

## Medieval Crusade Songs

This pack is designed to give a structure to the rehearsals, performance and recording of medieval crusade songs at Warwick. Information is given as a starting point, and feel free to explore variations on a theme!

A practical pronunciation guide:

As a general rule, letters that you see are pronounced, which is not the case for modern French.

- **E is never silent.** Modern editors use an accent to distinguish between the stressed é and the unstressed e.
- The diphthong **oy sounds like the English *oy* in *boy*.** Over the 13<sup>th</sup> century this evolves to a sound more like the *we* in *wet*.
- **Ch is pronounced (tch) and j is pronounced (dj)** in the 12<sup>th</sup> century.
- **R is rolled** as in modern Spanish.
- **X can be read as *us*** e.g. *chevax*=*chevaus*.
- **Z becomes (ts).**

### Programme

- c. 1145 Marcabru, *Pax in nomine Domini*
- 1146 Anon., *Chevalier, mult estes guariz*
- 1239 Thibaut de Champagne, *Au tans plain de felonie*
- 1192-94 Richard, *Ja nus homs pris*
- c. 1202-4 Guiot de Dijon, *Chanterai por mon coraige*
- 1189-1192 Conon de Béthune, *Ahi! Amours*
- c. 1274 Daspol, *Senos, aujas, c'aves saber e sen*
- 1250 Austorc d'Aorlhac, *Ai Dieus, per qu'as facha tan gran maleza*

## 2014 timetable

The focus of the project is still to organise a performance / presentation of the crusade songs, whether formal or informal, towards the end of the 2<sup>nd</sup> term, and then to record some of these songs in the WAC studio for Linda's website. This timetable is subject to changes, but is intended to give you an idea of what is happening when in the grand scheme of things!

<b>Date</b>	<b>Day</b>	<b>Time</b>	<b>Event</b>
22 <sup>nd</sup> Jan	Wed	Evening	<i>Medieval Seminar Series</i> with musicologist Emma Dillon.
24 <sup>th</sup> Jan	Fri	Evening	<b>Rehearsal:</b> Re-cap last term Richard, <i>Ja nus homs pris</i> Guiot de Dijon, <i>Chanterai por mon coraige</i>
29 <sup>th</sup> Jan	Wed	Afternoon / Evening	<b>Rehearsal:</b> Richard, <i>Ja nus homs pris</i> Thibaut de Champagne, <i>Au tans plain de felonie</i>
5 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Weds	12-2 Afternoon / Evening	<i>Medieval to Renaissance Lunch</i> <b>Rehearsal:</b> Guiot de Dijon, <i>Chanterai por mon coraige</i> Conon de Béthune, <i>Ahi! Amours</i>
7 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Fri	Evening	<b>Rehearsal:</b> Re-cap.
Reading week			Rehearsals of all songs already covered will be organised according to availability.
19 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Weds	Afternoon / Evening	<b>Rehearsal:</b> Austorc d'Aorlhac, <i>Ai Dieus, per qu'as facha tan gran maleza</i> Marcabru, <i>Pax in nomine Domini</i>
26 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Weds	Evening	<i>Medieval Seminar Series</i>
28 <sup>th</sup> Feb 1 <sup>st</sup> March	Fri Sat	Evening Daytime	<b>Rehearsals</b> of all material in preparation for performance.
5 <sup>th</sup> March	Weds	Evening	<i>Medieval Seminar Series</i>
8 <sup>th</sup> March	Sat	Afternoon Evening	Group rehearsal <b>PERFORMANCE / PRESENTATION</b>

Information on the Medieval Seminar Series can be found at:  
[www2.warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/hrc/events/mss](http://www2.warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/hrc/events/mss)

Marcabru, *Pax in nomine Domini*

c. 1145

The song may refer to Baldwin of Marash, a ‘brother’ or close friend of Raymond of Antioch, who went missing in action in 1146. The date of the poem must fall between his death and Raymond’s in 1149, after news of the siege of Damascus in July 1148 (from Linda Paterson).

*Pax in nomine Domini!*

Fez Marcabrun los moz e·l so.  
 Auiaz qe di:  
 cum nos a fait per sa dousor  
 lo seignorius celestiaus,  
 probet de nos, un lavador  
 c’anc for outramar no·n fon taus  
 en de lai enves Josaphat;  
 e d’aquest de sai vos conort.

Peace in the name of the Lord!

Marcabru made the vers and the tune. Hear what he says: how the heavenly Lord in His loving-kindness has created for us, in our vicinity, a washing-place such as never existed before, apart from over there near the valley of Josaphat in Outremer; but it is about the one over here that I exhort you.

