

## Mediaeval Baebes, The "Quan Vey La Lauzeta"

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Lyrics (Medieval French (Provenal))

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 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 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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