

Dirai vos senes doptansa

Marcabru (fl. c. 1129 - c. 1150)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. I will tell more bold - ly, brav - er, From its start this po - em sa - vor!
2. Youth is brok - en, crushed, de - cay - ing; Like - wise Love, de - ceit dis - play - ing,
3. Love is like a spark that light - ed In the soot and fumed, un - sight - ed,
4. I will tell how Love's a trai - tor, Dip - lo - mat but a - gi - ta - tor,

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These words have an ho - nest fla - vor! - Lis - ten well! -
Steals, all in his rule be - tray - ing - Lis - ten well! -
Till the wood and straw ig - nit - ed - Lis - ten well! -
Kiss - ing now and smirk - ing la - ter. - Lis - ten well! -

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He whom pro - wess makes to wa - ver Has a twist - ed, stink - ing smell.
Hearts his debt for - e - ver pay - ing - It is use - less to re - bel.
No es - cape for those af - fright - ed, Burnt by fire, and left a shell.
Pur - er Love would be, and straight - er, If with me he came to dwell.

5. Love was true once, salve to fix you;
Now he's jagged, sharp; he sticks you,
With a twisted habit tricks you
-Listen well!-
If he cannot bite, he licks you,
Cat's-tongue rough, to you impel.

6. Love's a lie, has been since ever
Wax from honey he could sever,
Peeling pears, adept and clever
-Listen well!-
Sweet as lyre-song if, however,
His effects you undersell.

7. He the devil's notice catches
Who to fickle Love attaches,
But Love's torment no Hell matches!
-Listen well!-
Love's as if you writhed with scratches
Till your skin tore off and fell.

8. Love's born of a vile tradition,
Killing hordes without munition-
No more frightening magician!
-Listen well!-
Fools and sages yield submission,
Crawling on his leash to Hell.

9. Love's a mare in heat's frustration,
Nagging you without cessation,
Giving you no relaxation.
-Listen well!-
You can't break from her flirtation,
Not to eat or rest a spell.

10. I know Love; he's overeager-
Blind or just a darkness-seeker?
Poisoned words from soothing speaker!
-Listen well!-
Than a fly his sting is meeker-
Harder, though, to cure its swell.

11. He who woman's weak direction
Follows earns his own abjection,
Say the Scriptures in collection!
-Listen well!-
Woe to you if that subjection
You do not completely quell.

12. Marcabru of luckless mother,
From his birth cursed to uncover
How love crumbles, how it smothers
-Listen well!-
He has never loved another
Nor been loved that he could tell.