

Théodore Aubanel

Sensual Poetry and the Provençal Church

introductions, translations, and notes
by **David Streight**



with an introduction to the modern Provençal language

Édicioun dóu Gregau

GRAMACI

Aquesto obro es dedicacia à-n-Andriéu Ariès emai à Brunoun Eyrier, dous ome d'elèi que, sènso éli, moun libre aurié jamai creba l'iòu. Sarié, pamens, nimai juste nimai poussible d'óublida si gènti femo, Franço Ariès e Rèino Eyrier, qu'à-n-éli tambèn ié dise gramaci— mot bèn frèule e bèn pichot pèr dire quant apreçiè soun amista e sa caudo acuiènço.

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Theodore Aubanel, to 1860

At one point, the title of this work was to be *Theodore Aubanel: Doublecrossed by the Provençal Church*. That title clearly gave way to another. However, Aubanel—the finest of the Provençal lyric poets of his time, and perhaps of all time—was both doubly reproached and twice scorned by the censors of the very Church he so faithfully served in his private as well as his professional life.

In the century before Theodore's birth, the Vatican bestowed upon the Aubanel family's publishing house the title *Seul Imprimeur de Sa Sainteté*: Sole Printer for His Holiness, the Pope. The title was more honorific than remunerative, although it did tend to bring with it a number of printing contracts for religious works. Theodore and his brother, Charles, served together as managers of Editions Aubanel in 1860, when Aubanel's first volume of poetry was published. The *Revue des Bibliothèques Paroissiales*, which reviewed recent publications as to their acceptability for a Catholic library, marked works to be excluded from such libraries with a "cross." Aubanel's collection, *La Miougrano entre-duberto*, was branded with an unprecedented two crosses.

Aubanel was sufficiently circumspect to have his first dramatic piece, *The Bread of Sin* (*Lou Pan dóu Pecat*), published in a limited edition, and to have it distributed only to trusted and understanding friends. The dramatic piece would have fared no better than did the first collection of poetry. *The Girls of Avignon*, his second collection of poetry, was published a quarter of a century after *La Miougrano entre-duberto*. Clearly more passionate than its predecessor, it was barely off the press when a copy of it was slipped into the hands of the archbishop. The author was promptly summoned, and commanded not only to stop distribution of this "dangerous work," but to destroy all remaining copies. These events are all the more ironic in light of Aubanel's religious history and practices.

Aubanel was a "Christian gentleman," in every sense of the word. In addition to the religious publications of Editions Aubanel, he gave to the poor, took part in religious processions, defended members of the Church, and regularly received the sacraments.¹

The branding of his first work as "dangerous" was cause for great pain to Aubanel.² His closest friends were under the impression that the anguish he experienced after the publication of his second collection of poetry is what caused his rapid decline in health and his death just months thereafter.

The present book contains the first translations of Aubanel's work into English. The translations include everything published in Provençal during Aubanel's lifetime: his two collections of poetry and his dramatic piece.

Aubanel was an enigmatic man. First of all, he was one of three key figures, a true leader, in the Felibrige, Provence's renaissance movement. He was a writer, a publisher, and an orator; and he was laughed at behind his back.³

¹ Ludovic Legré, *Le Poète Théodore Aubanel, Récit d'un témoin de sa vie*, Paris, 1900, pp. 366-71 and *passim*, gives ample examples of Christianity in Aubanel's life. Aubanel dedicated significant time, and money, to works of charity among the poor and the sick of Avignon. During the cholera epidemic which struck Avignon in the 1850s, he spent "days and nights" taking care of sick people at their bedsides. He also took part regularly in religious processions of the day, "barefoot ... carrying a crucifix." On one occasion was arrested and fined for publicly demonstrating against the expulsion of the Pères Récollets from Avignon. And when the Italian government wanted to decorate Aubanel for his work on the commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Petrarch, Aubanel refused. He announced that he wanted nothing to do with the government which had plundered the papacy fifteen years earlier by taking away some of the Church's States.

² The correspondence regarding the incident is dealt with, additionally, by Nicolas Welter (*Théodore Aubanel, Un chancre provençal de la beauté*, Avignon, 1904), pp. 96-101; Liprandi, in the *notice biographique* to *Théodore Aubanel, Oeuvres choisies*, pp. 41-50.

³ Claude Liprandi, "Sur un mot de Théodore Aubanel: "Ne m'appellez plus Félibre, je ne le suis plus." in *Aubanel et le Félibrige*, Avignon, 1954, p. 50: "...the little man, of whose short stature

Second, even in the hindsight allowed by the century since Aubanel's death, it is difficult to understand how he— who certainly knew, understood, and applied the “conventions” of censorship applicable in mid-nineteenth-century Avignon— could have been so surprised to see his book “condemned.”

A third enigma is the discrepancy between the Aubanel that his biographers describe and the one that his reader sees. The majority of his biographers, and even some of the closest of his literary friends appear to have misunderstood the driving force behind Aubanel's literary works: the “burning” sensuality that he unabashedly juxtaposed with his committed Christianity.⁴ These friends include “the Master” himself, Frédéric Mistral, the greatest of the names associated with the modern language of the south of France. Mistral, in wording that is accepted and adopted by writers after him, sees Aubanel's spirituality and his sensuality as opposing one another, *de-longo soun en lucho* (“they're continually doing battle”).⁵ We shall return to these thoughts in the introductions to *The Girls of Avignon* and *The Bread of Sin*. However, a careful look at Aubanel's works show little evidence of such a battle. On the contrary, it should be apparent, both from the works present here and from comments in his letters that, for Aubanel, Christianity and sensuality are not mutually exclusive. One of his clearest expressions of this is in his letter to Legré of 2 June, 1860:

It is truly painful and sad that what is most touching and respectable in the world, a beautiful, young, noble passion, is neither understood nor respected. Alas! These days, when everything is on earth, when no one, or almost no one still has a God, or a King, or a lady, the time has come to scoff at a book, to mistreat a man who believes in both God and love.⁶

For Aubanel, the line of “love” that must not be crossed is that of illicit sexual relationships. He was undoubtedly influenced by his strict religious upbringing. But an analysis of the texts suggests that the real reason for not acting out one's urges in the theater of life is not fear of punishment or damnation, but rather the pain and suffering that such actions cause other members of society.

Avignon's role in the late Middle Ages left an indelible mark on the city's later history. Seven popes had resided in Avignon, from 1309 until 1377. Even after Gregory IX decided to return to Rome, the Holy See continued to govern the area, the Comtat Venaissin, until the time of the Revolution.

Latourette describes papal Avignon as “more cosmopolitan and international than any other city in fourteenth century Europe.”⁷ Religious dignitaries and their entourages abounded. The papal palace, remarkably well preserved, is still a favorite tourist attraction in the city. There were also great numbers of lay people who provided the “support services” for such a sizeable community. Religious activities spilled over across the Rhone to the charter house, and to the monastic community in what is known as Fort Saint André, in

his “good friends” the *felibres* made fun behind his back,…” See also the poem by Bonaparte-Wyse, *infra*.

⁴ Aubanel's three primary biographers were Legré, Welter, and José Vincent (*Théodore Aubanel, La vie, et l'homme, le poète*, Avignon, 1924). Of these, only Legré knew Aubanel personally; he was the poet's closest friend, and perhaps the individual who knew him best. Welter and Vincent had access to Aubanel's son, but for the most part they relied on Legré and the poet's own writings for their material.

⁵ “Discours de Frédéric Mistral prononcé devant l'Académie de Marseille en l'honneur de Théodore Aubanel,” in *Théodore Aubanel: Inauguration du Monument Elevé à Sceaux à sa Mémoire par les Félibres de Paris. Discours et Documents*, Montpellier, Imprimerie Centrale du Midi (Hamelin Frères), 1889, p. 141.

⁶ Quoted in Liprandi, p. 31. Aubanel expresses this same opinion in a number of different ways, at a number of different times.

⁷ Kenneth Scott Latourette, *A History of Christianity*, vol. I, New York, London, 1975, p. 626.

Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. Avignon and Villeneuve were joined by the now half-gone bridge of Sant Benezet, today better known as the “Pont d’Avignon” celebrated in the song.

Not everything in the holy city was holy. When Petrarch’s father moved to work for the Church in Avignon, he decided to have his family reside in Carpentras, to protect his children from corruption. Even if Avignon in the time of the Popes was not the paragon of piety, however, there was a certain religious mystique that hung over the city for centuries after their departure. The Aubanel family lived in the former residence of Bernard du Bosquet, once archbishop of Naples, who was made a cardinal by Pope Urban V.⁸ Mistral’s *Memoirs* refer to the big house as one whose walls were imbued with “church smell,” to the point of being intimidating.⁹

The Aubanels had a long history in the printing business, with ties to the trade since at least 1660.¹⁰ Antoine Aubanel moved from a valley in the French Alps to set up a printing house in Avignon in 1744. Under the protection of the pontifical government, the city enjoyed great tolerance for what went into print, relative to Paris and other cities at the time. Antoine seems to have met with some success in his new enterprise. The papal honor mentioned above was bestowed in 1780.¹¹

Antoine Aubanel was married twice. There were no children from his first marriage. He was 57 when he married his second wife, with whom he had five children, the youngest of whom was Théodore’s father, Laurent.

An illustration of the community’s esteem for the family is found in an anecdote from the time of the French Revolution. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Antoine Aubanel. The warrant was ostensibly issued because of Antoine’s disregard for a certain Revolutionary act by continuing to print a catechism (*Catéchisme pour le peuple sur l’Eglise*), and by keeping in his stores 500 copies of another catechism. The true reason for the warrant was in all probability Aubanel’s friendship with a governmental official, a friendship which he refused to discontinue during the Revolution. The deputies who arrived to arrest Aubanel are reported to have stopped outside the doorway, unable to carry out their plans because of concern for disrupting the life of someone known to everyone as both kind and dignified. The Aubanel family, in prayer at the time, heard one of the deputies outside say: “No, we can’t arrest Monsieur Aubanel. That would cause Madame Aubanel too much pain.”¹²

Antoine was eventually arrested, although the fall of Robespierre saved him from almost certain death. His release from prison on the 9th of Thermidor (26 June) was the impetus for Theodore’s poem that bears the date as its title.

Laurent Aubanel was a man of great spiritual austerity. José Vincent lists three religious foundations or societies in which he participated in Aix-en-Provence and Marseille, in addition to those in his own Avignon.¹³ Laurent engaged in prayer and meditation with his wife every morning; and at midday he was frequently seen in prayer in the Church of St. Didier.¹⁴ And, the day before his marriage, he assured his wife-to-be that she need not worry about his having any interest in “getting fixed up and going out to spectacles,” for “I loathe such things.”¹⁵

⁸ Vincent, p. 12.

⁹ *Memori e raconte*, p. 207. English trans. by George Wickes, *The Memoirs of Frédéric Mistral* (published in Europe by Alysamps Provençal Library, in Canada by Penguin Books, and in the United States by New Directions, 1986).

¹⁰ Lucas Chabrey, *Histoire curieuse des Aubanel, Imprimeurs en Avignon*, Thulé: Bureau de l’Intercontinental d’Edition, 1982, 12.

¹¹ André Lebois, “Préface,” *Histoire curieuse des Aubanel, Imprimeurs en Avignon*, p. 5.

¹² José Vincent, p. 14.

¹³ Vincent, p. 16.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

But there was a lighter side to spirituality in the Aubanel family. Laurent's brother, Agricol Aubanel, was a priest with a delightful sense of humor, and whose mirth was often at the expense of members of the Aubanel family, including himself. One of his stories, retold by Mistral, recounts the time that Agricol was called to administer extreme unction in a house of prostitution.¹⁶ Theodore appears to have had the greatest of love and admiration for his uncle Agricol; the aging canon was the central figure in his "Mass of the Dead," from *The Girls of Avignon*.

Theodore, born in 1829 (26 March), was the youngest of Laurent's four children. Welter describes Théodore's first decades as a "withdrawn life spent in the darkness of his father's house. The austere religious principles to which he gave his full obedience imparted a particularly serious trait to his character."¹⁷ It is true that he never danced before his early twenties,¹⁸ although it cannot be said that he shared his father's distaste for "spectacles." Aubanel's spirituality involved his concern for the poor, the defenseless, and the oppressed, to a much greater extent than it did worship or adoration.

Théodore's family spoke French at home. Provençal was the native language of his relatives on both sides, however. Alphonse Daudet recalls that Uncle Agricol "never spoke, unless it was in Provençal or Latin."¹⁹ On his mother's side, Théodore learned the language primarily through contacts with his maternal grandparents, with whom he spent considerable time.

As a child, I almost always spent summers in the country with my mother. Twice a year, at Christmas and Easter, we went to visit my grandfather, in Montoux. These visits were a great joy for me. My grandfather had rooms whose entire ceilings were covered with sausages, and others where bunches of white grapes dried hanging from long cords. The room with the grapes was my favorite, because there were always rats that would make some of them fall down. My grandfather's house had long corridors, and high-ceilinged rooms lined with waffled leather. And there was a kind of little park full of old trees, where grass grew wildly, since all the care was saved for the vegetable garden next door. The little park was beautiful; I used to spend my days laying on the grass reading fairytales, completely unaware of mealtimes. My grandfather frequently came to get me; he would sneak up and ring a big bell in my ears, and then burst out laughing at how startled I was.²⁰

Zani

By his late teens, Aubanel was working in his father's publishing house. Through his contacts either in business or in the *Société de la Foi*,²¹ to which he belonged, he made

¹⁶ Mistral, *Memòri e raconte*, p. 207. After administering the sacrament to the ailing prostitute, Father Agricol had to go down the stairs lined with scantily clad women draped with brightly colored pieces of cloth. As he passed, they greeted him, eyes half closed, and the appropriate pain in their expressions—"the kind that you wanted to give absolution to, even without hearing their confessions." All the while, the madam was giving excuses for her kind of life. The priest remained silent until he reached the bottom of the stairs. As he went through the door, he turned and said, "You old pig, if there weren't any madams, there wouldn't be any harlots."

¹⁷ Welter, p. 5.

¹⁸ Cf. Legré, p. 48.

¹⁹ Legré, p. 13.

²⁰ Legré, p. 15. Quoted also in Welter, pp. 3-4. According to Dumas (p. 87), this account is originally from an article by Paul Arene in *La République française*, 8 October, 1879.

²¹ The *Société de la Foi* was an organization, according to Legré, founded to aid and "instill morals in" (*moraliser*) workers. A note by Aubanel in the 1855 issue of the *Armana Prouvençau* (p. 107) states that the members were involved in a number of charitable works.

the acquaintance of Joseph Roumanille. The *Société* met regularly in the offices of the Imprimerie Seguin, where Roumanille was a proofreader. Théodore had apparently composed some poetry in French, but, coincidentally, two or three other members of the *Société* were writing poetry in Provençal. By his early 20s, Aubanel, too, began to compose in Provençal.

Roumanille had already made the acquaintance of Frédéric Mistral some years earlier. Roumanille was a teacher at the time, and had discovered Mistral, a student, translating the Psalms into Provençal. Mistral would later win the Nobel Prize for literature, primarily because of his first, and best known, work, *Mirèio*.

Among the members of the *Société de la Foi* were the Giéra brothers, Paul and Jules. The Giéra family, though originally of quite modest means, had inherited a chateau from a rich client. The *castèu* was located at Chateauneuf de Gadagne, a few miles from Avignon. The group of poets frequently used it as a meeting place, and an eating and drinking place, especially on spring and summer days.

Another frequent visitor to the *castèu* was Jenny Manivet, a friend of the family through the Giéras' sisters, especially Joséphine Giéra. Jenny— or, in the pronunciation of the dialect spoken in the area, “Zani”— is described by Aubanel in the fourth section of the Book of Love from his *Miòugrano entre-duberto*:

With her waist so slender and her dress of wool,
Of pomegranate red,
With her brow so smooth, and her large, lovely eyes,
With her hair so long, so black, and her face so tanned...

Aubanel was not the only young man to be interested in Zani. A number of the poets wrote poetry to or about her. Nevertheless, her relationship with Aubanel was closer than it was with the others. And the relationship changed him. As Mistral states, “Aubanel caught flame like a match” (*Aubanèu s’aflamè coume un escandihoun*).²² The fire that burned, on the inside, was of course tempered by Aubanel’s extreme timidity around women, a timidity that is evident in a number of his poems. Mistral reminds us that Aubanel and Zani’s relationship was purely one of friendship: “But, out of feelings of either modesty or fear, the kind of deeply troubling fear sometimes felt by lovers their age as they climb to the temple of love, neither he nor she, with all their play, with all their laughter, with all their dancing together, ever dared to state clearly that they wanted each other.”²³

Aubanel’s friends appear to have been unanimous in their assertion that the relationship between the two was purely platonic, as were all of Théodore’s relationships until the time of his marriage at age 31. In this regard, he was unlike many of the other felibres, according to the Irish poet William Charles Bonaparte-Wyse, who composed the following ditty about “one of the true wonders of Provence”:

On the Virginity of the Poet Théodore Aubanel

Oh Tourists! Cease to seek Petrarca’s fountain,
The Bridge of Gard or Ventoux’s hoary mountain.
A greater marvel is there here today!
Avignon holds an amatory worthy,
A wealthy poet of the age of thirty,
Who never had a woman: hey, hey, hey!²⁴

²² Mistral, “Discours de Frédéric Mistral prononcé devant l’Académie de Marseille,” p. 128.

²³ *Ibid.*

²⁴ Christian Begaint-Valmalette, *Frédéric Mistral et W. C. Bonaparte-Wyse: Correspondance 1859-1892*, vol. 1, p. 63. Bonaparte-Wyse happened upon a copy of Mistral’s *Mirèio* during a visit to Provence, and

In 1854, Théodore's contact with Zani came to an abrupt end. He was on a long-awaited trip to Rome, and received a letter from Roumanille, dated 11 March: "If you wish to see this gracious, pure child once again, come quickly. There is no time to lose if, with your own voice, you wish to ask her to keep you in her prayers."²⁵ Zani was preparing to leave for the convent.

Although Aubanel was taken by surprise by Zani's decision to enter the religious life, it appears not to have been a surprise to Roumanille, who had earlier written a poem suggesting that she was considering it as an option.

Aubanel returned before Zani's departure. This was the last time that the two were to see one another. Zani did pass through Avignon once again, in July of 1858.²⁶ Now Sister Agnès, she was on her way to her new assignment, in Galatz, Romania, and had but two days in Avignon. Aubanel would have been able to see her, were it not for his presence in Maillane at the time, where he was to hear a pre-publication reading of *Mirèio*. Four years later, he was still suffering from her departure.

After Zani's departure, Aubanel kept a kind of scrap book²⁷ about her, and about their relationship. A number of items in the book were his, but friends were also invited to contribute to it. The final conversation between the two is partially recorded in *La Mióugrano* (poem VII), although there is a fuller version of their last meeting in the book.²⁸ Returning to the Giéra *castèu* in Font Segugne was difficult for him after the separation, memories of which are seen in poems XII and XVIII of *La Mióugrano*. And, as is frequently the case in the loss of such relationships, he often thought he saw her in crowds, when he spotted a woman with similar eyes, similar skin, or similar hair.

Almost thirty years after her departure, and over two decades after the publication of *The Cleft Pomegranate*, Aubanel received a letter from Zani, now Soeur Clémentine.²⁹ By this time, she had either read some of Aubanel's poems, or she was aware of them via a correspondent in Avignon.

Sir,

You are by now aware of the pain that my cousin's death has caused me. Thank you!...

There is in my heart, as a Sister of Charity, a sharper pain, one that only you can put an end to, since you are its cause. I see a soul that is *doubly dear*³⁰ to me, led away on an *extreme path* by a unique talent! A Muse whose songs were pure and great in the past, has descended very low! I like to believe that you are a man of good faith. But this too naked matter that you are singing is going to corrupt the masses! This is paganism! What could have happened to

subsequently became so enamored of the language that he spent considerable time in the region. He became an accomplished Provençal poet in his own right.

²⁵ Vincent, p. 25. In the same letter, Roumanille says: "This soul, which lives in pain in this world, will find, in the cloister, the peace, calm, happiness, and ecstasy that she needs; she will find that infinite love for which she thirsts."

²⁶ Vincent, p. 26.

²⁷ *Lou Libre de l'amour*; the names are the same, but this is not the same text that appears as the first part of *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*. The scrap book *Libre de l'amour* was finally published by Editions Aubanel in 1988 as Volume VIII of Aubanel's *Oeuvres complètes*.

²⁸ *Op. cit.*, pp. 46-58. See also Legré, pp. 59-68.

²⁹ Soeur Clémentine was the third of the religious names that Zani had during her three decades in the convent. She began as Soeur Julie when she entered the order of the Soeurs de la Charité. Shortly thereafter, she was transferred to Paris to work at Hôpital Necker, where another nun already had the name Soeur Julie. It was then that her name was changed to Soeur Agnès. It was while she was in Romania that she took the third of her names.

³⁰ The words in italics were underlined in the original letter.

make you undergo this unfortunate change? Where is this inspiration coming from?... Alas, I do not know, and I am shocked. And I am deeply saddened!!!...

In the name of the Master of all art, who shed His blood for you!! In the name of your Mother, and Zani's (if her name still touches you) stop!... You can perform this heroic act; I know your Heart; the glory that will come to you cannot be measured! You will save your soul and, with it, a number of others!... If not, alas!. I tremble!.

Excuse me for this letter, sir. I am relying on your discretion. It is for you alone. Please burn it.

ZANI

Sr Clémentine

The Felibrige

With the passage of time, Mistral, Roumanille, the poets from the *Société de la Foi*, and one or two others, began meeting socially with greater frequency. Aubanel was, of course, among them. These meetings took place at a variety of places, but the *Giéra castèu* was one of their favorites.

In 1851, Roumanille published an anthology of Provençal poems that he had collected from a variety of writers throughout the south of France. The 437-page volume, *Li Prouvençalo*, was a milestone in the literature of the Midi. As Emile Ripert points out, "*Li Prouvençalo*, by virtue of its literary standards, its spelling standards, and the value of its collaborators, truly announces a new age in Provençal poetry."³¹ The introduction to the anthology was written by the highly respected Saint-René Taillandier, professor of French literature at the University of Montpellier, and one of the editors at the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. Ripert credits Saint-René Taillandier's introduction with giving the poets "a clear vision of the work to be done," as well as with giving them a view of their historical foundations: from the troubadours, through Dante and Petrarch, and running in parallel currents with other national literatures."³² Saint-René Taillandier described Aubanel's poetry as "fresh and robust"; he was especially impressed by "The Mowers" and "The Ninth of Thermador."

In Marseille, two substantial efforts at publication in Provençal had met with some success in the decade before *Li Prouvençalo*. The first was a weekly newspaper entitled *Lou Bouiabaisso*, edited by Joseph Désanat. The second, also a weekly, was entitled *Lou Tambourinaire et le Ménéstrel*. The latter was a Franco-Provençal publication, with Pierre Bellot in charge of the "Tambourinaire" section in Provençal.

The success of Roumanille's publication in Avignon encouraged writers throughout the south to attempt to widen their horizons. One result of this was the organization of a "conference" of Provençal writers, which took place in Arles on 29 August, 1852.³³ There are differing opinions on the success of what is now referred to as the *Roumavàgi d'Arle* (Pilgrimage to Arles). The sheer number of poets who attended to read publicly their verse was encouraging to anyone who had literary aspirations. Even with the bright exceptions, however, the average literary merit of the first *roumavàgi* was mediocre. Mistral suggests

³¹ Emile Ripert, *La Renaissance provençale (1800-1860)*, Paris-Aix-en-Provence, 1918, p. 412. Ripert adds that "Roumanille truly was the soul of this effort, which he is careful to point out by placing his portrait at the beginning of the book, as if he were, as he says, standing at the threshold of the new literature..."

³² Ripert, *La Renaissance provençale*, pp. 413-414.

³³ For details on this meeting, see, e.g., Ripert, *La Renaissance Provençale*, pp. 423-440; *Le Felibrige*, pp. 63-65; René Jouveau, *Histoire du Felibrige (1854-1876)*, Nîmes, 1984, pp. 29-38. Most writers on the first *roumavàgi* were indebted to Gelu's memoirs.

that Victor Gelu was the starring event.³⁴ Gelu, the surly, flamboyant, magnificent poet from the streets of Marseille, was having his first encounter with what was later to become the Felibrige. He never did appreciate the *felibres*, and refused to join their ranks. He referred to the “riff-raff” at the *roumavàgi* as “arrangers of diminutives.”³⁵ The one exception was Aubanel.³⁶ Gelu described the 23-year-old poet, who was reading some of his first compositions in Provençal, as “the puny, hoarse little Aubanel” who, “through his stuttering,” read “a piece with bone-chilling energy, ‘The Slaughter of the Innocents.’”³⁷

Those whose opinions about the meeting in Arles were contrary to Gelu’s were so impressed that they wanted a second *roumavàgi* the following year. It was held in Aix-en-Provence (26 June). Gelu did not attend, but Emile Zola, a school boy at the time, skipped school to witness the event.³⁸

There was no meeting of the poets in 1854; a large gathering to which everyone was invited was preempted by the foundation of the Felibrige. The story, as it is told by Mistral in his *Memòri e raconte*, begins like this:

And thus it was that one brilliant Sunday, May 21st, 1854, in the full springtime of both life and the year, seven of those poets found themselves gathered together at the little chateau in Font-Segugne: Paul Giéra, a joker who used to sign his name Glaup, (anagram of Paul G.); Roumanille, the real instigator who, in his own quiet way, always seemed to keep the coals of the sacred fire glowing; Aubanel, whom Roumanille had won over to our cause and who, in the sunlight of love was opening, just then, the deep red flesh of his *Pomegranate*; Matiéu, wrapped in the clouds of his visions of Provence— chivalrous and amorous journeys of yesteryear; Brunet, with his face like that of Christ of Galilee, dreaming the utopia of a paradise on earth; the farmer, Tavan, who, leaning on his hoe, used to sing to the sun as a cricket sings on newly plowed earth; and Frederi, ready to throw to the winds the cry of his race (to *ucha*, as the mountain shepherds say), and to raise its gonfalon on Montagne Sainte Victoire.³⁹

The seven, on that day, were founding a literary association the purpose of which was to stimulate use of the Provençal language, to purify the language, in part by codification of its spelling system,⁴⁰ and, most of all, to return the language to the glory it possessed in the late Middle Ages. As has been the case for minority languages throughout

³⁴ See Mistral’s introduction to *Oeuvres complètes de Victor Gelu*, vol. 1, Marseille-Paris, 1886, especially pp. viii-ix. Gelu concurred with Mistral.

³⁵ Gaillard, Lucien, *Victor Gelu, Poète du peuple marseillais*, Marseille: Editions Jeanne Lafitte, 1985, p. 22. Part of the music of the Provençal language is due to the richness of suffixes, especially for diminutives and terms of endearment: *-ouno*, *-eto*, *-ouneto*, etc, are easy temptations for rhymes.

³⁶ Gaillard, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

³⁷ Ripert, *La Renaissance Provençale*, p. 425.

³⁸ Frederi Mistral, *Memòri e raconte*, p. 201. *The Memoirs of Frédéric Mistral*, p. 143.

³⁹ Mistral, *Memòri e raconte*, 211. *The Memoirs of Frédéric Mistral*, p. 152.

⁴⁰ There are two primary spelling systems used by the dialects of the Langue d’Oc today. The “classical” system tends to keep spelling somewhat the way it was at the time of the troubadours. This system is preferred by many who do not live in Provence proper. The system adopted by Mistral and the members of the Felibrige— although certainly not invented by them, as variants of it were in use at least a century before their time— tends, for the most part, to be more phonetic than the classical system. The relationship between proponents the two systems is much more complicated than just spelling preference. A number of talented individuals have spent considerable time pointing out either the faults of those who use a certain system, or the superiority of one system over the other. The question is much too complicated to be dealt with here; and it has, or had, little to do with Aubanel, who happened to be a horrible speller both in French and in the only Provençal system of orthography he learned (that of the Felibrige, of course). He needed to have all of his manuscripts carefully looked over by friends.

the world, Provençal had been disdained by the government for years, especially since the time of Napoleon; children were punished for using it at school, and its use in any official meeting or documents was forbidden. By the mid-eighteenth century, a majority of Provençal speakers had come to believe that what they were speaking was an “inferior” form of language, a “patois.” One of the early ways of reaching the “people,” and of teaching a standardized method of spelling the language, was the publication of an almanach, which they called the *Armana Prouvençau*. The *Armana Prouvençau* contained information on the calendar and lunar cycles, along with humor, poems, stories, and Provençal history. For the first years it was published at Editions Aubanel, although it later was taken over by Roumanille.

Mirèio

The single most important literary work of the Felibrige was Mistral’s *Mirèio*. An idyll divided into twelve *cant* (songs), it tells the tragic story of fifteen-year-old Mirèio, the daughter of a well-off farmer, and Vincèn, the son of a basket weaver who travels from *mas* (farm) to *mas*⁴¹ with his father to repair baskets. When Mirèio’s father refuses to give consent to a marriage, she undertakes a desperate journey to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer to pray the Saints Mary for assistance. Not an experienced traveller, the elements are too much for Mirèio. When she does reach the church to ask for the saints’ blessing, Mirèio has already suffered greatly from the burning Provençal sun. She dies in the arms of her parents, who have by then learned of her destination, and at the side of Vincèn.

Mistral began *Mirèio* in 1850, although the work was not completed until seven years later. More than a simple love tragedy about social class differences, it is a vivid description of the Provençal countryside, especially that of the Rhone valley, and, as is true for a number of Mistral’s works, it is a true museum of Provençal history, beliefs, and customs.

The names of Mirèio and Vincèn as a couple have become the paragon of romantic couples in Provençal literature. One finds them frequently in Aubanel’s poetry, as well as in the works of other Provençal authors.

In 1858 Adolphe Dumas, who had already grown greatly to appreciate Mistral’s work, introduced the poet to Lamartine in Paris. The two immediately took a liking to one another. A few months later Lamartine received a copy of Mistral’s *Mirèio* in the mail, a parcel which Mistral had promised to send. Though Lamartine was sick and feverish at the time, he began reading the first pages. He then went on to read the entire twelve *cant* without stop. He reread the work the following day, and again on the succeeding days.⁴² Lamartine subsequently dedicated the fortieth *entretien* in his *Cours familier de littérature* to *Mirèio* and its author, whom he referred to as the “new Homer.”⁴³

Mirèio’s success was clearly facilitated by Lamartine’s support. Mistral had been sufficiently astute to know, however, that a literary renaissance could not rest on the laurels of one work. In the same year Roumanille had published a volume of poetry (*Lis Oubreto en vers*) which was quite well received. Mistral encouraged Aubanel to prepare his poetry for publication. *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* appeared in 1860.

La Mióugrano entre-duberto

Aubanel’s verse since losing Zani had concentrated on little more than the haunting memories left by her, and on the pain that he experienced from her departure. “Cleft pomegranate” is an inadequate translation. A pomegranate is a *mióugrano* in Provençal: *milo grano*, the fruit with a thousand seeds. *Entre-duberto* means “partially open,” in reference to the fruit which has been split—usually under the relentless Provençal sun—exposing the tender flesh on the inside. The pomegranate additionally symbolized the

⁴¹ Provençal words are glossed in Appendix 1 at the back of the book.

⁴² Jean Soulairol, *Introduction à Mistral*, Paris 1964, p. 84.

⁴³ Soulairol, *op. cit.*, p. 87.

heart of the poet, and the blood-colored drops of juice that drip from the sun-split fruit well represented, for Aubanel, the state of his heart so wounded by the departure of Zani. “Pomegranate” also recalled, of course, the color of the dress Zani wore the first time Aubanel saw her.⁴⁴

The Cleft Pomegranate is divided into three sections, sections which appear to fit together chronologically. The first, “The Book of Love” (not the same book referred to as the “scrapbook” Aubanel kept after Zani’s departure), is comprised of poems he composed between Zani’s entrance into the convent in 1854 and the collection’s publication in 1860. The second section was to form a kind of “intermezzo” between works of love, in the first part, and the heavier verses to come later. The themes of war and death, written in a more realistic style, are found in the third section, “The Book of Death.” In fact, most of the poems from the latter two sections were composed before those in The Book of Love.

The division of the work was suggested by Mistral and their common friend, Reboul; Aubanel agreed with the suggestion. In a letter, he wrote to a friend of the logic behind the three sections, saying that “love is youth; and besides, it is the first pages of a work which catch one’s attention.” The turn from themes of love to those of death was too abrupt, however, and the *entre-lusido*, the “clearing,” or the “light shining in-between” the two, was inserted to deal with themes of everyday life.

The manuscript was ready to be sent to the printer by the last week of 1859. An early version of it contained only Aubanel’s poems about Zani, and was to be entitled *Lou Libre de l’amour*. Within a matter of weeks, however, the title was changed to *Lou Recaliéu*, a word for the embers that smolder beneath a layer of ash. *Lou Recaliéu* soon gave way to *Lis Amaresso dóu felibre de la Mióugrano* (The Bitter Moments of the Felibre of the Pomegranate). By October of 1859, the title had become *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*.

Much of the work required to prepare *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* for publication entailed translation of the individual poems from Provençal into French. The task of translation is one that many Provençal authors consider, and have considered, to be a necessary evil. The fact is that already in the middle of the last century a number of those who should have been able to read it needed to rely on an occasional look at the translation on the facing page. The *felibres*, then and today, have often— though there are still exceptions— felt that their market would be diminished without an accompanying translation.

The manuscript did not actually go to press until late March or early April, and yet, already by this time, Aubanel was aware that there was a “plot” against his book, “a superb and solemn thrashing, in the name of morals and whatever.” From the time of Aubanel’s letter to his friend Legré, where he reports these words, and for a months thereafter, we see in his letters his extreme sensitivity to criticism, especially to that criticism that suggests immorality. Aubanel continues his letter, saying, “So there I am, the most inoffensive little insect in the world, something dangerous and harmful!”⁴⁵

By early June, Aubanel had a clearer idea of the opposition facing him: “I’m going to be... fustigated, excoriated, and quartered alive, out in the open sun, right here in my nice city of Avignon.”⁴⁶

The rumor mill turned out to be true. *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* was off the press before the first of June. The June 15 edition of the *Revue des Bibliothèques Paroissiales* had placed not one cross, but two, beside the name of Aubanel’s book. It was “doubly dangerous.” Usually, the reason for the cross was given; such was not the case for

⁴⁴ Cf. poem IV.

⁴⁵ Letter from Aubanel to Ludovic Legré, in Dumas, *Etudes sur Théodore Aubanel, le poète ligoté et Avignon au XIXe siècle*, Saint Remy de Provence, 1987p. 136; also in Liprandi’s *Théodore Aubanel, oeuvres choisies*, pp. 28-9. “Me voilà bientôt, moi la bête la plus inoffensive du monde, un être immoral, quelque chose de dangereux et de malfaisant !”

⁴⁶ Dumas, *op. cit.*, 136; Liprandi, p. 29.

Aubanel's collection. This "double crossing" was the first event of its kind in the *Revue's* history.⁴⁷

The *Revue* was published by four different dioceses in the Midi, although the review of Aubanel's work had originated in Avignon. The publication was influential enough that it was in circulation throughout France. Mistral's *Mirèio* had also been found to be inappropriate for Catholic libraries. In the case of *Mirèio*, although the author of the accompanying article lauded the "resurrection" of the old Langue d'Oc, it deplored Mistral's means of resurrecting his language: "People used to speak of the coming together of souls; what we have here is no more than beautiful arms, beautiful shoulders, beautiful breasts, flesh and blood... All the realism of the flesh, and these even more treacherous reticences that bring turmoil to the senses..."⁴⁸

The *Revue* was not alone in its condemnation of Aubanel. One of its companions was the *Le Grelot*, a newspaper that, according to Aubanel, had undertaken "a crusade against the Felibrige, and especially against Mistral and me. Their thesis is that we are immoral in our works, and that we... simultaneously sing of the Virgin and of love, of *Mirèio* and the Saints, and, finally, that we are abominable and insignificant people, dangers to public morality."⁴⁹

And, there was Zani's family. Aubanel sent a letter to Legré, a lawyer, dated 30 December, 1860— thus, some six months after the publication of *La Mióugrano*: "...I should tell you that I was almost involved in a lawsuit... and was nearly to the point of needing to rely on your eloquence. Just imagine, Zani's family found out about my book, which somehow just recently fell into their hands; they were irate. Last week they were all in a fuss: father, brother, cousins, everyone went to see the lawyers. They were ready to send my name to the *procureur impérial* and file a suit to stop my book. They were told that there wasn't a lot to be done, and that [such a suit] would be the best way to give the book lots of publicity."⁵⁰

In private correspondence with Aubanel, the abbot of Cabrières (later to become archbishop and cardinal in Montpellier)⁵¹ "in perfect sincerity" told the poet that he found the rhythm of his verse to have "such perfect grace" that "I felt like I was being rocked by one of those sweet romances whose memories take us back to our childhood..."; but the abbot continued: "The descriptions of passionate pleasures are rare in your book, but, of course, there are a few of them, and I cannot cast my eyes upon them without fear. In my opinion, the friend of a nun should not remember embraces, or long hair, or a slender waist..."⁵²

The abbot added that "Mr. Mistral's preface also... spoke a little too much of kisses.... From a purely artistic point of view, you have perhaps done enough; from a Christian point of view, some of your notes were too tender."⁵³

There were members of the clergy who were less critical of Aubanel's book, as there were members of the press who came to his defense.⁵⁴ Aubanel also relied on the support of friends during this time: the members of the Felibrige, Legré, Daudet, and others. Sainte-Beuve, who was not a friend, and who apparently "abhorred Provençal poetry" in general,

⁴⁷ Dumas, p. 136; Liprandi, p. 37. At a later date, the *Revue des Bibliothèques Pariossiales*, which had changed its name to *Semaine religieuse du diocèse d'Avignon*, was being published at Editions Aubanel: another of the enigmas in the poet's life. Was this for financial reasons? Did Charles Aubanel have more control over what the house published than Théodore? Cf. Dumas, op. cit., pp. 181-82.

⁴⁸ Liprandi, p. 40. The "reticences" referred to Mistral's use of ellipses, which the author of the *Revue* article felt left too much to the imagination. Cf. pp. 40-1.

⁴⁹ Legré, p. 126.

⁵⁰ Cited by Liprandi, p. 30, n. 1.

⁵¹ Liprandi, p. 44.

⁵² Liprandi, p. 45.

⁵³ Liprandi, p. 45.

⁵⁴ For a discussion of these the reader is referred to Legré, p. 125, Liprandi, pp. 44-5, and Welter, p. 99.

wrote Aubanel a very complimentary letter about his work.⁵⁵ Daudet's words, which Aubanel later described as "admirable lines" that brought him great happiness were:

... Do those things really bother you?... What can that man do to you, really? Of course he attacks you and Mistral, because the two of you are real men. You can assume that I am of at least as much value as that man, can't you? Your book, and Mistral's, are both right there on my table, and I open them now and then, just as I open my Musset, my La Fontaine, and my Rabelais... Rest assured that I am not the only one who weeps while reading *La Mióugrano*...⁵⁶

At one point Aubanel received a letter from Stéphane Mallarmé, asking for a new copy of *La Mióugrano*. Mallarmé had given his to Catulle Mendés, who was reluctant to return it.⁵⁷

Regarding Aubanel's surprise at criticism from the Catholic press, René Dumas, in a chapter from his book on Aubanel and nineteenth-century Avignon,⁵⁸ outlines "brushes" with the censorship establishment in Avignon that should have given Aubanel a clear idea of how his writings would be received. From the outset, of course, Aubanel, as a publisher himself, and as a publisher of "His Holiness," should have been aware of the censorship conventions. That fact aside, Dumas reports that, in 1852, the Aubanels published a volume of *nouvè*, songs about the birth of Jesus that are traditionally sung in Provence at Christmas time. After the volume's publication, "A few particularly ticklish Avignonnais did not judge the authors' references to the Virgin offering her breast to the child to be in good taste; with these motives for indignation, they alerted ecclesiastical authorities in the person of the archbishop." Roumanille was indignant at the complaints, although two decades later he, himself, would be complaining about how Aubanel's poetry had stepped over the lines of decency.

Dumas cites other cases that suggest Aubanel was sensitive to, and knowledgeable about, censorship issues. One involved a collaborative effort, with Mistral, in publishing an almanach in the summer of 1853. The possible reactions of the *Revue des Bibliothèques Paroissiales* are considered.⁵⁹ A second involves publication of a story—so humorous that it brought everyone to tears, according to Aubanel—in the 1855 edition of the *Armana prouvençau*. Since the first issues of the *Armana prouvençau* were published by Aubanel, it is Aubanel himself who refused to accept the story for publication, saying, "... there are people, very good people, whose minds are so poorly placed!! There would be a general outrage, cries of indignation; it would be a scandal, an abomination! And our shop would be severely compromised. My dear friend, please believe that I am sorry from the bottom of my heart, but I have no other choice..."⁶⁰

But five years later, these minds are after his "innocent as a newborn babe" collection of poetry, and Aubanel is caught unaware.⁶¹

⁵⁵ Legré, p. 125: "You have tender notes of love; but you especially have idylls with beautiful energy... "The Mowers" is superb under the sun; it has dazzling fury. That's how one emulates Theocritus without imitating him."

⁵⁶ Legré, p. 127. Daudet's letter is a reply to Aubanel regarding a review of *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* in *Le Grelot*.

⁵⁷ Vincent, p. 53. Vincent does not report the date of the letter. Catulle Mendès was Théophile Gautier's son-in-law (Legré, p. 156).

⁵⁸ René Dumas, *Etudes sur Théodore Aubanel, le poète ligoté et Avignon au XIXe siècle*, Saint Remy de Provence, 1987. The chapter in question is chapter 2, "Une Politique de l'édition."

⁵⁹ Dumas, p. 104.

⁶⁰ Dumas, p. 111.

⁶¹ He writes to Legré that "My book is [considered] an infamous book a thousand times more dangerous than *Mirèio*: a whole house of pedants and school boys are sharpening their pens to splatter me with ink. So it's a plot and a crusade against my little book as innocent as a newborn babe, and against that sweet Zani," Legré, pp. 120-21; cited also by Welter, p. 98, and Dumas, p. 136.

The scandal subsided somewhat, but the scars remained. It would be a full quarter of a century before Aubanel would prepare his poems for publication again. He would be more careful about his later manuscripts, but if *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* was “a newborn babe,” *Li Fiho d’Avignoun* was significantly more mature.

I

THE BOOK OF LOVE

As the pomegranate, in the rays which make it ripe,
My heart was cleft asunder;
And as words more tender could not be found
It overflowed with tears.

F. Mistral

I

If little I say, the rest is in my heart.

Arnaud Daniel

My heart is truly ailing, of a sickness unto death;
My heart is truly ailing, and I pray there is no cure.

II

And may you long remember the beginnings
Of our love.

La Comtesse de Die

So, still today you can remember,
That day beside the path,
When before the shrine you paused
To say your morning prayer;

O sweet, and tender, morning prayer!
I, by chance, was passing there,
And when your song reached to my ear
Emotion-filled, I could not stir.

'Twas there you knelt, beneath the aging willow
That drinks from the waters of the pond...
With greatest ease I hear you still:
"O Cherished Cross," your voice did say,

O sacred stone,
Most lovely Cross,
By all these flowers
May you be honored.

I
LOU LIBRE DE L'AMOUR

Coume fai la miógrano au rai que l'amaduro,
Moun cor se durbiguè,
E noun poudènt trouva plus tèndro parladuro,
En plour s'espandiguè.
F. Mistral

I
S'ieu dic pauc, ins el cor me sta.
Arnaud Daniel

Ai lou cor bèn malaut, malaut à n'en mourir;
Ai lou cor bèn malaut, e vole pas gari.

II
E membre vos qual fo l'comensamens
De nostr' amor!
La Comtesso de Dio

Alor, n'avès garda memòri,
D'aquéu jour que, long dóu camin,
Fasias, davans un ouratòri,
Vosto preièro dóu matin;

Preièro douço, tèndro, antico!
Iéu, peraquí d'asard vengu,
En entendènt lou bèu cantico,
M'ère arresta tout esmougu.

Ero eilà, souto lou vièi sause
Que béu lis aigo dóu pesquié...
Me sèmblo encaro que vous ause:
-- Bello Crous, vosto voues disié,

O pèiro sacrado,
Bello, bello Crous,
Fugués ounourado
De tóuti li flous.

Jesus hears
The nightingale,
And like the softest stream
Does His blood flow.

Freed from Purgatory,
O holy Crucifix,
Grant us the glory
Of your paradise!

And with your holy prayer now done,
I take a step, and dare to say
“Your words are blessed!
May I learn, like you, to pray.”

And you so gentle, so free from pride,
Madamisello, upon the spot
You shared your prayer with me,
Just as the fledgling shares his song.

Your prayer, so full of beauty!
So full with faith from days of old!
When I say it, *Madamisello*,
I dream of you, and am consoled.

Here, upon white paper
It's written by your pen,
The letters not quite equal
Betray your trembling hand.

I reread it in my sadness;
I keep it in my drawer
With the other things I cherish,
With my letters from Reboul;

It rests beside a wilted flower
A tiny flower which last summer
You picked at Font-Clarette
A wildflower picked for me!

Jèsu-Crist escouto
Lou roussignoulet,
E soun sang degouto
Coume un raïoulet.

Franc de purgatori,
O sant Crucifis,
Baïo-nous la glòri
De toun paradis!

E vòstis Ouro aqui finido,
M'avance, e vous dise, crentous:
Vosto paraulo es benesido!
Iéu vole prega coume vous.

E vous tant gènto, e vous rèn fièro,
Madamisello, quatecant
M'avès douna vosto preièro
Coume l'aucèu douno soun cant.

Vosto preièro, ah! coume es bello!
Avien la fe, dins l'ancian tèm!
Quand la dise, Madamisello,
Iéu sounje à vous, e siéu countènt.

Vaqui pamens vosto escrituro!
Sus aquéu poulit papié blanc,
Vosto man, qu'es pas bèn seguro,
Mounto e davalò en tremoulant.

La relegisse, quand siéu triste;
La tène dins moun tiradou,
Emé ço qu'ai de mai requiste,
Emé li letro de Rebou;

Contro uno flour touto passido,
Pichoto flour qu'aquest estiéu,
A Font-Clareto avès culido,
Uno flour culido pèr iéu!

I, who of women had such fear,
Have none when I'm with you;
And my heart comes out of hiding
With the warmth that's in your laugh.

Now, alas!, I'll tell you all:
That flower, the paper there,
Madamisello, though not much substance,
They're what I hold most dear.

III

And you shall tell them
That I die from desire.
Gaucelm Faidit

If only my heart had wings,
Upon your neck, upon your shoulder
With great ardor it would fly,
O my fair! And to your ear
It would speak of wonders,
Of the miracles of love.

If only my heart had wings,
Upon your two lips so pale
Like a lost soul it would fly;
My heart would give you, my dearest,
A hundred kisses, and hundreds more ...
It would need to speak no more!

Pity! My heart is wingless!
Frozen by languor and cold.
There! It's there upon my hand;
Take it in yours, my beauty!
Like a lamb does my heart bleat,
And like a child it weeps.

Iéu qu'ai tant crento emé li chato,
Ai ges de crento davans vous;
E tout moun cor se desacato,
A voste rire amistadous.

Tenès, vous dirai tout: pecaire!
Aquelo flour, aquéu papié,
Madamisello, acò 's pas gaire,
E pèr iéu i'a rèn da parié!

III

E poiras li dir
Qu'iéu mor de desir.
Gaucelm Faidit

Ah! se moun cor avié d'alo,
Sus toun còu, sus toun espalo,
Voularié tout en coumbour,
O mignoto! à toun auriho
Te dirié de meraviho,
De meraviho d'amour.

Ah! se moun cor avié d'alo,
Subre ti bouqueto palo
Voularié coume un perdu;
Moun cor te farié, chatouno,
Cènt poutoun e cènt poutouno;
Parlarié, parlarié plu!

Pieta! moun cor n'a ges d'alo!
Lou làngui, la fre lou jalo:
Tè! lou vaqui sus ma man;
Pren-lou dins la tiéuno, o bello!
Coume un agnèu moun cor bèlo,
E plouro coume un enfant.

IV

But I keep my hopes for
The sweet girl of the castle,
Well made, with color like pomegranate.

Pierre Vidal

To everyone you say
Just what the moment needs;
You have so fine a smile
And such sweet words to speak!

And we also love the evenings
When you join our conversation,
When you bring to us your laughter,
O great, o sweet, o gentle sprite!

*

This life is tiring, there are those who are so worn!
May the good Lord be always with you
Wherever there are tears, they're soon to be consoled,
For you love what others shun:
The old, the poor stooped-over elderly, all white;
All those who are unhappy, those who have no bread;
The child who has no mother,
The mother with children no more.
Surely, consolation is sweet upon your lips;
You say so well: "What a shame it is!"

*

And I, I contemplate the setting of the sun.

With her waist so slender and her dress of wool,
Of pomegranate red,
With her brow so smooth, and her large, lovely eyes,
With her hair so long, so black, and her face so tanned,
So soon shall I see her, the sweetest of virgins,
And she'll greet me "Bon vèspre!" O Zani, come soon!

IV

Mas de gentil castelana,
Bèn fait' ab color de grana,
Am mais la bon' esperansa.
Pèire Vidal

En tóuti sabès dire
Quaucarèn de pouli;
Avès un tant bon rire,
Un tant dous parauli!

E peréu aman li vihado
Ounte venès cacaleja,
Ounte venès risouleja,
O gènto, o douço, o grando fado!

*

Aquesto vido alasso, e n'i'a que soun bèn las!
Que lou bon Diéu vous acoumpagne
Pertout monte se plouro! auran lèu de soulas,
Car amas tout ço qu'èi de plagne:
Li vièi, li pàuri vièi tóuti clin, tóuti blanc;
Li gènt, qu'an dóu malur, li gènt qu'an ges de pan;
Lis enfantoun qu'an ges de maire,
Li maire que n'an plus d'enfant.
Segur, de vosto bouco èi brave d'èstre plan;
Sabès tant bèn dire: —Pecaire!

*

E iéu, tène d'à-ment lou tremount dóu soulèu.

Emé soun jougne prim e sa raubo de lano
Coulour de la mióugrano,
Emé soun front tant lis e sis grands iue tant bèu,
Emé si long péu negre e sa caro brunello,
Tout-aro la veirai, la douço vierginello,
Que me dira: — Bon vèspre! — O Zani, venès lèu!

Come soon! We so love the evenings
When you join our conversation,
When you bring to us your laughter,
O great, o sweet, o gentle sprite.

V

But when her white gloved hand
Tenderly pressed her friend
Out from the heart moved love,
And descended.

Savaric de Mauleon

Like a gay and nimble child,
She danced and sang; upon her head,
Where I had laid a florid crown,
Her deep black hair, her perfumed hair,
Flew freely here and there;
My heart was overflowing, so filled it was with love.

And thus, upon the marble steps,
The lovely child was dancing,
And the only sound one heard was the *piéu-piéu*
Of those birds who spend the night in trees.

Everything, then, needs rest, and goes into hiding.
In the heart of the labyrinth, in the shaded path
With the breezes of the sunset,
The great sun, red and proud, slunk down into the dark.

Meantime arose the first strains of dawn's beautiful song
From crickets in the grass and moss,
And the moon, rising tranquil, slowly over the hill,
Dispersed the sweetness of its light.

With joy enraptured the child could never tire
Of singing, of jumping, of laughing and dancing.
Crazy, nimbly, still she danced on:
Of a sudden in the pleats of her festive dress

Venès lèu! aman li vihado
Ounte venès cacaleja,
Ounte venès risouleja,
O gènto, o douço, o grando fado!

V
Mas quand la man blanca sès gant
Estrenh son amic doussamen,
L'amors mòu del cor e descend.
Savaric de Mauleon

Coume un enfant, urouso e lèsto,
Dansavo en cantant; de sa tèsto
Qu'aviéu courounado de flour,
Si péu prefuma, si péu negre,
A l'asard voulavon alegre,
E moun cor èro gounfle, èro gounfle d'amour.

Ansin, sus lou pountin de maubre,
Ero à dansa la bello enfant,
E s'entèndié de brut que lou piéu-piéu que fan
Lis aucèu qu'à la niue se couchon dins lis aubre:

Tout cerco lou repaus, alor, e tout s'escound.
Au founs dóu laberinte e dins l'andano soubro,
Emé lis auro dóu tremount,
Lou soulèu, rouge e fièr, davalavo dins l'oumbro.

Enterin, coumencè la poulido cansoun
Di grihet, dins l'erbo e la mousso,
E la luno, mountant, tranquilo, aperamount,
Espandiguè sa clarta douço.

Trefoulido, l'enfant noun poudié s'alassa
De canta, de sauta, de rire e de dansa.
Toujour dansavo, folo e lèsto:
Subran, dintre li ple de sa raubo de fèsto

Her slender little foot gets caught;
She stumbles and cries out: "Mother!"
And then she starts to fall, alas!
I run... and in my arms she lands.

How pretty was her face, there upon my shoulder,
Submerged in waves of hair, and leaning, limply pale...
"Did you hurt yourself?" Then, with her beautiful eyes
She looked at me. My hand felt the beat of her heart;
Oh, how deeply moved she was! Oh, how pure she was,
And I, for her life, would have given up mine,
Now that I contained her wholly within my arms,
Oh! I could never wish that she had not fallen!

VI

You have taken away my laugh
And replaced it with my pain:
A greater martyrdom
Than I no man can feel.
Guilhèm de Cabestanh

Ah! Your little warm and sun-browned hand,
Give it to me! Give it to me!
Come off with me, the moon is bright;
Come off, the sky is filled with stars.

Ah! Your little warm and sun-browned hand,
Please place it here, within my hand!
Let us sit down, and on your knees
Rock me as you would your own child!

Now joyless I'm tired of running,
Weary of wandering like a dog!
Console me, I suffer, I weep...
Why do you sing, gay nightingales?

The moon is hid; all's cast in shade:
O splendid night! "Your hand trembles,
My young man; your hand is cold!"
"While yours, o Zani, is burning!"

Soun prim petoun s'es embarra;
Trantraio e jito un crid: -- Ma maire!
E coume vai toumba, pecaire!
Iéu courre... e toumbo dins mi bra.

Que sa tèsto èro bello, aqui, sus moun espalo,
Dins si long péu negado e penjant touto palo...
--Vous sias pas facho mau? -- De si bèus iue, alor,
Me regardo. Ma man sentié batre soun cor;
Oh! coume èro esmougudo! oh! coume èro candido!
E iéu que pèr sa vido auriéu douna ma vido,
Aro que la teniéu touto en plen dins mi bras,
Ah! n'auriéu pas vougu que se toumbèsse pas!

VI

Tòut m'avètz rire
E donat passamen:
Plus grèu martire
Nuls om de mi no sent.
Guilhèm de Cabestanh

--Ah! ta maneto caudo e bruno,
Baio-me-la! baio-me-la!
Vène emé iéu: fai claro luno;
Vène, lou cèu es estela.

Ah! ta maneto bruno e caudo,
Mete-l' aqui dedins ma man!
Asseten-nous, e sus ta faudo
Brèssò-me coume toun enfant!

Sènso bonur siéu las de courre,
Las de coure coume un chin fòu!
Assolo-me, soufrisse e ploure...
Perqué cantas, gai roussignòu?

La luno s'escound; tout soubrejo:
La bello niue! -- Ta man ferni,
O jouvènt, e ta man es frejo!
-- La tiéuno me brulo, o Zani!

My hand is cold, as marble is,
My hand is freezing, as is death,
For all the blood in my body
Is boiled and reboiled in my heart.

VII

That day we read ahead no more.
Dante (Inferno, c. V.)

“You’ll see me no more!” “But why?” “I’m leaving.”
“Where shall you go?” “I’m going to be a nun.”
“My dear, don’t scare me so! What’s that you said?...
You must be sick, oh! You are still so young!
Beware of your tender heart, my poor one!...
You must be sick!” “Well, then, so shall I die.”
That day, our last, we spoke of it no more.

VIII

And then she became a nun.
*Vido de Jaufre Rudel e de
la Countesso de Tripoli*

You, so happy
Within your house
Being in love
With a hospital!
You’ll leave, alas,
In the morrow!
The troubadour
Is pained.

You, all our joy
All our love
You, the jewel
Of all our days,
You’re off, my sweet,
To the convent!...
You shall be wept
So much!

Ma man es frejo coume un mabre,
Ma man jalo coume la mort,
Car tout lou sang de moun cadabre
Boui e reboui dedins moun cor.

VII

Quel giorno, più non leggemmo avante.
Dante (Infern, c. V.)

-- Nous veiren plus! -- E perché? --Vau parti.
-- E mounte vas? -- Me vau faire moungeto.
-- Ai pòu pèr tu, mignoto! de-qu'as di?...
Saras malauto, oh! siés pièi tant jouineto!
De toun cor tèndre aviso-te, paureto!...
Saras malauto! -- Eh bèn! iéu, mourirai.--
Aquéu jour, lou darrié, n'en diguerian pas mai.

VIII

E pois ela se rendèt monga.
*Vido de Jaufré Rudel e de
la Countesso de Tripoli.*

Vous, tant ourouso
A voste oustau
Estre amourouso
D'un espitau!
Partès deman!
E lou troubaire
Se plan.

Vous, nosto joio
E noste amour,
Vous, la beloio
De nòsti jour,
Vous, adourado,
Ana 'u couvènt!...
Sarés plourado
Souvènt!

Your old father
What will he do?
In his suffering
He'll surely die!
Ah! Widowerhood
Is so painful,
And at that age!
Zani!

His wife is gone,
His child has left!
So many tears
For his old years!
This can't be done,
Oh! Please stay. Have
For your father
Pity!

IX

Each day he went off to the mountaintop,
And looked afar, perchance to see his companion.
Ramoun Feraud

I climbed to the summits of all the hills,
Up to the top, where the castle still stands;
I climbed to the tops of the towers.

Pure white and open in the sky,
Open like the wings of a bird,
I saw the sails of a vessel,
Far off, far off, a long, long time ago...
Then I saw no more than the sun
And its rays on the bitter water.

Then, from above, I began my descent.
Along the shore and the great breaking waves,
I ran disconsolate, like one possessed,
And with her name, one whole day, I cried out!...

Voste vièi paire
Que devendra?
Dins soun mau-traire
N'en mourira!
Ah! l'avéusage
Èi tant marrit,
En aquel age,
Zani!

Plus ges de femo,
Plus ges d'enfant!
Que de lagremo,
A si vièis an!
Èi pas de faire,
Oh! vè! resta!
Pèr voste paire
Pieta!

IX

Chascun jorn s'en anav' al som de la montanha,
E regardava luen si veirà sa companha.

Ramoun Feraud

Ai escala sus la cimo di mourre,
Elamoundaut, moute i'a lou castèu;
Ai escala sus la cimo di tourre.

Blanco e duberto dins lou cèu
Coume lis alo d'un aucèu,
Ai vist li velo d'un veissèu,
Bèn liuen, bèn liuen, longtèms, longtèms encaro...
Pièi n'ai plus vist que lou soulèu
E si trelus sus l'aigo amaro.

Alor, d'amount, alor ai davala.
Long de la mar e di gràndis oundado,
Ai courregu coume un descounsoula,
E pèr soun noum, tout un jour, l'ai cridado!...

X

Go! for thy stay, not free, absents thee more,
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!
For God towards thee hath done his part do thine.
Paradise Lost, book IX

Since you are so far, so far away that, there,
The language that is spoken is no longer ours,
Do you not still dream of Provence?
When you do so dream, you, too, must feel quite troubled!
We all dream of you since the day of your parting.

There are still many flowers along the Durance:
Ah! they may, this year, ah! they may just start to wilt:
To crown you with them, alas!, you're no longer here.

You're no longer here! but the heart has its memory:
They often speak of you, the people from your town.
When they do speak, I wend my way into the circle;
I weep as I hear them tell me your story.

Happy as can be, why must you, too, depart?
It's now been eleven months, and yet, so often
We can't believe it's true!
I had written for you a tale of ancient times,
In the language of old.

Ah! with my own lips, of course, I would have been pleased
To tell it to you! But, you can no longer hear
The songs of the *felibres*.
Who even knows if, perhaps, you'll happen to read
This small book that I write!

Who knows? From time to time the works of fate are great,
O gentle *damisello*!
The story which in days of old my grandfather told,
I hope it pleases you,
You who love children as much as you love the old!

X

Go! for thy stay, not free, absents the more,
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!
For God towards thee hath done his part do thine.
Paradise Lost, Book IX

Dempièi que sias tant liuen, tant liuen qu'apereila
Lou parla que se parlo èi plus noste parla,
Ié sounjas pas à la Prouvènço?
Quand ié sounjas, tambèn dèu proun vous treboula!
Tóuti sounjan à vous dempièi vosto partènço.

I'a 'ncaro proun de flour en terro de Durenço:
Ah! podon, aquest an, ah! podon se passi:
Pèr vous n'en courouna, pecaire! sias plu' ici!

Sias plu' ici! mai lou cor gardo vosto memòri:
Parlon souvènt de vous, li gènt de voste endré.
Quand n'en parlon, toujours me mescle au roudelet;
Ploure, en lis escoutant me faire vosto istòri.

Urouso que-noun-sai, perqué parti, tambèn!
I'a vounges mes tout-aro, e pamens, bèn souvènt,
Nous sèmblo pas de crèire!
Aviéu escri pèr vous un conte d'ancian tèm,
Dins lou parla di rèire.

Ah! de bouco, segur, m'aurié bèn fa plesi
De vous lou dire, à vous! Mai, poudès plus ausi
Li cansoun di Felibre.
Qu saup, tant soulamen, se vendrés à legi
Aqueste pichot libre!

Qu saup? de-fes-que-i'a, lis asard soun tant grand,
O gènto damisello!
L'istòri qu'autre-tèms me countavo moun grand,
Basto l'atrouvés bello,
Vous qu'amas tant li vièi e li pichots enfant!

*

Once there was a king: (I won't tell you who he was,
They told me not.) This king, he had a child
And gave him as a tutor a man of the land.
And the little boy, slowly, slowly grew.
The tutor took the boy
Each time that he went out
To the vineyard to work the vines;
And the tutor always carried
A small piece of bread for the boy to eat,
And a bit of wine in a gourd.
And then under a bush, together, they rested;
When they were hungry, they ate; when thirsty, they drank:
He took such care of his fine young lad,
When he took him out to the vineyard,
And when he offered him wine from the gourd.

And yet the small boy continued to grow.
The king dispatched his men to fetch his only son.
The tutor wept at this; imagine how he wept!
And then, one morning, he went to see him:
The tutor missed him so!
The tutor arrived, and looked all around.
"What is it you want?" demanded the guard.
"I want," he answered, "to see my small boy,
Whom I used to take to the vineyard,
Who drank of the wine from my gourd!"

"But oh! my faith!
You're crazy, old man, go back to your home!
Go back, they told you!" But the old man resisted;
He tried to pass, the guard arrested him,
And more and more the poor old man cried out:
"Ah! please let me just see my little boy,
Whom I used to take to the vineyard,
Who drank of the wine from my little gourd."

*

I'avié 'no fes un Rèi: -- vous dirai pas quete èro,
Me l'an pas di. -- Lou Rèi aguè 'n enfant,
E ié dounè pèr baile un ome de la terro.
E lou pichot venié grandet, plan-plan.
Lou baile lou menavo
Tóuti li cop qu'anavo
A la vigno pèr travaia;
E toujours lou baile pourtavo
Un pau de pan pèr lou faire manja,
Un pau de vin dins uno coucourdeto.
E pièi souto un bouissoun ensèn fasién pausetto;
Manjavon, s'avien fam, e bevien, s'avien set:
N'avié tant siuen de soun bèu garçounet,
Quand lou menavo à la vigneto,
Que lou fasié béure à la coucourdeto!

Mai lou pichot toujours venié pu grand.
Lou Rèi mandè si gènt ié querre soun enfant.
Lou baile n'en plourè, coume poudès lou crèire;
Pièi, un matin, partiguè pèr lou vèire:
Se languissié bèn tant!
Lou baile arribo, e de pertout regardo.
-- De qu'èi que vos? ié demando la gardo.
-- Vole, ié dis, vèire moun garçounet,
Que lou menave à la vigneto,
Que lou fasiéu béure à la coucourdeto!

-- Ah! pèr ma fe!
Siés mato!... Anen, moun ome, entorno-te!
Entorno-te, t'an di! -- Lou baile resistavo;
Voulié passa, la gardo l'arrestavo,
E toujours mai lou paure ome cridavo: --
Ah! leissas-me vèire moun garçounet,
Que lou menave à la vigneto,
Que lou fasiéu béure à la coucourdeto!

However, after a while the guard went upstairs
And said to the king "There's a loon downstairs...
Oh, never in my life

Have I seen such a man. A half-hour he's been moaning:
'Ah, please let me just see my little boy
Whom I used to take to the vineyard,
Who drank of the wine from my little gourd.'
A hundred times, perhaps, we've said 'Shut up!'
If he's not crazy he's quite close to it!
He's at the door, and no one can stop him."
"Go get the old man and have him come up,"
Said the king, "we'll see what there is to do."

So within just a few moments,
In comes the tutor; moved, he runs straight
To the King's son, and says to the father:
"Ah! So here is my little boy
Whom I used to take to the vineyard,
And who drank of the wine from my gourd."
Upon hearing his words, all were amazed.

"Tonight 'round the table," announced the King,
"I want you to sit at my side."
And thereupon he made him taste
All that there was to eat!

In the morning the tutor returned home;
And the good King had counted out for him
As many *écus* as he could carry!
And, while making his way, the old tutor said
With a smile to himself:
"Ah! That's my splendid young lad,
Whom I used to take to the vineyard,
Who drank of the wine from my gourd."

A la forço pamens la gardo mountè d'aut,
E diguè 'u Rèi: -- Eila-bas, i'a 'n badau...
Oh! jamai de la vido,
S'èi vist un ome ansin! i'a miech-ouro que crido:--
"Ah! leissas-me vèire moun garçonnet,
Que lou menave à la vigneto,
Que lou fasiéu béure à la coucourdeto!"
Cènt cop belèu i'avèn di: -- Taiso-te!
Se noun èi fòu, noun se manco de gaire!
Es à la porto, e res pòu l'arresta...
-- Anas lou querre e fasès-lou mounta,
Diguè lou Rèi; veiren ço que fau faire.

Veici qu'au bout d'un moumenet,
Intro lou baile: esmòugu, cour tout dre
Au fiéu dóu Rèi, e dis davans soun paire:
-- Ah! ve-l'aqui moun garçonnet,
Que lou menave à la vigneto,
Que lou fasiéu béure à la coucourdeto! --
D'entèdre eiço cadun èro espanta.

-- Aqueste vèspre, à taulo, à moun coustat,
Vole, diguè lou Rèi, que vèngues t'asseta.--
E 'm'acò ié faguè tasta
De tout ço que manjavo!

E, l'endeman, lou baile s'entournavo;
Lou Rèi peréu venié de ié coumta
Autant d'escut que poudié n'en pourta!
E lou baile disié, dóu tèms que caminavo,
En risènt tout soulet:
-- Ah! de moun brave garçonnet,
Que lou menave à la vigneto,
Que lou fasiéu béure à la coucourdeto!

XI

She's gone far off, my sweet friend,
And I, in despair,
Can only weep.

Frédéric Mistral

To the other side of the sea,
In the hours I spend in dream
Often I'm off on a voyage,
Oft times my trip is bitter
To the other side of the sea.

Far off, off toward the Dardanelles,
I depart with the sailing ships
Whose masts reach up into the sky,
I depart, toward my poor beauty,
Far off, toward the Dardanelles.

As the great clouds go rolling by,
Herded by their pastor the wind,
The great clouds which before the stars
Pass like eternal white flocks,
I, with the clouds, go rolling on.

I fly off with all the swallows
Who set course back up toward the sun;
Toward better days they quickly go;
And soon, toward my sweet little friend,
I fly off with all the swallows.

My longing is now for the land,
The land where my friend now dwells;
Far from that foreign country,
Like the bird away from his nest,
My longing is now for the land.

From wave to wave in the water,
Like a body that's thrown to the sea,
In dreams I am carried away
To the feet of one dear to me,
From wave to wave in the water.

XI

S'es enanado, alin, ma douço amigo,
E iéu, desespera,
Fau que ploura.
Frederi Mistral

De-la-man-d'eila de la mar,
Dins mis ouro de pantaiage,
Souvènti-fes iéu fau un viage,
Iéu fau souvènt un viage amar,
De-la-man-d'eila de la mar.

Eilalin vers li Dardanello,
Iéu m'envau emé li veissèu
Que sis aubre traucion lou cèu,
Iéu m'envau vers ma pauro bello,
Eilalin, vers li Dardanello.

Emé li grand niéu barrulant,
Coucha dóu vènt soun baile-pastre,
Li grand niéu que davans lis astre
Passon coume un troupèu blanc,
Emé li niéu vau barrulant.

M'envole emé li dindouleto
Que s'entornon vers lou soulèu;
Vers li bèu jour s'envan lèu-lèu;
E, lèu-lèu, vers moun amigueto,
M'envole emé li dindouleto.

Iéu ai lou làngui dóu pais,
Dóu pais que trèvo ma miò;
Liuen d'aquelo estranjo patriò,
Coume l'aucèu liuen de soun nis,
Iéu ai lou làngui dóu pais.

D'erso en erso, sus l'aigo amaro,
Coume un cadabre i mar jita,
En pantai me laisse empourta
I pèd d'aquelo que m'èi caro,
D'erso en erso, sus l'aigo amaro.

There I lie, dead, upon the shore!
My beauty holds me in her arms;
Speechless she beholds me and weeps;
She then puts her hand to my heart,
And suddenly I'm free from death!

I press her to me, enclose her
In my arms: "I've suffered enough,
Stay, I can stand to die no more!..."
And like a drowned child I hold her
And in my arms I enclose her.