*Pax in nomine Domini!*

En Espaign’e sai lo Marques  
 et cill del temple Salamo  
 sofron lo pes  
 e·l fais del orgoill paianor,  
 per que jovens cuoill avol laus;  
 e·l criz per aqel lavador  
 versa sobre·ls plus rics captaus,  
 fraich-faillit de proessa las,  
 que non amo joi ni deport.

Peace in the name of the Lord!

Here and in Spain the Marquis and all of Solomon’s Temple bear the weight and the burden of pagan pride, which is why youth gathers a base reputation; and the public outcry relating to that other washing-place pours down on the highest-ranking leaders: broken failures, weary of valour, who love neither joy nor delight.

*Pax in nomine Domini!*

Desnaturat son li Frances,  
 si del afar Dieu dizo no,  
 qu’eu sai cum es!  
 Antiocha, prez e valor  
 sai plora Guiana e Peitaus.  
 Dieus lo comte al seu lavador  
 conduga e meta l’arm’en paus,  
 e sai gart Peitieux e Niort  
 lo seigner qui resors del vas.

Peace in the name of the Lord!

The French are perverted if they say no to God’s cause, for I know how things stand! Antioch, here Guyenne and Poitou are in mourning for reputation and worth. May God conduct the count to His washing-place and lay his soul to rest, and may the Lord who rose from the tomb guard Poitiers and Niort.

Pax in no mi ne Do mi ni! Fez Mar ca bruns los moz el so.

10 Au iaz qu di: cum nos a fait per sa dou sor lo sei gnorius ce le

19 sti aus pro bet de nos un la va dor c'anc for ou tra mar non fon taus

28 en de lai en ves Jo sa phat e d'a quest de sai vos co nort

27

Anon., *Chevalier, mult estes guariz*

1146

Probably written between Easter of 1146, when Louis VII took the Cross at Vézlay for the Second Crusade, and the end of the same year.

Chevalier, mult estes guariz,  
quant Deu a vus fait sa clamur  
des Turs e des Amoraviz,  
ki li unt fait tels deshenors.  
Cher a tort unt ses fieuz saiziz;  
bien en devums avoir dolur,  
cher la fud Deu primes servi  
e reconuu pur segnuur.

*ki ore irat od Loovis  
ja mar d'enfern avrat pouur,  
char s'alme en iert ea pareis  
od les angles nostre Segnor.*

Pris est Rohais, ben le savez,  
dunt cretiens sunt esmaiez,  
les musteirs ars e desertez:  
Deus n'i est mais sacrifiez.  
Chivalers, cher vus purpensez,  
vus ki d'armes estes preisez;  
a celui voz cors presentez  
ki pur vus fut en cruiz drecez.

*ki ore irat od Loovis  
ja mar d'enfern avrat pouur,  
char s'alme en iert ea pareis  
od les angles nostre Segnor.*

Alum conquer Moïssès,  
ki gist el munt de Sinaï;  
a Saragins nel laisum mais,  
ne la verge dunt il partid  
la Roge mer tut ad un fais,  
quant le grant pople le seguit:  
e Pharoah revint après:  
il e li suon furent perit.

*ki ore irat od Loovis  
ja mar d'enfern avrat pouur,  
char s'alme en iert ea pareis  
od les angles nostre Segnor.*

Knights, you are under sure protection  
since it is to you that God makes his  
complaint against the Turks and the  
Almoravids, who have committed such  
outrages against him. Certainly they are in  
the wrong to have seized his fiefs; we  
must surely grieve at this, for it is there  
that God was first served and  
acknowledged as lord.

*Whoever now goes with Louis will never  
feel fear of hell, for his soul will be in  
paradise with the angels of our Lord.*

Edessa is captured, you know this well,  
and Christians are dismayed at this, the  
churches burned and ruined; God is no  
longer worshipped there. Knights, think  
hard on this, you who are prized for deeds  
of arms; offer your bodies to the one who  
was raised on the Cross for your sake

*Whoever now goes with Louis will never  
feel fear of hell, for his soul will be in  
paradise with the angels of our Lord.*

Let us go and win back Moses who lies on  
mount Sinai; let us not leave him to the  
Saracens any longer, or the staff with  
which he parted the Red Sea in an instant,  
when the great multitude was following  
him; and Pharoah then went back, and his  
men were lost.

