

Chanterai por mon corage

Guiot de Dijon (fl. 1215-1225)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. I will sing my heart a song, com - fort - ing my -
2. That is why my heart is sad: he's not here in
3. I will suf - fer just like this as time pass - es
4. I was sor - row - ful and hurt when I could - n't
5. Hope is right and real, I know, for he told me



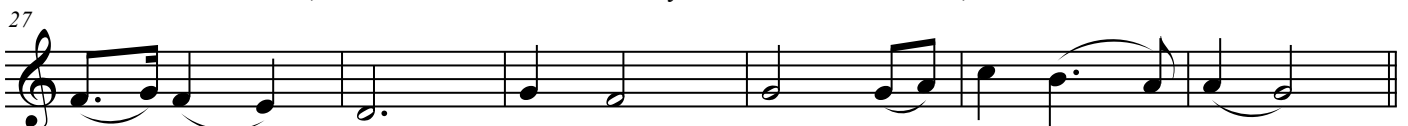
self a lone, so though loss is deep and strong,
our home - town. He's the on - ly hope I've had;
o - ver me. Here I pray and re - mi - nisce;
say good - bye. Now I hold his long - worn shirt
he was mine. And when breez - es soft - ly blow



I won't die here on my own, for I see no
when he's gone, I sigh and frown. Since he's fair and
he cru - sades e - ter - nal - ly. We may ne - ver
that he sent me in re - ply. When it's dark and
from that coun - try like a sign of the man I



one re - turns from the pa - gan land where came he who cools and
I'm high - born, God, why do you treat us so? Since our vows of
meet a - gain, but de - spite my pa - rents' rules, I will see no
com - fort's thin, I pre - tend it's him for real, tight a - gainst my
love so much, then I turn my face to them, and I al - most



soothes love's burns if I on - ly hear his name.
love are sworn, why must I stay and him go?
o - ther men. Those who speak of that are fools.
na - ked skin just to ease the pain I feel.
feel his touch un - der - neath my man - tle's hem.



When they sound the bat - tle cry, God, pro - tect him care - ful - ly,



for I fear that he may die. E - vil is the e - ne - my.