Guillaume IX

*Pos de chantar m'es pres talentz*

Since the desire for singing's taken me,
I'll make a verse that saddens me:
No more shall I be a lover
In Poitou or Limousin.

For now I'll go into exile:
In great fear, in great peril,
In war I'll leave my son,
And his neighbors they do him ill.

It grieves me so the departure
From the lordship of Poitou!
I leave Folcon of Angiers on guard
Of all the land, and his cousin.

If Folcon of Angiers doesn't save it,
And the king for whom I hold my honorium,
Most of them they'll do ill,
Felons, Gascons and Angevins.

If you're not wise and good,
When I'll be parted from you,
They'll quickly have it turned over,
For they'll see it young and weak.

From my companion I seek mercy
That he pardon me if ever I did him wrong;
And I pray to Jesus of the throne
Both in Romance and in Latin.

Of prowess and joy I was,
But now I'll leave both;
And I'll go to those
Where all sinners find an end.

I was most jovial and gay,
But our Lord no longer wishes it;
Now I can no longer suffer the burden,
So closely I've approached the end.

All I used to love I've abandoned,
Chivalry and pomp;
And since it pleases God, I receive all,
And pray to Him to retain me by His own.