

Molt m'es bon e bell

Peire Vidal

Molt m'es bon e bell,
Quan vei de novell
La fuelh'el ramell
E la fresca flor,
E chanton l'auzell
Sobre la verdor,
E.l fin amador
Son gai per amor.
Amaire e drutz sui ieu,
Mas tan son li maltrag grieu,
Qu'ieu n'ai suffert longamen,
Qu'a pauc n'ai camjat mon sen.

Pero de bon sen
Am de fin talen
Amor e Joven
E tot quan m'es bell!
Qu'ab joi longamen
Viu e renovell
Co.l fruch el ramell,
Quan chanton l'auzell:
Qu'en mon cor ai fuelh'e flor,
Que.m te tot l'an en verdor
Et en gaug enter, per qu'ieu
No vei ren que.m sia grieu.

Quoras que.lh fos grieu,
Era.m te per sieu
La genser sutz Dieu
E del melhor sen!
Quar conois ben qu'ieu
L'am de fin talen,
Si qu'en mon joven
E pois longamen
Servirai lo sieu cors bell,
Gai et adreg e novell,
A lei de fin amador,
Qu'a tot son cor en amor.

I am happy and joyful
when I see again
the leaf and the branch
and the fresh flower,
And when the birds sing
in the greenery,
and true lovers
are happy because of love.
I too am in love,
But my misfortunes are heavy
and I suffered so long
that I have almost lost my mind.

However, I love
with all my heart and mind
Love and Youth,
all that is pleasing to me;
My life is prolonged
and renewed through joy,
like the fruit on the branch
when the birds sing:
In my heart are leaf and flower
preserving me in freshness
and in perfect joy, so that I
see nothing that could harm me.

At first she was hostile
but now accepts me as hers,
The most noble lady in God's world
and with the best sense!
For she has seen that
I love her with pure desire
so that in my youth
and for a long time
I will serve her beautiful person
gay, loyal and young
as the law of the fine lover
who gives all his heart and love.