

Disputed attribution, “Entre.l Taur e.l Doble Signe” (PC 411.3), extracts
 MSS C (fol. 340v, attrib. Raimon Vidal) and ψ (BnF n.a.f. 23789, fol. 2v, attrib. Arnaut Daniel)
 Text ed. Poe, “A Fiery Arrow,” 115-118, trans. SK

1	Entre.l Taur e.l Doble Signe don doutz tems nais e.l freitz secha, per que.l clars critz d'auzels s'arma	Between Taurus and Gemini, when the mild season is born and the cold withers away,
4	justa.lz prims cims e.lz vertz brancs, ai el cor un joi don fermi, jausenz, motz clars cars e certz; e fas forz, alz plus apertz,	during which the clear cry of the birds arms itself up to the very tree tops and the green branches, I feel a joy in my heart with which, rejoicing, I make firm words that are clear, rare, and certain, and with an
8	ab un prim car sen sotil, sso qu'eu tenc en chantan vil.	exquisite, refined and subtle understanding, I strengthen for the most sophisticated that which in singing I consider commonplace.
2	C'ai vist un cors clar e digne d'aver pretz, on Jois s'esplecha, vau e vaill, arditz, e s'arma	Since I have seen a body bright and deserving of praise, in whom Joy radiates, I go forth and am strong and bold, and my
12	mos chantars ab gais motz francs; per qu'aissi part totz m'afermi, de cantar e d'amar certz;	song arms itself with cheerful, noble words; and so I feel confirmed on all sides, certain in song and in love; and I join and bind
16	elz belz ditz doutz durs cubertz junh e las, daur e compil, meilz d'invern c'autre d'abril.	together verses that are lovely and sweet, hard and obscure, and gild and compile them, better in the winter than another could do in April.
3	E pel doutz tems baut, benigne, brandis si mos chans sa flecha c'a pauc focs non sall, can s'arma	And on account of the joyful season my song brandishes its arrow so that fire almost leaps out from it when it arms itself in order
20	per issir d'entre.lz dos flancs; e no.us cugetz que.m n'amer mi, per fol nec! Ans sui be sertz,	to come out from between my two flanks. And do not think that I am weakened by a foolish denial, on the contrary I am very
24	c'ades creis al cor sufertz, e.m sent fermes d'un tal fozil don totz jorns mon sen afil.	certain, for now patience grows in my heart and I am firm because I am constantly sharpening my wits on such a whetstone.