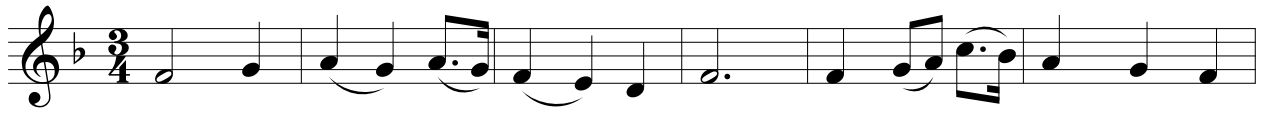


# Bien me deüsse targier

Conon de Béthune (b c1160; d 1219 or 1220)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. Du - ty says I — should not write Songs to — be — sung, nei - ther  
 2. We should try — our best — to serve As God com - mands, e - ven  
 3. Ne - ver, not — for a - ny love, Would I — stay home with these  
 4. He who serves un - worth - y lords May serve for - e - ver in  
 5. Cur - ses on — the knight who's like Foul - smelling birds that stink

7



ver - ses nor tunes. Soon I have — to — leave the sight  
 though we may fail, Bind - ing flesh — and — tam - ing nerve,  
 ty - rants who take Cross - es with — in - ten - tions of  
 for - tune - less pain, Yet still fall — be - neath their swords.  
 up their own nexts. Ve - ry few — men will — not strike

13



Of her whose worth - i - ness out - shines the moon's. Yet I boast; — I  
 Which al - ways will - ful - ly stray from the trail. God re - ceives — our  
 Us - ing them on - ly for pro - fit - ing's sake. Greed much more — than  
 That is — why we should serve God, it is plain. Ser - vants of — our  
 If e - nough pow - er with - in their hands rests. I have said — these

19



swear — that I am not ly - ing: I'll serve God more than a — lov - er —  
 guilt — and sor - row and ties — them; If grief can save a — man, drain - ing —  
 faith — makes ma - ny Cru - sad - ers; And if the sign of — the Cross may —  
 Lord — have no need for for - tune; He who best serves the Lord has — the —  
 words; — now I go to con - quest, And now if a - ny — of — those lords

25



who — swoons. All of my soul's ea - ger — to — see — Him —  
 him — pale, Then his re - ward will be — great - er — in —  
 be — fake, God must be pa - tient if — He does — not —  
 best — gain. Would to God Love gave those in — his — do -  
 pro - tests, Blame it on d'Oi - sy, who — when I — was —

31



soon, But — my bo - dy sighs with sor - row — at — dy - ing.  
 scale, No — one leav - ing France is sad - der — than I — am.  
 break Us — with ven - geance of our right - eous — Cre - a - tor.  
 main Just - ice like our Lords; ne - ver is that — war — won.  
 blessed, Taught me how to sing and how to — be — hon - est.