

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Duke of Aquintane Guilluame  
IX  
- poems -**

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### **Duke of Aquitaine Guillaume IX (1071 - 1126)**

Guillaume IX, Duke of Aquitaine was the first troubadour that was known by name. His songs are typically ribald full of puns and jests, but his verses display the deeply artistic and eloquent art of later Troubadours. In about a half of a century, the Troubadour influenced many and it's influence spread north to the Loire and beyond. His granddaughter of this troubadour (Guillaume IX, Duke of Aquitaine) was the the one and only heir to the wealth and the vast lands of Aquitaine.

## Pos de chantar

Pos de chantar m'es pres talentz,  
Farai un vers don sui dolenz:  
Mais non serai obediens,  
En Peitau ni en Lemozi. Translation:

As the desire to sing takes hold of me,  
I will make a song about my sorrow;  
I will no longer be a servant of love  
In Poitou nor in Limousin.

Qu'era m'en irai en eisil:  
En gran paor, en grand peril,  
En guerra laisserai mon fil,  
E faran li mal siei vezi.

For now I will go into exile:  
In great fear, in great peril,  
In war, I will leave my son  
And his people will harm him.

Lo departirs m'es aitan grieus  
Del senhoratge de Peitieu!  
En garda lais Folcon d'Angieus  
Tota la terra e son cozi.

The departure from the realm  
Of Poitiers is so difficult for me!  
I leave Foucon of Angers in charge  
Of all the land and of his cousin.

Si Folcos d'Angieus no.l socor,  
E.l reis de cui ieu tenc m'onor,  
Faran li mal tuit li pluzor,  
Felon Gascon et Angevi.

If Foucon of Angers does not help him  
And the king from whom I hold my realm,  
Many people will bring him harm,  
Treacherous Gascons and Angevins.

Si ben non es savis ni pros,  
Cant ieu serai partiz de vos,  
Vias l'auran tornat en jos,  
Car lo veiran jov' e mesqui.

If he is neither wise nor mighty  
When I will have left you,  
They will soon overthrow him  
For they will see him young and weak.

Merce quier a mon compaignon  
S'anc li fi tort qu'il m'o perdon;  
Et ieu prec en Jesu del tron  
Et en romans et en lati.

I seek mercy on my companion  
If I have ever wronged him, may he pardon me,  
And I pray to Jesus on the throne,  
In French and in Latin.

De proeza e de joi fui,  
Mais ara partem ambedui,  
Et eu irai m'en a scellui  
On tut peccador troban fi.

I have might and joy,  
But now we all part,  
And I go to the One  
With whom all sinners find peace.

Mout ai estat cuendes e gais,  
Mas Nostre Seigner no.l vol mais;  
Ar non puesc plus soffrir lo fais,  
Tant soi aprochatz de la fi.

I have been most jovial and joyful,  
But our Lord wants that no more;  
Now I can suffer this burden no longer  
Since the end draws so near.

Tot ai guerpit quant amar sueill,  
Cavalaria et orgueill;  
E pos Dieu platz, tot o acueill,  
E prec li que.m reteng' am si.

I have left behind all that I once loved  
Chivalry and pride;  
And since it pleases God, I accept all that  
And pray Him to retain me in His presence.

Toz mos amics prec a la mort  
Que vengan tut e m onren fort,  
Qu'eu ai avut joi e deport  
Loing e pres et e mon aizi.

I pray all my friends, at my death  
That they all come and give me great honor,  
For I have known joy and pleasure  
Far and near and in my realm.

Aissi guerpisc joi e deport  
E vair e gris e sembeli.

Thus I renounce joy and pleasure  
The brown, grey, and sable furs.

Duke of Aquitaine Guillaume IX