To the other side of the sea,
In the hours I spend in dream
Often I'm off on a voyage,
Oft times my trip is bitter
To the other side of the sea.

XII

In souvenir
I have her face and sweet smile.
Guilhèm de Cabestan

Ah! So here is the little room
Where my dear friend resided!
But now, how am I to find her
In places where she used to be?
O my eyes, my great drinking eyes,
Look deeply into her mirror:
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

In the morning, in clear water,
When she washed her beautiful face,
When she washed her beautiful hands;
As she fixed herself, while singing,
There in her smiling reflection
Her teeth shone like the whitest pearls.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

Sus la ribo siéu aqui mort!
Ma bello dins si bras m'aubouro;
Sèns muta me regardo e plouro,
Bouto pièi sa man sus moun cor,
E subran sorte de la mort!

Alor l'estregne, alor l'embarre
Dins mi brassado: -- Ai proun soufri,
Rèsto! iéu vole plus mourir!...
E coume un negadis la sarre,
E dins ma brassado l'embarre.

De-la-man-d'eila de la mar,
Dins mis ouro de pantaïage,
Souvènti-fes iéu fau un viage,
Iéu fau souvènt un viage amar,
De-la-man-d'eila de la mar.

XII

En souvinènsa
Tènc la car' e l' dous ris.
Guilhèm de Cabestanh

Ah! vaqui pamens la chambreto
Ounte vivié la chatouneto!
Mai, aro, coume l'atrouva,
Dins lis endré qu'a tant treva?
O mis iue, mi grands iue bevèire,
Dins soun mirau regardas bèn:
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Lou matin, dins l'eigueto claro,
Quand trempavo sa bello caro,
Quand trempavo si bèlli man;
Que fasié teletto, en cantant,
E qu'à travès soun èr risèire
Perlejavon si blànqui dènt; --
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

How innocent, how gay she was!
Letting so timidly fall down,
Upon her shoulders, in silence,
As a flowing kerchief, her hair.
In her grandfather's Book of Hours,
Then, at length she spoke with her God.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

Against a branch of holy palms
The book lies upon the mantle;
I know she'll come, for she's left it
Open to where she had started!
Her short light steps, so quickly paced,
I hear in the sound of the wind.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

On feast days and during High Mass,
How proper and well-dressed she was,
The poor child! And from where I sat
I stared in wonder, Lord, pardon!
I stared at her in St. Peter's,
In the sun, and through the incense.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

It was seated here that she did her work,
And from her window she chattered.
For the poor, and for the good Lord,
She used up her wool and her thread.
In the room and in the mirror,
Nimble fingers moved to and fro.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

Ah! The times of sweet conversation,
The times of joy and poetry,
The times for love and for dancing,
Those beautiful times are now past!

Qu'èro innocènto e qu'èro urouso!
Leissant toumba, touto crentouso,
Sus sis espalo, au mendre brut,
Soun long péu coume un long fichu.
Pièi dins lis Ouro de soun rèire,
Au bon Diéu parlavo long-tèm.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Contro un brout de santo liéurèio,
Lou libre èi sus la chaminèio;
Vai veni, vès! car l'a leissa
Dubert ounte avié coumença.
Soun pichot pas lóugié, courrèire,
L'ause dins lou boufa dóu vènt.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Li jour de fèsto e de grand messo,
Qu'èro gènto e qu'èro bèn messo,
La pauro enfant! De moun cantoun,
L'amirave, -- Segnour, perdoun!--
Iéu l'amirave, en plen Sant-Pèire,
Dins lou soulèu e dins l'encèn.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Assetado eici, travaiaivo;
De la fenèstro babihavo.
Pèr li paure, pèr lou bon Diéu,
N'abenè de lano e de fiéu!
E dins la chambro e dins lou vèire,
Si det fasien lou vai-e-vèn.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Ah! lou tèms di dóuci babiho,
Tèms de joio e de pouèsio,
E de l'amour e dóu dansa,
Aquéu bèu tèms èi bèn passa!

Your long hair's been cut by the priest
Alas, we played so well, we two!...
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

So be it, Lord! You're the master!
Through disasters and bitter times
You seem to ripen your crops;
Among the thorns of the thicket,
O harvester divine, do you choose
The most beautiful flowers of spring.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

On the Monday that she left me,
Both her cheeks were streaked by her tears.
Ah! How they'd wept, her lovely eyes:
They had wept all night without cease!
And yet, she never looked back,
As she locked herself in the convent.
Mirror, mirror, let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

Under the arbor now dying,
As I entered, there toward her door,
The sign was posted: House for Rent.
Cruel writings, how you have stunned me!
No longer here!... It can't be true;
My heart ever returns to her door.
Mirror, you won't let me see her,
You who so frequently saw her.

XIII

Alas! My body has neither sleep no rest,
Nor can I stand still in one place.

Bernard de Ventadour

Since she has left me, and my mother passed on,
Over plains and through mountains I wander,
Roaming where fate might lead me, and completely alone;
I weep when the time comes to return to Avignon.

Ti long péu qu'a coupa lou prèire,
Pecaire! avèn tant jouga 'nsèn!...
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Es ansin, moun Diéu! sias lou mèstre!
Dins li malur, lis escaufèstre,
Amaduras vosto meissoun;
Sus lis espino di bouissoun,
Chausissès, o divin cuièire,
Li plus bèlli flour dóu printèm.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Lou dilun que s'es enanado,
De plour si gauto èron negado.
Ah! qu'avien ploura, si bèus iue:
Avien ploura touto la niue!
Pamens n'a pas regarda 'rèire,
Quand s'es embarrado au couvènt.
Mirau, mirau, fai-me la vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

Souto la triho à mita morto,
En intrant, eila, vers sa porto,
Ai legi: Oustau à louga.
Escritèu, m'as estoumaga!
Res! plus res!... Vole pas ié crèire;
Sèmpe au lindau moun cor revèn,
Mirau! e me la fas pas vèire,
Tu que l'as visto tant souvènt.

XIII

Las! mos cors no dorm ni pauza,
Ni pot en un loc estar.
Bernat de Ventadour.

Desempièi qu'es partido e que ma maire es morto,
A travès plan e mount, iéu, tout l'an, siéu pèr orto,
Barrulant à l'asard e sènso coumpagnoun;
Plourant, se fau que torne i bàrri d'Avignoun.

In my heart, my thoughts of Avignon are bitter,
And I flee... Why should you want me back in the town,
Now that before her door I can no longer pass,
Now that I no more have my mother to embrace?
Let me, o let me somewhat change my surroundings,
And see if everywhere unhappiness is the same.

*

You've been walking since dawn and you think you are lost;
But at nightfall your path leads to the lost hamlet
In the green depths of some strange and beautiful gorge.
Up in the sky, the stars are already twinkling;
Your presence frightens the hens, you hear the dogs bark,
And the woman, there in the garden, who's tying up
All her golden lettuces, stops work and stands up.
"Good evening," you say. "Good evening. At such an hour,
Good sir, what is your destination?" "I'm lost, I'm tired!
Could you perchance offer me a place to rest?" "Come in,
Come in, sir, sit down." And before long the kindling
Brightens the house with a gay mantle of flames.
"My husband, the one singing yonder as he plows,
Will soon come; we'll have supper." The woman looks over
The food she's prepared; then quickly, with the bread knife,
She slices the golden loaf, and goes for water
With her copper pitcher; and then from the threshold
She calls her family into the house.
And the soup is poured out, and while it is cooling
The gracious host offers a goblet of wine;
Then, each one in turn, grandfather, husband, wife, child,
Draws out a bowl and hunger subsides;
And you eat the soup and you're part of the family.
Then, when the meal is through, it's time for a nap:
The hostess, with lantern, goes off in search of a sheet,
A beautiful beige sheet, all rough and brand new.
The weariness of the body is balm for the soul...
Ah! How sweet to sleep in the sheepfold, upon leaves,
To sleep without dreams in the midst of the flock
And to be then awakened by the sound of bells

D'Avignoun, dins moun cor, la pensado es amaro,
E fuge... Que voulès que torne à la vilo, aro
Que davans soun oustau iéu pode plus passa,
Aro que iéu n'ai plus ma maire à-n-embrassa!
Leissas-me, leissas-me chanja 'n pau d'encountrado,
E vèire se pertout i'a sa malemparado.

*

Caminas dempièi l'aubo e vous cresès perdu;
E, de-vèspre, toumbas vers l'amèu escoundu,
Au founs de quauco coumbo estranjo e verdo e bello.
Dins lou cèu adeja tremolon lis estello;
Fasès pòu i galino, ausès japa li chin;
E la femo, que ligo, eila, dins lou jardin,
Si lachugo daurado, e s'arrèsto, e s'aubouro.
-- Bon vèspre! ié disès. -- Bon vèspre! En aquesto ouro,
Ounte anas, bèl ami? -- Siéu esmara, siéu las!
Se poudias me douna la retirado... -- Intras,
Intras, assetas-vous! -- Lèu-lèu, la ramihado
Esgaiejo l'oustau d'un vièsti de flamado.
-- Noste ome, aquéu d'eila que siblo en coutrejant,
Vai veni: Souporen. -- Regardo lou bajan,
La femo, e, vivamen, emé lou taio-lesco,
Chaplo lou bèu pan brun; vai querre d'aigo fresco
Emé soun bro de couire; e pièi, sus lou lindau,
Sort, e sono si gènt que rintron à l'oustau.
E la soupo es vejado, e, d'enterin que trempo,
L'oste amistous vous fai béure un cop de sa trempo;
Pièi, chascun à soun tour, rèire, ome, femo, enfant,
Tiron uno sietado e se lèvon la fam;
E manjas de la soupo, e sias de la famiho.
Mai lou repas fini, deja cadun soumiho:
L'oustesso, em' un calèu, vous vai querre un linçòu,
Un bèu linçòu rousset, qu'es tout rufe e tout nòu.
Lou lassige dóu cors es de baume pèr l'amo...
Ah! que fai bon dourmi dins li jas, sus la ramo,
Dourmi sènsò pantai, au mitan di troupèu,
D'èstre pièi reviha que pèr li cascavèu

From the goats, at dawn, and go out with the shepherd
To stretch out, the whole day, and to smell the wild mint.

XIV

“Young girl,” said I, “a gentle fairy
Endowed you, at your birth,
With marvellous beauty.”

Marcabrun

With my thoughts on my lost brunette,
A new brunette have I found.
Every dark-haired girl I’ve known
Since Zani has been cause for my tears.

Even blacker than your ebon dress,
Brunette, how your eyes upset me!
Look at me, it brings me joy;
Look! be the cause of my tears!

“Speak just a little!... What is it
You’ll say? Speak, my heart shall listen;
Speak, my fairest, cause me to laugh;
O my fairest, be the cause of my tears.

“Ah! Like you there still is no one,
My beauty! Your name is...?” “Clara.”
“No! You’re Zani, Zani my fair;
You’re the brunette that’s the cause for my tears!”

XV

And the day is clear and beautiful and bright,
And the sun is up resplendent
In the morning to disperse the dew;
And the birds in the early morning
And in this weather, at its sweetest,
Sing above the verdure
And are joyful in their language.

Roman de Jaufré

In the meadows there are violets;
And the swallows have returned;
Once again the sun has risen,
More splendid, and red.

Di cabro, lou matin, e d'ana 'mé li pastre
Se coucha, tout lou jour, e sèntre lou mentastre!

XIV

--Toza, fi m iéu, gentil fada
Vos adastrèc, quand fos nada,
D'una bèuta esmerada.

Marcabrun

En pensamen de ma bruneto,
Uno bruneto ai rescountra,.
Tóuti li brùni chatouneto,
Despièi Zani, me fan ploura!

--Mai negre que ta raubo negro,
Bruno, tis iue m'an trevira!
Regardo-me, qu'acò m'alegro;
Regardo! que me fai ploura!

Parlo-me 'n pau!... Que vas me dire?
Parlo, moun cor escoutara;
Parlo, mignoto, fai-me rire;
O mignoto, fai-me ploura.

Ah! coume tu n'i'a pancaro uno,
Ma bello! e te dison?... -- Clara.
-- Noun! siés Zani, Zani la bruno;
Siés la chato qu'ai tant ploura!

XV

E l'jorn es clars e bèls e gènts,
E l' solèlz lèva resplendènts
Lo matin que spand la rosada;
E l' s auzèls, pèr la matinada
E pèr lo tèms qu'es en doussor,
Cantan dessobre la verdor
E s'alegron en lor latin.

Rouman de Jaufré

Dins li pradoun i'a de vióuleto;
Veici tourna li dindouletto;
Tournamai veici lou soulèu,
Plus rous, plus bèu;

There are leaves upon the plane trees;
The shade is fresh upon the paths,
All's trembling:
O my heart,
Why have you not died?

'Tis green beside the river;
I stretch out, and from the trees
And nearby shrubbery, perfumes waft
Toward me, and song.
The branches are all in flower:
All is song and laughter, for life's
So beautiful!
O my heart,
Why have you not died?

From their *bastido* all the girls,
The gallant little girls
Singing with the nightingales,
Approach in flocks.
They run, they pick the wildflowers,
And gossip about boyfriends:
They're not alone...
O my heart,
Why have you not died?

Ah! How joy brings restoration!
Come now, let's dance the farandole;
Come now, dance with the young men,
Your hair in the wind.
Nimbly, cheeks flushed, between the oaks,
Run, how fine it is to run! Go!
You laugh, I cry!
O my heart,
Why have you not died?

And each one with a partner,
They'll dance 'till the moon has risen;
But your young girl shall not return
To dance with you.

I'a de fueio sus li platano;
L'oumbro èi fresco dins lis andano,
E tout tresano!...
O moun cor,
Perqué siés pas mort?

La ribo èi verdo: sus la ribo
Siéu coucha; d'enterin m'aribo,
E di grands aubre e di bouissoun,
Prefum, cansoun.
Tóuti li branco soun flourido:
Tout canto, tout ris, car la vido
Es tant poulido!
O moun cor,
Perqué siés pas mort?

De si bastido, li chatouneto,
Li chatouneto galantouno,
Cantant emé li roussignòu,
Vènon pèr vòu.
Courron, trapejon li floureto,
E parlon de sis amoureto:
Soun pas souleto...
O moun cor,
Perqué siés pas mort?

Ah! que la joio reviscoulo!
Anen, fasès la farandoulo;
Anen, dansas 'mé li jouvènt,
Lou péu au vènt.
Vivo, enflourado, entre li roure,
An! courrès, qu'èi brave de courre;
Risès, iéu ploure!
O moun cor,
Perqué siés pas mort?

E, chascun emé sa chascuno,
Dansaran fin-qu'au clar de luno;
Mai la tiéuno revendra plu
Dansa 'mé tu.

Ah, what pity, how good she was,
And how I loved her, my brunette!
Now she's a nun...
O my heart,
Why have you not died?

XVI

Sweet thing, whatever they tell you
Do not believe that there is pain so great
As when one parts from his beloved,
For I, from my depths, do know so.
Ay!

Bertrand de Lamanon

Ah! my wound is great and my pain is deep!
All the wounded, o where can they be?
There's no lack, for sure, of those wounded by love!
Come into my heart, the door is ajar.

Come into my heart, and inspect it:
Does my pain not seem without equal?
Would it not have been better that a famished wolf
Rip into my flesh and devour my body?

What good, my Lord, what good is it to love,
To be devoured, and be consumed?
Ah! were such beautiful love but delusion!...
And more than ever my heart bleeds and burns!

Such is the reason I am as I am,
Passing, like one dead, among the living:
As good as fresh bread and sweet as an angel,
A child cast this strange spell on me!

XVII

The other day, near a dense wood...
Cadenet

'Twas not a queen, a queen with her attendants,
Gallop nobly in the wood, upon her mare,
'Twas not a queen who raised up to the branches
All the dust upon the pathway.

Ah! pecaire, qu'èro braveto,
E que l'amave, la bruneto!
Aro èi moungeto...
O moun cor,
Perqué siés pas mort?

XVI

Doussa res, que qu'om vos dia,
No cre que tals dolors sia
Com qui part amic d'amia,
Qu'ieu pèr me mezèis o sai.
Ai!

Bertrand de Lamanoun

Ah! ma plago es grando e lou mau es foun!
Tóuti li blessa, mounete, mounete soun?
Li blessa de l'Amour, e n'en manco pas, certo!
Intras dins moun cor, la porto es duberto.

Intras dins moun cor e regardas-ié:
Parai, que moun mau a pas soun parié?
N'aurié pas miés vauqu qu'un loup, un loup alabre,
M'aguèsse estrassa, chapla lou cadabre!

En que sièr, moun Diéu, en que sièr d'ama,
E se devouri, e se counsouma?
Ah! que l'amour tant bèu fugue un pantai qu'embulo!...
E toujours-que-mai moun cor sauno e brulo!

Vaqui d'ouunte vèn que siéu coume siéu,
Passant tau qu'un mort au mitan di viéu:
Bono coume lou pan e douço coume un ange,
Uno enfant m'a fach aquéu mau estrange!

XVII

L'autrièr, long un bos folhos...
Cadenet

N'èro pas uno rèino, uno rèino e soun trin,
Galoupant noublamen sus sa cavalo blanco,
E que, dins li grand bos, aubouro enjusqu'i branco
Touto la pousso dóu camin.

Nobly galloping she was, upon her white mare,
'Twas not a queen with her ladies and pages,
Who with one word from her lips and a single glance
 Makes your face either red or pale.

'Twas no more than a child upon a gray ass,
Who along the path so slowly made her way,
And for the first time I laid eyes upon the young girl
 Who, certain, had never seen me.

'Twas toward Fontaine-des-Prés that she came; it happened
That the road was too narrow for two to pass by,
And the girl said to me: "Young sir, please be careful,
 My donkey shies." Then she smiled.

"Here, please, you pass by first!" And then, from sheer rapture
My eyes met hers, I stood still; and she, then, too, stopped...
A mere queen perhaps would have made my head turn 'round,
 But for this child my heart was turned.

Oh! she was so young, but all the more beautiful!
Her corset of cotton, a bit too small and tight,
Was slightly open in front, and her fine bare arms
 Reached out from the cloth of her sleeves.

Of scarves, she had none: for 'twas the warmest season;
And with sprigs of mulberry the girl fanned herself;
In the soft swaying swing of the ass as he walked,
 Barefoot, her lovely feet swang, too.

She stopped. --One year later, I might be cause for fear!--
And yet, we spoke not a word of love;
The child was becoming a woman, and each year, each day
 Would make her taller and sweeter still.

By her way, her manners, her majesty,
She stands apart from any big-city child;
Search long and search hard, you'll not find among thousands
 Such innocence and such beauty.

Noublamen galoupant sus sa blanco cavalo,
N'èro pas uno rèino emé damo e varlet,
Que d'un mot de sa bouco e d'un cop d'iue soulet
 Vous fai la caro roujo e palo.

N'èro rên qu'uno enfant dessus un ase gris,
Que de-long dóu draïou anavo plan-planeto,
E pèr lou proumié cop vesiéu la chatouneto
 Que, segur, m'avié jamai vist.

Es vers la Font-di-Prat que venié; se rescontro
Qu'èro estré lou camin pèr passa tóuti dous,
E la chato diguè: -- Jouvènt, avisas-vous:
 L'ai reguigno! -- e me riguè contro,--

Tenès, passas davans! -- E, pèr delice, alor,
La regarde e m'aplante, e vaqui que s'arrèsto...
Uno rèino, belèu, m'aurié vira la tèsto,
 Mai, pèr l'enfant, virè moun cor.

Oh! n'èro qu'uno enfant, e n'èro que mai bello!
Soun courset de basin, trop pichot e trop just,
Badavo un pau davans, e si poulit bras nus
 Sourtien de sa mancho de telo.

De fichu, n'avié ges: èro au tèms de la caud;
Em'un brout d'amourié la chato se ventavo;
Au dous balin-balan de l'ase que troutavo,
 Penjavon si bèu pèd descau.

S'arrèsto. -- Un an de mai, e de iéu avié crento! --
E pamens, e pamens parlerian pas d'amour;
Mai l'enfant venié fiho, e chasqu'an, chasque jour
 La fasié pu grando e pu gènto.

Pèr lis èr, pèr lou biais e pèr la majesta,
N'ai pas vist coume acò, d'enfant, dins li grand vilo;
Poudès cerca long-tèms, poudès cerca sus milo
 Tant d'innocènço e de bèuta.

“My dear, what do they call you?” “I’ll tell you.
My parents named me Rose, but mother calls me Rouset.”
“And your donkey, what is his name? Perhaps Blanquet?...”
And then the child began to laugh.

“Have you siblings, or do your parents have but you?”
“I’m eldest of five.” “You, the eldest, and so young?”
“One who can walk alone, and one who’s nursing still,
And two other little ones, too.”

“Have you learned how to read? Have you been to school?”
“Of course.” “Your first communion?” “I made it last year.”
“Where go you now?” “To help my folks with the harvest;
They’re on the plain, behind the hill.”

And the child turned sharply among the pines...
O Beauty, how powerful you must be
To have, from my heart, from the loves of my life,
One moment relieved the gall.

XVIII

Sir, of God I am the wife;
For I want no other master.
Jean Estève

*Written on the wall of a room
in the Castle of Font-Clareto.*

O little room, little room,
You are small, ’tis sure, but in memories so rich!
When I pass through your door I say, “Soon they shall come!”
I almost seem to see you, o lovely girls,
You, poor Julia, and you, alas!, my Zani,
And yet, it’s over now!...
In this little room, ah!, you shall no longer sleep!
Julia, you are deceased! And Zani, you are a nun!

Ma mignoto, coume es toun noum? -- Vous lou vau dire:
Li gènt me dison Roso e ma maire Rousset.

-- E toun ase, coume èi que ié dison? Blanquet?...--
L'enfant alor se mes à rire.

-- As de fraire, as de sorre, o ti gènt n'an que tu?
-- Siéu l'ainado de cinq. -- Tu l'ainado, jouineto?
-- Un que s'envai soulet, un encaro que teto,
Emé dous autre pèr dessu!

-- T'an apres à legi? Siés estado à l'escolo?
-- Oh! si! -- Ta coumunioun? -- L'ai facho l'an passa.
-- E moute vas? --Mi gènt meissounon, sian pressa;
M'envau au plan, darrié la colo.--

E l'enfant virè net permié li pinatèu...
O Bèuta, coume fau que siegues pouderouso,
Pèr avé, de moun cor, de ma vido amourouso,
Un moumenet gara lou fèu!

XVIII

Senher, de Diéu sui esposa,
Qu'iéu no vuelh autre senher.
Jan Estève

*Escris sus la paret d'uno chambro
d'ou castèu de Font-Clareto.*

O chambreto, chambreto,
Siés pichoto, segur, mai que de souveni!
Quand passe toun lindau, me dise: -- Van veni! --
Me sèmblo de vous vèire, o bèlli jouveineto,
Tu, pauro Julia, tu, pecaire! Zani.
E pamens, es fini!...
Dins aquelo chambreto, ah! vendrés plus dourmi!
O Julia, siés morto! o Zani, siés moungeto!

XIX

Each day you shall see that today is worth less than yesterday.

Bertrand de Born

I wish not to trouble your life,
How I love you, you'll never know;
In the three years since you left me
I've not seen you but in my dreams.
Ah! my eyes, my lips, and my smile,
A hundred times could have told you:
"I love you so!" What martyrdom!
Struck with love like one who's lost,
My heart so full has hidden all!

Open the doors to your convent,
O nuns, for I want to come in;
Open them, my soul's strength is such
That I can see her without weeping.
Beneath the white wings of your coif,
But darker still, and paler still,
It is you who in the great room,
As the hospital's own Angel,
Pass among the ailing.

The patients call you "My sister!"
And that helps them in their suffering;
And with the worst hour's arrival,
When the time for death has come,
From emaciated lifeless cheeks,
From poor and hopeless eyelids
Which are soon to open no more,
Gently you wipe away the tears
And the bitter sweats of death.

O young girl, our pomegranate
Has scattered its red coral seeds...
Ah! Were I Mistral from Maillane,
If I had the heart of Mistral!
If, of Martin or Roumanille,
I had the style, the harmony,
I'd place your name in a litany!

XIX

Tots jorns veiretz que val mens huei que ièr.
Bertrand de Born.

Vole pas treboula ta vido,
Iéu t'ame e lou saupras jamai;
Dempieï tres an que siés partido,
T'ai plus revisto qu'en pantai.
Ah! mis iue, ma bouco, moun rire,
Cènt cop aurien poussu te dire: --
T'ame! t'ame! -- Quente martire!
Enamoura coume un perdu,
Moun cor gounfle a tout escoundu!

Dóu mounastié durbès li porto,
O moungeto, iéu, vole intra;
Durbès-lei! moun amo es proun forto
Pèr la vèire sènso ploura.
Souto ta couifo à blànquis alo,
Enca mai bruno, enca mai palo,
Ei bèn tu que, dins la grand salo,
Coume l'Ange de l'espitau,
Passes au mitan di malaut.

Li malaut te dison: Ma sorre!
Acò lis ajudo à souffri;
E quand vèn l'ouro que fai orre,
Quand vèn l'ouro que fai mouri,
D'aquéli gauto meigrinello,
E d'aquéli pàuri parpello
Que saran plus regardarello,
Douçamen eissugues li plour
E lis amàri tressusour.

O jouvènto, nosto mióugrano
A 'scampa si gran de courau...
Ah! s'ère Mistrau de Maiano,
S'aviéu lou pitre de Mistrau!
Se de Martin, de Roumaniho,
Aviéu lou gàubi, l'armounio,
Metriéu toun noum en letanio!

I sing the song that I can,
But it's I who love you the most!

Oh! I'd drink you from a goblet,
I would nibble you with kisses,
And I would spend, just to see you,
All my life kneeling at your knees!
From afar, from near, o woman,
You will be all for me! My tears
Only add fuel to my burning heart,
And of suffering I never wear,
And my torment is my solace.

Yet there is no shortage of girls,
Of older girls there is no lack!
Be they blond, brunette and gallant,
You no sooner see but love them.
Oh! What a fortune for the heart
Is this our land we call Provence,
Overflowing with love and youth,
Full of flowers, full of bird nests,
Land of God, o Paradise!

I know someone who comes from Arles,
One whose name I cannot say;
Don't believe, if I start to speak,
That I'm in love with her, oh! no!
But her lips are so inviting,
But her face is so innocent,
Her whole being is so pleasing,
That in her childlike way, you see,
Without you, I'd be driven mad!

Ay! Woe is me, miserable wretch!
My friend, please answer your friend this:
What's become of your hair so black?
What have you done, my sweet Zani,
With that dress I loved so dearly
That you wore, on that first morning
That I saw you? Oh! What a year!...

Iéu cante coume cante, mai
Es pièi iéu que t'ame lou mai!

Oh! te béuriéu dedins un vèire,
Te rousigariéu de poutoun,
E passariéu, rèn qu'à te vèire,
Touto ma vido à ti geinoun!
De liuen, de près, o femo, femo,
Saras tout pèr iéu! Mi lagremo
Fan qu'abrasa moun cor que cremo,
E de souffri siéu jamai las,
E moun tourment èi moun soulas.

Pamens, manco pas de chatouno,
D'àutri chato n'en manco pas!
Bloundo, bruneto e galantouno,
Qu'entre li vèire, lis amas.
Oh! pèr lou cor queto chabènço,
Qu'aquesto terro de Prouvènço,
Pleno d'amour e de jouvènço,
Pleno de flour, pleno de nis,
Terro de Diéu, o paradis!

Iéu n'en sabe uno au païs d'Arle,
Uno que dirai pas soun noum;
Anes pas crèire, se n'en parle,
Que n'en fugue amourous, oh! noun!
Mai sa bouqueto èi tant risènto,
Mai sa caro es tant innocènto,
Mai touto, touto es tant plasènto,
Que de soun biais enfantouli,
Ve! sènso tu, n'ère afouli!

Ai! paure iéu, paure pelegre!
Responde, amigo, à toun ami:
De-qu'èi qu'as fa de ti péu negre?
De-qu'èi qu'as fa, douço Zani,
D'aquelo raubo tant amado
Qu'aviés, la primo matinado
Que te veguère? Oh! queto annado!...

And my heart has hidden it all,
And time has washed it away.

No! The *calèu*, when blown out
Still smokes a bit for a while, and
Love which the heart tries to smother,
Continues to smoulder down deep.
Come! Even though your clothes have changed,
Still your face has remained the same,
As has your heart; Among your trips,
Time passes, but nothing is erased:
And I am still the same young man.

Summer arrives, the nights are clear;
At Chateau-Neuf the evening's sweet,
In the wood the moon still rises
At night, up over Camp-Cabèu.
Do you remember? In the rocks,
When you put on your Spanish air,
And ran around as if crazy,
When we ran around like madmen
In the dark, and then were afraid?

And then by your delicate waist
I took you, oh, how sweet it was!
To the song of nature's creatures,
The two of us danced in the night:
Crickets, tree frogs, and nightingales
All chanted their own little songs;
Then you added your clear sweet voice...
My beautiful friend, where are now
All those rounds and all of those songs?

At the end, yet, tired from running,
Tired from laughing, weary from dance,
We sat down under the oak trees
For a moment, so we might rest;
Your long hair which had come undone,
Was replaced by my loving hands,
And you, in your patience, in your goodness,

E lou cor a tout estoufa,
E lou tèms a tout escafa.

Nàni! lou calèu que se boufo
Toujour fumo encaro un brisoun,
E l'amour que lou cor estoufo
Sèmpe couvo dins un cantoun.
Vai! s'as plus lou meme abihage,
As toujours lou meme visage,
Lou meme cor; dintre si viage,
Lou tèms viro e n'escafo rèn:
Siéu toujours lou meme jouvènt.

Veici l'estiéu, li niue soun claro;
A Castèu-Nòu, lou vèspre èi bèu,
E dins li bos, la luno encaro
Mounto, la niue, sus Camp-Cabèu.
T'ensouvèn? dins li clapeïrolo,
Emé ta fàci d'espagnolo,
De quand courriés coume uno folo,
De quand courrian coume de fòu,
Au plus sourne, e pièi qu'avian pòu?

E, pèr ta taïo mistoulino,
Iéu t'agantave, e qu'èro dous!
Au canta de la sòuvagino,
Dansavian alor tóuti dous:
Grihet, roussignòu e reineto
Disien tóuti si cansouneto;
Tu, i'apoundiés ta voues clareto...
O bello amigo, aro, ounte soun
Tant de brande e tant de cansoun?

A la fin, pamens, las de courre,
Las de rire, las de dansa,
S'assetavian souto li roure,
Un moumenet, pèr se pausa;
Toun long péu que se destrenavo,
Moun amourouso man amavo
De lou rejougne, e tu, tant bravo,

Kindly allowed my gestures.
Just like a mother with her child.

Oh! Why is all just like it was,
Now, my Lord, that she has parted?
Why are you so verdant, o earth?
O heavens, wherefore so blue?
Earth and sky, why do you celebrate?
And why, if I raise up my head,
Do I still have such happiness
When I see you, o holy sun,
Who are so warm, so light, so fine!

O flowers, why have you blossomed
Along the sides of all our roads?
O flowers, why have you such beauty?
And why do you trickle, o stream?
Why so many leaves? The branches
Under the weight of their boughs, snap...
O winter's snow, snow cold and white,
Could you not, underneath your shroud,
Ever keep the earth in mourning?

Why is your singing like organs,
O you birds, who fly in the trees?
Snakes and salamanders are gone,
So then, are there no more school boys?
And then too, where is the hunter
With his hounds, his trained retrievers,
Whose search is as thorough as thieves?
Where is the man with his rifle
To kill the beasts of the good Lord?

Filled with the perfume of violets,
Of the evening's cool air, o why
Do you always blow, gentle breeze,
O breeze of love and of springtime?
Moon, why do you shine so clear?
Disappear from the sky, o stars!
Why make the night so beautiful?

Me leissaves faire, plan-plan.
Coume uno maire soun enfant.

Oh! pèr-de-que tout èi coume èro,
Aro, moun Diéu, qu'elo i'èi plu!
Pèr-de-que siés tant verdo, o terro?
O cèu, pèr-de-que siés tant blu?
Terro e cèu, perque sias en fèsto?
E perque, se lève la tèsto,
Tant de bonur enca me rèsto,
Quand iéu te vese, o sant soulèu,
Que siés tant caud, tant rous, tant bèu!

O flour, perqué sias espelido,
Dins li camin, e tout-de-long?
O flour, perqué sias tant poulido?
Pèr-de-que cascaias, o font?
Perqué tant de fueio? La branco
Souto la ramo s'espalanco...
O nèu d'ivèr, nèu frejo e blanco,
Poudriés pas, souto toun linçòu,
Teni sèmpe la terro en dòu?

Perqué cantas coume d'ourgueno,
Aucèu, dins lis aubre voulant?
I'a plus se serp, plus d'alabreno,
Adounc, i'a plus ges d'escoulan?
Mai, adounc, ounte èi lou cassaire
Emé si chin, si chin bouscaire,
Que fan lou fur coume de laire?
Ounte èi l'ome emé soun fusiéu
Pèr tia la bèstio dóu bon Diéu?

Pleno dóu parfum di vióuleto,
Dóu fres dóu sero, d'ounte vèn
Que boufas sèmpe, auro mouleto,
Auro d'amour e de printèm?
Luno, perqué siés clarinello?
Amoussas-vous tóutis, estello!
Perqué fasès la niue tant bello?

Perhaps I should put out my eyes,
To no more see such beautiful nights!

My Lord! If, even only in memory,
That cementery of the heart,
When love is only history,
All were dead, oh! but very dead!...
In vain one hour pursues another,
No! Something is always stirred up
From that past which the heart so laments,
No! Something is always revived
And avidly eats you alive!

XX

The other day, when my heart felt
Many pangs of love,
I went in search of the flower
By which I might soon be cured.

Bartolome Zorgi

The woman bent low and then stood,
A clump of rushes in her hand;
Farther down, the man was working,
And the dog was guarding the child.

Upon the skirt which the mother
Had stretched out upon the rush-bed,
The child, slightly turned to one side
And head tilting back, was sleeping.

All pink and blond, with tight-ringed hair,
One hand tangled in her long curls,
The sweet creature lay sleeping, rocked
By the soft breeze and by its songs.

The great trees, like a gentle rain,
The great trees so filled with the sun,
Let the shade of their rich foliage
Sprinkle down upon this portrait.

O bèn, amoussas-vous, mis iue,
E verai plus tant bello niue!

Moun Diéu! s'au mens dins la memòri,
Aquéu cementèri dóu cor,
Quand l'amour èi plus qu'uno istòri,
Tout èro mort, oh! mai, bèn mort!...
L'ouro de-bado coucho l'ouro,
Noun! toujours quaucarèn s'aubouro
D'aqueu passat que lou cor plouro,
Noun! toujours quaucarèn reviéu
E vous rousigo tóuti viéu!

XX

L'autr'ièr, quand mos cors sentia
Mant' amorosa dolor,
Anav' enquerènt la flor
D'ont podi' esser garitz...
Bertolome Zorgi

La femo giblo e s'aubouro,
Coupant li grand mato de jounc;
Un pau pu liuen, l'ome labouro,
E lou chin gardo l'enfantoun.

Subre lou faudau que la maire
Avié leissa dins lou jounquié,
L'enfant, virado un pau de caire
E la tèsto à rèire, dormié.

Touto roso e bloundo e frisado,
Uno man dins si long frisoun,
La douço enfant dormié, bressado
De l'aureto e de si cansoun.

Li grands aubre, coume uno plueio,
Li grands aubre plen se soulèu,
Leissèron toumba de si fueio
L'oumbriho d'aqueu fres tablèu.

Innocent, half-naked she slept:
To look at her, gay and scrambling,
The lizards, green colored and gray,
Approached in silence on the path.

The butterflies, with silent wings
Fluttered to each flower in the field;
The butterflies have stopped to rest,
And look upon the blessed child.

I, who was passing on the way,
Stood still there, completely absorbed,
And said "What can she be dreaming,
To be so beautiful, my Lord?"

O sleep, wondrous sleep of childhood,
Good sleep, why last you but a while?
Be it in love or in misfortune,
To man you can be of such worth!

Good sleep that I no longer have!...
Oh! How I'd love to re-become
A small child back with my mother!
Oh! Like that should I love to sleep!

XXI

When the gentle breeze blows
Across our countryside,
I seem to smell
The scent of paradise,
Because of my love for the gentle one
Toward whom I am inclined.

Bernard de Ventadour

O venerable Rome, with your reddish castle,
With the splendor of the sun that washes your great streets,
With your happy people, and women at their windows,
Whose very beauty broadcasts joy, and I am sad.

Dor, innocènto e mita-nuso:
Pèr l'espìncha, gai e courriòu,
Li lesert e li lagramuso
Vènon sèns brut dins lou draiòu.

Li parpaioun, que sis aleto
Volon à touto flour de champ,
Li parpaioun an fa pausetò
Pèr vèire aquelo urouso enfant.

Iéu que passave dins la draio,
M'aplantere tout pensatiéu,
E diguère: -- De-que pantaio,
Pèr èstre tant bello, moun Diéu?

O som, bono som de l'enfanço,
Bono som, perquè n'as qu'un tèm?
Dins l'amour, dins la maluranço,
A l'ome fariés tant de bèn!

Bèu som que iéu pode plus faire!...
Oh! que vourriéu redeveni
Pichot enfant emé ma maire!
Oh! que vourriéu ansin dourmi!

XXI

Quand la douss' aura vènta
De vès noste païs,
M'es vejaire qu'iéu sènta
Odor de paradis,

Pèr amor de la gènta
Vès cui iéu sui aclis.
Bernat de Ventadour

O venerablo Roumo, emé ti palais rous,
Emé toun souleias qu'emplis ti grand carriero,
Emé toun pople gai, ti femo fenestriero,
Tant bello que fan gau, iéu rèste malurous.

I have scaled all alone the Column of Trajan:
Over there the Quirinal, here the Vatican,
The green papal gardens and, like a long ribbon,
Yellow, beneath the bridges, the Tiber flows by.

Raising its immense cupola among the pines,
Look! Like unto a mountain, behold great St. Peter's...
St. Peter's of Avignon, oh! how I should like
To see your slender belfry appear among the trees!

Then, with their ancient brambles and fierce passageways,
And their burned blocks of stone, the old Roman ramparts,
And the great twin archways built out of red stone,
Which meet in the center of the vast Coliseum.

And something yet still brings my country to my mind:
Coliseum, for me, you're the Coliseum of Arles;
And you whom I so weep, of whom I ever speak,
Alone, 'midst these people, my friend, I saw you not.

Farther off, upon the wild moon which lies between
The Porto Latino and the Porto San Paulo,
Horned and yet shyly reserved, black and free, the bulls
Wander in their herds, as do the bulls of Camargue.

I thought I had forgotten! On land or on sea,
I thought I'd left behind something of my pain;
It's time that's passing away, my life that's being spent,
And my heart becomes ever more bitter and sad!

XXII

Alas! Of love I have won no more
Than the pain and tribulation.
Cercamon

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

Ai escala soulet, la coulouno Trajano:
D'aqui lou Quirinau, d'eici lou Vatican,
Li verd jardin dóu Papo, e, coume un long riban,
Jaune, souto li pont, lou Tibre se debano.

Enaurant sa coupolo inmènso entre li pin,
Vès! tau qu'uno mountagno, eila, lou grand Sant-Pèire...

Sant-Pèire d'Avignoun, oh! que vouuriéu te vèire
Dins lis aubre espeli 'mé toun clóuchié loungin!--

Pièi, 'mé si rómio antico e sis engrau ferouge
E si queiroun crema, li vièi bàrri rouman;
E li grands arc bessoun, que se donon la man,
Dóu vaste Coulisèu, basti de patòu rouge.

E toujours quaucarèn me retrais lou païs:
O Coulisèu, pèr iéu, siés lis Arenò d'Arle;
E tu que ploure tant, tu de quau toujours parle,
Soulò, au mié d'aquéu pople, amigo, t'ai pas vist!

Pu liuen, dins lou trescamp sóuvage que s'alargo
De la Porto Latino à la Porto Sant-Pau,
Aurouge e banaru, negre e libre, li brau
Barrulon à troupèu coume dins la Camargo.

Iéu cresiéu d'óublida! -- Sus la terro, sus mar,
Cresiéu leissa 'n camin quaucarèn de ma peno;
Es lou tèms que s'envai, ma vido que s'abeno,
E moun cor es toujours plus triste e plus amar!

XXII

Las! qu'iéu d'amor non ai conquist
Mas las trebalhas e l'afan.

Cercamoun

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Like a baby that howls and whines,
Like a child that's torn from the teat;
Poor heart that is starving for love,
'Tis happiness you pursue, pursue...

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

You would like, someplace in the world,
With her, far off, to go away,
And to hide, so to never return,
For happiness must be hidden!

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

Instead of writing on paper,
You'd like to say what you've not said;
You'd like to... Just her memory
Can make you die and make you live.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

You'd like long and sweet embraces,
And to kiss, until the morning,
Her pretty forehead, her young hand,
Her hands that are bathed with your tears.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

O Beauty! Oh, the bread of youth,
O tasty bread, o fine white bread,
Bread that is eaten while trembling,
Bread of love, bread of caresses!...

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

Coume un enfant crides e ploures,
Coume un enfant qu'an desmama;
Paure cor d'amour afama,
Après lou bonur courres, courres...

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Vourriès, quauco part dins lou mounde,
Em'elo, bèn liuen t'enana,
E t'escoundre e plus t'entourna;
Car lou bonur, fau que s'escounde!

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Sus lou papié liogo d'escrèure,
Vourriés dire ço qu'as pas di;
Vourriés... Rèn que soun souveni
Te fai mouri e te fai viéure.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Vourriés douço e lèngui brassado,
E poutouna, fin-qu-à deman,
Soun poulit front, sa jouino man,
Si man de ti plour arrousado.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

O Bèuta! pan de la jouinesso,
O pan goustous, o bèu pan blanc,
Pan que se manjo en tremoulant,
Pan de l'amour, pan di caresso!...

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Yet, what more could you be?
Mothers rock their children upon their knees,
And devour them with sweet kisses,
With their kisses so consoling.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

But love, nothing satisfies love!
Ever hungry, ever thirsty;
Always burning, 'tis ever cold,
'Tis always shivering and trembling.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

There are those who go off, cocksure,
To find their love, but then come back
So sad that they cause one to shudder,
Those who went off in quest of joy.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

Come now! A woman's caresses
Are only good for her children;
Once you're a man, what harm they do!
In her kisses, what tears there are!

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

The rosiest soon become pale,
In love and moments of rapture,
The strongest men soften like women,
And some embraces are fatal.

What's your wish, your hunger, my heart?
Oh! Why is it you're ever howling like a babe?

E pièi, que sariés mai? -- La maire
Brèssò l'enfant sus si geinoun,
E lou devouris de poutoun,
E si poutoun soun counsoulaire.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Mai l'amour, l'amour, rèn l'assolo!
A toujours fam, a toujours set;
Sèmpe brulant, a toujours fre;
Toujour trefoulis e tremolo.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?

Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

N'i'en a que s'envan, plen de croio,
Vers l'amour, pèr s'en reveni,
Tant triste que vous fan ferni,
Eli que cercavon la joio.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Vai! li caresso de la femo
Soun bono que pèr lis enfant;
Quand sias ome, quet mau vous fan!
Dins si poutoun, que de lagremo!

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

Li mai roso devènon palo,
Dins l'amour e sis estrambord;
S'afemelisson li plus fort,
E i'a de brassado mourtalo.

De-que vos, moun cor, de-qu'as fam?
Oh! de-qu'as, que toujours crides coume un enfant?

With what are you still afflicted?
Ah! For if our love and beauty
Do not bestow felicity,
My Lord, why does my heart then not close?

Quiet now, poor heart, what's your hunger?
Why always, why do you ever howl like a babe?

XXIII

Lord, what ennui
Night causes me!
For I desire the dawn.

Hugues de la Bacalarie

In the northern Lure*, strange and black mountains
Rise ominously into the sky, like the great turrets
Of some old castle of the damned; among the rocks
And fir trees that surround it, one morning I climbed.
I was often turned back from pathways that were blocked,
And at times my way was lost among dark labyrinths.

Long did I walk, a long while beneath the fir trees,
The ashes, the yews, and the beeches; in my fear
I often thought I saw hissing and frightful serpents
As I walked among the roots, so twisted, gray and wild,
That crawled across the ground. And yet, all was still;
No flight, no cry of birds within the mass of trees;
Nothing but my slow steps on a carpet of leaves
That pattered, as I walked, like the sound of rain;

And then, from time to time, the trunk of some great tree
Would be lying across the path.-- Pas du Mal-Cor**, well,
Certainly you've been well named!-- Rocks, forests, thistles
Which are filled with more bitterness, instill more fear,
I know of none: The shade which encloses it all,
Eternally aligned, stretching out without end,
All those large dark trunks by white mosses bespotted,
And like great arms, all of their outstretching branches!...

*A mountain in Haute Provence

**A place name in the Basses Alpes, the "Pass of the Painful Heart"

De-qu'èi que te lagnes encaro?
Ah! se l'amour e la bèuta,
Noun donon la felicita,
Moun Diéu! que noun moun cor se barro?

Tas-te! paure cor, de-qu'as fam?
Perqué, toujours, perqué crida coume un enfant?

XXII

Diéus! qual enuech
Mi fai la nuech!
Perqu'iéu desir l'alba.
Uc de la Bacalarié

Dins lis Uba de Luro, estrange e négri mourre
S'aubourant sôvertous coume li grândi tourre
D'un castelas maudi, -- dins li ro, li sapin
Que l'encenturon, iéu escalave, un matin.
Di draïdu trapeja sèmpre iéu me destourne,
E m'esmare, de-fes, dins d'esmaradou sourne.

Caminère long-tèms, long-tèms souto li frai,
Li liéu e li sapin e li faiard; l'esfrai
Me moustravo souvènt, dintre li racinage,
Que rebalon lou sòu, bestort, gris e sôuvage,
De serq qu'ausiéu sibla. Pamens, tout èro mut;
Ni vòu, ni crid d'aucèu dins lis aubrage ramu;
Rèn que moun pas, plan-plan, sus lou rambuei di fueio,
Que fasié 'n caminant un brut coume la plueio;
E pièi, de tèms en tèms, quauque gros aubre mort,
En travès dóu camin, jasié. -- Pas dóu Mau-Cor,
Vai, t'an bèn bateja! -- Ro, sèuvo, trevaresso
Mai pleno d'espavènt, mai pleno d'amaresso,
N'en sabe ges: l'oumbrun qu'embarro de pertout;
S'alignant sènsò fin, s'aloungant sènsò bout,
Aquéli négri trounc taca de mouso blanco,
E coume de grand bras tóuti li grândi branco!...

I was weary, I was dead, cold, hungry and afraid.
Suddenly a shower of gold fell upon the path;
The horrid forest opened, the gay sun enflamed
The earth, such that one's vision was endless... And, my soul

Glowing with happiness, I fell upon my knees!

In the dark forest where my pain resides, ah! no,
There is no twilight, not a single ray that shines!
Is my night not yet dark enough? Not cold enough?
I am so weary, o Lord! Yet I would run so fast.
Where does happiness reside? Where does the sun shine?

XXIV

Moan on top of groan! Pains over pains!
Martyrology of the church in Aix

For long my heart has been gathering,--
So many leaves have fallen that they hide the paths;--
For long my heart has been gathering,
For long my heart has been gathering the greatest gloom;
For long my heart has been gathering,--
There remain in the wood but dead broken branches;--
For long my heart has been gathering
The gloom that's the gloom of love, and I wait for Death:
But Death doth always elude me!

XXV

For one does not live at all without pain
in love.
The Imitation of Christ
Book III, Ch. V.

Ah! Of all the loves of this world,
There are enough, my Lord, like that;
Ah! Of love I have had my fill,
And yet I have loved only once!

And my love expected nothing:
All the while 'twas a month of May
For my tender heart, which loved
But to love, and nothing more than that!

Ere las, ère mort, aviéu fre, fam e pòu.
Subran un ruscle d'or toumbo sus lou draiòu;
L'orro fourèst se duerb, lou gai soulèu enflamo
La terro, tant que l'iue vèi peralin... E, l'amo
Lusènto de bonur, toumbère d'à-geinoun!

Dins la sournò fourèst de ma doulour, ah! noun,
I'a pas un escabour, pas un rai que clarejo!
Ma niue n'èi pas proun negro, encaro? èi pas proun frejo?
Siéu tant las, o moun Diéu! Pamens, courreiriéu lèu...
-- Ounte i'a lou bonur? ounte i'a lou soulèu?

XXIV

Planh sobre planh! dolor sobre dolor!
Martiroulògi de la glèiso de-z-Ais

I'a long-tèms que moun cor acampo,--
Tant de fueio an toumba qu'escoundon li camin; --

I'a long-tèms que moun cor acampo,
I'a long-tèms que moun cor acampo un grand charpin;
I'a long-tèms que moun cor acampo,--
Rèsto plus dins li bos que li brancage mort; --
I'a long-tèms que moun cor acampo,
Lou charpin de l'amour, e qu'espère la Mort:
La Mort, davans iéu, toujours lampo!

XXV

Quia sine dolore non vivitur
in amore.

De Imitatione Christi,
lib. III, cap. V.

Ah! dis amour d'aqueste mounde,
N'i'a proun, o moun Diéu, coume acò;
Ah! de l'amour ai moun aboude,
E pamens n'ai ama qu'un cop!

E moun amour rèn n'esperavo:
E, de-longo, èro un mes de Mai
Pèr moun cor tènre, que n'amavo
Que pèr ama, 'm' acò pas mai!

The blowing winds that push the barge
Lead to the port or lead to the reef;
Our guiding stars are not the same
Though the same sun shines on our days.

There are those whose sea is always calm,
Whose breeze is soft and weather mild;
There are those who have both storms and swells,
There are those with thunder and lightning.

Who would have said, my little girl,
My poor little child, who would have said,
That this would be our destiny,
I to love you, and you to leave!

Oh! Why've you gone away from me,
Gone off to stay in a convent?
What was it that troubled you so?
What was it your heart was saying?

Why, too, did you have such beauty?
Why, tan virgin, one summer's day
Why did you have to bewitch me
With your great and pensive dark eyes?

I'd not spent much time with women,
I'd lived calmly and taciturn:
So, why was it you took my soul,
And carried it away with you?

These days, if I meet, while voyaging,
One who resembles you slightly

In her clothing or her manner,
I secretly follow her path.

I walk in her footsteps and weep;
And after the girl has passed by:
"O happiness, why pursue you,"
I cry, "Why do you leave me so?"

Lou vènt que buto la pinello
Meno au port o meno à l'estèu;
Avèn pas tóuti memo estello,
S'avèn tóuti meme soulèu.

N'i'a qu'an toujours la mar aplano,
L'auro abaucado e lou tèms siau;
N'i'a qu'an lis erso e la chavano,
N'i'a qu'an li tron e lis uiau.

Quau l'aurié di, ma chatouneto,
O pauro enfant, quau l'aurié di,
Qu'acò sarié nosto planeto,
Iéu de t'ama, tu de parti!

Oh! perché te siés envoulado
Peralin dins un mounastie?
De-qu'èi que t'avié treboulado?
De-qu'èi que lou cor te disié?

Perqué, peréu, t'ai vist tant bello?
Perqué, tant bono, un jour d'estiéu,
M'enmasca, bruno vierginello,
Emé ti grands iue pensatiéu?

Pamens trevave pas li damo;
Viviéu tranquile e sournaru:
Digo, perqu'èi qu'as pres moun amo,
E l'as empourtado emé tu?

Aro, se rescontre, pèr viage,
Quaucun que te sèmbre un brisoun
Dins soun biais, dins soun abihage,
Iéu la seguisse d'escoundoun.

Sus si piado camine e ploure;
E, quand la chatouno a passa: --
O moun bonur, perché t'encourre,
Ié cride, perché me leissa?

So many games, so many feasts,
So many days, my very best,
But what is there left of my spring?
Nothing but lassitude and tears!

So thus is life: men and women,
We must always, all must suffer,

All must pay, with countless tears,
For our meager joy, and then die!

Ah! Since our bitter parting day
Which shall forever cause me pain,
Have I not well paid for my youth?
Have I not well paid for my love?

The joy that was so sweet and strong,
Of seeing her one morning, o Lord,
Have I not well paid it? She's died,
Oh! She has more than died for me.

My body's lost weight and it's numb,
And my sister asks, "What is it?"
No one can know how I suffer;
O Lord, please deign to give me peace!

A little peace to restore me,
The peace, the peace that has left me!
Like something to drink for the poor,
Extend some charity to me.

There's but one true joy to be found
In this world that's so malicious,
But that joy has no comparison:
The joy of loving you, my Lord!"

De tant de jo, de tant de fêsto,
De tant de jour, mi pu bèu jour,
De moun printèms de-que me rèsto?
Rèn que lou lassige e li plour!

La vido es ansin: ome, femo,
Fau sèmpe, fau tóuti souffri,
E paga, pèr forço lagremo,
Un pau de joio, e pièi mouri!

Ah! dempièi l'amaro partènço,
Que fara sèmpe ma doulour,
Ai pas proun paga ma jouvènço?
Ai pas proun paga moun amour?

La joio tant douço e tant forto,
De la vèire un matin, moun Diéu,
L'ai pas proun pagado? -- Siés morto,
Oh! siés mai que morto pèr iéu!

E vène maigre, e me transisse,
E ma sorre me dis: -- De-qu'as?
Res pòu saupre ço que souffrisse...
O Segnour, baias-me lou pas!

Un pau de pas que me restaure,
La pas, la pas que m'a quita!

Coume un vèire d'aigo à-n-un paure,
Fasès-me-n'en la carita!

I'a qu'uno joio vertadiero
En aquest mounde tant catiéu,
Mai aquelo èi sènso pariero:
La joio de t'ama, moun Diéu!

II THE CLEARING

TO WILLIAM C. B. WYSE
of Waterford (Ireland)

My dear friend, poetry is like unto the sun:
It shines upon the world, it warms and makes it life;
Regardless the land, we can all drink its glory,
That sun of the young, the beautiful, and the strong.

Lucky is he who runs to it, who is able to see it!
It is not always shining, it too must decline.
That shower of gold, when it rains down from above
Like wine from God, one must open to it one's glass.

THE TWINS

"Yet two more to add to the group!
Are we not enough vagabonds?"
"It's the good Lord who sends them here,
Why should they not be most welcome?"
Two more boys! What a splendid brood!
Look at them: how handsome they are!
As soon as the young birds are hatched,
The mother bird fills up their beaks.

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

Children don't ever seem extra.
All of mine I count out by pairs,
It always seems a special day
When a new child is born to me.
There are two! So in the same crib
I will lay them down and they'll sleep:
If God wills, one day they'll be big
And they'll go to school together.

II L'ENTRE-LUSIDO

A WILLIAM C. B. WYSE
de Waterford (Irlando)

Ami, la pouèsio es coume lou soulèu:
Trelusis sus lou mounde, e l'escaufo, e fai viéure;
Dins tóuti li païs, tóuti podon lou béure,
Aquéu soulèu di jouine e di fort e di bèu.

Urous quau ié saup courre, urous quau lou saup vèire!
Trelusis pas toujours, tambèn a soun tremount.
Aquelo plueio d'or, quand toumbo d'eilamont,
Coume à-n-un vin de Diéu fau ié pourgi soun vèire.

LA BESSOUNADO

-- Enca dous pèr crèisse la bando!
Pèr ma fisto, erian pas proun gu!
-- Ei lou bon Diéu que nous li mando
E sarien pas li benvengu?
Dous drole! la bello cuvado!
Regardas-lei: que soun pouli!
Tre que l'aucèu es espeli,
La maire baio la becado.

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

Lis enfant soun jamai de rèsto.
Coume li miéu à cha parèu,
Pèr iéu pamens èi toujour fèsto
Quand m'arribo un enfant novèu.
N'i'a dous! Dins la memo bressolo
Li coucharai, e dourmiran;
Pièi, se Diéu vòu, se 'n-cop soun grand,
Anaran ensèn à l'escolo.

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

I, and our man the fisherman,
Have brought up seven little ones!
God gives his help to those who work,
A brood never dies from hunger.
What do you think? For such a brood,
Benezet has only his nets,
And I, alas, have but my milk,
But the fountain's always running!

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

Often the fish end up breaking
Those nets that have been blessed by God;
Funnel nets, hoop nets, and seine nets,
I mend them when my time is free.
Then he sells those fish, still jumping,
From great baskets onto the soil.
And, my children, without those coins,
Your cheeks would not be as pretty!

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

In summer when the water's low,
And there's not a lot in the Rhone
From Avignon to the Barthelasse (*),
The people float by in their boats;
And even there he can find life!
So no one suffers in the house:
If we all have an appetite,
Our basket is filled aplenty.

(*) An island in the Rhone, between Avignon and Villeneuve-lez-Avignon
N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

Iéu, e noste ome qu'èi pescaire,
Avèn abari sèt enfant!
Diéu ajudo li travaiaire,
Jamai couvado mor de fam.
Que cresès? pèr tant de marmaio,
Benezet n'a que si fielat,
E iéu, pecaire! que moun la,
Mai aquelo font toujours raio!

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

Souvènti-fes lou pèis estrasso
Si fielat de Diéu benesi;
Capeiroun, sartan e tirasso,
Lis adoube entre qu'ai lesi.
Pièi, tout viéu, vènd lou pèis que sauto
Di grand banasto pèr lou sòu,
E, mignot, sènso aquéli sòu,
Aurias pas de tant bèlli gauto!

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

L'estiéu, quand lis aigo soun basso,
Qu'au Rose i'a gaire de-que,
D'Avignoun à la Bartalasso,
Passo li gènt dins soun barquet;
E, tambèn i'atrovo la vido!
Peréu dins l'oustau res patis:
S'avèn tóuti bon apêtis,
Nosto paniero èi prouvesido.

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

In normal cases marriage brings
Never more than one child at once...
I am, it seems, of better sort:
This time two, in only ten months!
You can have your nice afternoons,
Ah! You can fish for all you want,
Benezet: here are your two twins!
Not all women do such twinning!

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

My neighbors tell me, "Nourado,
You just can't keep the both of them;
Within a month you'll understand,
Your boys will have dried up the well!"
I, give them to a wet nurse? No!
I can't do that, they both are mine:
Suck, suck more, my poor little lambs,
This milk, the blood of your mother!

Have no fear of exhausting me!
For you may nurse
On either breast!
My little children, you may nurse!

DISPATCH

to J. Reboul and J. Canoungue

Ah! By good Saint Anne of Vedène!
I will give you the whole story:
I should be honored, if it were not much trouble,
My friends, for you to be godfathers to my twins.

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

D'usage, lou mariage meno
Jamai qu'un enfant à la fes...
Iéu siéu, parèis, de meiour meno:
Aqueste cop, dous en dès mes!
Pas faire de bòni journado,
Ah! pos n'en pesca de peissoun,
Benezet: vaqui dous bessoun!
Tóuti fan pas la bessounado!

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

Mi vesino m'an di: -- Nourado,

Pos pas li garda tóuti dous;
Lou veiras, dins uno mesado:
Ti drole agoutarien lou pous! --
Iéu li bouta 'n bailo, pecaire!
Vole pas! tóuti dous soun miéu:
Suças, suças, pàuris agnèu,
Lou la, lou sang de vosto maire!

N'agués pas pòu de m'agouta!
Poudès teta
Di dous coustat!
Mis enfantoun, podès teta!

MANDADIS

à J. Reboul e à J. Canoungé

Ah! pèr Santo Ano de Vedenò!
Iéu vous lou dise sèns façoun:
Me sarié bèn d'ounour, se vous fasié pas peno,
Ami, d'èstre peirin de mi pichot bessoun.

RESPONSE

from Messrs. Jean Reboul and Jules Canoungé

Each of us, though little worthy,
With joy at the baptismal founts,
Accept the important favor
Of holding your two charming boys.

And we shall name them Jean and Jules.
These names are of little honor;
But without glory or great show,
Friendship can lead to happiness.

We know full well that, on this day
A little sorrow awaits us:
Your sons are handsome; we regret
Not being more than godfathers.

Yet set your mind at ease, dear friend,
Surely we shall watch over their days;
But this precaution is quite useless,
For your twins shall live forever.

They shall live to assuage your pains,
And to give you dutiful care,
When the sapling becomes an oak,
And the oak has advanced in age.

We hope that the divine showers
Which bring freshness to our Garden,
Will flow upon their youthful heads,
So that they might hold us closer.

Intoxicated by their charm,

Nîmes will cut off the green branches
Of the palm tree that bears her arms,
That they might decorate their cribs.

REPONSE

de MM. Jean Reboul et Jules Canonge

Chacun de nous, quoique peu digne,
Aves joie aux fonts baptismaux
Accepte la faveur insigne
De tenir les charmants Jumeaux.

Nous les nommerons Jean et Jule.
Ces noms leur feront peu d'honneur;
Mais sans gloire et sans particule
L'amitié peut porter bonheur.

Nous savons que, dans cette fête,
Nous attend un petit chagrin:
Tes fils sont si beaux qu'on regrette
De n'en être que le parrain.

Cependant, ami, sois tranquille,
Nous saurons veiller sur leurs jours;
Précaution fort inutile,
Car tes Jumeaux vivront toujours.

Ils vivront pour calmer ta peine
E t'entourer de soins pieux,
Lorsque l'arbuste sera chêne
Et que le chêne sera vieux.

Nous voulons que l'onde divine
Qui rend notre Jardin plus frais,
Coule sur leur tête enfantine,
Pour qu'ils nous tiennent de plus près.

Nîmes, enivré de leurs charmes,
Ebranchera les verts rameaux
Du palmier que portent ses armes,
Afin d'en parer leurs berceaux.

And, if some envious reptile
Should treat our godsons as bastards,
We would say to Mister Zoile:
"They are flattered by your lampoons.

"There are certain sublime domains
Dreamed in vain by the likes of you;
There the most legitimate sons

Are always the *foundling* children."

Et, si quelque envieux reptile
Traitait nos filleuls de bâtards,
Nous dirions à monsieur Zoïle:
"Ils sont flattés de vos brocards.

"Il est des domaines sublimes
"Par vos pareils en vain rêvés;
"Là les fils les plus légitimes
"Sont toujours les enfants *trouvés*."

THE MONTH OF MAY

To M. Saint-René Taillandier

Gallant month of May,
So fresh and so gay,
Come back, come back again,
And all will wake up;
It's the day's great morn,
And in the hawthorn,
A thousand refrains
Enchant listening ears.

And those who're in love
Find it more pleasant
To be out in pairs
When evening is near;
For, when one's in love,
Safe from all trouble,
The evening's twilight
Is better than dawn's.

Young girls and young boys
Stroll off together,
Laughing at nothing,
Knowing not what to say;
They laugh when mayflies
Before them fly by,
And just like children,
They laugh at their laughs.

They ne'er speak of love.
They speak of a flower,
Or of the color
Of a passing cloud,
Of a young partridge,
Of a gnat they see,
Or of a young bird
Trying to catch it.

LOU MES DE MAI
A M. Saint-René Taillandier

Galant mes de Mai,
Tant fres e tant gai.
Venès, venès mai,
E tout se revihò;
Ei lou jour bon matin,
E dins l'aubespín
I'a milò refrin
Qu'encanton l'auriho.

E lis amoureux
Atrobon bèn dous
D'èstre dous à dous,
A la vesperado;
Car, pèr uno amour
Franco de coumbour,
Vau mai l'escabour
Que la matinado.

Jouvènto e jouvènt
Caminon ensèn:
Rison de pas rèn,
Sachènt pas que dire;
Rison se 'n tavan
Ié passo davan
E coume d'enfant
Rison de soun rire.

Parlon pas d'amour.
Parlon d'uno flour,
O de la coulour
Dóu nivo que passo,
D'un perdigaloun,
O d'un mouissaloun,
O d'un auceloun
Que ié fai la casso.

And in such a way
They chat on their way:
If some large guard dog
Should bark and get loose;
They've just heard the shepherd
Who's whistling there
By the roadside creek
To water his cows.

If the nightingale
Sitting on her eggs,
From fear hides away
In the thick foliage...
Shh! In order to hear
Her beautiful song,

The lovers have stopped
In front of her nest.

And, from time to time,
Lost in her chatter,
Zino slips on a stone;
But her careful friend,
Alert like a cat,
Reaches out to Zino
Arresting her fall
Toward the ground!

They like each other:
Nothing more than that
Keeps boredom away.
Zine went to the *voto* (*),
And he took her hand,
Then, his voice trembling,
Softly, he whispered,
"My fairest beauty!"

(*) a religious feast, usually of the patron saint of a town or village

E de tout ansin
Parlon pèr camin:
Se quauque gros chin
Japo e se destaco;
S'an ausi sibla
Lou pastre qu'eila,
De-long dóu valat,
Abéuro si vaco.

Se lou roussignòu
Que couvo sis iò
S'amato de pòu
Dins la bouissounado...
Chut! pèr escouta
Soun poulit canta,
Se soun arresta
Davans la nisado.

E, de-fes que i'a,
Pèr trop babiha,
Zino a resquiha;
Mai lou calignaire,
Lèste coume un cat,
Laisso pas brounca
Zino, qu'a manca
D'ana 'u sòu, pecaire!

Se trovon pouli:
Rèn qu'acò-d'aqui
Gardo de languì.
Zino èro à la voto;

Eu prenguè sa man,
Pièi en tremoulant
Ié diguè tout plan: --
Ma bello mignoto!

That is the reason
That young girls and boys
Talk so often, and
Flirt with each other;
These games will go on
For four years perhaps,
But they'll embrace well
Before their wedding day.

Also if, perhaps
Some gawker one night
Calls to them "So late,
And you're out strolling still?"
"Hey, what does he care?"
They answer, "Afraid?
We know the paths well,
And the moon is clear."

TO MADAME ***

I

Madame, quite often, when I've been at the meetings
Held in your salon, there in front of the fireplace,
You have offered me a place; and for sure, nowhere
Is there such warm companionship or such nice fire.

Madame, as you know, every day of the summer
You take me, it's now been five years, to Font-Segugne,
Vacation place of paradise, splendid castle
Hidden like a warbler's nest among the bushes.

I warm myself in winter before your fireplace;
And I stroll in summertime among your walkways;
At the table, quite frequently, with your children,
I am offered your wine, and I eat your bread.

Vaqui d'ounte vèn
Que jouvo e jouvènt
Se parlon souvènt,
E calignon foço;
Se calignaran
Belèu bèn quatre an,
Mai s'embrassaran
Bèn avans la noço.

Tambèn se, d'asard,
Quauque palamard,
Ié crido: -- Tant tard,
Barrulas encaro?

Tè! de-qu'èi que vòu?
Respondon, qu'à pòu?...
Sabèn li draïou
E la luno es claro.

A MADAMO ***

I

Madamo, bèn souvènt, à l'ouro di vihado,
Dins voste salounet, davans la ramihado,
M'avès baia 'no plaço; e, de-segur, en liò
I'a tant bono coumpagno e peréu tant bon fiò.

Madamo, lou sabès, tout l'estiéu de-countùnio,
Me menas, i'a cinq an tout-aro, à Font-Segugno,
Sejour de paradis, bèu castèu que s'escound
Coume un nis de bouscarlo au mitan di bouissoun.

Iéu me caufe, l'ivèr, à vosto chaminèio;
Me permene, l'estiéu, dessouto vòsti lèio;
A taulo, bèn souvènt, emé vòstis enfant,
Iéu beve voste vin e manje voste pan.

II

And how pleasant are the evenings
My lady, when the fire's kindling
Crackles, and you are seated there
In your beautiful salon!
There, you have your whole family:
One working, another babbling;
Julie's chatting with Roumanille,
Aubanel converses with Paul.

And then, there are the young ladies:
Oh! How beautiful and pleasant!
They're ever friendly and laughing:
Clarisse, the angel of the house,
Josephine, angel of the poor!
Your hand, though so white and fine,
Wipes off the face of the neighbor's child,
Makes the bed of the sick young boy.

And how nice to be in the shade,
In the fields, when heat rains like fire;
To hear the bird warbling his song,
To hear the fountain's boisterous laugh!
The shade descends, night is soon here:
In Font Segugne it is still nice
In the evening, when the moon's bright,
To go walking in the dark woods.

It's nice when the table gathers
Together a friendly, gay troupe,
To eat the fresh bread that is cut,

The bread that is cut by a friend;
It's pleasant to turn up one's glass,
When the wine is aged; and to be
Toasted by everyone there, to believe
That you still can give them pleasure!

II

E que soun gènto li vihado
Madamo, quand la ramihado
Petejo, e que siés assetado
Dedins veste poulit saloun!
Aqui, i'a touto la famiho:
L'un travaio, l'autre babiho;
Jùli charro emé Roumaniho,
Aubanèu charro emé Pauloun.

E i'a tambèn li damisello:
Oh! que soun bravo! oh! que soun bello!
Sèmpe amistouso e riserello,
Clarisso es l'ange de l'oustau;
Di pàuri gènt sias l'ange, o Fino!
Vosto man tant blanco e tant fino,
Fardo l'enfant de la vesino,
Fai lou lié dóu pichot malaut.

E qu'èi brave d'èstre à l'oumbrage,
Au champ, quand la caud toumbo à raje;
D'ausi l'aucèu fai soun ramage,
D'ausi di font rire lou brut!
L'ombro davalò, es niue tout-aro:
A Font-Segugno es brave encaro,
De-vèspre, quand la luno es claro,
D'ana dins li bos sournaru.

Es brave, quand la taulo agroupo
Uno amistouso a gaio troupo,
De manja lou pan que vous coupo,
Lou pan que vous coupo un ami;
Ei brave de turta lou vèire,
Quand lou vin es vièi; de se vèire
Festa de tóutis, e de crèire
Qu'encaro ié fasès plesi!

III

What helps in one's life and what gives the strength
To carry on are: beautiful shadows, warm fire,
Good food and good wine, good hearts and friendly faces;
At your house, madame, I have found all this.

