

LA TROBAIRITZ A LA DAME DE S'AMIE.

C. A. Gardner

My lady, what is there that I must do,
To make you place him at his proper height,
And hold for him the worth he grants to you?

How may I elevate him in your sight,
So that you see him not as one who pleads
For favor, but as one who has the right

To worship you with stunning hero's deeds,
To garland you with lilies in the hall,
With hands that tremble as for you he bleeds?

Must I myself compose a praise of all
His noble actions, and his gentle ways?
Before you freely on my knees I fall,

Beseeching you to love him all his days;
But if you would not, lady, I implore:
Release the dear one to my own embrace.

"La trobairitz a la dame de s'amie." © 2005 by C.A. Gardner