



No m'agrad' iverns ni pascors (2)

5. Valor's laws don't even suggest  
That, if one wish ill things on me,  
I must act to increase his glee,  
Being of my name dispossessed,  
For with power I am endowed,  
Hiding pain behind happy shroud,  
In Greeks and Latins this charade.  
And the Marquis, who me arrayed  
With sword, Wallachia he sank;  
Drogobites he'll surely outflank.  
God set us free! Since Earth was new  
No one's done such deeds as we do.

6. The Marquis is honored and blessed  
And Champagne's men and Count Henry,  
And Constantinople is free,  
Modone no longer oppressed,  
Thessalonica, Sicar proud:  
For in battle they stand unbowed.  
It's clear to see in rout nor raid  
Man never glory so displayed.  
Good, daring vassals we must thank  
For this empire, mortar and plank,  
And still more men let us accrue  
So our destiny can come true.

7. Alexander [had] no greater quest,  
Charlemagne – no, nor King Louis;  
Such did not brave Aimeric see,  
Nor did Roland's Twelve at their best:  
They could not crush this mighty crowd,  
Building empires with force endowed  
Like ours, where our words are obeyed,  
For emperors and kings we've made  
And built a fort on every bank  
All the Turks and Arabs to flank  
And opened ports and highways through  
George's Straits to Brindisi's view.

*(Envoi 1)* Through us, Damascus humbly sank  
And defeat Jerusalem drank  
And Syria was freed anew:  
Turkish prophecy has come true.

*(Envoi 2)* Deserters who with falseness stank,  
Those whose hearts on battlefield shrank:  
In courts let others them eschew,  
For a corpse would be no less true.

*(Envoi 3)* My sweet Engles, fair, fearless, frank,  
Courtly, versed, and highest of rank,  
The source whence all my pleasures grew,  
My great feat is life without you.