*Whoever now goes with Louis will never  
feel fear of hell, for his soul will be in  
paradise with the angels of our Lord.*

Che va lier mult es tes guariz quant Deu a vus fait sa cla mur cher  
 des Turs e des A mor ra viz ki li unt fait tels des he nors  
 Cher a tort unt ses fieuz sai ziz bien en de vums av eir do lur

6  
 la fud Deu pri mes ser vi e re co nuu pur seg nur ki ore ir at ad Loo vis ja

12  
 mar d'en fern av rat pour char s'alme en iert ea par eis od les an gles nos tre Seg nor

Thibaut de Champagne, *Au tans plain de felonie*

1239

This song refers to the excommunication by Pope Gregory IX against Frederick II, and precedes Thibaut's departure on crusade.

Au tans plain de felonie,  
d'anvie et de traïson,  
de tort et de mesprison,  
sans bien et sans cortoisie,  
et que entre nos baron  
faisons tot le siecle empirier,  
que je voi escomenier  
ceus qui plus offrent reson,  
lors vueil dire une chançon.

In this time full of treachery, envy and betrayal, wrong-doing and iniquity, without good or courtliness, and when amongst us lords we make the whole world degenerate, when I see excommunicated those who are the most reasonable, then I want to sing a song.

Li roiaumez de Surie  
nos dit et crie a haut ton,  
se nos ne nos amendon,  
por Dieu que n'i alons mie:  
n'i ferions se mal non.  
Diex aime fin cuer droiturier:  
de tex gens se velt aidier;  
cil essauceront son non  
et conquerront sa maison.

The kingdom of Syria tells us and cries aloud, if we do not mend our ways, for God's sake let us not go there: we shall only do harm. God loves a true upright heart: from people such as this he desires aid; these will exalt his name and win his house.

Chançon, va me dire Lorent  
qu'il se gart outrement  
de grant folie envahir,  
qu'en li avroit faus mantir.

Song, go and tell Lorent for me that he should be exceedingly careful not to undertake a folly, for he would be guilty of a false lie.

Au tans plain de fe lo nie — d'an vie et de tra i son de tort et de me pri son —  
7  
sans bien et sans cor toi sie — et que en tre nos ba ron fai sons tot le siecle em pir ier —  
13  
que je voi es com en ier — ceus qui plus off rent res on — lors vueil dire un e chan çon.



Richard, *Ja nus homs pris*

1192-94

This song was composed during King Richard's captivity (1192-94), before he had received word that the huge ransom demanded by the German Emperor, Henry VI, would be paid for his release. (See Rosenberg and Tischler, *Chanter m'estuet*)

Ja nus homs pris ne dira sa raison  
Adoitement si con hon dolanz non;  
Mes par confort puet il fere chanson.  
Pro ai d'amis mes povre sont li don;  
Honte I auront se por ma raençon  
Sui cau dues ivers pris.

No prisoner will speak his mind fittingly unless he  
does so as a man in sorrow;  
but he can, for consolation, make a song.  
I have many friends but the gifts are poor; they  
will be shamed if for want of my ransom I am  
these two winters captive.

Ce sevent bien mi home e mi baron,  
Englais, Normant, Poitevin, et Gascon,  
Que je n'avoie si povre compaignon  
Qu je laissasse por avoir en prison.  
Jen el di pas por nulle retraçon,  
Mes encore sui je pris.

This my men and my barons know full well-  
English, Norman, Poitevin and Gascon-  
I never had a companion so poor  
I would have left him in prison for the sake of  
wealth. I do not say this as a reproach  
but I am still a captive.

Ja nus homs pris ne di ra\_\_ sa rai\_\_ son a droit e ment si con hon do lanz non

9  
Mes par con fort puet il fere\_\_ chan zon pro ai d'a mis\_\_ mes po vre sont li don

17  
Honte i au ront se por ma ra\_\_ en çon\_\_ Sui cau de us i vers\_\_ pris\_\_

25



Guiot de Dijon, *Chanterai por mon coraige*

c. 1202-4

This song, usually sung by female voices, expresses the anxiety that the protagonist fears when her lover does not return from the Crusade.

