Peire Cardenal

**Falsedatz e desmesura**

Falsity and unruliness
Have entered into battle
With truth and right
And falsity has won.
And disloyalty swears itself
Against loyalty,
And avarice remains firm
Against largess;
Villainy beats love,
And evil-doing valor,
And sin drives away saintliness,
And deceit innocence.

If there’s a man who doesn't believe in God,
His affairs advance,
Provided he not have any concern
Other than to fill his belly.
And he who tends toward sanctity
Endures grievous misfortune;
He whom right pleases and wrong weighs upon
Often has heaviness;
And the tricksters get
Honor from their affairs:
Because bad perceivers
Judge by appearances.

It has just come from France
That a man is not invited
Save from those who've got an abundance
Of wine and wheat,
And that a man should not have run-ins
With poor folks,
And that he should have the more glory
The one who grants the least,
And that one should make mayor
A great racketeer,
And that one should elect a traitor
And depose the just.

Count Raymond, Duke of Narbonne,
Marquis of Provence,
Your valor is so good
That all the world honors it,
But from the sea of Bayonne
Up to Valence
There is a great false and villainous multitude,
Ugly in disdain;
But you, you hold them vile,
For the French drinkers
No more than partridges to a hawk
Can make you fear.

They well wish obedience
Those of the clergy
And they wish well the belief
Provided there be no deeds;
You will hardly see them sin
Except night and day,
And they don't bear ill will
Nor do they practice simony
And they are great givers
And just collectors;
But others have the praise for it
And they the blame.

I cannot tell the error
Of a false treacherous age
That praises the blameworthy
And makes folly of sense.

I pray to God for his kindness
That he guard us from infernal grief,
And to the Virgin Mary.