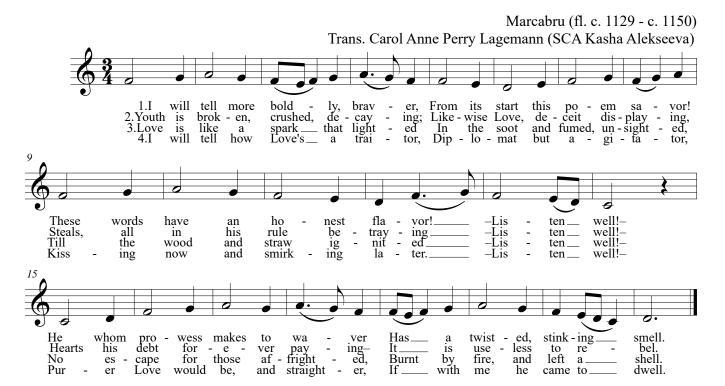
Dirai vos senes doptansa



- 5. Love was true once, salve to fix you; Now he's jagged, sharp; he sticks you, With a twisted habit tricks you -Listen well!If he cannot bite, he licks you, Cat's-tongue rough, to you impel.
- 6. Love's a lie, has been since ever Wax from honey he could sever, Peeling pears, adept and clever —Listen well!—
 Sweet as lyre-song if, however, His effects you undersell.
- 7. He the devil's notice catches
 Who to fickle Love attaches,
 But Love's torment no Hell matches!
 -Listen well!Love's as if you writhed with scratches
 Till your skin tore off and fell.
- 8. Love's born of a vile tradition, Killing hordes without munition— No more frightening magician!— Listen well!— Fools and sages yield submission, Crawling on his leash to Hell.

- 9. Love's a mare in heat's frustration, Nagging you without cessation, Giving you no relaxation. -Listen well!-You can't break from her flirtation, Not to eat or rest a spell.
- 10. I know Love; he's overeager—Blind or just a darkness-seeker?
 Poisoned words from soothing speaker!
 —Listen well!—
 Than a fly his sting is meeker—
 Harder, though, to cure its swell.
- 11. He who woman's weak direction Follows earns his own abjection, Say the Scriptures in collection!

 -Listen well!

 Woe to you if that subjection You do not completely quell.
- 12. Marcabru of luckless mother, From his birth cursed to uncover How love crumbles, how it smothers –Listen well!– He has never loved another Nor been loved that he could tell.