Marcabru

A la fontana del vergier

By the spring of the orchard,
Where the grass is green near the sand,
In the shade of a planted tree,
   Adorned with white flowers
And with the customary new song,
I found alone, without a companion,
   One who did not want my solace.

She was a damsel with a beautiful body
Daughter of a lord of a castle;
And when I thought the birds
   Would bring her joy and the greenery,
And the sweet spring time,
And that she might hear my talk,
   Right away she changed her attitude.

From her eyes she cried near the spring
And from her deep heart she sighed.
"Jesus," she said, "king of the world,
   By you my great grief grows in me,
For your shame disturbs me,
For the best men of all this world
   Go to serve you, according to your will.

With you there goes my friend,
The beautiful and gentle and honest and noble;
The great distress of it remains for me here,
   Frequent desire and weeping.
Ai! Cursed be King Louis,
Who made the sermons and the summons
   For which grief has entered into my heart!"

When I heard her to grieve,
I came toward her near the clear stream:
"Beautiful lady," I said, "by too much crying
   The face and skin is ruined;
And it's not appropriate to despair,
For He who made the woods to leaf,
   Can give you joy enough."

"Lord," she said, "I really believe
That God will have mercy for me
In the other world forever,
   As with plenty of other sinners;
But here He takes from me the one thing
That caused joy to grow in me; but little he holds me dear
   For he has departed from me so long."