

Rigaut de Berbezilh, “Atressi com lo leos” (PC 421.1).

Text from Várvaro, *Liriche*, song 1, 93–106, with some modifications. Translation SK

1	Atressi com lo leos que es tan fers quant s'irais de son leonel, quan nais mortz ses alen' e ses vida	5	et ab sa voz, quan l'escrida, lo fai reviuire et anar atressi pod de mi far ma bona domn'e Amors	9	e garir de mas dolors	Like the lion that is so wild in its grief for its cub, stillborn and unbreathing, and then brings it back to life and movement with its voice when it cries out to it, so Love and my lady could do for me and cure me of my sorrow.
2	Totas las gaias sazos venon et abrils e mais: ben degra venir oimais la mia bon' escarida! trop s'es Amors endormida, que.m donet poder d'amar ses ardimen de preiar. A, quantas bonas honors m'a tout temensa e paors!	12	15	18		All the cheerful seasons come, April and then May -- you'd think a good outcome could come now too, for me. Love has fallen asleep when she shouldn't, who granted me the capacity to love without the courage to woo. Ah, timidity and fear have robbed me of such great wealth!
3	Rics fora lo guizardos, e mot fis e mot verais, per que m'abellis lo fais, si sa merces no m'oblida. Aissi con de nau perida, don res non pot escapar mas per forsa de nadar, atressi for' eu resors, dompna, ab un pauc de socors.	21	24	27		The reward would be splendid, and very fine and true, enough to make the burden [of waiting] agreeable, as long as she does not forget to show me favor. Like from a shipwreck that there is no escape from except by dint of swimming, so I could be rescued, lady, with a little help.
4	Marrit mi ten e ioios, soven chan, soven m'irais, soven magris et engrais, c'aissi s'es en mi partida Amors ioios' e marida c'ab rire et ab iogar, ab consir et ab pensar, mostra sas ricas valors a mi entre.ls ris e.ls plors.	30	33	36		She keeps me wretched and joyful —now singing, now distressed, now losing weight, now gaining it— for in this way Love is divided in me, for wretched and joyful, laughing and playing, then yearning and melancholy, she reveals her rich worth to me between laughter and sobbing.

5	Totas la bellas faissos del mon son en vos e mais, 39 domna, qu'anc bes no.i sofras, de totas valors complida. Si fossetz d'amar ardida 42 ren no.i pogr'om meillurar; ab tot so est vos ses par, e murs e castels e tors 45 d'Onor e de Beutat flors.	All the fine ways of the world are united in you, lady, and more, for nothing good is lacking, you are perfect in worth of all kinds. If you were bold in love there would be no room for improvement, apart from that you are peerless, the citadel of honor and the flower of beauty.
6	Domna, Dieus vos salv e.us gar c'om ren no.i pot meillurar 48 en vostras finas lausors, mais per vos m'auci Amors.	Lady, God save and watch over you, for there is no way to improve your true excellence, but Love is killing me on your account.
7	M'arm' e mon cor (mas non par) 51 vei en son cors estar, qe sai null'otra ricors no.m tengra, ni murs ni tors.	<i>I see my heart and my soul in her body —though it doesn't appear so, for I know no other wealth or citadel could hold me.</i>

Notes:

l. 42, Várvaro prints *progr'om*, I have followed Braccini's *pogr'om*

ll. 50-52 Várvaro prints *M'arm' e mon cor ies no.m par / ni ieu e mon cors estar* (It doesn't seem as though my soul or myself or my heart are still in my body), I have followed Braccini's text that relocates them in the body of the lady.