Chanterai por mon corage  
 que je vueil reconforter,  
 car avec mon grant damage  
 ne quier mourir n'afoler,  
 quant de la terre sauvage  
 ne voi nului retourner  
 où cil est qui m'assoage  
 le cuer, quant j'en oi parler.  
*Dieus, quant crieront «Outree»,  
 Sire, aidiez au pelerin  
 pour qui sui espoentee,  
 car felon sont Sarrazin.*

Soufrerai en tel estage  
 tant quel voie rapasser.  
 Il est en pelerinage,  
 dont Dieus le lait retourner.  
 Et maugré tout mon lignage  
 ne quier ochoison trouver  
 d'autre face mariage;  
 fols est qui j'en oi parler.  
*Dieus, quant crieront «Outree»,  
 Sire, aidiez au pelerin  
 pour qui sui espoentee,  
 car felon sont Sarrazin.*

De ce sui moult deceue  
 que ne fui au convoier.  
 Sa chemise qu'ot vestue  
 m'envoia pour embracier;  
 la nuit, quant s'amor m'argue,  
 la met deles moi couchier  
 mould estroit à ma char nue  
 pour mes maus assoagier.  
*Dieus, quant crieront «Outree»,  
 Sire, aidiez au pelerin  
 pour qui sui espoentee,  
 car felon sont Sarrazin.*

For my hear's consolation I will sing,  
 since I do not want to die or go out of my  
 mind in my great suffering: for I see none  
 returning from that wild country where is  
 the one who soothes my heart when I  
 hear him spoken of.

*God, when they cry 'Outree', help, oh  
 Lord, that pilgrim for whom I am afraid,  
 for cruel are the Saracens.*

I will patiently keep my present state  
 until I see him come back. he is on  
 pilgrimage: God grant he may return.  
 And in spite of all my kindred I do not  
 wish to seek occasion to marry any other;  
 he is a fool whom I hear speaking of it.

*God, when they cry 'Outree', help, oh  
 Lord, that pilgrim for whom I am afraid,  
 for cruel are the Saracens.*

What I regret is that I was not there to  
 escort him at his starting out. The  
 pilgrim's gown he wore, he sent for me  
 to hold in my arms. At night, when love  
 of him assails me, I put it beside me in  
 my bed, close to my naked flesh, to allay  
 my grief.

*God, when they cry 'Outree', help, oh  
 Lord, that pilgrim for whom I am afraid,  
 for cruel are the Saracens.*

## Version 1

17

Chan te rai por mon co ra ge que je ceuill re con for ter  
 car a vec mongrant da ma ge ne veuill mo rir n'a fo ler  
 quant de la ter re sau va ge ne voi nu lui re tor ner

21

ou cil est qui m'as so a ge le cuer quant j'en oi par ler

26

30

Deus quant cri e ront "Ou tre e" Sire ai diez au pe le rin  
 por qui sui e spo en te e car fe lon sunt Sar ra zin

## Version 2

44

Chan ter ai por mon co ra ge que je veuill re con for te car a vec mon grant da ma ge

50

ne veuill mo rir n'a fo ler quant de la ter re sau va ge ne voi nu lui re tor ner ou cil est qui

57

m'as so a ge le cuer quant j'en oui par ler

60

Deus quant cri er ont "Ou tree" Sire ai diez au pe le rin

64

por qui sui es po en te car fe lon sunt Sar ra zin

Conon de Béthune, *Ahi! Amours*

1189-1192

During the Fourth Crusade, Conon de Béthune played an important role as a spokesman and negotiator (see Villehardouin)

Ahi! Amours, con dure departie  
me convendra faire de la meillour  
qui onques fust amee ne servie!  
Dex me ramaint a li par sa douçour  
si voirement que m'en part a dolour!  
Las! Qu'ai je dit? Ja ne me'en part je mie:  
se li cors vait servir Nostre Seignour,  
li cuers remaint du tout en sa baillie.

Ah, Love, how hard it will be for me to  
part from the best lady who was ever  
loved and served! God in his tenderness  
bring me back to her, as truly as I leave  
her in grief! Alas! What have I said? I am  
not leaving her at all: if my body goes off  
to serve our Lord, my heart remains  
entirely in her service.

Touz li clergie et li home d'aage  
qui en aumosne et en bienfaiz manront  
partiront tuit a cest pelerinage,  
et les dames qui chastement vivront,  
et loiauté feront ceux qui iront;  
et s'eles font par mal conseil folage,  
a lasches genz et mauvais le feront,  
quar tuit li bon iront en cest voiage.

All the clergy and the old men who  
remain behind performing deeds of  
charity and good works will have their  
share in this pilgrimage, and the ladies  
who love chastely, if they remain faithful  
to those who go, and if they ill-advisedly  
commit folly, they will do so with  
cowardly wicked people, for all the good  
ones will go on this voyage.

