

Mediaeval Baebes

"San'c Fuy Belha Ni Prezada"

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San'c fuy belha ni prezada
Ar sui d'aut en bas tornada
Qu'a un vilan sui donanad
Tot per sa gran manentia
E murria, S'ieu fin amic non avia
Cuy disses mo marrimen
E guaita plazen, Qui mi fesson d'alba
Bem platz longa nuech oscura
E mais el temps que plus dura
E non laisges per freidura
Qu'ieu leials gaita no sia
Tota via, Per tal que segurs estia
Fis drutz quan pren gauzimen
De dompna valen
E crit qanvei l'alba

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

If before I was beautiful
And of good reputation
Now I am turned from high to low:
For I am given in marriage to a churlish man
All because of his great wealth,
And I should die, If I did not have a noble lover
To whom I could tell my distress,

And a pleasing watchman
To sound the dawn for me
During the long and dark night,
Which is never too long for me,
I am, despite the cold weather,
A restless watchman over lovers discretion.
Until the first light, I stand guard
to protect my friend,
Then I urge with my cry:
Beware, here comes the dawn

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