

Ezra Pound Papers
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Series IV. Manuscripts

Arnaut Daniel
Typescript, original and carbon / n.d.

En Ar. Daniel was of Ribeyrac ~~salon~~ in Perigord, under
Hemosi ~~near~~ ^{to} Hautfort, and he was the best fashioner
of songs in the Provencal, as Dante has said of him in
his Purgatorio (26. 140), and Tasso says it was he wrote
"Lancillotto", but this is not known for certain, but
Dante says only "proze di romanzi", ~~and~~ ^{nor is it known} Benvenuto da Imola
~~if B. & A.~~ speaks for certain, when he says Er Arnaut
went in his age to a monastery and sent a poem to the
princes, nor if he wrote a satire on ...? But here
are some of his poems, all that are known to be left
us, and he was very cunning in his imitation of birds,
as ~~in~~ in the poem "Autet", where he stops in the middle
of his singing crying, "Cadahus, en son us, as a bird
cries, and rhyming on it cleverly, with no room to turn
about on the words, "Mas pel us, estauc clus", and
in the other versets. And in in "Laura Anara", ~~the next poem~~
he cries as the birds in the autumn, and there is some
of this also in his best poem, "Doutz brai e critz."

And in "Brive brisaral", he immitates maybe the
rough singing of the joglar engles, from whom he learnt
"ac et no lac", ~~tho~~ ^{and} some read this "escomes", not "engles",
~~tho~~ it is likely enough that being at the court of

En Richart there might an English joglar, for En Bertrans
calls Richart's brother, "joven re Engles", so why should ~~the~~
there not be ~~a~~ joglar of the same, ~~and~~ knowing
alliterations.

And he may in the ending piula, have in mind some sort of arabic singing. For he knew well letters, in ~~Latin~~ ^{Leugese} d' Oc and in latin, and ~~he~~ knew Ovid, of whom he takes Atalanta, and maybe Virgil, as is shown in a note, and he talks of the Palux terna, though most of the copyers have writ this Uzerna, not knowing the place that ~~is~~ ^{as not} ~~is~~ ^{is} like ~~her~~ ^{he} knew the Arabic music, and perhaps had heard if he understood not the ~~meaning~~ ^{of} some song in rough saxon letters.

Spoke ~~is~~ spoke of.

And by making song in rimas escarsas he let into provencal poetry many words that are not found elsewhere, ~~and~~ ^{and maybe some words of half latin} and his songs are in some verset wholly free and uneven ~~the~~ the whole length of the verset, the other five versets following in the free track made by the first one, for most times he does not rhyme inside the stanza. And in this he is very cunning, and has many uneven and beautiful rythms, and if a man try to read him like English iambic he will very often go wrong, tho' En Arnaut made the first piece of "blank verse" in the seven lines of "Sols sui" and he may be in thinning out the rhymes and having but six repetitions to a Canzon, made a way for Dante who made his long poem in threes. But this much is certain, he does not use -atge and many other common rhymes of Provencal whereby so many canzon are all ^{made} alike and monotonous on one or two sounds from end to beginning.

And I do not give "ac et no lac", for its is plainly ~~in~~ told us that he learnt this song from a joglar, and ~~that~~ he says as much in his Coda,

Miles de ben
ren
sit pren arnaut

frazida, C Arnart non s oblida.

To wit: Give thanks to Arnaut, that he did not forget it.
And the matter went as a joke, and the song was given
to Arnaut, to sing in his repertoire, e fos donat
lo canzos a En Arnaut et aisi lo trobaretz en sa obra.

And I do not give the tenzon with Trucs Malecs, for
reasons clear to all who have read it, nor the Sestina,
for it is a poor one, but maybe it is interesting
to think if the music will not go through its permutation
as the words change in their places. so I give one verse
and the music. The first line has only 8 syllables.

And he was the best artist among the Provençals, trying
the speech for new fashions, and bringing new words into
writing, and making new blendings of words, so that he
he taught much to Messire Dante Allighierei, as you will
see if you study En Arnaut, and The De Vulgari Eloquio,
And when Dante was older had had thought the thing over well
he said simply "il miglior fabbro". And long before Francesco
Petrarca he had thought of the catch about Laura, Laura,
L'aura, and the rest of it, which is no great thing to
his credit. But no man in Provençal has written as
he writes in "Doutz Braitz",

"E quel remir", and the rest of it, though in Ovid in
the hunting by Caldon. it is written.