Dieus est assis en son saint hiretage;  
or i parra con cil le secourront  
cui il jeta de la prison ombrage,  
quant il fu mors en la crois que Turc ont.  
sachiez cil sunt trop honi qui n'iront,  
s'il n'ont poverte u vieillece u malage;  
et cil qui sain et joene et riche sunt  
ne pueent pas demorer sanz hontage.

God is seated in his holy heritage; now it  
will be manifest how those will help him  
whom he released from the shade of  
prison, when he died upon the Cross that  
the Turks possess. Know that those who  
do not go are deeply shamed, unless they  
suffer from poverty or old age or illness;  
and those who are healthy and young and  
rich cannot remain behind without shame.

Las! Je m'en vois plorant des ieus du front  
la u Dieus vuet amender mon corage;  
et sachiez bien qu'a la meillour du mont  
penserai plus que no di au voiage.

Alas! I go off weeping from the eyes in  
my forehead, to that place where God  
wishes to amend my heart; and know that  
on this journey I shall be thinking more  
than I say of the best lady in the world.

5

Ahi a mours condu re de par tie me con ven dra faire de la meill our  
qui on ques fust a mee ne ser vie Dex me ra maint a li par sa dou cour.

9

si voi re ment qu m'en part a do lour Las!qu'ai je dit? Ja ne me'en part je mie  
se li cors vait ser vir No stre Seig nour li cuers re maint du tou en sa bail lie

Daspol, *Senos, aujas, c'aves saber e sen*

c. 1274

This song is a conversation between Daspol and God, which we may put a melody to or perform as spoken word.

Seinhos, aujas, c'aves saber e sen,  
que m'esdevenc l'autre ser can dormia.  
Sus el sel fuy on Dieu tenc parlament,  
es entorn si saria-l compainhia;  
e dir vos ai la clamor que tenia  
de crestians: com reinhon falsament,  
car non claman lo sieu sant moniment  
comte ni duc ni prinse ni clersia.

Lords, you who have knowledge  
and sense, listen to what happened to me  
the other night when I was asleep. I was up  
in Heaven where God was holding  
assembly, and people were crowding all  
around here; and I'll tell you about the  
charge He was making against Christians:  
that they behave falsely, since neither  
counts nor dukes nor princes nor clerics  
are claiming back His Holy Sepulchre.

Et ieu leviei, que respos sapchament:  
«Tort n'aves, Dieus, e prendes outra via,  
car vos donas poder a falsa jent  
que·n fan quex jorn erguell e vilania;  
qu'il non crezon ni fan ren que bon sia,  
e vos das lor sobras d'aur e d'argent,  
tant que n'estan crestians recrezen –  
car combatre no·s pot hom cascun dia!»

And I stood up and spoke wisely  
in refutation: «You are in the wrong here,  
God, and you should take a different  
approach: you give power to false people  
who commit the sin of pride and villainy  
with it every day, for they neither believe  
nor do anything that is good; and you give  
them heaps of gold and silver, so that  
Christians are spineless – for after all,  
people can't be fighting all the time!»

«Seinher Daspol, car iest contrarios,  
als clers darai tota mal'aventura,  
e als ordes tolrai possessions  
que s'ar son rixs, de tems n'auran frachura,  
pueis dar lur ai malautia mot dura  
e li prinse perdran indicions;  
doncs remanran aunitz e vergoinhos  
tant qu'en efern sera lur sebeutura!»

«Lord Daspol, since you confute me I'll  
send the clerics every misfortune, and I'll  
take property away from the Orders, so  
that if they're rich now they'll soon be in  
want, and on top of that I'll make them  
gravely ill and the princes will lose tax  
revenues; then they will be shamed and  
dishonoured and eventually have their  
grave in hell!»

«Bel seïner Dieus, ben par qu'est poderos,  
 qu'en luoc segur estag ez en autura.  
 Per que·us pensas que·ns combatam per vos?  
 Que sarazins onretz e jent tafura  
 que no·s laison fort castel ni clauzura,  
 e·l bastiment volvon de sus en jos.  
 Et a durat lonc tems esta tensos,  
 per qu'ieu non say de que·us fassam  
 rancura».

«Seïner Daspol, si·l prinse ni·l prelat  
 m'agueson jes d'amor en lur corage,  
 que·ls sovengues ab vera caritat  
 com fuy en cros mes per l'uman linhage,  
 cascus fora voluntos del passaje,  
 si lur membres mon sanc c'ai escampat,  
 e s'il moron can si son treballhat;  
 e nus non pren guarda d'aquel viage».

