

Can Vei la Lauzeta Mover

Bernart de Ventadorn (b. c. 1130 - d. 1190-1200)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)



1. I see the lark with joy en - thrall'd To beat its wings on gold - en rays
 2. I thought of love I knew it all: I knew na - ive and pale cli - ché;
 3. I turn from wo - men's cruel ca - bal, No more to trust, for they be - tray.
 4. I knew no mer - cy in her thrall; It's lost, for she who should dis - play
 5. My la - dy does not care at all For grace, my rights, or du - ty's sway;
 6. No long - er stand I proud and tall, For she has own'd me since the day
 7. She proves her - self a wo - man all, And I for this con - demn her ways.



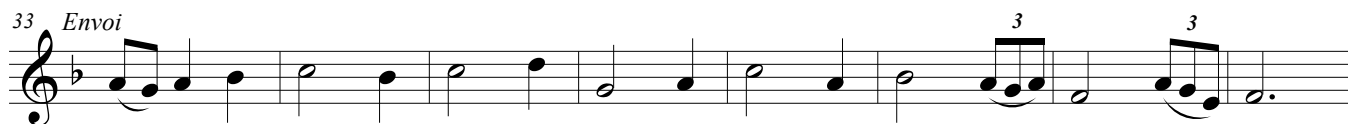
'Til it for - gets it - self and falls, For in its heart such sweet - ness plays;
 For I can - not my - self fore - stall From lov - ing her who would not stay.
 I was for them a shield - ing wall, But I a - ban - don them to - day;
 Her mer - cy most none can re - call: And where can it be sought, I pray?
 My love not pleas - es but ap - palls, And there is no - thing I can say.
 She, like a mir - ror on the wall, Let me my eyes in hers sur - vey.
 She scorns the good that to her calls In her dé - sire to go a - stray.



And I with en - vy sting and smart For those who hap - pi - ness ac - quire
 She owns my dreams, my soul, my art, Her - self, and yes, the world en - tire.
 For none will help me break a - part From the en - chant - ress, from the liar.
 He who has seen her thinks it harsh That she would let a soul a - fire,
 She end - ed me, so I de - part, In an - swer end my love en - tire;
 O mir - ror, sigh - ing, pierced with darts, I like Nar - cis - sus will not tire
 Her words to me grow sharp and tart; A mad - man on a bridge, with ire



And mar - vel that my mirth - less heart Is not de - stroyed by my de - sire.
 She left me no - thing to re - start Ex - cept in - tense, en - dur - ing fire.
 I fear to trust them and their arts Be - cause they all a - like con - spire.
 A - lone in a - go - ny, de - part To die un - aid - ed on the pyre.
 She can no long - er hold my heart, The ex - iled cap - tive of de - sire.
 Of de - di - ca - ting all my heart To the re - flec - tion I ad - mire.
 I ask why she de - stroyed my heart Be - cause to heights I dared as - pire?



O Sor - row, wretch - ed I de - part; No more from me will you ac - quire.



I cast a - way my songs, my art, My joy and love and all de - sire.