Velamina candida purperuem. etc.

And in Dante we have much in the style of
des Rozers, per l'agua que l'engrois. f No not f v.
And Dante learned much from his rhyming.

and follows him. I had once though the mantle of
indigo a thing seen in a vision. It is like men have
 slandered Arnaut for Dante's having put him in purgatorio, *but*
 the Trucs ~~Malecs~~ ^{poems} is against ~~this~~.

And En Arnaut often ends a conzon with a verse in
 a different tone, as I have marked in "Si fos Amors,"
 by leaving the last verse out of ryme. And in Briue
 Brisaral, the music is very curious, but is lost for us,
 for there are only two pieces of ^{his} aucis, those in Milan
 at the Ambrosiana (R.71 superiore), and I have not
 rhymed "Brisaral", for I wished the rest of it to be
 more clearly looked at.

And at the end of Douz Brais, is a verset, like
 the verset of a Sirvente, ~~also~~ and this ^{is} what he wrote as a message,
 not making a whole sirvente, ~~nor~~ so far as is known,
 dabbling in politics or writing of it, as Bertrans de
 Born has. Only in this one place, in all that is left
 us. And he was a joglar, perhaps for his living, and
 only composed when he would, and could not to order, as
 is shown in the story of his remembering the joglar's canzon,
 when he had laid a wager to make one of his own.

///

~~was~~ + wote his poems in English some years ago, and
 they were little use, but diagrammatic, showing how the
 rhymes ran in ~~the~~ En Arnaut, but having no quality, and I
 was bit by the obsession to translate ~~any~~ syntax rather
 than ~~the~~ sense. But now with ~~the~~ Lavau's edition there is
 no need for word for word literality.

~~The~~ Can Chai la fueilla is more a ^{like} sea song or an estampida, though the editors call it a canzon. And "Amors e jois", was so little thought of, that only two writers have copied it out in the manuscripts. And the songs are all different one from another. And their value is nothing near even. But "Can chai la fueilla is very cleverly made with five, six, and four and seven. And in "Sols sui", the verse is syllabic, and made not by stresses on the number of syllables, as happens elsewhere, and can not be understood by those of Petra mala, who imagine that the language they speak what that spoken by Adam, and that one system of metric was made in the world's beginning, and has since existed unaltered. And some think if the stress fall not on every second beat or the third, they must have right before Constantine. Such doddards write in the quarterly, a dung heap of abomination.

And the art of En Ar Daniel is not literature but the art of fitting words well with music, well nigh a lost art, and if one will look to the music of "Can chai L fueilla" one will see part of that which I mean, and if one will look to the falling of the rhymes in other poems, and the blending and the lengthening of the sounds, and their sequence, one will learn more of this. And En Arnaut wrote ^{between the years} in 1180, to 1200, as near as we can make out, when the Provençal was growing weary, and it was to be ^{seen} if it could last, and he tried to make an almost new language, or at least to enlarge the ~~Provençal~~ ^{language} d'oc.

and make new things possible. And this scarcely happened till Guinicelli, and Guido ^Canvalacanti and ^Dante, but ^Pierre Cardinal, went to realism, and made satirical poems. But the art of singing to music went well nigh out of the world, for ^Mtastasio has left a few catches, and so Lorenzo di ^Medici, but the ^Bel Canto of ... the music of ...

turns the words out of doors and strews them and distorts them to the music out of all recognition, and the philosophic canzoni of Dante and his timesmen, are not understandable if they are are sung, and in their time music and poetry parted company, the canzoni's tune becoming a sonata, without singing.

And the Ballade is a shorter form, and the Elizabethan singing are but scraps and bits of canzoni, much as in the ^Mindes, people use scraps of ^Swinburne.

Charles D'Orleans ^{use good} roundels and so also Froissart Dieu qui la fait. and,

Qt. Froissart. <

And Campion was the last. but in none of these later men is there the care and thought of En Arnaut for the blending of words sung out. And none of them succeeded, as indeed he had not succeeded in reviving and making permanent an art form of poetry to be sung out.

But none of these have thought so of the sound of the words, nor had, I think Dante Alighieri, when he wrote De Eloquio,

And we find in provence beautiful poems,

as by Vidal when he sings .
Ab l'alen tir vas me - Aire .

