

Medieval Bibles "Quan Vey La Lauzeta"

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Lyrics (Medieval French (Provençal))

Translation

Quan vey la lauza 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 enveja m'en ve
Alas! such envy comes over me
De cui qu'eu vey jausion!
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 tolç 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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