And yet, madame, I find you not easy to sing!
Ah! if the words of one's lips were the words of the soul!

THE SILK PULLERS

To Pierre Grivolas

You girls who'll run to the *voto*,
You who like so much to dance,
Come, come quickly, my friends,
Now we're ready to begin.

It's not beneath the plane trees,
It's not with your gallant friends:
Come keep the motion going
On the great wheel spinning 'round,

Come, the cocoon needs pulling,
Come, leave love there where it lies:
The wheel that turns is turning,
As it turns it goes around.

Water boils, hands are moving;
Under the broom of heather
Each thread becomes untangled!
Courage! Your foot starts itching!

Your foot starts itching to dance,
And surely you're graceful there.
Your coifs will have their ribbons,
If you've got the itch to work.

III

Ço qu'ajudo à la vido e douno bon courage
Pèr camina: bèllis oundro, bon fiò,
Bono taulo, bon vin, bon cor e bon visage,
Vers vous, madamo, ai trouva tout acò.

Peréu n'es pas eisa de vous canta madamo!
Lou parla de la bouco, ah! s'èro aquéu de l'amo!

LI TIRARELLO DE SEDO

A Pèire Grivolas

Chato, qu'anas courre i voto,
Vàutri qu'amas de dansa,
Venès lèu, venès, mignoto,
Tout-aro anan coumença.

N'èi pas souto la platano,
N'èi pas 'mé vòsti galant:
A la rodo que debano
Venès douna lou balan.

Venès! lou coucoun se tiro,
Leissas esta 'qui l'amour:
La rodo que viro, viro,
Tant que viro fai de tour.

L'aigo boui, la man farfouio;
Souto l'escoubo de brus
Chasque fiéu se desembouio!
Ardit! se lou pèd vous prus!

Lou pèd vous prus pèr la danso,
E segur i'avès bon biai!...
Vòsti couifo auran de ganso,
Se vous prus pèr lou travai.

Zóu!(*) Drop down, stand up, o youths,
Upon the plank, and singing!
Later there will be betting,
Dear ones, and you'll laugh not so!

Your hair, undone, is falling
In long locks down from your comb;
Your kerchief, on your shoulders,
Is slipping off to the side.

All's shouting, noise, and trembling:
The whites apart from the lights,
In the foam of the boilers
Cocoons submerge and appear.

Tell me, o girl, what beverage
Have they now poured out for you,
So that beneath your windows
One hears you giggling so much.

The sweat that forms on your face
Stands out in large drops like pearls:
Spin out, spin out one more time
The four ends of your silk thread!

The cord which is left dangling,
Left hanging down from one hand,
One barefoot, and one poor shod,
You'd spin out the whole year long!

Beautiful girls, beautiful life!
While you're doing your spinning,
To ensure that you're still pretty,
At times you look at each other!

(*) interjection of encouragement or excitement

Zóu! toumbas, levas, jouinesso,
Subre la post, en cantant;
Plus tard, n'en fau l'escoumesso,
Pichoto, rirés pas tant!

Toun péu destreno davalò
De la penche à long trachèu:
Toun fichu, de tis espalo,
S'esquiho, e vai de-cantèu.

Tout crido, bruisis, tremolo:
Li blanc à-despart di blound
Dins l'escumo di peirolò
Cabussejon li coucoun.

Digas-me queto menèstro,
O chato, vous an veja,
Que souto vòsti fenestro
S'ausis tant cacaleja?

La susour sus vosto caro
Fai perleja si degout:
Debanas, debana 'ncaro
Voste fiéu à quatre bout!

A la cordo que pendoulo,
Pendoulado d'uno man,
Un pèd descaus, l'autre en groulo,
Debanarias proun tout l'an!

Bèu fihan, la bello vido!
Enterin que travaïas,
Pèr vèire se sias poulido,
Tèms-en-tèms vous miraias!

THE BIRTH

of the Little Felibre of the Rainbow

To Madame Cécile Brunet

The child is born, now he's nursing:
You neighbors, where are you going?
Look at his precious little mouth!
And look how pretty his nose is!

A kindly grandmother pampers him,
Giving him pinches on his rear;
He's as red as a jujube,
How he wails! How lively he is!

In her bed, still somewhat ailing,
The happy mother smiles through her pain!
She takes her son against her cheek,
Then holds him close, and she's better again.

Look now, look at the father there...
A man, he's a beard on his chin;
And yet, quiet, off in the corner,
For joy he weeps, and hides himself.

There is no one to remind you:
You weep, you laugh, how good it is!
Be it through tears or through laughter,
The heart pours out when it is full.

What is it, Prasedo, my sweet?
You cry out, you wish to kiss him.
But you're too small to reach the crib!
Mother, hold the child down for her.

In the house all is commotion:
They run from basement to attic;
There are those who scrape off the plates,
There are those who scrub the sideboard.

LA NEISSENÇO
dóu Felibrihoun de l'Arc-de-Sedo

A Madamo Cecilo Brunet

Es na l'enfant, l'enfant que teto;
Vesin, vesino, mounte anas?
Vès! qu'èi poulido sa bouqueto!
Vès! qu'èi poulit soun pichot nas!

Sa grand, tant bono, lou tintourlo,
En ié picant subre lou quiéu;
Ei rouge coume uno ginjourlo,
E coume bramo! e coume es viéu!

Dins soun grand lié, touto malauto,
L'urouso maire soufro e ris!
Pren soun drole, e contro sa gauto
Pièi lou sarro: acò la garis.

Regardas, regardas lou paire...
Es ome, a de barbo au mentoun;
E pamens, mut e dins un caire,
De la joio plouro e s'escound.

Ei pas besoun de vous lou dire:
Plouras, risès, que fai de bèn!
O pèr li plour, o pèr lou rire,
Lou cor s'escampo quand es plen.

De-qu'as, Prasedo, ma mignoto?
Crides, vos ié faire un poutoun.
Pèr ana 'n brès siés trop pichoto!
Maire, porge-ié l'enfantoun.

Dins l'oustau, tóuti soun en aio;
Courron de la cavo au granié;
N'i'en a qu'escuron la terraio,
N'i'en a que freton l'estanié.

You, sweet Marie, are everywhere,
With your great heart, your gentle way,
And happiness lights up your face
All the more, my gallant young girl!

The relatives, friends, and neighbors
Enter joyfully, all at once;
Godfather, godmother come in;
Now! Let's leave for Saint Agricol.*

Young ladies, search for your escorts.
And you, young men, please be gallant;
Let's hurry, for we must not make
The altar boy and chaplain wait.

The young babe is dressed up nicely:
Come now, wet nurse, you walk in front!
Oh, what a precious mouth he has!
Oh, what a lovely little nose!

THE MOWERS

To the Felibre Frédéric Mistral

Let's place our whetstones now,
Come, shake off idleness,
Let's moisten with spittle
The edges of our hammers.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

The woman and children
Are expecting a meal;
There are notches on the scythe...
Tonight they'll have their bread.

* A church in Avignon

Tu, siés pertout, gènto Marìo,
Emé toun bon cor, toun bèu biai,
E lou bonur t'escarrabiho,
Galanto chato, encaro mai!

Parènt, ami, vesin, vesino,
Intron galoi, tóutis au cop;
Vèn lou peirin, vèn la mèirino:
Dau! partèn pèr Sant-Agricò.

Chato, cercas vòsti menaire;
Vàutri, jouvènt, fugués galant;
Despachen-nous, que fau pas faire
Langui ni clerc ni capelan.

L'enfantoun es en grand teletò:
-- An! bailo, davans caminas!--
Oh! qu'èi poulido sa bouqueto!
Oh! qu'èi poulit soun pichot nas!

LI SEGAIRE

Au Felibre Frederi Mistral

I

Planten nòsti clavèu,
Dau! espóussen la cagno,
E bagnen d'escupagno
La ribo dóu martèu!

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

La femo e lis enfant
spèron la becado;
La daio es embrecado...
De-vèspre, auran de pan.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

He who does his work well
Never goes without food;
Friends, let's strap the holsters
For our stones round our hips.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

Both mother and daughter
Don their hats with wide brims,
The children of the mowers
Bring their rakes to the fields.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

The youngest, in his hand,
Is swinging a *fougasso**;

The oldest, out in front
With the food leads the way.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

"What's that you have?" "Peppers,
Some *cachat* **, and scallions,
And part of an omelette."
"That should be quite enough."

* a kind of pastry made at Christmas time, and frequently given as a present.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

En quau fai soun mestié
Jamai lou viéure manco:
Mis ami, subre l'anco
Cenglen nòsti coufié.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

Cargon si grand capèu,
La chato emé la maire;
Lisenfant dóu segaire
Aduson li rastèu.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

Lou pu jouine, à la man,
Tintourlo uno fougasso;
L'einat porto la biasso
E camino davan.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

-- Que portes? -- De pebroun,
De cachat. de cebeto,
Un taioun d'óumeleto.
-- Em' acò n'i'a bèn proun!

(**) a fermented cheese, very strong, which is frequent in

the Provençal countryside

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

You are as good as gold,
Oh my friends, bon courage!
Let's go out to the mowing,
With scythes on our shoulders.

I've but one pair of pants,
That are split in the seat,
But there's no one like me
Who can pound out the scythes!

II

Tonight, of this meadow
There will be nothing left,
Not true, famous mowers?
The work we've done will shine!

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

The scythe swings to and fro,
It leaves nothing erect;
Soaring grasshoppers land
On the great mounds of hay.

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

While working, for certain,
Does one truly hunger
To quaff down a strong wine
And bite into hard bread.

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu
Pèr enchapla li daio!

Siés brave coume un sòu!...
Mis ami, bon courage!
Partèn pèr lou segage,
La daio sus lou còu.

Ai qu'un parèu de braio
Que soun traucado au quiéu,
Mai i'a res coume iéu

Pèr enchapla li daio!

II

Aniue, d'aqueste prat
N'en restara pas gaire,
Parai, famous segaire?
E l'obro lusira!

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

La daio vai e vèn,
Fai ges de curbecello;
Sauton li sautarello
Sus li marro de fen.

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

En travaiant, segur,
S'acampo de famasso,
Pèr lampa la vinasso
E cache lou pan dur!

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

Adieu, grasses and flowers!
The rakes did their raking,
And crickets their crying
Out of fear and of pain!

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

I am tired and I'm bent!
Besides, all in one day
Mowing five *eliminado**,
With time to pound out the scythe!

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

See it all on the ground!
Let's hope for a good moon!...
Now, let's light up a pipe,
And too bad if it rains!

The sun's rays that shine down
Make the scythes sparkle bright.

May the scythes on the beam
Sway and swing as they hang...
Let's now eat a salad
Well garnished with garlic.

The sun's rays that shine down
Did make the scythes sparkle...

THE POPLARS

To the Felibre Ansèume Mathiéu

I

Your branches ascend so high
That your head, in gentle breeze,
Looks out over the shoulder,
The shoulder of the small hill.

(*) an ancient land measure, the equivalent of 800 to 1000 m. square

Adiéu! l'erbo e li flour!
Li rastèu rastelavon,
E li grihet quilavon
D'esfrai e de doulour!

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

Siéu las e siéu gibla!
Tambèn, dina la journado,
Sega cinq eiminado,
E lou tèms d'enchapla!

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

Ve-l'aqui tout au sòu!
Vèngue uno bono luno!...
Fasen-n'en tuba-v-uno,
E tant-plus-mau, se plòu!

Lou soulèu que dardaio
Fai trelusi li daio.

Que li daio au saumié
Brandusson pendoulado...
E manjen l'ensalado
Garnido emé d'aïet.

Lou soulèu que dardaio
A fa trelusi li daio...

LI PIBOULO

Au Felibre Ansèume Mathiéu

I

Ta ramo tant aut escalo
Que ta tèsto, au ventoulet,
Arregardo sus l'espalo,
Sus l'espalo dóu coulet;

Beautiful poplars all in a row,

Aflame in the sunset's rays,
What see you on yonder bank?
What is it you see on the hill?

In the gentle, rocking breeze,
Which made them lightly tremble,
Poplars waving in the breeze,
The poplars once spoke to me:

"We see nothing on the earth
But trees and houses on farms;
The crystal night lies in wait
For the weary, reddish sun."

"In her wait she's not alone,
The night: I too am waiting..."
"We see a fair young maiden
As beautiful as the spring,

Who walks as we see her, walks
So lightly across the fields.
Nightingales and cardinals
Call to her as she passes.

She is loved, that young maiden,
By all the birds in the land;
For, in her kindness to all,
She has never upset a nest.

There she is, pink and serene,
Rose-colored like the morning,
And her hair, color of wheat,
And her waist, supple and trim.

Ah! If the waiting is bad,
Seeing you is a king's delight:
Oh, seeing you, blossoming hour,
Great pleasure ever growing!

Bello lèio de grand pibo,
Enfióucado dóu tremount,
Que veses sus l'autro ribo?
Que veses d'aperamount?

Souto l'auro bressarello
Que li fasié tremoula,
Li pibo saludarello,
Li piboulo m'an parla:

-- Vesèn rèn dins li grand terro
Que lis aubre e que li mas;
La niue claro es à l'espèro
Dóu soulèu rouge qu'èi las.

--A l'espèro es pas souleto,
La niue: espère tambèn...
-- Vesèn uno chatouneto

Bello coume lou printèm,

Que camino, que camino,
Lóugiereto à travès champ.
Roussignòu e cardelino
La saludon en passant.

Es amado, la jouvènto,
Dis auceloun dóu païs;
Car, pèr tóuti benfasènto,
N'a jamai davera 'n nis.

Ve-l'aqui roso e sereno,
Roso coume lou matin,
Emé lou blad de si treno,
E soun jougne souple e prim.--

-- Ah! se l'espèro èi marrido,
Te vèire es un ur de rèi:
O, te vèire, ouro flourido,
Bèu bonur que toujours crèi!

Green walkway, full of branches,
You provide us both shade and peace!
Lovely walkway, keep your silence;
Please speak not, you hills and fields!

In the gentle, rocking breeze
Which made them lightly shiver,
Poplars waving in the breeze,
Poplars shook with emotion!

II

So high do your branches reach
That your head, in the gentle breeze,
Looks out over the shoulder,
The shoulder of the hillock.

Beautiful poplars all in a row,
Aflame in the sunset's rays,
What see you on yonder bank?
What is it you see on the hill?

In the gentle, rocking breeze,
Which made them lightly tremble,
Poplars waving in the breeze,
The poplars once spoke to me:

We can see your little friend
Scampering like a partridge...
There she is, beside the spring,
There she is next to her house.

Her cheeks are red and rosy,

And her eyes are full of sparkle;
Her little heart is leaping
Underneath her pretty scarf.

The goat, ever so nimble,
Comes to jump into her way;
And the dog, in exultation,
Barks at her and licks her hand.

Verdo lèio, tant ramudo,
Trasès l'oumbrun e la pas!
Bello lèio, fugués mudo;
Fugués mut, colo e campas!--

Souto l'auro bresarello
Que li fasié tressali,
Li pibo saludarello,
Li piboulo an trefouli!

II

Ta ramo tant aut escalò
Que ta tèssto, au ventoulet,
Arregardo sus l'espalo,
Sus l'espalo dóu coulet;

Bello lèio de grand pibo,
Enfióucado dóu tremount,
Que veses sus l'autro ribo?
Que veses d'aperamount?

Souto l'auro bresarello
Que li fasié tremoula,
Li pibo saludarello,
Li piboulo m'an parla:

-- N'en vesèn toun amigueto
Courre coume un perdigau...
Ve-l'aquí vers la sourgueto,
Ve-l'aquí vers soun oustau.

A li rouito sus li gauto;
A lis iue plen de belu,
E soun pichot cor ressauto
Souto soun poulit fichu.

E la cabro toujours lèsto
Ié vèn sauta l'endavan;
Lou chin, pèr ié faire fèsto,
Ié japo e lipo li man.

But there upon the doorstep
The old man awaits her return;
He says "Girl, while in the orchard,
Why did you tarry so long?"

Then too, we see the mother
Returning from the garden:
"Off again with your boyfriend?
Now, I'm going to lock you up!"

And the mother, from her skirt,
Lets drop everything she held:
"Go up, on up, crazy girl!"
They're already on the stairs.

Ay! Ay! The poplars told me,
Nothing more to see. The poor girl,
What'll she do? What troubles us
Is that we heard someone weep."

In the gentle, rocking breeze,
Which made them lightly tremble,
Poplars waving in the breeze,
The poplars keened their laments!

THE SLAVES

To the Felibre Ougèni Garcin

Semetipsum exinanivit, formam
servi accipiens.

Philip., II, 6-7.

"Oh, what pleasant sun! Its rays are almost blinding!
Those rays never reach the depths of the ditches we dig.
The sky has more than beauty! The earth exudes its warmth!
Ah! For the moment we've escaped!
To stop our pain, what must we do?
Where can we find you, our Savior?
For they told us that you had come.

Mai, sus lou pas de la porto,
I'a lou vièi qu'es aplanta;
A di: --Chatouno, pèr orto,
D'ounte vèn qu'as tant resta?--

N'en vesèn peréu la maire
Que s'entourno dóu jardin:
-- As mai vist toun calignaire?
Ve! t'empestelle dedin!...--

E la maire, de sa faudo,
Embandis tout ço qu'avié:
-- Mounto, mounto, fouligaudo!...--
Soun deja dins l'escalie.

Ai! Ai! m'an di li piboulo,
Vesèn plus rèn... Que fara
La pauro? Ço que treboulo
Ei qu'avèn ausi ploura.--

Souto l'auro bressarello
Que li fasié tremoula,
Li pibo saludarello,
Li piboulo an gingoula!

LIS ESCLAU

Au Felibre Ougèni Garcin

Semetipsum exinanivit, formam
servi accipiens.

Philip. II-6, 7.

-- Oh! quente bon soulèu! trelusis qu'esbrihaudo!
Au founs de nòsti cros, de tout l'an intro pa.
Que lou cèu èi bellas! coume la terro èi caudo!
Ah! pèr aro, sian escapa!
Pèr plus pati, de-que fau faire?
Ounte èi que sias, noste Sauvaire?
Car an di qu'erias arriba.

"What a line of people! It goes up and comes down,
From the tops of the hills into the valley's depths.
Everyone bears something, on head or on shoulders;
Into a small stable they file:
Let's all tread the very same path."
And they saw on a bit of hay
A beautiful naked blond child.

"Who is the master here, say, who is the master?
Who is it that has come that will lift off our chains?
Is it perhaps you, old man? ... If not you, then who?
To join with him, where must we go?"
"Not too far! To save the world, though,
First must he thirty years stay hidden,
The child who's born in the manger."

"*Hoi!* 'Tis you, poor child? And what have you come to do
In a wretched stable? And they say you're God!
But to send you thus, what was your father thinking?
Does he want his own son to die?
Could you escape from the anger
Of Caesars who, all o'er the land
Are now crying :'All this is mine!'"

"What bad fate for us, and so long it has lasted!
Better would we be were we their dogs or horses.
To the lampreys in their ponds they toss us as food,
Still alive, for we are their slaves!
Ah! Death which comes only too late!
It is only in the darkness
That we find a bit of repose.

"And then come the days of greatest jubilation!
Days of malediction, the likes of no others!
Of Caesar, of his son they celebrate the birth:

Children, men, young girls and women,
An ill-bred crowd, filling arcades,
Files into the coliseum and
Ascends the great marble stairways.

Que renguiero de gènt! -- quau mounto, quau davalo,--
De la cresto di colo i baissò dóu valoun!
Tóuti porton quicon sus la tèsto o l'espalo;
Intron dedins un establoun:
Caminen sus la memo draio.--
E veguèron su 'n pau de paio
Un poulit pichot nus e blound.

-- Quau èi lou mèstre, eici, digas, quau èi lou mèstre?
Quent es aquéu que vèn pèr nous desencadena?
Ei belèu tu, bon vièi?... S'èi pas tu, quau pòu èstre?
Pèr l'ajougne, ounte fau ana?
-- Pas bèn liuen! Pèr sauva lou mounde,
Fau, davans, que trento an s'escounde,
L'enfant que dins lou jas èi na.

-- Hoi! es tu, paure enfant? E qu'èi que vènes faire
Dins un marrit estable? E dison que siés Diéu!
Mai de te manda 'nsin en que sounjo toun paire?
Es vougué la mort de soun fiéu?
Pourrias-ti fugi la coulèro
Di Cesar que, subre la terro,
Aro cridon: Tout acò 's miéu!

Pèr nautre quete sort! e i'a long-tèms que duro!
Vau mies èstre, segur, si chin o si chivau.
I lampre di pesquié nous jiton pèr pasturo,
Tóuti viéu, car sian lis esclau!
Ah! la mort vèn que trop tardiero!
Ei jamai que dina la sourniero
Qu'atrouvan un pau de repau.

Arribon pièi li jour de grand rejouissènço,
Jour di maladicioun que n'an pas soun parié!
De Cesar, de soun fiéu celèbron la neissènço:
Enfant, ome, chato, mouié,
Uno foulo desbardanado,
Dins lis Areno, à plen d'arcado,
Escalo li grands escalié.

"The city looks empty. Everyone's present to watch:
The beasts of Africa drool after their quarry...
Can you hear them roar from their caverns of stone?
They hurt from hunger, how hunger piques!
And then they're let loose... The battle,
While Caesar yawns from his watchplace,
Slashes both the slave and the lion.

"We are burdened with pains, we are loaded with chains:
To heal all our ills, what could you do, young child?
And yet, if you were God, it would trouble you not...
We must see if you are, or not!"

Then suddenly the Virgin Mary
From the manger takes the Messiah:
And the slaves all fall to their knees.

"It is I, poor slaves, who am to be your Savior.
I knew your tribulations; when they captured you,
I saw all from above, and said to my Father:
What they suffer I too must feel.
From this hour, the world is waiting:
Please let me come unto the Earth,
My Father, allow me to die.

"Thus here I am. I have come to bear your misery.
I have come to eat of the black bread of your pain,
I have come to mark you with the same baptismal sign,
With the baptism of my blood!
But wait until I have grown, that
One day, a man, I might suffer
As I cannot do as a child.

"Also shall I die in the midst of two robbers,
On the cross of slaves I shall be nailed and expire;
For mother, from my cross, I give you my Mother:
We shall be as foster brothers."
And the slaves stood quivering there.
From within the stable they cried:
"Caesar, 'tis you who'll tremble now!"

La vilo sèmblo viejo. E tout lou pople guèiro:
Lou bestiàri d'Africo espèro lou taïoun...
Ausissès-lei brama dins si cauno de pèiro?
An lou ruscle: quente aguioun!
Lis embandisson... La bataïo,
D'enterin que Cesar badaïo,
Chaplo l'esclau e lou leioun.

Sian aclapa de mau, sian carga de cadeno:
Pèr gari tout acò, de-que pos, enfantoun?
E pamens, s'ères Diéu, te sarié ges de peno...
Fai vèire se lou siés o noun!--
Autant lèu la Vierge Mario
Dins la grùpio pren lou Messio:
Lis esclau toubon d'à-geinoun.

--Es iéu, pàuris esclau, que siéu voste Sauvaire.
Vòsti mau, li sabiéu; quand vous an agarri,
Vesiéu tout d'eilamount, e diguère à moun Paire:
--Ço que soufron vole soufri.
D'aquesto ouro, lou mounde espèro:
Leissas-me veni sus la terro,
Moun Paire, leissas-me mouri!

Me vaqui! Siéu vengu pourta vòsti misèri,
E de vòsti doulour manja lou negre pan,
Siéu vengu vous signa dóu meme batistèri,
Dóu batistèri de moun sang!

Mai esperas que iéu grandigue,
Pèr qu'un jour, ome, patigue,
Ço que noun pode, encaro enfant.

Autambèn, mourirai au mitan de dous laire;
Sus la crous dis esclau mourirai clavela;
Pèr maire sus ma crous, vous baiarai ma Maire:
Saren coume fraire de la! --
E lis esclau trefouliguèron,
E dintre l'estable cridèron:
-- Cesar, à tu de tremoula!

WEDDING SONG

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

To see such abundance,
To see such a banquet,
Ah! Heavens! One would need
To travel the world 'round!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

O Provence, my mother,
So many flowers and girls,
So much joy and such love
Are found but on your soil!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

Other regions I know
Don't have our splendid sun,
Our beautiful blue sky,
The sweetness of our nights.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

CANSOUN DE NOÇO

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!

D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Pèr vèire tal abounde,
Pèr vèire tau festin,
Ah! faudrié, macastin!
Faire lou tour dóu mounde!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

O Prouvènço, ma maire,
Tant de chato e de flour,
Tant de joio e d'amour
Soun que dins toun terraire!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Lis àutris encountrado
N'an pas noste soulèu,
Noste cèu blu tant bèu,
Nòsti douço vesprado.

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

They don't have our clear nights,
Our stars of sparkling gold;
They don't have our good hearts
Or beautiful faces.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

To capture the *cigalo* *
They don't have our good wine;
They don't have the trim waist
Of our girls from Provence.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many

Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

There, there's no need to say:
"No!" The girls nowhere else
Have the same gallant way,
The same good laugh as ours!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

They are not so playful
With the young men they love;
Their kiss is not so sweet,
Nor their lips as pretty.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!

(*) "Capture la cigalo," means "to get drunk"

N'an pas nòsti niue claro,
Nòstis estello d'or;
N'an pas noste bon cor
E nosto bello caro.

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Pèr prene la cigalo,
N'an pas noste bon vin;
N'an pas lou jougne prim
De nòsti prouvençalo.

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Aqui, i'a pas de dire
Noun! Li chato, en-liò mai,
N'an qu'aquéu galant biai,
N'an aquéli bon rire!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!

En-liò canton coume eici!

Soun pas trefoulido
Emé sis amoureux;
Noun an poutoun tant dous
E bouco tant poulido!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!

How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

You've acted quite wisely,
Estève my dear friend,
To come here in search for
Your finacée and *dragées**.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

How kind and sweet she is,
And how she looks at him!
You're happy, are you not?,
With the man God gives you.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

Take off your silk glove
And offer me a drink,
Young bride! Fill up my glass,
For singing gives me thirst!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere do they sing like here!

He who should give up first,
When drinking this pure wine,
Will certainly deserve
To drink troubled water!

* sugared almonds, traditional at French wedding receptions

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

As agu bono idèio,
Estève, moun ami,
De veni querre eici
Ta nòvio e ti dragèio.

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'ï'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Vès! coume èi gènto e bono!
Quétis iue dous ié fai!
Siés urouso, parai?
D'aquéu que Diéu te dono.

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'ï'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Lèvo toun gant de sedo
E fai-me béure un cop,
Nòvio! emplisse li got,
Que lou canta m'assedo!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'ï'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Aquéu que dirié sebo,
Davans aquéu vin pur,
Meritarié, segur,
De béure d'aigo trebo! --

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

Here's to love! Here's to joy!
Come, let's drink to the health
Of a new married man
And his charming new bride.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

Handsome like his father,
May an innocent babe
Come quickly, full of smiles,
To his sweet mother's breast.

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

And now, let's drink to us,
'Tis just! Forevermore
May we be proud and gay,
And happy with our lives!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere is their singing like here!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

A l'amour! à la joio!
Anen, à la santa
Dóu nouvèu marida,
De sa galanto nòvio!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Poulit coume soun paire,
Qu'un pichot innocènt
Vèngue lèu, tout risènt,
Teta sa gènto maire!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'i'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Aro èi juste de béure
Pèr nautre!... Longo-mai
Siguen urous e gai,
Siguen countènt de viéure!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'í'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
En-liò canton coume eici!

Our joy shall live anew:
Held firmly by the hand,
Let's jump until tomorrow,
Let's dance the farandole!

How splendid, what pleasure!
There aren't many
Such weddings!
How splendid, what pleasure!
Nowhere do they sing like here!

TO MADEMOISELLE C... L...

upon sending her a statuette of the Virgin

Here's the Virgin of the Grotto,
Virgin of the fragrant garden;
With her arms open wide, with her head tilted down,
Her mantle knotted at her hip;
She's now has left her boscaige,
And to please you, my friend, she comes from afar.

Far off, near where my brother lives,
You are the queen of all the land,
Virgin! You have a palace of stone, full of shade;
You've the peace of the countryside
And tall trees as your companions;
Your view reaches to the mountains,
Their jagged lines white with snow, and crimson at dusk.

The first flames of renascent dawn
In the morn, turn your robe to gold;
The great rising sun adorns you with its splendor;
Each creature extends its welcome:
The white butterfly says hello,
And all the roses, impassioned,
Sprinkle their dewdrops upon your beauteous bare feet.

La joio reviscoulo:
Arrapa pèr la man,
Sauten fin-qu'à deman,
Dansen la farandoulo!

Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!
D'aquéli noço
N'í'a pa foço!
Qu'acò 's bèu, que plesi!

En-liò canton coume eici!

A MADAMISELLO C... L...

en ié mandant uno estatueto de la Vierge

Vaqui la Vierge de la Baumo,
La Vierge dóu jardin qu'embaumo;
Emé si bras dubert, emé soun bèu front clin,
Soun long mantèu nousa sus l'anco;
Ve-l'aqui 'mé sa raubo blanco!
Lou fres bouscage aro ié manco;
E pèr te plaie, o chato, elo vèn d'eilalin.

Eilalin, encò de moun fraire,
Vous, sias la rèino dóu terraire,
Vierge! Avès un palais de roco, plen d'oumbrun;
Avès la pas de la campagno,
Emé lis aubre pèr coumpagno;
Avès la visto di mountagno,
Si dentiho de nèu, pourpalo au calabrun.

Li proumiéri flamo de l'aubo,
Au matin, dauron vosto raubo;
Lou grand soulèu levant vous vestis de trelus;
Chascun vous fai sa bènvengudo:
Lou parpaioun blanc vous saludo,
E tóuti li roso esmógudo
Escampon soun eigagno à vòsti bèu pèd nus.

The earth and the sky celebrate,
In trees mother birds stretch their heads
Forth from rocking nests, where they sit to warm their eggs:
Everything blesses you, Mary!
The whispering wind, buzzing of bees...
Foy you the crystal spring babbles;
For you, enrapt with joy, the nightingales sing.

Here's the Virgin of the Grotto,
Virgin of the fragrant garden;
With her arms open wide, with her head tilted down,
Her mantle knotted at her hip;
She's now has left her bosage,
And to please you, my friend, she comes from afar.

The city, where man wanders 'round
Like a revenant striking fear,
Shall henceforth be your resting place, Holy Virgin:
The city where, as in a shroud,
Man is imprisoned by ramparts,
Where horses and their carriages
Crush all that should pass through and thunder night and day

Into the young girl's little room

Go enter now, o sweet patron!
For there, the storms of men, the cries and noise they make,
All's made tranquil; 'tis a shelter.
And, if the moon in the branches
Should come to kiss your sweet white hands,
Mother, you'll have the kisses of her youthful lips.

To watch over you, more faithful
Still than the fireflies and the stars
That twinkle amongst the grass and the vast, clear sky,
You'll have a lamp that's radiant bright;
Each night you will have, o Mary,
All of her sweet virginal love,
All her graceful manner, to adorn your altar.

La terro emé lou cèu fan fèsto;
Lis aucèu alongon la tèsto
Foro di nis bressaire ounte couvon sis iòu:
Tout vous benesis, o Mario!
Murmur d'auro, vounvoun d'abiho...
La font claro pèr vous babiho;
Pèr vous, entrefouli, canton li roussignòu.

Vaqui la Vierge de la baumo,
La Vierge dóu jardin qu'enbaumo;
Emé si bras dubert, emé soun bèu front clin,
Soun long mantèu nousa sus l'anco;
Ve-l'aqui 'mé sa raubo blanco!
Lou fres bouscage aro ié manco;
E pèr te plaïre, o chato, elo vèn d'eilalin.

La vilo, ounte l'ome varaio
Coume un trevan que vous esfraïo,
Santo Vierge, aro dounc sara veste sejour!
La vilo, ounte coume en susàri
L'ome es presounié dins si bàrri,
Ounte li chivau e li càrri
Escrachon ço que passo e tronon niuech-e-jour.

Dins sa chambreto de chatouno
Anas-vous-en, douço patrouno!
Aqui, tempèsto d'ome, e crid, e brut que fan,
Tout s'abauco: es uno calanco.
E, se la luno, entre li branco,
Venié beisa vòsti man blanco,
Maire, aurés li poutoun de sa bouco d'enfant.

Pèr vous viha, bèn mai fidèlo
Que li lusetò e lis estello
Qu'entre-luson dins l'erbo e lou cèu vaste e clar,
Aurés uno lampo que briho,'
Tóuti li niue; aurés, Mario,
Tout soun amour e jouino fiho,
Tout soun gàubi gentiéu pèr pimpa veste autar.

With the rarest, most precious flowers,
Joys in their scent, and joys to see,
She will come to crown your gypsum image,
O Queen! And as the turtledove,
Who opens his heart, sings and weeps,
She will come to pass peaceful hours
In prayer in your presence, and perhaps reading, too.

She's the friend of the Felibrige,
And she knows by heart all their books;
What a sweet, tender soul, and what a fine spirit!
The young woman is the sovereign
Of beauty as well as of youth;
Beauty often brings bitterness...
O Mary, preserve this maiden from such suffering!

She's innocent, sweet: a beauty,
And she makes not much of her lace;
Grant her happiness, since she has beauty!
Peace for her heart, joy for her soul,
Give to her all, o Our Lady!
And alas!, if ever she loves,
Grant serene felicity to her dreams!

Here's the Virgin of the Grotto,
Virgin of the fragrant garden;
With her arms open wide, with her head tilted down,
Her mantle knotted at her hip;
She's now has left her boscaige,
And to please you, my friend, she comes from afar.

Di floureto li mai requisto,
Joio à l'oudour, joio à la visto,
Elo courounara voste image de gip,
O Rèino! E coume la tourtouro
Que se desgounflo, e canto, e plouro,
Vendra passa de bèllis ouro
A prega davans vous, e peréu à legi.

Es l'amigueto di Felibre,
A saup de cor tóuti si libre.
Queto amo douço e tëndro, e que fin esperit!
La jouveineto èi segnouresso
De bèuta coume de jouinesso;
Bèuta souvènt es amaresso...
O Mariò, engardas la jouvo de soufri!

Es innocènto, e douço, e bello,
E noun se crèi de si dentello;
Dounas-ié lou bonur, d'abord qu'à la bèuta!
Pas dóu cor e joio de l'amo,
Dounas-ié tout, o Nosto-Damo!
E, pecaire! se jamai amo,
Dounas à si pantai pleno felicita!

Vaqui la Vierge de la Baumo,
La Vierge dóu jardin qu'embaumo;
Emé si bras dubert, emé soun bèu front clin,
Soun long mantèu nousa sus l'anco;
Ve-l'aqui 'mé sa raubo blanco!
Lou fres bouscage aro ié manco;
E pèr te plaire, o chato, elo vèn d'eilalin.

III
THE BOOK OF DEATH

FOR ALL SAINTS DAY
To the Felibre J.-B. Gaut

All withers, all howls, laments;
The poplar
Tosses leaves to the wind;
Like a willow, it leans, bends,
And splinters
In the gusts of the *mistral**.

In the field the grain is gone,
And the ants
No longer leave their hills;
Antennae no longer extend
From the snail:
He's closed himself in his shell.

No more *cigalo* in the oaks;
The chill has
Stilled their mirrors ** and their song;
The child of the farm now weeps:
The season
For berries and birdnests is past.

But a flock of tufted larks
Just startled,
Climb up and peep in the clouds;
The dogs yelp: from everywhere
The hunters
Are shooting off their rifles.

From the hillock's trees they chop
Down, resound
The axes of the woodsmen;
The wind blows upon the smoke,
And the flame,
Of the coal-merchant's furnace.

* a strong, gusty wind from the northwest

III
LOU LIBRE DE LA MORT

PER TOUSSANT
Au Felibre J.-B. Gaut

Tout se passis, tout gingoulo;
La piboulo
Jito sa fueio au mistrau;
Plego coume uno amarino,
E cracino
Au rounfla dóu vènt terrau.

Au champ i'a plus ges d'espigo;

Li fournigo
Sorton plus foro di trau;
Alongo plus si baneto,
La mourgueto:
S'estrèmo dins soun oustau.

Sus l'éuse ges de cigalo;
La fre jalo
Si mirau e sa cansoun;
L'enfant de la granjo plouro:
Ges d'amouro,
Ges de nis dins li bouissoun.

Mai un vòu de couquihado
Esfraiado
Mounto e piéuto dins li niéu;
Li chin japon: de tout caire,
Li cassaie
Tiron de cop de fusiéu.

Dins lou rountau qu'esvalisson,
Restountisson
Li destrau di bouscatié;
L'auro boufo la fumado,
La flamado
Di fournèu dóu carbounié.

*** the panels on the sides of the *cigalo*, called "mirrors", whence the buzzing originates.

The flock of sheep on the heath,
Up above,
Cannot stray to the pasture;
The shepherd has closed his ewes
In the pen,
He's barred the door of the fold.

Men work wood in the shelter,
And drink wine;
In a room that's filled with hay,
Pretty girls in a circle
Are babbling
And weaving garlic rosaries.

Behind the wood, without shade,
Without leaves,
The sun has hidden itself.
After the grapes have been picked,
And vines pruned,
Women make bundles of sticks.

The poor gather dead branches
And the bark
From trees to lay on their hearths;
They wander through villages
In couples,
Weary, barefoot, and ragged.

To the little orphan girl,
So skinny,
Give something, for she's hungry!
Into her trembling, pallid
Little hand,
Let fall a good hunk of bread.

From the oven give part of
The baking
To the widow drowned in tears:
She can no longer mill flour,
Poor creature,
There's never bread in her oven.

Noun s'esmaro sus la pasturo,
Sus l'auturo,
Lou troupèu dins lis ermas;
Lou pastre embarro si fedo
Dins li cledo;
Tanco la porto dóu jas.

Lis ome au cagnard fustejon
E flasquejon;
A la calo d'un paié,
I'a un bèu roudelet de fiho
Que babiho
E treno de rèst d'aïet.

Darrié li bos sènso oumbrage,
Sèns ramage,
S'es escoundu lou soulèu;
Dins li vigno rapugado
E poudado,
Li femo fan de gavèu.

Li paure acampon de busco
E la rusco
Dis aubre, pèr si fougau;
Van rouda pèr li vilage,
Li meïnage,
Las, espeïandra, descau.

A la chatouno ourfanello,
Meigrinello,
Baias quaucarèn: a fam!
Dedins sa man palinouse,
E crentouse,
Leissas tumba 'n tros de pan.

Fasès part de la fournado
Courchounado
A la véuso qu'es en plour:
Elo jamai fai farino,
La mesquino!
N'a jamai de cuecho au four.

The sky is black to the south,
What a shower!
Thunder, rain, the Rhone rises:
The Reaper walks, a hurried pace:
With his scythe
He mows down both young and old.

HUNGER

To Mme Nourbert Bonafous

The mother put them to bed, but the poor children
Turn over in their cribs, and whine in their hunger.

*

"When shall we eat, o mother, when?
Can this time it really happen?"
"I'll say once more: it's not yet time;
Come, sleep just a short while longer!"

"Your mouth is forever open,
You're always yawning from hunger!
Curl up in your soft warm blanket
And hush now, what reason to cry?"

"One always needs bread! A beakful
God always will send to young birds,
Yet always, o my little flock,
Do you wait, beaks open, for food!"

"There's no more bread in the basket;
You finished the rest this morning.
Little John, climb up on the chair,
And see if I don't tell the truth!"

"There's nothing! Now tell your siblings:
If not me, they'll surely trust you!
Your father went off to find some,
Your father no longer returns!"

Lou tèms èi negre à la baisso...
Qento raisso!
Trono, plòu, lou Rose crèi:
La Mort camino, es en aio:
De sa daio
Sègo li jouine e li vièi.

LA FAM

A Madamo Nourbert Bonafous

La maire li couchè, mai li pàuris enfant
Virouion dins la brèssò, e rouvihon de fam.

*

--Quouro manjan, ma maire, quouro?
Qu'aqueste cop fugue de-bon!
--Vous torne à dire qu'èi pas l'ouro;
Anen, fasès encaro un som!

Toujour vosto bouco èi duberto,
Toujour, de fam, toujours badas!
Plegas-vous dins vosto cuberto,
E teisas-vous! De-que cridas?

Fau toujours de pan! La becado,
Lou bon Diéu la mando is aucèu,
E sèmpre, o ma pauro nisado,
Siés à l'espèro dóu moussèu!

De pan, n'i'a plus dins la paniero;
De-matin, l'avès acaba.
Janet, mounto sus la cadiero:
Regardo, se me creses pa!

I'a rèn... tè! Digo-l'à ti fraire:
Me creson pas, te creiran, tu!
N'es ana querre, voste paire,
E voste paire rintro plu!--

"What time is it?" "It's nine-thirty."
It's gotten so late, where's he gone?
"You know what he said: 'My children,
I won't come back empty-handed!'"

"The cold, and hunger, surround us.
The room is black... will he come soon?
You used to pour soup over bread,
Mother, as the sun was setting!"

"When shall we eat, o mother, when?
Can this time it really happen?"
"I'll say once more: it's not yet time;
Come, sleep just a short while longer!"

"When shall we eat, mother, when?"

*

The children are in bed but not able to sleep:
Sleep, when one is hungry, does not quickly arrive.

THE LIGHT

To Ludovic Legré

Within the room one light doth shine;
They've closed it up as if 'twere night;

All around the cradle the family is seated.
You'd say that he was still sleeping,
The poor child, but 'tis death which has sewn his eyes closed.

In a corner mother sits mute.
Her neighbors would like her to speak;
'Twould be so good if she could unburden her heart!
And the poor woman pushes away
All those who seek to console her.

--Quant èi d'ouero?-- Nòuv ouro e miejo.
Ei bèn tardié, mounte es ana?
--Sabes ço qu'a di: -- Li man viejo,
Pichot, vole pas m'entourna!

--La fre, la fam nous agouloupo;
La chambro èi negro... vendra lèu?
Passa-tèms, trempaves la soupo,
O maire, au tremount dóu soulèu!

Quouro manjan, ma maire, quouro?
Qu'aqueste cop fugue de-bon!
--Pàuri pichot, n'es panca l'ouero;
Teisas-vous, e fasès un som!

--Quouro manjan, o maire, quouro?...

*

Lis enfant soun coucha, mai podon pas dourmi:
La som, quand avès fam, es marrido à veni!

LOU LUME
A Ludòvi Legré

Dedins la chambro un lume viho;
An barra coume s'èro niue;
Tout à l'entour dóu brès s'assèto la famiho.
Dirias encaro que soumiho,
L'enfant, mai es la mort que i'a barra lis iue.

En un caire la maire es mutò.
Si vesin volon ié parla;
Ié farié tant de bèn de se' n pau desgounfla!
E la pauro toujours rebuto
Li gènt que volon l'asoula.

And meanwhile, in silent procession,
The altar boys and the chaplain,
Solemnly proceed toward the house; and in their tracks
They've gathered behind them a crowd
From the town, of women, young girls, and small children.

And now the mother arises
As she hears them approach: "Good Lord!
They're coming to take my son, but they'll have him not!"
And then she cries out and she weeps:
Oh, my poor baby! Woe is me!"

All around the half-dead mother
Then everyone gathers in close,
To shield the cradle from her and to shield the door...
A man has come to carry off
The poor little child, his clothing changed, in his arms.

Nevertheless, while in the street,
The chaplain and the altar boys
Were slowly returning when the mother, at once,
Throws herself upon the cradle
That her relatives are hiding.

"Ah! I believe I shall go mad...
'Tis finished! They've taken him off!
And I'm left with nothing, nothing more than his crib;
Ah! All of my flesh now trembles:
Poor mother! No children left that I can give suck!

"Miqueloun! My young son, my boy!...
My poor little innocent boy,
Whom I rocked so much, we played so much together!...
With his little hands I wish still
He could put scratches on my breast!

"To have toiled for so many nights
To watch over him in sickness,
Then to witness his death in a moment's passing,
For him to die in my embrace,
To witness his death, good Lord, on these my very knees!

E d'enterin, en renguierado,
Li clerjoun e lou capelan,
Sèns muta, vers l'oustau venien; e, sus si piado,
S'acampavo uno moulounado
De femo, de chatouno e de pichots enfant.

Vaqui la maire que s'aubouro;
Lis entènd camina: -- Bon Diéu!
Me lou vènon cerca, mai l'auran pas, moun fiéu!--
E vaqui que crido e que plouro:
-- Paure pichot! pauro de iéu!--

Contro la maire mita-morto,
Alor tóuti se soun sarra,
Pèr i'escoundre lou brès, pèr i'escoundre la porto...
Mai arribo un ome qu'emporto
Lou paure pichounet, tout muda, dins si bra.

E pamens, dedins la carriero,
Lou capelan e li clerjoun

S'entournavon plan-plan, quand la maire, d'un bound,
Se jito dessus la bressiero
Que sa parentèlo i'escound.

--Ah! crese que n'en vendrai folo...
Es fini! Me l'an empourta!
E me rèsto plus rèn, plus rèn que sa bressolo;
Ah! touto ma car n'en tremolo:
Pauro maire! plus ges d'enfant pèr me teta!

Miqueloun! moun drole, moun drole!...
Moun paure pichot innocènt,
Que l'ai tant tintourla, qu'avèn tant jouga 'nsèn!...
De si pichòti man, iéu vole
Que me grafigne enca lou sen!

Avé trima tant de niuechado
A lou viha tout malautoun,
Pèr lou vèire mouri dedins uno passado,
Mouri dedins mis embrassado,
Pèr lou vèire mouri, bon Diéu, sus mi geinoun!

"If you knew what a mother was!
Ah! There's no one who so laments!
I who have saved him, my child, so many times!
I who have nurtured him, alas!
All the way to his fifteenth month!

"Our Lady, I've made novenas
Without number. I've saved nothing:
For him, my milk; for him, the blood of my veins...
And you rob me so?... 'Tis worth it
'Tis worth it, great God, to have given him to me!"

The neighbors looked at one another,
And the mother let out a cry:
"My little boy is dead and I too wish to die!"
Even the old began to weep,
From seing, if not from hearing her.

And yet when the evening crept in
Within the house all was tranquil.
The women, one by one, returned to their homes;
The room, which before had been closed,
The room was open and the light was snuffed out.

THIRTEEN

To the Felibre Louis Roumieux

"Set all the food back on the table;
Leave all of the drinks in the glasses.
Stay just there, like a tomcat meowing
Before meat that swings from a hook.
Bellow from hunger; let it all grow cold

Without being bitten, and not even tasted!
I've told you, jolly friends, you are thirteen;
Jolly friends, you are thirteen in number.

Se sabias ço qu'es uno maire!
Oh! de tant de plagne i' a res!
Iéu que l'ai escapa, moun enfant, tant de fes!
Iéu que l'ai abari, pecaire,
Enjusquo dins si quinge mes!

Santo Vierge, ai fa de nouveno
Qu saup quant? N'ai rên espargna:
Pèr éu moun la, pèr éu tout lou sang de mi veno...
E me lou raubes?... Vau la peno,
Vau la peno, grnad Diéu, de me l'agué baia!

E li vesin s'arregardavon.
La maire jitavo qu'un crid:
-- Moun drole èi mort, e iéu tambèn vole mourir!—
Enjusqu'i vièi, tóuti plouravon,
O de la maire o de l'ausi.

Pamens, eiça sus la vesprado,
Dins l'oustau tout s'èro teisa.
Li femo, d'a cha pau, s'èron desseparado;
La chambro, adès, qu'èro barrado,
La chambro èro duberto e lou lume amossa.

LOU TREGEN

Au Felibre Louis Roumieux

--Leissas, leissas li viéure sus la taulo;
Leissas, leissas lou béure dins li got.
Fugués aqui coume lou cat que miaulo
Davans la car pendoulado à-n-un cro.
Bramas de fam, e que tout se refreje,
Sênso ié mordre e sênso rên tasta!
Vous ai coumta, galois ami, sias trege;
Galois ami, sias trege bèn coumta!

"'Tis quite true," cried the troupe in unison,
"We're thirteen at table, what does he want?..."
Eh! The longer we stretch out the table,
The more we laugh, the more fools gather 'round!"
"Well so! But 'tis I who upset such fools,
And the proudest are afraid to disturb me.
So laugh, laugh out, jolly friends! You're thirteen;
Jolly friends, you are thirteen in number!"

"You think perhaps you'll smother our laughter?
By my word, I find you depressing!"

And the reason? I'll bet I can tell you:
Ah! For certain you've not yet had a drink!
Take up your glass! Let's toast, and send away
All the gloom you wish to pour over us!"
"I'm not thirsty, jolly friends, you're thirteen;
Jolly friends, you are thirteen in number!"

"But tell us who you are, party damper!
What is your name, and what is it you do?"
"My name is Death: look closely at my face!
Behind the old I walk, unseen by all.
I strike fear, I bring joy, I am master;
And I always come to join a table
When thirteen is the number around it;
And you, it seems, are thirteen in number."

"You are Death, then I'm happy to be here!",
Cries out a young man, a glass in his hand.
"They seem to speak of you like of scarecrows,
But where, o Death, are the pangs of your fright?
Don't ever come but when I'm at table,
For I wish to have my plate at your side..."
"Quiet, young man! Come with me, you make thirteen;
Fatally, you are thirteen in number."

Like a grape separates from the grapevine,
When the knifeblade cuts through the grape's stem,
The glass drops away from the young man's mouth;
The handsome youth's face breaks out in large drops.

-- Es proun verai, crido la troupelado,
Sian trege à taulo, em' acò, de-que vòu?...
Eh! d'autant mai es longo la taulado,
Dóu mai se ris e se i'apound de fòu!
-- Eh bèn! li fòu, es iéu que lis eigreje,
E li plus fièr an pòu de me turta.
Risès, risès, galois ami! Sias trege;
Galois ami, sias trege bèn coumta!

-- Creses bessai estoufa noste rire?
Siés, pèr ma fe, bravamen sournaru!
D'ounte acò vèn? Iéu parie de lou dire:
Ah! de-segur, èi que n'as pas begu!
Pren aquéu got, touquen, e que courseje
Tout lou charpin que vos nous embasta!
-- Iéu, ai pas set! Galois ami, sias trege;
Galois ami, sias trege bèn coumta!

-- Mai, digo-nous quau siés, treboulo-fèsto!
Quete èi toun noum, e toun obro, quete èi?
-- Iéu, siéu la Mort: arregardas ma tèsto!
Darrié li vièi camine, e res me vèi.
Iéu porte esfrai, iéu fau gau, iéu mestreje,
E toujours vène à taulo m'assetta,
Quand li manjaire à tauleja soun trege;
Vàutri peréu sias trege bèn coumta!

-- Es tu, la Mort?... Siéu bèn countènt de i'èstre!
Crido un jouvènt qu'avié lou vèire en man.
Parlon de tu coume d'un escaufèstre?
Mai ounte soun, o Mort, tis espravant?
Vèngues jamai qu'à l'ouro que tauleje;
Iéu vole agué ma sieto à toun coustat...
-- Tas-te, jouvènt! Vène emé iéu, fas trege;
Fatalamen, fas trege bèn coumta!--

Coume un rasin debano de la souco,
Quand lou coutèu ié tranco lou pecou,
Lou got tout ras ié toumbo de la bouco;
Lou bèu jouvènt tressuso à gros degout.

"If you come not," says Death, "I'll carry you!"
And over his back, sideways, he throws him:
"Each time that you'll be thirteen at table,
Take care, for I shall come along counting!"

THE JEWELS OF THE DECEASED

"Come, bride-to-be," says the mirror, "admire yourself:
Look at your arms; look at your hands, at your fingers;
Look at your neck, at your breasts, and look at your ears:
You're beautiful! All over shine gold and diamonds.

"You've no fear, young girl, and the widower is content!
Come! Don't be so proud, young woman, for in the past
Wearing those diamonds, along with those laces,
Like you, more than you, our loved one was beautiful!

"Oh, pink were her cheeks, and sweet her way of talking;
Oh, how her lips were fresh and her smile was pretty;
For her, 'twas the first light of the dawn of love;
Oh, how pink were her cheeks and how white was her dress.

"And you, where is your love? And where will you be lost?
You pleased the old man, you let yourself be purchased:
It's not yet been six months the other's in the tomb,
Girl, and with no respect, you've emptied her closet!

"Come, look in your mirror, bride-to-be, admire yourself!
Look at your arms; look at your hands, at your fingers;
Look at your neck, at your breasts, and look at your ears:
You're beautiful! All over shine gold and diamonds.

"How beautiful you are! But, before you decide
To take your leave, let night fall first, for the noise,
The howls of the children, this evening, await you...
Bride-to-be, think of the deceased, beneath the earth!

"Make your way stealthily, make your way without noise,
And if you should turn back, sometime, in the darkness,
Walk softly on the stairs, walk softly to your door,
Woman, that on arriving, you meet not the deceased!"

-- Se vènes pas, dis la Mort, te carreje!--
E sus soun còu, de-caire l'a jita:
-- Tóuti li cop qu'à taulo sarés trege,
Dounas-vous siuen, car vendrai vous coumta!

LI BELOIO DE LA MORTO

Anen, dins lou mirau, nòvio, miraiio-te:
Arregardo ti bras, e ti man, e ti det;
Arregardo toun còu, toun sen e tis auriho:
Siés bello! de pertout l'or e lou diamant briho.

As pas crento, o jouineto, e lou véuse es countènt!...
Vai! te crèigues pas tant, femo, qu'à passa-tèm,
Em'aquéli diamant, em' aquéli dentello,
Coume tu, mai que tu, la morto fuguè bello!

O, roso èro sa caro e dous soun parauli ;
O, sa bouco èro fresco e soun rire pouli;
Pèr elo, e l'amour èro alor la primo-aubo;
O, roso èro sa caro, e blanco èro sa raubo.

Tu, moute èi toun amour? Moute vas te nega?
Agradaves au vièi, ti siés facho paga:
I'a pancaro sièis mes que l'autro es en susàri,
O chato! e sèns respèt, i'as cura soun armàri!

Vai! dintre toun mirau, nòvio, miraiio-te!
Arregardo ti bras, e ti man, e ti det;
Arregardo toun còu, toun sen e tis auriho:
Siés bello! de pertout l'or e lou diamant briho.

Oh! siés bello! -- Pamens, pèr te metre en camin,
Laisso veni la niue, que lou chereverin,
Lou brama dis enfant, aquest vèspre, t'espèro...
Nòvio! sounjo à la morto, eila, dessouto terro!

Camino d'escoundoun, camino sènso brut,
E se n cop tornes, pièi, 'mé lou tèms sournaru,
Vai plan, sus l'escalié, vai plan, davans la porto,
O femo, en arribant, de pas trouva la morto!

THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR

To the Felibre Roumanille

Ah! Hard earth, why did you not open?
Dante, *Inferno*, c. XXXIII

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"
"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

"But the blood has spattered on your vest,
On your fingers... Headsman, wash your hands."
"But why? I'll start again tomorrow,
There are so many heads left to chop!"

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"

"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

"A headsman, I know! Are you a father?"

Have you never been moved by a child?

Without trembling nor need of a drink

You cause children and mothers to die!

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"

"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

"With your bodies the whole square is paved!

What's living, on bended knee begs you.

Tell me if you are a man or not..."

"Leave me now, let me finish my day."

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"

"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

"Tell me the taste that your beverage has.

Does blood not froth up in your goblet?

Tell me if, when you're crunching your bread,

You don't think that you're chewing on flesh.

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"

"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

LOU NOU TERMIDOR

Au Felibre Roumaniho

Ahi dura terra, perchè non t'apristi?

Dante, Infern, c. XXXIII

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?

-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

-- Mai lou sang a giscla sus ta vèsto,

Sus ti det... bourrèu, lavo ti man.

-- E perqué? Coumence mai deman:

Rèsto encaro à sega tant de tèsto!

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?

-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

-- Siés bourrèu! Lou sabe. Siés-ti paire?

Un enfant t'a jamai esmóugu.

Sèns ferni, e sènso avé begu,

Fas mouri lis enfant e li maire!

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?

-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

-- De ti mort la plaço es caladado!

Ço qu'èi viéu te prègo d'à-geinoun.

Digo-me se siés ome vo noun...

-- Laisse-me, qu'acabe ma journado.

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?
-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

-- Digo-me quete goust a toun béure.
Dins toun got noun escumo lou sang?
Digo-me, se quand trisses toun pan,
Creses pas de car faire toun viéure?

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?
-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

Perspiration, fatigue wear upon you...
Sit down, and rest now! Your jagged knife,
O headsman, could easily miss us,
And forsooth, if the victim escapes!

"Where are you going with your knife so long?"
"To chop off heads: I'm a headsman."

"He's escaped! Now place your cheek, in turn,
On a block that's red with moulding blood.
Now the tendons of your neck will snap!
O headsman, say, when will your head jump?"

"Sharpen the knife's great blade anew:
Let's slice off the head of the headsman!"

THE BLACK BLOUSE *To William C. B.-Wyse*

Little child all dressed in mourning,
You smile in your black mourning blouse:
You know not what causes your joy,
To be dressed up in your new clothing!

Your mother, still beautiful, white,
They've said she's sleeping; you're content.
Ay! Poor child, you'll wait a long while
Before she'll open her eyelids.

When, at nightfall, you've closed your eyes,
It's the bright sun that will wake you:
For the dead there's no sun to shine;
In death, night lasts forever.

But what is death? It pleases you
To be dressed up from head to foot.
And you think you're handsome, compared
With the clothing of your young friends.

-- La susour, lou lassige t'arrapo...
Pauso-te! Toun coutèu embreca,

O bourrèu, pourrié proun nous manca,
E malur se la vitimo escapo!

--Ounte vas emé toun grand coutèu?
-- Coupa de tèsto, siéu bourrèu.

-- A 'scapa! Bouto, à toun tour, ta gauto
Sus lou plo rouge de sang mousi.
De toun còu li tèndo van crussi!
O bourrèu, quouro ta tèsto sauto?

-- Amoulas de fres lou grand coutèu:
Tranquen la tèsto dóu bourrèu!

LA BLODO NEGRO

A William C. B.-Wyse

Pichot enfant vèsti de dóu,
Rises emé ta blodo negro:
Sabes pas ço qu'èi que t'alegro,
D'èstre vesti tout flame nòu!

Ta maire, blanco e toujours bello,
T'an di que dor, e siés countènt.
Ai! paaure, esperaras long-tèm
Avans que duerbe li parpello.

Quand, de-vèspre, barres lis iue,
Tu, lou clar soulèu te reviho:
Pèr li mort ges de soulèu briho,
Emé la mort èi toujours niue.

Mai qu'èi la mort? -- Acò t'agrado
D'èstre nòu de la tèsto i pèd;
E te creses bèu, à respèt
Dóu vièsti de ti cambarado.

They're wearing their everyday blouses;
Innocent, you make them jealous.
Ah, from your shining black clothing
How you'll weep, when you are older!

For you, death is a mystery,
You're still in the dawn of your life.
And as if in a bright garden,
You would play in the cemetery.

You seldom went far from your house,
Your mother was crazy for you.
Now, at school, they will send you off
Toward some merciless schoolmaster.

Your mother taught you how to pray
As you knelt, your knees on her lap;
She also gave you a great kiss

When you made the sign of the cross.

She allowed you to eat from her spoon
Your porridge, she blew it to cool it;
Then, within her arms she rocked you,
As she sang, you fell off to sleep.

Now you'll eat off in a corner;
There's no one left who can rock you;
There's no one left to answer you
If you come to call your mother.

Little child all dressed in mourning,
You smile in your black mourning blouse:
You know not what causes your joy,
To be dressed up in your new clothing!

THE VIRGIN

To have some of your coins I know what must be done:
I have a daughter; she's young, healthy and sixteen!
There's no girl who's kinder and few as beautiful.
Your demand is that I bring you that poor child;

An si blodo di jour óubrant;
Innocènt, ié fas ligueto.
Ah! d'aquelo negro teletó
Que vas ploura quand saras grand!

Pèr tu la mort es un mistèri,
Tout-bèu-just siés à toun matin;
E coume dins un gai jardin,
Jougariés dins lou cementèri.

Brandaves pas de toun oustau,
E de tu ta maire èro folo;
Te bandiran, aro, à l'escolo,
Vers quauque magistre brutau.

Ta maire à prega t'ensignavo,
A geinoun subre si geinoun;
Peréu te fasié 'n gros poutoun,
Tóuti li cop que te signavo.

Tu, manjaves dins soun cuié;
Ta farineto, la boufavo;
Pièi, dintre si bras te bressavo
En cantant, e la som venié.

Aro, manjaras dins un caire;
Jamai plus res te bressara;
Plus res jamai te respoundra
Se vènes à souna ta maire.

O paure enfant vèsti de dòu,
Rises emé ta blodo negro:
Sabes pas ço qu'èi que t'alegro,

D'èstre vesti tout flame-nòu!

LA PIEUCELLO

Pèr agué de ti sòu sabe ço que fau faire:
Ai uno chato, èi jouino, èi gaiardo, a sege an!
De mai bravo, n'i'a ges; de tant bello, n'i'a gaire.
Faudrié veni t'adurre aquelo pauro enfant;

You'd put her up for sale!... May the good Lord crush me
'Ere I stoop to sell you the child that I have nursed!
'Tis but you who'd make such a pact...
May the Lord's thunder strike you, wretched old miser!

Sew without stopping, come! sew what you can, my child;
You've not slept at all: if you can, you'll nap tomorrow.
Your father is so ill, and your sister's so small!
We have no one left but you to gather our bread.
You shall die, if you must, my child, in your corner;
If it must come to pass, we'll all die at your side...
Scoundrel, we want nothing from you!
May the Lord's thunder strike you, wretched old miser!

THE INNOCENTS A TRILOGY

I SAINT JOSEPH'S DOG *To Jules Giera*

The sun turns, and outside of the houses
Everyone goes off in search of fresh air.
What beautiful smiles! Look how the children
Bring joy to those who see them in the street,
Holding each other's hands, dancing their rounds...
Some dog, all the while, is barking:
He makes the mothers tremble, he frightens the children,
His howl goes straight to the marrow!

"Why, mommy, why was that mean dog barking?"
"I cannot say. I don't know what it means."
"Oh, it's so scary!" "No, don't be frightened!
You can jump, my children, and you can laugh:
In the whole neighborhood there's no one sick."
And once more the dog starts howling,
Once again it resounds like a clap of thunder:
His howl which goes straight to the marrow!

La marcandjariés!... Que lou bon Diéu m'escrache,
Se te vènde jamai l'enfant qu'ai fa teta!
I'a que tu pèr faire un tau pache...
Lou tron de Diéu te cure, o vièi sarro-pata!

Courduro sènso pauso, an! courduro, mignoto;
As rèn dourmi: se pos, faras un som deman.

Toun paire es tant malaut, ti sorre tant pichoto!
Noun rèsto plus que tu pèr acampa de pan.
Mouriras, se lou fau, ma chato, dins toun caire;
Se lou fau, mouriren tóutis, à toun coustat...
 Voulèn rèn de tu, laid manjaire!
Lou tron de Diéu te cure, o vièi sarro-pata!

**LIS INNOUCENT
OBRO TERNENCO**

**I
LOU CHIN DE SANT JOUSE**
A Jùli Giera

Lou soulèu viro, e foro dis oustau
Tóuti s'envan cerca 'n pau la fresquero.
Quéti bon rire! arregardas, fan gau,
Lis enfantoun qu'au mié de la carriero,
Danson un brande arrapa pèr la man...
 Un chin, de-longo, eila gingoulo:
Fai tremoula li maire, aplanto lis enfant,
 Soun crid que jalo li mesoulo!

-- Pèr-de-qué, maire, aquéu chin a japa?
-- N'èn sabe rèn! Sabe pas que vòu dire.
-- O quet esfrai! -- Hè! vous esfraiés pas;
Poudès sauta, mis enfant, poudès rire:
Dins lou quartié i'a pas ges de malaut.--
 E tourna-mai lou chin gingoulo:
Tourna-mai restountis coume un tron sènsou uiau.
 Soun crid que jalo li mesoulo!

"You have no reason to be frightened so,
For it's only a dog in the stable;
They've locked him up (though it could drive him mad!)
And that's why he's raising such a ruckus!
Open the door and go look for the key,
And you'll see if he's still howling."
They open... he lets out, as he bounds through the door,
A howl which goes straight to the marrow!

"Oh! It's only Labri, St. Joseph's dog
That a shepherd brought back from the mountain;
It surely is, for he has, as you see,
A muzzle of white and a chestnut head;
When they went out last night they left him home:
The poor hound howled his loneliness,
You'd almost think another soul had died, the way
His howl goes so straight to the marrow!

"Labri! Labri!," the children all cry out,
"Come, let's all play a few games together;
You don't wish to? You're pouting; you're hungry?
Here, have some bread." With their beautiful hands
All the innocent children caress him...

But the dog continues barking,
And looks at them, and howls, and wants nothing to eat,
And his howl goes straight to the marrow!

"Labri! Labri! You no longer know us!"
And each child, then, tingles with excitement,
And takes a great leap to jump upon him,
Pulls at his tail and tugs at his ears...
And yet the dog still howls all the louder;
But it's not for nothing he howls:
Such howling of hounds is the dread howling of death,
A howling which freezes the marrow!

What do I see there?... Is it dust or smoke
On the road?... 'Tis the flight of an army,
From the distance one hears the trembling grow,
And look at the number of swords they've drawn!

-- I'a pas de-que nous douna tant de pòu:
Es pièi qu'un chin que japo dins l'estable;
L'an embarra: (pourrié n'en veni fòu!)
Vaqui perqué fai un sabat dóu diable!
Durbès la porto, anas querre la clau,
E veirés se toujours gingoulo. --
E ié duerbon... e jito, en sautant dóu lindau,
Un crid que jalo li mesoulo!

-- Oi! es Labri, lou chin de Sant Jòusè,
Qu'un paure pastre aduguè di mountagno;
Ei bèn acò, car a, coume vesè,
Lou mourre blanc e la tèsto castagno;
La niue passado, en partènt, l'an leissa,
E dóu languì lou chin gingoulo,
E creiriéu que quaucun pamens vai trespasa,
Tant soun crid jalo li mesoulo!

-- Labri! Labri! cridavon lis enfant,
Faguen ensèn quàuqui cambareleto...
Mai t'enchau pas, fougnes; as belèu fam?
Vaqui de pan! -- De si bèlli maneto
Lis innocènt lèu-lèu l'an flateja...
Oh! mai lou chin sèmpe gingoulo,
E li regardo, e crido, e noun vòu rèn manja,
E soun crid jalo li mesoulo!

-- Labri! Labri! mai nous counèisses plus! --
E chasque enfant, alor, s'escarrabiho,
E fai de bound pèr ié sauta dessus,
Tiro sa co, s'aganto à sis auriho...
Toujour pamèns lou chin crido plus fort;
Mai es pas pèr rèn que gingoulo:
Aquéu brama de chin es un brama de mort,
Brama que jalo li mesoulo!

Eila, que vese?... Es de pòusso e de fum,
Sus lou camin?... Es lou vòu d'uno armado,
Ausès de liuen crèisse soun tremoulun,
Arregardas quant d'espaso tirado!

Both men and horses arrive in a sweat,
And of a sudden the howling dog
Runs off, off to the center of Bethlehem with
A howl which goes straight to the marrow!

II

THE SLAUGHTER

*To M. Mouquin-Tandon
Member of the Institute*

Lock your doors, lean up against them,
The brigands are out running wild,
Mothers, don't you know where they go?
Take your cribs from before your doors,
And hide both them and your children!...
They're the executioners sent by King Herod!
They'll be turned back by neither our tears no our cries.
Hide all the children you're nursing,
Mothers, they're going to cut their throats!

O mothers running through the streets,
Take care to not delay your flight;
Take to the streets with all your might,
For Bethlehem shall disappear!
Up close to your trembling breast
Wrap your arms 'round a sleeping child;
With your hand stifle his cries should he start to whine!
The great slaughter has begun... You don't hear the howls:
"Where are the still nursing children?
For now we'd like to cut their throats!"

"Let us break down the bolted doors!
Give us a little help, comrades!
Let's start on the door of this house,
Let's play some games with our axes!"
"There's no one here," said a woman

Ome e chivau arribon tout relènt,
E subran lou chin que gingoulo
Partiguè 'n gingoulant, au founs de Betelèn...
Soun crid jalavo li mesoulo!

II

LOU CHAPLE

*A M. Moquin-Tandon
Membre de l'Istitut*

Pestelas, coutas vòsti porto,
Car li bómian que soun pèr orto,
Sabès pas, maire, moute van?

Escoundès, levas de davan
E li bressolo e lis enfant;
Empourtas-lei liuen d'aquest rode!...
Soun li bourrèu manda pèr noste rèi Erode!
Ni lagremo, ni crid li faran requiéula.
Escoundès lis enfant de la,
Maire, li van escoutela!

O maire! dedins li carriero,
Pèr fugi sigués pas tardiero;
Encourrès-vous, sèns defali,
Que Betelèn vai s'avali!
Sus voste cor atremouli
Sarras voste enfant que soumiho;
Estoufas, de la man, si crid, se vous rouviho!
Lou grand chaple acoumenço... Entendès pas gula:
-- Ounte soun lis enfant de la?
Que li voulèn escoutela!

-- Escalpen li porto barrado!
Un pau d'ajudo, cambarado!
Dins la porto d'aquest oustau
Jouguen, jouguen de la destrau!
-- I'a pas res!ubre lou lindau

Standing pale upon the threshold.
But already the troop was ascending the stairs:
We heard someone cry out from a second-floor room!...
"And we want the child you're nursing!
It's his throat that we want to cut."

Oh! What blows, and what battles!
They're not as quick as the mother
Who's grabbed the child; but the assassin
Who holds the mother by her hair,
Hits at the child who at her breast
Was still sucking at the nipple!
Lord in heaven, how his sword blade was sharpened!...
And the child, in two pieces, rolled onto the floor!
"Where's another child that's nursing,
For we're going to cut his throat!"

