

Pos sabers no.m val ni sens

Guiraut Riquier (c. 1230 - c. 1300)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. Learn - ing is no help to me. Strange that Love is
 3. Move - ments cho - sen per - fect - ly. Steal the thoughts of
 5. Lack - ing hope or re - me - dy, Pains a - no - ther

7
 no de - ni - er That it gave me its de - cree: Fol - low
 those who eye her, As her bliss - ful form they see, And the
 thought in - spi - re. Love for her, her qual - i - ty, Beg - ging,

14
 Love un - to the py - re; Du - ti - ful, I bent my knee. I was
 mo - tions they ad - mi - re; For she wel - comes af - fa - bly And with
 sigh - ing, stand - ing by her: This my mind of grief sets free, But my

22
 ill for twen - ty years: Court - ly Love; I de - i - fied
 rich - est grace en - dears, So that all with praise must ply
 soul of pas - sion clears. Lack - ing, in the world en - ti -

29
 her. Five years, then, I healed my tears, But I missed the
 her And ex - alt her through the spheres. I'm a fool so
 re, A - ny lord whom sing - ing cheers, Whom have I to

36
 burn of fi - re. Twice as hot, now, sick - ness sears.
 to a - spi - re, Lov - ing her though we're not peers.
 drive me high - er? I should try this, it ap - pears.



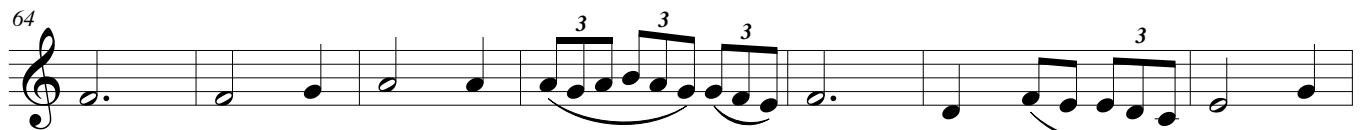
2. Twice as hot, now, sick - ness sears; Love has made me so per -
 4. Lov - ing her though we're not peers, Makes me give and take, and -
 6. I should try this, it ap - pears, Of a tact - ful king in -



spi - re, Re - tri - bu - tion it ap - pears, Since I
 ti - re, Makes me crave my wants and fears, Firm and
 qui - re: He whom A - ra - gon re - veres, Pei - re,



did, for five years pri - or, Turn Love deaf and fro - zen
 fick - le, bold - er, shy - er, Makes me chase both songs and
 King and just sup - pli - er, Of his will to him who



ears. Plea - sant, no - ble, love - ly she: No ob - ser - ver
 tears, Wis - dom and stu - pid - i - ty. How can I com -
 nears, Whe - ther love or hate bring he. Though not yet I



could de - ny her Ho - nor and vi - va - ci - ty. Fit - ting
 bat the fi - re Of the force that con - quers me, If I
 call him si - re, I will praise him to - tal - ly, Or I'll



words, a laugh, trans - pi - re, Move - ments cho - sen per - fect - ly.
 lan - guish in de - si - re, Lack - ing hope or re - me - dy?
 lose my heart to i - re: Learn - ing is no help to me.

So no envoi is possible.