outdoors and within,  
According to the powers they're given.  
Such as are pleasant company, then,  
Refined and courteous men.  
She that in bed such love does win,  
Is cleansed forever of her sin.

Noble Countess, you are the best  
That's seen or ever will be seen,  
Men say, compared with all the rest  
The noblest lady on earth, I mean,  
High-born Beatrice,  
Fine lady in acts and worthiness,

Fountain from which flows all goodness,  
And beauty all peerless,  
Your rich fame is in such excess  
Of all others you appear mistress.

One of high lineage,  
In whom is every beauty,  
I love, am loved by her deeply;  
And she grants me courage,  
So I'll not superseded be  
By some other, presumptuously.

Barons, go pawn freely  
All your castles, towns and cities,  
Before ever you halt your armies.

Papiol, go swiftly  
To Yea-and-Nay and gaily;  
Say they're too long at peace.

## **Two Anonymous Works**

### **En un vergier sutz fuella d'albespi**

In a deep bower under a hawthorn-tree  
The lady clings to her lover closely,  
Till the watchman cries the dawn he sees,  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

'Please God, now, night fail us not cruelly,  
Nor my friend be parted far from me,  
Nor day nor dawn, let the watchman see!  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

Fine gentle friend, let us kiss, you and I,  
Down in the meadow, where sweet birds sigh,  
And all to each other, despite jealous eye.  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

Fine gentle friend, we'll have sweet loving,  
In the garden, where the small birds sing,  
Till the watch his pipe sets echoing,  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

Out of the sweet air that rises from my  
Dear friend who's noble, handsome, and bright,  
By his breath I'm touched, like a ray of light.'  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

The lady's delightful and greatly pleases  
Her beauty draws to her many gazes,  
Yet in her heart love loyally blazes,  
Ah, God, Ah, God, the dawn! Is here so soon.

(Translated by A.S. Kline)

**Coindeta Sui (an anonymous ballad)**

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

I'll sing you a song of my longing for love:  
I'm small and I'm young, my body's still fresh,  
I should have a young man who can fill me  
With joy, with whom I can still play and laugh.

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

Now God damn me if I ever love him:  
I have not the least passion for him,  
Yet seeing his age, I feel so ashamed,  
I pray Death will come kill him, and soon.

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

But one thing I know I'm determined to do:  
My secret young man swears to give me his love,  
I weep and then sigh, if I see not his face,  
To this hope, or none, I'll surrender,

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

Now I'll tell you what I have decided:  
My young secret friend has waited too long  
So I'll open my arms, make passionate love  
To the man I so love and desire.

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

On this pretty tune I make ballads to sing,  
For true lovers to sing everywhere,  
So love-learned ladies our love songs might sing  
To all the dear friends whom we love and desire.

*I'm graceful and fair, yet my heart's in despair  
For I have no desire for my husband.*

(Translated by Michael Bryson)