And though it seems hard to believe,
Herod, in the night, came to see
If the entire flock had been slaughtered.
Bethlehem, all quiet, was a fright!
Now and then his foot, as he trod,
Tripped over the legs of some child.
On his rounds he remarked to himself "My, how strange,
To hear not a breath this evening, not a word.
Where are all the nursing children?
Could all of their throats have been cut?"

O King, at present you're master!
Who cares about Bethlehem's tears,
Who cares if she's covered with blood?
Send thanks to your executioners!

In your palace, at your leisure,
Take your nap upon your ermine.
One day, a day not too distant, eaten by vermin,
From your sovereign chair they shall see you dethroned...
Not all of their throats have been cut,
O Herod, the nursing children!

Diguè 'no femo blavo.
Mai la chourmo deja dins l'oustau escalavo:
-- Dins li mèmbe d'en aut avèn ausi quila!...
Lou voulèn toun enfant de la!
Lou voulèn pèr l'escoutela!

Oh! quénti cop! quento batèsto!
Soun pas proun fort; la maire èi lèsto,
A pres l'enfant; mai lou bourrèu
Que tèn la maire pèr li péu,
Pico l'enfant qu'à soun mamèu
Tiravo encaro uno goulado!
Bon Diéu! que soun espaso èro bèn amoulado!...
E l'enfant, en dous tros, barrulo apereila!
-- Ounte n'i'a mai d'enfant de la,
Que lis anen escoutela? --

E, ço que sèmblo pas de crèire!
Erode, à la niue, venguè vèire
S'avien sagato tout lou vòu.
Betelèn, tout mut, fasié pòu!
Tèms-en-tèms, soun pèd, pèr lou sòu,
S'embroncavo i cambo d'un drole.
Erode, en caminant, disié 'nsin: -- Qu'acò 's drole,
De n'entèndre, esto niue, res boufa, res parla!...
Ounte soun, lis enfant de la?
Lis an tóutis escoutela? --

O Rèi! siés mèstre en aquesto ouro!
Que te fai Betelèn que plouro,
Que te fai d'èstre ensaunousi?
Digo à ti bourrèu gramaci!
Dins toun palais, à toun lesi,
Vai faire un som dessus l'ermine.
Un jour, qu'es pas bèn liuen, manja pèr la vermino,
De toun sèti tant aut te veiren davala...
Soun pas tóuti escoutela,
Erode, lis enfant de la!

III

LAMENTS

To Victor Duret

We are mothers, we can no longer be consoled:
They've butchered
Our beautiful nursing babies!

Ay!

"The child I so loved, the child who sucked at my breast,
Whom I changed,
In my arms they slaughtered him!
Ay!"

"Mine, even though he nursed, was already big,
His fingers
Held fast onto my nipples.
Ay!"

"From fright the child squealed, and with one slash of the
knife
The assassin
Sliced him off from the nipple!
Ay!"

"Mine had already been showing his two front teeth...
My poor child!
I am covered with his blood!
Ay!"

"He was my first-born. I tried with all my might to fight...
They've stomped him,
Under their feet they've crushed him!
Ay!"

"I'm a widow; to ease my pain I had at home
One sick son!
They've dealt him the mortal blow!
Ay!"

III
LI PLAGNUN
A Victor Duret

Sian maire, pourren plus jamai nous assoula:
An chapla
Nòsti bèus enfant de la!
Ai!

-- L'enfant qu'amave tant, l'enfant qu'ai fa teta,
Qu'ai muda,
Dins mi bras l'an sagata!
Ai!

-- Lou miéu, emai tetèsse, èro adeja grandet,
E si det
S'arrapèron au teté.
Ai!

D'esfrai l'enfant quilavo, e, d'un cop de coutèu,
Lou bourrèu
Lou derrabè dóu mamèu!
Ai!

-- Lou miéu avié trauca li dos dènt de davan...
Paure enfant!
Siéu cuberto de soun sang!
Ai!

-- Ero moun bèu proumié. Vouguère proun lucha...
L'an chaucha,
Sout li pèd l'an escracha!
Ai!

-- Siéu véuso, e pèr soulas n'aviéu qu'un dins l'oustau,
Tout malaut!
I'an douna lou cop mourtau!
Ai!

"I had two: both my sons were beautiful, and blond...
Where are they,
Those twins of whom I'm so fond?
Ay!"

"We now know no more; they've all been taken from us!
We must look
With no chance of finding them.
Ay!"

"And everywhere I run, I know not what to do,
Off I go,
I'm looking both high and low!
Ay!"

"Without seeing you, my child, I cannot turn back...
Where to go?
I can take not one step more!
Ay!"

"And yet such desire do I have to hold you close,
And to rock
Your little limbs that they've torn!
Ay!"

"Have you nothing seen of my children?" "I've not seen
Yours or mine:
Mothers no longer have sons.
Ay!"

We are mothers, we can no longer be consoled:
They've butchered
Our beautiful nursing babies!
Ay!

TO THE FELIBRE JAN BRUNET

My man, you who have shed tears as women do weep,
You, Brunet, just like I, because you have seen death,
Ah!, give me your hand, let us conmingle our tears,
So much the more now can we call each other friend,
Now that we two have buried beneath the earth

The flesh of our flesh, which awaits us beyond.

-- N'aviéu dous: èron bèu, mis enfant, èron blound...
Ounte soun,
Mi pàuri pichot bessoun?
Ai!

-- N'en couneissèn plus ges, tant lis an trafia!
Fau cerca
Sèns pousqué li destousca.
Ai!

E courre de pertout, noun sabe ço que fau
E m'envau
Espinchant d'amount, d'avau!
Ai!

-- Sènso te vèire, enfant, vole pas m'entourna...
Ounte ana?
Iéu pode plus camina!
Ai!

E pamens vourriéu bèn encaro t'embrassa,
E bressa
Ti membrihoun estrassa!
Ai!

-- As rèn vist mis enfant? -- Ai pas mai vist li tiéu
Que li miéu:
Li maire an plus de fiéu!
Ai!

-- Sian maire, e jamai plus nous pourren assoula:
An chapla
Nòsti bèus enfant de la!
Ai!

AU FELIBRE JAN BRUNET

Ome, tu qu'as ploura coume plouron li femo,
Tu, Brunet, coume iéu, d'abord qu'as vist mouri,
Ah! toco-me la man, mesclen nòsti lagremo,
Mai-que-mai, tóuti dous, poudèn nous dire ami,
Aro que, tóuti dous, avèn dessouto terro
La car de nosto car, eila, que nous espèro.

Now that both of us, when we return to the house,
Find someone missing and wish not to believe it;
We look from room to room, upstairs as well as down;
It seems, with each step, it seems that we shall see them;
And we look everywhere without finding them there,
And then, weary from our search, we finish by weeping.

But in vain do we weep: they're not at the table,
And when meal time comes we are no longer hungry;
Night time, after supper, they're not there to converse;
No one says a word, we warm ourselves in silence.

We go early to bed, yet scarcely do we sleep:
You, you see your son, while I see but my father.

Poor child! It seems he had just learned to say "Mama,"
While from his little crib, smiling, he was rising
Toward your wife, Brunet, who was ready to nurse him;
And, to nurse a little longer, at times he cried
And he didn't want to sleep, and you consoled him,
O mother, with a kiss, and with a drop of milk!

With his mouth at the breast the child was suspended,
And, beneath your kerchief then, when you wished to play,
You hid your breast, and the child climbed up from your waist;
With his little fingers he came up to find it!
And, full of joy then, with your great arms around him,
You embraced him tightly and at length, o mother.

Poor old man! Stiff and pale, I saw him in the shroud;
Rendered rigid by death, I saw my poor father:
He was tranquil, beautiful; I fell on his breast;
All those who were around, they all said "What a shame!"
Poor old man so beloved, poor child so full of cheer!...
Let us weep, for it consoles us. Ah, let us both weep!

Among us, you and I, Brunet, and you, *madamo*,
'Tis I who have the greatest loss... ah! don't say no!
You are young, my friends, and the good Lord loves you both;
Perhaps in a few months you'll hold another child:

Aro que, tóuti dous, quand rintran dins l'oustau,
Trouvan quaucun de-manco, e voulèn pas ié crèire;
Cercan de mèmbe en mèmbe, e d'en bas, e d'en aut:
Sèmblo en tóuti li pas, sèmblo qu'anan li vèire;
E cercan de pertout sènso li rescountra;
E pièi, las de cerca, finissèn pèr ploura.

Mai, de-bado plouran: mancon à la taulado,
E quand vèn pèr manja, tóuti n'avèn plus fam;
De-vèspre, après soupa, mancon à la vihado;
Plus res babiho plus, sian mut en nous caufant.
Nous anan coucha d'ouero, e li niue dourmèn gaire:
Tu veses toun pichot, e iéu vese moun paire.

Paure enfant! tout-bèu-just sabié dire: -- Mama! --
Quand de soun pichot brès, en risènt, s'aubouravo,
Vers ta femo, Brunet, e que voulié teta;
E, pèr teta 'nca pau, de-fes-que-i'a plouravo,
E voulié pas dourmi: l'aviés lèu assoula,
O maire, em' un poutoun, em' un degout de la!

De sa bouco, au teté, l'enfant se pendoulavo,
E, souto toun fiche, pièi quand vouliés jouga,
Toun teté, l'escoundiés, e l'enfant t'escalavo,
Emé si pichot det venié lou descata!
E, trefoulido, alor, dins ti gràndi brassado
Lou sarraves, o maire, uno longo passado!

Paure vièi! rede e blanc, l'ai vist dins si linçòu;
Counjala pèr la mort, l'ai vist moun paure paire:
Ero tranquile e bèu, e iéu i'ai sauta 'u còu;
Tóuti, à soun entour, tóuti disien: -- Pecaire! --
Paure vièi tant ama! paure enfant tant urous!...
Plouren, que fai de bèn, ah! plouren tóuti dous!

De iéu, de tu, Brunet, de vous peréu, madamo,
Siéu pièi lou mai de plagne... ah! digués pas de noun!
Sias jouine, misami, e lou bon Diéu vous amo;
Bessai dins quàuqui mes aurés un enfantoun:

God gives back, when He wants, a child to its mother;
But who, my friends, can return my father to me?

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

*To Monsignor Pavy
Bishop of Algiers*

For long now has blood fallen on you,
Old Africa, and blood does fertilize, by and by,
Blood of martyrs, blood of soldiers,
O red rose, o beautiful rose,
You've blossomed upon the altar.

Rose of Africa, Our Lady,
Pity, have pity on our souls!
Our land has been burned, o rose!, please send down to us,
Like the gentlest of rains,
The dew drops from your leaves,
The perfume of your flower.

They are building you a chapel,
They're building it above, that it might be a sign
To the Arab riding horseback,
To the sailor beat by the sea,
And who might, from afar, find joy.

Rose of Africa, Our Lady,
Pity, have pity on our souls!
Our land has been burned, o rose!, please send down to us,
Like the gentlest of rains,
The dew drops from your leaves,
The perfume of your flower.

In the sunlight you find blinding,
You, who find yourselves trudging among the great sands,
Caravans, when you are weary,
Come under Mary's rosebush
To find shade and consolation.

Diéu pòu rèndre, quand vòu, un enfant à sa maire,
Mai iéu, o mis ami, quau me rendra moun paire?

NOSTO-DAMO D'AFRICO

*A Mounsegne Pavy
Evesque d'Argié*

I'a proun tèms que lou sang t'arroso,
Vièio Africo, e lou sang fegoundo, à tèms o tard! --
Sang di martire e di sòudard,
O roso roujo, o bello roso,
Siés expandido sus l'autar.

Roso d'Africo, Nosto-Damo,
Pieta, pieta de nòstis amo!
Nosto terro èi cremado, o roso! mando-nous,
Coume uno douço plueio,
L'eigagno de ti fueio,
Lou parfum de ta flous.

Te bastisson uno capello,
Te bastisson amount, pèr que fugue un signau
A l'Aràbi qu'es à chivau,
Au marin que la mar bacello,
E que de liuen ié fague gau.

Roso d'Africo, Nosto-Damo,
Pieta, pieta de nòstis amo!
Nosto terro èi cremado, o roso! mando-nous,
Coume uno douço plueio,
L'eigagno de ti fueio,
Lou parfum de ta flous.

Au souleias que vous esbriho,
V'autri, qu'anas trimant à travès li sablas,
Caravanié quand sarés las,
Venès au rousié de Mario
Ceca l'oumbrun e lou soulas.

Rose of Africa, Our Lady,
Pity, have pity on our souls!
Our land has been burned, o rose!, please send down to us,
Like the gentlest of rains,
The dew drops from your leaves,
The perfume of your flower.

With stones, and also with marble,
Let us raise up the chapel, let us raise it high!
That it might be a home for all!...
When the rosebush is a great tree
'Twill shelter it with its branches.

Rose of Africa, Our Lady,
Pity, have pity on our souls!
Our land has been burned, o rose!, please send down to us,
Like the gentlest of rains,
The dew drops from your leaves,
The perfume of your flower.

Virgin, my dues have all been paid:
They have burned up my loves in your golden censers...
O virgin, now refresh my heart!

Between Africa and Provence,
May every sail find a good port!

Rose of Africa, Our Lady,
Pity, have pity on our souls!
Our land has been burned, o rose!, please send down to us,
Like the gentlest of rains,
The dew drops from your leaves,
The perfume of your flower.

*

Here at your feet I place this book:
O you who are model of life, and hope, and love,
Bring favor to, celestial flower,
The first work of this felibre,
A work of youth and of honor.

Roso d'Africo, Nosto-Damo,
Pieta, pieta de nòstis amo!
Nosto terro èi cremado, o roso! mando-nous,
Coume uno douço plueio,
L'eigagno de ti fueio,
Lou parfum de ta flous.

Emé de pèiro, emé de maubre,
Aubouren la capello, aubouren-la bèn aut!
Que de tóuti fugue l'oustau!...
Quand lou rousié sara 'n grand aubre,
L'assoustara de si rampau.

Roso d'Africo, Nosto-Damo,
Pieta, pieta de nòstis amo!
Nosto terro èi cremado, o roso! mando-nous,
Coume uno douço plueio,
L'eigagno de ti fueio,
Lou parfum de ta flous.

Vierge, ai paga ma redevènço:
Mis amour an brula dins toun encensié d'or...
Vierge, refresco-me lou cor!
E 'ntre l'Africo e la Prouvènço,
Que touto velo ane à bon port!

Roso d'Africo, Nosto-Damo,
Pieta, pieta de nòstis amo!
Nosto terro èi cremado, o roso! mando-nous,
Coume uno douço plueio,
L'eigagno de ti fueio,
Lou parfum de ta flous.

*

A ti pèd mete aqueste libre:
O Tu que siés la vido, e l'espèro, e l'amour,
Enfestoulis, celèsto flour,
L'obro proumiero dóu felibre,

Obro de jouinesso e d'ounour.

The Bread of Sin

In his speech before the Académie de Marseille,¹ Mistral recited Aubanel's "The Ninth of Thermidor," from *The Cleft Pomegranate*. When he finished his recitation, he asked, "Should we be surprised, Gentlemen, that it was the author of those lines who created, marvellously created, Provençal drama?" Mistral was referring to the inherently theatrical character of a number of Aubanel's poems, a characteristic mentioned by Legré,² and others, and seen in such poems as "The Blacksmiths," "St. Joseph's Dog," and "Hunger." Provençal and Occitan literature has been primarily poetry from its earliest days. Although there had been some forays into drama, Aubanel was the first to write a strong theatrical piece.³

Aubanel began work on his first play in May of 1863.⁴ He had been thinking about the work for some time, "but was waiting for the idea to mature."⁵ He told his friend Legré, "I've put into it all that I had in my head and in my heart."⁶ The outline of the play's five acts was complete by late July, and the next three and one-half months were spent putting the story into alexandrine verse.

The Bread of Sin takes place on the sparsely inhabited plains of Le Trebon, near Arles. Not unlike García Lorca's Yerma, the main character of Aubanel's play, Faneto, feels deserted⁷ by a husband who is "married" to his land. Although Faneto already has three small sons, she was young when she married, and her husband, Malandran, now has less time for her than he did earlier. Faneto's youth, her loneliness, and the Provençal sun all work together to stir the coals of her passion.

Faneto's desire is awakened at the appearance of Veranet, a young man from Arles in his late teens. The two quickly become involved in a love affair, and ultimately flee together, in order to escape Malandran's certain revenge. The furious husband succeeds in finding the lovers at the inn they have reached after a long day's ride. He carries back to his children the food from the couple's adulterous meal, wrapped up in the tablecloth that he has ripped off the table.

The idea for the tablecloth scene was an event that Aubanel witnessed while dining with a friend in a small restaurant on La Barthelasse, the island in the Rhône between Avignon and Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. There was a romantically engaged couple eating at a table nearby, when suddenly the door opened and in stomped a man "like a furious crazy man, all haggard and disheveled." The man went immediately to the couple's table, looked at them for a fraction of a second, and then "with his two trembling hands, [he] grabbed the tablecloth with all of its culinary contents, and stormed off."⁸

¹ Mistral, "Discours...", p. 135.

² Legré says: "He even dramatizes nature: thus, for example, in one of his most famous pieces, 'The Blacksmiths,' he animates the scarlet clouds pile up on the horizon on a stormy day, and he presents them as giant blacksmiths hammering the sun with full swings of their arms upon an anvil of commensurate size, before the sun dashes down into a roaring sea," pp. 216-7.

³ Aubanel's friend Louis Roumieux wrote two comedies (*Quau vos prendre dos lèbre à la fes, n'en prenes*, and *La Bisco*) which, in addition to Aubanel's works, "are among the rare productions of value in Provençal theatre" (Emile Ripert, *Le Félibrige*, Paris, 1924, p. 86). Regarding the proponderance of poetry over other genres in the literature of the language of the south of France, see our forthcoming *Introduction to Provençal/Occitan Literature*, which outlines major figures and developments in the literature of the Langue d'Oc from the demise of the troubadours through the first decade of the Félibrige.

⁴ Welter, p. 185-6.

⁵ Legré, p. 218.

⁶ Legré, p. 219.

⁷ Welter would disagree with this statement. See *infra*.

⁸ Vincent, p. 233. At one point it had been theorized that the impetus for the play was a saying, "commonly known in the region," that "the bread of adultery poisons anyone who eats it." In fact, early

Although written in 1863, *The Bread of Sin* was not presented until fifteen years later. The first presentation was in Montpellier in May, 1878. The *Société des Langues Romanes* and the city of Montpellier had organized a nine-day celebration in honor of the development of Neo-Romance literature.⁹ Representatives from throughout the Latin world, including Romania, were in attendance. Aubanel's piece was presented as part of the festivities. Afterwards, he wrote to Legré:

...The production of my dramatic piece was a real success— great, gripping, and, I must add, unexpected. Everyone was afraid, except my actors— some fanatic friends who believed in my work, and they were right. Ah, what emotion!... I was reassured the moment the first act was finished; the audience was completely won over, seduced. When all was said and done, it was a triumph; people yelled out, “author, author!”¹⁰

Preparing the piece for production was not easy, however. Antonin Glaize, a friend of Aubanel who was in Montpellier at the time, described one difficulty:

I remember especially certain apprehensions on the part of the man who arranged to have the piece presented. They were caused by some of the more passionate scenes in the play, especially scene six in the second act. He told Aubanel: “We could never do that on stage.” And Aubanel, who in his modesty was always open to advice, agreed to rework the scene. But when it came time to rehearse it with the new script, the whole troupe of actors refused to accept the changes.¹¹

Legré explains that when it came to that scene during the performance, the audience— which up to that point had made its favorable impression clearly known—was so surprised that it could react with nothing more than silence, “as if wondering whether to protest or applaud. This surprise that took over the whole audience, this moment of silent hesitation... did not last long; suddenly, long and resounding applause broke out, and from that moment until the end of the play it was nothing more than a procession of emotion and tears.”¹² The play had an encore presentation three weeks later, in Alais (Alès).¹³

The Bread of Sin's presentations took place long after most of the criticism of *The Cleft Pomegranate* had subsided,¹⁴ but not everyone in Provence was as happy with the play as the audience reaction suggested. Aubanel was “violently attacked” by a legitimist newspaper. And a royalist paper also published a long article critical of Aubanel, an article that was “as bitter as it was insidious.”¹⁵ Although the identity of the royalist critic is uncertain, the article characterized *The Bread of Sin* as “a licentious, immoral, repugnant,

researchers could find no one who knew the saying; it was therefore assumed that Paul Arene, who translated Aubanel's drama to French (Aubanel's original translation was apparently lost at an early date), was the originator of the saying (Vincent, p. 232).

⁹ Legré, p. 221.

¹⁰ Welter, p. 232.

¹¹ Legré, p. 224.

¹² *Op. cit.*, p. 226.

¹³ Cf. Introduction to *The Girls of Avignon*.

¹⁴ Liprandi mentions six years before *The Bread of Sin*'s presentation in which attacks against Aubanel were “particularly violent”: 1862, 1863, 1864, 1867, 1868, 1873 (p. 117).

¹⁵ Both quotes from Liprandi's “Sur un mot de Théodore Aubanel: “*Ne m'appellez plus Felibre, je ne le suis plus*,” in *Aubanel et le Felibrige*, Avignon, 1954, p. 45. The same book is published with the title *Hommage à Théodore Aubanel*, also Avignon, 1954, p. 45.

immodest, scandalous, dishonest, realist, naturalist drama: in short, one that belongs with Zola and the school of *L'Assommoir*.”¹⁶

The publication of *The Bread of Sin* did not take place until 1882, thus, almost twenty years after its composition. Remembering the commotion around both the presentation of the play and the publication of *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*, Aubanel limited publication to 200 copies, copies which he intended to distribute to trusted and understanding friends only.¹⁷ Earlier on, he had sent a copy of it to Sophie de Lentz. Sophie's mother read the play first, however, and refused to let her daughter have access to it.¹⁸

As was mentioned in the introduction to *The Cleft Pomegranate*, Aubanel has been often misunderstood. Among those biographers and critics who write about *The Bread of Sin*, it is Welter who reads the most into the play. For example, he insists that: “The third act expresses, in gripping terms, *the change that sin has effected* in Faneto's heart. After the first intoxication of love, she regains her sobriety and, *whipped by the reproaches of her religious faith*, she recognizes all the blackness of her action”¹⁹ (both italics ours). Regardless of what Welter says, it is not possible, based on the text, to know if Faneto is “whipped” by her religious faith or not. She does seem to have a values system that sees her adultery as a “crime” and a “sin.” Both *peca / peccat* and *crime* are used in the scene in question. But Faneto's fears, as they are presented in the text, are not concerned with theological issues— falling out of the state of grace, punishment, or damnation— but rather with human issues: facing her children and betraying her husband.

Clearly, at the end of Act V, “human issues” take precedence over eschatological concerns for Faneto. The children wish to embrace their mother, who has now returned. Her response is:

“Don't, please don't touch me. No, Nouvelet. (*She tries to pry his hands off.*) Grabeloun, stop! Nenet! You can't, *I'll contaminate you!* Oh, God, if only I could give them one more kiss! Save your hugs and kisses for your father; he's the only one who deserves them now... No! Don't touch me! (*She pushes them away.*) Malandran, pick them up, hug them, for God's sake! My pain is great enough already without seeing the pain that the children are in. Let them give you a hug, at least... They are your children; there's no way to deny that. Why should they suffer for my sin?”

Faneto considers herself “guilty.” Nevertheless, her just punishment is not damnation; it is rather death, or exile from her family. Regarding death, in the final scene she says to Malandran: “I can't ask you for anything. All I deserve is death! You're the master here: kill me! Take my life!...” However, the most difficult part of her morally imposed and self-imposed “punishment” is the destruction of the bond between her and her children: first, that after what she has done she is no longer worthy to embrace them (“... if only I could... [Malandran] is the only one who deserves them now...”), and second, that her children should suffer because of her actions.

Welter also appears to misunderstand Faneto's feelings toward her husband. Welter calls *The Bread of Sin* “the story of the woman who, having reached her maturity and endowed with a passionate temperament, is tired of her aging husband and burning with a

¹⁶ Liprandi, “Sur un mot...” p. 46. Aubanel believed that the author of the criticism was Roumanille, as a rift between the two former friends had developed. An excellent analysis of the rift in their relationship is available in chapter 3 of Dumas, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-61. Cf. also *supra*, the introduction to *The Girls of Avignon*.

¹⁷ Légré, p. 229; Welter, p. 233.

¹⁸ Welter, p. 172.

¹⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 208. The passage in question is in all probability scene IV.

criminal love for a young man whom she attempts to seduce.”²⁰ Was she *tired* of her husband, or unsatisfied? Faneto’s words in Act I, Scene III should suffice to answer the question:

It’s always the same. He comes home, and then he leaves. He never has time to flirt with his wife; he never stops to kiss his children. Malandran is a good man, and I know he loves me. But deep inside, his love for the land wins out over me. Soil—it’s his biggest love and his greatest fixation. He forgets about his wife to return to the land! Women and children need tender moments, and he’s dreaming about work rather than about caresses. The only passion in his life is his passion for work. He’s out of our bed before dawn; he goes off with his warmth to make love to his mistress earth! She’s a demanding lover, but how he loves her; he fights with her, he grabs her, he holds her in his arms.

Welter sees Faneto as both seductress and one who allows herself to be seduced.²¹ And both Welter and Vincent express views about women in general that are without evidence in Aubanel’s writings. For Aubanel, women, at least beautiful women, are a temptation.²² But he would disagree with Welter’s statement that “In her audacious beauty, Faneto symbolizes sin in general.”²³

Vincent, incidentally, specifically disagrees with Welter on the issue of Faneto’s being “tired” of her husband. Vincent says: “Faneto takes all her furious jealousy out against this farmer who prefers his soil and his grain to her. For she has a rival, the earth, which takes him away in the morning and returns him to her in the evening, weary from his work.... This is why this parched woman finds herself without resistance before the other, when confronted by the young and charming newcomer.”²⁴ In essence, as Vincent suggests, Faneto is pushed to her sin because of Malandran’s insensitivity.

Earlier, we quoted Mistral’s statement about Aubanel’s never-ending struggle between his religion and his passion. Mistral’s idea, or variations closely akin to it, were taken up by Welter, Vincent, and Liprandi, as well as others.²⁵ Aubanel was unquestionably a spiritual man. He was a Catholic man whose faith was demonstrated in religious practices as well as in his charitable works. Aubanel was, also unquestionably, a man whose verse was replete with “the fires of passion and desire.” But, although it is true that Aubanel’s themes go beyond the limits of “acceptability” for mainstream Catholicism in Avignon in the mid-nineteenth century, there is no substantial evidence that he considered his amorous desires or his appreciation of female nakedness to be in any way contrary to his Christian

²⁰ “... l’histoire de la femme qui, arrivée à l’âge mûr et douée d’un tempérament ardent, est fatiguée de son mari vieillissant et brûle d’un amour criminel pour un jeune homme qu’elle cherche à séduire,” p. 221.

²¹ “A pleasant conversation takes place between them, during which Faneto, who has fallen in love, wishes to win (séduire) the young man’s heart,” p. 189; “Fanette, le coeur altéré d’amour, ... se laisse séduire par la beauté de Veranet,” p. 195; see also note 19, *supra*: Faneto proposes to seduce this innocent Provençal boy, and effortlessly succeeds (Fanette se propose de séduire cet innocent provençal [sic] et elle y arrive sans peine).

²² Cf. “Venus of Arles”: “May all that’s beauty shine, what’s ugly remain hidden.”

²³ *Op. cit.*, p. 226.

²⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 239. Welter, incidentally, sees Veranet as a “sad *efféminé*,” which is why, in the end, “the drama has him noiselessly disappear,” *op. cit.*, p. 229. The two authors disagree, further, on Malandran. Welter maintains that, to the reader, “Malandran remains sympathetic throughout,” p. 229, while in Vincent’s study—yes, this is the same play—“Malandran est un sot tragique”—he’s a “tragic fool,” p. 239.

²⁵ Among these was Aubanel’s friend and personal physician, A. Parmard, who said, “There were two atavic influences in Aubanel, which sometimes must have waged terrible battles: on the one hand, the rigid, calm, and orderly Catholic Aubanels, and on the other, the Greek captain who lived the adventuresome life slashing Turks, carrying off Sarrasin women...” See Legre, *op. cit.*, p. 236.

beliefs.. It is more likely that Mistral, and others, passed Aubanel's verse through their own spiritual or moral filters to arrive at conclusions that are not borne out by his written words.

However, let us look at the arguments of those who do believe in the presence of a "never-ending battle" in Aubanel's works. The piece that is most frequently cited is the two-sonnet work from *The Girls of Avignon*, "Suffering."²⁶ In the first of these sonnets, when the soul is weak, drunken, and tormented in its search for female splendor and the beauty of nakedness, "The kiss of a child with ice-cold lips suffices/ to arouse your shame." In the last line of this sonnet, the reader is told to return home, and to: "fall on your knees!/ Before God, poor wretch, unburden yourself and weep." These lines are open to religious interpretation. First, the arousal of shame is a clear legacy of the Judeo-Christian tradition in effect in Aubanel's day. Moreover, the final lines of unburdening oneself before God can suggest asking God's forgiveness.²⁷ Nevertheless, Aubanel chose the word "weep" rather than the more specifically religious "repent" or "pray"; a religious interpretation is possible, but not inevitable. If "Suffering" was written with a specific religious moral in mind, its arrangement is curious, for the second sonnet then comes almost as an anticlimax: eternal desire is a torment, but what awaits the individual who excessively gives in to such pleasures is an "oppressive ennui."

Another argument could arise from the use of the usually religious word "sin." In *The Bread of Sin*, the reader, or the spectator, as the case may be, is reminded, at least three different moments during the play, that there is a "sin" involved.²⁸ But the fact that the sin belongs only to Faneto, and not to her adulterous partner, suggests that the word may not be meant in a specifically religious context. From the religious perspective in operation at Aubanel's time, as in other times, the "sin" of adultery is committed by both parties. In *The Bread of Sin*, both Veranet and Faneto refer to their relationship as Faneto's sin. The implication is that in the play Faneto has the social, moral, or other ties that bind her to her husband and her children. Veranet has no such ties, and thus, at least for Aubanel's purposes in this play, no sin. In Act II, for example, their conversation clarifies who owns the sin.

VERANET: I love you as much as I love life and hate death. I love you, Faneto, I love you as much as your sin is black!

FANETO: I know my sin is black. But I have to follow the sweet downhill path. Sin is dark, but once you have a taste of it, you never get your fill. Oh, it's so sweet! Sin is food that makes you hungry, and you have to eat; it makes you thirsty, and you can't help but drink; it's a juicy piece of fruit that you can't help but finish. It's a wine that makes you drunk, but you still don't have enough. Oh, how drunk I am! I've never been drunk like this before! There's a whole world around me, and all I can see is you. Nothing but you, Veranet, you're all I see, and all I hear, and all I love! I don't care about Malandran. I don't care about virtue.

²⁶ Liprandi (*Oeuvres choisies...*), in his introduction to this poem, says: "An artist, [Aubanel] sees Beauty, which conquers and elevates the world, as akin to the Passion of Christ, which delivers and regenerates humanity.— Temptation brings on a disgust with evil, and leads to prayer" (p. 136). Vincent (*op. cit.*, p. 60) asks "Who could not see [in these sonnets] what the poet wanted to clearly put in them: the synthesis of all temptation of the flesh, an immense disgust with evil, and an urgent prayer?"

²⁷ Curiously, Legré, the biographer who knew Aubanel best, uses Aubanel's word "unburdening"—*dégouffler*; in Provençal, *desgounfla*— to explain why Aubanel wrote poetry: "He is above all the poet of true passion: he never sings [=writes poetry] except to unburden his too-heavy heart" (*op. cit.*, p. 52). It is unlikely that, when one is overcome with the desires of the flesh, Aubanel would suggest that his reader should find relief in prayer when he, himself, found it by writing sensual poetry.

²⁸ Act II, Scene IV; Act III, Scenes IV and V; Act V, Scene IV. The title of the play in Provençal is, moreover, "The Bread of Sin."

Whether the never-ending struggle between religion and passion in Aubanel is a reality or not, both Welter and Vincent insist on seeing *The Bread of Sin* as an essentially religious play. Nevertheless, their specific interpretations vary.²⁹ Vincent asserts that:

“Deep down, *The Bread of Sin* is the eternal drama of black sin, of the sin of the flesh and its tragic consequences.... It stirs up... a certain fear of that sin which violates a great commandment— and in this regard its action should be seen as beneficial.... In the long run, one comes out of the play with the impression— and this is undoubtedly what the Catholic Aubanel wanted— that the hand of God is at the very heart of the action and that, sooner or later, *one must pay for it*”[italics in original].³⁰

Regarding the moment just before Faneto gives in to her passion for Veranet, Vincent states that

“Deep in Faneto’s heart, as she awaits the total bewilderment that will keep her from hearing anything more, catechism and passion are running neck and neck. It is the ninth commandment of the Decalogue that inspires these words with which she, in a sense, slaps Veranet at the beginning of the second act: “I hate you. I hate you... You frighten me!”³¹

Both Welter and Vincent believe that “Faneto symbolizes sin in general,” although Welter goes farther, in his view that “Malandran... becomes the outright judge and, as in the Bible, the inexorable and inflexible avenger who punishes the children for the crime of the parents. He personifies moral condemnation, which the poet pronounces against blind passion, and this raises the drama... into the realm of eternal truth.”³²

Besides his disagreements with Welter, Vincent’s views on Faneto’s role appear to be at variance with those of Aubanel, also, at least the way Aubanel’s views are seen in his poetry. Aubanel’s poetic works, in either *The Cleft Pomegranate* or *The Girls of Avignon*, portray women with compassion and tenderness (“War,” “The Virgin,” “The Hand,” and “Bornier’s Daughter,” to mention just a few³³). When women do play the role of the temptress, as in “Venus of Avignon” and so many other works, it is not because of some character trait inherent in women as much as it is a man’s reaction to feminine beauty, just as Faneto reacts to Veranet. Nevertheless, Vincent describes Faneto’s character in the play as follows: “It evokes the guilty woman, and even woman, period: woman of all times and all places, with her frenzy, her passion, her perversity, her contradictions, her illogicalness.”³⁴

Legré reads “internal struggle” into Aubanel’s work to a lesser extent than do Vincent and Welter. This may be due to the fact that he was the poet’s closest friend, the one who knew him best. He does consider, regarding the disappearance of Aubanel’s

²⁹ See especially pp. 215, 226 of Vincent’s work.

³⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 225.

³¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 241-2.

³² See Vincent, p. 226, for both the quote and his reaction to it; although Vincent agrees on minor points, he believes that “on the whole, the observation is correct.”

³³ Even in “The Ball,” the reader is given the impression that it is the young man who seduces the young woman. The greatest evidence that Aubanel does not see “woman” as temptress, however, is in his play *Lou Pastre*. See *infra*.

³⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 227.

second dramatic work, *Lou Pastre*, the possibility of the author's destroying the piece, "repenting for having too authentically depicted guilty passion."³⁵

Provençal essayist Charles Maurras is one critic who refuses to see this play as a play about religious scruples. He says: "I cannot believe that Aubanel was attempting to revise Christ's words about the adulterous woman, or that he wanted to write a chapter on morality in action. There is no thesis in the *Bread of Sin*. We see only that the *Bread of Sin* is bitter for those who have bitten into it, as well as for others."³⁶ In Maurras' view, the play is a work about one's interactions in society:

Finally, if this love is sufficiently vigorous to consume interior resistance, when it emerges it encounters society, [that society which is] almost always the enemy. Civil law recognizes love only in an exceptional form; morality is harder than the law, and religion is harder than morality, [but] mocking opinion is the hardest of all.³⁷

As a theatrical work, *The Bread of Sin* suffers from an excess of soliloquy on the part of Faneto, and from inadequate character development in Veranet, and perhaps also in Malandran. Despite other minor flaws, *The Bread of Sin* is, from a technical standpoint, the best of Aubanel's plays.

Lou Pastre, Lou Raubatòri

Two years after completing *The Bread of Sin*, Aubanel began work on a second play, *Lou Pastre* (The Shepherd), which was emotionally even more powerful than its predecessor. *Lou Pastre* was completed in 1866. A third play, *Lou Raubatòri*, written in 1872, also deals with passion and the consequences it can have when it is dealt with incorrectly. Although *Lou Raubatòri* was completed, Aubanel intended to rework it at some later date, and never returned to it. Neither of these two plays has been translated here, since the scope of this book is limited to those works published, and thus available to the critical eye of the public during the poet's lifetime. It may be helpful, however, to speak briefly of Aubanel's second dramatic piece, *Lou Pastre*, since, here again we find the author writing a piece which he felt to be an important work, "an essentially human and true" piece, at the same time that it was "wild, strange, [and] possessed by the devil."³⁸

In 1866, Aubanel wrote to Legré with the same kind of enthusiasm about *Lou Pastre* as he had for his earlier play:

I will bring you the complete outline of the five acts of my new play. We will read it carefully, so you can give me your thoughts about it. It is a work that smiles upon me infinitely, one that I like intensely, and in which I wish to put all the strength, tenderness, and originality that I can. Mistral and Daudet, to whom I have already read it, are greatly encouraging.³⁹

Lou Pastre was "inspired" by an incident that happened while the poet was serving on a jury in Carpentras. "A shepherd, unaware of the laws of society, who naturally gave in to his impulsive instincts, ... raped a young girl who had lost her way in the foothills of [Mont] Ventoux."⁴⁰ The shepherd in Aubanel's play, Cabrau, sees Melano, who is in her

³⁵ Legré, p. 232.

³⁶ Charles Maurras, *Théodore Aubanel*, Avignon-Paris, 1927, p. 38.

³⁷ Maurras, p. 23.

³⁸ Legré, p. 230: "Mon drame est une oeuvre folle, étrange, endiablée, mais, par-dessus tout, essentiellement humaine et vraie."

³⁹ Legré, p. 231.

⁴⁰ See Liprandi, p. 191 for this letter to Legré from Aubanel.

early teens, bathing in the woods while she is out to pick mushrooms for her sister and grandmother. He steals her clothing to help keep her from escaping, and takes her to his camping spot, where, as Meleno says, "...two days, in that black hell/ I remained the plaything of that savage beast." Meleno does manage to escape with some of her underclothing and returns to her home. The next day, in his uncontrollable rage at having lost "his" woman, Cabrau appears at her door to take her back. When she hides, Cabrau kidnaps Meleno's sister, Fabresso, as her replacement.

In this play, also, the theme is precisely that of the tragedy that blind passion leads to when not constrained by the laws of society, or by consideration for the well-being of others. The fact that Fabresso's way to escape rape is via suicide would appear once again to suggest that it was not Aubanel's intention to deal with themes of religious morality.

The two female characters in *Lou Pastre*, Meleno and Fabresso, both completely innocent, are kidnapped to be toys for the shepherd's unrestrained sexual desires. It is impossible for the reader of this play to agree with either Welter's or Vincent's statements regarding Aubanel's female characters being either intentionally seductive or temptresses.

Lou Pastre was never presented during Aubanel's lifetime. It is probably his most powerful work. It suffers even more than *Lou Pan dóu Pecat* from an excess of monologues and soliloquies, although it was certainly not this detail that kept it from being staged.

The first of Aubanel's biographers, Legré and Welter, were both under the impression that *Lou Pastre* had disappeared, since it was not among the papers that were given to Legré. Aubanel had specifically requested that all of his literary works be entrusted to his friend.

The "disappearance" is a curious matter. Legré had of course read the play, and knew quite well of both it and its translation's existence. Did he suspect that someone was hiding the piece? He mentions the work's disappearance by saying, "It is a mystery which active steps and dogged investigation have yet to clear up."⁴¹ He does admit, as a theoretical possibility (as does Welter after him) that Aubanel may have destroyed the work: "Was it destroyed by the author himself, repenting for having too authentically depicted guilty passion?"

Dumas, however, believes that Aubanel's family deliberately kept *Lou Pastre* from Legré. There were two or three copies of the work in existence— at least two copies of the work ended up in the hands of the poet's family a number of years after his death. Moreover, although Aubanel's son, Jean, stated that there were three *complete* manuscripts of the play in existence in 1936, Jean's son, Edouard, maintained that there were only two copies in 1944, and that at least a section of them had been partially destroyed by the author "in a moment of doubt or despair."⁴² Aubanel's goal in choosing Legré to manage his works after his death was expressly that of getting his works published as quickly as possible. If Dumas is correct, Joséphine and Jean-de-la-Croix Aubanel delayed the public's appreciation of the Felibrige's greatest playwright for a number of years.

⁴¹ Legré, p. 232.

⁴² See Dumas, pp. 175-181, for his fascinating discussion of this situation. Dumas fails to refer to Vincent's comments (p. 255) that "five pages were taken out of the manuscript [of *Lou Pastre*], undoubtedly by a troubled hand. This hand could only have been that of TA. The proof of this is that the lacuna is stitched together, and certainly with his handwriting."

THE VIRGINS OF AVIGNON

LI FIHO D'AVIGNOUN

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## **THE GREEK CAPTAIN**

*Through a captain, a Greek with a cuirass o'er his chest,  
From the days of Barbarossa comes my lineage  
Hell bent for destruction, and drunken with slaughter  
By arms, with sword in hand he cried: Arrasso! Beware!  
The plague, lions, weapons famine and blinding sun,  
He confronted them all! Wolves and savage  
Vultures followed the tracks of his jet black steed,  
Assured of an imminent feast upon death.  
Twenty years he slashed Turks and raped Sarrasin women;  
In the glint of the sun his weapon shone crimson  
As he passed over Maghrebins like a scourge,  
At full gallop, invincible, terrible and ferocious!...  
Thus it is that, at times, with blood my verse is red:  
From him I draw my love for women and for sun.*

## **VENUS OF AVIGNON**

*To Prospèr Yvaren*

*Her eyes, so deep and limpid green,  
Those large, pure eyes whisper "Come!"  
Slightly smiling, somewhat pouting,  
Tenderly, slowly, her soft lips part,  
Her teeth, which are whiter than milk,  
Are gleaming... Shh! She's coming, look!  
She's just turned fifteen, the beauty!*

*Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!*

*Her raven, wildish, shining hair  
Is tied off in braids, in ringlets,  
A crimson ribbon holds it back;  
Whipped by the wind, it spots with red  
Her sun-tanned face and naked neck:  
You'd say 'twas the blood of Venus,  
That red ribbon of our beauty.*

## **LOU CAPITANI GRE**

*Un capitàni grè que pourtavo curasso,  
Dóu tèms de Barbo-rousso, es esta moun aujòu:  
Cercant lis estramas, ebri dóu chaplachòu  
Dis armo, ferre au poung cridavo: Arrasso! arrasso!  
Pèsto, lioun, sablas, famino, dardai fòu,  
Avié tout afrounta! Li loup, li tartarasso  
Seguissien trefouli sa cavalo negrasso,  
Car sabien que i' aurié de mort un terro-sòu.  
Vint an chaplè li Turc, raubè li Sarrasino;  
Soun espaso au soulèu lusissiè cremesino,  
Quand sus li Maugrabin passavo coume un flèu,  
A grand galop, terrible, indoumtable, ferouge!...  
D'aqui vèn que, pèr fes, de sang moun vers es rouge:  
Tire d'eu moun amour di femo e dóu soulèu.*

## LA VENUS D'AVIGNOUN

*A Prouspèr Yvaren*

Sis iue d'enfant, founs e verdau,  
Si grands iue pur vous dison : Dau!  
Un pau risènto, un pau mouqueto,  
Tèndri, se duerbon si bouqueto;  
Si dènt, pu blanco que lou la,  
Brihon... Chut! qu'arribo: ves-la!  
Tout-just s' a quinge an, la chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mouri,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Arrage, soun péu negrinèu  
S'estroupo à trenello, en anèu;  
Un velout cremesin l'estaco;  
Fouita dóu vènt, de rouge taco  
Sa caro bruno e soun còu nus:  
Dirias qu'es lou sang de Venus,  
Aquéu riban de la chatouno.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

Oh! Who will free me from the thirst  
For that girl?... She wears no corset:  
Her proud and pleatless dress, clings 'round  
Her firm young breast which trembles not  
When she walks, but rather firms up  
So nice and tight that what trembles  
Is your heart before her beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

As she walks you'd think her floating:  
Beneath the grace and the swing  
Of a white petticoat you sense  
The lines of firm hips, divine legs,  
In short, her whole majestic body;  
But your eyes see only the feet  
And the ankles of that beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

If only some day she would wrap  
Her beautiful arms 'round my neck!



Her hand's not yet wearing a ring:  
Someday a young man may come, with offers  
Of castles, diamonds and treasure;  
She'll turn him down; she'll tie her fate  
With threads of love, the beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laissez-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Oh! quau me levara la set  
De la chatouno?... A ges de courset:  
Sa raubo, fièro e sèns ple, molo  
Soun jouine sen que noun tremolo  
Quand marchò, mai s'arredounis  
Tant ferme, que subran fernis  
Voste cor davans la chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laissez-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Camino, e la creirias voulant:  
Souto la gràci e lou balans  
Dóu fres coutihoun, se devino  
Anco ardido e cambo divino,  
Tout soun cor ufanous enfin;  
Mai se vèi que si petoun fin  
E si caviho de chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laissez-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

A moun còu, si bèu bras tant dous,  
Li crousèsse un jour tóuti dous!  
Sa man porto panca la bago:  
Pòu veni, lou nòvi, que pago  
Emé castèu, diamant, tresor,  
L'embandis! Vòu liga soun sort  
Em' un fiéu d'amour, la chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laissez-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Yesterday, why, outside your house,  
Did you look at me such that today  
I still am burning with fever?

Turn around, turn your face away  
Toward the wall when you come near me.  
Like flames that shoot from a rifle,  
Your eyes sear my heart, my beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

But what do you care? You pass through life  
Sowing pain and aches in the hearts  
Of the young men who surround you.  
'Tis wrong! Better the flesh lie dormant  
Like the slumbering lion who lays  
At the side of forgotten prey,  
His awesome head upon the earth.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

Ah! If I can speak to no one,  
Then to the beasts of the forest  
Shall I speak when, some moonless night,  
The wind is whirling and swirling;  
When, in the tempests of the sea,  
The beasts, like men half crazy,  
Whinny in delirious love, my beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

I can't: I can no longer love you!  
It pains me to desire you so,  
You, so beautiful, so wicked!  
Don't grow too haughty, Hesperides,

Aièr, perché, davans l'oustau,  
Me jitàres un regard tau  
Que n'en brule la fèbre encaro?  
Viro alin, viro ta caro  
Sus la paret, quand siés vers iéu;  
Coume la flamo dóu fusiéu,  
Tis iue m'esbrihaudon, chatouno!

Passes-plus, que me fas mouri,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Mai t'enchau bèn! Fas toun camin,  
Semenant trebau e fremin  
Dins lou pitre di jouvenome.  
As tort! Vau miés que la car drome,  
Coume soumiho lou lioun

Qu'alongo, óublidant lou taioun,  
Soun orro tèssto au sòu, chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Ah! se n'en pode parla 'n res,  
A la feruno di fourèst  
L'anarai dire, quand, sèns luno,  
Dins la niue, l'auro revouluno;  
Quand, dins la tempèsto de Mar,  
Li bèsti, coume d'alumard,  
Endihon d'amour fòu, chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mourì,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

Vole pas, vole plus t'ama!  
M'es en òdi de trelima  
Pèr tu tant bello e tant marrido.  
Te crèigues pas tant, Esperido,

Wisp of rose flesh and chestnut hair,  
Which one blow of my fist could crush,  
Like the weakest fly, my beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

At night I dream the strangest dreams:  
You escape the minute I have you;  
I pursue, yet never reach you.  
From afar I see your corset open  
Like a flower just starting to bloom:  
But whenever I touch paradise,  
A demon steals you, my beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

Since one cannot, upon the earth,  
Be in love without being in fear,  
Let us then flee up to the stars;  
Golden light, as lace, shall be yours,  
The mist shall serve as your curtains,  
And like a puppy I shall play  
At your dainty feet, my beauty.

Don't pass back by, it tortures me,  
I'd cover you, and happily,  
With kisses!

## **THE SIREN**

*To Carle Monselet*

Beneath the eternal beating  
Of breakers that heave and howl,  
There are silent palaces which roughly  
The sea doth hide away.

Brèu de car roso e de péu brun,  
Que poudrié, moun poung, metre en frun  
Coume uno mouissalo! Chatouno,

Passes-plus, que me fas mouri,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

La niue fau d'estràngi pantai:  
M'escapes autant-lèu que t'ai;  
Te courre après, jamai t'ajougne.  
Vese de liuen bada toun jougne  
Coume uno flour que s'espandis:  
Sèmpre, quand toque au paradis,  
Un diable te raubo, o chatouno.

Passes-plus, que me fas mouri,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

D'abord qu'en terro noun se pòu  
Estre amourous sènso avé pòu,  
Anen-nous-en dins lis estello;  
Auras lou trelus pèr dentello,  
Auras li nivo pèr ridèu,  
E jougarai coume un cadèu  
A ti pichot pèd, ma chatouno!

Passes-plus, que me fas mouri,  
O laisso-me te devouri  
De poutouno!

## **LA SERENO**

*A Carle Monselet*

Souto l'eterne bacèu  
De l'erso, que brame o bounde,  
I'a de palais siau, e brounde  
Lou flot ié fai curbecèu.

In the distance goes a vessel  
On a trip around the world;  
Just then, when nothing shields her,

She tosses into the sky

Her proud mane of hair,  
And frolicks in full nakedness,  
The siren on the seas.

"Who will," she shouts, "come be my page?"  
And the boatswain, in reply:  
"Hòu! Man overboard!"

### **THE VOYAGE**

*To Madame Viouleto d'Or*

The night is black; in the darkness  
The railway carries me off.  
It's cold, wind whistles at the door,  
And now half dead the lantern, leaves  
Its supreme glow before my eyes.

Everything 'round me is bathed in shadow;  
Outside the window trees rush by  
Like phantoms... Where to?  
One by one they pass me by,  
Greeting with somber branches.

The whistle shrills ...  
Lord, we're fast! It's all run together:  
Wood, window, iron;  
Fires dance on the wall  
Like demons ... What's that?

The car has entered the earth;  
Thunder ... This trip is troubling.  
The darkness deep, the savage noise,  
Like that at the Gates of Hell  
Announces: "Leave all hope!"

Eilalin passo un veissèu  
Que fasié lou tour dóu mounde;  
Alor, pèr que rèn l'escounde,  
Jito à rèire dins lou cèu

Sa fiero como e s'amuso  
A fouleja touto nuso,  
La sereno, sus li clar:

"Quau vòu, dis, èstre moun page?"  
E lou mèstre d'aquipage:  
"Hòu! crido, un ome à la mar!"

### **LOU VIAGE**

*A Dono Viouleto-d'Or*

La niue es negro; dins la niue

Lou camin de fèrri m'emporto.  
Fai fre, lou vènt rounflo à la porto,  
E la lampo trais, mita-morto,  
Soun belu suprème à mis iue.

Autour de iéu tout s'emplis d'oumbro;  
Deforo, coume de trevan,  
Lis aubre courron... Moute van?  
Un pèr un me passon davan,  
Saludant de si branco soumbro.

Lou siblet quilo endemounia...  
Diéu, qu'anan vite! Tout trantraio:  
Lou bos, li vitro, la ferraio;  
De fiò danson sus la muraio  
Coume de fouletoun... Que i'a?

Lou vagoun intro souto terro;  
Trono... Lou viage m'es de fèr.  
L'escur prefound e lou brut de fèr,  
Coume à la porto de l'Infèr,  
Vous dison: "Leissas touto espèro!"

Spewing black clouds of smoke,  
Huffing, groaning, breathless,  
The engine, damned blackness,  
Has stopped, and from horrid dark plumes  
Emerges a city of a thousand lights.

A gay flame dances on the gaslight;  
The good friends I'd left  
Throw arms around my neck.  
O sweet friendship  
When souls smile in their eyes!

I stroll off toward the cottage. There,  
Alone, before the banquet table,  
Waits and dreams my beauty;  
One kiss from her, how soon have vanished  
Ten leagues of horrid travel.

## **COMEDY OF DEATH**

*To Théophile Gautier*

Like Dante, you too wrote a comedy of Death;  
A comedy divine, and strange; and with no remorse,  
In your love life you flirted with Death  
And, still alive, you dared take steps into the grave.

For all the credit you had built up with the sorceress,  
While stroking, with one hand, her heartless chest,  
With the other you caressed pure Beauty, since  
Beauty, it seems, for everything is the remedy.

She's never forgotten how you courted her;  
Fifty years the powerful mistress has waited,  
And one unhappy night, on galloping steed,

She knocks on your door... She stops for neither  
Glory nor tenderness: "The actors are ready,  
The curtain is up. Come now, 'tis time for your play."

Racant un nivoulas de fum,  
Boufant, renant, desalenado,  
La machino, nègro danado,  
S'arrèsto, e de l'orro fumado  
Sort la vilo em' si milo lum.

Dóu gaz vivo e gaio es la flamo;  
Li bons ami qu'aviéu quita  
A moun còu vènon se jita.  
O douçour de l'amigueta,  
Quand dins lis iue rison lis amo!

Vers l'oustaloun m'adraie. Alin,  
Soulo davans la regalido,  
Espèro e sounjo la poulido;  
Un poutoun d'elo, e lèu s'oublido  
Dès lego de marrit camin.

## **LOU COUMEDI DE LA MORT** *A Teoufile Gautier*

De la Mort, coume Dante, as escri la coumèdi,  
La coumèdi divino, estranjo; e sèns remor,  
De la vido amourous, calignères la Mort,  
E, vivènt, dins lou cros faguères toun acèdi.

E tant que vers la masco ansin trouvères crèdi,  
En paupant d'uno man soun pitre sènso cor,  
De l'autro as caressa la Bèuta puro, amor  
Que de tout la Bèuta nous sèmblo lou remèdi.

N'a jamai óublida que i'aviés fa la court,  
T'a 'spera cinquante an, la terriblo mestresso.  
Un vèspre de malur, sus soun chivau que cour,

Arribo à toun oustau... Ni glòri ni tendresso  
L'arrèston: "Eilavau ta coumèdi as apresso,  
Lou ridèu es tira; vène, qu'es à toun tour!"

## **SONG FOR DELPHINE**

### **I**

Put on your little

White silk shoes,  
And place a sprig of orange blossom  
Upon your hip.

Love takes the lovebirds  
By the hand  
And locks them away  
Among the stars.

Mistily wrapped  
In gossamer veil,  
O rose in the snows  
What beauty you are!

Rise up, he's coming,  
Fair maiden,  
The gentle and proud young man  
Who wants you so!

Quickly, place the crown  
Upon your long blond hair:  
None stronger is there than the love  
Which has given you to him!

## II

From Paris to Cassis,  
From Arles to Beaucaire,  
A fairer suitor  
You could not have found.

Love takes the lovebirds  
By the hand  
And locks them away  
Among the stars.

## CANSOUN PER DOUFINO

### I

Cargo ti prim soulié  
De sedo blanco,  
Mete un brout d'arangié  
Sus ta bello anco.

L'amour prèn pèr la man  
Li nòvi bèn amant,  
E li pestello  
Dins lis estello.

Dóu velet clarinèu  
Ennivoulido,  
O roso dins la nèu,  
Que siés poulido!



Aubouro-te que vèn,  
Nouvièto bello,  
Lou tèn dre e fièr jouvèn  
Que tant te bèlo!

Lèu, sus ti long péu d'or  
Met la courouno:  
L'Amour es lou plus fort;  
A-n-éu te douno!

## II

De Paris à Cassi,  
D'Arle à Bèu-Caire,  
Poudiés pas miés chausi  
Toun calignaire.

L'amour prèn pèr la man  
Li nòvi bèn amant,  
E li pestello  
Dins lis estello.

The thread of courtship  
Is not unspooled  
Without, alas!, its tangles  
And deceptions.

But those in love, today  
Will be victorious;  
Great glory, at the end  
Awaits them both.

O young man, dark and handsome,  
And you, his blond divine,  
You are a gallant pair  
Which love exalts!

## III

There is a paradise of love  
On summits high:  
Up there all laugh and sing  
And all's in peace.

Love takes the lovebirds  
By the hand  
And locks them away  
Among the stars.

If to his castle you do go  
It is, by purest fortune,  
Upon a ray of sunshine,  
Or a beam that's from the moon;

In wonderful dreams  
Dreams full of youth  
Where life is lived  
In caresses.

O Love, imprison them!  
And chain them up in flowers,  
That young man, the king,  
Together with his queen!  
Dóu caligna lou fiéu  
Noun se debano  
Sènso entramble, ai! moun Diéu!  
Ni sènso engano.

Mai iuei lis amourous  
An la vitòri,  
E i'es en tóuti dous  
Uno grand glòri!

O drole brun e bèu,  
Divino sauro,  
Sias un galant parèu  
Qu'Amour enauro!

### III

L'Amour a 'n paradis  
Sus li grand cimo:  
Aqui tout canto e ris  
Tout s'apasimo.

L'amour prèn pèr la man  
Li nòvi bèn amant,  
E li pestello  
Dins lis estello.

S'anas dins soun castèu,  
Es, pèr fourtuno,  
Sus un rai de soulèu,  
Un lamp de luno;

Dins de poulit pantai  
Plen de jouinesso  
Ounte se viéu jamai  
Que de caresso.

Amour, embari-lei!  
De flour enchèino  
Aquéu nòvi, aquéu rèi,  
Emé sa rèino!

Love takes the lovebirds  
By the hand  
And locks them away  
Among the stars.

## **EVENING IN TRINQUETAILLE**

*To L. de Berluc-Pérussis*

The evening sun casts its final rays;  
In the distance, a thick blue haze  
Hangs as if the mountains smoked;  
In the calm of the great dark river,  
Like lightning, flashes catch the eye,  
As lantern wicks are lit.

Along the Rhone and from its docks,  
Are heard the songs of fishermen,  
Or the whistling of some captain;  
The songs and sounds of work  
All gently fade away;  
Arles is like a dreamworld.

No one now strolls upon the bridge,  
All is quiet; the town yawns;  
It's weary; it wants to sleep in peace;  
House doors are barred  
And with its cloak of stars  
Night envelops the city.

## **THE PEARL**

*To Madame Pau Bayle*

Upon your lovely ear so fresh,  
Dabbed with soft patches of pink and white,  
A white pearl earring twinkles  
Like the trembling tears of dawn.

L'amour prèn pèr la man  
Li nòvi bèn amant,  
E li pestello  
Dins lis estello.

## **VESPRADO A TRENCO-TAIO**

*A L. de Berluc-Pérussis*

Lou jour trais si darrié belu;  
Alin s'expandis un fum blu,  
Dirias que li mountagno tubon;  
Dins lou grand flume negre e siau  
Vesès courre coume d'iuau  
Lou fiò di fanau que s'atubon.

De-long dóu Rose e dis adoub,  
S'entènd un cant de pescadou  
O lou siblet d'un capitàni;  
Cansoun e brut atravali

A cha pau se soun esvali,  
Arle sèmblo un païs de nàni.

Plus res camino sus li pont,  
Tout se fai mut; la vilo a som,  
Es lasso, vòu dourmi tranquilo;  
Lis oustau se soun pestela  
E de soun mantèu estela  
La niue agouloupo la vilo.

### **LA PERLO**

*A Madamo Pau Bayle*

A ta fresco e poulido auriho  
Pastado de rose e de blanc,  
Pèr pendènt uno perlo briho  
Coume un plour d'aubo tremoulant.

Around its outer edge is wrapped  
Your golden hair in gallant rings;  
It's like I see an oyster shell  
Where the sea has let slowly grow

The rarest of resplendent pearls.  
Let my face over yours lean down!  
For just as within the sea shell

We hear the ocean's sweet song,  
I wish, o golden-haired beauty,  
To hear the secrets of your heart!

### **SUNSET**

*To Estève Carjat*

The sun oozes blood in the clouds,  
And from the sky scarlet liquid  
Rains o'er the black living forest  
That writhes and cries out in fear.

Like a king who, from broad slashes,  
Is felled by the assassin's sword,  
The sun dies; his blood of embers  
Wraps him in a crimson shroud.

Arise, o night! You, down, twilight!  
Long live shadows, cold, and fear!  
Die, o sun! Let nothing distract  
The work of evil's occupation!

The robber lies hidden in wait:  
"Will some soul come upon this path?"  
"Whom may I kill?" asks the knifeman,  
Sharpening his cold blade anew.

The wolves venture forth from their lairs,  
Yawning in painful hunger;  
Poor fate for the lambs! Matrons lead  
Their young maids to the panderers.

A soun entout se recouquiho  
Toun péu d'or en anèu galant;  
Me sèmblo vèire uno couquiho  
Ounte la mar a mes plan-plan

Sa perlo fino la plus raro.  
Laisso-me clina sus ta caro!  
Dins li couquihage d'abord

Que l'on entènd ço que dis l'oundo,  
Vole iéu, o divino bloundo,  
Escouta ço que dis toun cor!

### **SOULEU TREMOUNT**

*A-n-Estève Carjat*

Lou soulèu sauno dins li nivo,  
E, dóu cèu, lou sang rouge plòu  
Sus la fourèst negrasso e vivo,  
Que se trosso e crido de pòu.

Coume un rèi à grand cop d'espaso  
Sagata pèr quauque assassin,  
Lou soulèu mor; soun sang de braso  
Ié fai un linçòu cremesin.

Arribo, o niue! davalò, sourne!  
Vivo l'oumbrun, la fre, l'esfrai!  
More, o soulèu! Que rèn destourne  
L'obro dóu mau dins soun travai!

A l'espèro s'escound lou laire:  
-- "Sus la draio passara res?"  
-- "Quau tua?" dis l'escoutelaire,  
Amoulant soun coutèu de fres.

Li loup sorton de sis androuno,  
D'un orre ruscle badaiant;  
Malur is agnèu! Li mandrouno  
Menon li piéucello au roufian.

Beautiful virgins, naked, fresh,  
Clean young flesh, bodies so lissome!  
As the male avails himself of them,  
The angels in paradise weep.

"Let's go! Undo those braided tresses;  
Quick, unbutton your youthful gown:  
You shall have a coin for this time,  
My lassie, your mother is hungry."

The vulture falls upon his prey,  
Like thunder upon the nest;  
With his beak and sharp claws he rips  
Into the flighty, trembling prey.

Wretch! Hurry with your shady work;  
Such courage! Knave, executioner!  
Night is short; in the blackest shadow  
Hide yourself now! I know an eye,

I know an eye that can see you.  
Simperrings of virgins, cries of small birds,  
God sees, hears all. Be on your guard!...  
But the first wisps of dawn streak the sky:

The sun rises in its glory,  
The sun lives again, it is day!  
The bird sings in the blossoming tree;  
All is light and peace, joy and love!

### **IN THE WOODS**

*To Anais, Roumiéu's daughter*

How enchanting are the paths through the woods!

In the gay rays of the sun, leaves rustle  
Like a golden fan, opening, closing,  
As it lets tremulous rays shoot through it.

How enchanting are the paths through the woods!

Bèlli piéucello fresco e nuso,  
Car touto novo, cors tant lisc!  
D'éli quand lou mascle s'amuso,  
Plouron lis ange au paradis.

An! desnouso ti lònqui treno;  
Lèu! desfai ta raubo d'enfant:  
Auras un escut pèr estreno,  
O piéucello! ta maire a fam.

Lou duganèu, la tartarasso,  
Coume un tron toumbo sus lou nis;  
De soun bè, de sis arpo, estrasso  
Li pàuri pichot vouladis.

Marrias! despachas l'obro soumbro;  
Ardit! laire e bourrèu! La niue  
Es courto; au plus negre de l'oumbro,  
Escoundès-vous! iéu sabe un iue,

Iéu sabe un iue que vous regardo.  
Plour de piéucello e plang d'aucèu,  
Diéu vèi, ausis tout. Prenès gardo!...

Mai l'aubeto clarejo au cèu:

Lou soulèu mounto dins sa glòri,  
Lou soulèu ressuscito, es jour!  
Canto l'aucèu sus l'aubre flòri;  
Tout es lume, pas, joio, amour!

### **DINS LI BOS**

*A la Naïs de Roumiéu*

Que li draïòu dins li bos soun poulit!

Au gai soulèu la ramiho boulego,  
En ventau d'or que se duerb e se plego,  
Leissant giscla de rai atremouli.

Que li draïòu dins li bos soun poulit!

A gray lizard drinks in the sun-baked glade  
Where deep paths cross, and the humming, the buzzing,  
And the songs of birds join in joyous din.

How enchanting are the paths through the woods!

On the flowering grass, on the leaves and moss,  
I one day saw your sweet shadow pass,  
And woman, oh, how my heart trembled!

How enchanting are the paths through the woods!

### **SONG OF THE FELIBRES**

*To Anfons Roque-Ferrier*

Beneath the great white sky,  
Billowing clouds  
Of black, rolling, reflect  
The joyous moon.  
Palaces and towers  
Of gothic Avignon  
Appear as lace  
Among the stars.

Avignon, baked like clay  
Under the sun,  
At other times, 'tis true,  
Takes midday naps;  
But when into her sun  
Her gay felibres run,  
She's the capital  
Of the *cigalo*.

They thought the old troubadours,  
Had all passed on,  
But their sons are more alive  
Than were the fathers:  
Here is the great Mistral,

Never weary nor hoarse,  
And Roumanille,  
All harmony.

Lou lesert vèn béure à l'entre-lusido  
Di lèio founso, e vounvoun e bronzido  
E cant d'aucèu fan un brut trefouli.

Que li draïou dins li bos soun poulit!

Sus l'erbo en flour, sus li fueio e la mouso,  
Ai vist un jour passa toun ombro douço,  
E tout moun cor, o chato, a tressali!...

Que li draïou dins li bos soun poulit!

### **LA CANSOUN DI FELIBRE**

*A-n-Anfos Roque-Ferrier*

Souto lou grand cèu blanc,  
L'oundado negro  
Miraio, en barrulant,  
La niue alegro;  
Dóu goutique Avignoun  
Palais e tourrihoun  
Fan de dentello  
Dins lis estello.

Avignoun, grasiha,  
De l'escandihado,  
Tambèn de fes que i'a  
Lou jour soumiho;  
Mai, s'acampo au soulèu  
Si gai felibre, lèu  
Es di cigalo  
La capitalo.

Li cresien tóuti mort,  
Li vièi troubaire;  
Li fiéu an l'estrambord  
Mai que li paire:  
Veici lou grand Mistrau,  
Jamai las, jamai rau,  
E Roumaniho,  
Tout armouniò.

Crousillat and Tavan,  
At break of dawn,  
Rushed out in front, in quest  
Of mountains crests;  
'Twas a splendid morn; Gaut  
Like a rooster, sang out:  
"The Felibrige  
Was born from a storm."



With ribbons flowing from  
His tambourine,  
Vidal plays an air  
On his *galoubet*;  
Gras, in his pompous form  
Discourses, and Mathiéu,  
Among the misses,  
Distributes kisses.

There's Roumiéu, ever joyful,  
ever joking,  
And Miquèu, our happy  
Maker of songs;  
And our tender Brunet,  
With tears for his children;  
And, the fairest rose,  
Anais-Rose.

This litany could easily  
Go on too long;  
Nothing dries the waters  
Of poetry's fount:  
'Tis like a month of May,  
The song of the young  
Of our land of Provence  
Is ever in our ears.

Aubanel seems quiet, but  
The embers still glow;  
He's deep in the forest  
With his lady.

Crousillat e Tavan,  
A l'aubo primo,  
Courreguèron davan,  
Cercant li cimo;  
Ero un bèu matin, Gaut  
Cantavo coume un gau:  
-- "Lou Felibrige  
Sort de l'aurige."

Emé soun tambourin  
Flouca de veto,  
Vidau jogo un refrin  
Sus sa flaveto;  
Gras, qu'es un tron-de-Diéu,  
Se desboundo, e Matiéu  
Pèr li chatouno  
N'a que poutouno.

E Roumiéu tant galoi,  
Tant galejaire;  
E Miquèu lou revoi  
Cansounejaire;  
E lou tènre Brunet  
Plourant si garçounet;

E, bello roso,  
Anaïs-Roso.

Tirarié trop le long  
La letaniò:  
Rèn agoto la font  
De pouèsio:  
Es coume un mes de Mai,  
Toujour s'ausis que mai  
Cant de jouvènço  
Dins la Prouvènço.

Aubanèu sèmblo mut  
Mai lou fiò couvo;  
S'enfounso i bos ramu  
Emé sa jouvo.

One day his time will come,  
He'll send shivers up your spine;  
He knows the stars  
And the shepherds.

From the lands far away  
On distant shores,  
From the drones of Ireland,  
And Spain as well,  
Come to us certain songs  
Whose melancholy,  
Whose flame and ire  
Set souls afire.

The most smitten, for sure,  
Is Milord Wyse:  
A true man of spirit,  
Of ardor, of means!  
Listen to Balaguer,  
Fearsome, but soft and proud,  
And the bagpipes  
Of Catalonia.

From the cup of silver  
With deepest drafts,  
We quaff the sweet wine  
Of our vineyards.  
Catalans, Provençals,  
All good felibres know  
The laws of writing  
And those of drinking.

### **TO LUDOVINE**

Never more can I forget you,  
My fairest; you have seized my soul.  
In your eyes is the month of May;  
Words from your lips are caresses.

Un jour qu'aura lesi,  
Eu vous fara fresi:  
Counèis lis astre,  
Trèvo li pastre.

Dis estràngi païs  
Que la mar bagnar,  
D'Irlando que gemis,  
Emai d'Espagno,  
Arribon de cansoun  
Pleno de languisoun,  
D'iro e de flamo,  
Abrant lis amo.

Segur lou mai fenat  
Es milord Wyse;  
Aquéu de pitre n'a,  
D'ardour e d'aise!  
Escoutas Balaguer,  
Terrible, dous e fièr,  
E li zambougno  
De Catalougno.