And by the Vicount of St Antoni ,

.....

and by Bertrans di Born , Doapna puois de

Mr. ... in English ... of ...

But these people sang not so many diverse kinds of music as
En Arnaut , nor made so many good poems in ~~2~~ different
fashions , nor though ^{them} / so carefully . Though En Bertrans
sings with more vigour , and in the others are beautiful
passages. ~~But~~ the art now in France , of saying a song ,
disia sons , as they wrote of is a little like
the art of En Arnaut , but with no such care of the
words or such ear for hearing their consonance.

Nor among the provencals , ~~was~~ was there anyone , nor
had Dante ~~so~~ thought out ~~an~~ an aesthetic of sound , of
clear sounds and opaque sounds , such as in Sols sui ,
an opaque sonud , like Swinburne at his best . and in
Doutz Brais , and Laura amara , a clear sound , with
staccato . and of heavy beats , and of running and light
beats . ^{very} heavy in Can chai la fueilla . No do we notice
enough how with his drollery in places he is near ^{to} / Chaucer
than to the Italians , and indeed the Provencal is
usually nearer English in feeling than it is to the
Italian , ~~having~~ / having a softer humour , not a bitter
tongue as have the Italians in ridicule . ~~...~~

It is has been, I will not say an error of the lexicographers, for Emil Levy has done such great service, by life of patience, and since the publication of the p.d. anyone can learn prov. in a week. it is no longer a back breaking struggle. But the students have not taken though enough of the exact meaning of med. aesthetic terms. The very use of such sensuous words as pexa, hirsuta, lubrics, oily, shaggy, by dante to describe his words and their categories, is enough to show the precies feeling of mediaeval terminology. Would the age of Aquinas have been content with anything less. ??

Sic. in Guido, beginning even in Arnaut, whih jes Rozers, etc. precise meaning of metaphors and exact description of psycho physico psychology by ~~passions~~ desire. T.E.H. more interested than in anything read in a book. vide also my introd. G.C.

The simple meaning of the next poem , is as follows .
qt. Xi.

I leave this prose as I wrote it seven years ago ,
I did not at that time attempt a metric version of the
Canzon . After the lapse of time , I do not now attempt
a translation in form . There are so many interests ,
technical and metrical interests stronger than the rhymes
in this poem , that I am not prepared to sacrifice them .
It seems at present impossible to do the thing right ,
and likely to remain so until we find the unfindable
music to which the words were sung .

My trans. of six years since had no
virtue save that of being diagrammatic . They proved that
the impossibility of the canzon in English was not
due to an utter impossibility of getting rhymes . The
rhymes ~~were~~ in sufficiency .

Now I have had a chance to add a little
onomatopoeia , to copy a little the chirrup and quality
of some of verses , and even to enrich ~~as~~ ~~as~~ the
language of my versions , and in one or two places to
bring them almost into the purlieu of art . In XI.
I am not yet come to that point . I can only indicate
a few of the problems and speculations aroused by the
poem .

I don't in the least mean that tours de force ,
chirrup and titters as in IX have anything to do with
literature . But I have at least, gone far enough to

know , where at first I had only suspected on instinct that the professors who contradicted Dante , were excessively rash .

I take up my present revision , entirely without the heat of my early fury . Still it is interesting that professors should have contradicted , if not the greatest poet that ever lives , at least one of the three half dozen greatest , and the only one of them who had ever studied provencal , or written it. And they rush in to call Dante stupid , or at least to say his remarks are unintelligible , without even looking at the art Arnaut Daniell

It is all quite professorial.

Let us pass the Glamour of the lamplight in XII.

Let us pass the sea-chatey surge of the movement in III.

Or the melody of ~~XXXX~~ XV , the first blank verse paragraphs . Let us consider Arnats achievement . The weight of the time that was there for his lifting . The encumberance of the stanza of seven or eight lines with internal rhyme , abba~~cd~~dc . or some such simplicity. in atge , etc.

The boredom of the sound after one has heard three hunder such canzos .

Yet in the last strophe of XI. we have , I think the accent of passion .

Pensar de lies m'es repaus .

Thinking on her , have I repose .

It is a song that Dante knew well, vide the , agro
in XVI Purg. as the Sols sui , gave him the melody
of qui plor e vau cantan .

