

Be'm plai lo gais temps de pascor

Bertran de Bom, 12C

*I love in the gay time of spring
when the trees and the flowers are blooming.
I love to hear the birds sing,
they chatter to each other their tuning;
their songs fill the wood.
I love to see the meadow arrayed
with pavillions and tents displayed.
It is all to the good.
The knights and their horses parade
in a great and proud cavalcade.*

*I love to see a scout
send herds and people running.
I love it when they've found out
that a great army is coming.
It touches my heart
to see a great castle surrounded,
with battlements already pounded
and walls torn apart.
The army has harried and hounded.
The besieged are completely confounded.*

*I love it too when a lord
is the first soldier to invade;
in full armor and his sword
his true courage is displayed.
His valor his attire.
For when into battle injected
his men's strength must be infected.
He must be able to inspire.
For no man can be respected
without blows given and deflected.*

Be'm plai lo gais temps de pascor,
que fai fuoillas e flors venir;
e plai me qnad auch la baudor
dels auzels que fant retintir
lo chant per lo boscatge;
e plai me qand vei per los pratz
tendas e pavaillons fermatz;
et ai grand alegratge
qan vei per compaignas rengatz
cavalliers e cavals armatz.

Eplatz me qan le corredor
fant las gens e l'aver fugir,
e platz me qan vei apres lor
granren d'armatz corren venir,
e platz m'e mon coratge
qan vei fortz chastels assetgatz
e'ls barris rotz et esfondratz,
e vie l'ost el ribatge
q'es tot entorn claus de fossatz,
ab lissas de fortz pals serratz.

Et atressi'm platz de seignor
qand es primiers a l'envazir
en caval, armatz, ses temor,
c'aissi fai los sieus enardir
ab valen vassalatge.
E pois qe l'estrons es mesclatz,
chascus deu esser acesmatz
e segre'l d'agradatge,
que nuills hom non es ren presatz
tro q'a mains colps pres e donatz.

*Maces and swords, bright bassinets,
shields broken and smashed we'll see
at the beginning of the fray.
Riderless horses running free
left from the wounded and dead.
As the men move forward,
let every noble's hands be powered
with hacking and killing instead
of false honor soured:
Better to be dead, than thought a coward.*

*There is nothing better to think upon,
not eating nor drinking nor sleeping
than the ruckus shouts of "Lay on!, Lay on!"
by the two armies competing.
Visible as the dust parts
and the deep cries of "Help me!, Help me!",
from those fallen in ditches helplessly.
Lances through bloody hearts.
Noble and serf dying is all we can see;
pierced with lances decked with pennons cheerfully.*

*Lords, pawn your castles, towns,
and cities before you stop making war!*

Massas e brans, elms de color,
escutz traucar e desgarnir
veirem a l'intrar de l'estor,
e maing vassal essem ferir,
don anaran aratge
cavaill dels mortz e dels nafratz.
E qand er en l'estor intratz,
chascus hom de paratge
non pens mas d'asclar caps e bratz,
car mais val mortz qe vius sobratz.

Eus dis qe tant no m'a sabor
manjar ni beure ni dormir
cum a qand auch cridar, "A lor!"
d'ambas las partz, et auch bruir
cavbals voitz per l'ombratge,
et auch cridar, "Aidatz! Aidatz!"
e vie cazer per los fossatz
paucs e grans per l'erbatge,
e vei los mortz qe pels costatz
ant los tronchos ab los cendatz.

Baron, metetz en gatge
castels e vilas e ciutatz
enans c'usqecs no'us gerreiatz!

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