Dins la coupo d'argènt,  
A plen de bouco,  
Beven lou vin tant gènt  
De nòsti souco.  
Catalan, Prouvençau,  
Tout bon felibre saup  
La lèi d'escrièure  
E la de béure!

## A LUDOUVINO

Pode plus t'oublida jamai,  
Jouvènto; moun amo, l'as presso.  
I'a dins tis iue lou mes de Mai;  
Ta paraulo es uno caresso.

Happy is he beyond belief  
Whom you've raptured with your tenderness;  
You exult him with a smile or kiss:  
I thus proclaim you felibresso!

Lady, women who are like you,  
By their grace and by their virtue  
Are inspirers of the divine.

Like our forefathers the troubadours,  
Your sweet face, in a dream of love,  
Has stolen my heart, o Ludovine.

## **APRIL EVENING**

*To the painter Antòni Grivolàs*

The eyes of the stars, my friend, soft,  
Troubling, like those of a woman,  
Were watching me during the night;  
The shadows were deep, blue, and calm.

Sweet-scented, celestial and light,  
Like the sigh of a young girl's breath,  
April, in the garden's blossoms,  
Breathes with a whisper of kisses.

Tender, like the amorous words  
Of a love-struck girl, from the brush  
Could be heard the wondrous chirpings  
And sighs of newly-hatched sparrows.

Behold the green, look at the nests;  
Everywhere, the sap of life surges:  
Fairest, in which paradise do  
You hide?... Where are you, my beauty?

The intoxicating breath of spring,  
Far more than the blood of the vine  
Has made me drunk... My teeth did think  
They'd touched, and lightly bit, her lips.

Aquéu es urous mai-que-mai  
Qu'as enfada de ta tendresso;  
L'enaures d'un rire o d'un bais:  
Iéu te prouclame felibresso!

Dono, de femo coume tu,  
Pèr sa gràci, pèr sa vertu  
Soun d'inspirarello divino.

Tau que lis ancian troubadour,  
Ta caro, en un pantai d'amour,  
Moun cor l'emporto, o Ludouvino!

## **VESPRE D'ABRIEU**

*Au Pintre Antòni Grivolàs*

Dis estello, amigo, lis iue,  
Dous e bèu coume l'iue de femo,  
Me regardavon dins la niue:  
L'oumbro èro founso, bluio, semo.

Oudourous, celèste, lóugié  
Autant qu'un respir de chatouno,  
Abriéu, dins li flour dóu vergié,

Aleno em' un brut de poutouno.

Tèndre coume lou parauli  
D'uno amourouso, dins l'aubriho  
S'ausissié lou canta poulit  
E li souspir de l'auceliho.

Veici lou verd, veici li nis;  
Pertout la sabo reboumbello:  
-- Mignoto, en quete paradis  
T'escoundes?... Ounte siés, ma bello?

Lou soufle enebriant dóu printèm,  
Bèn mai que lou sang de la souco,  
M'enchusclavo... Cresien, mi dènt,  
Mordre l'orle pur de si bouco.

Under the wood's leaves, shivering  
Like one in wait of the beloved,  
The path is like the Milky Way  
So plentiful are the fireflies.

Flower blossoms trembling in the wind,  
Softer, more sweetly perfumed still  
Than a fair girl's hair, caress me  
On my hand, or lightly on my face.

And then she seems to disappear;  
Like one possessed, I take pursuit...  
In love will I even embrace  
The dried bark of the forest's oak.

The eyes of the stars, my friend, soft,  
Troubling, like those of a woman,  
Were watching me during the night;  
The shadows were deep, blue, and calm.

#### DISPATCH

To you, ever questing Beauty, as  
Like the finest and rarest pearl;  
To you who remain bewildered  
Before soft eyes, a tender face;  
To you belongs this song I've sung,  
To you, who still believe in Love.

#### LACRYMAE FLORUM

*To Vitour Colomb*

The rich lawn is emerald green; our friend the sun  
Warms with a gentle kiss the poor who lie sleeping.  
The frozen deceased lies still in a shining ray,  
And, in his long night, stretched out on the grass,

Harkens-- each echo above makes him tremble--  
In expectation of some familiar footstep;

For, while the worms down below undress them,  
The souls of the dead hum around like bees.

Souto lou bos que trefoulis  
Coumo à l'espèro d'uno amanto,  
La draio es un camin d'alis  
Tant i'a de lusetò cremanto.

Un brout flouri que tramblo au vènt,  
Pu suau, mai prefuma 'ncaro  
Que lou péu d'uno drolo, vèn  
Floureja ma man o ma caro.

Alor me sèmblo qu'à passa,  
E coume un fòu, après ié courre...  
E l'amour me fai embrassa  
Enjusquo la rusco di roure.

Dis estello amigo, lis iue,  
Treboulant coume d'iue de femo,  
Me regardavon dins la niue:  
L'oumbro èro founso, bluio, semo.

#### ENVOI

A tu que cerques la Bèuta  
Coumo uno perlo fino e raro,  
A tu que rèstes espanta  
Davans iue dous e tëndro caro,  
A tu lacansoun qu'ai canta,  
Tu qu'à l'Amour creses encaro.

#### **LACRYMAE FLORUM**

*A Vitour Colomb*

La drudo tepo es verdo, e lou soulèu ami  
Caufo d'un gai poutoun li pàuris endourmi.  
Jalèbre, lou defunt tresano au rai que briho  
E, dins sa longo niue, coucha souto l'erbiho,

Escouto, -- chasque ecò d'amount lou fai ferni, --  
S'un trapé couneigu noun vai enfin veni;  
Car, dóu tèms que lou verme avau li desabiho,  
L'amo di mort vounvouno autour coume uno abiho.

April, with his bouquets snickers amidst the tombs;  
And, over the black crosses and white marble slabs,  
With a bow of reverence I say, "What now?"

The plaintive peep of a bird in the brush  
Is my only response. I, still grieving  
Amongst the flowers, quest the soul of the dead.

#### **IN ARLES**

*To the statuary Amy*

With the grace of the Orient, and  
The flair of a Saracen maid,  
Like the dew, the cool of the dawn,  
There! That's her who has just walked by;

She's not constrained by her clothing;  
It gently touches, never tugs,  
So lightly does her supple skirt  
Define the hip that moves below.

Her fine corset reaches up to just  
Where begins the feast of those hearts  
That so hunger after beauty,  
Of eyes allured by naked skin.

Her figure: he's mad who doesn't  
Stare from her waist up to her neck.  
The clean, pure line that forms her breast  
Is a marvel as she turns.

In the center there's a white clearing  
Where the muslin folds and crosses;  
Her fine and rounding breast shifts weight  
Amongst the pleats her light fichu.

Her proud neck shines like polished bronze  
Beneath her braids of her black hair;  
Gold, diamonds, and thick coral beads,  
A chain seven times surrounds it.

Abriéu 'mé si bouquet ris au mitan di cros;  
E, sus li crous negrasso e sus li pèiro blanco,  
Me clinant pietadous, vau en disènt: "Que vos?"

Lou piéu-piéu d'un aucèu se lagnant dins li branco  
Sèmblo soul me respondre. E iéu, doulènt abord,  
Dins lou perfum di flour cerque l'amo di mort.

### **EN ARLE**

*A l'Estatuaire Amy*

Emé la gràci dóu Levant  
E lou gàubi d'uno Mouresco,  
Coume l'eigagno e l'aubo fresco,  
Tè! vèn de me passa davan,

Sa vestiduro noun l'assanco,  
Sèmblo soulamen la beca,  
Tant lóugeiret es estaca  
Lou coutihoun souple à sis anco.

Soun èso richo mounto just  
Ounte acoumenço la regalo  
Di cor que dóu bèu an fringalo,  
Dis iue qu'agroumandis lou nus.

Sa taio, es fòu qu noun la miro  
De la centuro à soun coutet;  
La ligno puro dóu boumbet,  
Quand se torno, bèn mies s'amiro.

Leissant au mièi un blanc relarg,  
La mousselino en crous se plego;  
Lou sen, fin e redoun, boulego  
Entre li ple dóu fichu clar.

Soun còu fièr, souto li trenello  
De si péu negre, mounto brun;  
Or, diamant, courau à gros grun,  
Uno chèino à sèt tour l'anello.

There's fire dancing in her eyes,  
And along her palish cheek,  
Falling down upon her shoulders,  
Her raven hair shines like the night.

Though quiet, still she speaks through laughter;  
Coiffed in flowering velvet,  
She has a certain languid  
And mirthful air about her.

O peaceful face, as beautiful  
As a marbled bust one might find  
In the sands of the ruins in Arles  
With the remains of yesteryear!

Young girls all love the farandole  
And dancing; you would rather run  
Among the bulls while the sun's rays  
Are glistening in the blood that flows.

Your sons now hanging at your breasts  
Will one day leave for the *ferrado*\*;  
'Midst the danger and excitement  
They will but nurse on better milk.

Oh, there is no other like her,  
In the tender way she loves!  
The greatest of my love's wishes is  
To be, in the moonlight, by her side.

You need no more than to see her  
And your heart will turn o'er from joy;  
On overland routes, or over the sea  
You'd follow her steps 'till you die.

Where are you, white steed of Camargue?  
Gallop off, off in her pursuit,  
And take me on your deck, tartan,  
Open your great sail to the wind!



Un fiò lampant es dins sis iue,  
E, long de sa gauto un pau palo,  
S'escapon jusqu'à sis espalo  
Si péu negre coume la niue.

Muto, enca parlo emé soun rire;  
Couifado dóu velout flouri,  
A quaucarèn d'alangouri  
E de galoi qu'es pas de dire.

O siavo tèsto! bello autant  
Qu'un maubre trouva dins l'areno  
Dóu Tiatre antique o dis Areno  
Emé lis escoumbre d'antan!

Li jouvo amon la farandoulo,  
La danso; te chalo pulèu  
Tu, courre i brau, quand lou soulèu  
Trelusis dins lou sang que coulo.

Au mamèu ti fiéu pendoula,  
Un jour vendran à la ferrado;  
Dins l'espaimè e li trevirado  
N'en tetaran que meïour la.

Tèndro em' acò coume pas uno,  
Oh! qu'es galant soun caligna!  
Basto, amourous, l'acoumpagna  
Quand trèvo emé la pleno luno.

Rèn qu'à l'entre-vèire, lou cor  
Vous tressauto dins la peitrino;  
Sus la terro, sus la marino,  
La seguirias fin-qu'à la mort.

Ounte siés, grignoun de Camargo?  
Lando au galop vers elo, e tu  
Vers elo emporto-me, lahut;  
Duerbe ta velo, alargo! alargo!

The daughter of a fisherman,  
She's the daughter of la Roquette,  
She'll not be caught by a suitor  
Who is not a son of the land.

### **THE CHRYSANTHEMUM**

(Inspired by a painting by Antoine Grivolas)

*To Madame Liso Hamelin*

The cold comes, the roses are dead,  
Leaves are carried off by the wind  
And the tree can no longer sing;  
In the now solitary garden,

Where the north wind has come to howl,  
The chrysanthemum blooms abundant.

How pale she is, and yet so pretty,  
The chrysanthemum in the cold,  
The poor last flower of the year!  
On the sill, though bathed in sunrays,  
She gets less heat than chilling breeze,  
And, though shivering, she still can smile.

O window of my reverie,  
What friendly hand, what woman's hand  
Adorns you with chrysanthemums,  
Who goes within?... I thought just now  
I saw in your clear shaded depths  
A beautiful girl slipping by.

### **THE SEVEN KISSES**

*To Pau Mariéton*

On hilltops and in La Crau  
When all bows to the wind's fierce gusts  
My head held high, my spirits high,  
I delight in a fight with the mistral.  
And in his gusts  
I'm at my best;  
I love when the wind  
Hugs me like a friend.  
Es la drolo d'un pescadou,  
Es la chato de la Rouqueto,  
Pèr tout calignaire mousqueto,  
Se noun es fiéu dóu terradou.

### **LA CRISANTEMO**

(D-après un tablèu d'Antòni Grivolàs)  
*A Madamo Liso Hamelin*

La fre vèn, li roso soun morto,  
Touto fueio lou vènt l'emporto  
E l'aubre n'es plus cantadis;  
Dins lou jardin véuse, à brassado,  
De la cisampo tracassado,  
La crisantemo s'expandis.

Palinello, coume es poulido,  
La crisantemo afrejoulido,  
Pauro darriero flour de l'an!  
Sus la fenèstro qu'un rai dauro  
A pas tant de soulèu que d'auro,  
E vous sourris en tremoulant.

Queto man d'amigo, de femo  
T'a floucado de crisantemo,  
Fenèstro que fas pantaia?  
Quau te trèvo?... Ai cregu tout-aro  
Vèire, au founs de toun ombro claro,  
Uno bello chato esquiha.

## LI SET POUTOUN

*A Pau Mariéton*

Sus li cimo e dins la Crau,  
Quand tout clino à l'auro que bramo,  
Aut lou front, auto moun amo,  
M'agrado lucha 'mé lou vènt-terrau.  
E dins la rafalo,  
Alor prene d'alo,  
Tresane quand vèn  
M'embrassa lou vènt.

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

The sky is blue, and happy;  
The rays of the winter sun shine  
And laugh when they meet the grass,  
As a thousand sparkles pierce the pines.  
How sweet my shelter!  
Stretched out on the moss,  
O sun, caress me  
With your sweet kisses.

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

Green blades of grass have turned brown;  
The air burns, the heat is overwhelming;  
No clouds, the rain is embers;  
Beasts and people, the willows and meadows,  
All pant from their thirst.  
How sweet is water!  
How good, how cooling,  
The kiss of the spring.

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

But a flask of aged wine  
Is even more apt for quenching one's thirst;  
For wine, wine is life itself;  
Be it joy, be it love, wine is the king!  
Pour out red and clear,  
I'll drink every drop;  
I'll give wine eighty,  
One hundred kisses.

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Fai un jour galoi e blu,  
Lou soulèu d'ivèr escandiho,  
Soun dardai ris dins l'erbiho  
E trauco li pin de milo belu.  
Que la calo es douço!  
Coucha sus la mouosso,  
Cresso-me lèu,  
Poutoun dóu soulèu!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Li blad verd se soun daura;  
L'aire brulo, e la caud agraso;  
Ges de nivo, plòu de braso;  
Li bèsti, li gènt, lou sause e lou prat,  
De set tout barbèlo.  
Oh! que l'aigo es bello!  
Oh! qu'es fres e bon  
Lou poutoun di font!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Mai un flasquet de vin vièi  
Enca miés lèvo la pepido;  
Lou vin, lou vin es la vido;  
En joio, en amour, lou vin es lou rèi!  
Vuejas rouge e linde,  
Agoutarai l'inde;  
Farai quatre-vint,  
Cènt poutoun au vin!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Under the white almond trees,  
Beautiful crimson young women,  
Rich breasted and thin wasted,  
Have fun running with their gallant young men.  
Seek one another,  
O twin pairs of lips  
Poor smitten by love,  
Intoxicate yourselves!

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

A mother, upon her breast,  
Rocks her child for endless hours;  
No sooner does he wake and cry

A shower of kisses returns him to sleep.

O mothers' kisses,  
You're the most loving  
You are the sweetest  
Of kisses of love!

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

You who gallop through the world,  
With your great bones always clanking,  
On horseback, Specter of Death,  
Look upon my door but dare not stop there.

If from your horrid kiss  
One day I must die,  
I await you in song:  
In a century return!

And the earth that's never full  
Of kisses does the farandole.

Souto lis amelié blanc,  
Li bèlli chato cremesino,  
Boumbet riche e taio fino,  
S'espaçon à courre emé si galant.

Cercas-vous, poutouno  
Bi bouco bessouno;  
Pàuris amoureux,  
Embriagas-vous!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Uno maire, sus soun cor,  
Brèssò l'enfant de lònquís ouro;  
Tre que se revihò e plouro,  
D'un flo de poutoun l'assolo e l'endor.

O poutoun de maire,  
Siés lou plus amaire!  
Poutoun lou meïour  
Di poutoun d'amour!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

Tu que fas que galoupa,  
E ti grands os fan li clincleto  
Sus toun chivau, Mort-peleto,  
Regardo ma porto e t'arrèstes pa.

De toun poutoun orre  
S'un jour fau que more,  
T'espère en cantant:  
Vène dins cènt an!

E la terro farandoulo,  
De poutoun jamai sadoulo.

**TORMENT**  
*To Maurise Faure*

**I**

When from desire the body moans, when the soul is weak  
From fighting, when the flesh strangles the spirit  
With drunken dreams of nakedness's beauty,  
Alone, you have but a cry to call out for a friend;

When, tormented, you go out to the square in search  
Of female splendor, even though it be tainted,  
When you'd die to be smothered by a stranger's kisses,  
The kiss of a child with ice-cold lips suffices

To arouse your shame and to transform you.  
In that child's kiss resides such purity that  
The flesh's flame is snuffed and boiling loins are cooled.

The innocent one caresses you with small fingers...  
Return to your home, poor creature, fall on your knees!  
Before God, poor wretch, unburden yourself and weep!

**II**

If you could pick, at your will, crimson red or white,  
Any flower in bloom from Provence up to the north;  
If you could, for your hunger, the fruit of any branch  
Eat because of some pact you'd made with traitor fate;

If you could, in your arms, encircle the hips of  
All young women, were you a man of sufficient strength,  
I state that in the end, in oppressive ennui  
You'd stop en route and call for the presence of Death!

If for wine you could quaff the pure rays of the stars,  
Inebriation lies not in the sides of the jug;  
You would court an even more loving woman,

A fairy bestowing the wildest, most burning kiss;  
You will never find love to be pure, eternal...  
And eternal desire, o my heart, torments you.

**PATIMEN**  
*A Maurise Faure*

**I**

Quand lou cors arderous bramo, quand l'amo es lasso  
De lucha, quand la car estranglo l'esperit

Pantaïant enebria la nudeta belasso,  
Qu'estènt soul, pèr souna quaucun avès qu'un crid;

Quand sourtès esperdu, cercant sus li grand plaço  
Lou femelan superbe emai fugue pourri,  
Quand voudrias de poutoun estrange à n'en mourri,  
Lou poutoun d'un enfant à bouqueto de glaço

Es proun pèr vous fa crento e pèr vous tremuda.  
Dins aquéu bais d'enfant i'a tant de pureta  
Qu'amosso la flambour dóu sang, lou boui dóu rable.

L'innoucènt te caresso emé si pichot det...  
Rintro à l'oustau e toumbo à geinoun, miserable!  
Davans Diéu, paure fòu, plouro e desgounflo-te!

## II

Quand poudriés, à toun grat, culi, pourpalo o blanco,  
Touto flour espandido au miejour coume au nord;  
Quand poudriés, à ta fam, dóu fru de touto branco  
Manja s'aviés fa pache emé lou traite sort;

Dins ti bras quand poudriés encentura lis anco  
De tóuti li jouvènto, ome, s'ères proun fort,  
Te dise qu'à la fin em' un tèdi qu'escranco  
T'aplantariés en routo, e sounariés la Mort!

Quand chouurlariés pèr vin li rai pur dis estello,  
L'enebriaduro es pas dins li flanc dóu boucau;  
Calignariés la femo enca mai amarello,

Uno fado à poutoun mai que fòu, subre-caud,  
N'atroubaras jamai l'amour, blous, eternau...  
E l'eterne desir, o moun cor, te bourrello!...

## THE BLACKSMITHS

*To Alphonse Daudet*

Like a horseman in a hurry,  
You watch as the day passes by:  
Evening shadows fall along the way.  
Like a brigand in the forest,  
Night lies low in treacherous wait;  
Already the wind blows colder.

The blowing grows stronger, bending  
Poplars that whine from the force.  
The bank of clouds is sundered;  
Dazzling gold rays stream forth, freeing  
A long blood-colored curtain  
To float and whip in the wind.

At sunset the west catches fire.  
The storm's clash is like some battle

Between diabolic demons,  
And the clouds now full bruised recall  
Fantastic master smiths raining  
Hammer blows on the red hot sun.

At times standing straight, at times stooped,  
Up in the sky the giant smiths,  
Tossing arms in heated gestures,  
Forge, in the early morning hours  
The golden rays, the diamond rays  
That compose the crown of the sun.

Sparks, lightning, and flashes of fire,  
They wage a great and fearsome game:  
Leaping embers tumble like rain;  
All is ablaze, both earth and sky;  
The last of the birds take to flight,  
And trees wear ash in lieu of leaves.

### **LI FABRE**

*A-n-Anfos Daudet*

Coume un cavalié qu'èi pressa,  
Arregardas lou jour passa:  
Sus soun camin lou vèspre oublejo.  
Tau qu'un bregand dins la fourèst,  
La traito niue es à l'arrèst;  
L'auro deja boufo plus frejo.

Boufo plus forto e fai gibla  
Li pibo proumte à gingoula.  
Lou bàrri di nivo s'estrasso;  
L'or gisclo esbléugissènt, leissant  
Un long ridèu coulour de sang  
Que floto fouita pèr l'aurasso.

L'encèndi s'atubo au tremount.  
D'uno bataio de demoun  
Dirias de-fes lou tuert aurouge;  
Dirias, dins li nivo espóuti,  
Que de manescau fantasti  
Tabason sus lou soulèu rouge.

Tantost dre, tantost se plegant,  
Dins lou cèu li fabre gigant,  
Brassejant d'uno ardour ferouno,  
Forjon pèr lou jouine matin  
Li rai d'or, li rai diamantin  
Que dóu soulèu soun la courouno.

Belugo, uiau e lamp de fiò,  
Fan un grand e terrible jo:  
La braso reboumbis en plueio;



Tout crèmo, la terro e lou cèu;  
Fugisson li darriés aucèu;  
Lis aubre an de carboun pèr fueio.

For just a moment o'er blue hills,  
The moon, like a timid finacée  
On her wedding night, sweetly smiles;  
Upon her wondrous silver path  
It seems though she dares not venture,  
So awesome is the show of light.

The blacksmiths' skin darkens deeply,  
The hammer's weight wearies their arms,  
Billowing smoke obscures the flame;  
And the sun in highest dudgeon,  
From the blows against the anvil,  
Plunges into the howling sea.

### **ON A PAINTING BY PROCACINO**

At the Brera Museum, Milan  
*To Crestian de Vilo-Novo*

Standing tall, her face pale and tilted slightly back,  
Her eyes with beams of light shine up toward Paradise;  
Her hair, dishevelled, falls down in thick black ringlets  
Upon a white marble chest, where, in ruby tears,

Blood is trickling... Up above an angel flutters  
In loving contemplation of the sweet virgin,  
And drops upon her roses, as he seems to say:  
"What misfortune!," and tenderly spreads out his robe.

In your work what grace there is and what youth one sees,  
Old master! Often at night have my dreams been of  
That beautiful young girl and her touching martyr.

Through softly parted lips, with a smile so divine  
Shall his soul flee off... His head tranquilly rests, for  
Procacino has instilled so much love in death!

Sus li serre blu i'a 'n moumen,  
La luno espincho douçamen,  
Coume uno nouvièto crentouso;  
Dins soun bèu draïdu argenta  
Sèmblo que n'auso pas mounta,  
Tant l'esluciado èi sòuvertouso.

Li fabre devènon negras,

Lou martèu alassoli bras,  
Lou fum ennivoulis la flamo;  
E lou soulèu encourroussa,  
De l'orre enclume cabussa,  
Se jito dins la mar que bramo.

### **SUS UN TABLEU DE PROUCACINO**

Au Museon de la Brera, à Milan  
*A Crestian de Vilo-Novo*

Drecho, à rèire clinant sa tèsto palinello,  
Sis iue plen de raïoun veson lou paradis;  
Soun péu descabela toumbo à négris anello  
Sus sa peitrino blanco, ounte, en plour de roubis,

Lou sang raïo... Eilamount un ange vouladis  
Countèmplo amourousi la douço vierginello  
En ié jitant de roso, e sèmblo que ié dis:  
"Pecaire!" -- e tendramen escarto la gounello.

Dins vosto obro que gràci e que jouvènço i'a,  
O vièi mèstre! -- La niue souvènt ai pantaïa  
Aquelo bello enfant e soun toucant martire.

Di bouco entre-duberto, em'un divin sourire,  
L'amo vai s'envoula... Suavo tèsto, amor  
Que Proucacino a mes tant d'amour dins la mort!

### **APRIL**

*To the Felibresso Leontino*

The first leaves of spring have come to the branch;  
A new sun splashes its shining rays  
    Upon green foliage;  
Bees succumb to the pull of bright-colored flowers;  
White butterflies frolic in azur skies.  
The first leaves of spring have come to the branch;  
A new sun splashes its shining rays.

Springtime smiles blithely; springtime bewitches;  
Young heart are gently led to the feast,  
    All souls are in love.  
The breeze, the fountain, the new-hatched birds sing  
That love song that caused such trembling.  
Springtime smiles blithely; springtime bewitches;  
Both earth and sky are wrapped up in the feast.

With each whisper of the breeze in the ferns,  
With the happy nightingale's refrain,  
    My heart, overflowing  
With unbridled emotion, sings of the blond,  
So good, so sweet, that we all long for her!  
With the concert of the wind in the ferns,

And the trilling of the gay nightingale.

I wish to sing of you, dear Felibresso,  
To sing your blue eyes, sing your golden hair,  
    Your lovely youthfulness,  
Your gracious wit, and your pure tenderness  
In soft verses surging forth from your heart;  
I wish to sing of you, sweet Felibresso,  
Your eyes filled with flame, your tresses of gold.

You are our darling, the one we've so spoiled;  
You're the pride, the honor of the Felibres,  
    Their queen and their sprite!

### **ABRIEU**

*A la Felibresso Leountino*

Li proumiéri fueio an vesti l'aubriho;  
Un soulèu nouvèu mesclo si raïoun  
    Au verd di ramiho;  
I poulidi flour volon lis abiho;  
Jogon dins l'azur li blanc parpaïoun.  
Li proumiéri fueio an vesti l'aubriho;  
Un nouvèu soulèu largo si raïoun.

Lou printèms sourris, lou printèms encanto;  
Tout cor douçamen es enfestouli,  
    Touto amo es amanto;  
L'aureto, la font, l'auceloun, tout canto  
La cansoun d'amour que fai trefouli.  
Lou printèms sourris, lou printèms encanto;  
La terro e lou cèu soun enfestouli!

Emé lou murmur dóu vènt dins li broundo  
Emé lou refrin de gai roussignòu,  
    Moun cor, que desboundo,  
Dins soun estrambord cantara la bloundo,  
Bravo e bello tant que d'elo sian fòu!  
Emé lou councert dóu vènt dins li broundo  
E li trignoulet dóu gai roussignòu.

Vole te canta, caro Felibresso,  
Canta tis iue blu, canta ti pèu d'or,  
    Ta bello jouinesso,  
Toun fin esperit, ta puro tendresso  
En de vers suau gisclant de toun cor;  
Iéu vole canta, gènto Felibresso,  
Tis iue plen de flamo e ti treno d'or.

Siés nosto mignoto e nosto gastado;  
Di Felibre siés l'ourguei e l'ounour,  
    La rèino e la fado!

Thus it is you'll forever be honored  
With so much joy, with so much of our love,  
You, our darling and the one we've so spoiled,  
The Felibres' pride, their joy, their honor!

Take gentle care with our tender young friend,  
You whom the Lord has allowed be her friend;  
    And when she's your wife,  
Close her youthful eyes and seal her sweet lips  
With a soft kiss when she wishes to sleep.  
Take gentle care with our tender young friend,  
Gallant fiancé, her eternal companion.

Among the flowers, in the shade of the walk,  
Splendid is the feast: let's drink the aged wine,  
    Let's eat the *dragèio*\*!  
You, as before you Vincent and Mireille,  
O newly-wed pair, spin a divine dream!  
In April flowers, in the shade of the walk,  
Superb is the table, aged are the wines!

### TO MADAME VIOULETO D'OR

When your beauteous eyes are on me,  
Your black eyes dark like the night,  
Like a night sky riddled with stars;  
When your beauteous eyes are on me,  
Zani smiles out from your pupils.

I know not what I was saying:  
Your eyes turned 'round to where I stood,  
Your eyes, like sunrays, full of flame;  
I know not what I was saying,  
Into my soul they emptied yours.

That night we two wept together.  
I, in my trembling, looked deeply  
Into your eyes welling with tears;  
That night we two wept together,  
O sweet woman, we wept from love!

(\*) sugar-coated almonds, traditionally served at weddings

De-longo vaqui perquè siés festado  
Emé tant de joio, emé tant d'amour,  
Tu, nosto mignoto e nosto gastado,  
L'ourguei di Felibre e l'ur e l'ounour!

Agues-n'en bèn siuen de nosto amigueto,  
Tu, que lou bon Diéu a fa soun ami,  
    E de la nouviato  
Claus lis iue d'enfant, barro li bouqueto  
D'un tènre poutoun quand voudra dourmi.  
Agues-n'en bèn siuen de nosto amigueto,  
Galant nòvie, tu, soun eterne ami!

Au mitan de flour, à l'oumbrun di lèio,  
Lou festin es bèu: chourlen li vièi vin,  
Mangen li dragèio!  
Vautre, coume antan Vincènt e Mirèio,  
O nòvi, fasès de pantai divin!  
Dins li flour d'abriéu, à l'oumbrun di lèio,  
La taulo es superbo e vièi soun li vin!

### **A DONO VIOULETO D'OR**

Quand me regardon ti bèus iue,  
Tis iue negre coume la niue,  
Uno niue clafido d'estello;  
Quand me regardon ti grands iue,  
Zani me ris dins ti prunello.

Sabe plus ço que te disiéu:  
Tis iue se soun vira vers iéu  
Plen de raïoun e plen de flamo;  
Sabe plus ço que te disiéu,  
Dins moun amo an vueja toun amo.

Aquéu vèspre avèn ploura 'nsèn.  
Iéu countemplave en fernissènt  
Tis iue se vela de lagremo;  
Aquéu vèspre avèn ploura 'nsèn,  
Ploura d'amour, o douço femo!

### **TO THE BREEZE**

The spring leaves are born, and tremble;  
Breeze, you who wander where you will,  
Fly off to my friend, fly off, now:  
Take her the whispering of the wood.

Through grasses just starting to grow  
The spring flows, a silvery ribbon:  
Take her the babbling freshness  
And laughter of the limpid source.

Like a green sea is the meadow,  
There is nary a cloud in the sky;  
Young birds sing: to the one I love  
Carry the singing of the birds.

Spots of gold in the deep shadows  
Flutter and play like butterflies:  
Carry to her the moist warm breath  
Of shadows mixed with sunrays.

Just now I heard upon the path  
The tread of gallant lovers' feet:  
Take her the tender murmurings  
Of couples who in softness speak.

The soft dawn of April sprinkles  
Flowers caught in gentle shivers:  
Take her the perfume of roses  
And the soul of white jasmin, too.

Open her door, go all the way in;  
Go lightly, that she'll have no fear!  
Caress her dark chestnut tresses,  
And lay a kiss upon her neck.

### **A L'AURO**

Lou fuiage nais e tremolo;  
Auro, tu que vas ounte vos,  
Vers moun amigo volo, volo:  
Porto-ié lou murmur di bos.

Dins lis erbo qu'escarrabiho,  
La font cour en riban d'argènt:  
Porto-ié la fresco babiho  
E lou rire di clar sourgènt.

Coume uno mar verdo es la prado,  
I'a pas un nivo dins lou cèu;  
L'auceloun canto: à l'adourado  
Porto la cansoun dis aucèu.

De taco d'or dins l'oumbro fousco  
Jogon coume de parpaioun:  
Porto-ié l'alénado tousco  
Dis oumbrun mescla de raïoun.

Sus li draïou vène d'entèndre  
Un galant brut de pichot pas:  
Porto-ié lou paraulis tèndre  
Di parèu que se parlon bas.

D'abriéu l'aubo suave arroso  
Li flour presson d'un dous fremin:  
Porto-ié lou perfum di roso  
E l'amo de blanc jaussemin.

Duerbe sa porto, intro tout-d'uno;  
Vai d'aise, que n'ague pas pòu!  
Caresso si trenello bruno  
E fai un poutoun sus soun còu!

### **VENUS OF ARLES**

*To Pau Arene*

Your beauty, o Venus of Arles, could drive one mad!

Your face is proud, your hair is soft, and tenderly  
 Your head leans down. Breathing in kisses and laughter,  
 Your lips, like flowers' freshness, what are they going to say?  
 Love, with a thin ribbon, has gracefully tied back  
 The long hair which, in soft curls, falls upon your brow.  
 O pure white Venus of Arles, o queen of Provence,  
 There is no cape to hide your lovely shoulders.  
 'Tis clear you are a goddess, a daughter of the sky;  
 Your beautiful chest is uncovered, and captivated  
 Eyes are startled by their pleasure at the youthful  
 Dignity of the fruits of your breast, so round and pure.  
 How beautiful you are!... Come, people, come and drink  
 Of beauty and of love from beautiful twin breasts.  
 Oh! Without beauty what would the world become?  
 May all that's beauty shine, what's ugly remain hidden!  
 Uncover your naked arms, your naked breasts and sides;  
 Present yourself all naked, o Venus most divine!  
 Better are you clothed by your beauty than white robes;  
 Let fall to your ankles the cloth which 'round your hips  
 Is wrapped and mutes the beauteous form that's truly yours.  
 Free your waist and stomach to the kisses of the sun!  
 And as ivy clings to the bark upon a tree,  
 Oh, let my arms surround and hold your marble form;  
 Grant that my burning lips and my trembling fingers  
 Might lovingly caress your white surface, everywhere!  
 O sweet Venus of Arles, the sprite of all our youth!  
 Your beauty radiating throughout Provence gives  
 Splendor to our daughters and makes our sons so strong;  
 Beneath their bronzed skin your blood is in their veins  
 Still living, o Venus, and warm. And our gay girls,  
 That's why they're seen with chests not fully covered,  
 And our bright young men, that's why they're so strong and brave  
 In contests of love, with the bulls, and facing death.

## LA VENUS D'ARLE

*A Pau Areno*

Siés bello, o Venus d'Arle, à faire veni fòu!  
 Ta tèsto èi fièro e douço, e tendramen toun còu  
 Se clino. Respirant li poutoun e lou rire,  
 Ta fresco bouco en flour de-qu'èi que vai nous dire?  
 Lis Amour, d'uno veto, emé gràci an nousa  
 Ti long péu sus toun front pèr oundado frisa.  
 O blanco Venus d'Arle, o rèino prouvençalo,  
 Ges de mantèu n'escound ti supèrbis espalo;  
 Se vèi que siés divesso e fiho dóu cèu blu;  
 Toun bèu pitre nous bado, e l'iue plen de belu  
 S'espanto de plesi davans la jouino auturo  
 Di poumo de toun sen tant redouno e tant puro.  
 Que siés bello!... Venès, pople, venès teta  
 A si bèu sen bessoun l'amour e la bèuta.  
 Oh! sènso la bèuta de-que sarié lou mounde?  
 Luse tout ço qu'es bèu, tout ço qu'es laid s'escounde!  
 Fai vèire ti bras nus, toun sen nus, ti flanc nus;

Mostro-te touto nuso, o divino Venus!  
La bèuta te vestis miés que ta raubo blanco;  
Laisso a ti pèd toumba la raubo qu'à tis anco  
S'envertouio, mudant tout ço qu'as de plu bèu:  
Abandouno toun vèntre i poutoun dóu soulèu!  
Coume l'èurre s'aganto à la rusco d'un aubre,  
Laisso dins mi brassado estregne en plen toun maubre;  
Laisso ma bouco ardènto e mi det tremoulant  
Courre amouros pertout sus toun cadabre blanc!  
O douço Venus d'Arle! o fado de jouvènço!  
Ta bèuta que clarejo en touto la Prouvènço,  
Fai bello nòsti fiho e nòsti drole san;  
Souto aquelo car bruno, o Venus! i'a toun sang,  
Sèmpe viéu, sèmpe caud. E nòsti chato alerto,  
Vaqui perqué s'envan la peitrino duberto;  
E nòsti gai jouvènt, vaqui perqué soun fort  
I lucho de l'amour, di brau e de la mort;

That's why I love you,-- and your beauty has me dazed--  
And why I, a Christian, sing you, o great pagan!

### **OLD SONG**

*To Antounin Glaize*

I see her at the threshing,  
The girl with the hair so blond:  
"Whoa, stop. Don't pass by so proud!  
Hey, where to, my Madeloun?"  
"I must go back to make bread."  
"Oh, no. You can go tomorrow.  
I love you, fairest, love you."  
And I take her by the hand.

And soon I raise my doorlatch:  
"Hungry?" She doesn't say no.  
So we walk up to the table  
And I set her on my knees.  
"There, eat what pleasure tells you,  
Taste my plums and peaches here!..."  
"Thank you, fine companion, I'm  
Hungry for the bread of love."

She stands up in a hurry,  
To the parish house we run:  
"Get out the festive flowers  
And the candlesticks of gold.  
Light the candles, light them quick,  
On the altar, father, there.  
We're hurried, it's growing late,  
Unite us, father, now!

From there I take her dancing,  
The girl with the hair so blond;  
And from upon the bandstand  
Come strains of flutes and violins.



My hand upon her waistline,  
Her heartbeat against my breast,  
Oblivious to others,  
Together we danced like one.

E vaqui perqué t'ame, -- a ta bèuta m'engano,--  
E perqué iéu crestian, te cante, o grand pagano!

### **VIEIO CANSOUN**

*A-n-Antounin Glaize*

La rescontre sus lis iero,  
La chatouno di péu blound:  
-- Ho! la, hòu! passes bèn fièro!  
Eh! moute vas, Madeloun?  
-- Vau au four passa levame.  
-- Eh bèn! i'anaras deman.  
O mignoto! t'ame! t'ame! --  
E le prene pèr la man.

E lèu ausse ma cadaulo:  
-- As fam? Elo dis pas noun.  
Alor nous metèn à taulo:  
L'assète sus mi geinoun.  
-- Dau! manjo ço que t'agrado;  
Tè! pessègue e pruno en flour!...  
-- Gramaci, bèu cambarado,  
Ai fam que dóu pan d'amour.

Elo s'aubouro à la lèsto;  
Zóu! landan vers lou curat:  
-- Sourtès li bouquet de fèsto  
E li candelié daura.  
Abras lèu, abras li cire,  
Bon curat, au mètstre-atar.  
Sian pressa qu'es pas de dire;  
Maridas-nous, se fai tard!

D'aqui la mene à la danso,  
Lachatouno di péu blound;  
Jougavon sus la credanço  
Li flahuto e li vióloun.  
La man vers soun jougne souple,  
Soun cor batènt sus moun cor,  
Sèns vèire lis àutri couple  
Viravian tóuti d'acord.

The stairs led to the bedroom:  
"There's our bed bedecked in white!"  
My beauty, with a faint blush,  
Stood there quiet, trembling lightly.  
"Madeloun, say your prayers.  
Come to bed now." "Yes, my friend."  
But our first night together  
Madeloun slept not a wink.

## **BEFORE NIGHTFALL**

*To Madame Melio Hamelin*

A hoe on his shoulder, the man comes to the door;  
The woman, from the garden, returns with skirts full;  
The animals saunter to the spring, while young girls  
Leave in search of water, pitcher on rounded hip.

The pine grove in dusk's dim light seems a huge black fan;  
The great reddish fire shines forth from within the house;  
Sleepily, the children dine upon their kisses.  
The sheep flock returns to huddle in its fold.

Excited shouts from shepherds, yelps of running dogs,  
Clinking of bells around the necks of horned rams,  
Bleating, ever bleating from lambs and from the ewes.

The Cowherd in the sky is rounding up the bulls;  
With both hands God in heaven above is sewing stars:  
Then, drunken with love, come the songs of nightingales.

## **LIGHT PALE**

*To Louis Roumieux*

With the strangest flame,  
In the depths of the night,  
The soul of the stars  
Fills eyes up with light;  
Neither star nor moon  
Can cause such trembling  
As the great light pale  
Eyes of my brunette.

Mountan pièi à la chambreto:  
-- Ve, noste pichot lié blanc! --  
Bello, emé li couloureto,  
Restè muto en tremoulant.  
-- Madeloun, fai ta preguiero,  
Coucho-te! -- Ié vau, ami. --  
Mai aquelo niue proumiero  
Madeloun a rèn dormi.

## **AVANS LA NIUE**

*A Madamo Melio Hamelin*

La trencò sus lou còu, l'ome arribo au lindau;  
La femo, dóu jardin, torno em' un plen faudau,  
E li bèsti à la font van béure, e li chatouno  
Querre d'aigo em' un bro clin sus l'anco redouno.

La pinedo, à l'errour, sèmblo un negre ventau;  
Un grand fiò rouginèu fai trelusi l'oustau;  
Dourmihous, lis enfant soupoun d'uno poutouno.  
Vers la jasso à mouloun lou troupèu s'acantouno.

Crid di pastre afouga, japa di chin courriòu,  
Dindin d'esquerlo au còu dis aret embanaire,

Belamen sènso fin dis agnèu e di maire.

Lou Bouié celestiau dins lou cèu joun si biòu;  
Di dos man, Diéu, amount d'estello èi samenaire:  
Alor, ébri d'amour, canton li roussignòu.

**PALINELLO**

*A Louis Roumiéu*

D'uno estranjo flamo,  
Au founs de la niue,  
Dis estello l'amo  
Atubo lis iue;  
Estello ni luno  
Noun fan tressali  
Coume de ma bruno  
Li grands iue pali.

Crashing, thrashing sea,  
Forest filled with sound,  
Please tell my fairest  
The pain of my love.

With green shoots on trees  
April blossoms forth,  
Sewing in the meadow  
New tapestry threads;  
More than any flower  
I'm tenderly touched  
By the burning pale  
Of her I adore.

Sea which is bounding,  
Forest filled with sound,  
Please tell my fairest  
The pain of my love.

Hidden 'mongst green leaves,  
Shining and crimson,  
The cherry enflames  
The finch's desire.  
Oh, how he wants it!  
Glutton for kisses  
From pale lips, I know  
How velvet can feel.

Crashing, thrashing sea,  
Forest filled with sound,  
Please tell my fairest  
The pain of my love.

**TO THE FRIEND I'VE NEVER SEEN**

Please excuse me, Madamisello,  
And allow me, please, to inquire  
About the color of your hair.

Since you captured my attention  
It has oft been in my dreams;

Mar que reboumbello,  
Bos plen de rumour,  
Digas à la bello  
Moun làngui d'amour.

A pléni jitello  
Abriéu s'espandis,  
E dins la pradello  
Brodo un gai tapis;  
Tendramen m'agrado,  
Miés que touto flour,  
De moun adourado  
L'ardènto palour.

Mar que reboumbello,  
Bos plen de rumour,  
Digas à la bello  
Moun làngui d'amour.

Dintre la verduro,  
Lis e cremesin,  
L'agroufioun empuro  
La fam de sausin.  
Ié fague ligueto!  
Iéu, de poutoun glout,  
Di pàli bouqueto  
Sabe lou velout.

Mar que reboumbello,  
Bos plen de rumour,  
Digas à la bello  
Moun làngui d'amour.

### **A L'AMIGO QU'AI JAMAI VISTO**

Excusas-me, Madamisello,  
Mai leissas-me vous demanda  
La coulour de vòsti trenello.  
Despièi que m'avès enfada,  
Proun fes moun esprit ié pantaio;

Upon girls with beauteous bodies  
That which most enflames my desire  
Is not dainty feet or fine hands,  
Enchanting waist or eyes which flash,  
Nor tender grace..., but long hair.

Long hair! Long hair! Oh, that glory  
Flowing down from the hands of God;  
Long hair! That florid masterpiece,  
Those caressable, living rays!

Just to see the hair of a girl  
Enthralls me, brings me to a shudder.  
I should like to be as the breeze  
And lose myself in flowing locks;  
Or some elegant coiffure's comb,  
Biting such richness at my will.

Are your locks of chestnut color,  
Like the girls at dawn's light who leave  
To lead their sheep to the mountain?  
Their tanned feet, to shoes unknown,  
Smell forever of mountain thyme.  
They tread upon the sharp Baux rocks  
Without startling the sunning skink,  
And when they dance the farandole  
Their chestnut locks do freely flow  
Down into a half-opened blouse.

Are you the sister of the blonds?  
One slight nymph, alas, too soon dies:  
Ophelia, hair full of moonbeams.  
The other, curls full of sunshine,  
Eternally reborn, has scarcely  
A kiss of the waves for a wrap;  
Sailors who from all directions  
Converge on Beaucaire, for the fair  
Always seem to meet you, Venus!

Car di chato que lou cor béu  
Ço que lou mai me bouto en aio,  
Noun es pèd prim, man fino, taio  
Encantarello, iue que dardaio,  
Gràci, tendresso...: es lou long péu.

Lou péu! lou péu! aquelo glòri  
Gisclado di man dóu bon Diéu;  
Lou péu! aquéu cap-d'obro flòri,  
Aquéli rai paupable, viéu!  
De li mira 'n touto jouvènto  
Acò m'enchusclo e fai fresi.  
Voudriéu èstre l'auro que vènto  
E me perdre i como mouvènto,  
O la penche au couifa savènto  
E dins lou drud mordre à plesi!

Avès-ti la treno castagno  
Di chato que van, lou matin,  
Mena si cabro à la mountagno?  
Si pèd mouret, franc de patin,  
An lou perfum di ferigoulo:  
Trepon li baus escalabert  
Sènso esfraia li reguindoulo,  
E, quand sauton i farandoulo,  
Soun péu castan arrage coulo

Dins lou boumbet entre-dubert.

Di bloundo sias-ti sorre? L'uno  
Fadeto, ai! las! que mor trop lèu,  
Oufelio à péu plen deluno:  
L'autro, à frisoun plen de soulèu,  
Sèmpre mai renadivo, a gaire  
Qu'un bais de l'oundo pèr ajust;  
Parlo i felibre em' i pescaire  
E li marin que de tout caire  
Van à la fiero de Bèu-Caire  
Toujour te rescontron, Venus!

The only dress for Madeleine,  
O forest of hair like the fire!  
When beautiful, lithesome and white  
She weeps, the sinner, not finding  
God but in deep tranquillity,  
Like flames it seems that her tresses  
Set fire to the whole of Sainte-Baume.  
Afterward, above on the summit  
All the grasses, trees, the men, and birds  
Are perfumed with scents of her hair.

Do you wear perhaps the black coils  
That adorned the delicate neck  
Of Zani, the one I so loved,  
And where oft my fingers entwined?  
O beautiful tresses, deep black  
As night or the thickest of fogs,  
As the wings of the darkest crow,  
As a night Sundered by lightning,  
Fierce, of intoxicating lineage  
So often have you bound me with love!

Black hair of our history's Queen Jeanne,  
Like that of Madame Marcabrun\*,  
Tight spike of rich Italian grain  
In flowing twists on bronzed necks,  
Like coils of the cobra who's posed  
To strike, and so greatly is feared,  
Curls! Happy he who unravels you  
(For love itself unravels one!)  
He who with a young beauty quarrels  
O'er a kiss stolen from her neck!

Do you remember Desdemonia  
Under the portals of Saint Mark  
When Othello proudly gives her  
His hand and goes down to the sea?  
The page who's there making mischief

\* Marcabrun was one of the most famous, and, according to Nostradamus, "the best" of the troubadours

Soul vièsti de la Madaleno,  
O fourèst de si péu de fiò!  
Quand touto bello, blanco, leno,  
Plouro la pecairis, en-liò  
Noun trouvant Diéu qu'en la calaumo,  
Coume uno flamour si trachèu  
Sèmbelon crema la Santo-Baumo.  
Despièi, alin, la flour di caumo  
De l'encens de si péu embaumo  
L'erbo e l'aubre, l'ome e l'aucèu.

Pourtas-ti la negro courolo  
Qu'anelavo lou gai coutet  
De Zani, de ma caro drolo,  
E qu'an souvènt mescla mi det?  
O bèlli trenello negrasso  
Coume la niue e la brumour,  
Coume l'alo di tartarasso,  
Coume un niéu que l'uiau estrasso,  
Feroujo, enebrianto de raço,  
Que m'avès tant liga d'amour!

Péu negre de la rèino Jano  
E de madamo Marcabrun,  
Espigo duro d'Italiano,  
Toursudo à flot sus lou còu brun,  
Coume la serp que s'envertouio  
E que s'eirisso, e que fai pòu,  
O torco! urous quau vous embouio  
(Car lou caligna desmemouio)!  
Quau em' uno chato a garrouio  
Pèr un poutoun pres sus soun còu!

Remembras-ti la Desdemouno  
Souto lou porge de Sant-Marc,  
Quand Otello, poumpous, ié douno  
La man e descènd vers la mar?  
Lou page, que s'escarrabiho

Amongst the duchesses and knights,  
'Midst all his playing and babbling  
Lets trail on the ground the long robe  
Which, in folds much too heavy, sweeps  
Clean the proud marble of the stairs.

From the crimson jewels of her crown  
Adorned with rich rubies and pearls,  
Down upon her crackling gold gown  
Her rich hair as a fan unfolds.  
The sun dipping into the wave  
Enflames those in love even more;  
What makes one blink the most  
From the blinding light of that fire

Is not a diamond's reflected rays,  
But the brilliance of long red hair.

Ah! Of the beauty of your hair  
'Tis sure I know not the secret,  
But when it falls upon your waist  
It is surely a true delight...  
For what are the rays of the stars,  
And what the splendor of the sun  
Against that hair which enmantles  
With its velvet, with its rich lace?  
O bewildering embellishment  
Where two breasts stand out in relief!

## **THE WALKWAYS OF THE MADELEINE**

*To Ludovic Legré*

Still today I can remember:  
In the breeze a white ribbon flows  
From the branches of the walkway,

And, a happy young man, you cried:  
"Here she comes, I see her, in truth!..."  
I thought Mirèio was on her way!

Emé duquesso e chivalié,  
Enterin que jogo e babiho,  
Laisso trinassa la raubiho,  
Qu'à bèu-pan, trop grèvo, escoubiho  
Lou maubre fièr dis escalié.

De sa caloto cremesino,  
Que flourisson perlo e roubis,  
Sus sa raubo d'or que cracino,  
Soun péu en ventau s'espandis.  
Lou soulèu, que dins l'erso clugo,  
Abro enca mai lis amourous;  
D'aquel encèndi qu'esbarlugo  
Ço que lou mai esparpelugo,  
Di diamant es pas li belugo  
Mai lou trelus di grand péu rous.

Ah! e vosto cabeladuro,  
Certo! noun sabe lou secrèt,  
Mai quand toumbo à vosto centuro,  
Segur es un delice escrèt...  
De que soun li rai dis estello,  
De qu'es l'esplendour dóu soulèu,  
Contro la como qu'enmantello  
De soun velout, de sa dentello?  
O papàrri de farfantello,  
Ounte li sen fan dous relèu!

## **SOUTO LI LEIO DE LA MADALENO**



*A Ludòvi Legré*

Toujour, dempièi, m'ensouvèn:  
Un blanc riban jougavo au vènt,  
Entre li branco de la lèio,

E cridères, urous jouvènt:  
"Ve! ma migo, ve-la que vèn!..."  
-- Me semblè de vèire Mirèio.

To greet us a pleasant good day,  
The virgin maid around did turn:

And her smile and her eyes deep brown  
In their silence said "Love! Love! Love!"

**THE FIANCES**

The place is pleasant, and on the path, too  
'Tis sweet to stroll, on a summer's morn.

*Ludovic Legré*

Go out in search of fresh walkways and flowered paths;  
Go off, young lovers, out into  
Those meadows bestudded, like stars, with white daisies  
In the forests, in reddish wheatfields.

With the brush of a wing as you hear the buzz  
Of the golden Maybug flying by,  
With the wildflowers of God, won't you fashion two crowns  
For your foreheads in fever of love?

Murmur of wheatstalks, chirping of birds, songs of breeze,  
Intoxicate these young lovers!  
Oak and grass, tell us now if Petrarch and Laura  
Were ever as raptured as this!

On bended knee where her pure white dress touches ground,  
Pale, and with happiness trembling,  
Tell me young man, my friend, if you can, what's missing  
In your loved one and her beauty!

For you the burning kiss of her beautiful lips,  
For you the roses of her breast:  
Run slowly, in passing admire them, small fountain  
Flowing into your silver clear pool.

Her fine small hand upon your neck passed with delight,  
She trembles, she laughs with you;  
Hold her closely to your heart, for in her warm embrace  
You will find your true paradise!  
Pèr nous douna soun gai bon-jour,  
Se revirè la vierginello:

E soun bèu rire e si prunello  
Disien: "Amour! amour! amour!"

## LI FIANÇO

Plasènto es l'encountrado, e tambèn dins l'andano  
Ei dous de camina, l'estiéu, de bon matin.

*Ludovic Legré*

Cercas l'andano fresco e ladraio flourido;  
Anas-vous-en, gais amoureux,  
Dins li prat estela de blànqui margarido,  
Dins li bousquet, dins li blad rous.

En vous frustant de l'alo, enterin que vounvouno  
Lou tavan d'or à voste entour,  
Di floureto de Diéu fasès-vous de courouno  
Pèr vòsti front brulant d'amour.

Murmur di blad, piéu-piéu d'aucèu, cansoun de l'auro,  
Enebrias lis amoureux!  
Chaine, erbo, arregardas se Petrarco emé Lauro  
Fuguèron jamai tant urous!

A-geinoun sus lou bord de sa raubeto blanco,  
Pale, de bonur espanta,  
Digo-me, moun ami, digo-me ço que manco  
A toun amour, à sa bèuta!

Pèr tu l'ardènt poutoun de si bèlli bouqueto,  
Pèr tu li roso de son sen:  
Coulo d'aise, en passant miraiò-lei, sourgueto,  
Dins toun linde mirau d'argènt.

Sa man fino, à toun còu, pèr delice passado,  
Elo tremolo, elo te ris:  
Sarro-la sus toun cor; dins si càudi brassado  
Atroubaras lou paradis!

Velvet of green skutchgrass, wool gleaned by the heather,  
You, red pomegranate flower,  
The fiancée grows impatient and her hair comes undone,  
Make a nest like one never before seen:

A nest that's perfumed with love and gentlest youth,  
Bewitched with the sweetest of dreams;  
A nest where sleep wages battle with caresses  
But is, after the kiss, overcome.

Great trees, bend low, trees full of peace and of umbrage;  
And toward them please quickly make haste,  
As great arms in friendship, reach out with your branches,  
And wrap them up in your mantle.

May men on earth see nought of that gentlest of feasts,  
Feast of love, liaison of summer:  
Ants and all insects, speak thereof only with mosses,  
And you, sublime forest, with god!

### **THE OLIVE TREE**

*To Alfred Chailan*

In the peace of a blue sky your branches reach out  
Like the most delicate of fans, green in all seasons,  
And young birds rapt with joy fill your branches with song;  
When the mistral starts to blow, your silver leaves laugh,

And their laughter mixed in with tender vibrations  
Is like the soft giggles of a pale girl in love  
When a young man in passing taps on her shoulder.  
Far now from the sea do you still die from longing;

For you need the health-giving scents of the sand dunes,  
The bubbling of the waves as they break on your breast.  
The burning warmth of our sun which bronzes the earth

Is so loved by you that, if clouds do roll in,  
Your foliage, when trembling in a light, warm breeze,  
Still gives off a reflection like the light of the moon.

Velout dóu grame verd, lano que lou brusc gleno,  
Tu, roujo flour dóu miógranié,  
La nouvieto tresano e soun péu se destreno,  
Fasès un nis sènso parié:

Un nis tout perfuma d'amour e de jouinesso,  
Enfada di plus bèu pantai;  
Un nis ounte la som lucho emé li caresso  
E souto li poutoun s'envai.

Grands aubre, clinas-vous, plen de pas e d'oumbrage;  
Tendramen, vers éli, lèu-lèu,  
Coume de bras ami clinas voste fuiage;  
Prenès-lei dins voste mantèu.

Que l'ome vegue rèn d'aquelo fèsto douço,  
Fèsto d'amour, fianço d'estiéu:  
Fournigo, parlo-n'en soulamen à la mouso,  
E tu, fourèst sublimo, à Diéu!

### **L'OULIVIE**

*A-n-Alfred Chailan*

Dins la pas de l'azur ta ramiho s'estalo  
Coume un ventau lóugié, verdo en touto sesoun,  
Lis aucèu trefouli l'emplisson de cansoun;  
Quand boufo lou vènt-larg, ris ta broundo argentalo,

E soun rire, mescla de tèndri fernisoun,  
Retrais au risoulet d'uno amourouso, palo  
S'un jouvènt en passant ié pico sus l'espalo.  
Liuen de la mar toujours mores de languisoun;

Car te fau li parfum salabrous de la duno,  
Lou regiscle dis erso au pitre bacela.  
Noste arderous soulèu que fai la terro bruno,

Tant l'ames, que se vèn d'asard à se nebla,  
Toun fuiage au marin sutiéu à tremoula,  
N'en gardo lou rebat dous coume un clar de luno.

### **THE ANTS**

*To Alèssi Mouzin*

#### **I**

Hark, the cock is crowing,  
'Tis time to rise and thresh,  
For dawn is soon to break;  
If today the sun shines  
We'll do three good stacks full  
Before the night has come.

Quickly, hand out the sheathes  
And take them by their stems,  
Reach down into the grain!  
Quick, all farmhands and servants,  
Come to the threshing floor,  
Come out to the threshing.

The grains are squeezed together,

So thickly have they grown:  
Oh, what a beautiful sight!  
The point of the sickle  
Severs all of the ties...  
Ah, they drop off like pearls!

Asses, he-mules and mares,  
The great hot wheel climbs...  
And in full force it turns!  
With its chopping, the grains  
Fall as thick as the rains  
Beneath iron-shod feet.

## II

Mules and horses running  
Froth at the mouth, blinders on eyes,  
If one should fall he must arise

### LI FOURNIGO

*A-n-Alèssi Mouzin*

## I

Ausès lou gau que canto:  
Es l'ouero que se planto,  
L'aubo vai pouncheja;  
Se lou soulèu dardaio,  
Iuei faren proun tres paio  
Avans soulèu coucha.

An! pourgès lèu de garbo!  
Prenès-lei pèr la barbo,  
Pescas au cavalet!  
Ardit! à la plantado;  
Ardit! à la caucado,  
Lis ome, li varlet!

L'uno à l'autro cougnado,  
Li garbo soun quihado:  
Bon Diéu qu'acò 's grana!  
La pouncho dóu voulame  
Tranco tóuti li liame...  
Dau! poudès engruna!

Ase, miòu e cavalo,  
La rodo ardènto escalò...  
E vague de vira!  
E li garbo chaplado  
Parton à grand voulado  
Souto li pèd ferra.

## II

Chivau e miòu de courre,  
Lis iue tapa, l'escumo au mourre;  
S' un cabusso, fau que s'auboure

At the crack of the whip.  
Also in the furrow  
Though at the bridle's end,  
Each animal quivers  
And his blood starts to boil  
When the whip gives a crack.  
Ah! ee! ah! ee! ah! ee!

The ants, in fervor,  
Down 'mongst the pitchforks  
Between tines of rakes  
And the iron shoes  
Of animals seek  
The finest of grains.

One of them who's strayed  
Has found a small hill  
And lays down her load:  
The climb had been rough,  
But help soon arrives,  
And she's back at work.

Another, quite proud,  
Carts through the threshing  
A plump double grain;  
One more stops her there...  
Then, head- or tail-first  
They drag their load off.

Here is the battle!  
Excitement moves all...  
Nation of workers  
As well as fatigue,  
Nation of work ants,  
You never retreat.

Horses and mules running  
Froth at the mouth, blinders on eyes,  
If one should fall he must arise

Souto li cop de fouis.  
Tambèn dins la versano,  
Au bout de la caussano,  
Chasco bèsti tresano

E tout lou sang ié boui,  
Quand peto un cop de fouis.  
Ah! i! ah! i! ah! i! ah! i!

Li fournigo folo,  
Entre li fourcolo,  
Entre li rastèu,  
Meme sout li ferre  
Di bèsti van querre  
Li grand li plus bèu.

Uno, d'aventuro,  
Rescontro uno auturo  
E pauso soun fai:  
La mountado es rudo;  
Ié vèn uno ajudo  
E trinasso mai.

Uno, touto fièro,  
Carrejo sus l'iero  
Un bèu gran bessoun;  
Uno outro l'arrèsto...  
De quiéu e de tèsto  
Van de tirassoun.

Vaqui la bataio!  
Tóuti soun en aio...  
Pople dóu travai  
E de la fatigo,  
Pople di fournigo,  
Requiéules jamai!

Chivau e mièu de curre,  
Lis iue tapa, l'escumo au mourre;  
S' un cabusso, fau que s'auboure

At the crack of the whip.  
Also in the furrow  
Though at the bridle's end,  
Each animal quivers  
And his blood starts to boil  
When the whip gives a crack.  
Ah! ee! ah! ee! ah! ee!

Heat quickens the pace  
Of red and black heads,  
The whole nest comes out:  
Two sides soon pair off  
Like armies at war,  
They fight to the death.

To thus wage their war  
From the earth below

They leave from their holes:  
A long endless line  
Like a lizard's tail  
With no end in sight.

They're all in the field!  
They surround the doors  
Beside all the holes!  
Perhaps a thousand  
Are guarding the town  
With one general there.

The slender others  
Go off to the fray,  
No thought, no delay.  
In the setting sun  
The light reflects off  
The soldiers in black.

Horses and mules running  
Froth at the mouth, blinders on eyes,  
If one should fall he must arise

Souto li cop de fouis.  
Tambèn dins la versano,  
Au bout de la caussano,  
Chasco bèsti tresano  
E tout lou sang ié boui,  
Quand peto un cop de fouis.  
Ah! i! ah! i! ah! i! ah! i!

Tèsto roujo e negro  
La caud lis alegro,  
Lou pople entié sort:  
E lèu dos armado  
Tout enferounado  
Se tuerton à mort.

Pèr faire la guerro,  
De dessouto terro  
Mouton de pertout:  
Longo tirassado  
En co de rassado,  
Que n'a ges e bout.

Soun tóuti pèr orto!  
A l'entour di porto,  
I ribo di trau,  
N'i'en a belèu milo  
Que gardon la vilo  
Em' un generau.



Lis autro, cheresclo,  
S'envan à la mesclo,  
Sèns fin, sèns retard.  
Au soulèu que baïso,  
Luson dins la raisso  
Li négri sòudard.

Chivau e miòu de courre,  
Lis iue tapa, l'escumo au mourre;  
S' un cabusso, fau que s'auboure

At the crack of the whip.  
Also in the furrow  
Though at the bridle's end,  
Each animal quivers  
And his blood starts to boil  
When the whip gives a crack.  
Ah! ee! ah! ee! ah! ee!

### III

But the grain is well milled;  
By the side of a hedge  
'Neath a mulberry tree  
The weary beasts are led  
Eating out of a sack  
As they do from the rack.

The great pitchfork picks up  
The hay strewn on the ground,  
And arranges it in piles;  
The shining golden wheat  
That remains on the floor  
Is swept by a boy's broom.

How splendid the harvest!  
The blond grain left lying  
Is mixed in with the hay;  
Then a strong arm quickly,  
With one pass of the broom,  
Sweeps wheat away, and ants.

Amidst menacing cloudbanks  
The sun, large and deep red,  
Continues its descent:  
The beasts have had their feed,  
The men have salad eaten;  
The time has come for rest.

Souto li cop de fouis.  
Tambèn dins la versano,  
Au bout de la caussano,  
Chasco bèsti tresano  
E tout lou sang ié boui,  
Quand peto un cop de fouis.  
Ah! i! ah! i! ah! i! ah! i!

### III

Mai l'espigo es proun trisso;  
De-long d'uno sebisso,  
Souto un gros amourié,  
Menon li bèsti lasso  
Que manjon à la biasso  
Coume à-n-un rastelié.

Dóu batut que s'aplano  
Lou grand galafre embano  
La paio à vertoulet,  
E lou bèu blad roussejo  
Sus l'eiròu que netejo  
L'escoubo di varlet.

Que la meissoun es bello!  
Lou gran blound s'encamello  
Au crapié 'nca mescla;  
Subran uno man forto  
D'un cop d'escoubo emporto  
Fournigo e grand bla!

E dins li nivo aurouge,  
Lou soulèu large e rouge  
Descènd toujours plus bas:  
I bèsti la civado,  
Is ome l'ensalado,  
En tóuti de soulas!

### **BORNIER'S DAUGHTER**

*To her Father*

In her presence the flower of beauty blossoms:  
Celestial charm is hers, as is a candid grace  
To which the sweet pride of loving hearts is joined; the wind  
Softly comes, and goes, and plays in her undone hair.

As yet she has seen but the summits; in wonder,  
Like a bright morning sun she looks upon life;  
The flaming brilliance shields the abysses from her.

Of the castle of Montblois she dreams, and often

Her youthful enthusiasm can not be contained.  
Superb, pure white, and trembling, as she sings for us  
The sublime song of the Swordsman, have you not seen

The lightning flash beneath the long lashes of her eyes?  
--Thus toward the ideal does your lovely daughter grow:  
She's the child of your blood, of your genius the daughter.

### **MISTRAL'S WEDDING**

Beautiful girl,  
Just for the pleasure, crown  
With your sweet kiss  
The forehead of your friend;  
With the tenderest dreams  
Let your kisses enchant  
That tall and proud forehead  
Beneath the green laurel.

Glory is vain;  
There is nothing but love,  
When all is done,  
Which escapes into mist;  
It's worth more to be loved  
Than it is to be famed:  
For love is a laurel  
Which is equalled by none.

### **LA FIHO DE BORNIER**

*A soun Paire*

En touto elo la flour dóu Bèu es expandidi:  
A lou charme enaurant, a la gràci candido,  
A la douço fierta di cor flame; lou vènt  
Ajougui dins si péu desnousa vai e vèn.

N'a treva que li cimo encaro. Esbalauvido,  
Coume un soulèu levant arregardo la vido;  
Li trelus flamejant i'escoundon lis aven.  
Dóu castèu de Montblois pantaio, e proun souvènt.

Dins soun jouine estrambord l'enfant tèn plus sesiho.  
Fernissènto, superbo e palo, quand nous dis  
La sublìmo cansoun dis Espaso, avès vist

Si grands iue plen d'uiou souto si lòngui ciho?  
-- Ta bello chato ansin vers l'ideau trachis:  
Es fiho de toun sang, de toun engèni es fiho!

### **LI NOÇO DE MISTRAU**

Bello chatouno,  
Courouno pèr plesi  
De ti poutouno  
Lou front de toun ami;  
Di plus tèndri pantai  
Enfado emé ti bais  
Aquéu front aut e fièr  
Souto lou lausié verd.

La glòri es vano  
E noun i'a que l'amour,  
Quand tout debano,  
Qu'escapo à la brumour,  
Es meiour d'èstre ama  
Que d'èstre renouma:  
L'amour es un lausié  
Que n'a pas sou parié.

Though you're content,  
Felibre nonpareil,  
Nothing worldly  
Could give you more joy;  
Nothing more than the love  
Of a child like no other  
Has ever discovered  
Such a precious ideal.

O sweet Mirèio  
Take the arm of Vincent;  
In balsam grass  
Wander till you are lost.  
When they see you pass by  
Wrapped in each other's arms  
The shepherds of the Crau  
Will say "Oh, that Mistral!"

Noble Esterelle,  
There with your Calendal,  
Up toward the stars  
Climb as far as you can;  
Above the abysses  
And the darkening night  
Ascend through the sun's rays  
From where there's no return.

Your white marble  
I've seen in bas-relief  
Beneath the tree  
Which the sun's rays caress.  
Genius and Beauty  
Seated upon a throne  
Like a pair of lovers

Hold each other by the hand.

And the wind blows;  
The day can be weary;  
And yet the girl  
In her beauty, still smiles;

Dins toun abounde,  
Felibre sènso egau,  
Plus rèn au mounde  
Poudié te faire gau;  
Plus rèn que l'amour fres  
D'uno enfant coume res  
N'a jamai atrouva  
L'ideau tant rava.

Douço Mirèio,  
Pren lou bras de Vincèn;  
Dins li sadrèio  
Esmaras-vous ensèn.  
En vous vesènt passa  
L'un à l'autre enliassa,  
Li pastre de la Crau  
Diran: -- D'aquéu Mistrau!

Noblo Esterello,  
Emé toun Calendau,  
Vers lis estello  
Mountas peramoundaut;  
Au-dessus dis aven  
E de la niue que vèn,  
Mountas dins lou trelus  
D'ounte se torno plus!

Tout blanc, en maubre,  
Ai vist de bas-relèu,  
Souto lis aubre,  
Caressa dóu soulèu:  
L'Engèni e la Bèuta  
Sus un trone asseta,  
Coume un couple d'amant  
Se tènou pèr la man,

E l'auro vènto;  
Pòu faire de laid jour,  
E la jouvènto,  
Bello, sourris toujour;

The hero shall ever  
Holds to his solemn oath:  
Neither evening nor morning  
Shall the festivities end.

Dijon, 27 September 1876

### **TO THE PAINTER PEIRE GRIVOLAS**

In the time of Phidias, for sure, had you been born,  
You would have been forever drunk with pure beauty,  
For love of beauty is the sole flame that inspires  
That art which is sometimes obscured, never conquered.

But besotted bourgeois and crooked-fingered merchants  
Lurking in your shadow have filled your life with pain;  
To free yourself you retreat into sweet nature,  
Therein forgetting all, including silver coin.

Free and content, wandering the wood and the mountain,  
You run, your head in the dawn's light, feet in the dew;  
The laughter of a young girl, a ray from the sun,

Raise you to heights unknown, and in your fresh canvasses  
You so clearly place the breath of your beautiful soul,  
My friend, and those who see them love you without knowing you.