I take it that is not impossible that Arnaut in his set
to with joglar Engles may have come on ~~the~~ alliterative
anglo saxon poems , and that there may have been some tal
talk of the craft .

The alliteration in XI. 1. might easily have resulted
from it. As the leonine rhyme of piula and friula ,
might have resulted from trying to sing to some arabic
melody ; as Atalanta and Meleagar come undoubtedly from ~~the~~
~~the~~ Ovid and the hunting in Calydon.

There are here indications of something
approaching a culture , of something approaching a conscious
effort to lift the art of the troubadour out of its
former level .

Dante may have noticed these things , tho they
be ~~the~~ doubtless doubtless too tiny for the eye of
lofty philologer . Who indeed is the philologer that he
should take count of the art .

I have studied thes canzos as an artist ,
off and on fro some time. I am still stumped by the
rhythms of XI. the cross rip . The music is lost . and
without it (and even if we had I am not sure it would
settle the matter) but without it I can not dogmatize.

I can only give a translation containing the same no. of syllabs. as the orig. and hope it may stimulate the perception of certain details in the orig. which might escape ^{hasty} the reader .

In this I am , as in ideed in all this edition , only chalking up my results , to the present , My only preface , if I had written one, should be this is as far as I have yet carried my translation of Arnaut .

The litterary value of metrical tornate di forza is nil , nil precicley . There is however an art of fitting ~~ssag~~ beautiful words into music . and it is to that art that the making of canzoni largely belongs . In Laura amara , one may by reading guess something of music. the strophe is one half the imitation of bird notes , the other half a suggest sinking of pitch , lowering of the voice ,

Don tem morir

in a wide out sweep ,
in isincerity , the real feeling beneath the bright show.

Els letz becs dels auzels ramencs

ten balbs

e mutx

pars

e non pars ,

and in contrast

que m'a virat bas d'haut

...

sils fans

nom asoma

In VIII the bird cry comes in the middle of the strophe
cadahus
en son us

estauc clus ,

all these obviously soft and staccato .

William Allingham in "the lover and the birds" has made an almost unique attempt at this sort of this , for English .

I do not intrude a judgement , for the comparison need not e made a court martial .

With Arnaut there are two questions . 1. How much is great and permanent poetry , or lovely and lasting .

2. What actual weight did he lift . What were his gift to the art , his inventions and discoveries ,

in comparison to those of any of his contemporaries . ??

Five years ago I should have dogmatized and said, it is rubbish to ~~essesse~~ mention quel de limozi etc.

. Now I am content to ask the philologer to try at least to understand a little of Arnauts art , before telling us that Dante was no judge of the matter.

There charming passages in at least two dizen troubadours Even old rebezieus elephant has just had his habits confirmed by a Zoo keeper .

Still there are beautiful lines in Arnaut, lines of complete clarity and simplicity.

There are line and not so few in A. like nothing else I have found in other troubadours. But I have not ~~yet~~ read all the poems of ~~these~~ the toubadours (nor has anyone else now living) unless it be Dr Levy. I think

I think however it will be difficult for them to find Arnaut's match, NOT in mere t tornate de forza, but in a steady attack and analysis of the basic problems of the art of sung poetry.

The whole problem of keeping alive, of keeping interesting an art that was falling, or had fallen into stereotype and monotony.

Did he keep it alive. For how long or two or three d cades?

Note that Dante does not solve the problem. The Commedia does not solve the problem. The Italian philosophic Canzoni did not solve the problem.

The solution came with the Pallade, in a way. and with Chas. D. rpleans in a way, and with the Elizabethans in a way.

By a cutting down of the form. It w s a beautiful fading. And Campion was the last chapter.

The nineties did to Swinburne what these did

to the canzoni . instead of six strophes with one or
two fine one passages , or with two good strophe to a cano
canzon , they learned to cut out the two good strophes .

But the art grows slight and diminishes .

Arnaut . a liberator .

