

## Guillaume IX

### *Ab la dolchor del temps novel*

With the sweetness of the new season  
The trees put out leaves, and the birds  
Sing each in their language  
According to the verse of the new song;  
Then it is well that one should enjoy  
That of which one has most desire.

From there where there's the most good and beautiful to me  
Neither messenger nor letter seal do I see,  
And so my heart neither sleeps nor laughs,  
Nor do I dare to draw myself forward,  
Until I know well of the end  
If it's just as I ask.

Our love goes just  
As the branch of the hawthorn  
That's trembling on the tree,  
In the night, in rain and ice,  
Until the next day, when the sun expands  
Through the green leaves and branches.

Still I remember one morning  
When we made an end of war,  
And she gave me a gift so great,  
Her love and her ring:  
Yet would God allow me to live so long  
That I should have my hands under her cloak!

For I don't have an interest in strange speech  
That would part me from my Good Neighbor,  
For I know of words how they go  
With a brief word that spells itself out,  
For some people go boasting vainly of love,  
We have the piece and the knife.