### **TO A PAINTER OF FLOWERS**

He is the soul of a child, sweet as the flowers  
So prettily painted with the hand of a sprite;  
He's a noble, proud heart, he is tender like love.  
He dreams but of beauty, and his pristine reverie

Captures all the color of a young woman's soul;  
He should like to share the caresses of a friend:  
How his silent eyes, through their tears, speak to her!  
What infinite tenderness is stifled in his heart!

L'eros eternamen  
Gardo soun sarramen:  
Ni sero ni matin  
Finisson lou festin.

Dijoun, 27 de setèmbe de 1876

### **AU PINTRE PEIRE GRIVOLAS**

Dins lou tèms de Fidias, segur, s'ères nascu,  
Sariés esta de-longo ebri de bèuta puro,  
Car soul l'amour dóu bèu es la flamo qu'empuro  
L'art que de-fes se nèblo e n'èi jamai vincu.

Mai bourgès abesti, marchand à det croucu,  
Grouant à toun entour, te fan la vido duro;  
Pèr i'escapa t'envas vers la siavo Naturo,  
Oublidas tout em'elo, enjusquo lis escut.

Libre e countènt, trevant li bos e li mountagno,  
Landes, lou front dins l'aubo e li pèd dins l'eigagno;  
Un rire de chatouno, un raïoun de soulèu,

T'enauron sai pas mounte, e dins ti fres tablèu  
Metes tant veramen l'aflat de ta bello amo,  
Ami, que quau li vèi, sèns te counèisse, t'amo.

### **A-N-UN PINTRE FLOURISTO**

Es uno amo d'enfant, douço coume li flour  
Que tant poulidamen pinto de sa man fado;  
Es un cor noble e fièr, tèn dre coume l'amour.  
Pantaïo que lou bèu, e sa puro pensado

Ravassejo li chato e si bèlli coulour;  
D'uno amigo voudrié li frèsquis embrassado:  
Coume ié parlon, mut, sis iue bagna de plour!  
Que tendresso infinido en soun cor estoufado!

He courts out of pleasure, and he paints all he can,  
And the love for flowers conmingles in his soul  
With his love for virgins: it exalts him and moves him;

For, lovingly, each single flower reminds him  
Of the blue of their pupils, fine gold of their locks,  
The rose of their lips and the lily of their necks.

### **TO MADEMOISELLE SOPHIE DE L...**

#### **I**

In the morning, Madamisello,  
When you open your window wide,  
Listen to the country song  
Of the birds out in your garden.

They sing and fly in your branches;  
Their chirping song brings one joy.  
And meanwhile let your beautiful face  
Rest gently on your soft white hand.

Let your tender hand entangle itself,  
In your hair; when the wind stirs up,  
Tenderly the breeze, as it moves,  
Will undo the curls upon your neck.

It seems at first that someone speaks  
In the wood which is dark with leaves:  
'Tis the sweet song of the warbler  
That begins when all else is still.

On rooftops, a great sound of wings;  
You'd almost say that someone laughs:  
Excitedly the swallows there  
Are frolicking in their hidden nests.

Already now the tufted lark  
Cries out and flies into the sky,  
Soars up to drink the shining rays  
And the ecstasy of the sun.

Caligno pèr delice e pinto que pòu,  
E l'amour de la flour e de la vierginello  
Se mesclo dins soun amo e l'enauro e l'esmòu;

Car amourousamen chasco flour ié rapello  
Lou blu de si vistoun, l'or fin de si trenello,  
Li roso de si bouco e l'iéli de soun còu.

## A MADAMISELLO SOUFIO DE L...

### I

Durbènt vosto gènto fenèstro,  
Madamisello, lou matin,  
Escoutas la cansoun campèstro  
Dis aucèu de voste jardin.

Canton e volon dins li branco;  
Sa cantadisso vous fai gau.  
Enterin, sus vosto man blanco  
Voste bèu front se clino un pau.

Vosto man trempo, blanco e leno,  
Dins vòsti péu; l'auro s'esmòu,  
Tendramen l'aureto qu'aleno  
Li desnouso sus voste còu.

Sèmblo d'abord que quaucun parlo  
Dins lou bousquet founs e ramu:  
Es lou canta de la bouscarlo  
Qu'acoumènço quand tout es mut.

Sus li téule, un grand brut d'aletto;  
Sèmblo, de-fes, que quaucun ris:  
Vaqui li fòli dindouletto  
Que jogon à l'entour di nis.



Deja la vivo couquihado  
Jito soun crid e mounto lèu,  
Mounto béure l'escandihado  
E l'enebriamen dóu soulèu.

Suddenly a song is heard  
From within the flowering hedge;  
It makes all passers-by stand still  
To hear the song of joy and love.

Your regal hand with ease can hide  
Within your shining hair. What is  
The nightingale saying? Your whole soul  
Listens to his song of paradise.

Madamisello, God grant that I,  
The poorest songster of Provence,  
By you, so touching a beauty,  
May some day be heard as I sing.

My couplets, sad or gay, are like  
Those friendly singing birds we hear:  
With thought my heart is overflowing  
And before you I pour it out.

## II

The sky is dark, alas!, and 'tis night in my soul;  
My heart bears the mourning of the friends I have lost;  
Some of them have left me, by others I've been sold:  
Oh Lord, how hard it is to have a soul that loves!

My heart bears the mourning of the friends I have lost!  
Where is it they have gone? How bitter is my life:  
Oh! What if they all had died! Those who do still live,  
Oh, why so far from me has fate let them be led?

Where is it they have gone? How bitter is my life:  
They've left me all alone with sadness in my heart.  
I turn there, in tears, toward the sweetness of your face,  
As a shipwrecked sailor toward the light of the port.

S'ausis subran un cant tant tènre  
Dóu mié de la baragno en flour,  
Que tout fai pauso pèr entèndre  
Aquéu cant de joio e d'amour.

Dins vòsti péu lisc s'escound touto  
Vosto man de rèino: Que dis

Lou roussignòu? Vosto amo escouto  
Soun aubado de paradis.

E basto, iéu, Madamisello,  
Paure cantaire prouvençau,  
De vous tant toucanto e tant bello,  
Fuguèsse ansin escouta 'n pau!

Mi coublet, triste o gai, soun coume  
Aquélis aucèu amistous:  
De pensado moun cor es coume  
E iéu l'escampe davans vous.

## II

Lou tèms èi sourne, ai! las! e fai niue dins moun amo;  
Moun cor porto lou dèu dis ami qu'ai perdu;  
Lis un m'an deleissa, lis autre m'an vendu:  
O moun Diéu! qu'es marrit d'avé 'n cor que tant amo!

Moun cor porto lou dèu dis ami qu'ai perdu!  
Ounte èi que soun ana? La vido m'es amaro:  
Oh! s'èron tóuti mort!... Li que vivon encaro  
Perqué tant liuen de iéu lou sort lis a coundu?

Ounte èi que soun ana? La vido m'es amaro:  
M'an leissa tout soulet emé moun triste cor.  
Iéu me vire, en plourant, vers vosto douço caro,  
Coume lou negadis vers lis estello dóu port.

## III

In the evening the flocks with the shepherd  
Return to the sheepfold, their heads toward the ground;  
The poplar-lined way frames their ranks in dark shadows,  
A biting wind has risen, it blows like a madman.

Scattered off in the half light, birds of misfortune  
Whimper like children and screech a frightening din:  
Shadows efface the pathway 'midst the wild mint fields,  
And the foot, groping in darkness, treads where it may.

Up the mountain you go, alone and melancholy,  
Listening to the symphony of trees and Rhone wind:  
No moon to be seen; the sky is filled with dark clouds.

It is cold, and your heart is wrapped in its sadness;  
It is night: of a sudden someone not yet seen  
Says: "Good evening!," and the voice goes straight to your core!

## CONVALESCENCE

*To Fèlis Gras*

They had called upon his mother,  
For the youth had been so ill;  
Thank the Lord, for joy has returned to our house:  
Fèlis over death is triumphant.  
The first now steps into the room,  
Sunshine, to celebrate the feast;  
Horrid feverish nightmare, take wing and flee from here;  
Gay sunshine, play upon his bed.

Outside springtime is in blossom;  
All regains its life, all's laughter,  
Male and female find partners, and all build their nests;  
In the air is the sound of kissing.  
Soft snow, white from the almond tree,  
Azure redolent of violets,  
Flowers and perfume carried on the breath of the breeze,  
Fall in raindrops upon his bed.

**III**

Emé lou calabrun, li troupèu e lou pastre  
Rintron au jas, plan-plan, la tèsto vers lou sòu;  
La lèio de piboulo ensournis soun encastre;  
Un vènt jala s'aubouro e boufo coume un fòu.

Dins l'errour envoula, lis aucèu de malastre  
Gençon coume d'enfant, quilon à faire pòu:  
L'oumbro escafo la draio au mitan de mentastre,  
E lou pèd, à l'asard, camino mounte pòu.

Sus la mountagno anas, soulet e malancòni,  
Dis aubre e dóu rousau escoutant la sinfòni:  
Ges de luno; lou cèu es sèmpre ennivouli.

Fai frech, e voste cor de tristesso se barro;  
Fai niue: subran quaucun, que noun vesès encaro,  
Dis: "Bon vèspre!" e la voues vous fai tout tressali!

**COUNVALESCENCI**

*A Felis Gras*

Avien souna sa vièio maire,  
Tant lou jouvènt èro malaut;  
Gramaci Diéu, la joio es tournado à l'oustau:  
Fèlis de la mort es troumpaire.  
Dins sa chambro intro proumié,  
Bèu soulèu, pèr ié faire fèsto;  
Orre pantai febrous, fugissès à la lèsto;  
Gai soulèu, jogo sus soun lié.

Deforo lou printèms boutouno;

Tout èi reviscoula, tout ris,  
S'acampon li parèu, e bastisson de nis,  
T'a dins l'aire un brut de poutouno.  
Nèu suavo dis amelié,  
Azur embauma di vióuleto,  
Flour e perfum pourta sus l'alèn dis aureto,  
Toumbas en plueio sus soun lié.

While passing before his window,  
Little sparrows, ask of my friend, please,  
Piously, if last evening his slumber was sound,  
And in a sweet country aubade  
With joyfulness sing just for him  
The most beautiful of your songs;  
You, dear Fèlis, gently lending your ear, forget  
The bitter languor of illness.

### **BARROUS' DAUGHTER**

*To my brother Bermond*

Old Barrous, your castle crumbles,  
Ravaged both by men and by time,  
But your sun showers on your daughters  
Its beauty!

A pleasant young girl, all alone,  
In a tiny garden's shadow  
Came into bloom like a violet  
One morning.

A young man passes on the path,  
Robust, with his hair in the wind;  
And glancing o'er the garden wall  
He turns 'round.

Between the hedge's new green leaves  
Agitter with drops of pearly dew  
He has scarcely seen the beauty  
And wants her.

"I love you! You are my lady!  
In thralldom, my fairest, I'm yours.  
Here's my blood, here's my soul," he says,  
"Will you come?"

To his father he goes running...  
"What's happened?" "I am enamoured  
Of a child who walks in the hills  
Of Barrous.

En passant davans sa fenèstro,  
Pichots aucèu, à moun ami

Demandas pietadous, s'aniue a bèn dourmi,  
E dins uno aubado campèstro  
Em' alegresso cantas-ié  
Vòsti cansoun li mai poulido,  
Tu, Fèlis, douçamen en chaurihant, óublido  
L'amaro languisoun dóu lié.

### **LA CHATO DE BARROUS**

*A moun fraire Bermound*

Vièi Barrous, toun castèu degruno,  
Dis ome e dis an sagata,  
Mai toun soulèu largo à ti bruno  
La bèuta!

Uno chato, gènto, souleto,  
Dins l'oumbrun d'un pichot jardin,  
Flourissié coume uno vióuleto,  
Un matin.

Un drole passo pèr la draio,  
Bèn estampa, lou péu au vènt,  
E regardo sus la muraio  
E revèn.

A travès li fueio nouvello  
Emperlado de l'eigagnòu,  
Pas pu lèu a' spincha la bello  
Que la vòu.

Ié dis: "T'adore! siés ma damo!  
M'as rauba, mignoto, es fini:  
Vaqui moun sang, vaqui moun amo!  
Vos veni?"

E vers soun paire curre, curre...  
-- Que t'aribo? -- "Siéu amourous  
D'uno enfant que trèvo li mourre  
Dóu Barrous.

"She's a child. She is a fairy;  
With hair black as night 'round her face.  
And then, how the light flashes  
In her eyes!"

She likewise was saying "I want him."  
She counted the hours by the sun  
And dreamed: "Will the handsome young man  
Come back soon?"

The fathers in pride and wisdom  
Then pacted like neighboring kings:  
"Let's join them one to the other,

Our lovers."

That's why, our raven-haired lady,  
Today that's why, blond fiancé,  
In your honor those violins play  
So sweetly.

Old Barrous, your castle crumbles,  
Ravaged both by men and by time,  
But your sun showers on your daughters  
Its beauty!

### **THE GRASS OF MASSACRE**

*To Gracian Charvet*

The moor is covered with stones, the larger rocks are split;  
Between that of man and that of time, which rage is worse?  
An old castle hangs over the distant abyss;  
Its ramparts are broken, its gates have no doors.

The tree is dismembered; hidden 'neath the ivy  
It creeps out among the half-dead bramble vines.  
Savage is the heath; if therein you should get lost  
You shall see in the sun but the snake on the ground.

"Es uno enfant, es uno fado;  
Soun péu, negre coume la niue,  
L'enmantello; queto esluciado  
Dins sis iue!"

Elo peréu disié: "Lou vole!"  
Coumtavo lis ouro au soulèu,  
E pantaiavo: "Lou bèu drole  
Vendra lèu?"

Alor, fièr e sage, li paire  
An pacheja coume de rèi:  
"L'un à l'autro li calignaire,  
Baien-lei!"

Vaqui perqué, nòvio moureto,  
Iuei vaqui perqué, nòvie blound,  
En voste ounour fan tant si freto  
Li vióuloun.

Vièi Barrous, toun castèu degruno,  
Dis ome e dis an sagata,  
Mai toun soulèu largo à ti bruno  
La bèuta!

## L'ERBO DOU MASSACRE\*

*A Gracian Charvet*

L'erme es cubert de clapo e li ro soun fendu;  
O de l'ome o dóu tèm, quinto ràbi es plus forto?  
Sus l'avèn, peralin, un castelas pendu  
Mostro si bàrri rout e si pourtau sèns porto.

L'aubre es espalanca; soutu l'èurre escoundu  
Se rebalo au mitan di rómio mita-morto.  
Sóuvage es lou trescamp: se vous ié sias perdu,  
Aurés au souleias vist que la serp pèr orto.

\* *Hieracium murorum* (Lin.)

In my dreams I saw war and a terrible slaughter  
Between Christian and Moor. In the deepening twilight  
Foreign voices are heard howling from dale to dale.

Great was the massacre, one clump of grass explains:  
It rained torrents of blood, and the wild grass has kept  
The red marks on its blades from the raindrops of blood.

## THE ONLY ONE

*To Mme E. Parocel*

'Round the table, one day, in Saint-Christol,  
Six of twelve sitting were women,  
Yet my mourning heart saw only her.  
Later, we strolled under the trellis,  
To pick violets from the garden;  
Her soft white fingers brushed  
My hand, which burned and trembled.

There were some twenty in the wheatfield,  
But, for me, the child stood alone;  
A flash from her eyes, like a lightning bolt,  
Froze me to the marrow.  
She was gathering a bouquet:  
In the murmur of the sun-ripened wheat,  
I step forward, pale with emotion,  
And place a cornflower at her waist.

They were some fifty in the meadow,  
But I saw only the fairest;  
To fife and violin  
The festive dancers swirled.  
Dumbstruck, I stood dreaming... She comes to me:  
"Oh poet, is your soul sad?"  
In the sunshine, with melodies of life,  
Sings the cardinal, the artist.

Pantaiave de guerro e d'orre chapladis  
Entre Mouro e crestian. Au calabrun que toumbo,  
S'ausis de voues estranjo ourla de coumbo en coumbo.

Grand fuguè lou massacre, un clot d'erbo lou dis:  
Plóguè de sang à raisso, e de la roujo plueio  
L'erbo fèro a garda li degout sus si fueio.

### L'UNENCO

*A Madamo E. Parrocel*

A taulo, un jour, à Sant-Cristòu,  
Eron li dono sièis sus douge;  
Vesié qu'elo, moun cor en dòu;  
Quand me parlavo, venié rouge.  
Anerian, pièi, long di calanc,  
Au jardin cerca de vióuleto;  
Frustèron, si det fres e blanc,  
Ma man brulanto e tremouletto.

Eron belèu vint dins li blad,  
Mai pèr iéu l'enfant èro soulo;  
Un rai de sis iue m'a giscla,  
Coume un lamp, au founs di mesoulo.  
Fasié 'n bouquet: dins la rumour  
Dóu blad que la caud amaduro,  
Iéu m'avance, e, pale d'amour,  
Mete un blavet à sa centuro.

Eron cinquante dins li prat,  
N'aviéu d'iue que pèr la mignoto;  
Fifre e vióloun fasien vira  
Li dansarello de la voto.  
Mut, pantaiave... Vèn à iéu:  
"O felibre, vosto amo es tristo?  
Au soulèu canto tant que viéu,  
Lou cardelin qu'es un artisto.

"Come," she said, "Come dance with me."  
And her face bent down toward mine;  
With a soft trembling I felt  
The bending of her slender waist.  
And I dreamt that I was dancing  
With my too-long absent Zani,  
And in my arms I thought I held  
My poor, my beautiful loved one.



They were more than a hundred in the church;  
In the crowd I could see but one;  
The delicate swirls of incense smoke  
Becrowned her chestnut head.  
She stayed near the holy water font  
That I might have some, too.  
Oh! How wonderful she was! She smiled...  
And her wet fingers burned my hand.

## JAQUET ARNAVIELLO

*A Teldeto*

A plump young lad, a gallant chap,  
All soft, and fat, and beautiful;  
His loving mother pampers him,  
He no longer fits in his diapers.

Look at him now, the way he sucks  
So eagerly at the nipple:  
It's bright red as a jujube  
That has fallen upon the snow.

Hold him tightly in your arms, Teldeto!  
Of that young man you're nursing now,  
To make a man, in present times,

When one hears so much of freedom,  
O mother, make of him a Christian;  
O father, make him a felibre.

"Ami, vole dansa 'mé vous."  
E soun front vers moun front se clino;  
Sentiéu d'un fernimen bèn dous  
Plega sa taio mistoulino.  
E sounjaje qu'emé Zani  
Dansère uno fes de la vido,  
E dins mi bras cresiéu teni  
Ma pauro bello amourousido.

Dins la glèiso èron mai de cènt,  
Entre tóuti n'en vesiéu qu'uno;  
Li fin revoulun de l'encèns  
Courounavon sa tèsto bruno.  
S'arrestè vers lou benechié.  
Pèr me douna d'aigo-signado.  
Oh! qu'èro bravo! sourrisié...  
E me brulè, sa man bagnado.

JAQUET ARNAVIELLO

*A Teldeto*

Un gros droulas, un gaiard chourlo,  
Tout de mouledo, gras e bèu;  
Sa gènto maire lou tintourlo,  
Noun pòu teni dins lou bagnèu.

Regardas-lou, ves! coume chourlo  
Em'afecioun au blanc mamèu:  
Es rouge coume uno ginjourlo  
Qu'aurié toumba subre la nèu.

Sarro-lou dins ti bras, Teldeto!  
D'aquéu poulit nistoun que teto  
Pèr faire un ome, au tèms que sian

Que se parlo tant d'ome libre,  
O maire! fai-n'en un crestian;  
O paire! fai-n'en un felibre!

**STAIRCASE OF THE GIANTS**

*To the Ceramist Leoun Parvillée*

Staircase of the Giants, within your splendorous walls  
The lizard scampers and grasses flourish free;  
Mars and Neptune, proudly upon their pedestals,  
Forever stand straight, but none arrive from the gate,  
Not the Council of Ten, the Doge nor Dogaressa;  
And it is to marble gods a great bitterness  
That popes and kings no longer return to the palace.  
Like the whirlwinds one sometimes sees in the sunlight,  
Familiar pigeons soar in swirls and come to drink  
In cisterns of bronze where green ivy climbs and clings.  
Within your empty cloister, o ancient palace,  
One hears but silent steps from barefoot maidens  
Who come to fetch water, and the bucket that falls.  
All of your marvel is for me a burial place  
Where a great Venician past is nobly entombed:  
Veronese, Palma, Tintoretto, and Tician,  
Your dead republic and its marvelous courage,  
O Venice, have fallen in the hands of Savoie!

And, despite the fire of the sun's rays on your walls,  
He who walks your city's streets is chilled to the bones.

But, as a faithful hound who licks his master's feet,  
O Venice, despite the time, the revolutions,  
The sea remains your friend, and, with her trembling lips  
Eternally kisses your white marble bridges.  
You, Adriatic, remain a faithful lover!  
Remember as you wash upon the Latin shore  
His glory and an ancient ceremony:

That of the Queen of the Seas and the pompous morn  
When there before young men, before our blond young girls  
Who conjoin with their beauty Europe and Asia,  
Before the great Senate, before the fishermen  
Ready to throw to the depths of green abysses,  
The magnificent Doge from the Bucentaure  
Was bending down, in hopes that the waves could reach him,  
And was letting his ring fall upon your breast!

### **L'ESCALIE DI GIGANT**

*Au Ceramista Leoun Parvillée*

Escalié di Gigant, dins ti paret superbo,  
La reguindoulo esquiho e folo flouris l'erbo;  
Mars e Netune, fièr subre si pedestau,  
Soun sèmpre dre; mai res arribo dóu pourtau,  
Ni lou Counsèu di Dès, ni Doge e Dougaresso,  
E i'es i diéu de maubre uno grando amaresso  
Que li papo e li rèi au palais tornon plus.  
Coume de fouletoun, pèr fes, dins lou trelus,  
Li pijoun famihié volon e vènon béure  
I cisterne de brounze ounte s'agrafo l'éurre.  
Dins ti clastro deserto, o vièi palais ducau!  
S'entènd que lou pas fin di chato à pèd descau  
Que courron tira d'aigo, e lou ferrat que toumbo  
Touto ta meravìho es pèr iéu uno toumbo  
Recatant noublamen lou passat venician:  
Verounèse, Palma, Tintoret, lou Tician,  
Ta republico morto e sa terriblo voio,  
O Veniso! toumbado i man de la Savoio!

E, mau-grat lou soulèu qu'enfioco ti paret,  
Quau trèvo ta ciéuta dins li mesoulo a fre.

Mai, coume un chin fidèu lipant li pèd dóu mèstre,  
O Veniso! mau-grat lou tèms, lis escaufèstre,  
La mar te rèsto amigo e d'un bais tremoulant  
Poutouno sènso fin ti pont de maubre blanc.  
Siés sa nòvio fidèlo encaro, Adriatico!  
T'ensouvèn, en bagnant lou ribeirés latin,  
T'ensouvèn de sa glòri e de la noço antico;  
De la Rèino dóu mar e dóu poumpous matin:  
Quand, davans li jouvènt, davans li bloundo fiho  
Dins sa belour mesclant l'Europo emé l'Asiò,  
Davans lou Senat mut, davans li pescadou  
Lèst à se traire au founs dóu vert engoulidou,  
Lou Doge magnifique, amount, dóu Bucentaure,  
Se clinavo, esperant que l'oundo à-n-éu s'enaure,  
E leissavo toumba la bago sus toun sen!

Such is only Art, all the rest of us must pass.

Meanwhile the lion of St. Mark watches over you,  
With his trembling wings, o ancient palace! Look at  
The wandering strangers, English, Americans,  
Like pale dwarfs climbing up the stairway of the Giants.

Venice, July 1878.

### **THE FELIBRE OF KISSES**

As a child who's full of mischief  
As with the Dawn's first light in tears,  
The almond tree, when dressed in white,  
Takes pleasure in his beauty;

He knows the whisperings of the bee  
As she gives her kiss to the flower;  
He babbles of nothing but love,  
And brings color to young girls' cheeks.

How they drink in his gallant talk!...  
Lightly, with enchanting laughter  
And rocking upon a sunray,

He goes off from lily to rose:  
He's a Cupid with rosy cheeks  
And the wings of a butterfly.

### **THE OLD CASTLE**

*To Mlle Jano Charcot*

'Neath the balcony  
Of the old castle  
Echos sing a psalm  
Among the boulders.

Not a song of war  
But a psalm of love:  
The pitiless ruins  
Are bedecked with flowers.

Ansin soul isto l'Art, fau que nàutri passen.

Enterin lou lioun de Sant-Marc que te gardo,  
En fernissènt dis alo, o vièi palais! regardo  
Li barrulaire estrange, Anglés, American,  
Mouna, pàli nanet, l'escalié di Gigant.

Veniso, juliet 1878

### **LOU FELIBRE DI POUTOUN**

Enfantouli s'escarrabiho  
Enjusqu'emé l'Aubeto en plour;

Quand l'amelié de blanc s'abiho,  
Se regalo de sa belour;

Counèis tout ço que dis l'abiho  
Que fai un poutoun à la flour;  
Sèmpre de caligna babiho,  
Di chato enroutant li coulour.

Coume bevon soun galant dire!...  
Lóugeiret, em'un poulit rire,  
En se bressant sus un raïoun,

Eu s'envai de l'ile à la roso:  
Es un Amour à gauto roso  
Emé d'alo de parpaïoun.

### **LOU CASTELAS**

*A Madamisello Jano Charcot*

Souto lou bescaume  
Dóu vièi castelas,  
L'ecò canto un saume  
Dintre li roucas;

Noun saume de guerro,  
Mai saume d'amour:  
La rouïno sevèro  
Se vestis de flour.

The great door is open  
Beyond the drawbridge;  
The crumbling towers  
Provide nests for birds.

The blue of the sky  
Now laughs in proud vaults;  
Roses embroider  
The arches with vines.

The sunshine, the rain  
Enter through niches:  
Dead leaves in bouquets  
Are arranged by the wind.

No one, above, looks  
Off from the viewpoint;  
The watchmen have left:  
'Tis desert all 'round.

The dogs on their chains  
No longer bark. And  
Winter's sole noise comes  
From a far cat's howl.

Neither soft guitars  
Nor the roar of a horn;  
Ladies of rare beauty,  
Proud masters are dead.

Down below, the owls  
Will watch over them  
In the depths of grottos,  
Lain out with clasped hands.

One slash of a sword  
Has felled this man here,  
Sleeping on flagstones  
A lion at his feet.

La grand porto bado  
Dóu pont-levadis;  
Li toure crebado  
Se poplon de nis.

Aro i vouto fièro  
Ris lou blu dóu cèu;  
Roso e lambrusquiero  
Brodon lis arcèu.

Lou soulèu, la plueio  
Intron dis engrau;  
De bouquet de fueio  
Pènjon au mistrau.

Res, amount, regardo  
De l'amiradou;  
Ges d'ome de gardo:  
Lou desert pertout.

Li chin à la chèino  
Japon plus; l'ivèr,  
I'a que la tintèino  
De quauque cat-fèr.

Ni tèndro quitarro,  
Ni brama dóu cor;  
Damo à bèuta raro,  
Aut segnour soun mort.

Avau, li machoto  
Van lis espincha  
Au founs de sa croto,  
Man jouncho coucha.

D'un grand cop d'espaso  
Aqueste toumbè,  
E dor sus la graso,  
Un lioun i pèd.

The other, a hound  
Of stone, watches true;  
And the quiet moon looks  
Down over their tombs.

Blood no longer flows  
From savage encounters:  
The battle is done,  
As is the rude baron.

No more hunt, nor feast  
With neighbors to share;  
Death shall ever rest  
Upon cold cushions.

Ladies, now lonely,  
Rise up in the night,  
Wandering tremulous,  
A flame in their eyes.

In the moon's clear light  
A weaver of dreams,  
Both blond and brunettes  
Go floating along;

'Tis love that calls them:  
Beneath the white sky  
Swarms of pale ladies  
Come wandering there.

Before the rampart  
They pass without cease;  
Despite the dangers,  
They tirelessly dance.

Oh, the poor crazed ones  
Who are thirsting for love!  
All's dead, all has fled,  
But their love lives on!

L'autre, un chin de pèiro  
Lou viho fidèu,  
E la luno guèiro,  
Muto, si toumbèu.

Plus de sang que raio  
En de tuert feroun;  
A fini bataio,  
Lou rude baroun.

Ni casso, ni fèsto  
Emé lou vesin;  
Mort de-longo, rèsto  
Sus lou fre couissin.

Li dono souleto  
Se lèvon la niue,  
Trevant tremouleto,  
Uno flamo is iue.

A la claro luno  
Que fai pantaia,  
Li bloundo, li bruno,  
Sèmbelon resquiha;

Car l'amour li sono:  
Souto lou cèu blanc,  
Vèn un vòu de dono  
Palo, barrulant.

Au frontau di bàrri  
Fan rèn que passa;  
Mau-grat lis auvàri,  
Vesès-lei dansa.

Ai! li pàuri folo  
Barbelant d'amour!  
Tout mor, tout s'envolo,  
Mai amon toujours!

They think they can hear,  
Far off in the wind,  
The young, tender song  
Of the page who arrives.

The breeze as it sighs  
Brings them the refrain  
And the faint song  
Of a distant drum's beat.

Crickets, and young birds  
Join to the concert  
Their motet; the trees  
Add songs to the air:

O sweet serenade  
Which causes such joy;



Those now abandoned  
Are shivering enthralled.

From off in the wood  
Speak hidden voices;  
Sensuously, the ladies,  
Whisper "What's your desire?"

From the tops of towers  
One sees through shadows  
The ladies run off  
In search of someone.

One, of all most brave,  
Atop the great wall  
At times hangs over...  
With her fine fingers,

With all of her grace  
And gentle abandon,  
Throws off a divine kiss  
Out into the wind.

E creson d'entèndre,  
Alin dins lou vènt,  
Lou cant jouine e tènèdre  
Dóu page que vèn.

L'aureto que sousco  
l'adus de refrin  
E la cansoun fousco  
D'un liuen tambourin.

Grihet, auceliho  
Mesclon au councert  
Soun moutet; l'aubriho  
Brusis dins lis èr:

Douço serenado  
Que fai trefouli;  
Lis abandounado  
N'en an tressali.

De voues escoundudo  
Parlon dins lou bos;  
Li dono, esmógudo,  
Respondon: "Que vos?"

I cimo di tourre  
Destrìon l'oumbrun,  
E li vesès courre

En cercant quaucun.

Uno, la pu bravo,  
D'entre li merlet  
Pèr fes se clinavo...  
De si galant det,

Emé touto gràci  
E gènt abandoun,  
Jito dins l'espàci  
Un divin poutoun.

#### DISPATCH

Smiling and gracious  
While climbing the cliff,  
My dear, I saw you  
At Chateau des Baux.

Breast with breath heaving  
Once up on the top,  
You admire, my beauty,  
The brilliant sunset!

And in the warm rays  
Of Provence's sun  
I thought you the royal  
Nymph of the castle.

#### TO FRANÇOIS DUMAS

With its ridiculous pleats that smother all grace,  
The horrible bourgeois coat was not made for you;  
Your face, graven and fine, bears the cares and the wear  
Of that ugly universe to which we've been led

By tailors. Deep in a heart bitten by beauty,  
Far off in reverie, your eyes cloud up in space.  
Come! I know where you go when you're lost in your dreams:  
As she gently runs white fingers over your face,

Lazily a child, who neither stays awake nor sleeps  
Smiles at you... Meanwhile, silent in your robe of gold,  
With a Negro slave girl, with the white girl as well

Curled up at your feet on the flowers of the carpet,  
You look out, out through the arches of blue lapis,  
At the moon as it rises in the Asian sky.

## MANDADIS

Sourrisènto e misto,  
Escalant lou baus,  
Mignoto, t'ai visto  
Au castèu di Baus.

Lou sen te bacello...  
Arribado amount,  
Countèmples, o bello!  
Lou poumpous tremount!

E, dins la brassado  
De noste soulèu,  
M'as sembla la fado  
Dóu reiau castèu.

## A FRANCES DUMAS

De si ple ridicule estranglant touto gràci,  
L'orre vièsti bourgès èro pas fa pèr tu;  
Ta caro gravo e fino a l'enòdi e lou lassi  
Dóu laid universau ounte nous an coundu

Li sartre. Au founs dóu cor pèr la bèuta mourdu,  
Tis iue ravassejant se nègon dins l'espàci.  
Vai! sabe mounte vas en ti pantai perdu:  
-- Te passant douçamen si det blanc sus la fàci,

Peresouso uno enfant, que ni viho ni dor,  
Te sourris... Enterin, mut, dins ta raubo d'or,  
Em' uno esclavo negro, emé la blanco fiho

Agrouvado à ti pèd sus li flour dóu tapis,  
Regardes, à travès lis arcèu de lapis,  
La lune se leva dins lou cèu de l'Asio.

## CRADLESONG *for Camiheto Pollio*

Up above the rooftops  
The setting sun dangles  
A reddish ray. In streets  
Down below, the thunder  
Of carriages is frightening.  
With the buzz of a bumble bee  
The small child sings and babbles:  
What's that Camille sings  
That so fills the house?

Over the city, monstrous  
And full like an egg,  
The evening shadow rains;  
The never-tiring populace  
Hurries here and there.  
The child's eyes twinkle,  
Mischievous little sprite,  
She dances and won't sit still:  
What's that Camille dances,  
Leaping like a kid goat?

The dark night has come;  
Streets and boulevards  
Sound like the howl of the sea,  
And a solicitous mother feels  
That bedtime has come.  
The child, who's undressing  
Her wonderful doll,  
Sets it aside, and perks an ear...  
What's that Camille's expecting  
Such that she sets down her dolls?

## **ENDOURMITORI**

*pèr Camiheto Pollio*

I ribo di téulisso  
Lou soulèu que s'envai  
Pendoulo un rouge rai;  
Avau la trounadisso  
Di càrri fai esfrai.  
Em' un vounvoun d'abiho,  
Dins lou pichot saloun,  
L'enfant canto e babiho:  
Dequé canto Camiho,  
Qu'emplis tout l'oustaloun?

Sus la vilo grandasso  
E pleno coume un iòu,  
Lou vèspre sourne plòu;  
La foulo jamai lasso  
Camino tant que pòu.  
L'enfant s'escarrabiho;  
Fouletoun, esperit,  
Danso, tèn plus sesiho:  
Dequé danso Camiho  
Sautant coume un cabrit?

La niue negro es vengudo;  
Carriero e balouard  
Largon un bram de mar,  
E la maire esmógudo

Sounjo que se fai tard.  
L'enfant, que desabiho  
Sa poulido titèi,  
L'abandouno e chauriho...  
Dequ'espèro Camiho,  
Qu'òublido si bebèi?

In the creaking stairway,  
The old iron gate  
Has opened and closed;  
Her heart leaps with joy, for  
Papa is finally home.  
The little girl excitedly  
Climbs into her papa's lap:  
At the family's supper  
Camille is far less starved  
For bread than for kisses.

**TO FELIX GRAS**  
*on his wedding day*

You laid yourself out, great red lion,  
Out in the country, calm and mute;  
Your eyes are ardently aflame,  
And you dream... Oh, what can it be?

Of battles, and revolutions,  
The days gone by were so glorious!  
Oh lion, have you found your master?  
Lion, what is it? Are you in love?

Shaking dust from your noble mane  
Which seems to be made of sunrays,  
You bow your proud and splendid head

To the feet of a child, o Lion!  
And petting you with rosy hands,  
She's caught you on the banks of the Rhone.

**WAR**  
*To Mounet-Sully, of the Théâtre Français*

From mountain tops to depths of valleys and ravines,  
In horrid jumbles the cadavers lay piled;  
The crows no longer thirst, the wolves can eat no more.  
O women, you may now give birth!

Dins l'escalié que rounflo,  
Lou vièi pourtau ferra

S'es dubert e barra;  
De joio l'amo gounflo  
Lèu lou paire es intra.  
Trefoulido, sa fiho  
Escalo si geinoun:  
Au soupa de famiho  
Bèn mens a fam Camiho  
De pan que de poutoun.

### **A FELIS GRAS**

*lou jour de si noço*

Te siés coucha, grand lioun rous,  
Tranquile e mut, dins lou campèstre;  
Tis iue flamejon arderous,  
E pantaies... Dequé pòu èstre?

Di bataio, dis escaufèstre,  
Passa tèms ères tant urous!  
Lioun, as-ti trouva toun mèstre?  
Lioun, dequ' as? Siés amourous?

Espóussant ta noblo creniero  
Que sèmblo facho de raïoun,  
Clines ta bello tèsto fièro

I pèd d'uno jouvo, o Lioun!  
Te caessant de si det rose,  
Elo t'enfado i bord dóu Rose.

### **LA GUERRO**

*A Mounet-Sully, dóu Teatre-Francés*

De la cresto di serre au founs di vau, di vabre,  
En orre mescladis s'empielon li cadabre;  
Li corb noun an plus set, li loup noun an plus fam.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

The hoarse canon thunders; up from the scorched earth  
A dense black cloud of smoke rises before the sun,  
All flee... He who lives trips on a corpse in passing.  
O women, you may now give birth!

The battle strikes fear. In the forest, still burning,  
A saddled steed wanders, but no rider in sight;  
There is blood in the well, and the river is blood.  
O women, you may now give birth!

The farmhouse has been razed: the dog searches and howls;  
The cradle is empty. Above, hung by the throat,

The father's dead body is rigid and blue.  
O women, you may now give birth!

Face to the ground, arms in a cross before the door,  
A young girl, hair undone, what a pity!, lies dead.  
Lovely as an angel, she was perhaps fifteen.  
O women, you may now give birth!

The village lies in ruins, above upon the hill,  
Of a castle, of a church, is left but the tower:  
The bellringer readies to ring out the alarm.  
O women, you may now give birth!

But under the canonball the belfy goes down;  
And the hardy bellringer is felled with his bell  
And is crushed with the last rapid turn of the bronze.  
O women, you may now give birth!

Cries from human and beast, sharp whistling of bullets,  
Hoarse wheezes of injured knocked down by a bomb,  
Drums and trumpets, listen to the savage fanfare.  
O women, you may now give birth!

And heads, and legs, and arms, all bloody without shrouds  
Are trampled by the horseshoes and smashed beneath the carts.  
For war levels everything: ire, love, joy and pain!  
O women, you may now give birth!

Trono lou canoun rau; de la terro cremado  
Mounto au front dóu soulèu un nivo de fumado,  
Tout fugis... Lou qu'es viéu tuerto un mort en passant.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

La bataio fai pòu. Dins la fourèst que brulo,  
Sènso lou cavalié la cavalo barrulo;  
I'a de sang dins li pous, la ribiero es de sang.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

L'oustau es afoudra: lou chin cerco e gingoulo;  
Lou brès es vuege. Amount, pendoula pèr la goulo,  
Lou cadabre dóu paire es rede e blavejant.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

La fâci au sòu, li bras en crous, davans la porto,  
Uno chato, pieta! descabelado, e morto;  
Bello coume lis ange, avié belèu quinge an.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

Lou vilage es en frun, peralin sus lou mourre,  
Dóu castèu, la glèiso isto plus que la tourre:  
Lou campanié ié vai souna lou toco-san.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

Mai souto li boulet lou vièi clouchié debano;  
E l'ardit campanié toumbo emé la campano,  
Lou darrié viro-vòut dóu brounze l'agrasant.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

Crid di bèsti e di gènt, quilet sutiéu di balo,  
Rangouloun di blessa qu'uno boumbo rebalo,  
Tambour, troumpeto, ausès lou sóuvage fanfan.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

E tèsto, e cambo, e bras, tros saunous sèns susàri,  
Soun cauca di chivau, soun escracha di càrri.  
La guerro aplano tout: iro, amour, joio, afan!  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

Dark sky, it snows. Today, alas, the snow is red;  
The army shall have its shroud. No, wait, the savage  
Wind uncovers the dead as it blows off the snow.  
O women, you may now give birth!

In the meadows and wheat, in land along the vines,  
See them well!... Some with froth and anger in their mouths,  
Others fallen, Lord, in one another's embrace.  
O women, you may now give birth!

With fingernails tearing at their breasts the women,  
The mothers, howl out to God: "Avenge our tears!  
Take a look at what they've done with our sons, these kings!  
Oh, what use is it to give birth?"

January, 1871

### **CARDELINO**

*To Antòni Valabrègue*

Your bright eyes of blue, which shine beneath long lashes  
Are as pure as the sky that's reflected;  
Eve, entering the Garden from the hands of her God  
Was no more divine than you, o pure white maiden!

For a single look, for the slightest whisper,  
Your marvellous, lively blood flushes beneath the satin  
Of your skin as pink as the rose of the morning;  
In its rounded corset your breast barely has room.

How fresh is your mouth and how childlike your laughter!  
For a kiss from your virgin lips I hunger and thirst!...  
She has kissed no one yet but her younger sister;



Poor and good she goes off in the care of her Lord!  
This girl would be queen and nymph, if the power were mine:  
She knows not, nor ever will, how much she's adored.

Soumbrejo, nèvo... Iuei! la nèu es roujo;  
L'armado aura 'n linçòu. -- Nàni! l'auro feroujo  
Desacato li mort dins la nèu s'escafant.  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

Dins li prado e li blad, sus l'ermas, long di souco,  
Vès-lei!... lis un l'escumo e l'iro entre li bouco,  
Lis autre cabussa, pecaire! en s'embrassant!  
-- Femo, poudès faire d'enfant!

S'estrassant li teté de sis ounglo, li femo,  
Li maire ourlon à Diéu: "Venjo nòsti lagremo!  
De nòsti fiéu ve 'n pau, li rèi, ço que n'en fan!...  
En que sièr de faire d'enfant?"

Janvié 1871.

### **CARDELINO**

*A-n-Antòni Valabrègue*

Tis iue clar, azuren, souto ti lònghi cihò  
Soun tant pur que lou cèu se ié miro dedin;  
Evo, en sourtènt di man de Diéu dins lou jardin,  
Ero pas mai que tu divino, o blanco fiho!

Pèr lou soulet regard, pèr la mendro babiho  
Toun sang superbe e vieu cour souto lou satin  
De ta pèu roso autant que la roso au matin;  
Dins lou boumbet redoun toun sen tèn plus sesiho.

Quéti frésqui bouqueto e que rire d'enfant!  
D'un poutoun de ti bouco, o vierge! ai set, ai fam!...  
-- N'a jamai embrassa que si pichòti sorre;

Pauro e bravo, s'envai à la gàrdi de Diéu!  
La jouvo sarié rèino e fado, se poudiéu:  
Saup pas, supra jamai soulamen que l'adore.

### **ANTOUNIETO'S BETROTHAL**

*To Emmanuel des Essarts*

Go ask for her white satin dress;  
Find some flowers, cut off some sprigs  
Of lilacs and also jasmine:  
Make her some of those lovely crowns

Which the hand braids and the heart gives;  
And throw some leaves out on the road!

"So today's the engagement day?"  
"Of course! Oh, but there'll be no dance,  
Nor songs nor engagement banquet:  
Her fiancé's not fond of mirth...  
He has no time; they've let me know  
That he comes and goes like lightning."

"But what has this young virgin done  
To deserve an orphan's wedding?  
Why's she given so wretched a man?"  
"She's given not, 'tis he who's stolen!  
So go prepare the bridal dress,  
I've been told he's coming now!..."

"Light up, light up all the candles!...  
What has this gentle virgin done  
That so young she should be married?.."  
"It's because she's pretty and young  
And her parents' only daughter.  
The assassin said "I want her."

O pretty face! O tender heart!  
What pity to see and hear you!...  
She looks like a saint; her blond hair  
Falls softly upon her shoulders:  
"Oh, my poor child! How pale you are!"  
And they all fall upon their knees.

## **LI FIANÇO D'ANTOUNIETO**

*A Manuel des Essarts*

Anas querre sa raubo blanco;  
Cercas de flour, coupas de branco  
De lila 'mé de jaussemin:  
Fasès-ié li bèlli courouno  
Que la man treno e lou cor douno;  
Jitas de fueio pèr camina!

-- Iuei es alor un jour de fianço?  
-- Segur! Oh! mai i'aura ni danso,  
Ni cansoun, ni repas nouviau:  
Lou nòvi n'amo pas de rire...  
A pas lou tèms; m'an vougu dire  
Qu'arribo e part coume l'uiau.

-- Mai qu'a dounc fa la vierginello  
Pèr avé noço d'ourfanello?

Perqué ié donon tau bourrèu?  
-- Ié dounon pas, mai éu la raubo!  
Alestissès sa blanco raubo,  
Car m'es avis que vendra lèu!...

Atubas, atubas li cierge!...  
Ço qu'èi qu'a fa la douço vierge,  
Pèr èstre maridado ansin?...  
-- Dóumaci qu'es bello e jouineto  
E de si gènt l'enfant souleto,  
A di: "La vole", l'assasin!

O bello caro! o couret tèndre!  
Que pieta te vèire e t'entèndre!...  
Sèmblo uno santo; si péu blound  
Soun expandi sus sis espalo: --  
O ma pauro enfant! que siés palo! --  
E tóuti toumbon d'à-geinoun.

So where, so where is the bridal gown,  
The belt for her beautiful waist,  
Her laces and her pretty shoes?...  
Then the poor grandmother rises  
And, shaking from all her weeping,  
She walks to the walnut armoire.

A long, long time within the lock  
The key hesitates, and trembles:  
"Poor child, who could have said?... Oh, no,  
It can't be true!..." Opening the door,  
Says grandmother, "that in your First  
Communion dress you'd be buried."

Suddenly comes a terrible cry  
Along with it a flood of tears.  
"Hello, who's that who enters now?"  
"'Tis Death, who's never expected,  
And who, forever, on the earth  
For all living souls digs a grave!..."

So, now bring her white satin dress;  
Find some flowers, cut off some sprigs  
Of lilacs, of roses in bloom;  
Make from them the beautiful crowns  
Which the hand braids and the heart gives:  
The poor child has just passed away!

## **THE SWALLOW** *To Jousè Huot*

Wrapped in his red cape, king sun goes down to the doors  
Of his palace. The great Rhone offers him its mirror;  
He sets it afire, making woods and hills ablaze,

As he struggles with Night, who will come out the victor.

Quickly the swallows race over the fields in song;  
O happy moment! Through the fire of the sunset  
They dart without care, they cross paths in the air  
As they fly like black flowers carried off by the wind.

Ounte es, ounte es, la raubo blanco,  
La centuro de sa bello anco,  
Si dentello, si prim soulié?...  
Alor, la pauro grand s'aubouro  
E, trantraiant, talamen plouro,  
Vai à l'armàri de nouguié.

Long-tèms, long-tèms, dins la sarraio,  
La clau en tremoulant varaio:  
"-- Pauro enfant, quau m'aurié di?... noun,  
Es pas vrai!... -- durbènt l'armàri,  
Fai la grand, -- qu'auriés pèr susàri  
La raubo de ta coumunioun?...

Subran s'ausis un crid terrible  
E de plour toumbo un endoulible.  
"Hola! quau intro dins l'oustau?  
-- Es la Mort, que degun n'espèro,  
E que de-longo sus la terro  
Pèr li viéu cavo quauque trau!...

Adusès-ié la raubo blanco;  
Cercas de flour, coupas de branco  
De lila, de róusié flouri;  
Fasès-ié li bèlli courouno  
Que la man treno e lou cor douno:  
La pauro enfant vèn de mourir!

## **LA DINDOULETO**

*A Jòusè Huot*

Dins soun rouge mantèu, lou soulèu-rèi i porto  
De soun palais descènd. Lou Rose ié semound  
Soun mirau; éu l'abraso, abraso bos e mount,  
E lucho emé la Niue, que sara la plus forto.

Lèsto, li dindouletto, en cantant, soun pèr orto;  
O delice! à travès l'encèndi dóu tremount  
Passon alegremen, se croson peramount,  
Voulant coume de flour negro que l'auro emporto.

On the earth, a gradual melancholy sets in;  
But up so high, up so far, the swallows race off  
With no chance for the eye to catch sight of their wings.

And seeing them thus, playing in the gold of the eve  
Reminds me of souls, of the souls of our women  
Flying off from life's pain to a homeland of peace."

### **VAUCLUSE**

*To Mme Richard du Page*

O vale of green so darkened  
By shadows  
You've seen him in your rosemary  
Heading off on pensive path:  
And when his route passed them by,  
The trees, the plants and the flowers  
Before the master of love  
Bowed their heads.

And the valley said:  
'Twas a paradise!

O Blue Spring, you who wander  
In small cascades  
Among the valley's boulders,  
O Spring of Blue, in his boat,  
Lovestruck like no one before,  
You carried him in splendor,  
Your Petrarch.

And the blue spring said:  
'Twas a paradise!

Speak to us ever of Laura,  
Gentle breeze!  
You who always at her side  
Caressed her in her beauty.

Sus la terro, à cha pau, tout vèn malancouniéu;  
Mai tant aut, mai tant liuen s'envan li dindouletto,  
Que l'iue noun pòu segui lou camin dis aleto.

E de li mira 'nsin jouga dins l'or di niéu,  
Crese vèire toujour d'amo, d'amo de femo,  
S'envoulant di trebau vers la patrò semo.

### **VAU-CLUSO**

*A Madamo Pichard du Page*

Verdo coumbo qu'enmouresco  
L'oumbro fresco,  
L'as vist dins ti roumaniéu  
S'adraia tout pensatiéu:

Enterin que caminavo,  
Davans lou mèstre d'amour,  
L'aubre, la planto, la flour,  
Se clinavo.

E la coumbo dis:  
Ero un paradis!

Bluio Sorgo que varaies  
E cascaies  
Au mitan di roucassoun,  
Bluio Sorgo, dins ta barco,  
Amourous coume n'i'a plus,  
L'as pourta dins toun trelus,  
Toun Petrarco.

E la Sorgo dis:  
Ero un paradis!

Parlo-nous toujours de Lauro,  
O douço auro!  
Tu que, sèmpe à soun coustat,  
Caressaves sa bèuta.

Youthful and pure like the dawn  
Slipping into the valley,  
You ruffled up her blond hair  
And her dress.

And the soft breeze said:  
'Twas a paradise!

## **MASS OF THE DEAD**

*To Paul Gaussen*

He wore a chasuble of black and white bouquets;  
His face was noble and pale... He pained to follow  
The boy who preceded him with the missal:  
The chaplain was aged. How old he was, no one knew.  
The mass of curls at the top of his head floated  
Silver. When, as he turned toward the people, he said  
*Dominus vobiscum*, his poor aged fingers  
Not once ceased their trembling; and wax candles burning  
Formed 'round him a halo with the glow of their flames.  
Then he was no longer man, a very soul he was;  
And his splendid eyes, raised up to the world to come,  
Surely saw both joy and punishment eternal.  
That look of his was so clear, so deep, so troubling!

The mistral howled against the upper stained windows,  
And in the roar of the wind, at times, you could hear pass  
The wailing, long, sharp cries of those who've passed on.

He said: *Requiescant in pace*. The supreme  
Prayer of the mass thus expired on his lips. Two tears  
Streamed his cheeks, and they fell on the altar's clean cloth,  
The dazed young assistant woke up to his duty,  
And shook his alter bell more often than needed.  
And he chuckled, and at times he played with his cap:  
But the other, grave, in half-whispers prayed... And I shuddered:  
Was the old man saying his last mass of the dead?

Jouino e puro coume l'aubo,  
Quand venié dins lou valoun,  
Boulegaves soun péu blound  
E sa raubo.

E l'aureto dis:  
Ero un paradis!

### **LA MESSO DE MORT** *A Pau Gaussen*

Eu cargo la chasublo à bouquet blanc e negre;  
Sa caro es noblo e palo... A proun obro pèr segre  
L'enfant que vai davans e porto lou missau:  
Es vièi, lou capelan. Quant a d'an? Qu lou saup?  
De sa cabeladuro en anèu blanc l'abounde  
Floutavo. Quand disié, se virant vers lou mounde:  
*Dominus vobiscum*, si pàuri vièii man  
Tremoulavon dóu-tèm, e li cire cremant  
Ié fasien un trelus dóu rebat de si flamo.  
Avié plus rèn de l'ome ansin, èro qu'uno amo;  
E si bèus iue, leva vers lou mounde à veni,  
Vesien segur la joio e lou dan infini.  
Aquéu regard tant linde e prefound vous treboulo!  
Contro li vitro, amount, lou vènt-terrau gingoulo,  
E dins lou bram dóu vènt, de-fes, sentès passa  
Emé de long quilet lou plang di trepassa.

Diguè: *Requiescant in pace*. La supremo  
Preguiero sus si bouco espirè. Dos lagremo  
Bagnèron en toumbant la napo de l'autar,  
Lou clerjoun disavert, trouvant que se fai tard,  
Mai souvènt que noun fau brando la campaneto.  
E ris, e tèms-en-tèm jogo emé la bouneto:  
Eu, grave, à miejo-voues prego... E fèrnisse alor,  
Me semblant que lou vièi dis sa messo de mort.

## **THE CROSS**

*To Père Sautel*

I was a shaded tree deep within the forest;  
The first, I was covered with the white pearls of the dew,  
With the ardent kisses of the sweet morning sun,  
And small birds chanted out their song from my branches.

Within my thick foliage the nest found a shelter,  
Contentedly, lassitude slept under my shade;  
But with ax blows the executioner slashed me  
And out of me carved the wood of supplice: a cross!

Even today I burn from the wails and weeping  
Of John, of the holy women; I've drunk the tears,  
The blood of God, the ransom for the sin of man.

The fear of hell I am, the hope of purgatory;  
Upon me, Death won the last of his victories  
The day that, in my arms, Jesus took his last breath.

## **FULL MOON**

*To Ernest Daudet*

Up in the white-as-fresh-milk sky,  
O'er white fields like those decked with snow,  
The full white moon, in the distance  
Sheds its phantom light over all.

To give just place to her moonbeams,  
The golden stars, by the millions,  
Extinguish themselves one by one  
Before the bright rays of the moon.

All is calm, all is quiet. For sleep  
And for silence the time has come.  
One hears but the bubbling of springs  
Like a voice that sings and that weeps.

## **LA CROUS**

*A Père Sautel*

Ere dins la fourèst un aubre souloumbrous;  
Lou proumié, de l'eigagno aviéu li perlo blanco,  
Dóu soulèu matin au li poutoun arderous,  
E li pichots aucèu cantavon sus mi branco.

Dins ma ramo lou nis trovavo uno calanco,  
Lou lassige dourmié, souto moun ombro, urous;  
Mai, à cop de destrau, un bourrèu m'espalanco



E de iéu taio un bos de suplice: uno crous!

Di brassado e di plour de Jan, di sànti femo,  
Siéu encaro brulanto; ai begu li lagremo,  
Lou sang de Diéu, rançoun de l'ome que peris.

De l'infèr siéu l'esfrai, l'espèr dóu purgatòri;  
La Mort gagnè 'mé iéu sa darriero vitòri,  
Lou jour que dins mi bras espirè Jèsu-Crist.

### **LUNO PLENO**

*A-n-Ernest Daudet*

Dins lou cèu blanc coume de la,  
Sus li champ blanc coume quand nèvo,  
La blanco luno, apareila,  
Espandis sa clarta de trèvo.

Lis estello d'or à milioun,  
Davans lou dardai de la luno,  
Pèr faire plaço à si raïoun,  
S'esvalisson uno pèr uno.

Tout es mut, desert: de la som  
E dóu silènci veici l'ouro.  
S'entènd que lou murmur di font  
Coume uno voues que canto e plouro.

It's as bright as it gets at noon;  
In the depths the shade is darker;  
You're moved more deeply than by day,  
And the beautiful night brings you joy.

It's white as the veil of a bride,  
The castle is white as a shroud:  
Go slow in your search for a girl  
Lest you be the sport of some ghost.

Save small frightened creatures of night,  
On the paths there's nothing that moves;  
Perhaps the man who's wide awake  
Does more dreaming than he who sleeps.

Sweet reverie, dream of laughter,  
Of a lover for his Mireille;  
Remembrance of moments together  
Spent in the walkways of nature;

O dream of the soul who's pining  
On foreign soil, alas, alone,  
Toward her home, and toward her country,  
She flies off as would the swallow;

The dream of a child for her mother;  
Gay and painful, ever loving,  
The dream which asks "What do they do?"  
Long and divine dream of mother!

For those who go travelling by sea  
Dreams are tender and full of care;  
Nightmares, bad and bitter dreams  
For those who've made the dark journey.

Blue butterflies and black May bugs  
Who beat their wings on our foreheads;  
Soft reverie, and frightful times,  
Those dreams which burn and which freeze you.

Fai clar autant qu'en plen miejour;  
Dins li founsour l'oumbro es plus negro;  
Sias esmougu mai que de jour,  
E la bello niue vous alegro.

Coume un velet de nòvio es blanc,  
Lou castèu, blanc coume un susàri:  
Quau cerco sa jouvo ane plan  
D'èstre pas lou jouguet d'un glàri.

Franc dóu ferun paurous que sort,  
Sus li camin i'a res en aio;

Belèu mai que l'ome que dor,  
L'ome que viho aro pantaio:

Poulit pantai, soungè risènt  
De l'amourous pèr sa Mirèio;  
Souveni dis oureto ensèn  
Passado au fres souto li lèio;

Pantai de l'amo que languis  
En terro estranjo, ai! las! souleto,  
Vers lou fougau, vers lou païs,  
Voulant coume uno dindouleto;

Pèr sa maire pantai d'enfant;  
Gai e doulènt, toujours amaire,  
Pantai que vous dis: "De-que fan?"  
Long e divin pantai de maire!

Pèr aquéli que van sus mar  
Tèndre e segrenous pantaiaige;  
Marrit pantai, pantai amar,  
Pèr li qu'an fa lou sourne viage.

Parpaïoun blu, négri tavan,  
Que baton lou front de sis alo;  
Ravarié suave, espravant,  
Pantai que vous brulo o vous jalo.

The clouds fly by... The mistral wind  
E'en more brings a glow to your face!  
O bright moon, if you are a mirror  
Who's been hung in space up above,

With eyes sadly lifted toward you,  
What delight it would be to see,  
Mysterious mirror, at night,  
Her loves, her friends, her ancestors.

Up in a white-as-pure-milk sky,  
O'er white fields like those decked with snow,  
The full white moon, in the distance  
Sheds its phantom light over all.

### **TO A COWARD**

He always speaks of girls, they're ever in his dreams;  
His wish would be to kiss them all;  
As soon as a girl passes by,  
Brunette or blond, he's after her and he's panting.

He's forever inflamed with the fire of their eyes;  
If his thoughts turn to carressing,  
It seems he'd rip everything off:  
Her scarf, her corset, even her apron and skirt!

But if once a girl put her arms around his neck,

He would melt in fear from her gesture... He's afraid  
Of kisses from such pretty lips.

Run, o young girl, go laugh and run!  
Where were you running, my beauty? What's your desire?  
He's marble, he's iron, he's stone; he's made of wood!

### **SWEET SPRINGTIME**

*To my brother Jules*

Under the breath of God, the earth, with new flowers,  
Is forever dressed in spring;  
After winter's snow how beautiful is the rose,  
How beautiful the warbler sings!

Li nivo courron... Lou mistrau  
Enca mai fai briha ta fâci.  
O luno! s'ères un mirau  
Amount pendoula dins l'espâci,

Vers tu, triste, aubourant lis iue,  
Quete chale sarié de vèire,  
Misterious mirau, la niue,  
Sis amour, sis ami, si rèire!

Dins lou cèu blanc coume de la,  
Sus li champ blanc coume quand nèvo,  
La blanco luno, apareila,  
Espandis sa clarta de trèvo.

### **A-N-UN PETACHO**

Toujour parlo di chato e toujours n'en barbèlo;  
Voudrié tóuti lis embrassa;  
Entre qu'uno vèn à passa,  
Bruno o bloundo, autant lèu la seguis e la bèlo.

E se crèmo de-longo au fiò de si prunello;  
Se parlo de li caressa,  
Sèmblo que vai tout estrassa:  
Lou fichu, lou boumbet, lou faudau, la gounello!

Mai d'asard s'uno chato au jour ié sauto au còu,  
Esfraia se desfai de sa brassado... A pòu  
Di poutoun de soun poulit mourre.

Courre, mignoto, ris e courre!  
Ounte anaves turta, pauro bello? que vos?  
Es de pèiro, es de maubre, es de ferre, es de bos!

### **LI DOUS PRINTEMS**

*A moun fraire Jùli*

Souto l'aflat de Diéu, sèmpre de flour nouvello  
S'alisco la terro au printèms;  
Après la nèu d'ivèr coume la roso es bello,

Que la bouscarlo canto bèn!

May the first dawn of April's gay sun arise:  
All's in flower: the heath and the fount;  
Quickly, with flowers, the prairie bedecks her dress,  
The wood crowns his forehead with flowers.

It's a delight for the eye, a balm for the soul,  
Such incense and so much color;  
And seeing them like that, so young and so gentle,  
Those who love are brought to tears.

But I know a spring more beautiful still  
Than that of meadow, forest, or garden;  
I know of some blossoms which bring more pleasure still,  
And I know of a prettier morn

Than the morning of roses: it's that of young girls:  
Eyes black or blue, full of sunshine,  
With lips of red cherry just inviting a kiss,  
With slender waist and tight corset.

In God's creation every year there bloom thousands  
Beneath the warm Provençal sun,  
If she's a child of the country or child of the town  
The empress, who knows for sure?

They all are beauties... Go off to Arles, some feast day,  
And see all the girls out strolling  
Along the Rhone; for certain your head will be turned,  
And your heart forever enthralled.

Faces tanned by the sun and white-skinned beauties, too:  
Daughters of fishers and shepherds,  
There goes Rouquette walking along with her young friends,  
They're all talking, they're all talking, singing, and laughing!

You'd say they come from heaven, oh!, they're so lovely!  
They can't be much more than fifteen;  
And the young man wants them, and they're tickled by love:  
Divinely, they dance as they pass.

Dóu gai soulèu d'abriéu vèngue la proumiero aubo:  
Tout flouris, l'ermas e la font;  
La pradello de flour semeno lèu sa raubo,  
Lou bos n'en courouno soun front.

Es un chal pèr l'iue, es un baume pèr l'amo,  
Tant d'encèns e tant de colour;  
E de li vèire ansin, jouino e siavo, quau amo  
Souvènti-fes toumbo de plour.

Oh! mai sabe un printèms plus bèu que lou di prado  
E di fourèst e di jardin,

Sabe uno flouresoun qu'encaro mai agrado,  
E sabe un pu poulit matin

Que lou matin di roso, es aquéu di chatouno:  
Iue negre o blu plen de trelus,  
Bouqueto de grafioun facho pèr li poutouno,  
E jougne prim e boumbet just.

Tóuti lis an de Diéu n'en espelis de milo  
Souto lou soulèu prouvençau,  
E, de l'enfant di mas o de l'enfant di vilo,  
La soubeirano, qu lou saup?

Soun tóuti bello... Anas en Arle, un jour de fèsto,  
Vèire li chato permèna  
Long dóu Rose, e segur n'en virarès la tèsto  
E voste cor sara 'ngana.

Front crema dóu soulèu e bèlli palinello:  
Li pastresso, li pescairis,  
Aqui i'a la Rouqueto emé li damisello,  
Tout acò charro, canto, ris!

Sèmblon veni dóu cèu, oh! li galànti fiho!  
An bessai tout-aro quinge an;  
E lou jouvènt li bèlo e l'amour li gatiho:  
Divino, passon en dansant.

And you, brother, enthralled by the blooming of spring,  
'Midst the group of blossoming girls,  
Have chosen the prettiest of all of the beauties,  
And to her have offered your love.

Ravishing is your beauty, soft and white fiancée,  
And with your eyes so deep black and warm,  
With your long black hair, o gentle and bronzed Helène,  
My sister, you bring joy to all!

Happiness exalts you both! Never in your life  
Shall you have such vibrant, sweet joy;  
You thirst for tenderest love; go quench that thirst:  
Share that love, young lovers, share it!

O sweet betrothal! To have such love abounding  
To drink of life in one long kiss,  
To hold the whole world in two fresh young arms, and  
And dreaming of the birth of a child!

**THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**  
*To Jousè Gayda*

White neck, and hair in abandon  
Set free to the world, with no net;  
Your rosy cheeks, your eyes so warm,  
Shining beneath your long lashes,

Your lovely, contagious laughter,  
Your red lips which exude such joy,  
And your pure breasts which the clinging  
Of your thin dress hides so poorly,

Are my torment and my delight.  
Your beauty brings ravenous hunger;  
I crave it, but stay unsated:

There's plenty to drive me crazy!  
I am like the poor man standing  
Sheepishly at the palace gate!

E tu, fraire, enfada de la fresco espelido,  
Dins la chourmo di chato en flour,  
As chausi la poulido entre li mai poulido,  
E i'as semoundu toun amour.

Siés bello à rousiga, nouvieto blanco e leno,  
Emé tis iue negre tant caud,  
Emé ti grand péu negre, o gènto e bruno Eleno,  
Ma sorre, fas en tóuti gau!

Lou bonur vous enauro, oh! jamai de la vido  
Aurés bonur tant viéu, tant dous;  
Avès la set d'ama, levas-vous la pepido:  
Amas-vous, bèu nòvie, amas-vous!

O delice nouviau! d'amour avé l'aboude,  
Béure la vido en un poutoun,  
Dins dous bras jouine e fres en plen teni lou mounde  
En pantaïant un enfantoun!

## **LA FENESTRIERO**

*A Jósè Gayda*

Toun còu blanc, toun péu fouligaud,  
A l'auro larga sèns resiho,  
Ti gauto en flour, tis iue tant caud  
Lusejant sout ti lònqui cihò,

Toun galant rire que bresiho,  
Ti bouco roujo que fan gau  
E ti sen pur que la sesiho  
De ta fino raubo escound mau,

Soun moun tourment e ma regalo.  
Ta bèuta douno la fangalo;  
L'amire sèmpre, jamai l'ai:

Pèr veni fenat n'i'a de rèsto!...  
E siéu coume un paure que rèsto  
Nèc à la porto d'un palais!

## TO VICTOR HUGO

*for the celebration of 26 February 1881*

There are not enough from Paris nor from all of France,  
Even with the bustling of the people in the streets,  
That come with beating hearts and uncovered heads  
To throw flowers and green laurels upon your doorstep;  
Nor that you be acclaimed with the loudest of cries  
That shake up the city from cobblestone to rooftops...  
For your triumph, master!, and your splendor I'd like  
To add some human inspiration and that of the works of God.  
That which has made you, the sublimest of songsters,  
The most faithful sculptor of all God's creation ,  
Is the immense concert of the universal world!  
"Long live" from towns and the roar of the desert lion,  
Murmurs from the forest, the beating of the waves,  
Buzzing in the beehive, wheat whispering in the wind,  
Bleating from the flocks on the hills, and, too, the bulls  
Bellowing from the wasteland louder than the mistral,  
The breath of the northwest wind, tender like the sigh,  
Clear springs cascading into cups already full,  
The songs of the birds, the innocent clamor  
And the divine laughter of children, whom you love,  
Celebrate you today. Already you are History.  
Like old mister sun, in your mantle of glory,  
Master, wrap yourself. What worry to you the tomb?  
Your sunset is a dawn: it fills the sky with light!  
Look, the impassioned *cigalo* takes flight toward you:  
Drunk with your rays, she sings and beats her wings to you.

Almond trees of Provence, o soft white almond trees!  
Upon his patriarchal head you dust, trembling,  
The blossoms of snow that February offers.  
Stars from up above mix into his crown the bolts  
Of most beautiful lightning, the purest of rays;  
The immortal poet now walks only in the blue.

## A VITOUR HUGO

*pèr la fèsto dóu 26 de febríe 1881*

Es pas proun de Paris ni de la Franço entiero,  
Ni dóu long jafaret dóu pople pèr carriero,  
Que cour lou cor batènt e lou front descubert,  
Jitant sus toun lindau li flour, lou lausié verd;  
Ni pèr te saluda de l'auto cridadisso  
Esbrandant la ciéuta di calado i téulisso...  
Pèr toun triounfle, o Mèstre! e toun trelus, voudriéu  
Jougne l'aflat de l'ome e dis obro de Diéu.  
Ço que te fau à tu, lou sublime cantaire,  
Tu de la creacioun lou fidèu escoutaire,  
Dóu mounde universau es l'innènt councert!  
-- *Vivat* di vilo e bram dóu lioun au desert,



Rumour de la fourèst, bacelamen de l'oundo,  
Vounvoun de l'abihié, murmur di meissoun bloundo,  
Belamen dóu troupèu sus li colo, e li brau  
Ourlant dins la palun plus fort que lou mistrau,  
Tèndre coume un souspir lou gregàli qu'aleno,  
Li sorgo cascaiant dins sa coupo trop pleno,  
La cansoun dis aucèu, l'innoucènto clamour  
E lou rire divin dis enfant, toun amour,  
Te fèston, iuei. --Deja siés intra dins l'Istòri.  
Coume lou vièi soulèu, dins toun mantèu de glòri,  
Mèstre, agouloupo-te. Que t'enchau lou toumbèu?  
Toun tremount es uno aubo: abraso tout lou cèu!  
Ve, s'envoulant vers tu, l'arderouso cigalo:  
Ebriado de ti rai, te canto e bat dis alo.

Amelié de Prouvènço, o dous amelié blanc!  
Sus sa tèsto de rèire espoussas tremoulant  
La flouresoun de nèu que Febrié vous douno!  
Estello d'amoundaut mesclas à sa courouno  
Lis iuau li pu bèu, li raïoun li mai pur;  
Lou pouèto inmourtau trèvo plus que l'azur.

### **THE STARS**

*To Boudouresque, of the Opéra*

Beyond the sea and the mountains,  
When the sun has fully gone down,  
Shadow and stain come quickly  
To the earth.

Without love all life is cruel,  
Life becomes the longest of nights:  
Happy is he whose guiding star  
Is lovely eyes!