WARNING

The mss. of these versions, sent toward America some months ago was, in the language of the post office, "~~some of~~ ~~some of~~ "lost through enemy action", coming again upon my earlier drafts my first feeling is one ^{of} acute distress. Were I to print only ~~the~~ ^{such} english translations as can give pleasure on first reading to anyone of any literary sense whatsoever, I should not print over two or three. The phrasing in places is appalling, clumsy, woodenⁿ, unbearable. Living among enemies and in a time where every serious attempt to heighten aesthetic susceptibilities is exposed to open and unashamed hatred, I am even more rash than usual in permitting the imprint of this booklet. It is not to be supposed that I in six months or six years can recreate in English a ⁿ technique which took two centuries and two hundred ~~troubadours~~ to establish. Still there is an aesthetic of rhyme more developed and developable than might be ^v ~~discovered~~ ^{past} from English metric; there is even a pleasure to ear in coming on a fine fifth rhyme where the preparation has been made in four preceding words void of any signal felicity.

The stuff can be of no interest whatsoever, save to the serious ^{and} ~~serious~~ ~~serious~~ metrician. Petrarcha when he thought^t of a single good line, used it to start off a sonnet; the next generation, wearied with this obvious weakness used to write the good line at the end,

at the bottom of their parchment , and then fill in
the thirteen preceding .

insert at a .

and in a time when not one poem in two
hundred is read aloud often enough for anyone , including
the author , to learn what it sounds like ; and when
not one poem in two thousand -- even among supposed
lyrics or singable poems -- is set to music.

~~These~~ These translations for the most part are
no more works of art than are so many propositions in a
text-book of physics ; they are research into an obscure
part of aural aesthetics. They are not presented as achiev-
ement but as a possible instigation.

The fact that I have used a wretched and mesquin jargon
in L'aura Amara and Autet e bas , does not prove that
the forms , or form using a similar series of echos
could not be used in english , where one were free of
bound only by the exigencies of the form
everthing save
and not by the
obligation to translate a provençal meaning. Even my own
earlier canzoni were an improvement on the translations I
was able to make at that time.

1.
 When sere leaf falleth
 from the high forked tips ,
 And cold appalleth
 dry osier , haws and hips ,
 Coppice he strips
 of bird , that now none calleth .
 Fordel my lips
 in love have , though he galleth .

2.
 Though all things freeze here
 I can naught feel the cold ,
 For new love sees, here
 my hearts new leaf unfold ;
 So am I rolled
 and lapped against the breeze here :
 Love who doth mould
 my force , force guarantees here.

3.
 Aye , life's a high thing ,
 where joy 's his maintainance ,
 Who cries 'tis wry thing
 hath danced never my dance
 I can advance
 no blame against fate's tithing
 For lot ~~was~~ and chance
 have deemed the best thing my thing.

4.
 Of love's wayfaring
 I know no part to blame ,
 All other paring ,
 compared , is put to shame ,
 Man can acclaim
 no second for comparing
 With her, no dame
 but hath the meaner bearing.

5
 I'd n^eer entangle
 my heart with other ~~cases~~ fere
 Although I mangle
 my joy by staying here
 I have no fear
 that ever at Pontrangle
 You'll find her peer
 or one that's worth a wrangle .

6.

stet

stet

I'd ne'er

6
She'd ne'er destroy
" " her man with cruelty
Twixt here n' Savoy
there feeds no fairer she ,
Than pleaseth me
till Paris had ne'er joy
In such degree
from Helena of Troy.

7.
She's so the rarest
who holdeth me thus gay ,
The thirty fairest
can not contest her sway
'Tis right par fay
thou know , O song that wearest
Such bright array,
whose quality thou sharest .

8.
Chançon , nor stay
till to her thou declarest :
Arnaut would say
me not , wert thou not fairest .

" Can chai la fueilla " is interesting for its rhythm ,
for the sea-chantey swing produced by simple device of ~~ss~~
caesurae :

Can chai la fueilla
 dels ausors entrecims ,
El freitz s'ergueilla
 don sechal vais' el vims,
Dels dous refrims
 vei sordezir la brueilla ;
Mas ieu soi prims
 d'amor , qui que s'en tueilla .

The poem does not keep the same rhyme throughout , and
the only reason for giving the whole of it in my
English dither is that one can not get the effect of
the thumping and iterate foot-beat from one or two strophes .

[10]

LANCAN SON PASSAT LI GIURE

When the frosts are gone and over,
And are stripped from hill and hollow,
When in close the blossom blinketh
From the spray where the fruit cometh,
The flower and song and the clarion
Of the season sweet and merry
Bid me with high joy to bear me
Through days while April's coming on.

