

# Gerras ni platz no son bos

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (b. 1150-60, d. 1207)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. Not war nor peace-time will go Well when must with Love deal we;  
 2. Her res - ti - tu - tion to show, She, my la - dy, lift - ed me;  
 3. Who she is, I'm not, I know; I should be locked up, I see.  
 4. If you were fair to me, though, La - dy, act - ing pro - per - ly,  
 5. No gal - lant feats do I show, For I court and make my plea,  
 6. Is not, was not, will not so Ge - ner - ous a la - dy be,



He who'd pro - fit dan - ger - free Tries to forge i - ron with snow. Love  
 She has e - very qua - li - ty: E - le - gant, grace - ful they grow, And  
 But if I ex - hale a plea, Blame then her beau - ti - ful glow: With  
 You would ne - ver hin - der me, Caged with - out po - wer to go. I  
 Prais - ing beau - ty's a - po - gee, Guard - ing you from in - sults low. My  
 Nor a bet - ter; I in fee Bow down my yes to your no. Had



wants me dead; death it prais - es, Blithe - ly lets its own men die,  
 sor - row my spi - rit graz - es, For she does not an - swer me,  
 self - ish pride me it craz - es. Co - lors in her fea - tures lie,  
 con - stant - ly sing your prais - es; Al - ways lo - yal, I there - by  
 con - duct your no - tice rais - es: He who loves you must stand high,  
 I for whom my love blaz - es, I the god of Love were nigh.  
*Envoi 1* Your ad - vice was good, but I  
*Envoi 2* Worth and vir - ty - pi - fy



And in war, my death is nigh; In peace, fire for mar - tyrs blaz - es.  
 Love for her! With mourn - ful sigh, I die where her beau - ty daz - es.  
 Though no paint does she ap - ply, But laugh - ter and mer - ry gaz - es.  
 In my shame my - self de - ny, And love you and hate my phras - es  
 With the most cou - ra - geous vie, And since you al - low my gaz - es,  
 In his hea - ven saved am I, Your slave, for your word a - maz - es:  
 Suf - fer if no more comes by, I dare not dis - pute your phras - es,  
 Be - a - trice, her place so high That im - po - tent are my prais - es.



Fought I, yet Thi - baut that night When to king he knelt con - trite,  
 And my lo - yal - ty burns bright As her youth calls age to fight.  
 Since she lets me love her quite, She would not my pain in - vite,  
 And my deeds; they are too slight To be wor - thy in your sight.  
 I a - mong the rich - est lie, If no o - thers catch my eye,  
 In the best saint I de - light, But these slan - der - ers in spite  
 But in coun - sel I will cite Em - peror Fre - derick: he was right,  
 As for Love, I say out - right That my no - ble Fair - est Knight



Great - er joy knew not than knew I when Love its fight with - drew.  
 All earth does her worth out - do, As is plain to hu - man view.  
 And if her fair words are true, No - thing I have done - I rue.  
 For my ta - lents are too few Per - fect - ly to wor - ship you.  
 Think not la - dies I es - chew, But that none is fine as you.  
 Stole my chance to plead with you, And my awe of you did, too.  
 And much plea - sure I am due, I who am of loves most true.  
 Out - shines all; and it is true: Joy in her be e - ver new!