Like a phantom, solitary  
Was I wrapped up in my mourning:  
My soul was freezing in its shroud,  
And fearful.

Without love all life is cruel,  
Life becomes the longest of nights:  
Happy is he whose guiding star  
Is lovely eyes!

But since to my savage anguish  
You so sweetly offered your hand,  
O young maiden, my soul awaits  
And loves you.

Without love all life is cruel,  
Life becomes the longest of nights:  
Happy is he whose guiding star  
Is lovely eyes!

My poor soul believed it was dead;  
But you, with your beautiful smile,  
Have opened to me the door of  
Happiness!

Without love all life is cruel,  
Life becomes the longest of nights:  
Happy is he whose guiding star  
Is lovely eyes!

### **LIS ESTELLO**

*A Boudouresque, de l'Opera*

Darrié la mar e li mountagno,  
Quand s'es amoussa lou soulèu,  
Sus lou mounde oumbrun e magnano  
Vènon lèu.

Sènso amour la vido es crudèlo,  
La vido es uno longo niue:  
Urous aquéu qu'a pèr estello  
Dous bèus iue!

Coume uno trèvo, soulitàri  
Restave amaga dins moun dòu:  
Avié fre, moun amo en susàri,  
Avié pòu.

Sènso amour la vido es crudèlo,  
La vido es uno longo niue:  
Urous aquéu qu'a pèr estello  
Dous bèus iue!

Dempièi que dins ma doulour fèro,  
Tant douço m'as pourgi la man,  
O jouvènto! moun amo espèro  
En t'amant.

Sènso amour la vido es crudèlo,  
La vido es uno longo niue:  
Urous aquéu qu'a pèr estello  
Dous bèus iue!

Ma pauro amo la cresiéu morto;  
Mai tu, 'mé toun sourrire pur,  
Amigo, m'as dubert la porto  
Dóu bonur!

Sènso amour la vido es crudèlo,  
La vido es uno longo niue:  
Urous aquéu qu'a pèr estello  
Ti bèus iue!

**I KISSED HER HAND**

*To Albert Savine*

The babe starts to squeel, and mother sees the first tear;  
Her slender fingers search nimbly within the lace  
For the ivory of a breast engorged with milk.  
I still see the hand upon which sparkle the gems

Of her rings. That moment was so chaste, so serene,  
That, moved with respect, fearful and trembling,  
I rose to leave. "So soon!" she said. Immediately  
The sweet young woman extended her beautiful hand;

And I, I brought it to my lips, and I kissed it.  
In the open robe, intoxicated, the child  
At the white breast drank as from the purest chalice.

O hand, soft small hand with the fresh touch of a rose!...  
Forever shall I remember that rapturous kiss  
When, lips to her hand, I felt I was kissing her breast.

**A VENETIAN GIRL**  
*To the painter Ziem*

Since the first night that I saw her  
My heart has burned, my soul is sad  
Leonardo! Giambellino!  
The young child is of your family;  
Many of those girls have you painted,  
Their great eyes lost in the distance,

Wise virgins and crazy virgins!  
And never does your hand tremble,  
O great Master, for your paintbrush  
Today portrays the fatal race  
Of men, and the next day takes flight  
And ascends to the highest heavens.

**LA MAN**  
*A-n-Albert Savine*

L'enfant souino, la maire espincho uno lagremo;  
Si det fin cercon, proumpte, i dentello mescla,  
L'evòri dóu mamèu que sort gounfle de la.  
Vese encaro la man ounte uiausson li gemo

De si bago. Aquelo ouro èro tant casto e semo  
Qu'esmóugu de respèt, paurous de treboula,  
M'envau. "Tant lèu!" me dis. E sènso mai parla,  
Me trais sa bello man, la siavo jouino femo;

Iéu, la porte à mi bouco e ié fau un poutoun.  
Dins la raubo duberto, ebria, l'enfantoun  
Au blanc mamèu bevié coume à-n-un pur calice.

O man, pichoto man au touca fres, rousen!...  
Me souvendrai toujours d'aquéu bais de delice,  
Que ié beisant li det, cresiéu beisa lou sen.

## UNO VENICIANO

*Au Pintre Ziem*

Dempièi lou vèspre que l'ai visto,  
Moun cor brulo e moun amo es tristo.  
O Leounard! o Jan Bellin!  
L'enfant es de vosto famiho;  
N'avès pinta d'aquéli fiho  
A grands iue perdu peralin,

Vierge sage emai vierge folo!  
E jamai la man vous tremolo,  
O grand Mèstre! veste pincèu  
Iuei retrais la raço fatalo  
Dis ome, e l'endeman pren d'alo  
E s'enauro au plus aut dóu cèu.

Her mirthful, melancholy looks  
Were half angel and half demon;  
'Twas quite impossible to plumb  
The depth of her eyes like the sea;  
She was white and pale, she was blond,  
In the way Venetian girls are;

Blond like a ray of topaz light,  
The glory of an ecstatic saint,  
And the last of the day's sun rays,  
When the sun closes its eyelids,  
Dusting the gold off his apron  
In front of Saint-Georges-le-Majeur.

One saw her naked, despite her dress,  
Whose folds within their movement outlined  
Her beauty most supreme; one saw  
Her body pure as the harmony  
Of an Ionian goddess,  
Of a statue of Pheidias.

As the swells of the sea are full,  
So, too, were her breasts, full and hearty;  
Full of desire and of respect,  
The eye caressed her beautiful hip;  
One would have kissed her white fingers,  
One would have embraced her fine feet.

I've followed it like a madman,  
The full length of the Merceria,  
So enthralled I am with her beauty;  
Leaving a furrow of light  
Through the crowd where she proudly trod,

Her feet seemed to barely touch ground.

I felt as though I'd been bewitched!  
She had, in her blithesome movement,  
That supple grace of the serpent.  
Oh! No matter how short the road,  
She was a child who could lead one  
To heaven or to the inferno.

Sis èr risènt e malancòni  
Avien de l'ange e dóu demòni;  
Noun se poudié vèire lou founs  
De sis iue prefound coume l'oundo;  
Ero blanco e palo, èro bloundo,  
Mai coume à Veniso lou soun;

Bloundo coume un lamp de toupàsi,  
La glòri d'un sant en estàsi,  
E li darrié trelus dóu jour,  
Quand lou soulèu plego li ciho,  
Espóussant l'or de si raubiho  
Davans Sant-Jorge-lou-Majour.

Vesias lou nus, mau-grat la raubo  
Qu'à pichot ple mouvènt derraubo  
Sa bèuta supremo; vesias  
Soun cors pur qu'avié l'armouniò,  
D'uno divesso d'Iouniò,  
D'uno estatuo de Fidias.

Coume se gounflo la marino,  
Boumbavo, ardido, sa peitrino;  
Plen de desir e de respèt,  
L'iue caressavo sa bello anco;  
L'aurias poutouna si man blanco,  
L'aurias beisa si pichot pèd.

Sa bèuta que me desvariò,  
Tout-de-long de la *Merceriò*  
Iéu l'ai seguido coume un fòu;  
Leissant un regoun de lumiero,  
Dins la foulo traucavo fièro,  
Semblavo pas touca lou sòu.

Me sentiéu pres de la mascoto!  
Avié, soun inchaiènto troto,  
La gràci souplo de la serp.  
Ah! pèr pau que lou camin dure,  
Ero uno enfant à vous coundurre  
Au paradis o dins l'infèr.

For she was one of those women,  
A sphinx of joy, a sphinx of tears,  
Who keep you ever in anguish  
To know what they have in their souls.  
Mysterious, white snow or red flame,  
The Mona Lisa, the Cenci.

Already the gallant hour has come,  
By the flock the turtledoves perch  
On the cupolas of Saint Mark's;  
In the narrow meandering streets,  
At hurried pace, all are outside:  
Maidens, young men, monks, and soldiers,

It's a Venetian carnival!  
The men in short-sleeved shirts jostle  
A hundred times the great ladies,  
Fishermen monger their catches,  
And the vendors of fresh water  
Cry out as they clink their goblets.

From the shade of every corner  
Large crowds of musicians appear.  
O joyous concert unending!  
Hark the mandolins and guitars:  
The window is opened... Soon now  
A young girl in love will appear.

Though loud, I heard not the clamor,  
And, amid the migrant crowd,  
I saw but the beautiful child;  
At times I thought I had lost her,  
Or that we played at hide-and-seek  
In the wave of the stifling crowd.

Thus, up to the Ponte Rialto  
By the river we walked... She stopped;  
It seemed that I would catch her! But  
The sprite then hailed a rower, and,  
Without chaperone or mother,  
Quickly embarked, and left me there!

Car èro pièi d'aquéli femo,  
Esfins de joio e de lagremo,  
Que sias dins l'eterne soucit  
De destria ço qu'an dins l'amo:  
Misteriouso, nèu e flamo,  
La Mona-Lisa, la Cenci.

Deja veici la galanto ouro  
Qu'à vòu s'ajoucon li tourtouro  
Sus li coupolo de Sant-Marc;  
Dins li carriero estrecho e torto,  
Apreissa, tóuti soun pèr orto:  
Fiho, jouvènt, mounge, sòudard.

Es un carnava de Veniso:  
Lis ome en mancho de camiso  
Tuerton li grand damo cènt cop,  
Li pescadou cridon sa pesco,  
E li vendèire d'aigo fresco  
Quilon e fan dinda si got.

De l'oumbro de tóuti li caire  
Sort de mouloun de musicaire.  
O gai councert jamai fini!  
Ausès mandouline e quitarro:  
La fenèstro se duerb... Tout-aro  
Uno amourouso vai veni.

Entendiéu pas la cridadisso,  
E, dins la foulo mouvedisso,  
Noun vesiéu que la bello enfant;  
De-fes me semblavo perdudo  
O que jougavo is escoundudo  
Dins l'erso dóu pople estoufant.

Ansin jusqu'au pont dóu Rialto  
Caminerian... Elo fai alto;  
Anave la rejougne! Es que  
La fadeto sono un remaire,  
E, sèns galant e sèns maire,  
Lèsto s'embarco, e rèste quet!

Beneath the oar the water flows,  
The darkness grows, on distant isles  
The lanterns are now being lit.  
Palaces and campaniles  
And portals in quiet reflections,  
Can be seen in the Great Canal.

As in flight a black swallow flees  
From the gondola... Solitary  
The girl goes off, o bitter night!  
Outside the dusky gondola  
Her dress, like a ray of the moon,  
Pure white, glides away on the sea.

Venice, July 1873

## **MOURNING**

*To Carle de Tourtoulon*

To console your heart that cannot keep from moaning,  
You walk the great rooms of your castle, in mourning,  
Somber, you discern the history of Provence;  
But nothing can assuage the bitter pain.

You no longer hear her, on tiptoes, approach  
To smile on your studies, and your languor numbs you,  
Since your friend, an angel, has taken up her wings  
And returned to the heavens, oh! my poor dear friend!

As your thoughts wander off toward the sweet young woman  
The book open before you is bathed with your tears;  
Your ear no longer hears the soft sounds that are made,

In their laughter and play, by your daughters and son.  
But they climb to your knees, with thousands of kisses:

"Daddy, you're not alone!", your children assure you.

September 1873

Souto la remo l'oundo gislo;  
L'oumbro crèis: i pouncho dis isclo  
Deja s'atubon li fanau;  
Li palais e li campanile,  
Li pourtau, d'un rebat tranquile  
Se miron dins lou Grand Canau.

Coume uno negro dindouletto  
Fuso la gandolo... Souleto,  
L'enfant s'envai, o vèspre amar!  
Foro de la gandolo bruno  
Sa raubo coume un rai de luno,  
Blanco, resquiho sus la mar.

Veniso, juliet 1873

### **DOU**

*A Carle de Tourtoulon*

Pèr assoula toun cor, que noun fai que gemi,  
De toun castèu en dòu trevant li gràndi salo,  
Destriès, souloumbrous, l'istòri prouvençalo;  
Mai l'amaro doulour, rèn la pòu endourmi.

A pichot pas, vers tu, l'entèdes plus veni  
Te rire à tis estùdi, e lou làngui te jalo,  
Dempieù que toun amigo, un ange, a pres dos alo  
E que s'es entournado au cèu, ai! paure ami!

Alor, en pantaïant la douço jouino femo,  
Lou libre qu'as dubert, lou bagnes de lagremo;  
Auses plus soulamen lou poulit brut que fan,

Jougaire e risoulet, toun fiéu e ti chatouno.  
Mai éli t'escalant, emé milo poutouno:  
—"Paire, siés pas soulet!" te dison tis enfant.

Setèmbre 1873

### **WINTER NOSTALGIA**

*To Nicolas de Semenow*

To the memory of your father I raise my glass!  
To the land where the olives and the orange trees grow,  
In the last year of his life the great patriarch did come  
To bathe his old age in the sun: and the noble  
Stranger held dreams in his heart, but never forgot the past.



Whither his thoughts? Ay! the poor man, what did was it  
That could make him so sad beneath the olive trees?

The old man has the sun, but something is missing  
Standing 'mongst our roses, amid our trees of green  
He dreams of black forests, ice hanging from branches;  
He's homesick for winter, he misses the north:  
At times, a tear trickles into the whiteness of his beard.

For the country of frost, for his land of mourning,  
One evening, as night descended, he took his leave in haste.

The patriarch possesses the wisdom of old;  
But the love of his homeland, stronger, consumed him,  
'Tis in Russia that his supreme tenderness lies:  
Sunshine, flowers, and friendship, nothing more smiles at him,  
So much does melancholy weigh upon his soul.

Beneath our warm sun he could no longer wait;  
It brought him life, and yet, he has gone off to die!

For him foreign soil was a martyrdom too severe;  
As happy as a child who's come back to his home,  
In excitement he no longer knew what to say...  
And when the cold wrapped him up in its fatal cape,  
He greeted his companion with a final smile;

And then gently he crossed his hands on his heart,  
And, white like the snow, and calm, he waited for death.

## **LOU LANGUI DE L'IVER**

*A Micoulau de Semenow*

A la memòri de toun paire ausse lou vèire!  
Au païs dis óulivo emé dis arangié,  
L'an darrié de sa vido, èro vengu, lou rèire,  
Souleia soun veiouge, e lou noble estrangié  
Pantaiavo en soun cor e regardavo à rèire.

Sa pensado ounte anavo? Ai! paure, de-qu'avié  
Pèr ista triste ansin souto lis óulivié?

Lou rèire a lou soulèu, mai quaucarèn ié manco,  
E davans nòsti roso e nòstis aubre verd,  
Sounjo i fourèst negrasso, au glas penjant di branco;  
A lou làngui dóu nord, lou làngui de l'ivèr:  
De-fes, un plour sutiéu bagno sa barbo blanco.

Pèr lou païs dóu gèu, pèr sa terro de dòu,  
Un vèspre, emé la niue, es parti coume un fòu.

E lou rèire pamens a l'antico sagesso;  
Mai l'amour patriau plus fort lou devouris,  
La Russio, vaqui sa suprèmo tendresso:  
Flour, soulèu, amista, rèu, plus rèu ié sourris,  
Tant, de malancounié, soun amo grando es presso.

Souto noste soulèu poudié plus tempouri;  
Lou fasié viéure: eh! bèn, s'es enana mouri!

Pèr éu la terro estranjo èro un trop dur martire;  
Countènt coume un enfant que retorno à l'oustau,  
Dins soun trefoulimen noun sabié plus que dire...  
Quand la fre lou prenguè dins soun mantèu fatau,  
Saludè sa coumpagno em'un darrié sourire;

Pièi crousè douçamen si dos man sus soun cor,  
E, blanc coume la nèu, calme, esperè la mort.

### **THE BLOND**

*To Doctor Paul Cassin*

When all is blond, and soft, in the warmest season  
When fire from the sun dresses the harvest in gold;  
When gold petals in the breeze, rain down from scotch broom;  
When the white island flowers with celestial beauty,

And when the blue of the sky is so pure, so deep,  
That the blue of the sea in the sky's blue is lost,  
Golden rays in his hand, he laid them on your brow;

He made your eyes from the blue of the sky and sea,  
And with the velvet from the isles in flower he made your flesh.  
I know a young man who so wants you that he's mad!

Alas!, he never has, —he lacks so much the courage—  
Caressed your hand with his, but he'd like, my beauty,  
To eat both your soul and your kisses from your lips!

### **THE BALL**

*To Mme Alphonse Daudet*

Behind a screen of dried up reeds  
They planned a dance on the stubble,  
And pleasure captures in its trap  
The young girl who hears violins.

Violin, drums, and clarinet,  
Upon four planks the musicians  
Faces sunburned, spectacles donned,  
play out of tune like four gypsies.

A barrel of water sprinkles down  
The dust and heat of commotion;  
On the reeds a climbing rosebush  
Beflowers the dead dry hedge.

## LA SAURO

*Au Dóutour Pau Cassin*

Quand tous es blound, suau, dins la caudo sesoun  
Que lou fiò dóu soulèu vestis d'or la meissoun;  
Quand l'or, au ventoulet, plòu di sàuri genèsto;  
Quand l'ile blanc flouris d'uno bèuta celèsto,

E quand lou blu dóu cèu es tant pur, tant prefound,  
Que l'azur de la mar e dóu cèu se counfound,  
Diéu te creè, mignoto! e, coume avié de rèsto  
De raïoun à si man, n'en courounè ta tèsto;

Pintè tis iue dóu blu dóu cèu e de la mar,  
E dóu velout dis ile en flour faguè ta car.  
E iéu sabe un jouvènt, fòu, tant de tu barbèlo!

Pecaire! n'a jamai, -- talamen es póutroun, --  
Floureja de si det ti det, mai voudrié, bello,  
Sus ti bouco manja toun amo e ti poutoun!

## LOU BAL

*A Madamo Anfos Daudet*

Em'un cledat de cano seco  
An fa lou bal sus l'estoubloun,  
E lou plesi pren à la leco  
La chato qu'entènd li vióloun.

Vióloun, tambourin, clarineto,  
Sus quatre post, li musician,  
Caro usclado, nas à luneto,  
Destounon coume de bóumian.

Dóu batut la bouto qu'arroso  
Abat la pousso e la calour;  
Au canèu escalo de roso,  
La sebisso morto a de flour.

The verdant shadow of poplars  
Stretches out and then fades away;  
Outside in the sun, the *cigalo*  
Resound in a terrible din.

The clock strikes two: the earth is afire  
The sky is embers, no fresh air;  
Blood feverously warms as through veins  
It courses, and nerves are on end.

Bang! Bang! And here comes the quadilles  
The sign that it's starting just now,  
Each boy quickly grabs a partner;  
And couples come out intertwined.

Crimson with heads turning backwards  
Smiles in their eyes, smiles in their teeth,  
She's so light, and so fun to see,  
And look at how well she dances!

Despite the heat, another girl,  
Pale, eyes open in blank stare  
Rests her poor head on the shoulder  
Of a youth bewitched by the night.

There's one, a teaser, a joker,  
She covers all parts of the floor  
Each time she's with a new partner  
She jumps like a will-o-the-wisp!

Quiet, eyes closed as if in death's sleep,  
And dreaming of God only knows,  
The other, her partner takes her  
Away, not disturbing her nap.

The devil smirks in the stubble  
And the music drones on and on  
Like the spider spinning his web  
The demon lays out his trap.

Di piboulo l'oumbro verdalo  
S'alongo pèr s'esperpaia;  
Deforo, au soulèu, li cigalo  
Terriblo fan que cascaia.

Es dos ouro: la terro brulo,  
Un cèu de brasò, pa 'n péu d'èr;  
Lou sang dins li veno barrulo  
Febrous, e fernisson li nèr.

Pan! pan! e vaqui la quadriho  
Qou tout-aro vai coumença,  
Chasque drole cerco uno fiho;  
Li couple parton enliassa.

Cremesino, la tèsto à rèire,  
Lou rire is iue, lou rire i dènt,  
Qu'es lógiero e fai gau de vèire,  
Aquelo, e coume danso bèn!

Mau-grat la caud uno outro palo,  
Lis iue dubert sèns regarda,  
Coucho la tèsto sus l'espalo  
De soun calignaire enfada.

Vivo, aquesto, e galefarello,  
La vesès i quatre cantoun  
Sèmpe emé tóuti dansarello

E sautant coume un fouletoun.

Muto, lis iue clin, coume morto,  
Ravassejant de sai pas que,  
L'autro, soun dansaire l'emporto  
Sèns la sourti dóu penequet.

Lou diable ris dins la baragno,  
E la musico de rounfla!...  
Coume de telo d'estaragno  
Lou diable expandis si fielat.

Here comes the timid young virgin  
Who gives no more than finger tips  
To her partner, and she, lovestruck  
Caresses her dark auburn neck.

She is thinking of her boyfriend,  
As she's dancing in dainty steps  
The young man who's holding her waist  
Presses her to him with his arms.

Some young girls, hair still in tangles,  
Come see how the older ones fair:  
Their too small corsets hang open,  
Their outgrown dresses are too short.

As supple as a wicker branch,  
There's one whose dance has taken fervor;  
Her firm, proud breasts upon the chest  
Of her dance partner swell and press.

In an ardent, mixed confusion  
Warm hands read to find other hands,  
The devil smirks in the hedgerow;  
Women, you'll be whining tomorrow!

In the spin of a wild farandole  
Dresses rise in a whirlwind  
Hair untied, fiercely flies around  
And kerchiefs fall off to the side.

Small desires into hunger grow.  
Young girls try to catch their breath;  
Their breasts rise and fall, in their panting,  
Their little corsets are too full.

Upon the wild mint and mallow  
Couples come to sit for a rest:  
More kisses there are than words, but  
Love words and courting aren't measured.

Veici la chatouno paurouso

Que baio just lou bout di det  
A soun menaire, l'amourouso  
Passant la man au brun coutet.

Aquelo à soun cadet pantaio,  
Douçamen danso à pichot pas,  
E l'ami que i'a pres la taio  
La sarro entiero dins si bras.

Vèn li drouleto mau couifado  
Vèire coume lis outro fan:  
Pieta! lou coursage estré bado,  
Trop courto es la raubo d'enfant!

Autant souplo que l'amarino,  
Uno danso d'un biais ardit;  
Si fièr teté sus la peitrino  
De soun fringaire an reboundi.

Es uno ardènto mescladisso:  
Touto man quisto uno outro man.  
Lou diable ris dins la sebisso;  
Femo, gingoularés deman!

Au vanc d'uno mouresco folo,  
Li raubo fan lou remoulin,  
Lou péu esfaraja s'envolo  
E li fichu toumbon aclin.

Dóu desir grandis la fangalo.  
Li mignoto n'an plus d'alén;  
Lou sen fai lou moun-to-davalo  
Dins lou boumbet jouine e trop plen.

Sus li mentastre e sus li maulo,  
De parèu vènon s'asseta:  
Mai de poutoun que de paraulo,  
Charron, calignon sèns coumta.

How! Brunette, where to so alone?  
She's walked the long line of oak trees  
In a panic and trembling still...  
The devil laughs amongst the reed stalks.

The ball is done; the girl, fatigued,  
Is seen heading back to her home,  
Head hung low, in pain, and pouting  
And sweating in mortal sin.

Others head off in farandole,  
Bewitched, enthralled, fire in their eyes;  
Love cries out, and the flesh howls loud:  
The dancing's not through for this night.

Through a countryside illumined

By the sunset's reddish mass,  
A young man walks in happy song...  
The devil laughs in the distance.

### THE CUP

I raise the cup! It gives me joy,  
While giving a kiss to the wine,  
To toast the divine manner of  
Our beautiful ladies in love!  
For wine exalts our spirits  
But love embellishes our souls:  
Bitter days are quickly brightened  
Within the arms of a lady.  
Better than burning Chateauneuf  
Does a tender trembling kiss  
Enflame you and make your head spin.  
I toast to you all, my ladies!  
A celebration for hearts that beat:  
To you, Beauty, inspiration  
Of felibres and lovers both!  
And may all the spoiled sports get lost!...

Hòu! la bruno, ounte vas souleto?  
A fusa long de l'aglanié  
Touto esglariado e tremouletto...  
Lou diable ris dins lou canié.

Lou bal finis; la chato lasso  
Vès-la que s'entorno à l'oustau,  
Doulènto, nèco, tèsto basso  
E susant lou pecat mourtau.

D'àutri s'envan en farandoulo,  
Embriaga, la flamo is iue;  
L'amour crido, la car idoulo:  
Dansaran de plus bello à-niue.

Dins lou campèstre qu'alumino  
Dóu tremount l'inmènso roujour,  
En cantant un jouvènt camino...  
Lou diable ris dins la liuenchour.

### LA COUPO

Ausse la coupo! -- A iéu m'agrado,  
En fasènt un poutoun au vin,  
De pourta 'n brinde au biais divin  
Di bèlli dono enamourado!  
Lou vin enauro l'esperit,  
Mai l'amour assiéuno lis amo:  
Li jour amar soun lèu flouri  
Dins li brassado d'uno damo.

Mies que lou castèu-nòu brulant,  
Un pichot poutoun tremoulant  
Enfioco e fai vira la tèsto.  
Brinde à vous, dono! eterno fèsto  
De lou que sènt batre soun cor:  
A tu, Bèuta, grand estrambord  
Di felibre e di calignaire!  
Foro d'eici li rouvihaire!...

Now off, my toast, To the four winds!  
Felibresses, far off, or near,  
In this cup I kiss, while drinking,  
All your burning, crimson lips.

### **LE VENTOUX**

*To Doctor Alfret Pamard*

Spectacular Ventoux, nest for eagles and white hawks  
Your bare face, to the south, is white beneath the snow;  
Upon the north, thick forests darken your summit;  
Wolves walk your paths while the traveler loses his breath,

And from the dwarfed villages down below, flocks of sheep  
Scatter out: though living, they are quiet as a tomb  
The mistral slaps your face and the sun embraces you;  
You climb high and proud toward the thunder that rips you.

But shade now covers the plain, twilight approaches:  
Crimson clouds hang over the valley's deep abyss,  
And the light of day climbs your rose colored slopes;

One last gold ray of light darts into the forest,  
Darkness grows. In the wait of night, upon your cliffs, quiet,  
You contemplate the sea and the forks of the Rhone.

### **RENEWAL**

My mind at times turns sadly toward my past.

Oh! How good it feels, my sweet, to see you anew!  
Let me bathe in the rays of your beautiful eyes;  
Let me look at you! your eyes, though sad or smiling,  
Exalt me!... In their fire I know not what there is,  
But looking into them I ever dream of Zani  
For he forever dreamd, alas!, who's struck by love.  
Tender heart, deepest heart, heart as soft as you are,  
My poor beautiful friend was an angel, a soul.  
Thus the reason you see me so often struck dumb,  
You look so like her, My lady, I am so moved.

Vai-t'en, moun brinde, i quatre vènt!  
Felibresso liuencho o vesino,  
Dins la coupo, baise, en bevènt,  
Vòsti bouqueto cremesino!

### **LOU VENTOUR**



*Au Dóutour Alfret Pamard*

Ventour espetaclous, nis d'aiglo e d'aubanèu,  
Toun front nus, à l'adré, blanquejo sout la nèu;  
A l'uba, la fourèst fai ta tèsto negrasso;  
Li loup trèvon ti draio ounte l'ome s'alasso,

E di vilo naneto eilavau lou troupèu  
S'esperpaio: vivènto an lou chut dóu toubèu.  
Lou mistrau te bacello e lou soulèu t'embrasso;  
Tu, mountes aut e fièr vers lou tron que t'estrasso.

Mai la plano adeja soubrejo, l'errour vèn:  
Li nivo cremesin embarron lis aven,  
Touto la lus dóu jour escalo à ti flanc rose;

Un darrié ruscle d'or intro dins lou bouscas,  
L'oumbro crèis. Esperant la niue sus ti roucas,  
Countèmples amudí la mar e li dous Rose.

**NOUVELUN**

Moun esperit, de-fes, tristamen torno à rèire.

Oh! que m'es en de-bon, jouvènto, de te vèire!  
I rai de ti bèus iue laisso-me souleia;  
Laisso-me te mira! Tis iue, grave o risèire,  
M'enaaron!... Dins soun fiò noun sabe ço que i'a,  
Mai de Zani me fan de-longo pantaia,  
Car pantaio de-longo aquéu, pecaire! qu'amo.  
Cor tènre, cor prefound, suave coume tu,  
Ma pauo bello amigo èro un ange, èro uno amo.  
Vaqui perqué souvènt me veses resta mut,  
Tant ié retraises, Dono, e tant siéu esmougu.

Like a winter sun that, in an evening of storms  
Goes down in a sunset of clouds ripped asunder,  
The pure love which my soul has so sweetly caressed  
Of a sudden is gone, alas! and without respite  
I weep for the happiness which I quickly see pass.

Since in the convent the child has been locked away,  
No one have I found as a sister to my adored...  
Extend your hand, your tender young hand to me!  
One day the hand of a young girl set me afire;  
From yours, rays of celestial sweetness descend.  
Let me smother your lovely hand with kisses!... Stay,  
My heart, too full, overflows, I must speak with you!  
Come! You replentish my life, my love, and my will;  
Through my pain I was made a felibre; now it's joy.  
O moon, sew your rays of silver on every path;  
Sing, all you young crickets; and sing gay nightingales;  
Like a laugh from the distance, pass through our paths,  
April wind, you who cradled Vincent and Mirèio!  
Ah! The first young love to take root in the heart,

Be it happy or doomed, is always the strongest.

But morning light breaks through, with it a clear new dawn.  
The shining sun rises from the depths of the sea;  
My beautiful young love in her gown of white,  
Is born anew from the past so wept, so bitter.  
You're, indeed, of my Zani, more than a sister;  
You give me back my youth and my long finished dreams:  
Here are the oaks of Camp-Cabèu; you are Zani!  
Let us love one another, my friend, ere I die!

**THE PORCH OF SAINT-VICTOR**  
**IN MARSEILLE**  
*To Madame Ludovic Legré*

Under the black portal, all crowded together,  
On their knees, crouched down, or standing up in the freezing shade,  
The group of beggars, stinking hair, filthy beards,  
Gimpy legs, broken arms, empty eyes, scarred noses,

Coume un soulèu d'ivèr qu'en un vèspre d'aurige  
S'amosso trecoulant dins li nivo estrassa,  
L'amour pur que moun amo avié tant caressa  
S'esvaliguè subran, ai! las! e sèns lassige  
Iéu ploure lou bonur qu'ai entre-vist passa.

Dempièi qu'au mounastié l'enfant s'es embarrado,  
Aviéu ges atrouva de sorre à l'adourado...  
Ta man, ta jouino man fresco, baio-me-la!  
La man d'uno chatouno, autre tèms, m'a brula;  
De la tiéuno descènd uno douçour celèsto.  
Laisso-me poutouna ta poulido man!... rèsto,  
Moun cor trop plen desboundo e vole te parla!  
Ve! me rèndes la vido e l'amour e la voio;  
La doulour me fasié felibre, aro es la joio.  
Luno, de rai d'argènt semeno li draïou;  
Cantas, pichot grihet; cantas, gai roussignou;  
Coume un rire aliuença, passo à través la lèio,  
Vènt d'abriéu qu'as bressa Vincèn emé Mirèio!  
Ah! lou proumier amour que coungreio lou cor,  
Urous o malastra, toujours es lou plus fort!

Mai lou matin clarejo emé la nouvello aubo.  
Lou soulèu trelusènt mouto dóu founs di mar;  
Moun amour jouine e bèu, dins sa pu blanco raubo,  
Renaiss d'aquéu passat tant ploura, tant amar.  
De la bruno Zani, vai, siés mai que la sorre;  
Reviéudes ma jouvènço e mi pantai fini:  
Veici de Camp-Cabèu li roure; siés Zani!  
Amen-nous, amen-nous, mignoto, avans que more!

**LOU PORGE DE SANT-VITOUR**  
**A MARSILHO**  
*A Madamo Ludòvi Legré*

Sout lou porge negras, l'un à l'autre cougna,

D'à geinou, agrouva, dre dins l'oumbro que jalo,  
La choumo di coucaro, orre péu, barbo salo,  
Cambo morto, bras rout, iue cura, nas argna,

Reaches out begging for alms, and mutters *Paternosters*,  
Like a snoring swarm of May bugs beating their wings  
In a deafening din. And the colossal church  
Opens: from the great windows, in sharp lightening bolts,

Falls a shower of gold, which enflames with its glory  
The alter, lace, flowers, the host and ciborium;  
Raptured angels and saints stand out from their paintings.

And the organ resounds, and the people bow low,  
And cardinal voices from the boys in the choir  
Ascend with the incense in the rays of the sun.

### **WEDDING OF FIRE** *To Théodore de Bauville*

To the north and the south, as well,  
The sky is black, silent and cold;  
The stars in the sky start to pale;  
Upon the horizon, shining  
White lights cut out delicate lace  
From the tops of the jagged hills.

The glow on the misty horizon  
Streaking the spectacular clouds  
Forms strange palaces of marble;  
A mysterious frozen wind,  
With caresses, sends shivers through  
The grasses, and the leaves on the trees.

Someone far off is coming:  
The light grows in infinite space,  
It plunges, transforms, and piles up;  
It builds stairways, makes doorways  
And tosses tremendous frontals  
Upon the great hosts of columns.

Quisto l'oumorno e dis de *Pater* embouia,  
Coume un vòu de tavan que rounflo e bat dis alo  
Em' un sourd chafaret. La glèiso couloussalo  
Se duerb: di grand fenèstro, en uiau estraia,

Toumbo uno raisso d'or, qu'enfioco de sa glòri  
Autar, dentello, flour, oustio e lou cibòri;  
Ange e sant trefouli sorton di vièi tablèu.

E l'orgue resclantis e lou pople se clino,  
E dis enfant de cor la voues de cardelino  
S'enauro emé l'encèns dins un rai de soulèu.

### **NOÇO DE FIO**

*A Teodor de Banville*

Dis uba coume de l'adré  
Lou cèu es negre, mut e fre;  
Lis estello devènon palo;  
A l'ourizount, uno lusour  
Blanco decoupo sus lou sour  
Di serre li mounto-davalo.

La lusour, au levant neblous,  
Raiant li nivo espetaclous,  
Fai d'estràngi palais de maubre;  
Un vènt misterious, jala,  
En caressant fai tremoula  
L'erbiho e la fueio dis aubre.

Se vèi que quaucun vai veni:  
Lou lume crèis dins l'infini,  
Cabusso, tremudo, amoulouno;  
Bastis d'escalié, de pourtau  
E jito d'inmènsi frountau  
Sus de sequèlo de coulouno.

Lightly, as the sky starts to clear,  
The dawn sets afloat upon the ponds  
The white ribbon from round her waist,  
Like a young girl pursued by sleep  
Who goes off to the fountain  
To undo her long locks of hair.

In the breeze, a few clouds  
Are chased this way and that, into  
The pink and violet heights of the sky;  
With the new day winged runners  
With flames in their eyes carry sparks  
Upon wings like those of swallows.

Over the celestial valleys  
Riders mounted upon great horses  
—Fire shooting from their nostrils—  
With golden trumpets to their lips,  
Awaken the sleeping populace;  
The rooster returns the fanfare.

Suddenly the east is open  
And the bedazzled eye is lost  
Within the blinding colored depths,  
Enchanted morning palaces,  
Marvelous forests and gardens

That have stars instead of daisies.

In the dazzling light of day  
In waves, both damsels and lords  
Arrive in the greatest of haste;  
More brilliant than the butterfly  
Are the colors of their mantles  
And sunbeams fringe their flowing robes.

Adorned with gold and with rubies,  
Upon their stairways of lapis,  
Along porphyry banisters,  
The ladies who offer their hands  
To lords embroidered with diamonds,  
Slip away with a divine smile.

Lougiero, dins lou cèu pu clar,  
L'aubo fai flouta sus li clar  
Lou riban blanc de sa centuro,  
Coume uno chato que la som  
Fugis e que vai à la font  
Desnousa sa cabeladuro.

Souto l'auro, d'eici, d'eila,  
Quàuqui niéu se soun envoula  
Dins l'auturo roso e vióuleto;  
Dóu jour nouvèu courrèire alu,  
An l'ïue de flamo, an de belu  
Sus sis alo de dindouleto.

A travès li celèsti vau,  
De cavalié, sus li chivau  
Que fan fiò di pèd e di narro,  
Emboucant la troumpeto d'or,  
Revihon lou mounde que dor;  
Lou gau respond à la fanfaro.

Subran l'ouriènt e'es dubert  
E l'ïue esbarluga se perd  
Dins li founsour acoulourido,  
Palais enfada dóu matin,  
Bousquet meravihous, jardin  
Qu'an d'estello pèr margarido.

Dins l'escandihado dóu jour,  
A flot, damisello e signour  
Arribon en grando preissado;  
Mai brihant que de parpaioun  
Soun li mantèu, e de raïoun  
Franjon li raubo reboufado.

Pimpado d'or e de roubis,  
Sus lis escalie de lapis,  
Long di balustre de pourfire,  
Li dono que porjon la man  
I signour brouda de diamant,  
Fuson em' un divin sourrire.

Look at the opulent cortege,  
Its showers of silk and velvet!  
Dance the farandole in the light;  
Never in Venice's region  
Did the Veronese or Titian  
Paint such a fabulous wedding.

Through the gardens of paradise  
The beautiful wedding proceeds:  
The hounds, the clowns, and the pages  
Play together; gold violas  
Are then quickly put into tune  
And there's dancing 'neath the branches.

Far off from a fantastic spring,  
A silver stream bubbles and boils;  
Shadows rush off, the fire has won;  
Fire and flame inundate all,  
And from the great conflagration  
The great star leaps upon the mountain.

Believers, deniers of God,  
Beasts, humans, everything living  
Feel shivers pass through their veins.  
Your rising I've seen, o great sun!  
Will I see your decline? "Perhaps!"...  
This morning, where will it lead me?

Then Phoebe takes her bow  
And heads off into the forest,  
The virginal fair-haired hunteress  
Disappears 'midst the wood's blue trees;  
To the heavens she'll not return  
Until the first stars have appeared.

Raisso de sedo e de velout,  
L'ufanous courtege, vès-lou  
Farandoula dins la lumiero;  
Jamai au païs venician  
Lou Verounés o lou Tician  
An pinta de noço pariero.

Dins li jardin de paradis  
La bello noço s'expandis:  
Li chin, li boufoun e li page  
Jogon ensèn; li violò d'or

Lèu-lèu se soun messo d'acord  
E se balo sout lou fuiage.

Alin, d'un fantasti sourgènt,  
Gisclo e boui un flume d'argènt;  
L'oumbro s'encour, l'encèndi gagno;  
Lou fiò, la flamo ennègon tout,  
E d'aquéu sublime abradou  
L'astre boundis sus la mountagno.

Cresèire, negaire de Diéu,  
Bèsti, gènt, en tout ço que viéu  
Passo un frejoulun dins li veno.  
Tout leva, l'ai vist, o soulèu!  
Veirai-ti toun tremount? -- Belèu!...  
Aquest man ounte me meno?

Alor Febè pren soun arquet  
E, s'aliunchant dins li bousquet,  
La casto e bloundo cassarello  
S'esvalis dins lis aubre blu;  
Au fiermamen tournara plu  
Qu'emé li proumiéris estello.

## **BEUMOUNO**

*To Aguste Fourès*

Women, fresh ripe grapes where I'd love to sink my teeth!  
There's one that both charms me and stings me bitterly:  
Her eyes, green as clear water, light twinged with pain  
Sparkle with innocence and with a strange ardor.

Her gossamer dress seems scarcely to touch her;  
The light pleats of her transparent kerchief caress  
A rounded breast which with her motion gently shifts.  
One night, I was hungry and took her in my arms;

I carried her off to the end of the walkway...  
Violins played, we danced: she, upon my shoulder,  
Resting her lovely white cheek, oh, so tenderly;

I, in deep draughts, drinking the waves of her blond hair  
Which the sway of our dancing brought to my lips;  
And with her great green eyes, quietly, she looked at me.

## **SONG FOR NEXT YEAR**

*To my son*

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! dau!

On the borders  
Are the Germans  
They still don't budge; look, there!  
From their trenches  
They are watching  
With their eyes like wolves!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

### **BEUMOUNO**

*A-n-Aguste Fourès*

O chato, fres rasin ounte voudriéu beca!  
Uno fai mi delice e me poun d'amaresso:  
Sis iue verd coume l'aigo, un brisounet maca,  
Treluson d'ignourènço e d'estrango arderesso.

Soun vièste lóugeiret noun sèmblo la touca;  
Lou fichu clarinèu à poulit ple caresso  
Lou sen arredouni que se vèi boulega.  
Un vèspre, n'aviéu fam, e dins mi bras l'ai presso,

L'ai empourtado au founs di lèio... Li vióloun  
Jougavon, danserian: elo, sus moun espalo,  
Reveasant tendramen sa tèsto fino e palo;

Iéu à long flot bevènt l'oundo de si péu blound  
Que lou vanc de la danso à mi bouco enmandavo;  
E de si grands iue verd, muto, me regardavo.

### **LA CANSOUN DE L'AN QUE VEN**

*A moun drole*

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! dau!

Sus li raro  
Trèvo encaro  
L'Alemand; vès-lou!  
Di sambuco  
Nous aluco  
Emé d'iue de loup!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Watch closely, France,  
Stirred by hatred  
They are hungry now  
For the treasures



Of your plains  
And your perfumed hills.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

What they want  
Is your grain,  
Your olives and your wine;  
And a kiss  
From the lips,  
Of your girls divine.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Fiercest rainfall  
Upon your land  
The blood that's been shed  
Still remains wet:  
Blood does not dry  
When the crime is great.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Grass is growing...  
But, listen well,  
You shall hear the dead;  
Ah, sweet vengeance!  
Horrid hoard,  
Of men from the north!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Place your sword's edge  
To the stone now,  
Quick, sharpen the point!  
From where it hangs  
Take your rifle,  
Fill it up with shot!

Vè-lou, Franço:  
L'ahiranço  
L'encagno, afama  
De ti plano  
Abelano,  
Ti mount perfuma.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Eu barbèlo  
Di tousello,  
De l'òli, dóu vin,  
De poutouno  
Di chatouno  
A gàubi divin!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Plueio fèro,  
Sus la terro  
Lou sang escampa  
Sèmpre es ime:  
Di grand crime  
Lou sang seco pa!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

L'erbo greio...  
Mai chauriho,  
Ausiras li mort;  
Ah! venjanço!  
Orro enjanço  
Dis ome dóu Nord!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Is espaso  
Sus la graso,  
Lèu, baio lou fiéu;  
Dependoulo,  
Ras de goulo  
Cargo toun fusiéu!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

May the sickles  
In the battle  
Slice the other way;  
Axes, sabers,  
With cadavers  
Fill up all our wells!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Farmer, furrow  
By furrow, plant  
Your hay, your garden;  
First cut down, then  
Chop up branches,  
Then the trees and vines!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Shepherds, lay down  
All of the sheep  
Of your massive flocks;  
Then run, and flee  
Into the hills,  
Flee in greatest haste!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Break through, o source,

And overflow  
The banks that hold you in;  
River Rhone, drown  
For miles around  
Horses and their men!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Que la daio  
Di bataio  
S'enmanche à rebous;  
Destrau, sabre,  
De cadabre  
Emplissès li pous!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Pacan, sego  
Rego à rego  
Ti fen, toun jardin;  
Coupò, tranco  
E la branco  
E l'aubre e l'autin!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Coucho, pastre,  
De ti chastre  
L'immènse escabot;  
Fuge, courre  
Sus li mourre,  
Fuge à grand galop!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Crèbo, Sorgo,  
E desgorgo  
De tis espacié;  
Rose, nègo  
A cènt lègo  
Chivau, cavalié!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Oh, what awesome  
And fearsome flood!  
Grant that the Germans  
Find naught to eat,  
And naught to drink,  
Today or even tomorrow!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

All you Mirèios  
And elder women,  
Stay close to your doors;  
For if a troupe  
Should start to group,  
Burn your houses down!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

You laborers  
Behind your plows,  
Free your oxen fast;  
When bullets fly  
Mount the canons!  
Get them ready to fire!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Oxen and mules,  
In the thunder,  
The shot and the smoke  
Over a path  
That bullets strafe  
Attempt to make their way.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

O terrible  
Endoulible!  
Fau que l'Alemand,  
Ni lou vièure,  
Ni lou béure,  
Trove rèn deman!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Li Mirèio  
E li vièio,  
Restas au lindau;  
S'uno troupo  
Se i'agroupo,  
Brularés l'oustau!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Labouraire,  
De l'arair  
Lèvo lèu ti brau;  
Sout li balo,

Zóu! escalo  
Li grand canoun rau.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Biòu, gimèrri,  
Dins lou fèrri,  
Lou fum e li tron,  
Su 'no draio  
De mitraio  
Póutiron de front.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

The top of the hill  
Is trembling still;  
Cowherd in front  
They arrive on top!  
Let canons roar  
With all they have!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Every young man  
Has said "I want  
To be in the front out there!"  
Here in Provence  
All of our youth  
Work like ants to help.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

As in our feasts,  
We jump in joy,  
We're so full of spirit;  
We're ready to fight,  
Like Arabs do,  
In rage, we'll fight to death!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

And the young girl  
Who's so fearful  
When she's being wooed,  
Is strong in spirit  
She rallies our ranks  
Now that we are there!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

L'auto colo

N'en tremolo;  
Arribon amount,  
Bouié 'n tèsto!  
Queto fèsto  
A cop de canoun!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Chasque drole  
A di: -- Vole  
Parti lou proumié! --  
En Prouvènço,  
La jouvènço,  
Sian un fourniguié.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Pèr li vogo  
S'en grand fogo  
Sautan d'estrambord,  
'Mé l'enràbi  
De l'Aràbi  
Nous batren à mort!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

E la touso  
Tant crentouso  
Quand la calignan,  
Amo forto  
Nous trasporto  
Aro que ié sian!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

The time is nigh:  
All is raised high!  
Grandfathers and youths  
We must protect  
From barbarians;  
Our country in mourning!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

They have memories  
Full of glory  
Of fatal combats:  
Not one looks back!  
They wish to see  
Where we have fallen.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

You drummers play

Start the beat  
Sop that we might dance!  
On our black days  
We will follow  
Your joyous refrain.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Fresh new players  
Of airs of old,  
Blow upon your fifes  
Just one aubade  
For our army  
Of new, young soldiers!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Veici l'ouero:  
Tout s'aubouro!  
Lou jouvènt, l'aujòu,  
Di barbare  
Fau qu'apare  
La patriò en dòu!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

An à glòri  
La memòri  
Di fatau coumbat:  
Res à rèire!  
Volon vèire  
Ounte sian tounba.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Coumençanço  
De la danso,  
Batès, tambourin!  
I jour negre  
Voulèn segre  
Vòsti gai refrin.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Fres siblaire  
Di vièis aire,  
Jougas, fifre clar,  
Uno aubado  
A l'armado  
Di nouvèu sòudard.

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

With a splendid  
Smile of courage  
They go to the kill:  
The ferocious  
Red trousered  
Kill and slaughter all!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

In the village,  
Fields and forests,  
How many thousands?  
O Germany,  
In the clear dew  
Your bones are turning white!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! To the attack!  
Dau! dau!

### **TO THE FELIBRES**

If untiringly we've continued to meet, my friends,  
On summits, in the rays of the sun, or even  
Under the still lightning bolts of noble poetry,  
Now shall we forever be joined.

Since we all have in our hearts an equal fervor  
For our glories of old and our past full of pride,  
In the same belief, and in equal tenderness,  
My friends, let us remain embraced.

Let us defend our tongue, may our verses abound!...  
When our people have gone off to no one knows where,  
With the spirit of God, and before the whole world,  
Let us sing our Provençal land!

Em' un rire  
Bèu d'aubire,  
Van au tuadou:  
Li feroujo  
Braio roujo  
Tuon, chaplon tout!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!

Quand de milo  
Dins la vilo,  
Li champ e li bos?



Alemagno,  
A l'eigagno  
Blanquejon tis os!

Dau! dau! Prouvençau!  
Dau! dau! à l'assaut!  
Dau! dau!

## I FELIBRE

Se nous sian rescountra sènso plega li ciho,  
Sus la cimo, au trelus dóu soulèu, au trelus  
Enca mai plen d'uiiau de l'auto pouèsio,  
Aro nous separaren plus.

D'abord qu'avèn au cor uno egalo arderesso  
Pèr li glòri couchado e pèr lou fièr passa,  
Dins la memo cresènço e la memo tendresso,  
Ami, tenen-nous embrassa.

Aparen nosto lengo, e que noste vers bounde!...  
Quand li pople s'envan ounte degun lou saup,  
Emé l'aflat de Diéu, à la fâci dóu mounde,  
Canten lou païs prouvençau!

Charles Aubanel, Théodore's brother and associate at Editions Aubanel, was married in 1860. It was but a few months after the publication of *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*. The day of the wedding, Théodore met, and immediately fell in love with, the "charming, sweet, and infinitely graceful"<sup>1</sup> sister of the bride. He and Joséphine Mazan were married in April of 1861.<sup>2</sup> Two months into married life, Aubanel told Legré about his new, in contrast to his previous, experience with love: "I had the shadow and the dream in *La Mióugrano*, but the living and charming reality is certainly a thousand times more delicious than the dream. Ah, my dear Legré, how happy I am!"<sup>3</sup> A year later, he was writing to Legré about the "immense, sweet joy of loving a woman who loves you, and what ineffable charm there is in tender and reciprocal devotion, every hour of every day! The love of a woman who is loved and worthy of being loved continually enlarges and intoxicates the heart..."<sup>4</sup>

If Aubanel's words in his correspondence suggest a new look at love, the new look is also evident in his verse from 1860 on. His friends expected the worst from the poet as a result of his marriage. Mistral, in correspondence with a friend, said, "I agree with your thoughts; the birds of Provence will perhaps no longer sing in the branches of the wild pomegranate tree. 'Tis sad for us..."<sup>5</sup> Little did they know what effect his new muse was to have on him.

Although Joséphine did have considerable influence on Aubanel the poet, we know relatively little about her. This is partially by her own design. After Aubanel's death she destroyed any reference to her inspirational role in his writing, wishing to remain unknown to the public.<sup>6</sup> However, it should not be assumed that she did not like or approve of his role as a writer,<sup>7</sup> nor should it be assumed that Joséphine wished to stay completely out of what difficulties her husband might find himself in with the "small-minded people" of Avignon who disapproved of works like *Mirèio* and *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*. On the contrary. Regarding the latter, it happened that, two years after their marriage, the *Revue des Bibliothèques Paroissiales* added the 1863 *Armana Prouvençau* to the list of books unacceptable for Catholic libraries. Théodore, again in a letter to his friend Legré, deplored "such false minds and low hearts, where the greatest of intelligence and broadness of mind should prevail." He said, "My wife, my

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<sup>1</sup> Legré, p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> Joséphine's parents at first denied permission for her to marry Théodore. Charles was in a comfortable financial state, thanks to the generosity of his godfather. Théodore's situation was not as strong. Permission was ultimately granted after Charles' wife convinced her parents that the poet would be a good husband. On this, see Vincent, p. 35.

<sup>3</sup> Legré, p. 131; quoted also by Welter, p. 21.

<sup>4</sup> Legré, p. 132. Welter comments, regarding Aubanel's marriage: "Then love came upon him with all its liberating force. It revealed to him a world of intoxicating beauty and opened his heart to the palpitations of hope and restless desires" (*op. cit.*, p. 44).

<sup>5</sup> Legré, p. 138; quoted also by Vincent, p. 37.

<sup>6</sup> Liprandi, p. 140. On her anonymity, see also Vincent, p. 36.

<sup>7</sup> Joséphine's role in Aubanel's literary career deserves further study. She appears to have been supportive of him in a number of ways, and on a number of occasions. Von Lengfeld, in the Preface to Volume I of Aubanel's *Oeuvres complètes* (1960), credits Joséphine with safeguarding the poet's second dramatic work, *Lou Pastre* (pp. xii-xiv). On the other hand, Dumas (*op. cit.*, pp. 180-81) is of the opinion that the Aubanel family, thus primarily his widow, kept *Lou Pastre* from Legré, who was supposed to have all of Aubanel's literary works after his death, thus delaying publication of the work for some fifty years.

sweet Joséphine, who was irate about this miserable quarrel of the *Revue*, was ready to go to the source...”<sup>8</sup>

What we do know about Joséphine is in great part due to Aubanel’s correspondence and through his friends: Legré, his physician Alfred Pamard, Mallarmé, and others. Although it was little known at the time, it was Joséphine, rather than the statue, who was the inspiration for one of Aubanel’s most famous poems, “Venus of Arles.” The Venus of Arles is a marble statue found during excavations in the ruins of the Théâtre Romain. It was given to Louis XIV by the people of Arles, and presently resides in the Louvre, although a copy of it is at the Hôtel de Ville, in Arles.<sup>9</sup> Oddly enough, it was commotion over this poem which delayed publication of *The Girls of Avignon* for six years.

There were other women who inspired Aubanel’s poetry after his marriage. The first of these was Sophie de Lentz,<sup>10</sup> the daughter of a foreign diplomat, who maintained a correspondence with Aubanel for over twenty years. Sophie de Lentz “met” Aubanel via a copy of *La Mióugrano entre-duberto* given to her by a Dominican priest. She was but a teenager at the time, and needed to get her mother’s permission to correspond with the poet. The Dominican who passed her Aubanel’s poetry was, presumably therefore, not of a common mind with the reviewers at the *Revue des Bibliothèques Paroissiales*. In May of 1865, Aubanel told Legré:

I recently received two charming, perfumed letters; they were from a girl from a well-to-do family, who had the kindest things to say about the *Mióugrano*, and who included her photograph. The photograph is splendid, and the girl delicious. I would like to describe her beauty to you, but it is quite difficult.

During the twenty years of their correspondence, Aubanel dedicated a number of poems to Sophie de Lentz, and wrote additional poems to, or about, her. Those that appear in *The Girls of Avignon* include “To the Friend I’ve Never Seen,” “To Mademoiselle Sophie de L...,” and “In the Woods.”

Aubanel was fascinated with hair. The word (or one of its synonyms), which appears a dozen times in *The Cleft Pomegranate*, shows up close to fifty times in *The Girls of Avignon*. One curious hiatus in their correspondence took place when Aubanel asked Sophie to tell him the color of her hair. It was almost three years into the relationship when he sent her his poem “To the Friend I’ve Never Seen”:

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<sup>8</sup> Liprandi, p. 47.

<sup>9</sup> See Aubanel’s letter to Marie Jenna, in *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. VII, p. 24; quoted also in Liprandi, p. 141.

<sup>10</sup> On Sophie de Lentz, see Vincent, pp. 54-55; Welter, pp. 162-174; Legré’s entire chapter XV, pp. 167-195; and the correspondence and notes in Aubanel, *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. VI. When Legré wrote about the relationship between Aubanel and Sophie, he referred to her as Sophie de L..., presumably to protect her identity, but following the convention established by Aubanel when he published his poetry. Both Welter and, after him, Vincent, spell her last name Lentz. Liprandi, in his notes to *Théodore Aubanel, Oeuvres choisies* (ed. 1976) spells Sophie’s name Lenz, although in his notes to Volume VI of Aubanel’s *Oeuvres complètes*, he spells her name Lentz. We have kept the spelling Lentz, after becoming aware of this discrepancy late in the preparation of this manuscript. Editions Aubanel closed in 1993, and an attempt at phone contact to verify the spelling of Sophie’s name with Musée Théodore Aubanel was unfruitful.

Please excuse me, *Madamisello*,  
And allow me, please, to inquire  
About the color of your hair.  
Since you captured my attention  
It has oft been in my dreams.

Aubanel's real hope was that she would respond with a lock of her hair,<sup>11</sup> to show him its true color. To his disappointment, she not only did not send a lock, but she suggested that they "let it remain a mystery."<sup>12</sup> And, to his certain dissatisfaction, she continued: "However, I will not hold back, and will let you in on a little secret: I have *seven white* hairs!" Aubanel poutingly refused to write back; it was she who, several months later, wrote to request that they continue correspondence. Shortly thereafter, the question was raised again, to which the young woman artfully replied:

Wishing to keep our friendship, and with no desire of causing pain over such a trifle, I will tell you that I have neither Ophelia's hair, bathed in moonrays, nor that of Desdemona, which rivals the flames of the setting sun. It is simply chestnut brown, but please, don't write poetry about it!<sup>13</sup>

One of the important aspects of the relationship between Aubanel and Sophie de Lentz is that his letters about it give us insights into the feelings he developed toward the women in his life. The Aubanel-Sophie de Lentz correspondence began at about the four-year mark in Aubanel's marriage to Joséphine. Although he was basically quite formal in his correspondence with the young woman, his letters to Legré belie his certain infatuation with Sophie, whom he referred to as "Mignon." In October of 1865, he wrote to Legré: "Sunday was an excellent day of poetry for me; I was thinking about Mignon, and the verse flowed from my pen with a facility that surprised me.... You know how adorable Mignon is!... and I adore her, but completely in a dreamworld, of course, like Petrarch and Dante adored. I adore her as a Beatrice, as a drop of dew, like an intoxicating flower, like perfume, like a song. She is, for me: Beauty!"<sup>14</sup>

A month later, after the Aubanels were forced to move into new quarters because of street construction in central Avignon, Théodore described how he was comfortably installed in his new lodgings: "But the pearl of my *buen-retiro* is the intoxicating portrait of Mignon, with her deep eyes and all that bewitching grace that disturbs one and brings one to tears."<sup>15</sup>

Aubanel compared his feelings toward Sophie with his feelings toward Zani, and at one point suggested that the poetry he addressed to her may end up being a second *Mióugrano*, "a song of love where the word 'love' is almost never pronounced."<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Legré, p. 186.

<sup>12</sup> Legré, pp. 186-7.

<sup>13</sup> Legré, p. 192.

<sup>14</sup> Legré, p. 175; see also Welter, p. 163.

<sup>15</sup> Legré, p. 178.

<sup>16</sup> Welter, p. 167.

The infatuation lasted for years. Sophie did get married,<sup>17</sup> and at one point passed through Avignon with her husband to meet her poet-correspondent. From the time of this visit, as Legré says, “the charm was broken.” The Aubanel family, according to Théodore’s great grandson Laurent Théodore-Aubanel, maintains that the deciding factor was not the fact that she was married, but rather that her real life looks were much less appealing than the black and white portrait that for so long sat upon the poet’s desk.<sup>18</sup> Whatever the reason, no more poetry was addressed to Sophie from the moment of their personal meeting.

There were others with whom Aubanel was also infatuated. One of these was Bèumouno, the green-eyed waitress in Graveson where the *felibres* sometimes ate.<sup>19</sup> Aubanel told Legré:

... with the faithful [Provençal painter] Grivolos and the great Frédéric [Mistral], I’ve been visiting all the town votive feasts in Provence. Last Sunday we were in Saint-Etienne-du-Grès, an adorable little place at the foot of the Alpilles. Oh! the beauties, the beautiful young women! But of all of them, the one that frequents and torments our dreams, both day and night, is a ravishing child of sixteen, more gracious than grace itself, with eyes that would send Saint Anthony to hell. If you ever go by the Auberge du Petit-Saint-Jean, in Graveson, she will serve you... Here is a sonnet I wrote for her.<sup>20</sup>

On a visit to Italy, Aubanel passed a girl in the street who reminded him of da Vinci’s Mona Lisa. “She was no noblewoman, but a child of Venice with a black shall and long, incomparable black hair, shining with grace and youth.” Aubanel followed her (“full of desire and respect,” Welter adds), until she got on a boat and left.<sup>21</sup> His poem “To a Venetian” commemorates the moment.

Another poem, “The Old Castle,” was inspired by “the delicious fifteen-year-old daughter” of an acquaintance, as they visited the magnificent ruins of Les Baux de Provence.<sup>22</sup>

One of these romances from afar, famous because of her influence on one of Aubanel’s real masterpieces, is the girl that inspired his “Venus of Avignon.” Other than the prefatory sonnet about Aubanel’s barbarian grandfather, “Venus of Avignon” is the poem that opens *The Girls of Avignon*. The poet calls the work “a hymn to living beauty” (in contrast, or in juxtaposition, to his “hymn to pure beauty,” his “Venus of Arles”). Regarding its inspiration, he wrote to his correspondent Marie Jenna:

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<sup>17</sup> Her marriage was to Count Léon T. du Terrail, in 1874. Welter explains that “the news of the marriage greatly surprised and profoundly upset Aubanel,” although he did send her a sonnet for her wedding (p. 174).

<sup>18</sup> This delightful comment was made during a conversation at Musée Théodore Aubanel in Avignon in July of 1990.

<sup>19</sup> Legré, pp. 214-5.

<sup>20</sup> Legré, p. 215; Welter, pp. 145-6. The sonnet is that which is entitled “A Bèumouno.”

<sup>21</sup> Welter, p. 155.

<sup>22</sup> Legré, p. 344.

It is a hymn... to those perfect forms which sometimes appear in a crowd, and pass by like in a dream, leaving you completely dumbfounded. There is, in Avignon, an admirable girl of the people, as white as a lily, with marvellous beauty and infinite grace.... I do not even know her name, but what I do know is that every time—and much too rarely—that I come across her, it is a moment of supreme charm for me.<sup>23</sup>

Sophie de Lentz's long-term place in Aubanel's heart was taken over by the wife of his fellow *felibre* Paul Gaussen. Aubanel met Ludovino Gaussen in Alais (Alès), where he had gone for a reading of his dramatic piece *Lou Pan dóu Pecat*. Her skin and hair, her dark eyes, reminded him of Zani, now twenty years after her departure.<sup>24</sup> Aubanel wrote or dedicated a half dozen poems to Ludovino, whom he sometimes referred to as *Dono Viouleto d'Or* (an anagram of Théodore and Ludovino, invented by Louis Roumieux). The poems included "Palinello," "Vèspre d'Abriéu," "A Dono Vióuleto d'Or," "Nouvelun," "To the Breeze," and "The Voyage."

By the late 1860s, Aubanel was thinking about publishing a second collection of poetry, and a decade later the idea was more pressing than ever. According to Legré, "all his friends were urgently encouraging him"<sup>25</sup> to do the same. He told Legré in late 1879 that "I definitely am going to publish my complete works of poetry.... It will soon be ready to submit to the printer."<sup>26</sup> A week later, the manuscript was completed; he thought his new volume "beautiful, brilliant, alive," although he preferred that Legré keep his plans secret, for the time being.<sup>27</sup> Unfortunately, at about the same time, the Parisian newspaper *Hommes du Jour* published, without his knowing it, a translation of Aubanel's "Venus of Arles." The poem was well known in Provence, among those who spoke Provençal, since it had fequently been recited at gatherings attended by the *felibres*.<sup>28</sup> The French publication gave it a wider audience, and some of this audience took advantage of the situation to stir up sentiment against the poet. Copies of the article were spread among "the clergy and religious families in Avignon."<sup>29</sup> In Aubanel's words, "and thus the scandal. I am considered a renegade, impious, obscene. I have received disgusting anonymous letters."<sup>30</sup> The publishing plans were dropped. "In the face of such nastiness, I am frightened," he said.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Aubanel, *Oeuvres complètes*, p. 25. Aubanel explains the rationale underlying both of his "Venus" poems to Marie Jenna in this letter of January 17, 1869, pp. 23-26.

<sup>24</sup> On her, see Welter, pp. 175f., Liprandi, pp. 127-8; Legré, pp. 298-311. Welter (p. 175) maintains that Aubanel was in Alais to read the play himself ("il se rendit à Alais pour y lire à des amis son drame"), although Legré (p. 305), from whom Welter took much of his material, maintains that Aubanel's friend Roumieux was to read it ("C'était Roumieux qui s'était chargé de lire le drame.")

<sup>25</sup> Legré, p. 327.

<sup>26</sup> Legré, p. 339.

<sup>27</sup> Legré, p. 339; Welter, p. 122.

<sup>28</sup> A number of the poems in *The Girls of Avignon* had appeared in print, separately, in Provençal publications, and many had been recited at gatherings of the *felibres* over the years. In most cases, therefore, their audiences were limited to the Provençal speaking public.

<sup>29</sup> Welter, p. 123.

<sup>30</sup> Legre, p. 340; Welter, p. 123.

<sup>31</sup> Legré, p. 341.

The “nastiness” came from more directions than just this poem’s publications. One example is from early 1885, when the *Société les Langues Romanes* refused to publish Aubanel’s “Sunset” in its *Revue*, because of the poem’s “pornography.”<sup>32</sup> “Sunset,” a piece about panderers taking advantage of the daughters of the poor, is perhaps one of the best illustrations of Aubanel’s compassion for the poor and the oppressed.

By 1885, however, Aubanel had reaffirmed his intention to publish his second volume of poetry. According to Welter, Joséphine had gently tried to discourage him, saying: “Don’t do it, Théodore; you’re going to create problems for yourself.” His confident response, however, was, “...what do you think is going to happen? Besides, I’m only going to have two hundred copies printed, and only for friends.”<sup>33</sup> The book was off the press by 6 February, when Aubanel sent one of the first copies to Legré, and nine days later he was encouraging Legré to write a review of the work:

There is a nice article to write, presenting me as a great lover of Beauty and Love, as a fervent, believing Christian (the sonnet “The Cross”), [and] as a Frenchman and a patriot (“Song for Next Year”).... With your friendship and your ardent love of beauty and good poetry, you can compose an admirable article.<sup>34</sup>

But ten days later, he was asking Legré not to publish anything, saying “I have serious reasons which make me prefer silence.”<sup>35</sup> Via means that are yet to be completely understood, a copy of his work, which had only begun to be distributed to “friends,” found its way into the hands of the archbishop of Avignon. In Welter’s version of the story, the archbishop

...was shocked by the passionate tone of different poems, and decided, at the urging of malevolent advisors, to halt the book’s distribution. He summoned Aubanel and threatened him with taking away from the publishing house the title and privileges that had been handed down through his family from generation to generation if he did not stop the distribution of the book and burn the remaining copies.<sup>36</sup>

Legré does not name the “traitor” who passed the book to the archbishop. Welter does, however, relying on Legré’s authority: “he told me [both] in person and in writing... that it was none other than Roumanille who was the author of this indiscretion.”<sup>37</sup> The story is not that simple, however. Dumas<sup>38</sup> argues convincingly that it was not Roumanille who actually placed the work in the hands of the archbishop. The

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<sup>32</sup> Liprandi, p. 132.

<sup>33</sup> Welter, p. 124.

<sup>34</sup> Legré, p. 348-9.

<sup>35</sup> Legré, p. 349.

<sup>36</sup> Welter, pp. 124-5. Aubanel probably did not destroy any of the copies.

<sup>37</sup> Welter, p. 127.

<sup>38</sup> *Etudes sur Théodore Aubanel...*, Chap. 3, pp. 141-161.

relationship between Roumanille and Aubanel<sup>39</sup> had deteriorated from what it was in the 1850s. Nevertheless, even though Roumanille's feelings about Aubanel had worsened (he felt, in part, that Aubanel had gone beyond the limits of propriety), and vice-versa, there is some evidence that Roumanille was happy about later publication of Aubanel's poetry.

Nevertheless, "from that day on, Aubanel had lost all taste for poetry, and toward the end of the year he had his first stroke."<sup>40</sup> In the words of Aubanel's personal physician and friend, Alfred Pamard, "the Christian submitted, but the man suffered doubly."<sup>41</sup> Pamard said, in describing Aubanel's reaction to his censorship, "he was no longer our Aubanel: it was no longer his loud, genuine laugh, full of joy and abandon... his courage was beaten down, his muse was silenced."<sup>42</sup> The first stroke was on Christmas eve. A second stroke followed, ten months later. Aubanel called for his confessor. Although it was only three days since his last confession, he confessed and received the sacraments. He died on 31 October, 1886, three days after his second stroke.

Alphonse Daudet sent a telegram to a friend in Paris, asking him to write an obituary for Aubanel. He concluded his telegram with the words: "Please border it with a small black line, and a gold thread, you know the kind. I don't have the strength to do it. With Mistral, he was my best friend and the dearest companion of my youth. My hand is trembling and my throat it tight."

A final short note must be added about Aubanel and war, to understand better some of the verse in *The Girls of Avignon*. The sensitivity in love that we see as characteristic of Aubanel, extended equally to his feelings about war. From his earliest poems, some of which appear in the Book of Death in *La Mióugrano entre-duberto*, we see his compassion for the oppressed and the poor. The Franco-Prussian war brought out his feelings about violence and oppression to an even greater degree. Liprandi says "Théodore Aubanel abhorred violence, injustice, tyranny and war."<sup>43</sup> In a letter to Sophie de Lentz in September of 1870, Aubanel said, "I wanted to write some lines of verse about this savage war, a kind of lament, a psalm of mourning and death. And then I didn't have the strength; several times my pen fell from my hands, and I could do nothing more than weep."<sup>44</sup> The poem that resulted from these particular efforts was his poem entitled "War." His feelings toward the German invaders<sup>45</sup> are also evident in his "Song for Next Year," the second-to-last piece in *The Girls of Avignon*.

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<sup>39</sup> Aubanel's relationship with a number of the *felibres* had changed, particularly during the 1870s. Aubanel is said to have publicly exclaimed "Don't call me a *felibre* anymore, I no longer am one." Liprandi argues that the exclamation, if it was really made, was misunderstood or out of context ("Sur un mot de Théodore Aubanel: «*Ne m'appellez plus Félibre, je ne le suis plus.*»,» in *Aubanel et le Félibrige*, Avignon, 1954, pp. 38-68). The deterioration of the relationship is dealt with at length in Legré's biography of Aubanel, as it is in Dumas' study.

<sup>40</sup> Welter, p. 125.

<sup>41</sup> Legré, p. 353.

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>43</sup> Liprandi, p. 150; Aubanel, *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. VI, p. 131, n. 94.

<sup>44</sup> Aubanel, *Oeuvres complètes*, vol. VI, p. 53.

<sup>45</sup> See Legré, p. 203.