Though joy 's right hard to discover,
Such sly ways doth false Love follow,
Only sure he never drinketh
At the fount where true faith hometh; *but two or one*
A thousand girls, ~~and hardly one~~
Of her falsehoods over chary,
Stabbing whom vows make unwary
Their tenderness is vilely done.

The most wise runs drunkenest lover,
Sans pint-pot or wine to swallow,
If a whim her locks unlinketh,
One stray hair his noose becometh.
When evasion 's fairest shown
Then the sly puss purrs most near ye.
Innocents at heart be ware ye,
When she seems colder than a nun.

See, I thought so highly of her!
Trusted, but the game is hollow.
Not one won piece soundly clinketh;
All the cardinals that Rome hath,
Yea they all were put upon.
Her device is " Slyly Wary "
Cunning are the snares they carry,
Yet while they watched they'd be undone.

Whom Love makes so mad a rover,
'Ll take a cuckoo for a swallow,
If she say so, sooth! he thinketh
There's a plain where Puy-de-Dome is.
Till his eyes and nails are gone,
He'll --throw dice and follow fairly
--Sure as old tales never vary --
For his fond heart he is foredone.

Well I know, sans writing's cover,
What a plain is, what's a hollow.
I know well whose honour sinketh,
And who 'tis that shame consumeth.
They meet. I lose reception.
'Gainst this cheating I'd not parry,
Nor amid such false speech tarry,
But from her lordship will be gone.

Coda

Sir Bertran, sure no pleasure's won
Like this freedom, naught so merry
Twixt Nile 'n' where the suns miscarry
-- To where the rain falls from the sun.

/twixt

Translation left over from 1911. It illustrates the simpler "lyric" measures of Provence from which the English "Elizabethan" lyric measures are derived. If Canello means the order of the canzos in his edition to be chronological we may also say that it illustrates Arnaut's earlier and less interesting mode.

Lancan son passat" shows the simple and presumably early style of Arnaut, with the kind of reversal from more or less trochaic to more or less iambic movement in fifth and eighth lines, a kind of rhythm taken over by Elizabethan lyricists. Terms trochaic and iambic are however utterly inaccurate when applied to syllabic metres set to a particular melody:

Lancan son passat li giure
E noi reman puois ni comba,
Et el verdier la flors trembla
Sus el entrecim on poma,
 La flors e li chan eil clar quil
Ab la sazon doussa e coigna
M'enseignon c'ab joi m'apoigna,
 Sai al temps de l'intran d'April.

" Cadahus
En son us "

Now high and low, where leaves renew,
Come buds on bough and spalliard pleach
And no beak nor throat is muted,
Auzel each in t^he contrasted
Letteth loose _____ u
Wriblis spruce.
Joy for them and spring would set
Song on me, but Love assaileth
Me and sets my words t' his dancing.

Wriblis =
warblings.

I thank my God and mine eyes too,
Since through them the perceptions reach
Porters of joys that have refuted
Every ache and shame I've tasted.
They reduce
Pains, and noose
Me in Amor's corded net.
Her beauty in me prevaileth
Till bonds seem but joy's advancing.

My thanks, Amor, that I win through;
Thy long delays I' naught impech;
Though flame's in my marrow rooted
I'd not quench it, well 't hath lasted,
Burns profule, _____ a
Held recluse _____ s
Lest knaves know our hearts are met.
Murrain on the mouth that aileth,
So he finds her not entrancing.

He doth in Love's book misconstrue,
And from that book none can him teach,
Who saith ne'er's in speech recruited
Aught whereby the heart is dasted.
Words' abuse
Doth traduce
Worth, but I run no such debt.
Right 'tis in man over-raileth
He tear tongue on tooth mischancing.

Foot
note

That I love her , is pride , is true ,
But my fast secret knows no breach .
Since Paul's writ was executed
Or the forty days first fasted ,
Not Cristus
Could produce
Her similar , where one can get
Charms total , for no ~~one~~ faileth
Her who's memory's enhancing.

charm

Grace and valour , the keep of you
She is , who holds me , each to each ,
She sole , I sole , so fast suited ,
Other women's ~~my~~ lures are wasted ,
And no true
But misuse
Have I for them , they're not let
To my heart , where she regaleth
Me with delights I'm not chancing.

Arnaut loves , and ne'er will fret
Love with o'er-speech , his throat quailleth ,
~~Braggart voust is naught to his fancy .~~
Braggart voust is naught to his fancy .

E'