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|   L'autrier jost' una sebissa     trobei pastora mestissa,     de joi e de sen massissa,     si cum filla de vilana,  5  ap' e gonel' e pelissa     vest e camiza treslissa,     sotlars e caussas de lana.     Ves lieis vinc per la planissa:     "Toza, fi’m ieu, res faitissa,10  dol ai car lo freitz fos fissa."     "Seigner, so’m dis la vilana,     merce Dieu e ma noirissa,     pauc m'o pretz si l vens m'erissa,     qu'alegreta sui e sana."15  "Toza, fi’m ieu, cauza pia,     destors me sui de la via     per far a vos compaignia;     quar aitals toza vilana     no deu ses pareill paria20  pastorgar tanta bestia     en aital terra, soldana." Don, fetz ela, qui que’m sia,     ben conosc sen e folia;     la vostra pareillaria,25  Seigner, so’m dis la vilana     lai on se tang si s'estia,     que tals la cuid' en bailia     tener, no’n a mas l'ufana."     "Toza de gentil afaire,30  cavaliers fon vostre paire     que us engenret en la maire,     car fon corteza vilana.     Con plus vos gart, m'etz belaire,     e per vostre joi m'esclaire,35  si m fossetz un pauc humana!"     "Don, tot mon ling e mon aire     vei revertir e retriare     al vezoig et a l'araire,     Seigner, so m dis la vilana;40  mas tals se fai cavalgaire     c'atrestal deuria faire     los seis jorns de la setmana."     "Toza, ri m ieu, gentils fada,     vos adastret, quan fos nada, d'una beutat esmerada     sobre tot' autra vilana;     e seria us ben doblada,     si m vezi' una vegada,     sobira e vos sotrana."50  "Seigner, tan m'avetz lauzada,     que tota n seri' enveiada;     opos en pretz m'avetz levada,     Seigner, so m dis la vilana,     per so n'auretz per soudada55  al partir: bada, fols, bada,     e la muz' a meliana."     "Toz', estraing cor e salvatge     adomesg' om per uzatge.     Ben conosc al trespassatge60  qu'ab aital toza vilana     pot hom far ric compaignatge     ab amistat de coratege,     si l'us l'autre non engana."     Don, hom coitatz de follatge65  jur' e pliu e promet gatge:     si m fariatz homenatge,     Seigner, so m dis la vilana;     mas ieu, per un pauc d'intratge,     non vuoil ges mon piucellatge,70  camjar per nom de putana."     Toza, tota creatura     revertis a sa naturaA:     pareillar pareilladura     devem, ieu e vos, vilana,75  a l'abric lonc la pastura,     car plus n'estaretz segura     per far la cauza dousanna."     "Don, oc; mas segon dreitura     cerca fols sa follatura,80  cortes cortez' aventura,     e il vilans ab la vilana;     en tal loc fai sens fraitura     on hom non garda mezura,     so ditz la gens anciana." | The other day, beside a row of hedges,I found a shepherdess of lowly birth,full of joy and common sense.And, like the daughter of a woman of the fields,she wore cape and cloak and fur,and a shift of drill,and shoes, and wollen stockings.I came to her across the level ground."Girl," I said, "beautiful,I am unhappy because the cold is piercing you.""Lord," this peasant's child said to me,"thanks be to God and the woman who nursed me,it's nothing to me if the wind ruffles my hair,because I feel good, and I'm healthy.""Girl," I said, "you're sweet and innocent,I came out of my wayto keep you company;for a peasant girl like youshould not, without a comrade near by,pasture so many cattleall alone in such a place.""Master," she said, "whatever I may be,I can tell sense from foolishness.Your comradeship,Lord," said this girl of the fields and pastures,"let it stay where it belongs,for such as I, when she thinks she has itfor herself, has nothing but the look of it.""O you are a girl of noble quality,your father was a knightwho got your mother with youbecause she was a courtly peasant.The more I look at you, the more beautiful you areto me, and I am lit up by your joy,or would be if you had some humanity.""Master, my whole lineage and descentI trace all the way backto the sickle and the plow,my Lord," said this peasant girl to me;"and such as calls himself a knightwould do better to work, like them,six days every week.""Girl," I said, "a gentle fairyendowed you at birthwith your beauty, which is purebeyond every other peasant girl.And yet you would be twice as beautifulif once I saw youunderneath and me on top.""Lord, you have praised me so high,how everyone would envy me!Since you have driven up my worth,my Lord," said this peasant girl,"for that you will have as your reward:'Gape, fool, gape,' as we part,and waiting and waiting the whole afternoon.""Girl, every shy and wild heartgrows tame with a little getting used to,and I know that, passing by,a man can offer a peasant girllike you a fine cash companionship,with reall affection in his heart,if one doesn't cheat on the other.""Master, a man hounded by madnesspromises and pledges and puts up security:that's how you would do homage to me,Lord,: said this peasant girl;"but I am not willing, for a littleentrance fee, to cash in my virginityfor the fame of a whore.""Girl, every creaturereverts to its nature:let us become a copule of equals,you and I, my peasant girl,in the cover there, by the pasture,you will feel more at ease therewhile we do the sweet you know what.""Master, yes; but, as it is right,the fool seeks out his foolishness,a man of the court, his courtly adventure;and let the peasant be with his peasant girl.'Good sense suffers from diseasewhere men do not observe degrees':that's what the ancients say." |