Bernart de Ventadorn

Chantars no pot gaire valer

Singing doesn't avail anything,
If the song doesn't move from the heart;
Nor can the song move from the heart,
If there isn't true sincere love.
Because my singing is superior
I have and apply in the joy of love
Mouth and eyes and heart and mind.

May God never give me such power that
The desire of love not take me.
If ever I know how to have nothing of it,
But pain came to me each day from it,
I'd always have a good heart at least;
And I have much more enjoyment from it,
Because I've a good heart, and attend to it.

They criticize love through unknowing,
Foolish people; but there's no harm to love,
For love can't be cast down at all,
If it's not common love.
That's not love; such as that
Has only the name and appearance of it,
That doesn't love a creature if it doesn't take!

If I wanted to tell the truth of it,
I know well from whom begins the trick:
From those who love for money.
And they are venal tradeswomen!
Wish I were a liar and a falsifier!
I say the truth of it in a villainous way;
And it troubles me that I don't lie!

In accord and in will
Is the love of two true lovers.
Nothing can be useful,
If their wills are not equal.
And that one's a true natural fool
Who because of what he desires, reproaches her
And advises to her what for her isn't noble.

I have placed very well my good hope,
When she shows me a beautiful face
Whom I most desire and want to see,
Noble, sweet, true and loyal,
In whom the King would be saved.
Beautiful and charming, with an agreeable body,
She's made me a rich man from nothing,