

Marcabru, “D’aiso laus Dieu” (PC 293.16)

Text edited and translated, with commentary, by Gaunt, Harvey and Paterson, *Marcabru*, Song 16, 209-224 (translation modified in places).

1	D’aiso laus Dieu e Saint Andreu: c’om non es de maior albir qu’ieu soi, so.m cug, 5 e no.n fauc brug, e volrai vos lo perque dir.	In this I thank God and St Andrew: that in my opinion no one has greater judgment than I do, and this is no empty boast, and I want to tell you why.
2	C’asatz es lag s’intras en plag don no sabretz a lutz issir, 10 e non es bo qui.n quer razo e no la sabetz defenir.	For it is very unpleasant if you get into a dispute from which you won’t know how to get out into the light, and it is not good if someone asks for the reason in it and you don’t know how to give an account of it.
3	De ginhos sens soi si manens 15 que molt sui greus az escarnir; lo pa del fol caudet e mol mange e lais lo meu frezir.	I am so rich in cunning meanings that it’s very hard to make a mockery of me; I eat the fool’s bread while it is warm and soft, and I leave my own to cool.
4	Tant qant li dur li pliu e.il jur 20 com no.m puosca de lui partir, e quan li faill, mus e badaill, e preinha del meu lo dezir!	As long as he still has some left I swear and pledge to him that no one will be allowed to part me from it [ <i>or</i> from him], and when it runs out, let him gape and gawp and take a fancy to mine.
5	25 Qu’ieu jutg a dreg: que.l fols foleg e.l savis se gart al partir; qu’e dobl’es fatz e dessenzatz 30 qui.s lais’al fol enfoletir.	For I judge aright: let the fool act foolishly and the wise man watch out for himself in the share-out ( <i>or</i> , when they part company); for doubly foolish and insane is a man who lets a fool make a fool of him.

- 6                    D'estonc breto  
                      e de basto  
no sap hom plus, ni d'escremir,  
                      qu'ieu fier autrui  
35                    e.m gart de lui,  
                      e no.s sap del mieu colp cubrir.
- 7                    En l'autrui brueill  
                      cas cora.m vueill,  
e fauc mos dos canetz glatir,  
40                    e.l ters saüz  
                      eis de raüs,  
                      bautz e aficatz per ferir.
- 8                    Mos alos es  
                      en tal debes  
45                    res mas ieu no se.n pot jauzir;  
                      aisi es claus  
                      d'empeis ne vaus  
                      que nuils no lo.m pot envazir.
- 9                    De pluzors sens  
50                    soi ples e prens,  
de cent colors per meils cauzir;  
                      foc porte sai  
                      et aigua lai  
                      ab que sai la flam'escantir.
- 10                  55                  Cascuns si gart,  
                      c'ab aital art  
                      mi fassa viure e murir;
- 11                    qu'ieu soi l'auzels  
                      c'als estornels  
60                    fauc los mieus auzeletz noirir.
- Of Breton jabbing, stick-fighting and fencing  
no one knows more than I do, for I strike  
another man and protect myself from him, and  
he doesn't know how to cover himself from  
my blow.
- I hunt at will in another man's wood, and  
make my two little dogs bay, and the third St  
Hubert hound comes out backwards, keen and  
eager to pounce.
- My own land has prohibited access so that no  
one but I can enjoy the use of it; it is so  
surrounded with breastworks and moats that  
no one can invade it.
- I am pregnant and teeming with numerous  
signs, with a hundred colors the better to  
discern;<sup>1</sup> I bear fire here, and water there with  
which I know how to quench the flame.
- Everyone had better watch out, for with such  
art I make myself live and die in this world;
- For I am the bird that has my own chicks  
brought up by the starlings.

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<sup>1</sup> Ed: "choose."