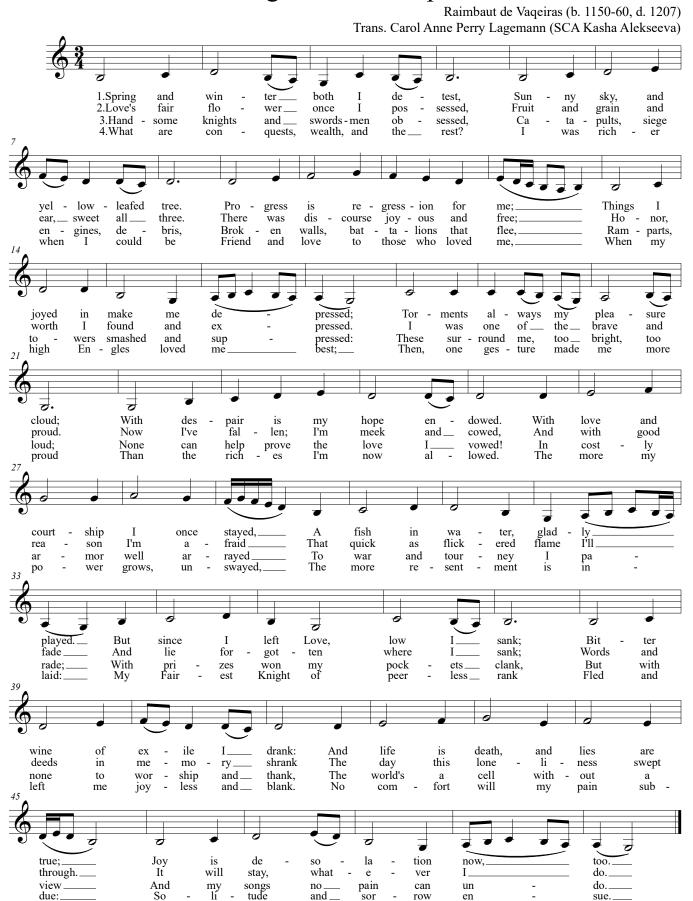
## No m'agrad' iverns ni pascors



## No m'agrad' iverns ni pascors (2)

- 5. Valor's laws don't even suggest That, if one wish ill things on me, I must act to increase his glee, Being of my name dispossessed, For with power I am endowed, Hiding pain behind happy shroud, In Greeks and Latins this charade. And the Marquis, who me arrayed With sword, Wallachia he sank; Drogobites he'll surely outflank. God set us free! Since Earth was new No one's done such deeds as we do.
- 6. The Marquis is honored and blessed And Champagne's men and Count Henry, And Constantinople is free, Modone no longer oppressed, Thessalonica, Sicar proud: For in battle they stand unbowed. It's clear to see in rout nor raid Man never glory so displayed. Good, daring vassals we must thank For this empire, mortar and plank, And still more men let us accrue So our destiny can come true.

7. Alexander [had] no greater quest, Charlemagne – no, nor King Louis; Such did not brave Aimeric see, Nor did Roland's Twelve at their best: They could not crush this mighty crowd, Building empires with force endowed Like ours, where our words are obeyed, For emperors and kings we've made And built a fort on every bank All the Turks and Arabs to flank And opened ports and highways through George's Straits to Brindisi's view.

(Envoi 1) Through us, Damascus humbly sank And defeat Jerusalem drank And Syria was freed anew: Turkish prophecy has come true.

(Envoi 2) Deserters who with falseness stank, Those whose hearts on battlefield shrank: In courts let others them eschew, For a corpse would be no less true.

(Envoi 3) My sweet Engles, fair, fearless, frank, Courtly, versed, and highest of rank, The source whence all my pleasures grew, My great feat is life without you.