## THE BREAD OF SIN

## ACT I

In front of a Provençal farmhouse on the plains of Le Trebon, a sparsely inhabited agricultural region outside of Arles. In the corner, to the right, are the stables. The well is to the left, surrounded by tamarisk bushes.

## Scene I

Faneto is sitting in front of the door, weaving straw into a hat. Nenet, and Grabiéloun are playing on the ground around her, as is Nouvelet, who is playing with a piece of wood with wheels on it

FANETO (*Emotionally kisses Nenet and sets him back on the ground*): If it weren't for you, if it weren't for all of you, my life would be so unhappy. No, but my life is good. Thanks to Our Lady my sons are all strong and healthy. Malandran loves me. Do I look happy to you?... There are lots of girls from Crau or from the rugged Luberon that would be thrilled to have a life like mine. After all, I have a good life; I lack nothing. Our farm hand does what I tell him to do, and anyone who sees our house just riding by would say it looks like a happy place. My husband is rich, and he treats me with respect. But I never get to leave this place. It's loneliness that hits so hard. Solitude is the worst thing that can happen to a girl from Arles. I'm too young to live without people around, to suffer like this. I get weak; my days fill with gloom; black thoughts burrow into my heart... I can't keep doing this, I go crazy letting my thoughts wander off. Sometimes my dreams when I'm awake are stranger than those that I have when I'm asleep!...

NOUVELET: Look at how it rolls, Mommy! Look at my little car. Do we have some string so I can pull it around? ... Mommy...

FANETO: I'm lost in a *mas* in the Trebon countryside. It hurts to feel so far away like this, lost at the end of fields grass, wheat, and stubble... I'm from Arles! I'm still young; I'm still good looking. But when I start to think about how quickly time is beginning to pass, that's when it turns bitter! Because time doesn't come back! Oh, how I miss my city. Arles is the flower of Provence. Oh, how I miss the dances, the boys that used to come around. Sometimes I didn't know which one to pick, there was always someone else in line! We used to spend three nights in a row dancing on the barn's threshing floor, or in the wild thyme. We used to dance the farandole out in the street, with fifes and drums to keep the beat, oh, the beat of love! That beat was almost enough to make the trees, even the walls dance. Hand in hand, or with our arms around each other's waist, we never got tired of dancing... although sometimes we had to stop because the musicians needed a rest. No more dances now, no more feast days; the songs are over! The sailors use to come back, all happy and tanned from being in the far corners of the earth; and money in their pockets, or diamonds or pearls, or some other present that they'd give to the girl they took a liking to! Oh, how I loved long walks along the river on summer nights, or the bullfights in the arena, or when they ran the bulls through the streets! I used to be able to get dressed up then. I usually knew I was the prettiest. Oh, how I loved to get dressed up in the traditional Arlesian costume!... Nowadays I don't feel like doing any of that anymore! I never feel like getting dressed up; nothing makes me happy. Besides, who is there to get dressed up for? Your heart has to feel happy to put on makeup and pretty clothes. I'm sad; I'm sick; I'm pale; I'm starting to feel like a widow!...

GRABIELOUN (*Running toward his mother*): Look at the *cigalo*, Mommy, look!

FANETO: My Sunday clothes are all put away; I never take them out anymore.

GRABIELOUN: I caught it up there, way up there...

FANETO: I don't feel like anything anymore. I don't even feel like going on living.

GRABIELOUN: Up in the plane tree. It was hiding in the ivy.

FANETO: A cotton slip is as fancy as my underclothing gets; I have my handkerchief to wrap around my neck. (*The children are laughing and playing by themselves. Faneto turns around to look at them.*) My children are my only joy, my only riches. They are my joys, and the only things that give me pleasure now! The only happiness I have left! (*She kisses the children.*)

GRABIELOUN: My *cigalo* is the best one there ever was!

FANETO: My three boys are my life; they're my only consolation.

GRABIELOUN: Listen! Listen to him sing!

NOUVELET: Oh! That's really pretty!  
(*Faneto is crying.*)

GRABIELOUN: Why are you crying, mommy? What's the matter?

## SCENE II

FANETO, MALANDRAN

MALANDRAN: (*He is addressing his wife, although he may not be speaking directly to her.*) The wheat is beautiful! It's so big, so full! It looks like gold! The grain drops right off in your hand. The heads are so full they're drooping over. Since early this morning we've been hauling it away by the wagonload. Oh, this is God's own sun that's been shining this year. The earth is so rich and warm it almost steams. I really need to return to the workers, though. A man has to have his eye on everything; you need to keep your hand on everything—the animals, the workers, the wagons. There's more than one of them that sits down for a rest the minute I leave. Putting your feet up in weather like this is a crazy man's crime. "Come on, you shameless good-for-nothings! Get back to work!" I keep letting them know that "any man who stops to rest in the middle of a job isn't worth the work he's supposed to be doing." I need to get back. Honey, you stay here and keep the house; stay inside, where it's shady. It's hot out there, and we don't need your help yet. The time to get your face good and burned will be here soon enough. I've got to have everything ready for threshing by tomorrow. If I'm gone, the whole operation slows down, or else nothing gets done at all. The trips...

FANETO: It seems almost like it's going to rain, seeing you.

MALANDRAN: I think Mèste Pèire is going to bring his horse over this afternoon. So we need to hurry if we're going to have everything ready to be threshed and into the barn by first thing in the morning. Pèire is a man of his word, so I won't be back for supper before dark.

## SCENE III

FANETO (*to herself*): It's always the same. He comes home, and then he leaves. He never has time to flirt with his wife; he never stops to kiss his children. Malandran is a good man, and I know he loves me. But deep inside, his love for the land wins out over me. Dirt—that's his biggest love. He can't take his mind off it. He forgets about his wife to return to the land! Women and children need tender moments, and he's dreaming about work rather than about caresses. The only passion in his life is his passion for work. He's out of our bed before dawn; he goes off with his warmth to make love to his mistress earth! She's a demanding lover, but how he loves her; he fights with her, he grabs her, he holds her in his arms. He works from dawn to supper time, and by evening he's tired. When he comes back home he hangs his head in exhaustion. He eats his meal without a bit of conversation, lost in his thoughts, with lines on his brow. There's never a little conversation to give some life to those of us left at home. When he finishes eating, if he does have anything to say, it's something about his wheat or his hay, or about his grapevines. Or else he talks with his hired hands about the weather, or projects for the next day. Then he takes his lantern to check the stables before going up to bed. And I follow him, in desire. But at night I'm as forgotten as I am in the day... I'm young, damn it! My heart aches for love; my body's a bed of embers, I've got fire in my veins; my blood boils, and my poor lonely heart cries out. But who can I tell that to? Around here my only confidants are the trees in the fields and the birds in the air, or the clouds and the winds in the sky. I can't take this torture, but I can't talk about it with Malandran. Even if I had the courage, what good would it do? He'd shake his head and look at me with wonder. He'd never understand; he has no idea what my feelings for him are. The only thing that Malandran knows is his scythe; the only thing he understands is his plow. (*A horse gallop is heard in the distance, and a tinkling of bells*) What is that horse? I know it's not Mèste Pèire, unless he's behind the row of bushes. He's so good to come every year, to help with the animals and the men; the threshing would never get done as quickly without him. He's the best man within fifty miles of Arles.... But that bare chested rider cracking his whip is not Mèste Pèire.

## SCENE IV

FANETO, VERANET

They are on horseback, followed by a bunch of young ponies.

VERANET: Good afternoon!

FANETO:

Hello.

VERANET: How's the harvest? Going well?

FANETO: They've spend ten days so far, with both the oats and the wheat. Are you here to help?

VERANET: If you need it.

FANETO: What's your name?

VERANET: You really don't recognize me, do you?

FANETO: Who are you? Who sent you here? No, I don't recognize you.

VERANET: Faneto, I can't believe that you have to ask me that. I was sent here by a family friend of yours, and a very good friend of your husband.

FANETO: Have you been here before?

VERANET: I was at your *mas* lots of times when I was a little kid.

FANETO: I don't remember you at all.

VERANET: That's funny. Well, I have changed a little since then. But I have fond memories of how nice you always were to me. I'm d'Auzias' son, Mèste Pèire's grandson.

FANETO: You're Veranet? No! Veranet! I would have never recognized you! Did you come in your grandfather's place?

VERANET (*getting off his horse*): Grandpa is beginning to feel his age. This year he put me in charge of the herd. He said, "You take the whip, I need a rest. My old bones aren't going to be doing this much longer."

FANETO: He always was a tough old worker! He's due for a rest!

VERANET: I'll say! But he really isn't very happy with it. When he saw me starting to leave he stood up with tears in his eyes, cursing his old age. Through his tears he said, "My life is like a dream! What happened to my twenties? What happened to the time when I could slide on to a horse and take off happily, like you? Even the stallions and mares would stop their squabbles and stand up straight. Even in the thunder of their galloping, they knew when Mèste Pèire was there! Oh, how great it is to be young!"

FANETO: Being young isn't great for everyone!...

VERANET: I don't understand.

FANETO: Excuse me... I wasn't counting on you coming by. It seems like just yesterday that you were here so often with your grandfather.

VERANET: I think it's been nine years, so I was just a boy then.

FANETO: Well, look at how much you've grown! And how muscular you are, and shaving.

VERANET: Well, not every day yet.

FANETO: What's happening in Arles, what's the news?

VERANET: Not much. We did the running of the bulls on Easter Monday, it was like a black swarm from hell! Foam in their mouths, blood in their nostrils, running along with their heads just scraping the ground, bellowing. The whole town showed up at the arena, clapping hands, waving arms, everyone hoping that the bulls could get the best of the fighters. Lou Clar, the *razeteur* from Barbentane got gored four times, he just waited a second too long to try to get the ribbon from between the horns. Everyone was throwing hats and aprons into the ring to try to distract the bull...

FANETO: We never get out, here... What a horrible accident! Lou Clar didn't die, did he?

VERANET: No, his ribs held pretty well! But I don't envy how he's feeling. He's been bedridden for close to three months now, still shivering with fever. I'm not sure he's going to make it.

FANETO: And what else is happening? What kind of good news is there?

VERANET: Not much. The girls in Arles are good looking.

FANETO: That's not new!

VERANET: Well, it's not new, but it is good.

FANETO: So you like those pretty girls? Which ones do you like the most, the ones with raven hair? chestnut brown? the blonds?

VERANET: I haven't thought that much about it! I guess when they're walking by, I like one about as much as the other.

FANETO: Don't you get any closer than "walking by"? You must have a girlfriend, don't you?

VERANET: We dance a lot, but they're all my friends.

FANETO: And none of them has yet whispered anything special in your ear? There's more to life than just dancing! I'm surprised you don't have your first conquest made yet. With all those pretty girls, you haven't chosen one?

VERANET: No, not yet. I have my time!...

FANETO: Maybe!

VERANET: Why do you say that?

FANETO: Happiness has wings like a bird. Only a shilly shallyer lets it slip through his fingers! Put your animals in the stable, Veranet. When the hands come back from the fields, they'll throw them some grain and hay; the horses in Camargue work hard; it's not fair to let them go by without a good meal. (*Veranet leads his horses into the stable.*)

#### SCENE V

FANETO (*alone*): Oh, I thought my happy, beautiful youth was over! What I thought was dead I just found surging up into my heart. Right now, it makes me angry to be a woman, thinking about the short time ago that I was only a girl! I feel like my youth has just been through a nap, but not a very good one. I'm not sure what this is, or what's causing it... But why did I get married? And why am I his wife? I feel my breast welling up; I feel warm tears in my eyes. I feel like, like I'm in love. My heart is beating fast, my chest is quivering; but this is a strange kind of love! I'm in love again, but it's no longer... I know I'm not mistaken! It's no longer Malandran! A love full of turmoil, no! oh, I feel like my head is turning... My god, this is only a boy! He's nothing more than a child, but he's much bigger than yours are!... My head feels like it's on fire; yes, he is young, but just looking at him sets me spinning... I've got a fever... Oh, Faneto, a child scares you!

#### SCENE VI

VERANET, FANETO

VERANET (*coming out of the stable*): Your two oxen are beautiful animals.

FANETO: Yes, we bought them in Aix-en-Provence.

VERANET: They're as beautiful as they are well-matched. I bet they pull the plow deep into the ground.

FANETO: They do dig deeply.

VERANET: I bet you paid a pretty sum for them!

FANETO: A hundred *écus*. Have you been to the market in Aix?

VERANET: Sure, lots of times. And I know Marseille, too. I think Arles is pretty, but Marseille is beautiful. There's nothing like it in all of Provence, all those big houses lining the streets, and all the people in the streets, and the beautiful, huge blue sea beyond the port.

FANETO: Oh, I'd love to see Marseille. So you've been around, Veranet. How old are you?

VERANET: I'll be eighteen on Saint Veran's Day.

FANETO: Time goes so quickly! And how much we change! No, you're certainly not the same little guy that used to come here with his grandfather. How strange things are!

VERANET: I've grown up.

FANETO: But you still remembered me.

VERANET: Oh, I recognized you right away, from far off. But when I got closer, it seemed... Well, excuse me for saying this, but it looked like...

FANETO: Go ahead, you can say it.

VERANET: It looked like you're more worried now. I always remembered you smiling.

FANETO: You're right, I did used to smile a lot. I don't much feel like being cheery anymore. These days I seem to spend much more time in silence and sadness.

VERANET: What are you thinking about now?

FANETO: That a good looking boy like you must be loved to death by his mother. Your mother must be the luckiest woman in the world!

VERANET: My mother passed away.

FANETO: When was that?

VERANET: Just before Christmas; my grandfather has been in tears ever since. She was his only child. Christmas this year was a gloomy time at our place.

FANETO: So you live alone with your grandfather now? Who do you have to love you?

VERANET: Oh! My grandfather loves me! I'm like a shoot off of his branch, I'm his eyes, his soul.

FANETO: Yes, he loves you because you are the shoot off of the branch of his old age, you are his eyes and his cane, and he loves you to be around to tell his stories to. But what about the tender love of a mother, Veranet? No one will ever be able to give you that again!

VERANET: Oh, my poor, saintly mother! I'll never have her back again!

FANETO (*reaching out to take his hand*): Would it be alright tried to replace... at least a little bit of your mother?

VERANET: My mother?... No, you're nothing like her! You don't look a bit like she did.

FANETO: If someone loved you, wouldn't you return the love?... (*she puts a hand on his shoulder.*)

VERANET: There's no one that I love!

FANETO (*tenderly*): Do you want me to love you?...

VERANET (*he moves to the well and grabs the cord*): There isn't any water left in the trough; I need to get some water for the animals. They're hot. They need something cool. (*He starts to pull on the cord.*)

FANETO (*Grabbing the cord. Her fingers entertwine with those of Veranet.*): Wait! Let me help you!

VERANET: I can do it.

FANETO: I want to.

VERANET: I'm strong enough.

FANETO: I know; you're just as strong as you are good looking! (*She pulls at the cord.*)

VERANET: Oh! Faneto!

FANETO: Let's pull up the bucket together!... It takes so long... The water is so far down there!

VERANET: It's because of the drought. (*The bucket reaches the top.*)

FANETO: That water is lovely: put your hand in, quickly, caress it. Put your hand in and wipe it over my forehead. My forehead is on fire!

VERANET: Stop, you're just making fun of me! Don't make me into a fool!

FANETO: No, I don't make fun of people. My forehead is on fire. The water is ice cold, it's beautiful. Give me your hand. Cool me off a little. Please! (*She dunks Veranet's hand into the bucket and wipes it over her forehead.*)

VERANET: Have you been out in the sun too long? Has the heat been too much this afternoon? It's very hot today!

(*Laughter is heard among the trees. It is the voices of Hired Hands as they return from work.*)

HIRED HANDS (*still off stage*): Hey! Look at that! That looks like more than just a game!  
(*Faneto runs into the house and slams the door.*)

SCENE VII

VERANET, the foreman BEUMOUNT, HIRED HANDS

FIRST HAND: Is the trough full?

VERANET: No!

SECOND HAND: So how much did you get?

VERANET: I drew up as much as I wanted.

THIRD HAND: I think he was asking if you “got any.”

FIRST HAND: So the bucket didn’t weigh much!

THIRD HAND: But, oh! Ouf! Oh! Pull it up, oh... this is heavy!

FOURTH HAND: We could see you through the tamarisks; you had a lot of help.

FIFTH HAND: It looked like you two were really working.

FOURTH HAND: Oh, would I like to have help like that out when I’m threshing!

SECOND HAND: So, the water is cool?

FIFTH HAND: Her head is much warmer!

THIRD HAND: I bet your hand was burning, wasn’t it?...

VERANET: I don’t know what you guys are talking about! What do you want? Come on, get off my back!

FIRST HAND: He’s been a little dazed by the sun!

THIRD HAND: Maybe! But I don’t think his sun, or should we say, his “lucky star,” is far from where we are right now.

FIFTH HAND: She was parched!... And yet, my friends, she’s still thirsty!

FOURTH HAND: I know lucky stars like that will never fall on a poor farm hand like me!

SECOND HAND: Veranet! The lucky stiff! Oh! Oh!

VERANET: You don’t know what you’re talking about!

FIRST HAND: That Faneto!

SECOND HAND: So timid!

THIRD HAND: So modest!



FOURTH HAND: So discreet!

FIFTH HAND: Such a nice woman!

FIRST HAND: She's a hot one!

FOURTH HAND: Well, all the better for Malandran!

BEUMOUNT: The poor woman! She's crazy.

SECOND HAND: Are you kidding? She's not too crazy to know how to pick a good looking lover.

THIRD HAND: At your age, and with a body like yours, you ought to be just what the doctor ordered.

VERANET: Me, her lover? If anyone is crazy here, it's you!

FIFTH HAND: Well, let's see. Maybe old Bèumount will be her lover!

BEUMOUNT: Heaven forbid! I haven't lost *my* head!

FOURTH HAND: When she's finished with you, my friend, if there's anything left, would you let her know that I'm available?

VERANET: Any woman that's had enough of me won't have any interest in trying someone else.

FIRST HAND: My, now all of a sudden you've found a mistress!

FIFTH HAND: I'm willing to bet that she won't go all the way quite that quickly.

VERANET: In any case, none of it is any of your business, so shut up, all of you!

SECOND HAND: So what was it that Faneto wanted just now?

THIRD HAND: Yeah, what was she saying when the two of you were hanging over the well?

FIFTH HAND: Are her hands as smooth as they look?

VERANET: Faneto cares about as much for me as she does for which way the wind is blowing!

FIRST HAND: And her fingers wrapped around yours on the rope?

FOURTH HAND: And what about the red in her cheeks?

THIRD HAND: And the fire in her eyes?

FIFTH HAND: Yeah. If eyes had teeth, she would have had you for dinner!

SECOND HAND: With her eyes, with her hands, with her body, with her mouth: she was asking you for it with everything she's got!

FIRST HAND: I must have you!

VERANET: Wait! Faneto?... Oh, stop right there!

FOURTH HAND: Shh! Wait, there she is. (*Faneto is in the mas, but she comes to the door and stops for a moment, watching Veranet and the hired hands wash up.*)

VERANET: Oh! If that was true!

END OF ACT I

SECOND ACT

In the field, after the harvest; there is still some wheat scattered here and there on the ground. The top of the barn can be seen behind the trees. The sound of bells and a galloping horse is heard.

SCENE I

A Chorus of Threshers, then FANETO

THRESHERS, on the threshing floor

Let's walk around the threshing floor,  
Raised up, like a sharp-cliffed island.  
Crushed hay and golden grain  
Pour fourth under the feet of our horses.

We'll have no latecomers, no lazybones!  
Hup! Giddyup you horses,  
Let's make that wheel turn; with a crack of the whip  
We'll settle those horses down;  
The wheel tenses, bites in, and rises up:  
The sun and love are bewitching!

Like the growling swells of the sea  
Driven mad by the tempest,  
The golden wave of grain rises up  
To the stomachs of the white steeds.

We'll have no latecomers, no lazybones!  
Hup! Giddyup you horses,  
The wheel rolls on; with a crack of the whip  
We'll settle those horses down;  
The wheel tenses, bites in, and rises up:  
The sun and love are bewitching!

FANETO (*She is sad and weary as she enters.*) I thought that work, that fatigue, would calm my emotions. I need to get rid of this burden. I thought that the rays of the Provençal sun would put out the fire in my veins. There is nowhere to find relief. The sun is hot, but the flames in my veins are hotter. Even my soul is being devoured. I feel like I'm sitting in a bonfire... It's hot! Oh, the heat! My God, where can I find some relief, some rest? I ran away from the sun; but even in my search for shadow, I have this strange fire that burns, that

tortures me. Is it the August heat, or is it the sweet... the violent memory of Veranet? I walked away from him: but I can't walk away from his memory. When I try to do anything, thoughts of him are all that's there. He's on my mind; he's *in* my mind. I'm either drunk or under a spell. Oh! If only I had never seen you, never loved you! Why didn't you stay in your own fields, far away from here! Why hasn't some wild horse killed you with a kick! If only... oh! what am I going to do!... If only you hadn't come back, and led me to my death!...

*(Singing is heard in the background.)*

La bello Margoutoun, tant matin s'èi levado,  
La bello Margoutoun!...

FANETO: Oh God! Veranet! I'm done for, I'm lost.

SCENE II FANETO, VERANET

VERANET: Faneto, what's the matter?

FANETO: Go away!

VERANET: But you're crying! I won't leave you!

FANETO: Leave me alone!...

VERANET: Do you really want me to?

FANETO: Go away! Leave me alone!... No, wait! Not yet! Do you see these tears running down my face? Oh, God, if only they could wash away my pain! If only they could put out the fire that's consuming me! *(She sobs.)*

VERANET: You poor woman!

FANETO: Don't pity me. I deserve what's happening!

VERANET: But why such sobs? You sound angry, but I don't know why. Did someone do something to hurt you?

FANETO: No one has done anything. Nothing is happening. I just feel like I'm going crazy. Stay here! My heart is aching, stay for just a little while! I need to talk to you. Listen to me for just a minute; don't go away. I need to explain. No one has done anything, but I'm in trouble! Oh, I need your support.

VERANET: May God be with you.

FANETO: I used to consider you a little boy. And then one day you show up all grown up. Not only grown up, but strong and good-looking! I loved your family, Veranet. I loved you when you were a kid no bigger than that. I loved the way you used to chatter away, with your little devilish look, and those big angelic eyes. And over the years, I watched you grow up. Sometimes I used to take you in my arms and rock you for over an hour, half naked with blackberry juice all over you. Mèste Pèire used to tell me "get that boy a hunk of bread, and give him an apricot. He's going to be a good man one of these days! He's got his father's blood in him!" And so I opened the bread cupboard, and almost like I was your mother, I'd give you a piece of bread and a little kiss to go with it. And now, I hate you. I hate you! And... deep down inside... I've fallen in love with you! *(She covers her face with*

*her hand and cries.*) My feelings are stronger for you than they are for my husband!... I don't want it to be that way, damn it! No, I can't love you! The happiness I feel is frightening. I find I'm thinking about you, no matter where I go, no matter what I do. I hate you, you frighten me! I hundred times I tried to come back from threshing, and then I'd see you there, with your whip on your hip, controlling the white horses like some king. You stood there, with your bare chest and your bare feet, singing out to keep the horses at their frenetic gallop. You were superb, you were dazzling, standing there in a cloud of dust. I would look at you, and while my eyes would follow all the horses going round and round until I started to get dizzy, my heart stayed right there in the center, with you. With you, but scared to death! Why have you done this to me, Veranet? Why did you put a spell on me? Didn't you care about what you were going to be putting me through? You did the same thing to me that a bird does to a snake. You're so good looking! God, you're handsome! People in hell must love like I do... I'm going to be dead before long, but on the way, oh, Veranet! On the way, I'd love to spend my last moments in your arms! Death would be beautiful with you there; it would even be sweet...

VERANET: Did you hear that?

### SCENE III FANETO, VERANET, WORKERS, MEN AND WOMEN

CHORUS OF WORKERS (*They are singing as they arrive.*):

The Earth, under the sun  
Shows naked beauty to those who love;  
The Earth does not hold back, she offers her grain  
Like a mother giving her milk to a child.  
(*Workers arrive and take care of a number of small tasks before their nap.*)

CHORUS:

In the din of the battle,  
The nursing mother falls asleep,  
She perspires as she dreams;  
The snorting of the horses,  
Not even shouting or thunder  
Can wake her from her slumber.  
Nothing. The earth is weary, and she sleeps.

HIRED HANDS: Veranet, what are you doing?

GIRLS: What's the matter, Faneto?

OLD MEN: Get into the shade. Come on, have a little sleep!

WOMEN: Come, get some rest!

CHORUS:

It's time to get some sleep:  
The water sings in the stream,  
    the bubbling stream;  
The whispers of the breeze  
sing between the leaves  
    of the poplar trees.

It's time to close your eyes:  
The grass is soft, it's cool and good;

Listen:

The *cigalo* are singing "It's noontime,"  
The *cigalo* in the stubble are singing  
songs of love.

WORKERS: Hey, are you going to join us in the shade, or not? (*Exeunt*)

FANETO: A little while ago I tried to take a nap like the others; but the minute I closed my eyes, these frightening visions would start to dance inside my head. So instead of rest, all I got was fear, and I'd get goosebumps, and my whole body would start to shiver... You manage to fall asleep right away, don't you? I can't sleep at all anymore; my blood starts to boil, my heart feels like it's burning up. At night I cry these huge tears, and they leave my eyes full of clouds all the next day.

(*There is singing in the background.*)

OLD PEOPLE:

The song of the little *cigalo*,  
In friendship,  
Gently rocks us to sleep,  
Like a friend.

YOUNG PEOPLE:

We are young, we never tire  
Of laughter;  
So our eyelids never  
Get heavy.

OLD PEOPLE:

The song of the little *cigalo*  
just told you  
To get your fun from dancing,  
We agree! (*Dancing is heard.*)

SCENE IV

FANETO, VERANET

FANETO: I love you! I want your love, I want it every minute for the rest of my life! I've suffered enough for you. All I want to ask you for is one thing: Have pity on me, don't tell me no! Will you love me, Veranet?... (*she falls to her knees*) I'm begging you.

VERANET: I do love you! Oh, you're beautiful!

FANETO: Deep down inside I feel my love for you growing every minute since I met you. But I feel trouble growing, too. Can you love me like that? Will you love me as much as I love you?

VERANET: I love you as much as I love life and hate death. I love you, Faneto, I love you as much as your sin is black!

FANETO: I know my sin is black. But I have to follow the sweet downhill path. Sin is dark, but once you have a taste of it, you never get your fill. Oh, it's so sweet! Sin is food that makes you hungry, and you have to eat; it makes you thirsty, and you can't help but drink; it's a juicy piece of fruit that you can't help but finish. It's a wine that makes you drunk,

but you still don't have enough. Oh, how drunk I am! I've never been drunk like this before! There's a whole world around me, and all I can see is you. Nothing but you, Veranet, you're all I see, and all I hear, and all I love! I don't care about Malandran. I don't care about virtue. Virtue is a light load for old people, but it's heavy when you're young! Quick, go and get me some water! I'm dying of thirst, I need to get something to cool the burning in my blood. (*Veranet runs to get some water.*)

## SCENE V

FANETO (*alone*): I love him, and I'm frightened. Yes, I love him, I love him! And either Heaven is performing some kind of miracle for me, or else I'm completely, ecstatically in love! I can't think about anyone but him! I love him, and I want him, now ! He's young, he's strong, he's good looking, he's proud. I love him, I want him, I adore him! Yesterday Veranet took me, heart, mind, and soul. My heart is beating so fast it's almost breaking; inside, I have a fever that nothing could cure. Veranet has lost my mind, and he will lose my soul. What did I say? My soul? It isn't mine anymore; he is the master of my mind, but what mind I have has been completely shattered... He's my king; I could kiss his hands, I could bow at his feet; I could faint in my love, or drown in a flood of tears! My love is overpowering; it is a tremendous, crazy love!... I know that he loves me back, but will he still tomorrow? Will he have the courage to protect his mistress if an angry Malandran gets wind of what's happening? Who could fend off Malandran's vengeance? Malandran will kill me, for sure... Let him kill me; such a death would be worth it for just one night of life in the warmth of Veranet's arms! Malandran, kill me when you will: today, tomorrow, any time you want, as long as I can have my love for just one day, for just one hour.

## SCENE VI

VERANET, FANETO

VERANET (*Returning with a pitcher full of water*): Here's some water. Here, drink, drink away your thirst.

FANETO: It is cold?

VERANET: It's as cold as the spring in rocks of the Nesco.

FANETO: Give it to me! Let me have it! (*She drinks from the pitcher.*)

VERANET: The shade is nice over there. The men are all stretched out on the bank of the stream, sound asleep. Everything is quiet, except for the swarm of gnats that I walked through.

FANETO: I can't drink any more, but I'm still thirsty. Kiss me, Veranet. Everyone is asleep. Kiss me, my lips are on fire. (*She kisses him.*)

VERANET: Yes, they're asleep. But what if someone wakes up?

FANETO (*Her arms around him, she kisses him again.*): They're not going to wake up yet. Oh, I'm hungry for you! I'm thirsty for you! Ever since I kissed your lips, I've only gotten hungry for more! No one is watching, Veranet; no one will see anything!

VERANET: There's something moving in the leaves over there.

FANETO: Silly! You'd probably think the grim reaper was spying on us!

VERANET: I think it's the boy trying to knock acorns down.

FANETO: No, the boy is laying down over there. And everyone from the *mas* is sleeping like a baby... If the leaves are moving, it's just a shiver of pleasure from our love moving through them. The *cigalo* are singing our love song...

VERANET: You're so pale! What's wrong with your eyes? What's the matter, Faneto? What do you want? You're scaring me!... (*He tries to break away.*)

FANETO: Wait, where are you going?

VERANET: I need to saddle the horse. I can tell from where the sun is that it's time to get back to work.

FANETO (*She rushes after, and catches him.*): And I can tell from my heart that it's time for love. Oh, wait, Veranet! Just a few minutes of pleasure! Come here, my handsome cowboy! I'm not asking for much, just a little kiss, just a little while! I can't help it anymore! These few minutes are my life, and seeing them come to an end is my death!

VERANET (*getting free from her arms again*): Let me loose! Malandran is bound to come along. You need to be careful! He's always making the rounds to check on the work. He's bound to be over at the threshing floor. (*He exits.*)

FANETO: Oh! Then you don't love me anymore!...

MALANDRAN (*Offstage*): Okay, wake up, you lazy good-for-nothings! Wake up! Let's get back to the threshing!

(*Veranet runs to Faneto. He takes her in his arms and carries her off.*)

## SCENE VII

MALANDRAN: If I wasn't always on the watch, I don't know what would be happening! Luckily, I don't stop to take naps...

## END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

The main room in a Provençal *mas*. An upstage door opens out to the fields; there are a table and benches along the wall; a door, stage right, leads to a bedroom; there is a fireplace stage left.

## SCENE I

MIAN (*She is cutting vegetables for soup with a knife*): Who would ever have thought that little Veranet would grow up to be such a proud young man; and handsome, too. He's so tan, and with a jacket and a hat on... well, I bet he turns the heads of the young ladies he walks by! Ten years ago he was wrestling with cats and puppies, and now he leaves girls with their mouths hanging open. He used to come out here during threshing time, running and yelling through the dust, through the horses and the whips and all the commotion! What a sight! But how times change. Faneto used to love seeing that little kid. She'd pull him up into her lap and bounce him on her knees, or run him around piggyback: "Giddyup, horsie!" Now she runs away from him; her voice shakes when she talks to him. It almost looks like she's afraid of a kid as good looking as he is. Oh, no, it couldn't be! Oh, that's funny. (*She laughs.*) But Veranet does blush when she talks to him. Yesterday by the

well... It almost looked like maybe she hasn't been happy enough with Malandran. That poor man didn't know what he was doing when he married her. (*She laughs.*) He must be blind as a bad! I may be old, but at least I can see what's going on! (*She laughs.*)

## SCENE II

FANETO, MIAN

FANETO: Aunt Mian, you're burning the garbanzos!... Are you dreaming again? Come on, let's get that pot out of the oven. Nothing is ready yet! You spend too much time in your old lady's dreams! So what's going on in that head of yours today? We have to get these vegetables ready. The men will be ready to eat before long. We'd all be better off with you doing less daydreaming and more cooking. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop."

MIAN: I don't know what you have to get so upset about. Are you Miss Perfection? I know I'm not perfect, but I know I'm not the one that the devil has decided to do his work in.

FANETO: That's enough, Auntie! The sun is beginning to come in the door; we should have the soup on already! Quick!

## SCENE III

FANETO, MIAN, BOY

BOY: Good morning. How is everybody? Boy, it's hot as Spain out there today. The men will be back in just a minute. They sent me ahead to make sure the food was ready. Veranet is bringing the horses back.

FANETO: Aunt Mian, why don't you finish getting the food together. And get out enough bread and fougassa for everybody, too. Oh, and could you check to see if we have enough onions and cheese... and olives and peppers, too? (*To Boy.*) Come here, will you please? Hold this. (*She goes to the demijohn and pours the wine into an ornate bottle held by the boy; she trembles as she pours it.*)

BOY: Be careful, it's splashing on my face!

FANETO: I was pouring too fast. Here, I'll slow down. (*The sound of bells is heard outside.*)

BOY: Do you hear the bells? Veranet is back with the wheel. (*In her emotion, Faneto misses the bottle altogether as she pours.*) Damn! Now look what you did! I've got it all over my shirt! Look at your hand. Can't you keep it still?

FANETO: Here, let me hold the bottle and you pour the wine. (*They change places.*) The bottle is full now. Take this bottle, too. (*To Mian.*) Auntie, why don't you go with the boy to take the basket out to the men. (*Exeunt Mian and the Boy.*)

## SCENE IV

FANETO: Oh, finally, alone. There's always someone around to bother me. I need some time to think through these feelings, this spite I have for myself. I feel horrid! Everything reminds me of my crime. I get embarrassed just thinking about what I've done. This old house used to know me as completely innocent; and now it knows I'm guilty, and depressed. I sinned with a smile on my face, but I would have never believed that it was so... bad to sin! Oh, my poor children! I don't even dare to kiss their pure little cheeks anymore. My lips are dirty! Oh, the anguish, the anxiety! I don't even dare to look



Malandran in the face anymore, because I've made a mockery of him. His face is honest... I have to lower my head and turn my eyes away. I scare myself! And if Malandran wanted to strangle me in a rage, or crush me under his foot, oh, I'd almost welcome it! When the fatal moment comes, when I have to go up to our bed with him, I'll be as pale as death at just the thought of facing the moment. He's going to be there, thinking about the woman that he holds in his arms, that sleeps with her head on his chest; and tonight there won't be anyone there but a... whore! I can't take all the shame; I can't take all this fear! I'm not going to be able to make it through all that horror... Oh, why don't the walls of this house, of Malandran's old *mas*, why don't they cave in on me right now? Why don't they just crush me under their weight! Please!

## SCENE V

FANETO, VERANET

VERANET: Are you talking to the walls? Does my love mean so little to you that now you're afraid of sin?

FANETO: I was saying that now Malandran makes me sick; and you make me drunk!

VERANET: No, you were wishing for death... Are you ever going to get over your childish fears?

FANETO: No, never! It seems like the walls are shouting at me: "You wretch, look what you've done!"

VERANET: No one saw what you did. This old house doesn't know anything about it. Listen, honey, the heaven that we experienced together was witnessed by nothing but pine trees... And the pines aren't going to talk to anyone.

FANETO: When night comes, and it's dark, I can hear Malandran coming after me; I can feel him chasing me in the dark.

VERANET: And can't you hear me coming to protect you, running to your defense?

FANETO: As soon as you leave me, I start to go crazy. The moment you come back again, your love is like bright sunshine. It takes away all my dizziness.

VERANET: Dizziness?

FANETO: It's strange, even cruel. When I'm in the *mas*, I feel like I can't take it any more, like I'm not going to make it through. Sometimes I feel like I'd rather die.

VERANET: Die? That doesn't show much love for me!

FANETO: Much love? I'm the one who took a chance on giving up everything to love you! What more can I give? Much love? I would leave all this for you, and happily! Much love? My greatest wish is that I had a hundred lives, so I could give them all up for you. I'd drink your kisses in the heights of emotion, in the heights of passion. My only desire is to spend a thousand years in your arms. Don't ever leave me again. Promise me, please!

VERANET: Alright.

FANETO: When you leave me, all happiness leaves me, too. I want to be like ivy around an oak tree; even a lightning bolt can't tear us apart.

VERANET: Let the lightning, and the thunder, and all the wind in the world just try!

FANETO: As soon as I'm left alone, all my courage is gone. I have no strength left. I feel like I want to die.

VERANET: But why die?

FANETO: So that I won't have to see Malandran anymore!

VERANET: What's wrong with seeing him. Does he scare you that much?

FANETO: No, it's not fear, it's disgust. When he leaves, I feel like I can breathe again; when he comes back, I start to tremble. I can't look at him in the eye anymore. My heart feels like it's going to stop every time I hear his hand touch the door latch. His voice freezes my blood; it freezes my voice; I always feel like he's going to say something about my sin. Oh, why didn't death come to take us both?

#### SCENE VI

FANETO, VERANET, MALANDRAN

MALANDRAN: Where are the animals, son?

VERANET: They're eating, sir. They're better off in the stable than on the threshing floor. I gave them some good hay from the second mowing; and they finished off the bran. I gave Falet and Mousqueto some oats; I could tell the heat was getting to them... What a summer! So I came over here to have a smoke.  
(*He goes over to the fireplace to light his pipe.*)

MALANDRAN: You're a good man, just like your grandfather! Mèstre Pèire is a lucky man to have you around. I've heard you're one of the best around for working with animals. Well, it's time for you to get back out there and make sure the horses are ready again. With this heat, I don't want this to take any more than three days at the most. I've got a crew out planting again. Some of the wheat is already starting to mature... it's up to my waist! ... Well, get out there and get your horses hitched up. Come on! (*Veranet exits.*) You stay here, Faneto.

#### SCENE VII

FANETO, MALANDRAN

FANETO (*wanting to leave*): I can't. I need to get back, too.

MALANDRAN: Listen. Know what I was thinking? (*Faneto trembles at what she thinks he is going to say.*) I was thinking this morning, even though we're not through with the harvest yet, it's clear that this is going to be a great year. (*Faneto is relieved.*) I thought you might like a new lace shawl.

FANETO: Tanto Mian is waiting... (*She starts to leave. Malandran keeps her from it.*)

MALANDRAN: Would that make you happy?

FANETO: Put your money away; keep it in your moneybag.

MALANDRAN: How about a gold necklace? Does that sound good?

FANETO: No, thank you. That's not necessary.

MALANDRAN: I mean a nice, triple-strand necklace, with a gold cross.

FANETO: But I'm really not that dressy. Why do that for me?

MALANDRAN: So you can get fixed up once in a while, sweetie.

FANETO: (*Aside, as if in guilt*) "Sweetie." (*Aloud.*) Get dressed up for who? You know I never get dressed up anymore.

MALANDRAN: For me.

FANETO: Why are you all of a sudden interested in my getting dressed up now? Our newlywed days were a long time ago.

MALANDRAN: Because I love you. (*There is a look of pain and disgust on Faneto's face, which Malandran cannot see.*) Because the harvest is good. Because you are a good house keeper. There's a big pile of coins heaped up on the threshing floor, and I said to myself: "Take a couple of handfuls off the top of the pile, it will barely make a dent; and besides, it'll make her happy." It's yours. Put it in jewels.

FANETO: I don't care about jewels.

MALANDRAN: I want you to have it, Faneto.

FANETO: No, the season for those flowers is gone. Keep your money; maybe you'll need it later. These days, I don't care for golden crosses or lace shawls, or any other trinkets, any more than I do for the dust on the road or the stones in Crau. What good are they going to do me? I live out here, alone, miles from civilization! Don't even talk to me about it again! (*She exits.*)

#### SCENE VII

MALANDRAN (*alone*) : Oh, Faneto. She's the one that stays here and keeps the fire going. She gets all the work around the house done, not to mention getting up early, making the bread, tending the silkworms and shearing the sheep. And she's the one that makes most of our clothing. Even the animals know how kind she is. The rabbits and pigeons, the pigs and the hens come over to sit next to her. The goats and the sheep come to eat out of her skirt. And she's given me three wonderful boys. Oh, they're growing as well as my grain is. If anything ever happened to them, I don't know what I'd do... I'm going to buy her both the lace and the chain! Some morning I'll give them to her, and I'll say, "Here, princess, pamper yourself! Put this around your neck, and put this shawl around your shoulders." And I'll get some new shoes for the boys, and we'll go to mass together on Assumption Day, and people will look at Faneto and say, "Well, look at her." A necklace and a gold chain. If it wasn't so expensive, a diamond cross would be even nicer. Oh, what the hell, this is a good year. She deserves it!

#### SCENE IX

MALANDRAN, BOY, then BEUMOUNT

BOY (*running in*): Malandran, I don't know what's happening. The mares are all stirred up, they're kicking and jumping all over the place! They just came up, all loose, and snorting. The stallion from the threshing ran a circle around them twice.

MALANDRAN: And no one settled them down?

BOY: No one wanted to try! He came close to crushing your workers when he was doing the threshing.

MALANDRAN: Son of a bitch! What kind of luck is this? Veranet, didn't I tell you that those horses were too young, that there was going to be some kind of trouble? Loose!... What the hell is this, anyway! What was it? Scared by a cockroach? Too many flies? The heat?... Or was it bad training that Veranet gave them? So now they're running wild all over the place, and the boy couldn't hold them back.

BEUMOUNT (*Enters running.*) Malandran, Malandran! I was just out by the willow. Through the branches I could see a white horse carrying off Veranet and Faneto, at full gallop!

MALANDRAN: Good God, go help them! Save them! I want them both safe and sound!

BEUMOUNT: Master, they're not coming back.

MALANDRAN: You mean you think they're running away? No, the horse was scared after the scene in the stable.

BEUMOUNT: They were going by like the wind, and Veranet had control of his mount.

MALANDRAN: Where did they go?

BEUMOUNT: I don't know.

MALANDRAN: What all did you see?

BEUMOUNT: Nothing else, just that.

MALANDRAN: Weren't they calling for help?

BEUMOUNT: No, sir. Not even that.

MALANDRAN: They took off together?... That damn Veranet. That son of a bitch! Go ahead, be proud! Just try to take off. You can't run from me! I'll find you, and your hide and your blood will be mine! Sure, gallop off to the end of the earth if you want to try. Nobody will be able to hide. You'll never find a hiding place good enough. I'll get you! I'll grab you with my own two hands, and you'll be mine, you little son of a bitch! And then I'll... And then I'll nail your broken body to my door, or I'll drag your lifeless body over and bury it in the manure pile!

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

The dining room of an inn

SCENE I

HOSTESS, VERANET

HOSTESS: It looks like you've covered some distance today... Look at how muddy you are! Where did you start from?

VERANET: Far away.

HOSTESS: Who told you how to find us?

VERANET: A shepherd; we didn't know where to go, but he pointed it out to us in the moonlight.

HOSTESS: Your horse has been working. She's dripping wet, still trying to catch her breath.

VERANET: She can get some rest tonight.

HOSTESS: You're traveling light.

VERANET: How far is Ceto from here?

HOSTESS: Ceto? Oh, maybe ten leagues, but it's not an easy road.

VERANET: Then my horse needs to be well cared for.

HOSTESS: Who is that with you?

VERANET: My wife.

HOSTESS: How far are you going?

VERANET: Spain. I deal in grain and wool... The harvest hasn't been very good in Spain this year.

HOSTESS: Really? How is it in Arles?

VERANET: I was there last week; anybody you talk to there will tell you it's great. There isn't enough storage space to hold all the grain that's being harvested. (*Faneto enters. She sits in a corner.*)

HOSTESS: So there's money to be made in Catalonia?

VERANET: If I can get there in time, I'll be a wealthy man!

## SCENE II

HOSTESS, CHILD, VERANET, FANETO

CHILD (*running to his mother and grabbing her skirt or apron.*) Mama! Mama!

HOSTESS: I'm here. Mommy's here. What is it?

CHILD: Come quick!

FANETO: How old is he? Oh! Can I give your little boy a hug? (*She strokes him gently, and hugs him.*)

HOSTESS (*to the child*): I told you to bring in some more sticks for the fire. Did you do what I said? (*To Faneto*) Do you have children? (*Faneto is crying.*) Or... Did you lose a child?

VERANET (*to Faneto*): Let the little kid go. (*To the Child*) Go on, beat it! Go check the fire, go see if there's still enough flame under the pot to cook my supper! (*The Child runs off.*)

HOSTESS (*turns from the doorway as she exits*): That woman is not your wife!

### SCENE III

VERANET, FANETO, seated next to him

VERANET: Are you okay, sweetie? Are you holding up alright?

FANETO: I can't make it any farther. We've been going so fast ever since we left. I'm exhausted... Can we rest for a while?

VERANET: You're right. It has been hard. This is crazy.

FANETO: It's as crazy as our love. As young as you are, I love you ecstatically! But I have to rest. I feel like I'm still on the horse. And I think I have a fever.

VERANET: Rest. We'll stop for a while. You need to rest.

FANETO: Oh, my love. I love you so much. You give me so much pleasure. Let me kiss you. (*She kisses him.*) There, that's the rest I need; that's the balm for my tired body, medicine for my weary soul. Promise me you won't ever leave me. Will you? Sometimes I'm afraid. Here, put your arms around me. With all the love I have for you, I don't know why I'm trembling. Hold me! Hold me tight! I just want to curl up in your arms and sleep with my head on your chest. Veranet! I love your eyes...

VERANET: Sleep, sleep.

FANETO: No, not yet. I want to hear your voice. Talk to me...

VERANET: I know a beach across the sea where I can find my wild horses... We'll go and live there if you want, in peace. Provence and Africa are sisters; they share the same hot sun and the same clear blue sea. Let's go there!

FANETO (*rising*): Whenever you want.

VERANET: Even to Africa?

FANETO: To India, if you want. I'll follow you wherever you want. When do we leave?

VERANET: Tonight.

FANETO: It's dark out.

VERANET: Who cares? My horse has good eyes, and good feet. She could gallop across hills and plains for three days without needing to stop to eat, not even to rest.

FANETO: Let me catch my breath. You're going a little fast for me.

VERANET: Quick: like pleasure, like death. Pleasure, the chance to make love never waits; neither does death! Everything on earth is at a gallop. We have to keep moving; death is always at our heels.

FANETO: Stop, you're scaring me! Why are you talking about death? I don't want to die. I love you... (*She cries.*)

VERANET: Come on, stop your shivering. Stop your crying. God damn it, it's too late to go back; I can see death coming; I can hear it buzzing around our heads. Death is flying, but I'm not afraid of it. My love is too powerful.

FANETO: You be my savior. Love me, protect me when it comes...

VERANET: Let's go! Hey! Where is everybody? Is anybody here? Hey! (*He pounds on the table.*) We need some food. We need to eat, now! We have to be out of here within an hour. (*He pounds.*)

#### SCENE IV

VERANET, FANETO, HOSTESS

HOSTESS: You want to leave!

VERANET: You mind your business...

HOSTESS: With the weather outside?

VERANET: Come on! Let's get the spit turning! And bring us some wine, some good wine! Go out to your henhouse and kill us a chicken. Kill all the chickens! If the weather is going to keep us in, I want to eat like a king tonight! (*HOSTESS exits.*) See? What is there to be afraid of with me, baby? Come on, chin up. There's nothing to be afraid of. You're just tired and hungry. It's time to be happy now, happy with all the love I have for you.

FANETO: I want your lips to always talk to me like that! I don't like it when your voice gets rough and mean; it scares me. But your soft voice (*She pulls him to her.*)... soothes me!

VERANET: I want you to be happy and loving always. I never want you to have to worry. I want your happiness. If we meet hardships or pain in our travels, let me take care of them.

HOSTESS (*Who has reentered*): Here you go.

VERANET: Thank you. Leave us alone now. Go down and take care of my horse.

(*The Hostess exits. Veranet goes to the door and slides the bolt.*)

#### SCENE V

FANETO, VERANET

VERANET: My Faneto, here we are! The door is locked, and no one is going to bother us without regretting it! Come here, come and sit next to me. Fill up our glasses, honey! (*He drinks.*) Good wine, good food; let the devil try to disturb us! Oh, such happiness! Food, wine, love, beauty, and sweet caresses!... Here's a wing... you take the first bite. I want to

watch your pretty white teeth dig into it. Show me your pretty teeth... (*Faneto laughs.*) Ah! They're as pretty as pearls, and not one missing.

FANETO: You're silly. Oh, I adore you!

VERANET (*raising his glass*) To our love!... (*He takes a long drink.*)

FANETO: Slow down. Your head is going to start spinning. Take your time, Veranet! You drank most of what we had on the road.

VERANET: If my head spins, then I'll fall into your arms! (*He takes her by the waist.*)

FANETO: What if you fall out of the saddle?

VERANET: Then tie me with a string around your heart, my beautiful! And trust in love, our love will be our guide. At full gallop, let love lead us where it will!

FANETO: They say that love is blind.

VERANET: Listen. The blind man is the man that knows the road the best; the blind are the ones that walk life's roads the straightest, because no one stops them and no one bothers them. (*He holds his glass out to Faneto.*) I'm thirsty!

FANETO (*Kissing him*): Here, here's a kiss. And another one! I'd rather have you drunk on kisses than on wine.

VERANET: No! If it's going to rain on the rooftop, I want it to rain wine! I'm thirsty! Let's drink, let's never stop drinking! (*He drinks.*) Any kind of intoxication is good, wine, love... Drunkenness is beautiful; it's... uplifting. It lifts you up to... I don't know... Lift me up and carry me away, sweet breeze! (*He drinks, set his glass down, and begins to sing.*)

Who in the world wouldn't want  
To tickle the tits of Catin;  
The guy who wouldn't has got to be  
Completely out of his bean.

Fill your glass from that bottle of wine  
Fill it up to the top;  
With Catin you'll feel forever young,  
But be in shape, she won't stop!

My friend, just follow my lead:  
If you really want a good lay,  
Invite that young girl into your bed,  
Invite her to spend the whole day.

Catin is only fifteen years old,  
(*At this point, pounding begins on the door.*) Good God, what do you want? (*He continues singing.*)

A flirt from among the best...  
(*The pounding is louder.*) Good God, what are you trying to do, break the door down? (*He sings.*)

Honey, let's have a little look



At just one of your lovely breasts.  
(*The pounding increases.*) Take off, farmer! My little rose blossom is not for you. Don't you know it's not polite to bother people during their supper? Beat it, you mongrel; go back home to your bitch and eat your own meal! (*Stronger pounding than ever.*)

FANETO: I'm scared!

VERANET: I'm going to throw you out the window! You're still shaking! It's only some drunken cowherd. (*There are kicks and blows at the door.*) If I have to come to the door, you're going to find yourself rolling back down the stairs! He's just been out drinking away his paycheck. He's drunk as a skunk and is trying to get back to his bed. Go on, now beat it! (*The blows are stronger than ever.*) Well, you're a stubborn son of a bitch, aren't you! You'll see there was nothing for you behind this door. (*The door starts to split.*) He's going to knock the door in! (*Faneto begins to cry.*) Oh, my God, more tears! (*The door falls in.*) He really did it!

#### SCENE VI

VERANET, FANETO, MALANDRAN

VERANET: What do you want?

MALANDRAN: My wife! (*Faneto curls up in a corner with both hands covering her face.*)

VERANET: She's not yours anymore. She's mine!

MALANDRAN: She's not interested in a fool like you! I want Faneto!

VERANET: What do you want with her?

MALANDRAN: I'm going to kill her!

VERANET: Now, you listen to me! I might have had a couple of drinks, but I'm as steady as ever. Put 'em up! Come on, put 'em up!

MALANDRAN; (*He reaches out and puts his hand on Veranet's shoulder.*) Sit down, son! (*He pushes Veranet onto a chair. Veranet quickly rebounds; he grabs two knives from the table and puts one before Malandran's face.*)

VERANET: Take this knife, you old pig. Take it, defend yourself. Come on, Malandran! I wouldn't be afraid of you if there were four of you in front of me right now! Come on, big man. Come and take Veranet! Let's see what you've got! I'll carve you into littler pieces than you've ever seen before! Come on, take the knife! You're not afraid of me, are you? (*Malandran has crossed his arms and does nothing but listen.*) Come on, if you're so big and strong, stick this knife into my gut. Just try! See if you can get it there before mine digs into your belly. Come on, try me! Then we'll see which one of us our crying beauty over there is going to sleep with!

MALANDRAN: On second thought, you can keep her. I don't want her anymore, anyway. Let her sleep with you. Good God, my wife! God Almighty, the mother of my children! Their mother, the slut! So, my children... are bastards? Oh, why couldn't death come earlier? Why can't it take me now? Oh, I loved her so much! I was so happy with her!... (*Malandran breaks down in tears, pulling at his hair and digging his fingernails into his flesh. Then, as if in reaction to a sudden idea, he turns and steps toward the table. He*

*quickly wraps everything up in the tablecloth: bread, wine, the roast bird. The two lovers are left speechless.*) Bitch! Your children will remember this day! *(He exits loudly.)*

FANETO: My children! What did he say? My little children! What's going to happen to them!... Oh, God. Veranet, let me go! Let me go!

VERANET *(struggles to hold her back)*: You're mad! Listen to the storm! Look how it's pouring outside!...

*(Faneto aggressively pulls herself loose and rushes out. Veranet stumbles over to the chair and sits, half falling onto it. The sound of the storm is heard, with rain or hail.)*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

*The main room of the mas in the third act. The door to the bedroom is partially open. One of the children can be heard crying.*

SCENE I

MIAN *(in the bedroom)*: Shh, children, that's enough, calm down now. Try to keep still, so the sandman can come. Some sleep will make you feel better. Shh, don't cry. Your father promised he'd be back soon. He'll be here when you wake up; quiet down now. Shh.

SCENE II

BEUMOUNT, then MIAN

BEUMOUNT: Mian! Mian!

MIAN *(entering from the room)*: Shh! I'm here.

BEUMOUNT: Any news?

MIAN: So far, nothing. Where could he be? What do you think is happening?

BEUMOUNT: Hopefully, nothing bad; as if things weren't bad enough already. I can't imagine why he's been gone for three days. If he met up with Veranet, they could both be lying somewhere in a pool of blood right now.

MIAN: Heaven help us! I don't know what's going to happen to these children. Day and night, they're calling for their parents.

BEUMOUNT: Poor babies!

MIAN: I don't know what to do for them.

SCENE III

BEUMOUNT, MIAN, MALANDRAN

MALANDRAN: *(He arrives weary, perspiring, and dirty from the road; he has the table cloth, still full, over his shoulder.)* So where are my little bastard children? I'll show them that papa is finally home. Where are they? *(He walks between Bèumount and Mian, rudely pushing them out of the way.)* Long trip. Bad trip. I'm tired. But at least I've brought home something to feast on! *(He sets the tablecloth down and places everything on the table.)* Come out here and be my shame, my little bastard kids! Come and dishonor my name, my

family's name. You're now the litter of a crazy woman and a rotten good-for-nothing. Come out here and let me tell you what I saw in my travels. If it doesn't make you cry, maybe you can laugh... Now, when people ask me if I have children, I can say, "No, I don't." "And how is your wife?" "I don't know where she is." If only I could say, "She's in her grave, and we never had children." No, instead, a swine stole my wife and killed my children!... Come here, my little bastards, the table is set. Come and eat the leftovers from your harlot mother's dinner... Come here, eat your fill, because this is all the inheritance you'll get. (*He rushes toward the children's room.*)

MIAN (*stepping back in fear*): He's gone mad!

BEUMOUNT: Malandran...

MIAN: Oh, my Lord.

BEUMOUNT (*Trying to stop him.*): What are you going to do?

MALANDRAN (*pushing him away*): Get out of my way, goddamnit. (*He goes into his bedroom, and returns pulling the children after him. He forcefully sets them on the benches around the table.*)

#### SCENE IV

MALANDRAN, BEUMOUNT, MIAN, GRABIELOUN, NOUVELET, NENET

MALANDRAN: Since your mother no longer thinks about giving you anything to eat, my poor little lost souls, here's the bread of her sin for you to nibble on. Get your fill of this rotting filth, little bastards! (*He forces them to eat and drink.*)

MIAN: Have some pity!

BEUMOUNT: They haven't done anything!

MALANDRAN: I deserve my revenge!

MIAN: But not with dears that you love so much!

MALANDRAN: I could throw them out; I could crush them under my feet like a bunch of grapes. (*He pokes at them and jeers at them.*)

MIAN: That's enough!

BEUMOUNT: Master Malandran, my friend. Mistreating your children like that is a horrible thing to do!

MALANDRAN: Who cares! What do I care about what happens to them now?

BEUMOUNT: It's your blood that runs through their veins.

MALANDRAN: There's not a drop of my blood in their veins! Whose children are they, really? Who really knows? What they have running through their veins is nothing but poison.

BEUMOUNT: Look!

MIAN: All you have to do is look at them!

BEUMOUNT: They've got your features; they've got the same features as everyone in your family.

MALANDRAN: They've got the devil's features, and they're wearing his mask as a disguise.

BEUMOUNT: Grabeloun is the spitting image of his father.

MALANDRAN: I don't give a shit about Grabeloun! He's not my son, and I have no idea who he looks like.

BEUMOUNT: Malandran, come to your senses! Go to the mirror and take a look at yourself. He has your eyes; he has your chin...

MALANDRAN: *(He takes Grabeloun's head in his hands and looks at it for a moment; then he lets go, startled.)* Oh, my God. I just realized it! That monster! Do you know whose face that is? He has the mouth and the eyes of that hired hand that I had to send away seven years ago. Oh, that thief! It wasn't enough to steal from my flock. It wasn't enough to steal from my land. Not even to steal from my barn. No, that Judas had to steal from my bed, too!

BEUMOUNT: Malandran, you're not making sense! Your anger doesn't even know what it's saying! That man has been gone for seven years now; Grabeloun is only five!

MALANDRAN: Then the thieving son of a bitch came back! He came back in the night; he climbed the wall and snuck into the house like a wolf. Criminals aren't afraid of anything. Or maybe he came back in broad daylight and dishonored the rest of my living days while I was out at work!

BEUMOUNT: Good God, can't you see the light? Look at Nouvelet; he's big and strong, just like your father; and his skin is exactly the same color!

MALANDRAN: I see the light only too well! He looks as much like his grandfather as the summer sun looks like a December moon. If you ask me, Nouvelet looks like the bastard son of one of those gypsies that come by and ask for our leftovers, and then ask if they can spend the night in our fields...

BEUMOUNT: Up until now, Faneto has always been pure! Calm down! Look at Nouvelet! He looks like no one if he doesn't look like your father... I get moved just looking at him; your father's hair was the same shining black color as his.

MALANDRAN: His grandfather had black hair, yes, but his was straight, and that kid's is curly.

BEUMOUNT: I knew your father when he was young, and his was curly, too.

MALANDRAN: That's a lie!... If you knew anybody, you knew my wife, because Nenet has the same blond hair that you and she both have!

BEUMOUNT: But you're out of your mind! Malandran!

MALANDRAN: Judas! You sold me, too. (*He raises his fists.*) You're lucky I don't just decide to give you what you deserve right now! So that's why you were so interested in working here! So that's why you've been around for so long! You swine! You snake! I should crush your head with one of those stones along the walkway out there!

BEUMOUNT! Your rage has made you blind. (*Malandran comes at him and starts to put his hands up as if to strangle Bèumount.*) No, wait. Malandran, you're frightening me. You're frightening all of us. I couldn't raise a hand against my master even if I were thirty years younger. What you were suggesting couldn't even possibly be true! Don't commit a crime you may regret later. I swear to you, before God Almighty, I swear to you on the head and the soul of my father, I swear that none of that is even the least bit true!

MALANDRAN: I still have to deal with their mother. And I still have these children here. One of these days she's going to come back; but I'm stuck with them now... Go on, eat! (*He breaks off pieces of bread and crams them in their mouths.*)

BEUMOUNT: Please, Malandran!

MALANDRAN: Nenet, a little paté? Here, Nouvelet, have some meat! A little more wine, Grabeloun? What else would you like? Just ask, and you shall receive. Go ahead, bastards, finish it up! Eat, drink...

BEUMOUNT: Oh, my God!

#### SCENE V

MALANDRAN, BEUMOUNT, MIAN, GRABIELOUN, NOUVELET, NENET, FANETO

FANETO (*Coming in wildly, and rushing to her children. She has witnessed Malandran's last two lines.*): No! Don't eat that! Don't eat it! That food will poison you! (*She tries to take the food out of their mouths.*) Don't eat anything else! (*To Malandran.*) Kill me! Take my life, but don't take any of this out on those children. Those are your little lambs... Malandran, they are innocent. Those children are your flesh and blood, and they haven't done anything to deserve any harm. Kill me! Kill me, but leave them alone. Good God, how could you dare to treat those little children like that, even Nenet, the baby!...

MALANDRAN: He's blond; he's your flesh and blood, whore!

FANETO: Yes, I have gone too far. I deserve whatever spite you have for me. Here I am, on my knees before you. Go ahead, punish me as I deserve. You're the master of this house, and I can no longer dare to call myself your wife... But have some pity for the children!

MIAN: Malandran, look at her tears!

BEUMOUNT: Malandran, please listen to her; have pity on the children.

(*The children have left the table, and are now gathered around their mother, trying to get her to hug and hold them.*)

FANETO (*Pushing the children away*): No, I can't have your hands on me. Don't, please don't touch me. No, Nouvelet. (*She tries to pry his hands off of her.*) Grabeloun, stop! Nenet! You can't, I'll contaminate you! Oh, God, if only I could give them one more kiss! Save your hugs and kisses for your father; he's the only one who deserves them now... No! Don't touch me! (*She pushes them away.*) Malandran, pick them up, hug them, for

God's sake! My pain is great enough already without seeing the pain that the children are in. Let them give you a hug, at least... They are your children; there's no way to deny that. Why should they suffer for what I've done?

MALANDRAN: Why didn't your father destroy you when you were born? Then I would have never met you! He's lucky to be lying in his grave right now. But I have to be here for this, and drink the poison that you pour into my cup. You've treated me like the slime of the earth. Have I deserved that? What's supposed to happen to me now? If your father were still alive, he would have died today, because this would have killed him! He was right, you know? Sometimes people don't listen to old folks enough. When I went over there to ask him if I could marry you, he said, "She's a little young for us to be thinking about her marriage yet; but if you want her, and if she's willing, she's yours." And I married you, because I wanted to share my joy with you; and I wanted you to share your worries with me. I gave you my heart. I opened my soul to you. I placed my faith in you, and I have you the key to everything in this house. What more could I have done for you? Sure, I thought, "She's young; she's so close to her parents. But she'll love me in the same way." You slut. You didn't want me. You wanted my money. You wanted my farm. Oh, my God.

FANETO: Malandran, when you came to Arles to ask for my hand, I gave it to you, willingly and gladly. As young and inexperienced as I was, I loved you... at least I thought I loved you. But I had no interest whatsoever in your farm or your money. All I wanted was love, and I thought that it would be mine the minute we became husband and wife. Love! For me, it was a beautiful, sweet dream of togetherness, of tenderness, of paradise! I thought I saw it and heard it everywhere. My heart was aching for love; the blood in my veins was burning for love; it was throbbing in my ears... but it never came. You were always hooked to the earth; you were always preoccupied; you were so busy... you barely ever even looked at me! And then, unfortunately, something happened, something like the burning sun ripping through the dark clouds of the storm. All the hot, burning love that I had ever dreamed of rode up on the shining face of a kid. He was love. He was all the love I had lied awake at night and spent my days dreaming of. He was the love that I wanted from you, Malandran! I found out how overpowering love is! And I found out how beautiful it is, and how youthful, and proud, and tremendous it is!... Forgive me! Oh, I know you can't! But it really is beautiful! And in love's eyes, what fire there is! You know, Malandran, with you I only knew the pain of love; but what I wanted was its delights...

MALANDRAN: Will you stop! That's enough! Why should you add insult to the injury you've already caused?

FANETO: Why couldn't you have been for me what he was? You're my husband, but he is my king! If only you knew what it's like to be a woman when love is burning in her insides! If you could understand that, then you'd understand me, and you'd pity me!... If that kid was here right now, right here with us, there's no way I could separate myself from the kind of love that he can offer me. I can't ask you for anything. All I deserve is death! You're the master here: kill me! Take my life!...

MALANDRAN: That's God's job. But whether He decides to take your life or not, you're already dead as far as I'm concerned.

FANETO: You're right. My life is already over! *(She has taken a knife off the table. She plunges it into her chest, and falls over in a pool of blood.)*

MALANDRAN: Open the doors! Let her die so everyone can see it!

MIAN: Help! Oh, my God, help!

SCENE VI

MALANDRAN, BEUMOUNT, MIAN, GRABIELOUN, NOUVELET, NENET,  
HELPING HANDS

FIRST HAND (*as they enter*): We heard shrieking.

SECOND HAND: What's the matter?

THIRD HAND: What's all the noise? Look, that's Faneto. That's blood!

BEUMOUNT: That's Faneto's blood...

HANDS: Faneto!

MIAN: Help her, please! (*Mian rushes to the children. She picks up Nenet. The other two go to their mother.*)

HANDS: Oh, my God.

BEUMOUNT: She just stabbed herself.

HANDS: Yes, children. You have reason to cry. You no longer have a mother now.

MIAN: But her blood has washed you clean!...

MALANDRAN: They're stained for life! Blood stains last and last! (*To the children*) And stains on someone's honor don't get washed away. Her tomb isn't going to have any consoling cross over it. (*To the Hands*) When you dig the hole, dig it in the rain, in the hail; I want it never to be found by anyone, by anything but the worms! Take... it... out of here! (*The Hands exit with the body. Malandran speaks his last lines as they leave.*) You died like a criminal. And you'll be buried like a dog. The bread of sin is hard to swallow, bitch.

THE END

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Ripert, Emile, *Le Félibrige*,

Jouveau, René, *Histoire du Félibrige, 1854-1876*.



What follows is but the briefest of introductions to the Provençal language. Readers of French who wish more information are invited to contact

L'Astrado Prouvençalo  
7, Les Fauvettes  
13130 Berre l'Etang

L'Astrado has an excellent grammar book by Louis Bayle, as well as publications for students of more advanced levels of the language.

### Sounds

Vowels in Provençal are, for the most part, pronounced as they are in Spanish or Italian. That is, if a vowel is found alone, it has but one sound. However, the letter “u,” when it occurs alone, tends to be pronounced somewhat like the “oe” combination in French. The letters “ou” together are pronounced like they are in French, or like “u” in Spanish or Italian. Provençal is rich in diphthongs and triphthongs, however, where one sound glides into another without forming a second syllable.

Consonants have the same sounds that they do in French, and as they usually have in Spanish or Italian. The “h” is silent. A single “s” is like a “z” in English, whereas “ss” is pronounced like an English “s.”

Two exceptions to the sounds of consonants are found in the sounds of “j” and “ch.” In most areas, “ch” is like a “ch” in English or in Spanish (e.g., “cheek”). In the region around Arles and Avignon, however, “ch” often has the sound of “ts” in English “cats.” The letter “j” is pronounced like an English “j,” except in the area mentioned above, where it is pronounced like an English “z”; thus, the pronunciation of Jenny Manivet’s name as “Zani.”

The accent falls on the last syllable, unless the word contains a written accent mark, or unless the word ends in “-o” or “-e.” In this case, the accent is on the penultimate syllable.

Most final consonants are not pronounced, although there are some exceptions. A final “s” is often pronounced, as in *mas*, a farm.

A final “m” or “n” has a nasal sound, somewhere between the nasal sound found in French and the final “-ng” sound in English.

### Nouns

Nouns in Provençal are either masculine or feminine. For the most part, nouns have the same gender that they do in French, or in the other Romance languages. Contrary to the case in other Romance languages, however, words that end in “-o” are usually feminine. This -o has a soft sound

|          |              |
|----------|--------------|
| la chato | the girl     |
| la terro | the earth    |
| la fiho  | the daughter |

Words that end in letters other than “-o” are usually masculine (although a number of words ending in unstressed “i” may be feminine.)

|           |          |
|-----------|----------|
| lou drole | the boy  |
| lou batèu | the boat |
| lou pecat | the sin  |

Plural nouns in Provençal do not change in either spelling or pronunciation:

|             |          |            |            |
|-------------|----------|------------|------------|
| lou poutoun | the kiss | li poutoun | the kisses |
| la draio    | the path | li draio   | the paths  |

#### Adjectives

Descriptive adjectives in Provençal are placed generally as they are in other Romance languages: sometimes before, but often after the noun they modify. They often end in “-o” if they modify a feminine word.

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| lou grand jouvènt | the great young man |
| la grando femo    | the great woman     |

Adjectives ending in “-o” change their last letter to an unstressed “-i” when they occur before plural feminine nouns.

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| la pichoto salo | the little room  |
| li pichòti salo | the little rooms |

Adjectives before masculine nouns tend to change only when the masculine noun begins with a vowel, in which case the adjective adds an “-s”:

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| lou pichot escabot | the little flock  |
| li pichots escabot | the little flocks |

#### Regular verbs

Verbs in Provençal usually end in “-a” (the equivalent of “-er” in French), “-i” (corresponding to the “-ir” verbs in French), or “-re.”

Conjugations are as follows for the common simple tenses:

|         |                        |                     |                |
|---------|------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
|         | galeja (to joke)       | escoundre (to hide) | legi (to read) |
|         | <i>present tense</i>   |                     |                |
| iéu     | galeje                 | escounde            | legisse        |
| tu      | galejes                | escoundes           | legisses       |
| éu, elo | galejo                 | escound             | legis          |
| nautre  | galejan                | escoundèn           | legissèn       |
| vautre  | galejas                | escoundès           | legissès       |
| éli     | galejon                | escoundon           | legisson       |
|         | <i>imperfect tense</i> |                     |                |
|         | galejave               | escoundiéu          | legissiéu      |
|         | galejaves              | escoundiés          | legissiés      |