

Quan lo riu de la fontana
s'esclarzis, si com far sol,
e par la flors aigentina,
e'l rossinholetz el ram
volf e refranh ez aplana
son dous chantar e afina
dreitz es qu'ieu lo mieu refranha.

Amors de terra lonhdana
per vos totz lo cors mi dol;
e n'on puese trobar meizina
si non vau al seu reclam
ab atrait d'amor doussana
dins vergier o sotz cortina
ab desirada companha.

Pos totz jorns m'en falh aizina
no'm meravilh s'ieu n'aflam,
car anc genser crestiana
non fo, ni dieus non la vol,
juzeva ni sarrazina;
ben es celh pagutz de mana,
qui ren de s'amor gazonha.

De desir mos cors non fina
vas cela ren qu'ieu plus am;
e cre que volers m'engana
si cobezeza la'm tol;
que plus es ponhens qu'espina
la dolor que ab joi sana;
don ja non vuelh qu'om m'en planha.

When the water of the spring
flows clear, as happens
when the dogrose blooms,
and the nightingale on the bough
repeats, varies, rolls and refines
his sweet song,
it is right that I should sing mine.

Love of a distant land,
For you my heart aches;
I cannot find the remedy,
if I do not yield to its insistence,
in the lack of sweet love,
in the gardens or behind curtains,
with a longed-for lover.

But since such occasion is denied
to me, no wonder I crave it.
For a more lovely christian never was,
- God would not permit it! -
a Jew or Saracen,
He is well-paid in manna
who gains a little of her love.

My heart never ceases to long
for her who I love most
I believe my will deceives me
if lust keeps me from her .
For she is more poignant than the thorn,
The pain that is healed by joy
so no-one should pity me.