

# Fortz chausa est

By Gaucelm Faidit

Verse 1, translation by Owen Alun

I grieve, in deep sorrow and pain I stand  
And tearfully lament, he's gone away.  
Brave Richard, valor's father, ruled this land.  
his skill at arms was far beyond compare.  
This news distresses all of England fair.  
I must recount in noble words to say  
he's dead. O God! Distress to you I pray  
Constrained to suffer that we thus must part.  
how deep the wound that strikes into my heart.

Verse 2, translation by Amelie d'Anjou

The king is dead, and you shall not see his kind  
Not for a thousand years; Death shall hold sway.  
For 'though you search for one, his like you shall not find.  
So brave, so noble, so munificent and so generous  
That Alexander, the king who vanquished Darius,  
Nor Charlesmagne, nor Arthur did display  
Such generosity, such noble clay  
Throughout the world, and Eastern parts.  
He made men fear him; he of such noble heart.

I marvel at this century so false & cruel  
That in it there can be men courtly or wise.  
Since fine words and glorious deeds are but futile,  
Why should one try? I can't even surmise.  
For in one blow cruel Death had just capsized  
The world; all the honor, all virtue,  
All the joys have gone away from view.  
And when we see that nothing can escape  
We'll fear Death less, for it does all undrape.

Ai! Seigneur Dieus! Vos q'etz vers perdonaire,  
Vers Dieus, vers hom, vera vida, merces!  
Perdonatz li, que ops e cocha l'es,  
E no gardetz, Seigneur, al sieu faillir,  
E membre vos cum vos anet servir!