

## Mediaeval Baebes "Quan Vey La Lauzeta"

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Lyrics (Medieval French (Provenal))

Translation

Quan vey la lauzeta mover  
When I see the lark beating  
De joy sas alas contral rai,  
Its wings for joy against the sun's rays,  
Que s'oblida es laissa cazer  
Until it forgets to fly and allows itself to fall  
Per la doussor qual cor li vai:  
For the sweetness that goes to its heart,  
Ai! tan grans enveya m'en ve  
Alas! such envy comes over me  
De cui qu'eu vey jauzion!  
Of those I see filled with happiness  
Meravilh as I quar des se  
I marvel that my heart  
Lo cor de dezirier nom fon.  
Does not melt from desire  
Ai, las! Tan cuidava saber  
Alas, how much I thought I knew about love  
D'amor, e tan petit en sai,  
And how little I really know.  
Car eu d'mar nom posc tener  
For I cannot keep myself from loving  
Celeis don ja pro non aurai  
Her from whom I will gain nothing.  
Tout m'a mo cor, e tout m'a me  
She has taken all my heart, my soul,  
E se mezeis e tot lo mon,  
Herself and all the world.  
E can sem tolc nom laisset re  
And when she left, she left me nothing  
Mas dezirer e cor volon.  
But desire and a longing heart.  
Anc non agui de me poder  
I have not had control over myself  
Ni no fui meus de l'or en sai  
Or belonged to myself from the hour  
Quem laisset en sos olhs vezer  
When she let me gaze into her eyes -  
En un miralh que mout me plai.  
In a mirror that pleases me so much.

Miralhs, pus me mirei en te,  
Mirror, since I saw myself reflected in you  
M'an mort li sospir de preon,  
Deep sighs have been slaying me  
-acapo

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