

Bernart Marti, "Amar dei" (PC 63.1)

Text ed. and trans. SK, after the editions by Beggiato, *Il Trovatore Bernart Marti*, Song 1, 55-64, and Gaunt, *Troubadours and Irony*, 80-85.

1	<p style="text-align: center;">Amar dei— que ben es mezura lanquan vei lo tems en verdura 5 e l'aura es dousana e refrinh lo chan pels plais que l'auzels demena, e ill nueitz aserena e floris la mora.</p>	<p>I must love— for measure requires it when I see the season in greenery and the breeze is mild and the song that the bird sings resonates through the hedgerows and the night is serene and the blackberry is in flower.</p>
2 10	<p style="text-align: center;">Dunc dompnei color en peitura, mas be vei en plan ma rancura; cui sa dona enguana 15 tan no·s pagua ni s'irais— que ja m'en sovenha— delh amor terrena, soven chant'e plora.</p>	<p>Then I pay court to painted color but I see my grievance only too plainly. The man whose lady deceives him is neither so appeased nor so angry —let me never forget— he often sings and laments for [having chosen] earthly love.</p>
3 20	<p style="text-align: center;">Ges no.l nei que sa forfaitura no ill plaidei tot per nueit escura ab leis ses luguana; mas, la.m vailla Dieus, la bais, 25 gardan de mal plena que.l plait destremena e d'als non labora.</p>	<p>I don't at all deny that I do not accuse her of her crime together with her all through the dark night without a light; rather, so God help me prevail, I kiss her, seeing that, full of evil as she is, she ends the case and strives for nothing else.</p>
4 30	<p style="text-align: center;">L'aer correi, qu'es com folatura; leis non grei, si.l veils quers pejura</p>	<p>I beat the air, which is like raving; let it not torment her if old skin gets worse</p>

	las, as que.s fara jamais? ¹	alas, with whom will she ever do it?
35	Tan greu cuj revena, tant ha blava vena, c'uns veillums langora	I think it will be difficult for her to recover, she has such evil blood that old age is made to suffer.
5	Leis mercei d'eisa sa tortura; senhorei	I thank her for the very torture she has inflicted; I am lordly
40	si vas mi.s meillura on es tant trefana; pero ges ieu no·m n'esmai del ben que·m n'avenha;	if she improves toward me when she is so treacherous; and so I am not at all discouraged about the good that could come to me from her;
45	gen baizan m'estrena, de que m'asenhora.	she rewards me, kissing me graciously, making me her lord.
6	Lonc eslei fis d'amor segura cui m'autrei, tant es fin' e pura,	A long demonstration have I made of secure love, submitting to her who is so fine and pure
50	grail' e grass' e plana que dedins lo cor me trais gran ir' e greu pena ab joi que.i amena que jamais no.i fora.	slender, shapely and smooth that she has drawn great distress and pain from my heart by means of the joy she brought there which would never be there otherwise.
7 55	Non a rei el mon, tan com dura, meils estei, ric' e de mezura e d'onor certana,	There is no king in the world as long as it endures who is in a better place [than me], rich and measured and with certain honor
60	ab sol una vetz que.m bais e no, ses contena, mai s'amor retena. No sei quant ho cora.	provided she kiss me the once and without dispute does not withhold her love. I don't know at what time or when.

Note

¹ This version of the line has been added in the manuscript, as if to correct the first reading, "lassa, que·s fara jamais?" (Wretched woman, what will ever become of her?).