«Bel seïner Dieus, la gloria rial  
 pogres emplir s'esquivases lageza  
 pos conoises que tutz son deslial,  
 per que·ls laisas reinhar en lur vileza?  
 E pues le mont si pert per cobezeza  
 donas nos tant que tutz siam egual;  
 e pues serem tutz fin e natural,  
 cascun volra pensar de sa nobleza!»

E pues m'esprit. Mas Dieus per sa santeza  
 vuella, si·l plas, que·l rei e·l cardenal  
 e li prelat e·l prinser sian tal  
 c'usquecs vuella fenir en gran boneza.

Rei d'Aragon, pair'e fil de prozeza  
 castel de pres, fons de so per c'om val,  
 mon som ie·us dic, seïner, si Dieus vos sal,  
 que·l menares en dreg vostra franqueza.

«Fair lord God, you're obviously  
 powerful, since you live in a safe place and  
 on high. Why do you think we should fight  
 for you, since you honour Saracens and  
 vicious people who leave you no stronghold  
 or stockade, and raze the buildings to the  
 ground? But this dispute has gone on a long  
 time so I don't know what's the point of us  
 accusing you».

«Lord Daspol, if the princes and  
 prelates had any love for me in their hearts,  
 they ought to remember with true charity  
 how I was put on the cross for the human  
 race; each of them would willingly take part  
 in the passage if they recalled the spilling of  
 my blood, even if they died after such a hard  
 endeavour; but none of them pays any  
 attention to that journey».

«Fair lord God, you could achieve  
 royal glory if you put a stop to base  
 behaviour: since you recognise that they're  
 all disloyal, why do you let them carry on in  
 their vile ways? And since the world is going  
 to ruin through greed, give us enough so that  
 we are all equal; and since we'll all be true  
 and faithful / high-minded and high-born,  
 everyone will want to think about his  
 nobility!»

Then I awoke. But may it please God  
 through His holiness to ordain that the kings  
 and cardinals, prelates and princes have a  
 change of heart so that (lit.: be such that)  
 each may desire to end in great goodness.

King of Aragon, father and son of prowess,  
 castle of worth, fount of what makes a man  
 worthy, I tell you my dream, lord, God save  
 you, for you will direct your nobility aright  
 towards Him.

Austorc d'Aorlhac, *Ai Dieus, per qu'as facha tan gran maleza*

1250

Written shortly after Louis IX's defeat and imprisonment. Music may be transcribed from the manuscript.

Ai Dieus, per qu'as facha tan gran maleza  
de nostre rey frances larc e cortes,  
quan as sufert qu'aital ant'aia preza?  
Qu'elh ponhava cum servir te pogues,  
que'l cor e'l saber hi metia  
en tu servir la nueg e'l dia,  
e cum pogues far e dir tom plazer.  
Mal guizado l'en as fag eschazer.

Crestiantat vey del tot a mal meza;  
tan gran perda no cug qu'anc mais fezes.  
Per qu'es razos qu'hom hueymais Dieus descreza,  
e qu'azorem Bafomet lai on es,  
Servagan e sa companhia,  
pus Dieus vol e Sancta Maria  
que nos siam vencutz a non-dever,  
e'ls mescrezens fai honratz remaner.

Ai! Valens reys, s'avias la largueza  
d'Alexandre, que tot lo mon conqués,  
vengarias la gran anta qu'as preza;  
ai! Membre te de Karle, del marques  
Guillem, de Girart cum vencia.  
Ai! Francs reys, s'o be't sovenia,  
leu foran Turc fello en ton poder,  
quar bon secors fai Dieus a ferm voler.

Ah God, why have you treated our  
generous, courtly French king so badly in  
allowing him to suffer such shame? For he  
made every effort to serve you, putting  
heart and mind into this, serving you night  
and day, and thinking of how he might act  
and speak according to your pleasure. A  
poor reward have you granted him.

Christendom I see completely ruined; I do  
not believe there was ever such a great  
loss, and therefore it is right for men to  
renounce their faith in God and for us to  
worship Mohammed over there where  
Tervagan and his company are, since God  
and St Mary wish us to be conquered  
against all justice and to let the infidels  
remain in honour.

Ah valiant king, if you had the open-  
handedness of Alexander who conquered  
all the world, you would avenge the great  
shame you have endured! Ah, remember  
Charelmagne, [and the marquess  
William,] and how Girart was [victorious!  
Ah noble king,] if you remembered this  
well, the treacherous Turks [would easily  
be in your power, for] God brings good  
aid to a firm resolve.