


Song of Nothing

by Guilhem VII Count of Poitiers


music and verse 1+2 trans. by Amelie
 verses 3, 5 + 6 Thomas Bergin @ 1950
 verses 4 + 7 Leonard Cottrell @ 2001

Voice




Fa - rai un vers de dreyt ni - en, Nor er de mi ni d'au-tra gen, Non
 My song shall be of no - thing sung, Not a - bout me or a - ny-one, Not
 When I was born I can - not say, I am not sad, I am not gay, I'm

5



er d'a - mour ni de jo - ven, Ni de ren au. Qu'en - ans fo
 a - bout love nor be - ing young, Nor a - ny - thing. Com - posed on
 not a stran - ger or a na - tive not my fault! On hill once

9



tro - batz en dur - men So - bre che - vau.
 horse - back in the sun while slum - ber - ing.
 'chan - ted by a fay 'Neath heav - en's vault.

3. Dreaming for living I mistake
 Unless I'm told when I'm awake
 My heart is sad and nigh to break
 With bitter rue.
 And I don't care three crumbs of cake
 or even two.

4. They say I'll soon be dropping dead
 Fetch that doctor quick! -I said
 His name has just escaped my head -
 No matter who:
 He's bad if I do not get well
 good if I do.

5. I have a Lady, who or where
 I cannot tell you, but I swear
 She treats me neither ill nor fair
 But I'm not blue.
 Just so the Normans stay up there
 Out of Poitou.

6. I have not seen yet I adore
 This distant Love; she sets no store
 By what I think, and futhermore
 ('Tis sad but true)
 Others there are, some three or four
 I'm faithful to.

7. This verse I've made, of what or who
 Unknown - I'll send to someone who
 Will send it on to someone who
 is in Anjou;
 Who might decode it and convey
 the key to you.

tune inspiration: Orientis Partibus