Peire Vidal

*Ab l'alen tir vas me l'aire*

By breath I draw toward me the air
That I sense to come from Provence:
Everything that's from there pleases me,
Such that, when I hear it reported of well,
I listen to it laughing
And ask for one word a hundred;
So much it pleases me when I hear it spoken of well.

For one doesn't know so sweet a place
As from the Rozer up to Vensa,
And as the sea and Durensa enclose,
Nor where so much true joy shines.
Wherefore among the noble people
I've left my heart rejoicing
With her who makes the unhappy laugh.

For one can't suffer harm on the day
When one has a reminder of her,
For in her begins and is born joy.
And whoever may be a praiser of her,
In any good thing he can say of her, doesn't lie in it;
For she's best without question
And the noblest that in the world can be seen.

And if I know how to say or to do anything,
She has the credit for it, for learning
She has given me and knowledge,
Wherefore I am gay and a singer.
And everything that I do graciously
I have from her beautiful pleasing body,
Even when I reflect with a good heart.